Title: The love affair.

Nykole

Blood, so much blood. Screams of desperation and pure torture coming from the men's lips like war cries. Ares stands with one man's head in his left hand like a trophy, and the other man lying beneath his feet like a Flokati rug. Ares is drenched in the thick blood, sweat glistening on his skin. Aphrodite stands in the wings, her gaze glued to the scene before her.

Her gaze travels the lengths of Ares for a moment, taking in every hard muscle, and every tense movement he makes. Her mind is a labyrinth as her gaze falls to the sword he held in his right hand, a skull shaped handle with a large ruby in the skulls awaiting mouth. Finally, her gaze drops to the dead man he had placed his foot upon, a sudden wave of realization flowing through her.

The men Ares had just killed weren't peasants from Athens, one of them was a God. A God that had disrespected her hours before, Halirroothios, the other one being the God's friend. Her lips part in shock, a soft gasp coming from her lips as she stumbles back, her gaze glued to Halirroothios dead corpse. Aphrodite places a shaky hand over her mouth to keep her screams muffled.

Ares' gaze snaps to hers, noticing her distress and how she stumbles back. His gaze is dark, full of irate. He drops the head, takes his foot off the Gods dead chest and keeps his angry gaze on her. He knew better than to comment on her beauty or the desperation he possessed for her. He glances down at the corpses, a look of content filling his facial expression. This was it, this was the thing that proved his love and loyalty to Aphrodite.

Unlike Ares, Aphrodite didn't want it to go this far, this illicit affair was strict, it wasn't love. At least to her, it wasn't. And yet, she couldn't deny that she was covered in him, like the vines in Olympus, covered with roses and hidden thorns. No one pays any mind to the possibility of getting pricked, the beauty of the rose distracts them from it. To Aphrodite, this wasn't any different. She wanted to call the affair off, but she couldn't, her mind, her body didn't want her to, and held her back from losing something so forbidden.
Her gaze stays on him, trying to figure out what to do, or what to say. This affair was just as forbidden as the pomegranate seeds Persephone ate in the underworld, trapping her there for months. Could this be just like that? Ares was lost in her like wine, he thought every bait and switch in this affair was a work of art. Just like her. But the chariot awaits for Aphrodite, hearts hers for the taking.

Aphrodite stumbles back once more, the sight of the thick crimson blood burning into her brain and messing with her stomach. She felt sick, she couldn't handle the manic sight anymore. She turns on her heels running away from the disturbing scene, and from Ares, leaving a trail of despair, and pure yearning for something she couldn't have.

She runs into the Garden of Hesperide, her white gossamer dress flowing in the wind. Finally, she collapses to her knees, sobs breaking from her pouty lips. She buries her head in her hands, soaking her palms with tears. What has she done? She has made a man wild and uncaring. She didn't mean for it to happen like that. She thought to herself for a moment. Was this lust, or love? She couldn't decide. And the thought of Ares being hopelessly devoted to her, with arms and a gaze full of love, scared her.

She sniffs, finally lifting her head to see how she was perched under the orchard tree, good apples glistening in the despair of her love affair. She thought the apples of love were mocking her. Love, she thought, makes people crazy. The problem was, maybe she was becoming crazy from it, too.