

Chapter 58

There were moments when I couldn't believe how my life unfolded and this was one of those times. Just two short weeks ago I had tried to murder my mate, like a puppet being strung along by a cruel man. Sebastian had laid in the woods on my packlands, bleeding out and close to death.

Now, he was lying out the in the sun. His skin was nearly glowing in the sunlight and his eyes were shut in bliss, his arms loosely folded across his chest. And in his hair was a mass of flowers.

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I snapped my eyes away as my sister peered up, knowing that if she saw me watching she would stop. With a silly, exaggerated smile on my face I proceeded to dead head my flowers. The summer was coming to an end, but I still had a few blooms, less now that Tabitha was making Sebastian a crown of buds. Not that I cared. There were few things that warmed my heart as much as seeing my little sister and my mate together.

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I could barely hear Tabitha talking over the sound of my watering can gurgling.

"So you went to college to play hockey?"

"Well, not exactly. I went to college for an engineering degree. Because I was good at hockey they paid for part of my education and I represented them.

Now I just play hockey with the local team for fun. Does that make sense?"

I imagined Tabitha nodding in the silence before her voice came again. "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course, that's what friend's are for," Sebastian replied, but I could hear the sleepiness in his voice. As we spent more time together I had found he was a little bit like a cat. If you pet him just right or laid him down in the sun he was o to dreamland in no time. Now that we were learning how to channel his visions it was nice to see him napping all over the house, even when he drooled on my favorite decorative pillows.

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"Why didn't you kill the lady who used Charlotte against you?"

I felt my hand tighten on my watering can and realized that I was damn near drowning my daisies. I quickly set the can down and pretended to go back to weeding and dead-heading, straining my ears.

"Misty isn't a bad person. She was used by a bad man for her powers. None of what she did was by her own free hand," Sebastian explained.

"Well, there was a girl in my school who said that her brother is in jail for selling drugs. How come you didn't kill him?"

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"People can be led astray, Tabitha. Sometimes people do bad things out of desperation, to feed their families or to keep a roof over their head. Sometimes people made bad choices that got worse and worse. Accidents also happen. I don't want to hurt people. I never hurt anyone who can be rehabilitated. Sometimes people just need a guiding hand and good influences to straighten out. It's the really bad one that I go a er, the ones that can't be fixed and like doing bad things."

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"That makes sense."

There was silence again until Sebastian let out a little happy sigh. I peered over to see Tabitha playing with his so hair. It was a perfect match, Tabitha who loved all kinds of hair and playing around and Sebastian who just loved being touched and doted upon. He was infinitely more patient than me when it came to these kinds of things and Tabitha exploited it to the fullest extent.

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The sound of gravel popping caused Tabitha's head to raise. I had been caught, her eyes locked right on me. But it was too late.

"Sounds like mom and dad are here," I announced with a bright grin.

We all moved to the front of the house, Tabitha and I together while Sebastian was the caboose. He let out a large yawn and stumbled along at his own pace, running a hand through his hair as my parents' car pulled up to a stop. They both exploded out of the car.

"Oh, Charlotte, I found this recipe for chili with chocolate in it!" my mother declared when she saw me. "I sent it to you but you didn't reply to me. You never reply to me."

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"Mom, you send me ten emails a day! I have a full time job you know? I don't think the accountants I work for would be so happy if they knew I spent my days looking at food."

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"They would be fine with it if you brought in your cooking once in a while, trust me."

Sebastian finally rounded the corner.

"I see Tabitha got to you," my father said, staring at the dangling pink and blue flowers that hung from his hair.

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Immediately, my mate looked much less sleepy. With blush covering his cheeks, he ran a hand through his hair again, pulling out half a dozen more flowers. "Occupational hazard," Sebastian sighed. "

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My father pulled me in for a side hug. "When are you going to get that rust bucket out of my driveway, kid?"

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"Oh my God, dad," I laughed, pushing him away.

We chatted with my parents for a while longer. My father got one more jab in about the car. My mother whined that I needed to email her back and that I needed to send her a copy of the ingredients from the quiche I had recently made. I was still smiling like a fool and waving at their car was it disappeared down the road, below the gates.

When they were gone I tried to sneak back into the house, but Sebastian grabbed my hand. "Come on, I have a surprise for you." His eyes were alight with boyish excitement.

"I hate surprises," I groaned.

Sebastian just laughed and opened the garage door.

And there, among his fancy car and motorcycle was a very small, very old motorcycle that didn't fit in with an of his expensive toys.

"You didn't."

"I did," Sebastian laughed, pulling a black and pink jacket o a hook on the wall. He turned it so I could see the inside. "See this orange thing? It's flexible padding so if you fall o you'll be okay. And this old thing has had it's bumps and bruises but is mechanically sound so you don't have to worry about roughing it up a bit."

I protested half-heartedly, mostly out of nerves. Sebastian met all of my complaints with reassurances, a brand new helmet, and careful instruction. Before I knew it, I was sitting on a the old motorcycle, slowly releasing the clutch.

"Good, you're going to feel it pull, but don't dump the clutch," he warned.

The bike did pull. And I did exactly what he told me not to. My fingers released the lever completely. The bike slammed to a stop. I planted my new boots in the gravel, trembling like a newborn fawn.

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"I can't do this," I protested.

"Char, you defeated a siren for me. You can learn how to ride a bike." He beamed at me like I had already conquered the world looking as healthy and as happy as I had ever seen him.

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I thought of seeing Sebastian pale, curled around me, telling me that if I conquered a fear for him he would certainly feel loved. And he was right. I had faced a siren, held searing silver in the palm of my hand, and fought against the best warriors in my pack. And I had done it all by myself.

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Imagine what I could do with him by my side.

"Alright," I said, starting the motorcycle back up. "We'll spend another half hour doing this then we are going inside and you are going to be my guinea pig for a new kind of pizza. Deal?"

"Sounds like heaven."

~~~Distraction Section~~~

Well, with this chapter I say goodbye to Hades. Hope you all enjoyed it, even though it was a roller coaster.

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Question of the Day: What is the most ridiculous fact you know?

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