

Chapter 228

Rûe

Blood. Crimson, running down their scruffs and legs. That was all I could focus on as the wolves continued to howl. My eyes zeroed in on a she-wolf who was tending to a male wolf, likely her mate.

She was crying hysterically, her body bare of any clothes as she pressed her palm on the side of her injured mate.

My heart pinches in discomfort and anger continues to storm through my entire body. I clench my hands to my side as I pictured Mericel bleeding out at my feet. Until I am pulled out by a throb piercing in my head, a tug, a pull that successfully gets me out of my thoughts. Ares.

"Rue!" He rumbles with urgency. Perhaps he had been trying to get to me minutes before.

I turn to his massive black beast. Blood trails down the sides of his mouth, falling to the grass and gets lost in the green flooring of the forest. My heart leaps and my panic eyes widen.

Ares is quick to calm me down. "It is not mine love." He reassures and peers at me with his red eyes. I let out a breath of relief and looked around. "We should go to her now. Kill her and get it over with." I grumble.

"We cannot as yet Rue. Our people need us. They need you." He mutters and looks at the howling wolves.

He was right. Mericel can wait, the wolves needed my attention. Tis the only way I can redeem myself and have them trust me. I nodded, sucking in a breath to relax my nerves for fear of rejection.

I took a step forward towards the crying she wolf and her injured mate. When she does not snarl or hiss I took it as an invitation to continue forward.

Her head lifts when she hears me approaching. Her red rimmed eyes peered up at me sorrow. I smiled, hoping it could ease her and not have her running for the hills.

I crouched down beside her and her mate. I shifted my eyes to him, noting how painful it looked as he took a breath. The she wolf sees my attention has shifted to her mate and her hands tighten around his form in a protective move.

I lift my eyes to hers. "I am here to help." I promised.

"I know who you are." She murmurs. Her tone does not hold anger or resentment, which was oddly surprising.

My mouth tightens, not knowing what to say. After a few seconds of awkward silence and her blatant resistance for not wanting to remove her hands I sighed. "He will die if I do not tend to him." I pointed out.

I lift my eyes to hers. They were a warm honey brown. And as they peered into my soul I could see her fear of being helpless to save her mate. "Please. Let me at the very least do something to atone to my past sins." I pleaded.

I did not know if it were the bond Ares and I shared but the thought of the wolf dying did not sit well with me. My stomach was a bunch of knotted nerves and the only way it would ease was by seeing the wolves healed.

The she wolf stared at me for a couple of seconds. Her gaze scanning my face for any signs of deceit. When she sees none she nods lightly, slowly moving her hand away from her mate.

I cast her a soft smile, feeling some of the weight lift off my shoulders a little. I reached over and laid my palm on the auburn colored wolf. His yellow eyes looked at me in fright yet he could not shift. I smiled down at him. "It will be alright. Just stay calm." I whispered and closed my eyes.

I focus my attention on the injury in his body and began chanting. Soon the sound of his heart beat grows stronger as the blood pumps smoothly. The air in his lungs feels to be less painful as the wolf drags in a sharp intake.

When I felt that he was all healed, I retracted my hand and peeled my eyes open. The wolf looks at me, yellow eyes wide with shock. I lift my eyes to the she wolf, furrowing my brows in confusion when she looks at me with the same emotion as her mate.

Did I do something wrong?

"Perhaps you turned his dick into a vagina?" Ayla suggested.

"Ayla shut up." I grumble inwardly as nearly teleported away from the she wolf and her mate when she starts to tear up again.

"Thank you. Thank you so much for healing Rodrick Luna." She cries and bows her head.

Shocked by the way she referred me, I did not notice the other injured wolves coming to me. I am more startled when they bow their heads to show respect. Some who were naked also came forward murmuring the name Luna as they peered at me.

I turned to face Ares who stood proudly watching me. "That's my girl." He mind links. Feeling my cheeks heat with a blush I turn back to stare at the wolves.

"Oh." I murmur embarrassed as I drop my eyes to the ground not wanting to see their privates.

"Can you heal us please Luna?" One naked male wolf pleads. His injury did not look too bad. With being a wolf he will surely heal in seconds but somehow the wound on his arm has not healed as yet. Strange.

"Aye strange indeed." Ayla agreed.

I nodded and called him over. He crouched before me and a possessive growl came from behind me. I chuckle. "Do not worry he is just a jealous dog." I tell the boy and then set my focus on him. I sniffed.

The smell of poison is very strong in his blood streams. It oddly smells like silver. A poison deadly to wolves. Removing it is difficult if one does not know what he or she is doing.

My heart drops. The snakes. They were not normal at all. They probably possessed a rare poison that they inject into their prey. Their prey is the wolves. Perhaps they are one of Mericel's many experiments.

Healing by just my hands will not be enough. I need to create a healing potion to counter back that poison quickly. If it reaches his heart then he would be as good as dead.

A blonde haired wolf suddenly coughs. Blood spraying on his palm. I sniffed. The smell of silver is very strong in his blood too. I looked at all the injured wolves and sniffed.

Goosebumps raise on my flesh as my heart drops. All were poisoned. I snap my head to Ares, my eyes wide with urgency. "Ares we have a problem." I mind linked. Suddenly a wolf drops limply to the ground and the chaos began.