

Chapter 22

I went back to avoiding Hades and glaring at him every time I accidentally let my guard down and allowed myself to be caught in a room with him. I hated him. I loathed him. I wished he had never come into my life and I died a mateless spinster. Anything was better than this.

256

True, he was the only person offering me a place to stay. I'm sure that if I tried to go to any other pack I would be shunned and tossed aside. They would all hate me even more than my own pack did. The threat of Hades coming after me was all too real and I was certain that news of a murdered alpha and a beta's daughter being 'kidnapped' had traveled through the lands. I knew that it wouldn't matter how many times I told them that he wouldn't hurt them, they wouldn't believe me. And frankly, I couldn't be sure.

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There were moments when he seemed normal, maybe even sweet. Then, there were times when I was sure he was nothing more than an animal.

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Thankfully, while I was avoiding him, Ethel was always ready to spend time with me. Granted, she wasn't in the house everyday, but she was there often enough and usually stayed for a couple hours. After she took on my emotional break down I decided that I would lean on her as much as she would let me. She wouldn't be able to replace my mother and she couldn't be my confidant in the same way that Caleb was, but she was warm and caring and fun. True, she was on Hades's side, but what choice did I have?

258

We would watch reality shows together some days, just lazing around in front of the TV in the sitting room. She was savage in her judgement of those on the shows and having her swear and scold at people for wearing strange clothes or saying uneducated things on national television would make me laugh. It felt good to laugh and it wasn't something that happened too often anymore.

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Plus, she would take me out every now and then. We would go grocery shopping or pick up planting supplies for my beloved flowers. Turns out that she had quite the greenthumb as well and loved cooking almost as much as I did. We would prepare wonderful meals together and I pretended not to notice when she put the leftovers in the fridge, undoubtedly for the demon.

263

Then, I found out that she had a wonderful eye for modern interior design. It clashed a little bit with the house, but if we were careful and took our time deciding on pieces it turned out well. I ended up with a new dresser and a small desk- all of which was paid for by Hades.

267

On a gloomy afternoon Ethel and I returned from the city for our weekly shopping trip. I was still laughing to myself when I moved into the house, a new easel, blank canvas and paints under my arm.

268

The smile remained on my face as I kicked on my shoes and progressed into the home, but I moved quickly. Hades could be lurking around any corner and the sooner I got to my bedroom the better.

I went as fast as I could through the museum-like home, just on the brink of running, but not quite there. I let my mind wander with ideas of what I could paint. Maybe something like daisies or lilies so when all the flowers died in the cold I would still have something beautiful to look at in the winter.

But when I pushed open my bedroom door I found Hades in my safe space.

Holding a pair of my panties in his hands, his cheeks red.

299

"What are you doing?" I barked, dropping my newly purchased items on the desk.

I hated the feeling that struck me when I saw him here. I hated the way my heart raced and my tongue darted out to lick my lips. Still, no matter how much I hated him the mate bond would always be present.

Hades snapped his eyes from the fine lace to my face, dropping the garment. The redness of his cheeks only darkened. But, even with the embarrassment clear on his face he still met my eyes as he spoke, "I thought that you might feel more at home if you weren't getting ready out of a suitcase anymore."

290

"More at home?" I repeated with a disgusted sneer. "This place will never be my home. You can tell me that I'm free to go, but we both know that this place is a fucking prison. I'm shunned and hated out there. I might as well have killed Caleb with my own hands."

222

Hades sighed, cocking his head to one side. "Charlotte, I understand that this must be very difficult, but I'm just trying to make this easier on you."

264

"You took everything away from me! This isn't hard, Hades. This is impossible and cruel! I can't see my family, my pack hates, I have no friends. All I have is an empty house to hide in and a murderer who goes through my underwear."

292

"Please stop calling me a murderer," he replied gently, but the way he rubbed the back of his neck told me how uncomfortable he was getting.

298

And I hated it. I hated the way that he always took my screams and accusations so readily. How could he meet my angry shouts with quiet requests? I wanted him to blow up. I wanted him to get in my face, to tell me to shut up, that he wouldn't tolerate this kind of disrespect. Any self respecting alpha would've by now.

261

I couldn't live like this. I was tired of hiding in the shadows, waiting for him to leave. I woke up everyday mourning my friend and the family that I had lost in the process. And I would spend the day light wasting my time, hoping that night would provide me with bliss. But it never did, I always woke up to his screams, a reminder that I couldn't even escape him in my dreams.

269

I knew what had happened the last time we had fought. It had been a warning. I was the daughter of a beta and he was the god of death. He could crush me.

I didn't care. I wanted to get under his skin and if Ajax could do it so could I.

261

This ended today.

268

"That's what you are, Hades," I said, my voice no longer booming and sharp. Yelling never seemed to do him. "You're a killer. You are a monster."

267

"Charlotte, stop," Hades warned, seeming anxious. "This is only going to hurt both of us."

268

"You can stop acting like there is an us. I'm tired of all those little smiles and the way you keep acting like we will ever be anything more than what we are now."

268

"There can be more, you just have to give it a chance," he insisted. "I'm sure that you could love me one day. We just need to give it time."

255

"Love you? You think I could love you? You said it yourself I'm good. I'm wholesome and filled with sunshine. And you know what you are? You are awful, dark. You are pure evil. You aren't worthy of my love. Worse, you slaughtered the only man that I will ever love."

291

"Charlotte, please don't do this."

268

I pushed on, digging deeper. I would make him snap, make the animal come out if it was the last thing I did. I took a step forward, looking in the suitcase that he had splayed out on my bed. My fingers touched a pair of bright red panties.

266

"I had it all planned out, you know. We told each other we wouldn't have sex yet, but I thought about it everyday. I thought about how he would touch me, how he would taste, I was going to wear these ones. I have a matching bra. He would love them."

290

"Stop," Hades growled. Gone was the defeat and in its place was something low and rougher. Rage. His hands curled into fists and we were just inches apart now. I had hit my mark.

268

"He would do all the right things. He always did."

"Enough."

"He was everything I ever wanted. He was perfect."

268

I smirked when I saw a flash of crimson, his eyes switching from their usual amber colour to those bloody irises that signaled his violent nature. Yes, I had done it. I had won. This would finally be over. One way or another it would be done.

265

I stepped away from him, but watched as I felt my teeth grow into fangs. I would let him swing first, but I would fight harder than I ever had. And he wouldn't be calm and collected this time, he would make a mistake, I was sure of it.

But Hades loomed over me, his hands balled into fists and his gaze malicious. I met his eyes, unafraid now.

Instead of striking me like I expected, he spoke, "The love of your life sexually assaulted a little girl, Charlotte. You may hate me, but I could never accept a mate who defends a child molester."

884

~~~Distraction Section~~~

So, I decided that three updates wasn't enough. Here is update four. I think you will agree that it was almost cruel of me to decide to cut you out at this point, but hey, I'm a writer and we are notorious for this kind of stuff. I read that some of you have theories and I'm curious to know if they lined up with this or not. You are all so brilliant and seem to have a keen eye for little details I drop.

268

Question of that Day

Have you developed a new skill or rediscovered an old one during quarantine?

260

I've discovered that I'm not a bad cook. I was always moderately capable but now I'm coming into it more and I have to say it's quite fun and rewarding!