Chapter 47

The first few nights that I slept in the tiny house were filled with relentless dreams. On days when I thought things were getting better, that the dreams were less intense, I would fall into awful nightmares the following evening. Every night I saw the red-haired woman and every night she spoke to me soothingly, assuring me that everything would be fine as soon as I completed my task. She told me that she would guide me and everything would be alright, that I could trust her. And, in the dream world I did. Though she never told me what my task was, I knew. And so did my wolf who wasn't as easy to persuade as my human. I would wake up on sweaty sheets and feel the gashes in my lips from my sharp fangs. A few times my nails had

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turned into claws and torn the sheets. This was all more validation that Sebastian had been right, my wolf was protecting him. But that only made me more terrified of what could be out there, instead of within me. As soon as the sun would rise I would call Keiko or Ajax and tell them

everything I knew. They would occasionally ask questions. Was Sebastian ever in my dreams? Did she ever tell me why I had to carry out this task? Did

the woman ever change, even slightly, maybe elude that she was one of

three sisters? I answered everything as honestly as I could, but, like any other dream, they would always fade fast and a er being alert for twenty minutes I would forget everything all together. Some days, I was le with a disgusted feeling in my gut. I knew that the feeling would blossom into something evil if I had been in Sebastian's manor, surrounded by all of these things that he touched. I didn't understand why or how it happened, but it seemed that the rage within me, placed there by what seemed to be a Fate, needed Sebastian to trigger it directly. Keeping away from him seemed to be the most e ective way to keep both of us safe.

with the challenging task they had been handed. Not once had Sebastian come out to my tiny house. He hadn't picked out any colours, hadn't purchased any of the furniture, and he hadn't touched any of my belongings. I would spend my days lonely, but safe as I painted alone in my own house or entered invoices for clients, wishing that this would all end for good. However, I did have good days. There weren't many of them, but I would call Sebastian on mornings that hadn't been a ected by the wretched red head. If his voice didn't make me want to claw my own eyes out of my head I would

spend the day with him at the house, usually with Noah floating nearby.

alone for a couple hours. Selfishly, I was more excited for us despite how

It took over a month of careful interactions, but one night, Noah finally le us

On those days I was just grateful that Keiko and Ethel had been so creative

badly Noah needed a break. Sebastian suggested that we spend the night with a couple of drinks and finally finish o the Jurassic Park Series. "I don't know if drinking would be the best idea for me," I warned. Sebastian rolled his eyes and for the thousandth time I was stricken by how relaxed he was about the whole thing. You'd think that I hadn't almost killed

one of the people closest to him and lunged for his throat seconds later. He

was acting like I had bumped into him by accident not gone for the kill and it

was ba ling and frustrating all at once.

it out of there or call Noah.

end of the couch.

"You sentNoah away?"

"But why? What if I hurt you?"

need you."

"I don't think alcohol is what sends you into a flying rage and I also don't think that you're going to get more deadly by being less coordinated. If anything, drinking is a good idea. Besides, I just bought all of the ingredients for Pina Coladas. I know you hate letting food and drinks go to waste." I let out a groan to establish the fact that I wasn't pleased, but couldn't argue with his logic. Plus, it had been such a hot day that a smooth, pineapple

drink sounded heavenly. We would each have one and I reasoned that I

would be careful. The second I started to feel anything at all I would high tail

We settled into the sitting room and a er I put in the disc I sat down on my

"Oh no you don't," Sebastian said. Before I could even think of a response his

hand was on my ankle and he tugged me across the sectional until my legs

"Of course," he said smugly. "The poor guy needs at least one day o . And I

"You not being near me is hurting me," he shot back. "I know that you're only

were across his thighs and he could wrap an arm around me. "I didn't

convince Noah to leave just so you could sit all the way over there."

time. I just wanted one night with you, then I'll be sated for a while." I chewed on my lips, suddenly so unsure if staying was a good idea. Of course, I missed him as well. All I wanted was to curl up against his side and

"Come on, Char, just one night, only a couple hours," he pleaded.

to seduce you, then I'm trying to kill you all over again."

grip on me tightened ever so slightly.

"I have boring brown eyes," I began.

from you trying to say otherwise."

the morning."

"My hair-"

words.

"Why on Earth would you try?" he demanded.

that matters now anyway, we have bigger problems."

"It was dumb, I know," I stated.

Sebastian eased me away, his brows low and his eyes serious.

slip my arms around him. Hell, if I did that now I would probably never leave.

"God," I whined, succumbing to his wishes and snuggling in. "I can't believe

minutes I think you killed the love of my life, then I'm trying to figure out how

this is my life right now. I feel like everything keeps flipping around. One

a kilometer away from the house, but it's not the same. I miss you all the

"You were trying to seduce me?" His words made my face flame and I buried my head in the so skin between

his neck and his shoulder. His shivered at the contact with his mark and his

"Because I kept thinking about all of these beautiful girls that you probably

feeling like a complete fool for putting the words out in the open. "None of

"Charlotte," Sebastian said easing me away from him. His eyes searched my

slept with in college and I wanted you to want me like that," I confessed,

face, almost like he was searching for a hint of a lie. "Those girls are nothing compared to you. Nothing. Do you know how hard it has been to keep my hands o you?" "But you kept pushing me away," I argued. "And I'm so plain." "Plain," he repeated, seeming disgusted by the word.

"Eyes same colour as co ee which happens to be the second I want to see in

"Is so so," he interrupted again. "I've damn near memorized the smell of

love your hair in braids, you know, makes you look less serious, younger."

"You're so muscular and I'm so..." This time I didn't even want to put it into

"You're perfect. Honestly, so beautiful. And I don't want to hear another word

your shampoo and the little waves you get when you put your hair in braids. I

pushing me away?" "I was terrified that I was seeing signs that weren't actually there. All I could think about then was how delicate our relationship. I knew that if I tried to

mark you and you denied it I would be crushed. We were both dealing with

wanted you to think that it was expected of you. I just needed you so badly

so much already I didn't want to put any more on either of us and I never

then, even if it was just your company, that I couldn't risk fucking it up."

"You treated me the same way, even if I was wearing the most revealing

"This is, right here, is my ideal," he confessed, gesturing to my current outfit

"You're kidding," I denied as I did a once over. I was wearing running shorts to

accommodate for the hot weather and I had stolen one of his tee shirts,

"I'm not kidding," he assured, taking one of my hands in his. He raised it to

his lips, kissing a dried on paint splatter that hadn't come o a er two days

clothes I owned or jeans and an old tee shirt."

"You think that clothes matter?"

with a sweeping gesture.

baggy and so on my skin.

"Don't they?"

chest.

"If you think I'm so pretty why didn't you want me? Why did you keep

of scrubbing. "I love seeing you like this. I love seeing you comfortable and happy a er so long with you being rigid and cold towards me. I love seeing your hobbies on you like this," he murmured, sweeping his thumb over my callused, paint covered fingers. "And having you wear my clothes is almost a good as thinking of my mark on your neck." His words made my heart sputter and warmth pooled in my stomach. He wanted me. He had always wanted me as badly as I wanted him. It was such a relief and such a delight I almost felt dizzy with desire.

"I don't want you to have to imagine a mark on my neck," I whispered as I

"Fuck," Sebastian hissed, sitting up and leaning his body against mine. I

But he didn't move for a second and I worried that I had pushed too hard,

his thigh and swept my long brown hair to one side.

that I had somehow read the situation wrong.

announcement I would love to share.

slowly climbed into his lap. With slow control, I settled myself down on top of

could feel his warm breath on my skin and his arms kept me glued against his

"Say it," he whispered. "I need you to say it." **3**5 "I want you to mark me, Sebastian." **4**6 ~~~Distraction Section~~~ Are you falling in love with Sebastian and Charlotte all over again because I am! They are possibly the sweetest characters I've ever written. Now, on a

side note, if you came here from reading my other books I highly recommend

that you take a peek at my newest chapter in "The First Queen" I have a big

Question of the Day: What is the best gi someone has given you?

creativity. It gets me outside so we go on hikes together and little adventures and I get to flex my creative gi!

For me, it was a camera that my boyfriend bought for me. I couldn't a ord it

at the time as I was living the starving college student life, but it became

much more than an expensive toy. It was a new way for me to explore my