

## A Human's Guide to Surviving Magical Mishaps by Kit Bryan Chapter 11

**Rule 11- Always learn the correct way to behave. If you're going to break rules, it should be on purpose.**

After dinner I'm forced to face the incredibly awkward task of explaining the bathroom to Ashton. I take the candle with us to light the room because if he can't handle regular lights I seriously doubt that he will survive the unflattering fluorescent lights of the bathroom. I don't know exactly what kind of facilities they have in the fae realm, but judging by his baffled **expression** when I show him into our small bathroom, they're not quite the same. The toilet and bath he gets no problem. The button system on the toilet is different to what he expects and the bath is pretty self explanatory. He does get pretty excited when I show him the shower. The fae might have indoor plumbing but it seems like showers aren't really a thing there.

"It's like rain indoors." He remarks delightedly.

"Uh, yeah. You can adjust the temperature though, just like the bath." Ashton is rocking in place. I can't help but laugh.

"You **can** just say that you want me to leave so that you can try **the** shower. There's no need

to be so polite." I'm giggling as I say the words and Ashton gives a bashful smile.

"If you wouldn't mind, I would love the chance to give it a try." He admits.

I quickly show him where the soap and towels are and leave him be. It's funny the things that he finds amusing. I always considered taking a bath to be the height of relaxation and luxury and here he is getting all excited over the shower. I take the chance to steal a pair of track pants from my dad's closet. I leave them by the bathroom door, knock and call out to Ashton to let him know I left something out for him to sleep in. I don't bother finding him a shirt. If the guy doesn't generally wear one during the day in his regular clothing I seriously doubt that he wears one to bed. I hate going to bed with wet hair so I usually shower in the morning. While Ashton enjoys his shower, I change **into** a pair of cute blue and white pyjama shorts with polka dots all over them and a comfy blue tank top.

Twenty minutes later, Ashton is still in the shower. It's a good thing we don't run out of hot water because I'm starting to think he's going to stay in there all night. I shuffle into the brightly lit kitchen, do a few dishes and some general tidying. I'm not an especially messy

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Emergency calls only

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person, but I also wasn't planning for a houseguest. Dad is barely ever home. He's a bit of a workaholic. So if the place is a mess it's generally my fault because he isn't usually here long enough to actually make a mess. By the time Ashton emerges from the bathroom, I'm sitting on the couch watching a random cop show. He's flushed red from the hot shower and the extra colour in his face makes his white tattoo marking things stand out even more than they did before. His wet hair is plastered to his head emphasising his horns **and** his green eyes are bright with excitement. All in all, he looks less human than ever. I have to work to **drag** my eyes away from the mysterious creature standing in my living room.

"Thank you for the clothes." He says politely. He takes a seat on the couch beside me, leaving a respectable distance between us. And by respectable distance I mean an entire other person could easily fit between us. I'm starting to suspect that the fae might subscribe to some rather strict rules of propriety, even if they do walk around half dressed. I've probably broken at least a dozen fae rules by now so I guess it's a good thing that Ashton is visiting us rather than the other way around.

I angle myself towards him on the couch so that my knees are nearly touching his and I'm basically sitting sideways.

"So, what exactly is your plan for tomorrow? I have work early in the morning and we should pick you up some clothes. You're welcome to hang out while I work although there won't be much to do. You could always go explore the shopping centre or something..." I add thoughtfully before I continue.

"Anyway, I'll finish around lunch time then we can do whatever you want to do. So, what are you planning to do?" I ask awkwardly.

“I am not completely sure yet. The assassins who escaped here won’t have a helpful guide. Like I do so in all likelihood they will get themselves into trouble or draw attention to themselves in some way. It would be best if we were to find some way to monitor nearby areas for signs of trouble or unusual occurrences. I may need your assistance to determine if something actually IS unusual.” He smiles at me and I nod my understanding.

“Sure. Well we can ask my dad to let us know if there are any unusual crimes being reported, if that doesn’t get us anywhere then I can show you how to use the internet. We can browse news sites and social media. If someone is acting strangely then it almost definitely would have been recorded and posted online where we can see it. Like on the T.V.” I explain, pointing out the television. Ashton seems a little lost although the T.V has most of his

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attention now that he’s noticed it so I don’t know how much of **my** explanation he actually heard. It’s alright, it will be easier to pull my laptop out and show him how to google and scroll through facebook than it would be to explain it. I’m going to have to warn him what a rabbit hole the internet can be though... I should probably also make it clear that anyone can post things online and that the information isn’t **always** accurate. But that’s a problem for tomorrow. Ashton is engrossed in the cop show and I doubt he would take in a word I said if I tried to explain it now. Instead I answer about a hundred questions about the T.V. I explain that the show is fictional, that it’s no different than a play or performance, it’s just recorded. I explain what I can about cameras and videos but in the end I tell him he will just have to

search online if he wants to learn more because I don’t know all **the** details.

By the time we finish watching a full episode of what I can only describe as a super generic cop show, it’s getting late. It’s a little past midnight and I have to get up early in the morning for work. I stand up and yawn loudly which causes Ashton to yawn in response.

“I really ought to go to bed. Here, I’ll show you your room before I go pass out.” I tell him cheerfully.

“Thank you. I am also quite tired. It’s been a long day. I would be happy to go to bed myself.” Ashton agrees easily. I show him to the spare room. The room isn’t terribly big and the walls are lined with cupboards and shelves that dad and I use for storage. There is a bed set up though since Lucy will occasionally stay the night, particularly if dad isn’t planning to come

home.

“It’s not much, but if you end up staying here for long we can clean it out a bit more and make some space. I wasn’t exactly prepared for a houseguest.” I apologise. Ashton shakes his

head adamantly.

“No, it is more than adequate. Thank you for permitting me to stay in your home.” He says.

politely.

“Okay, if you’re sure. Anyway, I’m going to bed. I have to leave for work at seven thirty tomorrow. I’ll be getting up **at** six. Would you like me to wake you?” I offer. Ashton accepts

gratefully.

“Okay, well my room is straight across the hall. If you need anything, please don’t hesitate to knock. I’ll see you in the morning then.” I turn and retreat to my **room**. I expect to stay awake

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for a long time after the excitement of my evening, but I fall asleep almost **as soon** as my **head** touches the pillow.

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