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Aella 1

Heat coursed through my body, wait not quite, it was hot rather. Like my entire body was on fire. I could perceive that crispy smell of something burning, "Doll, you need to get up." a distant voice called.

Why did it sound like my mate?

"Aella. Baby girl, I need you to hear my voice" the distant voice got closer. "Eros"

I jolted up, the name still on my lips, I finally identified the source of the burnt smell. The bed — again.

"Good morning" Eros greeted, eye bags and hints of tiredness showed on his face.

"I did it again" I muttered, my eyes watering, why couldn't it just stop. "Heyyyy" he pulled me into his arms, "it's not your fault love, you didn't know"

"This is the eight one this week Eros, Eight freaking times, I've almost set our room ablaze and one of those times I almost burnt you in it" I practically yelled, my voice rising.

"And yet, you didn't." He said unfazed like he was already used to all these.

"You say it just so I can stop talking. You don't love me anymore, cause I've almost burned you eight times" I began bawling my eyes out, my heart heavy with emotions.

Was he already tired of me? I didn't make myself this way.

"No love, I would never get tired of you, not in this lifetime, not even in another, I love you and only you." He pecked my cheeks sweetly

"You say that now but you must already be regretting getting mated to me" I continued. "Never doll. I want the whole fucking world to know that I belong to you and only you, besides don't you think we're well pass regret now?" he wiggled his brows, a teasing smile on his face. "Shut up" I hit his arms,

"Ouch, and yet I'm the bully." He mumbled. "What did you say?"

"That you look even prettier without the water works." He wiped the residue away from my face. I sniffed, "I don't know what's wrong with me. I feel like a huge mess" I mumbled, the tears were beginning to pool once more.

"Now you're complaining that I cry too much right? Blaming me for the same situation you put me in. This is all your fault" I glared fiercely at him.

He shuddered, "yes, it's all my fault and I'm sorry. But before plotting ways to kill your innocent mate, remember you've got training with Aragon" he said gently, like he was coaxing a child. "Shit. Why didn't you remind me sooner" I could feel my anger rising, that same hotness that came from within began rising.

"Deep breaths doll, remember what we practiced." he held me, voice soft. I followed his lead, and soon I was a pool of calm.

Sigh. "What will I do without you?"
"Nothing I believe," he said smugly.

"Go away" I chuckled, "I still had to get away before that crazy old dragon discovers new to torment me"

"Just say the words darling, and you'll have his scales for armour mademoiselle" he faked an accent

Laughter rumbled within my chest, "Stop looking for ways to fight my dragon" I rolled my eyes, "and no one is flaying anyone."

He frowned, "Then he should stop stressing the mother of my babies"

"We've had this discussion. I need to learn control and if Aragon's way is the best way to do it, then I'll learn his way. I don't want to harm you."

His face turned serious, "you would never harm me."

"You won't be saying that for long by the time your skin burns under my fire. I would never forgive myself. Now. Out" I pushed him out before he could object.

He paced at the hallway for about a minute before mumbling something about Aragon being a pain in his ass then the sound of his receding footsteps echoed.

***** At the Training Ground outside Argaon's Cave ****** "You're late. Again" he said sternly.

"Sorry pops, let's get the training started" I said getting all pumped up.

He rolled his big eyes, then stood on all fours, "considering you've mastered riding, let's work on the fire." His body began to shrink and soon Antares stood in place of Aragon.

"Damn, I'll never get used to that"

He ignored me, diving straight into the lectures "Fire is chaos and energy brought together, it is closely linked to your emotions, your control has to be precise and exact or it would end pretty badly" began.

I nearly dozed off from all the talk, I was literally a goddess that breathed fire, so I still don't understand why I was having difficulties with it.

"Maybe because you are currently a mortal wolf breathing fire, and a healer too" Ava spoke up. "sounds like a possibility"

"No. A fact. We're no longer what we used to be, you have to accept that. Relearn it in a way adaptable for a mortal. You've been working on adrenaline for a while, now you need to own it. Make it yours, it's only but an extension of us." She added.

My eyes widened, I hadn't thought of it that way. "Pay attention" a knock landed on my forehead,

"Oww." I glared at the perpetrator, "stop treating me like a kid"

"You'll forever be a kid to me. Now as I was

saying, let your fire merge with your very being, clear your head, be free from emotions. Think of the sea, the silence, the ripples and just let it flow"

I closed my eyes, following his instruction, that familiar hotness was back, but this time I was in charge, leading the flow. I opened my eyes, "I'm doing it" I squealed excitedly.

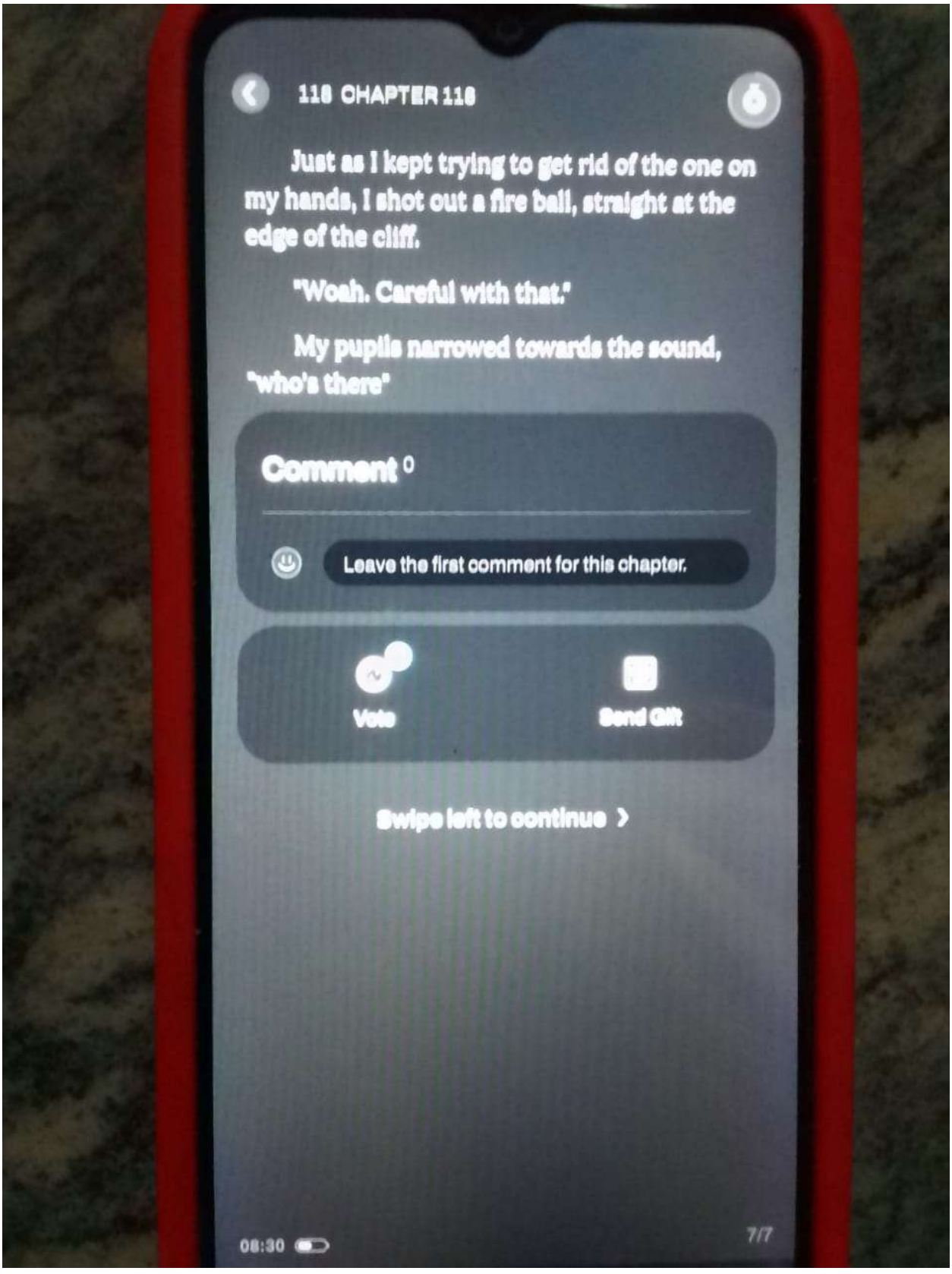
"Really?" He pointed to the ground beneath me, shit, apart from the fire on my hands red flames were razing everything around me to the ground.

I shot to my feet quickly, smiling sheepishly, "sorry" I muttered

"You'll get it right" he transformed, and with a flap of his wings the fire went off. Then he shrunk again

"Alright. Again" he ordered, "before that, try putting off the one in your hands" I waved my hands furiously, the frustration was already getting to me.

"You can't fight fire with fire. Stabilize your emotions, if your emotions are unstable, your fire will remain chaotic, wild and unstable" his voice echoed.


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Just as I kept trying to get rid of the one on my hands, I shot out a fire ball, straight at the edge of the cliff.
"Woah. Careful with that."
My pupils narrowed towards the sound, "who's there"
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