Chapter 39

didn't know it yet. The day started in an average way. I dreamt of the woman with red hair again and was feeling a little antsy, but otherwise fine. I brushed it o as home sickness and missing my family because thinking of them was stirring up a pretty big ache in my heart. I got ready like I normally would, pulling on jean capris and a tee shirt before pulling my hair into a high ponytail. But when I saw him I realized that it wasn't homesickness at all. It was rage.

Two days later seducing Sebastian was the least of my worries, though I

something.

He was standing in the kitchen slicing a mango. He looked utterly harmless. But I knew. I knew what he had done. I knew who he was. He was a murderer, a killer. No coy act could conceal that. 158 a "Morning Char," he murmured. "Don't," I spat, feeling my hands curling into fists. God, I wanted to hit

"Don't what?" he asked innocently, his amber eyes confused. He could pretend to be whatever he wanted, but those eyes would always reveal the truth. He couldn't escape his sins. "Don't call me by cute pet names, you sick fuck," I snarled.

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"Charlotte." His voice shi ed. The normal so ness was gone. It was that clean cut tone that he gave my father right a er he murdered my future alpha and destroyed the hierarchy we so desperately needed. "You need to calm down. I won't talk to you when you're like this. I've explained why I do what I do and if you have more questions there's a proper way to ask them. I

am not here to be yelled at in my home." "I don't have fucking questions," I seethed. I felt like I was possessed, but watching his fingers tighten around the he y knife gave me a validating rush of adrenaline, a push that let me know what I was doing was right. "I know what you are, Hades."

The knife was set down with too much control, Hades moving slowly as he took a deep breath. The way his features crumpled into an expression of sadness fueled me. I wanted to take on the man who had slaughtered countless people at his own will, deciding who was worthy of staying alive like he was some kind of god. He didn't have that right. No one did. But his shoulders slumped as he wiped his hands on a dish cloth. Clearly, he

wasn't in the mood to challenge me.

be able to get away from this sound.

I saw that he was already gone.

The screaming was coming from inside my own mind.

teeth together.

"I don't know what has gotten into you, but I won't tolerate it. I've told you before that you are free to go. I would never blame you for hating me, but I will blame you for making me miserable. I'm going to go out for a couple hours and when I come back I hope that you can tell me what's upsetting you so much."

He met my gaze evenly, daring me to say more, but all I could was grind my

As he stepped towards me to get around and go to the front door an intense

sound filled my ears, vibrating through my skull with such strength it felt like

it was shaking my brain. It was the most blood curdling, shrill womanly scream I had ever heard. The sound alone made me dizzy. My hands slammed over my ears as my eyes were jammed shut, trying to fend o the mind numbing sound. But the coverage did nothing, almost

amplifying it. I was suddenly aware that even if I sprinted for miles I wouldn't

When my eyes opened, searching for Hades to see if he could hear the sound,

And just like that, the wailing ceased, so quickly I felt as if I had imagined it. I wanted to do a thousand things in that moment, so driven by rage and hatred I couldn't think straight. I wanted to leave. No, I neededto leave, now. 🗲

I darted to the garage. I would take one of his cars. I wouldn't take anything

that had been tainted by this place with me, just my wallet and a set of keys. I

would drive until this feeling of uncontrollable violence le me. I would sleep

But when I flung open the garage door I was faced with a choice. I had two

vehicles that I could take. The sleek sedan that was funded by the royals, the

ones who supported his missions. It was the car his beloved side kick drove

Then there was the ancient yellow Nissan. Not funded by anyone and not for

his tasks. But it was his favorite. It was the car that he had taken me to the

royals in. It was the car that we went hiking together in. It was completely

and utterly his. The thought made me feel so repulsed, so sickly that I began

scratching at my skin, wondering if I could scratch hard enough to take my

With a frustrated shriek, I slammed the garage door shut and raced through

Working out didn't help. I sprinted on the treadmill, running until I was

pouring sweat and felt like my heart was going to explode in my chest. A er

that I peeled of my jeans that I hadn't bothered to change out of and pulled

to pick him up a er he had slaughtered someone. Bile rose in my throat at

in the car or a cheap motel, find a new job, and start a new life.

the thought of sitting in his victory wagon for hours.

skin o entirely. Skin he had touched.

In that moment I hated him. I loathed him.

that helped me last time was cooking.

I wanted him dead.

kitchen.

parents and from my pack.

She took me away from Tabitha.

knife embedded itself in the wall.

But Ethel was no longer a concern.

the house.

my shirt over my head. A hot shower did nothing to calm me down. I kept grabbing at my hair and pulling as I repressed the urge to scream at the top of my lungs. Once I was dressed in fresh clothes I tried painting, but just ended up staring at the blank canvas as my brush trembled in my hand. I tried to tell myself that this wasn't me. I knew Sebastian, I knew what he was doing and it no longer bothered me because he had explained everything to me already. It didn't matter.

And every second I stared at the canvas the feeling only grew stronger. When

the feelings became so strong that I was tempted to stab my brush through

the canvas I decided that I needed to do something else and the only thing

I spent twenty minutes in the kitchen, chopping up vegetables for a stew. The

knife moved so quickly in my hand and slammed down on the cutting board

so hard it was like the vegetables had personally wronged me. I was so

focused I didn't hear someone coming into the house until it was too late.

"Man, what did those carrots do to you?" Ethel teased as she entered the

I didn't think. I raised my eyes to hers. I saw the curly hair and the kind eyes.

cut the vegetables was suddenly raised in my hand, behind my head. I flung

it forward, throwing it as if I were a viking and it was a battle ax. And it sailed

My knife missed my target. Ethel dove to the side, diving to the floor as the

"Kill him," a so, womanly voice encouraged. I didn't see the body it

The woman who had driven the getaway car, taking me away from my

She brought me here, straight into his arms where he had held me captive. A strangled scream tore through my lips and the knife that had been used to

through the air, twirling and spinning as it neared Ethel.

"Ethel!" Hades screamed, seeming to appear out of thin air.

belonged to, but I didn't care. I knew that voice as well as I knew my own. It o ered comfort and love. Safety. She would never lead me astray. My eyes narrowed in on Hades and the so whisper turned into a shriek. "He killed Caleb! He's killed hundreds! He ruined you! Kill him! Even the blood debt!" "Hades," Ethel warned as I lunged towards my mate. "I've got her," he grunted. "Just stay down."

There was a violent clash as my body met Hades's. I flung myself at him with

all my might, fighting unlike I ever have before. My hands clawed at his face. I

tried to kick and stomp on his feet and shins. I used my elbows and the heels

of my hands to slam against his chest. I wanted to stun him and go for this

throat because I knew I couldn't beat him in a feat of strength. He was too

powerful, but I had tricks he didn't know, tricks I felt like I didn't know, like

But Hades was faster. With one quick swing of his leg I was unbalanced. All he

my movements and limbs were not my own.

holding an electrical charge."

arms behind my back. "I hate you! I hate you! I'm going to kill you!" I shrieked, my voice booming

"Charlotte, what has happened to you?" Hades panted in my ear. Then, his

breath caught in his throat. "What is happening to your hair? It's like it's

Then, with a maniac smile on my lips, I collapsed into Hades's arms. My

violent world faded away to one of comfort and love and blackness.

louder than it even had before. "I will even the blood debt!"

"Hades, her eyes, they changed colour," Ethel whimpered.

them in your city or town or province/state?

had to do was apply some subtle pressure with his hips and I was spun

around, facing away from him, staring down at Ethel while he twisted my

~~~Distraction Section~~~ So now we are o icially done with the constant updates. Thankfully, you only have to make it until next Tuesday which isn't that far away, right? I know some of you totally want to cut me and I completely understand and am enjoying all the tension. á

Question of the Day: If you had a tourist in your care where would you take

I live in Alberta so I'm very blessed. Ban is where I think everyone would

an incredible museum about the fossils found there and nearby. All sand,

hoodoos, and dinosaur bones. I've never seen anywhere like it.

want to go to, but I find that Drumheller is much cooler. It's a small city with