

## Chapter 36

I woke up a few days later in something of a fit. I knew it had something to do with my dream. I could barely recall the soothing woman being there, but for some reason, instead of feeling safe and wonderful, I felt like I needed to break something. Instead, I paced around my room for a little bit. When that didn't calm me down I threw on my floral robe and went to have a shower.

"Morning," Sebastian murmured, catching me in the hallway.

"I'm showering," I snapped like I had to defend the space.

"Okay, I showered last night anyway," he replied, an eyebrow raising slowly.

"Good," I barked, my eyes narrowing.

"Did I do something?" he asked. I think there was some concern buried in his voice, but at the forefront was annoyance and that was what I chose to latch onto.

"Just leave me alone," I order.

"Deal, I'm going into town to grab a few things. Do you need anything?"

"Nope," I growl, though I don't even give myself a fraction of a second to think about it.

Sebastian nods a little too curtly and shuffles around me as I remain planted, guarding the bathroom door. I didn't relax my stance until I hear one of his motorcycles start up in the garage. And when I assume he's gone I decide that a shower will not be enough to get my feelings out. Whatever is haunting my mind needs to be dealt with now. I go back into my bedroom and put on the one sports bra I own and a pair of leggings. Then I head for his gym.

I jump on the treadmill, starting at a brisk walk then working my way up to a run. It awkward and ungraceful. I haven't run on purpose in years and my body is showing me just how neglected it is. I constantly have to lower the speed until I feel agitated all over again. Then I crank it back up until I'm panting and sweating. After half an hour of a mixed walk-jog-sprint cycle I feel a little bit better, but not well enough to be guilty.

A shower helped a little bit, but the anger came swinging back when I realized that I hadn't done my laundry in a while. All I had left was a pair of leggings and some underwear. So my options were either to parade around the house in a bra and pants or to steal on of Sebastian's shirts. Obviously I did the latter.

Once I was wearing one of his tee shirts- a band tee I had found stuffed in the back of his closet- I curled up on the sectional and tried to calm down. It took about two hours of safari documentaries, but finally, I was starting to feel guilty about tearing into Sebastian when he clearly had done nothing wrong.

So I did what I do best to apologize: I cooked up a storm.

I was about halfway through making the tomato soup when I saw his motorcycle pull up into the driveway. I had never been a girl who chased bad boys. I didn't see their appeal and I wasn't someone who thought I was capable of changing entire personalities, still there was something sexy about that man on a bike.

I waited a few minutes with an apology prepped in my head, but he didn't come into the house. Slowly, I started singing along to the music I had been playing and resumed my cooking. I even tried to sing over the sound of the blender. I'm assuming it was normally used for making protein shakes but today it was going to be used for making my tomato soup smooth.

By the time Sebastian came into the house the soup was simmering away and I was flipping grilled cheese in a pan, watching the mozzarella and cheddar ooze around the ham and I had almost forgotten I was ever mad at him.

"Hey!" I shouted over my pop music.

He was leaning against the entryway into the kitchen, his arms folded over his chest as he watched me. I quickly turned down my music until it was at a moderate level.

"Are you going to cut me if I come into the kitchen?" he asked.

"No, and I'm really sorry about this morning. I don't know what came over me. I must've had a dream where you cheated on me or something," I explained with a timid smile.

"Good, because it smells amazing in here and I want whatever you're making," he announced with a broad grin that told me everything was already forgiven.

"Don't lie, you just want to get closer so you can study my incredible dance moves for yourself," I teased, attempting to roll my hips around. It must've looked as awkward as it felt because Sebastian moved to cover his laughter with his hand. "Fine, then you've come for my singing."

I knew that I wasn't a natural singer to begin with and when I sang badly on purpose it was down right awful. So bad, in fact, that Sebastian now refused to just watch the disaster, he rushed into the kitchen grabbed me by my waist, pulling me close to him. I just sang louder, making sure to try extra hard with the high notes.

Thankfully for him, my song tapered off, effectively ending my screeching.

But his arms didn't release me. I was still pressed against his hard chest when the next song started, a softer, slower song with a guitar being plucked. I felt his hands run along the hem of the shirt on the back, barely skimming the fabric that covered my butt. My own hands tightened on his tee shirt.

"I loved this shirt," he whispered in my ear.

"I'm sorry, I should've asked before."

"It's okay," he interrupted, still touching the soft material ever so slowly. "It doesn't fit me anymore. It's from before I became Hades. Besides, I think it looks much better on you."

The confession was so tender and hearing it come from him, perfectly spoken with his gravelly voice, his mouth so close to me, and his hands holding me, it did something to me. It made me feel weak in the knees.

I peered up at him through my eyelashes. I could see the rigid line of his jaw and various scars on his face that told tales of his wild battles. His dark hair was pushed back off his forehead and he was gazing down at me.

I fluttered my eyes shut and tipped my chin upwards, silently asking for what I was too shy to put into words.

I heard the soft catch of breath, almost like he couldn't believe it. One of his hands slipped upward, weaving through my hair to cradle the back of my head and tip me backwards just a little more. Having his hands on me felt heavenly and I fell into his suggestion with no resistance.

And when his mouth brushed against mine my body went weak in his hold. He supported my weight with ease, but I heard the soft groan that he let out at the contact. I felt like I had been stunned by pleasure. For a moment it was too much to handle, I could only whimper as he sipped at my bottom lip.

Then, slowly, I felt strength return to my body. And with it came want. My soft whimpers vanished and my legs straightened up. The hands that had been clutching at his shirt like a helpless damsel now dove into his thick hair, pulling him down harder towards me. And he complied, only pivoting to use his hips in pinning me against the counter.

I couldn't stop the moan that floated out of my mouth when he pushed his hardness against my stomach.

This was it. I would never have enough of him. But, fuck, I wanted all of him right now.

I moved to kiss him again, determined to get what I wanted.

But his hand slipped out of my hair. He took a small step back. His eyes were dark and filled with something I assumed was lust, but they weren't focused on me. His chest rose and fell in a rough rhythm and his eyes shut. He was trying to collect himself, but all I wanted was for him to come undone.

"I think something is burning," he finally rasped out.

"Oh my god, the grilled cheese!"

And just like that, the hot and heavy moment fell away.

~~~Question of the Day~~~

What is your favorite sport and why?