

Chapter 200

Rue

We had been treading through the woods for an hour or more perhaps. Thankfully we had not stumbled upon any deadly creatures. The more time passed the more my entire body felt overheated.

My limbs were almost too achy to have continued walking. My breathing was shallow and I feared that any minute now I would faint. My vision had glazed over and my throat had gone patchy dry. How ugly.

"Your scent is getting stronger Rue." Ares grunts lowly placing me down. He had insisted on carrying me when I had nearly fainted a few minutes ago. I loathed being so weak to the point I needed help but having Ares arms wrapped around me so protectively and firmly made it not that bad. Especially his scent. How alluring.

"You two, we should stop and rest here for a few. Rue is getting worse and I do not want her to shift somewhere inconvenient." Ares says in a hushed tone to the two elves in front. They stopped, both looking exhausted and relieved to hear that we were taking a break.

I looked around, my eyes registering the many thick trees and bushes around. It all honestly looked like the same place we treaded a few minutes ago. It was like we were walking around in circles. Something was not right.

I opened my mouth to speak but my throat felt like it was clogging up. Widening my eyes in panic I looked up at Ares. His worried eyes dart around the area before he settles it on me and gives a tiny reassuring smile. "It is okay Rue. I am here, remember?"

His words had not eased me, not when I still could not form words. A sharp pain in my leg has me toppling to the ground. It was so painful that a curling scream left my mouth. How odd that my mouth refuses to form words but a scream could somehow come out.

The thought left my mind the minute a sharp pain zapped through my temples and the now familiar sound of my wolf calls out to me. Everything seems to fade around me as my mind focuses on my internal conflict. Agony was the only thing I seemed to think of at this moment.

Rue. You have forced me to stay dormant for way too long. It is time I become who I am. It is time we become who we are. My wolf whispered. Her voice was like silk but the intention behind it was anything but.

She was angry that I had weakened her. She wanted full control.

A scream tore through me when I felt the pain of my bones bending then breaking. First my legs then my back. I could hear soft shouts of panic and worry around me but I could not seem to focus on any one of them. I was too far gone. The excruciating pain taking over my entire body.

I got on all fours and grunt as my nails extended to dig into the slightly damp earth. My vision is foggy as I try to focus on the little ant racing away from me. Tiny creature even knew when danger was near.

My heart thumps and sweat dotted my face, dripping like damn water and falling to wet the earth. The cloak and my dress felt like they were too much to be on me, too itchy and definitely too hot. I needed to free myself of these.

Not thinking twice as I kneeled and scratched at the material of my cloak, baring it away from me. I could hear a shout and I could recognize it as Ares's voice as he demands the elves to look away. I would have laughed at how possessive he sounded just then but I was in too much pain and agony to even utter a word.

No more holding me back Rue. It is done. We will be stronger now. My wolf continued to whisper. Her voice so smooth with happiness of finally being free.

How strange that I do not feel resentment towards her anymore other than fear of her being able to take over my entire body. I heard from a few, okay perhaps I had eavesdropped on a few wolves conversations.

They had mentioned that hybrids being uncontrollable to the point that they turn into rogues when their wolves took over their bodies. I had come across some rogue wolves before and their putrid scent was not pleasant.

Just the sight of them burned my beautiful eyes and of course I had to kill them, not before torturing them. I will rather die than ever turn to one of those ugly nasty things.

I surprised myself when a low growl left my lips as my nails scratched at the silk material of my green dress. I was not sure if to still call it green since the color was now dirtied by dirt and had turned a shade darker. I could not dwell on the thought of my beautiful dress turning ugly as I wretched in pain.

Before I knew it I had torn the material, baring my breast then my stomach as I continued tearing down. Soon I was naked and even then I felt too hot. I started to scratch at my skin as the burning grew more intensely, clearly drawing out fresh blood as I scrape my flesh.

I felt fingers wrap around my wrist drawing my hands away and the tingles that raced up both my hands made me know it was my mate, Ares. I lift my head, eyes connecting with his red ones. His wolf was also at the edge. I could sense him. Sense that he was worried about his mate.

"Breathe love. Breathe. I am here. Just let go, you can do it. Trust your wolf, trust that she will not take over your being. Just let her be free. You are strong Rue, she cannot surpass you." He murmurs, squeezing my hands.

I nodded, still unable to speak as my eyes darted down to stare at our hands. I noted how my nails were painted with red, my blood. I did this to myself. I sucked in a breath reining in my anxiety.

I needed to take full control of this or else I would not only lose my sanity but my mate. And the thoughts of never being with Ares again did not sit right with me. So making up my mind I called out to my wolf. I told her how I trust her, how I will not weaken her anymore, she was free. I whispered with no regret or fear that I was ready. I was ready to be who we were meant to be.

And that was all it took, trust, we trusted each other. I groan as I got back on all fours, Ares before me watching me like a hawk. I screamed as my back arches and my legs outstretched at the back of me, each bone breaking and reforming.

My skin tingles and when I looked down at my hands, I could clearly see little hairs peeking out, no it was fur, icy white fur. I grunt in pain as my nails dug into the dirt and when another scream tore through me, my canines had already jutted out.

All the while Ares looks at me with a proud and fond gleam in his eyes. "That is it love. Let go." He whispered, reaching out to pet my head but my jaws snap at him. He quickly retracts his hand, chuckling. "Ah I see my little witch is still naughty and devious."

I glared at him but then moaned in pain, dropping my gaze to the ground as the rest of my bones broke and reform into place. The pain was searing as it continued. I gasp, heart racing as the white fur turns thicker until it covers my hands. I watch my fingers slowly form into paws and when the pain subsides it is then I realise that I am no longer human. I am now a wolf and I could feel her very strongly.

I looked up, connecting my eyes with Ares's, who looked at me with pure love and wonder. "You are utterly beautiful Rue." He gasp reaching out to brush his fingers through my fur. This time I let him and even found myself letting out a tiny growl of approval.