

Chapter 11

The first thing I did when I was in human form was get dressed. I yanked on the least sexy pieces of clothing I owned. True, he had given me my own room and acted like sex was the furthest thing on his mind, but I didn't want to give him any ideas. I had heard enough stories about mates meeting for the first time to understand that the sexual attraction could be very real for him, even if I was an emotional wreck who hated him. And if he wasn't scared to kill, maybe he wasn't afraid to take me either.

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Then, once I was in baggy sweatpants and one of my dad's old sweatshirts, I hid the necklace that I had kept concealed. I don't know why, but it felt like leaving it out in the open was a gamble and I couldn't risk losing my last part of Caleb.

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Once my immediate concerns were taken care of I decided to move onto the bed in an effort to maintain my distraction. But, when I stuffed a pillow into a new, clean pillow case, I suddenly became overwhelmed. I had convinced myself that this was a dream at first. Then I had tried to avenge Caleb, which was foolish of me. If my own father was afraid of Hades then what chance did I have? Now, I wasn't suspended in a dream like state. I wasn't drowning in shock as I tried to process what had just happened. I wasn't hoping to hit the jugular and planning my next move.

I was just a girl who had lost her best friend. And the man who had killed him was supposed to be my soulmate.

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All of the feelings were so overwhelming that, for a moment, I didn't know what to do. I just slowly sank to the floor, my grip tightening on the pillow as I went. I wanted to scream, I wanted to wail until my lungs gave out, but I was certain that Hades would come running if I did such a thing. I couldn't bear to see his face right now, not ever again. So I slammed my face into the pillow and screeched, and shouted, and bawled.

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The pillowcase began drenched with tears, but I still held my face against it. I cried and cried until I felt like I couldn't shed another tear. Then I would scream so hard into the down-filled pillow that I would start crying again, the pain becoming raw once more.

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At some point my body gave out to exhaustion and I fell asleep on the rug that looked like it was from another century.

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When I woke up it wasn't because my body was stiff from sleeping on the hard floor. It wasn't because of the dehydration that undoubtedly came after a night like that.

There was quiet for a moment. I blinked several times trying to remember where I was and how I had gotten here. When I was able to recall the chain of events I wished I hadn't woken up at all.

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But, there was a soft clicking noise that caught my attention just as I tried to shut my eyes again. It was the sound of metal hitting metal. My eyes darted to the closest thing that could make that noise, but doorknob was still and wouldn't be able to make such sounds.

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Just as I was about to convince myself that I had imagined it and go back to sleep, it came back louder. It wasn't the sound of metal brushing against itself, but now the sound of metal fighting itself, clashing together repeatedly.

"You bastard!"

I leapt to my feet at the shout, but no one was in my room. It had come from another room in this haunted mansion. And the voice had been distinctly Hades. I knew because, though I loathed him, my skin still tingled at the sound. It made me want to scratch and claw at my skin for betraying my mind.

"I'll kill you," Hades said after a breath of silence.

But no one was responding to him. In the quietness that followed his outbursts I would strain my ears, listening for footsteps on the floor or hushed whispers. Maybe someone was trying to spare their life the way my alpha had tried to spare his son's. But there was no movement. Not even the creak of floorboards. Just the clang of metal.

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"I'll fucking kill you!"

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I let out a whimper and pulled my pillow closed to my chest. I thought about leaving. I thought about abandoning my suitcase and sprinting towards the front door. I would stay in human form until I was outside. Then I would shi and find away around that gate and the fence around the property.

But what then?

I couldn't go back to my packlands. My parents made it clear that I wasn't going to be welcome back. I was a liability. I was a reason for him to come back. And maybe people thought Hades had come onto the packlands for me in the first place, his wolf calling to mine without either of us knowing. Then, he had decided to kill Caleb. Maybe they would avenge Caleb by going after me instead. Maybe I was hated.

And if I wasn't it didn't matter. Hades knew where I would go. And I was certain that he wouldn't stop at one death the next time he was forced to come to my packlands. I would be left with even more blood on my hands.

Choking back another sob, I forced my wobbly legs to carry me to the closet. It was a small space, packed with clean blankets, extra pillows and various linens, but all I cared about was the additional sound protection it from that...beast.

With fresh tears staining my cheeks, I pulled the pillow against my chest and jammed my eyes shut. In the limited space, I curled up into an awkward seated position on the floor. And with the door shut I was in complete blackness and it was soundless aside from my own breathing.

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~~~Question of the Day~~~

What is the last video game you played?

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I recently moved out of my family home and live with my boyfriend. We are both blessed enough to be working through this, but our evenings are bland to say the least so we play a lot of video games. I have a PS4 and he has the Switch. We play Smashbros and Mario kart pretty often, but I also love Ratchet and Clank on the PS4.

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Have any of you played Animal Crossing, is it worth the money?

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