

## Chapter 9

I had never been an impressive wolf. In fact, for how tall I was, my wolf was quite tiny. Covered from head to paw in the same dull brownness that was my hair, I wasn't worth a second glance to most people. a<sup>7</sup>

However, I was the daughter of a beta. I could be small, damn near runt size, but I would never be allowed to be weak. I lowered myself down, letting my eyes study the man before me. I had been trained all my life, he would falter eventually and I would strike with such precision that I would make my stoic father proud. a<sup>3</sup>

But Hades didn't engage in an aggressive stance. His hands were raised in a small gesture of surrender and he took a small step back from me.

"Charlotte, let's have a conversation please." He sounded steady and calm. I had just told him that he had murdered my best friend and he sounded like we were disagreeing over which kind of apples to take from a grocery store. a<sup>32</sup>

I curled back my lips and growled. But attacking big and tough obviously wasn't causing fear to stir within him. And bluing would never be enough to undo what he had just done to the only man I would ever love. a<sup>7</sup>

I launched forward. a<sup>9</sup>

My jaws opened and I kept my gaze narrowed on his side, just above his hip. It wouldn't be a fatal first hit, but it would hurt and it would bleed and bleed until he had no more blood left to give. a<sup>3</sup>

A hand clamped around my muzzle, forcing my jaw to snap shut so quickly I let out a whimper before I landed. My paws skidded on the smoothness of the hardwood, but I was still able to maintain my balance well enough to stay upright. a<sup>30</sup>

"Charlotte, I understand that you're upset, but this isn't the way to handle it," Hades tried again. a<sup>51</sup>

I hated the seductive tone of his voice. I hated that I would look at him and feel my heart squeeze with how intense the attraction was. I hated that his words made me want to calm down, made me want to talk to him as if this were just a normal day. a<sup>5</sup>

The mate bond was appalling. a<sup>15</sup>

But he didn't understand. I wasn't upset. I wasn't bothered. I was livid. I was so angry that my rage wasn't burning hot. I wasn't scorched with anger. This was ice cold, like my heart had received frost bite.

I didn't want to talk.

I wanted this man dead. a<sup>41</sup>

I threw myself at him again. This time I wouldn't let him bleed to death. He was obviously faster and stronger than I had given him credit for. Hell, maybe he had more training than I did. I had to cripple him before I could move on to more fatal attacks. So I went for his legs. I was sure I could bite down hard enough to snap the bone. a<sup>6</sup>

But Hades sidestepped and I missed him completely. And while I slipped on the hardwood in an ungraceful recovery, he moved to push his back against the little console table in the entry way.

"Charlotte, enough," Hades barked. a<sup>4</sup>

And, perhaps if I was any other wolf, under any other circumstance, I would've been afraid of him. Power just oozed off of him. When he spoke like that it was almost impossible not to bow down to him.

I just went for his arms this time. a<sup>32</sup>

He swatted me away, acting like it took about as much force as he would to bat away an annoying fly. But it sent me sprawling. I landed on the floor with my shoulder first, filling the empty space with a heavy thump. When I scrambled to get my bearings I thought that Hades would be panting and wild eyed like I was. But he just met my gaze evenly. a<sup>15</sup>

"I didn't mean to push you that hard," he apologized, but remained tense and ready. "I would appreciate it if you would calm down and talk to me for a moment. I understand that you're upset, but my wolf will not tolerate this." a<sup>64</sup>

This was a clear warning and, had I been in the right head space, I would've listened. Now, I just wanted to make him suffer. I threw myself at him again and was dodged with ease. a<sup>3</sup>

But Hades hadn't been lying or bluing. This time, when I surveyed him to determine my next move, I noticed that his eyes were not the amber that I had seen in my home or in the car. They had turned back to that blood red. The same colour that they had been when he stalked onto my back lands.

I watched as he tried to roll his shoulders, tried to shake away his wolf. But his lips parted, revealing wicked teeth and there was the revolting noise of bones shattering already. He fought, he gritted his teeth, and balled his fists. But his body buckled and before I could even consider running away he took the form of that massive black wolf with the unnatural eyes. a<sup>14</sup>

Now, I wasn't much of a fighter. I was trained and educated in the ways of war. But that could never overcome my instincts.

His lips were pulled up and he let out a warning growl.

I whimpered and took a step back. a<sup>78</sup>

He took three towards me, effectively pushing me up against a wall, cornering me. And with nowhere to go, he drew nearer. And when he snarled in my face I felt my pride, my training, my fight disintegrate. a<sup>39</sup>

I let out a squeal of fear and felt my wolf lower herself down, laying down like a submissive pup at the paws of my new alpha. a<sup>185</sup>

~~~Question of the Day~~~

What is something you spend way too much money on? a<sup>271</sup>

God, I have so many things that I toss away money on. I am one of those people who likes something then completely fixates on it. For example I found a Beauty and the Beast puzzle which I obviously bought and completed. And once I completed it I hunted down a dozen Disney puzzles from Dumbo to Bambi. Yes, I know I have a problem. a<sup>5</sup>