

A DATE OF GODLIKE PROPORTIONS

Book Two Point Five



The
Blooming
Goddess
Trilogy

tellulah
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A Date of Godlike Proportions



A reluctant smile passed my lips despite the tension in my shoulders. Festos was singing Motown in the shower, to kick himself awake.

He was adorable.

No. I didn't think that word about people. Theo Rockman was not fanciful. *Is.* Is not fanciful. I'm responsible. Focused. Not the giddy lover type.

Festos launched into his next song, humming some upbeat tune complete with electronica flourishes. Which meant he was doing what exactly to get ready for our date? Dressing? Shaving?

I stared in the direction of his voice for a few moments.

“Magoo,” I said to my best friend Sophie’s unconscious form, “that boy needs to learn priorities.” Now was not the time to be gallivanting off for a night out. Not with Sophie in such a vulnerable state.

“*At least your godling wants to be around you.*” I imagined the fond amusement that would be in her voice even as she chastised me. “*I'll take him if you won't.*”

I propped my legs up on the bed beside her and watched her lying there, pale, her eyes closed. Her voice was only in my head. My gut twisted. My Goddess of Spring wasn't wired to be this silent—or this still—for this long.

After all the supernatural attacks she'd endured, it was a regular old knife stabbing that had laid her this low. I couldn't decide if it was ironic, or just the universe's twisted sense of humor.

I leaned forward and placed a hand on Sophie's chest. Not that I thought she wasn't breathing or anything, but she was so deeply submerged in her healing state that perhaps ... I jerked my hand away as if my paranoia could infect her.

Of course she was going to wake up. Be fine.

Physically.

But for all her power and strength, my best friend was a giant mass of heart and emotion. What if she'd taken one too many blows? Between the constant attacks from her father, her boyfriend walking away from her, and learning the truth about her mother? About her past? What if something so deep, so essential in this smartass had been broken in a way that all her healing powers couldn't fix? What if she survived, but her laughter didn't?

My chest tightened. *I should have been there watching out for her.* It didn't matter that there had been no way to predict this. My one job, the very thing I'd given up my Titan powers for was to keep her safe.

If I hadn't arranged for Persephone's goddess essence to be transferred into Sophie's newborn human form, she wouldn't be lying here now.

I'd sworn to protect her.

Festos moved on to his next song. Singing like he hadn't a care in the world. Living totally in the moment.

I scowled. I couldn't imagine a reality where I wasn't thinking ten steps ahead at all times.

Except, I *had* lived in the moment, hadn't I? I'd chosen to stay with Festos that night instead of going back to Hope Park to watch over Sophie.

My heart skipped as Sophie twitched in her slumber. I knew better now. I eased back against the chair that had become permanently attached to my butt in the last little while.

Festos brought the song to its high-pitched conclusion. *Hephaestus, God of Fire, Volcanoes, Technology, and the Billboard Top 100.*

I glanced around the guest room in his loft that was now Sophie's new home, eyeing the closed door warily. Maybe he'd just leave us here. Alone.

The door swung open. Festos poked his head in, and startled at the sight of me still sitting there. "Oh. Uh, right. So the shower's free if you want it."

I didn't want it. I didn't want to leave Sophie. Didn't want to make myself go out and have fun when there was too much to deal with. Too much to put into place and overcome if we were going to win against Zeus and Hades come Spring Equinox. *Like making sure I was there when she awoke to ask her forgiveness for failing her.*

"Festos ..."

He edged into the room at my tone and a lick of heat unfurled in my gut.

I could practically feel my eyes flash as I took in Festos' half-dressed state. He wore black dress pants and a blue button down shirt, not at all buttoned at the moment. His rock star red-dyed hair was wet and his feet bare.

I'd been dangerously attracted to this god the first time I'd ever seen him, and not even thousands of years and a gong show of obstacles—including his chaining me to a rock on Zeus' orders to have my liver eaten by a vulture—could kill that. My hand absently clutched the magic chain he'd made to bind me there as I drank him in.

He arched an eyebrow, as if my staring gave him the upper hand.

“You’re not dressed yet?”

Great. The cavalry had arrived. I flicked my gaze over to my other best friend Hannah, staring at me incredulously from her position in the doorway, where she had joined Festos.

Festos patted Hannah on the shoulder affectionately before edging past her to leave.

I reluctantly tore my eyes from his retreating figure to meet her bemused gaze.

Allies. That’s what I needed. “There’s too much at stake right now—like your future for example—for us to be going out on a—”

She flapped a hand at me. “Get dressed.”

I looked down at what I was wearing. Which was basically what I always wore. A long-sleeved black T-shirt and baggy black pants. “I’m dressed.”

Hannah rolled her eyes. "Pierce," she called out. Her boyfriend trotted into the room at her call. "Yeah, love?"

Hannah pointed to a spot in front of me. "Stand there and look pretty, so this idiot gets the picture."

Pierce nodded. He got into position and, with a toss of his blond tousled head, adopted the most pouty model boy expression imaginable. He winked at me, obviously amused.

Hannah blinked at him. "Whoa. That's pretty ... pretty."

"Down, Saul," I said. "Besides, he's the God of Love. I'm sure there's some kind of inherent pretty built into his DNA. With me?" I cast a skeptical look down at myself. "Festos knows what he's getting."

Pierce pulled up a desk chair and turned it around to straddle it.

Hannah kicked my legs away so she could sit down on the bed next to Sophie. She picked her friend's hand up to clasp between her own. Her lip quivered as she stared at her friend but she quickly replaced any concern with a determined glare my way.

She crossed her legs and leaned forward toward me. "Have you seen that boy's room? It's like a hurricane went off in there. He's going nuts trying to find the perfect outfit for this special event and you can't even get changed?" She tucked a strand of her blond hair behind her ear.

I swung my head in Sophie's direction. "Did you not notice your bestie lying there unconscious?"

Her hand tightened on Sophie's. "Don't be an idiot. Or drag Soph into this. We're here. Nothing else is going to happen to her. She needs to heal. And don't pull any of that 'fate of the universe' crap either. It's one night. So, next excuse. I'll shoot that down too."

I closed my eyes. There was silence for a blessed moment.

"You feel guilty, don't you?" She spoke softly.

I shrugged, my eyes still closed.

I felt her make the sign of the cross over me. "I absolve you of guilt, Prometheus."

I gave a faint smile. "I'm not Catholic."

"Well, I have no idea how to absolve a Greek God."

"Titan," I murmured. "And I'm not even that anymore."

She kicked my leg. I opened my eyes.

"You didn't fail her. There was no way to know that deranged cow would attack. You kept Soph safe every way you could think of."

"Obviously I didn't think hard enough."

"I get that you feel guilty but—"

"He does, but that's not it." Pierce cut her off.

I shifted uncomfortably under the weight of his all-seeing green eyes, finally looking away.

Hannah waited for him to elaborate and when he didn't, she shrugged. "Then what's your problem?" she asked me.

Just days ago, I'd left Hope Park Progressive School where I'd been playing the role of Theo Rockman, regular human, to move in with Festos and continue watching over Sophie. He and I were together 24/7 now. "Why do

we need to go on a date?"

"Is that even a question?" Pierce mused, as he slouched over the back of the chair.

I scowled. "It's taken us almost twenty-five-hundred years to get to a second date. That's twenty-five-hundred years of pressure building up."

I flinched as I heard Festos croon the old Dean Martin hit "Ain't That a Kick In The Head," about lucky guys in love. "Case in point. It's already too hyped. Too much riding on it for it to work. It doesn't need to happen."

"Yeah, mate. It does." Pierce gave me a stern look.

I flapped my hand at him. "Because *you're* not biased in matters of love."

He grinned. "I'm the ultimate authority on them. Which is why you are going to go get done up right and go out tonight." He made a shooing motion with his hands. "Move along, before I get nasty. Or call in Aphrodite."

Apparently, the path of least resistance meant going on the date. I ignored the feeling of dread in the pit of my stomach, and went to shower.

Ten minutes later, I stood in Festos' room wearing brown trousers, my magic chain woven through my belt loops. I rummaged through my suitcase for a suitable shirt to wear. Who was I kidding? What possible outfit could transform me from what I was? A human teen guy. Whereas Festos wore his godness like his second skin.

Like I had, once upon a time.

I rubbed a hand over my face. I wasn't Prometheus anymore. Wasn't the guy he'd fallen in love with. I pulled out a green sweater, more viciously than necessary, wrin-

kling it even more in the process.

This was as good as it was going to get, and if Festos didn't like it ... was disappointed ... My chin jutted out. I shoved my arms into the sweater and whipped it over my head.

I stopped by Sophie's room before I went. *On the off chance she's going to wake up and bless the outing?* My throat tightened and I swallowed hard. I didn't know what I wanted at this point.

"She's asleep. Not much is gonna change there, mate." Pierce didn't even look up at my entrance. He had his nose in a hardcover copy of Neil Gaiman's latest. "Go."

I hesitated. Sophie looked so small lying there.

That pause earned me a book to the head. "Seriously?" I rubbed my temple.

Pierce calmly got up and retrieved his book where it had fallen. "Next time, I use a laptop."

Hannah entered and none-too-gently pushed me from the room.

She poked at my cheek. "Do try to smile. You can be awfully pretty when you smile."

I gave up and snagged my jacket from a chair, heading into the living room.

Festos gave me a bright grin as he took my hand. He brushed a piece of lint from my jacket collar. I tried to get into the spirit.

"What's first?" I asked. I knew he had this date planned down to the second.

"We set the stage with romance." He bobbed on his toes, looking adorably excited.

There I went with the "A" word again. Damn it. My

hand shook with anxiety and I curled it into a fist.

Festos either ignored it or didn't notice, because placing a hand on my arm, he blinked us away.

We landed on a beach. At sunset.

The sky was streaked with oranges and deep purples. The water shone with a rippled iridescence.

It was a tropical beach, and so summer in January. Even though it was sunset, and there was a slight breeze, it was still warm enough that I slung my jacket over my shoulder and rolled up the sleeves of my sweater.

Sweat beaded along the back of my neck.

Festos wagged his eyebrows at me. "Fancy a walk along these sandy shores?"

Not really. I felt like I was living a bad personals ad. But this meant a lot to him, so I squeezed his hand. "Sure."

We strolled along the shore for a bit while Festos made inane chatter about the weather, the colors of the ocean, and what wondrous miracles of nature had combined to give the water that precise deep green hue.

"Less like a miracle, more like pollution."

Festos frowned. "Why do you say that?"

I nodded at a dead fish beached on the sand. "Unless we're in a special world of three-eyed fish."

He looked intrigued and hopped over to it much like a little kid.

I followed on his heels.

We stood over the fish. Festos nudged it with his toe.

The fish, about a foot long, and perfectly respectable looking aside from its extra eye, flipped over.

I cough-laughed. The other side was, well ...

“Mangled?” Festos asked in a horrified, fascinated voice. “Melted?”

“Good one side,” I replied in a decisive voice.

Festos looked at me doubtfully. “Can fish be good one side? How exactly does one usefully repurpose that side?”

I stuffed my hands into my pants pocket and considered the question. “One could ... uh, oh, I know. Plasticize it. Like those Body Worlds exhibits. On one side, the beauty of the fish in life. On the other ... innards.”

Festos laughed. “That’s my boy. Always the nerd.”

His joy was contagious. I felt a tension I hadn’t realized I was carrying relax. My shoulders dropped down from where they’d been bunched around my ears. Maybe I did need to abandon myself to this night and this guy and turn off my brain. “So what happens next on our terribly romantic—”

“Romantically polluted,” he corrected.

“Pollutedly wonderful beach,” I finished up. “What’s phase two of the date?”

He scuffed his toe into the sand and then prodded the fish back over. “Ironically enough?” he grinned. “Sushi.”

And on my laughter, he transported us to dinner.

We stepped out a moment later onto a quiet street. A grey and glass door read “Restaurant Ninja New York.” It was far cooler now. To the point that bundling back up in my jacket—which got full points for style and none for warmth—still left me in goosebumps.

I raised an eyebrow as Festos shouldered the door

open. “Ninjas, huh?”

“Ninjas,” he confirmed with a grin.

Huh. That was kind of cool. I could do ninjas.

A rush of warm air hit me.

I found myself inside a replica of a ninja village of feudal days, all wood and stone. I eyed the place in wonder. “This is awe—” I jumped back, clutching Festos’ shoulder as a black-clad ninja slid from the ceiling to thrust a blade out at me.

My magic chain was off my belt loops and curled around my hand before I realized it.

Festos snorted with laughter. But I didn’t mind.

I tossed a sheepish grin at him as our host led us through narrow maze-like hallways, lit by fat, globular lanterns throwing off golden light. The host stopped in front of a rice paper and bamboo-framed wall and slid it aside to reveal a tiny room with a low table for two. A narrow window with bamboo bars was inset on the right wall.

He motioned for us to take our seats, promising to return with tea.

The dim lighting made the already small space feel even more intimate.

I faced my boyfriend across the table. It was still weird to think of him that way after so many years of trying not to think of him at all.

Surprisingly, the date progressed smoothly throughout dinner. The sheer entertainment of the meal’s presentation, including sushi served on dry ice, kept our conversation flowing. It was all good until Festos asked,

“Pancakes or eggs?”

My chopsticks paused over the piece of unagi I was about to snag. “Huh?”

“Well,” he speared a bite of miso cod, watching me with a casualness that had to be calculated. “I’m guessing that we’re living together now? Even if you seem to be sleeping by Sophie’s bedside. Which is good. I get that. But you know, you’ll want breakfast. So, which are you? I’m Team Eggs but I can stock that awful mix crap for you if you want. Don’t expect pancakes from scratch, though. I don’t do that.”

He was babbling.

I grabbed for my green tea and gratefully gulped some down. “Good question. Um, yeah. Excuse me a sec.”

I pushed away from the table and tried not to bolt too blatantly. Make it seem like a normal bathroom visit. I kept a wary eye out for ninjas as I wove my way to the men’s room.

I had a moment in there, after washing my hands, where I caught my own image in the mirror. I stood over the sink and stared at myself. Tried to see what Festos did. Understand why he’d kept up such optimism about us. About me. But all I saw was black spiky hair, square black-framed glasses, and no answers.

I studied my slouchy “whatever” stance. At the careful air of teen contempt I maintained for most of the world. It was easier to let people see what they expected to see than to raise questions about the constant vigilance no normal kid my age would possess. Festos was one of the few who knew the truth about me.

Some of it, anyway.

I glanced down at my hand as I flexed it. The subconscious movement that preceded grabbing my magic chain in a dangerous situation. In the crazy short time since Festos had come back into my life, it had been one danger after another. Which had meant he'd seen me at my best. Because that kind of danger? The type involving battling gods and taking down their minions? That I could handle.

Eggs and pancakes? One-on-one breakfast time where the only drama was our own? Or worse, no drama at all? Just him and me with nothing to hide behind? I shuddered.

We'd already said, "I love you." Wasn't that the scary part?

I bowed my head. My shoulders hunched. Why did a stupid question about breakfast food feel so monumental?

I spun, intending to reach for a paper towel, and jumped at the sight of another ninja. An oddly tall and well-built ninja, whose black mask obscured his face.

No regular restaurant employee here. This was a Photokia, one of Zeus' minions, dressed in ninja garb. He lunged as I yanked the magic chain from my belt. The chain glowed white hot.

I threw him a grim smile and sidestepped his bulking form. "You're interrupting my date."

He grabbed my torso.

I twisted from his grip, snapping my chain millimeters from his face, and sent the arc of gold lightning firing from his eyes in another direction.

His fist connected painfully with my eye, blurring my vision and balance so that I barely dodged his next blast.

I felt absurdly pleased at his presence. Here was something back in my control. Something I could handle. My smile grew both grimmer and wider.

I launched a spinning kick that sent him flying into the far wall. This was going to be fun.

But not for Festos.

I clenched my jaw. I didn't need to stay here and fight. No one was in danger if I walked away. Still, better to take him out, right?

Avoidance much?

I dodged the minion's next blast, crouching low to the floor as I flung the bathroom door open, my choice made. There'd be no no-holds-barred fights tonight. No getting singed or incinerated.

I ran back to our private room. My heart pounded and sweat plastered my hair to the back of my neck.

It wasn't from the Photokia.

Festos looked up, puzzled. "Ninja disturb your visit to the restroom?"

"Minions."

"Minions? As in, not stealthy Japanese assassins?"

I caught a blur of motion in the corner of my eye and shoved Festos down. His head hit the table with a hard thud, but better than lose it to the lightning crossfire of the now two attackers in our tiny room. "As in," I echoed dryly.

Festos hurriedly shoved a hand in his pocket and dumped a pile of bills on the table. Then he grabbed my hand, shifting us to a parking lot.

This hopping from place to place was getting dizzying. But my boyfriend's hand was the anchor keeping me afloat.

"We've had Chernobyl fish and far too lifelike ninjas," he began.

"I'm almost afraid to ask what comes next," I said.

Festos gave me a hard look. "A drink. Most definitely." He jogged down a flight of cement stairs to a metal door at the basement level of a neighboring hotel.

He flung the door open. "Welcome to the Tiki Hut. Where the vibe is dive and the IDing is lax." He gave a low bow. "Enter."

"Dive" seemed about right, but I was still taken aback. "It's where 1950s Hawaiian movie props come to die," I said.

The space was a clutter of wood, fake grass adorning faker looking "huts" (bars and booths), and palm trees nestled up against tiki masks of varying sizes. But the pièce de résistance was the smoking volcano in the center of the room. Glory be to red light bulbs.

I'd admit that the beached fish was an accident and the ninja restaurant had a kind of campy charm to it. But this was so not my scene.

Each step inside this place of smiling faces and tinkling laughter made me feel more and more queasy. He was life and light and fun. I ... was not. Why would he want my darkness in his beautifully illuminated world?

He looked at me sharply, as if he could read my thoughts. Which was impossible, as I'd schooled my features to stay in pleasant mode.

"I just need a drink," he muttered, in a very resigned and un-him voice.

I kept my mouth shut as we shouldered our way through the throng.

We snagged a rickety wooden table near the bathroom. Festos flung himself into the chair then hooked his foot to drag the chair opposite so it was beside him. "Beseat yourself."

I sank into the chair, watching him, concerned. "You okay?"

He ignored me and gently pressed a finger under my eye, probing.

I hissed and winced at the pain that flared through me.

"That's gonna bruise," he muttered. He sat up abruptly. "Drinks. Now."

He started to rise, but I snagged his arm and tugged him down. "Stop."

"Why?" he asked. "So I can look at you and see what a disaster this night has been?"

"It hasn't been a—"

"Don't." He spoke in a low voice, his eyes locked on mine. "Don't patronize me. And definitely don't lie to me. Ever."

We sat there in hopeless silence. I wondered how much longer Festos would make us endure this farce. He craned his neck all around, looking for a server to take our drink order.

A passing waiter sloshed a couple of glasses of water onto our table and muttered something about returning

in a minute.

He never returned.

Finally, Festos reached his limit. “Goddamn indifferent hipster piece of crap service,” he swore.

He looked tense enough to snap, so I placed my hand on his arm to calm him.

It had entirely the opposite effect. His eyes flashed as fire sparked from his fingertips.

And just like that my sleeve was ablaze.

I stared at it dumbly. “You set me on fire.”

It was hot. And burning. And hot.

Festos swore and tossed his water on my arm. Enough of it hit the flame to douse it, but the rest of the contents splashed into my face and hair.

I was now dripping, sooty, and scorched. I gaped at Festos.

He pursed his lips, twisting them to the side in a grimace. “On an awkwardness scale of slight blush to please Earth, swallow me whole, where exactly would you rate this?”

I swiped my sodden hair out of my face and glared at him.

He pushed to his feet and stalked out of the restaurant without a look back.

Grabbing a handful of napkins, I followed as fast as I could, dabbing myself dry. I tossed the napkins out before catching up to my boyfriend halfway through the parking lot.

I grabbed his arm. “I’m the one that’s cold and wet here. You don’t get to be mad.”

He yanked his arm away. “Why not? You’re mad

about everything!” He flung his arms open wide. “The past, the present, the future. Attacks, lack of attacks. Singing! You get mad about singing. Who does that?”

“Please,” I huffed.

He laughed. It was a loveless noise totally unlike his usual joyful sound. “I could feel your scowl from two rooms away.” Frustration flashed across his perfect face. “I am the stupidest god that ever lived.”

I did not want to go here. Did not want to see how I was ruining him. I stuffed my hands into my pockets and regarded him with a bland look. “You done with the drama?”

“*Drama?*” He turned a furious glower on me. “Because I wanted one happy night. One good date. Well, you know what? I’d rather be dramatic than a hope-killer.”

My mouth fell open in shock. “I am not.”

“You willed this date to fail before it ever had a chance.” He shoved my chest. “You jinxed it.”

He turned away, his breathing ragged.

Moonlight sliced across his features. Even partially in shadow, I could see the hurt on his face.

A million protests swirled in my head but one thought cut through them all with a cold clarity. All this beautiful guy had wanted was a special night for us, and I couldn’t let myself have it.

It was time to face facts. It hadn’t been my guilt that was the problem. Not my duties and responsibilities. I was scared that I wouldn’t measure up. That if Festos finally got a chance to see me as I was now, he’d wonder

what he'd seen in the first place. *And why he should bother sticking around.*

"You're right." My breath puffed white in the cold night air.

Festos turned slowly back to face me, but he didn't speak. He crossed his arms and waited for me to continue.

I scuffed my toe into the pavement, feeling irrationally angry. It was one thing to realize what was going on for me, totally another to voice it.

Sharing was about as high on my list of things to do as being chained to the rock again.

"Talk to me?" Maybe it was the hesitation in Festos' own voice. Maybe it was the vulnerability I saw reflected in his eyes. Whatever it was, it gave me the courage to start talking.

"You and I are about drama." I held up my hand to stave off the inevitable protest. "Twenty-five-hundred years to get to a second date? Drama. Dealing with Sophie and Kai and Zeus and Hades and saving the world? Danger. I can do danger. I can be the efficient, no nonsense one who cuts through it and provides unassailable common sense to help us find our way to safety."

"That's thinking highly of yourself," Festos muttered.

"Shut up," I said, with a small shake of my head. "I'm apologizing here."

He zipped it.

"What you wanted? Tonight? It wasn't even drama. It was a date. A perfectly ordinary date that represented normal, everyday life. That scared me."

Festos shook his head. He clearly didn't get it.

I sighed. "You and I are so different. I understand crisis. I thrive in crisis. I'm just not sure I'm any good on the day-to-day. And if I'm not ..." I frowned and jammed my hands a little deeper in my pockets. My shoulders now riding up around ear level, I thrummed tightly with tension.

"You think I wouldn't want you?"

I shrugged.

Now it was his turn to frown. "Do you or do you not love me?"

How could he not know? I laughed, my eyes heavenward. "Love doesn't begin to cover it."

"Then what does?" He sounded annoyed.

Oh, man. He was really going to make me do this.

I forced myself to face him. Forced my lips to open and speak when all I wanted to do was walk—no, run—away.

Except, I didn't want that either.

Festos was losing his patience. Time to speak or forever regret it.

I looked into his eyes, willing him to understand the truth and weight of my words. "I look at you, and my body realizes that the endless possibilities of the universe stretch out from this moment in time."

His expression lost a hint of wariness.

I placed one hand on his abs. "I look at you and all the lines of possibility converge between my stomach and the small of my back." I placed my other hand on his back to illustrate, feeling him tense under my touch. Seeing his

eyes flare hot and deep.

I leaned in. “I look at you and I get that feeling you get when your foot leaves the cliff and your body senses the water is still a very long way off. I’m falling but you smile at me and slip your hand in mine and I *want* to fall and land with you.”

“Then land.” Festos’ voice was a whisper against my lips.

He made it sound so easy.

It could be.

It is.

I pushed my hand deeper into the small of his back, enough to make him close the final millimeters between us.

I leaned into the curve of his lips, with a kiss that was slow and soft. A dangerous gateway kiss. A kiss that ignited fire from deep in my core. Planets collided as his mouth moved against mine.

I felt his muscles ripple under my touch. His scent enveloped me. There was no room in my existence for anything except him.

My nerves crackled with electricity and the sheer thrill of being alive, and here with Festos.

Lost in the moonlight, in each other, we kissed.

Until I gently pulled away. “I’m glad for tonight,” I told him. And I realized with a sudden fierceness that it was true. At this moment there was nowhere else I’d rather be. “All of it.”

Festos blinked at whatever expression he’d seen written on my face, then he threw me his trademark roguish

grin. “Like that was ever in doubt, Thesi.” But he rested his head in the hollow of my neck as he said it.

And just like that, I knew I’d landed.

No drama. No crisis. No danger. Just perfectly, blissfully normal.

It didn’t hurt a bit.

Acknowledgments

To all you amazing readers, thank you for cheering my characters on.

Thank you for making me laugh with your emails and tweets. (Often *so* hilariously inappropriate! *grin*)

Thank you for finding me great reads when I desperately need a break.

You make telling these stories worthwhile.

And so, I dedicate this one to all of you.

About the Author

Tellulah Darling

noun

- 1) YA & New Adult romantic comedy author because her first kiss sucked and she's compensating.
- 2) Firm believer that some of the best stories happen when love meets comedy and awkwardness ensues.
- 3) Sassy minx.

Both a hopeless romantic and total cynic, Tellulah Darling is all about the happily-ever-after, with a huge dose of hilarity along the way. Her romcoms come in a variety of heat levels and flavors; straight up romantic comedy, shaken with Greek mythology or stirred with urban fantasy.

Sassy girls. Swoony boys. What could go wrong?

Want to chat?

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Get Real (Get Real #1)

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Spring equinox is coming ...

Will Sophie defeat Hades and Zeus and
save humanity?

Will she get her happily-ever-after with
Kai?

MY LIFE FROM HELL

Or will her mouthy attitude just get her
killed? (Like that's not a possibility.)

Stay tuned for the (hopefully) cheerful
conclusion to The Blooming Goddess
Trilogy.