

Chapter 32

I told myself that I would settle everything when Sebastian came back and was no longer over taken by his wolf. I would ask him questions until I completely understood that he was not a threat to me or to any upstanding citizen because seeming him like that had been just as terrifying as the first time. Then, I would hopefully never have to feel the fear bubbling up in my stomach again. I would know him through and through and we would never need to discuss this unpleasantness.

I tried to distract myself from the sickly feeling by painting, but I ended up staring at a blank canvas, completely uninspired by the colours I had selected. I just kept staring at the gleaming red pigment, wondering who lost their life today and how it would affect others. A single death, even if the victim was utterly rotten, would rock several lives. Even though Caleb had been awful behind all of those fake smiles and forced compassion I still suffered when I had lost him. Knowing what he had done had only added the blow of betrayal and disgust to my already fragile system. Not only was the man I cared so much for dead, he had never really existed at all. It was all part of some elaborate lie.

A few hours later I heard the front door open and close and my canvas was still white. I briefly cleaned up, though that didn't take long with my lack of work, then decided to face him despite the sickness in me.

I found him in the kitchen. He was washing his hands, the water a strange pink colour that made me frown. The clothing that he had been wearing previously was shredded, but he had replaced it with new shorts that looked like they fit him well. He must've run back in wolf form and changed here.

"Char," he squeaked when he saw me watching him. His hands were immediately jerked out of the water and behind him back to conceal the remaining blood on them.

"Hey," I managed.

And I watched how his eyes nervously flicked over me, like he was preparing for a war. Not that I could blame him, my whole body was tense and I could only feel it getting worse with each second. Nothing about this situation was good for either of us.

But what could he say to fix this? What answers was I really expecting to get out of him? And how could he be worried about making me feel better when he looked so worn out? It's not like he enjoyed what he had to do. Hell, he even referred to it as a curse.

I wasn't the only one suffering because of his curse. I sucked in a small breath and forced my body to relax as much as it could. Sebastian saw the change in my posture and took it as an opportunity to shut the water off, but didn't say anything.

"I spent the day staring at a blank canvas," I blurted, hoping it would help.

And Sebastian let out a soft sigh before drying his hands. "Not feeling terribly inspired?"

"No. It's one of those hobbies that calm me down, but, in a way, I have to be calm before I start. I can't do it when I'm in a bad head space," I explained.

"I can understand how this whole thing would put you in an uneasy place," he assured, but his voice sounded like it was all caught in his throat. "Again, I'm really sorry that you had to see that. Shifts don't often happen during the day. It happened with Caleb and a few others, but they are usually foul people who need attention immediately."

"I see," I replied, unable to meet his eyes and hating myself for it. This wasn't his fault and I knew that, but it was still so damn hard to accept.

"I can make it up to you tomorrow if nothing comes up," he suggested.

His words only made me hate myself more. "You don't have to make it up to me. None of this is your fault and I know that. It's just something I have to learn how to handle it, that's all."

"I'm sorry that you have to go through this. I'm sure this would be much better for you if you were mated to some other alpha who could give you everything you need," he continued, like he hadn't heard me at all.

"Stop apologizing, please. If I had gotten what I wanted I would've been mated to Caleb without even knowing what kind of man he was," I pointed out. I watched his hands curl into hard fists. "We don't always know what we need, but the moon goddess does and I have to trust her. I'm with you for a reason."

The corners of Sebastian's mouth quirked upward, but he bowed his head when his cheeks turned red. "I would still like to spend some time with you tomorrow, if that's alright with you?"

"Maybe, if my conditions are met," I shot back.

"Conditions?"

"Yes. For starters, I'm not working for my food again. I don't care if I have to make it myself, there will be no physical labour involved. Second, no bikes of any kind, motor or not."

"You'll learn to love my motorcycles eventually," he teased.

"Maybe, but tomorrow will not be that day," I stated.

"Any other conditions?"

"Nope."

"Then it's a date."

~~~Question of the Day~~~

Where would you go for your dream holiday? Tell me all the little details!

I would go back to Europe. Terribly vague and I've already been, I know, but I love what I've seen and want to see it again and there's so much to explore there. Plus, cheap flights within Europe and trains and public transit everywhere which is not a thing where I am so traveling super fast here is not an option. You either have a car or you stay home. We don't even have a city bus where I live.

I haven't seen any of the UK, spent very little time in Paris and am hardcore in love with Germany. I would spend my time in old castles and packed museums and relax with expensive coffee and pastries. I love history and photography so this would be a beautiful blend for me.