

## Chapter 42

I had hesitations about taking the pills, though I couldn't explain why. Everything that had been said made sense. My wolf was the only creature that had power to control me from within and the only creature that could change my physical traits. But I still eyed the pills, wondering if they would only make things worse.

But, how could things be any worse than my own mate being afraid of me. ↵

I took the pills in the dosage that Keiko recommended. And it was awful at first. I had intense stomach pains and constantly felt like I was going to vomit, but I didn't know if that was from the pills or from the severe anxiety I was experiencing. Either way, I told myself it was worth it and continued to take the silver-infused medication until the headaches dulled to an annoying throb and my stomach was churning, but not making me feel quite so awful.

Still, I was wary of having any altercations. I knew that Noah was always lurking around, ready to help out whenever it was needed, but I worried that he would be too late, that Sebastian wouldn't be strong enough and I would get my wolf wanted.

So, I was back to creeping around the house, listening for Sebastian, hoping that I wouldn't accidentally stumble upon him.

And it was about as effective as the first time.

"Charlotte," Sebastian said, choking a little on his pink drink. ↵

"Sorry, I just came down for some food," I announced, giving him a wide berth as I went to the fridge.

"It's good that you're getting your appetite back," Sebastian pointed out, then so er, "I was getting worried. You were hardly eating anything for a while there."

"Trying to kill your mate kind of does that to you," I grumbled, snagging a bag of apple slices. I glanced at the rest of the fridge contents again, sad, but not surprised that there were limited options. Man, Sebastian hadn't even tried to cook.

"I can understand that," Sebastian murmured, then pushed out a bar stool outwards. "Come sit."

"I'm not sure..."

"Come on, you're taking the medication and Noah is here if I need help. Besides, a few scratches on my arms never killed me. Colin and I fought each other hard than that," he encouraged, but I could see the tightness in his smile.

"What if we are repressing the wrong thing?" I asked, finally saying the words I had been so terrified of. "What if we got it wrong?" ↵

Sebastian shrugged his large shoulders and took another sip of his pink drink. "Your wolf didn't like me for the second we met. You shied when you attacked me the first time. It makes sense that your wolf didn't like the challenge and didn't appreciate having to bow to someone who wasn't your alpha. You are a beta after all and the transition into this wasn't graceful. Your wolf just might want a second chance to even the score." ↵

His explanation made a bit of sense, but didn't seem intense enough to validate something like a blood debt. But I missed him and since I didn't have any information to counter him I could only agree. I sat down beside him.

"These pills make me feel so weird," I complained. "I can feel my wolf, but she feels so distant. I hate knowing that I'm repressing her."

Sebastian nodded his head, "Yeah, I didn't like it much either."

"You took these pills?" I asked, completely stunned.

"Take isn't the right word. Keiko had a few men pin me down and someone else forced them down my throat. It worked for a couple days, but my wolf was stronger. Eventually, it just seemed to make the final situation worse and by the time I was able to shiel I would be angrier."

"Are you worried about that?" I wondered, "That my wolf isn't going to over power the silver?"

"No, your outbursts were weeks apart. To work up that much anger with the time frame you have it would be months before you could over power a single dose." ↵

I felt a little better with his statement, but continued to stare down at my hands, wanting so badly to touch him, to have him comfort me more, but afraid he would flinch away.

"I really didn't mean to hurt you," I whispered, as if apologizing for the millionth time would make it all go away.

"I know, Char," Sebastian murmured, tossing me a small smile. It wasn't the biggest smile I had seen out of him recently, but it was the most sincere. "I'm not mad at you and I don't blame you for the scratches or what happened to Ethel. I know what it's like to be out of control. God, the first time I killed someone I felt like I was dreaming. One minute I was asleep, dreaming about him torturing an omega in his pack, the next I was covered in his blood on his packlands. I thought I was deranged."

"Oh my god, that must've been awful. I'm so sorry," I murmured.

"It came together really quickly so it wasn't too bad. The first kill I thought I was going crazy. The second kill I saw the same landscape from my dream and by my first I actually saw my victim, the reason I was doing these things. The validation came when I needed it to."

"I just don't understand why this is happening," I groaned. "I don't think my wolf hates you. You carried me around and I did nothing. I ran away from you when I felt like you were using Caleb to hurt me."

"These things aren't always easy to unravel," he mused. One of his large hands settled on top of mine, cradling it in warmth.

"Do you know why this happened to you?" I asked.

Sebastian shook his head the ran a hand through his dark hair. "I have theories of course, but those aren't very useful. If nothing is validated it's hard to base a lot of hope or faith into it. I could've been chosen by the moon goddess because of my personality or my position or maybe a mix of everything. I was raised to be a good and just leader from the start. I had the power and the ability to control it from being an alpha with a large pack. My half sister happens to be the queen which is also super convenient, I get extra protection and more leeway whenever I need it. To be honest, I can't think of anyone that would fit the requirements better than I do." ↵

"Being the best option doesn't mean it's an easy burden to carry," I whispered, staring at his massive hand that surrounded mine and the red ring around his wrist. "And now you have to deal with me too."

"Charlotte, this is a blip. A really unfortunate blip that requires attention but goes away in it's own time," he reasoned. His fingers squeezed mine. "We will get through this." ↵

His hand le mine and he used his grip to gently steer my legs towards him. There, I was forced to look at his amber eyes and the small smile that quirked up the corner of his mouth.

"This is a tiny prize to pay for the woman who has made me the happiest I have ever been," he assured, then he leaned in and pressed his lips to mine. ↵

The kiss started slow. It was patient and forgiving, typical Sebastian. But when I let out a whimper he pulled me closer to him and his lips moved more fiercely. He was trying to pour all of this adoration, faith, and wanting into a single kiss.

And I poured myself into the kiss. I hoped he could taste all of the things I couldn't say on my tongue. I hoped he could feel all of the love I had for him and just how sorry I was. ↵

When he pulled away I excused myself with tears in my eyes and scrambled to my bedroom. ↵<sup>6</sup>

~~~Distraction Section~~~

Hello everyone! Hope you are all well and healthy. I have decided that updating once a week isn't very cash money. Is that still a meme? Either way, we will be maintaining the Tuesday updates, but I am also throwing in Friday updates. Guarding His Queen will be updated every Thursday if any of you are following that book as well.

Question of the Day:

What is the most ridiculous thing you have ever cried over? ↵<sup>9</sup>

So, in November, I was super stressed about a thousand things. TPATA was on the brink of being published and I was riding out the publishing process for the first time, terrified everyone would hate it. I was going on my first solo trip to see someone I barely knew in a city I had never been to, flight and all, and my work life was falling apart. So I was super overloaded with stress. And my beloved boyfriend rolled into my house with this god awful handlebar mustache and I burst into angry tears. It was a mess and not a valid reason to cry, but definitely the straw that broke the camel's back. ↵