

Chapter 10

Hades disappeared for a moment when it was clear that I had forfeit all my power. And I just laid there, reeling from what had just happened. I had never been forced to submit like that, never felt my wolf just give up with me. The only thing I had the strength to do now was scoop up Caleb's necklace into my mouth, the clothing destroyed. a⁶

I could remember Caleb trying to get me to submit, but he had been looming over me, threatening to bite me if I didn't bow to his wishes. And I could recall how it felt, like my wolf could've resisted him for a little longer, but she just wanted to please him. He was going to be my alpha and I made the choice to do as he wanted. a⁹

She had never just crumpled under a single snarl like that. And it wasn't because of the mate bond that was shared between us.

Hades stunk of power, it rolled over him in waves that had crashed into my wolf form, making me feel feeble and powerless against him. He hadn't even threatened me, but he hadn't needed to. I knew I could never win against him. It seemed like no wolf could. Maybe that was why the royals had never been able to stop this crazed murderer. a²²

"Alright, now that we got that out of the way, how about I show you to your room?" Hades asked when he came back into the foyer. a⁶⁹

He was back in his human form and wearing a new set of clothing. I had to admit that when he was wearing proper clothing he looked more like a god than a human being. Underneath his tee shirt sleeves I could see strong arms and wide shoulders, like they carried the weight of the world. He was all angular features and piercing gazes. But, of course he would look like a god, he was the god of death. a¹⁰

"Come on," he encouraged, acting like nothing had just transpired between us, like I hadn't just tried to kill him and he hadn't made me nearly roll over.

I felt my chest rumble with a growl.

"Now Charlotte, we just went through this. I understand that you don't want to talk. I didn't realize what I had done, I didn't know who that man was to you. I don't want to fight again. I'll take you to your room and leave you alone." His words were firm and decisive. "We aren't going to progress if you just stand here and growl at me every time I make a move in my own home." a³²

And what was I going to do? Snarl at him until he shied at the challenge again? Maybe I wouldn't submit so quickly this time, but there was still no way that I would win against him.

So, with Caleb's necklace still tucked under my tongue, I followed him as he carried my suitcase through the house. a¹⁸

It was all original hardwoods, intricate details, and so many colors mixed with wood paneling. Again, I wondered how he could ever have referred to this as a bachelor pad. This place seemed like it should be set up as some kind of museum instead of this. Maybe he took the money from those he killed. If the myths were to be believed then Hades may have killed a couple alphas and that alone would pay for this house. a⁴

"This is where you'll be staying," Hades said, pushing open a door.

The room was gorgeous by most standards. It was classic to the fullest extent and had signs of wear that many might consider charm. But, in comparison to the rest of the house it was unremarkable. The walls were painted a lovely sea foam color and the paneling look a little older, like it hadn't been tended to as much, it was the same as the rest of the house. Just much dustier. a⁹

"It's been a while since anyone has stayed in the room, but there are clean sheets in the closet and some cleaning supplies as well. To be fair, I never really considered the fact that anyone would want to come stay so I never cleaned it. I would offer to help, but I think you'd prefer to be alone right now," he continued, walking into the room and approaching the four poster bed. a⁴

I remained in the hallway as he moved, ready to snarl and bolt should he try anything, but he just set my suitcase on the bed and retreated back to me. I swiveled around, never turning my back to him as I slowly moved into the bedroom.

"My room is just down the hall," he said, gesturing to the long corridor of rooms. "I'm sure you'll enjoy this time alone and the time you decide you may want to talk to me, you'll probably hear me," he murmured, his voice changing. I watched as his fingers twitched towards his own wrist.

And it was then that I saw the red scarring that circled each of his wrists.

In all of the time that I had studied him, all the time that I had stared at him, trying to figure out his weakest point, I hadn't glanced at his wrists. But they were heinous. A band about two inches thick circled the skin with redness. Most of it was healed, looking old, but there were parts that looked like they could've occurred only a couple days ago. a²⁸

He noticed me staring and slipped his arms behind his back, clasping his hands there.

"I would ask you to join me for dinner, but I can imagine that you would reject that offer as well. If you need anything I will make sure I am easy enough to find," he assured, then closed the door, leaving me alone in the bedroom. a⁵⁰

~~~Question of the Day~~~

What profession did you want to have when you were a kid? Did it turn out? a<sup>237</sup>

I wanted to be a vet. I loved animals of all kinds but my parents never let me have any. I was so driven to help animals. Then, I found out that I can't stomach blood or gore in general very well. I'm a pretty emotional person too and get quite attached. So no, I didn't achieve my childhood dream and I don't think anyone dreams of working in insurance but it turned out to be a good fit for me! a<sup>1</sup>