Chapter 37

Sebastian spent the day in his garage while I painted away in my room. I didn't see him for hours and when we did finally come together I was grabbing a bag of chips from from the pantry. a "Hey Char," Sebastian murmured when he saw me. His hands were coated in a black film and his previously clean tee shirt had dark streaks on it. I cocked my head to one side, wondering what he did all day and he caught my glance, always so in tune with me. "What are you thinking?" "Just that I still don't know that much about you," I replied honestly. "We've been living together for over a month now and I just feel like I don't know you sometimes." He pondered this for a moment while washing his hands in the kitchen sink. A er he wiped his clean hands on a dish towel he answered. "You are allowed to ask me anything. You know that, don't you?" a "I mean, I guess so, but some things don't just come up in normal conversation." "Fair enough. If it would make you more comfortable we could always play something along the lines of twenty questions," he suggested with a casual shrug. "Aren't we a little old for that?" "Fine, then we will play truth or drink," he shot back, a cheeky glimmer in his eyes. He approached me slowly and grabbed my hips. A so gasp le my mouth as my gaze landed on his full lips, lips that I had been dreaming of kissing over and over again since he pushed me against the kitchen counter. And when he dipped his head down to kiss me I felt joy and anticipation take me away. a His lips pressed against mine and I let out a so noise, my fingers itching to grip his hair again. But the second I even had a chance to lean into him he pulled away, leaving me stunned and wanting so much more than his almost friendly peck. a "I'm going to change my shirt. Grab the shot glasses and some chasers." a Five minutes later we were sitting at the dinning room table, a bottle of vodka for me and a bottle of expensive tequila for him. Sebastian was sitting on the chair with a perfect posture, his hands folded neatly in front of him and I was suddenly very intimidated with the position I had put myself in. a "You go first," I instructed. "No, you had questions that you obviously wanted answers to. You go first," he shot back. a And he was right. I had dozens of questions I wanted to ask him. I wanted to know how he got to the point he was at today and everything in between. But we were from such di erent worlds. Even with the moon goddess bringing us together we were entirely dierent people and I didn't want to come on too strong. So, I chickened out. "How old are?" a "Twenty six," he replied. "Oh, you seem older," I admitted. "I could understand that," he agreed. "When is your birthday?" I asked. "Ah, sorry Char, one question at a time." He seemed to be lost in thought for a moment, his eyes glazing over as he stared at me. Then, he finally wondered, "What did you want to be when you grew up?" "A marine biologist," I confessed. It all seemed so silly and unreasonable now. I was land locked. There was no ocean for me to study and the odd babysitting job would not be enough to fund my tuition in a place like British Columbia. "Why do you have such a nice car if you never drive it?" **a**⁵ Sebastian took a shot of tequila anyway, then stated, "Same reason I wear suits all the time. If you come onto people's packlands all deranged and demanding blood while looking like a rogue they're going to treat you like one. I have to act like I know what I'm doing and like I'm doing the right thing. It's a delicate balance of confidence and reassurance." a I could understand that. I remembered the refined way he spoke to my father a er killing our future alpha. My father had still been furious of course and he had still kicked me out of the pack, but he hadn't really argued with Sebastian, hadn't tired to start a fight. "Did you have a job before all of this happened? And if you did would you want to go back to it?" "I thought we were only allowed to ask one question at a time," I pointed out. He just shrugged and did another shot as if to say it compensated for breaking the rules. I wasn't going to argue. "I was babysitting, but the day you came I actually managed to land a job at an accountant's o ice. I wouldn't mind working, to be honest, but I'm not sure how feasible that is." "Is it because you don't have something you want? I meant it when I said you just have to ask and it's yours. Money isn't an issue," he pointed out. "Hey, it's my turn," I denied, but gave him a so smile. To catch up and maybe give myself some bravery I took a shot of my vodka. I tried not to wince as it went down but it felt impossible. "What did you think when we first met?" "Not a whole lot, to be really honest. I wasn't expecting to meet my mate a er dealing with someone like Caleb. It seemed so backwards." a "Tell me about it," I agreed, sucking down another shot, this time followed by orange juice. "The guy that I thought I was going to be with forever was murdered by the guy I was supposed to be with forever." "You really loved him, didn't you?" Sebastian asked. á Instead of answering I just drank again, hating the idea that I could ever care for someone like that. How could I have been so blind? Now it all seemed so obvious. There had been so many signs that I just blatantly ignored. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that," he said, looking like he was about to reach towards me, but then thought better of it. "You didn't know, you can't beat yourself up over things like that. Those were his choices and even if you knew and told the pack I doubt action would be taken." But I could and I would continue to blame myself, probably forever. I was a fool. A complete and utter fool. I trusted so blindly. I thought the world of him, that he could do no wrong. "So when is your birthday?" I asked, clearing my throat. "June twentieth," he replied. **451** "Ah, so you're going to be twenty seven soon," I mused, but my mind was still focused on Caleb and the way my skin crawled. a "Tell me about the worst thing you've ever done," he pressed, his eyes looking amused. a² My face flamed red and my fingers itched for another shot, but I just stared down at the table between us. "I stole money from my parents." The words felt like acid in my mouth. a "You didn't," Sebastian said, his lips parting in surprise. "I did." "Well, what did you buy? Condoms? Alcohol?" a "A poster and some erasers from the book fair at school. They had a unicorn theme and I was young and obsessed." **4**55 There was a moment when Sebastian said nothing, just watched me closely with his hands wrapped around his chaser glass. Then he was laughing. At first it was so and subtle, like he was trying to contain it, but he gave up quickly and it just roared out of him. a "God Char, you really are too wholesome sometimes." "Shut up," I groaned and sucked back a swig of vodka mixed in my orange juice. But, with all of the alcohol swirling in my head along with the rampant questions that just refused to rest, I felt it was time to pick apart this man. And we were going to start with the dirtiest of secrets. "What's your favorite sex position?" 186 Apparently my attempt to be a little less pure worked because Sebastian raised an eyebrow and the corner of his mouth quirked up. "Doggystyle for sure. The view is incredible. And the feeling of control is definitely there." 190 His fast, confident answer startled me out of my own brazenness. I couldn't meet his eyes then. I glared down at the table, hearing the answer I hadn't asked for directly. He wasn't a virgin. He had slept with someone else. I couldn't really be mad, I knew how badly I wanted a man who hadn't been my mate, but the sting in my chest was undeniable. a "Charlotte?" Sebastian murmured, "Fuck, you're a virgin, aren't you?" a⁹ I didn't answer. I just took another drink.

"How many people have you been with?" I asked.

"How many people, Sebastian?"

both sober."

take no for an answer.

~~~Question of the Day~~~

and innocent as they peered up at him.

"Charlotte, this isn't going to help either of us," he warned.

A shot of tequila vanished and my teeth clenched together in frustration. I

could already see the beautiful blonds that would be his type, all doe-eyed

"I think we should be done for tonight," Sebastian suggested. The care-fee

attitude was gone. In it's place was the rigid, firm man who negotiated with

getting o track. I didn't mean to upset you but I also won't lie to you. If you

I had to agree with him, knowing that even when he was drunk he wouldn't

If you could ask your crush one question what would it be?

want more information we can talk about it in the morning, when we are

packs he had wronged. "We've both had too much to drink and we are

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130