# Epilogue / Bonus Chapter

~~~Hello everyone and welcome to the bonus chapter as promised. Here we get to cover some light and squishy feelings between Sebastian and Charlotte. But we also jump into my newest book, The Alpha's Siren Song and this chapter ends in a cli  hanger. For those of you already reading TASS there is a spoiler in here, you have been warned!~~~

When my eyes parted, I saw the smooth skin of Sebastian's back, the rigid muscle that I had come to love, not fear. My lips pulled up into a sleepy smile as I curled around him, spooning him with my cheek pressed against his back, listening to his so  breathing and steady heartbeat. He gave out a so  moan at the contact, moving backwards to get closer to my touch. I just kissed my way up his spine until I reached the back of his neck.

As much as I wanted to stay in bed with him, I knew that he would appreciate a full breakfast more. Besides, if I let myself, I would stay right here forever. I slipped out from between the blankets and slipped on some leggings and one of his tee shirts. When I was in the bathroom I brushed my teeth and twisted my hair up into a bun. Then I took a second to admire myself. It had felt strange the first time I had done it, my cheeks had flamed and I couldn't get the words out of my mouth. Now, I could look at my legs and marvel at the way they carried me up all of the grueling hikes Sebastian was so fond of. I could smile at myself in the mirror and say that I was worthy of love, that I was beautiful, and that I was proud of myself. It was something that Keiko had taught me and it made a change in the way I saw myself.

I ambled to the kitchen a er a few minutes. On the way down the hallway I admired the canvases that lined the wall. Art that I had created, inspired by us, for us. Some paintings were created from memories, like the one I had done with our trip to Barcelona in mind. Others were made in a couple sittings, using the real world as a constant model, like the painting of my giant garden that Sebastian had helped me create. On the canvas it looked like a fairy paradise, dozens of colours and a million scents in the air.

The art wasn't the only thing that had changed since over the years. The kitchen that I loved was now always fully stocked and clean. No more overloaded dishwashers, no more half rotted food in the fridge. I was able to slice open the croissants without fear of mold and mashed my perfectly ripe avocados.

"Something smells delicious," Sebastian yawned, sauntering into the kitchen.

I smiled down at the pan, watching the bacon fry. "How did you sleep?"

"Great, actually. Not a single nightmare," he replied.

"Not even any clues or visions?" I pressed as I removed the bacon and poured the le over grease into a container.

Since Sebastian had allowed me to sleep with him the first time, he seldom woke up in a rage. He was still plagued with nightmares or scenes from crimes. Accepting him as a mate completely hadn't changed who he was or what he had to do though I had wished love would fix everything. I would usually get up before him now and he would journal everything he had seen and send it o  to the royals if he could handle it. Other times things were so bad that he would shi    as soon as he woke up and handle things as he needed to.

"Literally nothing. I actually dreamed."

"Really?" I scrubbed the hot pan with warm water and soap. "What did you dream about?"

"A wedding.  Ourwedding," he admitted.

My head jerked up at that, so startled. Werewolves didn't get married. We were mated and that was more of a commitment than any ring could ever be. But his hands were clasped together and he fiddled with his fingers like he was nervous. My gaze traveled up and I saw how nervous and giddy he was with a half smile and optimistic brown eyes.

The pan slipped out of my hand, landing with a clatter in the sink.

Sebastian's expression automatically fell and he stepped back, unable to meet my gaze. "It was just a dream, Char. I just thought that maybe it would be nice, you know? We would invite family and friends and just celebrate us. We've been together for three years now and I thought...It was a stupid-"

"Sebastian, look at me," I demanded, hardly hearing his words.

He slowly peered up at me. And I had been wrong. What I had thought was brown initially turned out to be hazel. It was like staring at a shimmering pool of liquid gold when I expected blood.

My foot moved on their own accord, leading me around the island until I was right in front of him. I hadn't realized that I was shaking until I reached up to touch his face, my fingers quaking when they pressed against his cheeks. Sebastian watched me, wary and confused, but willing enough to have me hold him.

"Char, please, if it upsets you we don't have to do it."

"Did you look in the mirror this morning?" I questioned.

"Not really, I was still half asleep when I brushed my teeth," he replied, still looking at me like I was a little crazy.

"Your eyes, they aren't red."

"Well, yeah, they only get red when I don't wear sunglasses enough or stay up too late."

"No, you potato. Your irises aren't red."

"What?"

It took about five minutes to convince him to look in a mirror. And a er that it took another ten minutes of him looking to convince himself his vision wasn't playing tricks on him, that he wasn't dreaming. His eyes were not red, not amber, nothing. Just hazel. Like they had been in his graduation photo and his college hockey picture.

"So, I didn't have a nightmare because-"

"You aren't Hades anymore," I finished.

I don't know who moved first and I don't know who released the first tear, but we were holding each other and crying into one another's shirts in a second. A er years of watching him be controlled by something foreign, years of him witnessing the worst of the world, it was over. No more late nights staring at notebooks and computer screens trying to pinpoint o enders. No more mornings spent dry heaving over the toilet because he had seen something so vile, so repulsive that it physically made him sick. I would get to sleep with him my arms, not worried about him waking up in a fit or fearing that he wasn't coming home at all.

I finally had Sebastian. Just Sebastian. And nothing could be better than that.

We were still snu ling and sni    ling when we managed to get our breakfast and settle outside on the front step, dreaming up another garden together. Sebastian was all about tearing up his perfect lawn and I was all about making a little wonderland.

"So, a wedding?" Sebastian hinted, taking a massive bite out of his avocado bacon breakfast croissant - my take on green eggs and ham.

"A wedding sounds wonderful," I murmured, leaning my head against his shoulder.

But, before I could take a bite, there was the popping sound of tires kicking up gravel and a large SUV was racing towards our home.

"Is that Ajax?" I asked, frowning.

"I don't know many people who can a ord a car like that, it must be," Sebastian murmured, rising to his feet. "You didn't tell anyone about this, did you?"

"No, of course not. I've been too excited for myself to think about anyone else."

I stood up too as Ajax ripped up to the house, slamming the Mercedes in park and leaping out.

"Where's the fire?" Sebastian demanded with a good natured laugh.

"About two hours from here, Keiko is driving there right now," Ajax answered, completely serious as he strode towards us. His gaze went from me to my mate and then, a er a double take, he paused. "What happened to your eyes?"

Sebastian shot me a slow smile, like we were sharing our own little secret.

"I'm not Hades anymore. The curse has been li   ed. No more nightmares. No more red eyes."

Ajax sti   ened and I think he tried to smile, but it was so fake, so stretched that it was frightening.

"So you don't know what happened last night?"

"Nope."

The fake smile fell away now. A hiss of breath was let out through clenched teeth and Ajax ran a hand through his hair.

"What's wrong?" Sebastian asked, no longer basking in his blissful ignorance.

"Nero attacked last night."

"Nero, like the alpha that was attacking sirens?" Sebastian demanded and I could almost see his skin crawling. For years, Nero had been enemy number one.  Even when the man had seemingly fallen o  the face of the Earth, committing no new crimes, completely untraceable, Sebastian had poured over his past, trying to find anything that would elude to his whereabouts. This man had tortured and killed dozens, maybe more than a hundred women. And the only one to escape was Misty.

"That's the one," Ajax confirmed. "There was an attack on a pack less than two hours from here. He killed a family. A husband, son, and a pregnant wife."

Sebastian paled. "But that doesn't make any sense. If he's a er sirens he shouldn't be anywhere near here. Misty just sent me a postcard from Paris."

"There's no way of knowing why he's here. I just know his signature. And the alpha, Easton, said that he le  a note. Signed and everything."

"Fuck," Sebastian hissed. "Fuck, this couldn't have happened yesterday? This couldn't have happened when I still had my powers? What kind of shit is this? I've been hunting this guy down since I turned into Hades and now that I'm useless, he shows his face again. And he killed a pregnant woman."

"Sebastian," I whispered, reaching out for one of his hands. I hated seeing him like this. Almost as much as I hated the thoughts that I knew were going through his head. He knew what he had to do. He knew that he was going to go a er Nero, Hades or not.

"Listen to me," Ajax ordered and, as much as he had become a friend to us both, he could be a king when he wanted to be. "You are not walking yourself into a death trap. We don't know Nero anymore. It's been years since he's done anything. You don't have the insight that you used to. I'm not asking you to fight him. And I'm not letting you either. This isn't your battle anymore."

"Well, what are we supposed to do? Wait for someone else to become Hades?" Sebastian challenged.

"We will do what we can with what we have. And we are going to start by going to that pack and asking around. We need to figure out why he targeted this pack. You don't have to, but I would really appreciate the knowledge that you have regarding Nero and I would like it if you came with me."

"If he's going then I'm coming too!" I interjected. I wasn't letting him jump into a war zone by himself. King or not, Ajax might not be able to stop Sebastian. I could. And I would if I had to.

Just like that it was settled. Our breakfasts were le  forgotten on the steps leading up to our home. We climbed into the SUV, Ajax and Sebastian in the front while I curled up in the backseat. And together, we set o  to find the siren killer.

~~~Distraction Section~~~

So what did you think? I purposely decided that Sebastian and Charlotte would not have children. Many of my other characters do, but not every woman wants children and it's not the right path for everyone and I wanted to represent that subtly here. If you loved Sebastian so ness you are going to love Easton in TASS even more, wink wink.

Question of the Day: quiet country side or bustling city?