



Chapter 32

The water hit my body and felt like lava was washing down on me. I stepped aside for a second and then back again and I repeated that little dance about a hundred times to give myself a pause between the self-inflicting torture of taking a shower.

I saw the scratchy loofah hanging on the golden hook and just the thought of scrubbing myself down with that sent a shiver down my body. The soap was all I could handle – it was oily and smelled of roses which was perfectly soothing against my wounds.

The shower took longer than usual because of how careful I was. Even stepping out proved to be a difficult task when I couldn't lift my legs because of my broken rib.

Nothing had healed and I don't remember the last time I was in pain for this long. Trixy always healed me before the pain took a strain on my psyche.

The shower was in a big room of its own with double doors that led out into the bathroom. Standing next to a window was a tub with golden claw feet and a golden Victorian faucet.

I avoided all of the mirrors, there was not a chance that I would like what stared back at me, and I just walked out into the bedroom immediately.

My dress hung on the chair but all I saw was the perfectly made bed with the thick comforter and fluffy pillows. I walked over, dried my hair, and tossed the towel aside before crawling under the covers.

"Oh god," I moaned and nuzzled my face into the pillow even though it felt like my face was coming off. It was worth it.



I closed my eyes and fell asleep before a single thought entered my mind.

When I woke up I wasn't sure where I was at first and it took time for my eyes to regain focus.

But then it hit me like a ton of bricks and I groaned. I tossed the cover aside and hopped down on the floor while the timid wind caressed my naked body.

That dress had clung to my skin for over forty-eight hours and I didn't want to put anything else on right now.

The smell of food fanned my face and my stomach growled louder than an angry wolf.

I turned the corner around the lounge area and found the table had been set up with mounds of food. There were three kinds of meat grilled to perfection with glossy marinades and everything else from salad and fruit to potatoes and casseroles.

I started to see the food as blurry blotches and realized that my eyes were tearing up.

"Stop it, Hazel," I wiped my eyes furiously. Nobody cried as much as I already had. But seeing all of the food and the desert, yes - there's desert, it made me emotional and I didn't waste a second before I dove in and stuffed my face.

Both I and Trixy needed this badly.

My moans filled the room when the tastes mixed in my mouth and I felt my wolf stirring awake from her long slumber. It wouldn't be immediate but I would eat until I felt like I was on the verge of exploding and only then would both Trixy and I have gotten what we needed.



Reaching out to grab another chicken leg I saw a note on a silver tray next to the burning candle.

I grabbed it and assumed it would state the price for this feast. Maybe an arm or an ear.

'I figured you might be more comfortable dining alone this night after everything you've been through. I hope you and your wolf regain your strength soon and when you are healed I expect you to come and find me.
-Darian '

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