

Chapter 25

I stayed asleep for what had only felt like seconds, but it must've been hours because when Hades rearranged me in his arms my leg no longer hurt. It was more of a dull ache now. Yes, werewolves had accelerated healing but injuries like that took time to heal and though it was better it wasn't perfect. I let out a grunt of protest at all of the shivering, still so exhausted, but he continued on anyway.

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It only took a minute for him to carefully arrange me so that he could stand while still holding on to me. I was still soaked, still shivering and the sky was not giving up just yet. I whimpered, though it was more out of frustration as I was so tired of being cold and uncomfortable.

"At least your flowers will do really well," he mused.

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I fell in and out of sleep as we walked. Part of me just wanted him to stop so I could sleep and have a full uninterrupted rest. The other part of me wanted him to sprint all the way home so that I could finally be warm and comfortable while my leg healed the rest of the way. I just shut my eyes and tried to sleep as much as I could, knowing that this was the most acceptable middle ground.

We got to the house a few minutes that felt like years. Hades's grip had never once loosened on me and didn't let up, even after he had opened the front door. It was only when we made it to the main bathroom that he settled me in the tub. He didn't waste time, just turned on the water and held his hand underneath to gauge the right temperature.

I just let out another whimper and attempted to climb out of the tub, only wanting to sleep. After so much rain who could stand to be wet anymore?

"You can go to sleep as soon as you've had a bath. It'll warm you up and you don't want to take all of this dirt into your bed. Just relax, I'll be right back," he soothed.

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He left immediately after which meant that I had no time to whimper and whine in an effort to plead my case. So, I did as he asked. I stayed perfectly still, only becoming tolerant of my position when my paws were covered by the warm water that was gradually filling the tub. Maybe he was right, I didn't want my grubby fur on my luxurious bed, but I wouldn't tell him that now.

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When my eyes started to drift closed there was a soft knock on the door. My ear pricked but my eyes didn't open, knowing that he was only doing it as a precaution. I heard him shuffle around and settle something on the floor as he went, then his fingers were brushing through my fur.

"I brought you some food and water. It'll help you heal a little faster," he murmured. "Stay in the water as long as you want, but please go straight to bed. Your leg might feel fine, but it's going to need more time. I don't want you to risk hurting it. We can figure everything else out in the morning."

I let out a huff which he took as a sign of agreement. A few seconds later the water was shut off and he was leaving, pausing just before he stepped out the door.

"If you need anything just yell, I'll be here," he promised.

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Once he was gone I forced myself to be more alert. All I really wanted was to shut my eyes and not open them until morning. But I needed to eat and I was dehydrated which would slow down the healing process. Unless I wanted him carrying me around all day tomorrow I would have to put something in my stomach.

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I shifted into my human form in the bathtub, only letting out a gasp of pain through the whole transition. And once I was human I was glad for my thumbs. The water around me was already a murky brown and judging by the texture of my hair there was more mud left to clean off yet. I pulled the plug on the tub, letting the water drain, then shivered while I refilled it with warmer water.

Once the water was high enough to cover a significant portion of my body and stop the shivering I glanced over to see what he had brought for food. Pepperoni sticks and cut up cheese. I could almost hear Ethel yelling at him now, telling him that he needed to be a better host. The thought made the corner of my mouth turn up as I chewed on some cheese.

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I tried to stay awake as long as possible and eat as much as I could. My stomach felt empty no matter how much food I had put into it, but my heavy eyelids won out and I fell asleep against the side of the tub.

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When I woke up again the water was cold and had turned brown again from the leftover mud in my hair. I wasn't sure how much time had passed so I carefully tested my ankle, seeing how it felt to hold some weight and it didn't even twitch under a good portion of my weight. Being cautious, I got to my feet, pulled the plug again, and turned on the shower head. It took some time, but eventually I smelled like coconuts again and felt like I hadn't missed any areas.

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I moved to my bedroom with a towel wrapped around my body and noticed that the whole room was coated in sunlight. I must've slept for much longer than I had assumed. Sure enough, when I checked the clock it was noon.

I thought about staying in my room for the whole day. I told myself that I shouldn't move too much with my leg being in the state that it was, but I knew that it wasn't the real reason. I could hear Hades in the kitchen and though my stomach grumbled, I couldn't make myself want to see what he was cooking.

I still couldn't believe it. Caleb, my best friend, had done something awful, unspeakable. I had trusted him, thought the world of him, and he was this evil being that was terrorizing a little, innocent girl who could never deserve something like that.

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But, I was mated to the man who had sought justice. I was mated to a man who might have some answers.

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~~~Distraction Section~~~

So, the people have spoken, or written in this case. You guys mostly want a schedule which I think is the opposite of fun and exciting, but that's just me. So, I will be updating every Tuesday. I will try and be consistent and if it doesn't work out I will let you know not to expect any more scheduled updates, but let's give it a whirl!

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As for those of you who love surprises, I haven't forgotten about you. When we hit magic numbers (like 20,000 wink wink) I will toss out an update, even if it's not scheduled for that day. Or, if I've just been writing up a storm I'll do an additional post as well, just to keep things lively.

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Hope this sates all of you!

Question of the Day: If you were hosting a dinner party what would your theme be?

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I would choose to do my party based on the Kentucky Derby! You could wear weird hats, we would drink bourbon and mint juleps and watch the Derby. It would be super fun though after a brief google search I'm seeing a dish called fried catfish. If any of you are from Kentucky can you confirm that this is a thing and is it good?

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