

## 021 hades and persephone



### chapter twenty one Hades and Persephone

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One time, Sprite told Arden that she had made stories about the eternalists strictly to make fun of them.

Sprite, Sersi and Makkari were practically the only other eternalists she saw besides Thena and Gilgamesh.

Yet the downside to Sprites statement, though Arden saw it as a positive thing, Sprite was a great storyteller. The stories she came up with sounded nothing but cool and le the girl intrigued for ages every time someone mentioned them. Sprite didn't make up all the stories of course, but Arden liked to believe so whenever she heard a new one.

You could tell if Sprite was the one who came up with it, Arden always knew.

The goddess of war, Athena, was quite obviously Thena and Arden loved hearing about all the battles and fighting. The protectress of Athens and other greek cities le Arden in love for decades.

The story of Hermes, the herald of the gods, the messenger, fit Makkari so well Arden was sure he was based on her. She never asked Sprite to confirm her guess, but she was sure she was correct. Like Hermes, Makkari was able to travel fast and freely, scouting.

Arden loved listening to Sprite talk about the story of Icarus and how he flew too close to the sun. She found it comedic how angry she got as she got closer and closer to his death. She didn't know why she thought it was funny. . .it just was. Perhaps it's funny when someone you see as your sibling gets made fun of. And perhaps it was the fact that Sprite had obviously attained some sort of anger to the man, wanting to get to the end almost as quick as Makkari could run.

One of Sprites stories that stood out to her was how she was Persephone and Druig was Hades.

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Sprite told her she was Persephone because of her love of nature and animals and all things pretty, spring if you may. . .yet she could see Arden ruling the underworld as well. She wouldn't be afraid to kill of she had to (maybe that was Thenas doing).

Druig was Hades because he was the one who departed from the family first. The pain he felt for the deaths of human kind perhaps helped Sprite come up with Hades. He didn't really worry about the world outside of the village he lived in for 20 generations, he was focused on keeping them safe.

She didn't know why Sprite added Hades stealing Persephone. Or why they ended up married, maybe she needed to add some sort of thrill.

But she loved the fact they had a three headed dog.

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Yet something about the stealing had caught her interest a little too much perhaps. She wished she could read other peoples minds, she wouldn't have to come up with 'maybes' and 'perhaps' all the time. Yet she like to believe that perhapsSprite added that fact because he missed her so dearly and all he wanted to see was her.

Now she might be reaching a little too far, but it was nice to imagine.

And it was nice to remember how things used to be because she knew that the Druig she fell for would do that.

But he's changed and she changed and maybe her feelings for him changed too. Shoot, how are we to know that she even had feelings for him in the first place? What if he had mind controlled her to make her like him?

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He wouldn't do that. . .would he?

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She couldn't help her racing thoughts that made her heart in her chest pound and her thinking so much of him made her stomach erupt with butterflies. Except they didnt really feel like butterflies. . .more like bees stinging her all around. It made her feel sick.

She removed her hand from his hair and grabbed her jacket. The boy awoke at once and sat up from her lap and wiped the drool o his cheek. As he sat up from his laying position he had pulled out the other side of the headphones from Ardens ear. She frowned at it before Druig rubbed his neck awkwardly.

"I fell asleep didnt I?" he asked sheepishly.

"Unless you have a drooling problem," she replied, motioning to the wet spot on her thigh. "I'd say you did."

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"Shootim so sorry," he quickly apologized, standing up.

"Its fine, its not like you havent fell asleep on my legs before," she shrugged, taking his outstretched hand and allowing him to pull her up.

She folded her arms and leaned against the wall, staring at Druigs messed up hair. It was sticking up every which way and she thought it was the cutest thing she had ever seen. For a human (or robot?) at least.

"What?" he asked, reaching up to touch his hair but she just smacked his hand.

"Don't touch!" she scolded. "Its cute."

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His cheeks flushed slightly as he stared down at her. She bit her lip as if she was in deep thought before letting out a sigh.

"Penny for your thoughts?" he ored yet he frowned when she held out her hand. "What are you doing?"

"I thought you said penny for your thoughts doesn't that mean I get a penny?" she asked confused. "I think I deserve a penny."

"Well I dont actually have a penny it's just a-"

"Well then why would you say that if you don't have a penny? What if I needed a penny?"

"Arden it's just a saying," Druig laughed, making her more confused.

"Well then its a dumb one."

She felt an itch on her nose so she rubbed it before continuing.

"Why don't they just ask 'what's on your mind?' because then I just got my hopes up for a penny that doesn't exist."

"Tell you what," Druig spoke, grabbing her hand and holding it just because he felt like it. "You tell me what's on your mind and I'll get you all the pennies you could ever want."

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"Seems like bribery," she teased making him sco playfully.

"Ive missed you so much," he whispered so ly, his face filled with nothing but happiness and awe.

"Are you mind controlling me to like you?" she couldn't help but ask, the thoughts plagued her mind too much that the sickness took over.

"Wha!"he asked in disbelief. "Why would you think that?"

"Because I spent ages hating you because you le me and now you're over here taking a nap on my lap and suddenly I dont feel mad anymore and I don't know why," she explained. "And you were sleeping on my lap and I was playing with your hair and the fluttery feeling started to hurt and I thought I was gonna throw up."

"I can't control your emotions my love," he explained so ly for he didnt know if he could or not. "But that's cute."

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"Its not cutés frustrating," she grumbled. "I just wanna know if I really do love you or not and maybe that's why im not angry."

"Well then," he said taking a step back. "What do you need to do to find that out? Because I know for a fact I still love you. . .I never stopped."

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"Cute," she mocked, looking from his eyes to his lips over and over again.

He waited for her to do something. All she did was look back and forth as if she was having an inner battle with herself.

"Go for it," he whispered, knowing what she was thinking.

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Her eyes flickered to his lips one more time before she pressed her lips against his. She closed her eyes, because she thought that's what you were supposed to do, as Druig put his hands carefully on her waist.

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She pulled away, feeling a little lightheaded, and blinked.

"That didnt help at all," she admitted honestly. "It was nice I think but I dont feel the fireworks or whatever is in those books. . .I don't really like kissing."

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"That's okay," Druig mumbled, swallowing hard to recover. "You don't have to kiss to find out if you love someone or to prove your love to them."

"Do you like kissing?" She asked.

"Only you," he spoke. "I only like kissing you but if you don't like kissing we don't have to kiss."

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"But youlike it."

"And youdon't, I love you too much kissing or not kissing it doesn't matter to me."

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Arden frowned slightly and her eyes watered. She tried to blink them away but they wouldn't budge. Her frown turned into a smile and she let out a laugh. The bees moved quickly in her stomach and she felt so. . .weird.

"Awe you loveme? You're such a loser," she said, putting her forehead against his as she came to her conclusion.

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"Im your loser," he grinned making her pull away and gag playfully.

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"Ew okay neverdo that again," she spoke before moving into his arms.

He held her tightly as she nuzzled into his neck making him flinch slightly as he tried not to get tickled. They swayed back and forth until a figure pushed into them with a small 'sorry' being said not too long a er.

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Druig looked angrily to Ikaris as Arden tilted her head in confusion.

"Why is he in his suit?" Arden questioned, still in his embrace.

"Im not sure. . .lets go see," Druig spoke, taking her hand and following Ikaris and Sersi.

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authors note!\_\_\_\_\_

i keep writing too much by accident so I had to split into two omg but for those of u who like kissing and sex stu im sorry but they're not gonna do that ☹️ also wrote this half asleep so it probably makes no sense KMWOKS

but here's this as my valentines gi to you since I've been so bad at updating I love you all mwah mwah ! <3

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hopefully next chapter is out this weekend the latest !! need to change some things around <3

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Continue reading next part ↗