Chapter 8

"Is she going to be alright?" Ethel asked a er over half an hour of my silence. Hades and I were sitting on the back seat while she was driving the sporty car. Through the entirety of the trip I said nothing. I hadn't let my lips form words or even hu ed out a sigh. I just stared out of the tinted window; my hands folded neatly in my lap. And every single time I blinked I saw it. I saw

Caleb's wolf laying in the dirt. Lifeless. "I think that she'll be alright. This all must be a shock to her, that's all," Hades explained. There was still that confidence in his voice that he always had, but he didn't sound certain at all.

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"I could imagine. Being mated to the man who determines what is just must be very hard on anyone. Why didn't you let her stay with her family? At least she could've adjusted a little better that way," Ethel suggested, her warm eyes finding me in the rearview mirror.

I snapped my gaze away from her, going back to staring out the window.

Hades let out a tense breath from beside me. I could almost picture him running his hand through his dark hair in an act of uncertainty, but I didn't dare steal a glance to confirm it. I told myself that I didn't and would never care about how he felt.

"I would've preferred to leave her with her pack for a few days," he admitted.

"Unfortunately, that wasn't much of an option. Her father is the beta of the

understandable." There was a pause and I could feel his eyes moving over

me, trying to assess how I was reacting to his words. My gaze remained on

pack and wasn't too pleased when I had to kill the alpha's son, which is

the window, though just the thought of those amber eyes was enough to make me sick. "I think it's quite safe to say that he wanted me o the land as soon as possible and he saw keeping Charlotte as a risk." "Shame, if only people understood," Ethel sighed, sounding so saddened. But I couldn't wrap my mind around why she would possibly sympathize with a murderer. Or maybe she just felt bad for me, being yanked away from everything I loved, everything I knew. There was silence for another half an hour as we drove on the secluded road.

and it made me perk up. It was something that my parents listened to on occasion, I just couldn't place it. "It's Kid Rock," Ethel stated, noticing my change in posture. "I go to Nashville to see him live every year." My lips parted for the first time in hours, since I had spoken to my mother. But just as I was about to reply, I saw movement out of the corner of my eyes. Hades perked up, ready to hear whatever I had to say. I let out a hiss of

breath and slumped back down on the seat, turning away from both of them

again. I wouldn't give either of them the satisfaction, no matter how nice

Ethel seemed to be.

we drove on the winding road.

The sleek call crept forward.

watch.

working.

The car halted.

suggestion.

Well, at least there was no talking. Ethel turned on the radio, playing

something that I would consider so rock. It was lyrics that I heard before

Neither of them tried to engage me a er that. They spoke a few words to each other, but I ignored them for the most part. I was watched the Canadian landscape roll by. It was only when the dense forest gave way to a small group of houses that I began paying attention again. "Just to your house?" Ethel asked. "I think that would be best," Hades agreed.

We spent another five minutes in the car, pulling away from the small little

paved road that would barely be wide enough for two vehicles to drive on.

The density of the trees came sweeping in once more, shielding my view as

Then, there was a tall, iron fence that appeared seemingly out of nowhere. As

we approached it gave out a mighty, old groan, the hinges aching to move.

village. We were no longer on a secluded highway, instead on a narrow-

And before me was something out of a horror movie. The forest fell away to

dreary nothingness. All that was before me was lawn. Green and well kept,

but hauntingly boring and underwhelming, leaving the mansion to be the

only thing that attracted the eye. It was tall, narrow, and all grey stone that

loomed up from above the green grass, like a foreboding presence keeping

We drew closer, crawling up a gravel driveway until we were directly in front

of the house. There, I could see some of the small details of the house. There

were pieces of metal that were twisted, looking like some kind of demented

lace. And the patterns in the stone around the double doors out front were

dingy, looking as neglected as I would've felt had my emotions been

"Come along, Charlotte," Hades said, his voice so so it was almost a

I didn't glance at him, didn't look to see if Ethel was shooting me any

open the car door. I didn't bother to move to the trunk, knowing that Hades would grab it for me. "I hope you like my home. I've tried my best with it, but it has become a bit of a bachelor pad," he admitted with a bashful smile. There was a moment when it looked like he was about to grab one of my hands and pull me along, but when his gaze landed on my face he dropped his free arm to his side. "Shall we get you set up?"

For a second I turned, seeing Ethel put the car and drive. She began pulling

Hades started walking towards that ghastly mansion and I felt like I had no

choice but to follow him. I climbed up the half a dozen steps to those dark

double doors. They were constructed of heavy black metal and clear glass.

And there was Hades, holding on of the doors open. When he saw my looking

at the corner of his mouth pulled up a fraction, completing one of the tiniest

conclusion that this was anything but a typical bachelor pad. Wood paneling

was on the bottom of all the walls, classic, and matched with cream coloured

paint and wallpapers and crown molding. From what furniture there was in

I walked into the house, careful of keeping my body as far from his as

possible. There, I stepped on an ornate rug and quickly came to the

away like she could sense my hesitation.

smiles I had ever seen.

now, vanished. Disintegrated.

eyes blazing and filled with tears.

knowing glances. I unbuckled the seatbelt from across my chest and pushed

the foyer I determined everything to be as antique and as old fashioned as the house. It could've been quaint, but now it made my skin crawl, like I was living in some tomb of the past. "Are you alright, Charlotte?" Hades asked, his voice so low and seductive that it only made my teeth clench together harder. I said nothing, just standing there and staring straight ahead.

"This must all come as quite a shock to you," he murmured. I could hear him

taking slow calculated steps towards me. He didn't want to push me, but the

mate bond wanted him to comfort me. "How about we start small. Why don't

you tell me what you have heard about me? I'll help you distinguish fact from

And his words broke me. Whatever veil of shock that had covered me up until

I whirled around, facing this man who was named a er the god of death, my

"You think you seemlike a villain?" I repeated, the tears pouring down my

cheeks relentlessly already. But all of this raw emotion came with more than

just sadness. I could feel the teeth in my mouth extending, stabbing into my

lips. My fingernails had dug so fiercely into my hands that my palms must've

already been bleeding. My eyes rolled back as my wolf tried to take over.

And as soon as the words were out of my mouth I was no longer a human. I

was standing in that time capsule of a foyer on four paws, snarling so

"You murdered my best friend! You murdered Caleb!"

violently that saliva was dripping out of my muzzle.

myth. Then I might not seem like such a villain to you," he suggested.

"Charlotte," Hades said, his voice now sounding like was warning me. I lunged at my mate, hoping I could do to him what he had done to my beloved friend. ~~~Distraction Section~~~ a Hey everyone, I hope you're all doing well. So we are on update 2 out of 4 and I'm so excited for you all to see how this story progresses. And here we

have Charlotte being a bad bitch and challenging the guy named a er the

On a side note, I wanted to say thank you to any of you who are essential

workers. We are so grateful for all of you nurses, postal workers, janitors,

because I work in insurance and people need to be covered if their house

burns down or their car is in an accident, but I wouldn't be able to go to the

o ice (by myself) like I do if it weren't for the people who clean and disinfect

would be terrified if I had to work through this for just over minimum wage.

So thank you for putting up with assholes who don't know we are in crisis

and putting yourself at risk to make sure people get food and supplies.

everything. My very first job was actually at a Walmart and I was young. I

grocery store workers, bank tellers. I'm considered an essential worker

god of death. Trust me, it's only going to get crazier so buckle up.

And if you aren't an essential worker please stay home if you can. Go for walks, draw on your driveway with chalk, build a blanket fort, listen to the music people suggested in the last chapter. If you need to message me and we can chat about everything and nothing! Question of the Day: What is the worst movie you have ever seen? I'm a sucker for kids movies. Always have been. But Norm of the North had to be the worst thing I had ever seen. In terms of an adult movie can we talk about Fi y Shades of Grey? Awful in my opinion.