Chapter 57

"Like this?" my mom asked, watching Keiko's hands as the queen rolled her sushi with the bamboo mat. The four of us were standing in Sebastian's kitchen, my kitchen, trying to learn something new during our down time.

"Just like that," the queen praised, shooting her a smile. Then her went back to her work.

"Am I doing this right?" Sebastian asked, eyeing his...creation with concern.

Keiko, who had been the pinnacle of focus, narrowed her eyes on his abomination. Her fingers froze. In a very collected voice she said, "Sebastian, I think it might be best if you sit this one out with Ajax."

My mate didn't need to be told twice and almost looked relieved. He was mostly healed from my violent attack on him, but that wasn't enough to make him want to face off against a furious queen. He gave up on his mess of rice, nori, and tuna with a half-hearted shrug.

Ajax just laughed and raised his glass from the dinning table, inviting him over. Putting together a puzzle meant for a young child might be better suited for the two of them.

"I know what is in that glass. It's not even three yet," Keiko snapped, glaring at her own mate now.

"Sweetheart, it's orange juice," Ajax replied smoothly. Clementine made a soft noise of frustration, staring down at her twenty puzzle pieces with clear frustration. "I could have seven glasses of this and still be able to help Clementine. Besides, it's all over. Don't we all deserve some down time and relaxation? You ladies get to cook and gossip together and Sebastian and I are building a puzzle and our relationship."

"I think orange juice sounds great," Sebastian agreed, digging through a high cabinet to pour himself a glass of vodka then topping it off with a splash of orange juice.

I rolled my eyes but completed my roll as best as I could. No wonder this was such an art form. It was surprisingly challenging to make something so simple properly and Keiko had shown me the dumbed down Americanized version. Apparently her mother could whip up Japanese traditional sushi like it was nothing. I could only state that I would never try making this with my own hands unless I had careful guidance.

After our sushi experience Keiko, my mother, and I all moved to the sitting room. I watched Keiko glance at Ajax, but when he tossed arm around Clementine and kissed her hair she smiled a little to herself. I just gave her a nudge.

"Are you sure you two are going to be okay?" my mom asked when I fell into the sectional.

"I can always send Noah out again if you'd like?" Keiko added, perching on the edge of the couch like a proper queen. Too bad she was wearing the fuzziest socks I had ever seen and her hair was slicked back in a knotted ponytail.

"We are going to be fine," I stated. And for the first time in a long time I felt like it was true.

After the announcement revealing Sebastian for what he was, we were all on high alert. We stayed in my parents' pack, just waiting for an attack to come. It never did, but the phone lines were blowing up. Everyone wanted answers more than anything.

My father suggested that we go back home with additional reinforcements to be safe. So, my parents, Sebastian's parents, two guards, and the king and queen came to occupy my house. Guest bedrooms that hadn't seen visitors in years were cleaned and dusted, the laundry was always running and someone was always hungry. But we were always safe.

Now, we were able to take a step back and see the statistics. There had been reports of a couple minor uproars about the announcements. Teams had been dispatched to handle the situation and most of the time it was upset parents or children believing their loved on deserved justice. Counselling and advice were given, therapy was recommended, and crimes were carefully unraveled to keep the pain down to a minimum. The flames of hurt and revenge were extinguished as quickly as they came.

My father went home first, trying to stay on top of all his pack business. It was still unsettled, Robert's death still fresh. Sebastian's family left soon after. I suspected it had to do with the mild spat Keiko had had with her father, but never brought it up. It wasn't my place, nor was it Sebastian's.

To be honest, after a week of living with my parents and Sebastian's parents, and the royals, I was ready to go back to cooking meals for two.

"We are going to be just fine as long as no other sirens decide to tamper with us," I assured.

"Misty is off in Barcelona now, you won't get any trouble from her. We are paying for her education in a way to help her move forward with her life and anyone who crosses Sebastian now crosses the royals. People will behave. We will make them. And, honestly, people just knowing that Hades is real and that he will come for the evil ones has really kept everyone in line," Keiko assured.

"And you can always call on us," my mother added. "We have a whole pack behind us now. A pack that you saved from a terrible leader. They would fight for you."

"To be honest, I just don't want any fighting at all," I sighed.

A few hours later I waved my parents off, my mother telling me she would send me recipes and reminding me that my father wanted my damn car off his driveway. Shortly after, Keiko was huffing over the off centered bun Ajax had put in Clementine's hair. Her mate just kissed her, told her to stop being so uptight, then tossed her the keys. He was a little drunk, but true to his word, the puzzle had been finished and he had occupied their child while we chatted about everything and nothing.

"Finally alone," I purred, falling into Sebastian's arms.

"Thank god," he sighed, tracing his fingers over the side of my neck. "I don't think I could stand another day trying to entertain guests."

"I know how you feel. Now, it's just you and me and I have a pretty good idea of what I want you to do to me," I breathed in his ear.

That was all it took to undo him.

My sweater was tossed on the floor and he gave my breasts a firm squeeze before pinning me against a wall. When my mind was spinning with lust he pulled away and smirked down at me while leading me closer to his bedroom. We made it ten steps before I pushed him against the wall and tugged off his shirt. I kissed him again and dragged my nails down his bare back. The groan that came out of his mouth made me wet. As we stumbled the rest of the way in a tangled embrace I undid his belt. He freed me from my bra and pulled my hair. At some point my pants were discarded and so were his.

I just stared at him from his bed, gaping at the glorious lines and ridges that was his naked body. Judging by the way he bit his lip, he was thinking the same thing of me. While I continued to admire, he got down on his knees, settling between my spread legs.

"I want to make you feel good, Char," he rasped out, his fingers gripping my supple thighs.

This had felt too intimate, too raw at one point. Now I needed it so badly.

"I want you. I want it," I panted.

"Tell me what you want," he ordered.

"I want you to go down on me," I confessed, already gripping the sheets.

"Thank God."

My thighs were covered in wet, open mouthed kisses. I had learned early on that Sebastian enjoyed being quite the tease. He would kiss and touch me until I withered beneath him, mewing for more. Each time he just smiled triumphantly as if watching me lose myself gave him just as much pleasure as having me did. Now, he held my shaking legs still and slowly neared, letting me feel his breath on my skin.

Then, just the tip of his tongue touched me.

"Oh!" I gasped.

Sebastian just smirked at me from between my thighs.

My mate made me a complete and utter mess in a matter of minutes. I went from soft sighs and coherent words, to nearly screaming. My hips bucked. He pushed me back down. I gripped his hair in both of my hands. He just pressed his tongue more firmly against me, moaning at the contact. The vibration had me spiraling.

"Oh god, Sebastian," I cried.

He just pushed a single finger into me, sending me right over the edge.

My eyes crossed, then rolled back. The whines, whimpers, and screams all seemed to get stuck in my throat. And my whole body shook. My ears rang. My heart thundered.

When I came down I was panting, curling up on my side.

And Sebastian was standing over me, appraising me body with hungry eyes.

"Get a condom," he demanded.

I thought I couldn't handle any more pleasure, but saying no to him didn't seem feasible. I got a condom from his bedside table. Once it was on him, he was entering me. I thought of how sweet and patient he had been the first time. That was not how he was now.

He flipped me so I was face down at some point in that position that he claimed to love so much. I arched my back, letting him in deeper. He growled at the sight and bit my shoulders and back in approval. I started shaking soon after and I could hear his breathing catch at some point, his body tightening with impeding release.

We both collapsed onto the bed in a heavy, sweaty mess.

"I wasn't too rough, was I?" he asked through gasps.

"No," I said, curling against him.

I was suddenly very exhausted.

"Come on, Char. Let's get you to bed," he sighed.

"No," I protested, snuggling into him harder. I hooked a leg over his hip in added defiance.

"We both know it's not safe," he pointed out.

"We have never tried. Please, just one night," I begged, nuzzling against his mark. "If anything happens we can go back to sleeping in separate beds and I won't ask again."

"Char," he groaned.

"Don't you want to sleep with me?" I whispered, knowing that I already had him.

He didn't reply. A soft kiss was placed on my forehead and his arms wrapped around me, pulling me tighter to his hard chest.

I fell asleep right away.

That night there were no tortured screams, no searing silver chains, no threats.

Sebastian just snored in my ear.

~~~Distraction Section~~~

Hello everyone. Hope you enjoyed the second last update for Hades. I'm really excited for you to see it all wrapped up but sad because I loved this book. If you are intrigued by the siren in this book I had a whole book following a siren in a werewolf world as I mentioned before. Go check it out if you feel inclined.

Question of the Day: What is something you spent way too much money on but don't regret?

For me, it's a mug. I loved this damn mug so much that I almost wrote a whole character on it (Bruce from The Girl With The Mouse Ears) before I even bought it. When the makers announced that they were struggling with Covid taking them out of farmers markets I bit the bullet and purchased an 80 dollar mug.
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