

Chapter 55

"Sebastian," I gasped when I burst back into the guest bedroom. Rita and Henry were close behind me. The siren and my parents had stayed back in the living room with Tabitha, but I wasn't wasting another moment. I had found out when I needed to and now I needed to be with my mate.

But when I drew closer to Sebastian, saw his half closed eyes and his slow breathing, I halted. I couldn't rush up to him now. The last time he had seen me I had been standing over him, silver dagger in hand with floating hair and blue eyes. Maybe that was the last thing he remembered. Maybe he recalled begging for his life and a sinister look in my eyes and nothing else.

"What are you doing all the way over there?" he croaked. I think he was trying to smile, but he was in so much pain it was still coming across as a brutal grimace.

I couldn't answer, suddenly so overwhelmed with tears that I couldn't speak. I couldn't tell him that he should hate me. I couldn't say that I had almost killed him. I just placed a hand over my trembling lips and choked back a sob as tears gushed.

"Come here, silly girl," Sebastian insisted.

"I almost killed you," I whimpered from behind my hand.

Sebastian let out a hiss of breath as he adjusted his upper body. Before I could scold him, he latched onto my free hand and jerked me closer to him.

"Robert used you to try and kill me. What you actually did was resist the power of a siren who was also fighting for her own life. If that doesn't confirm that you love me then nothing will," he murmured, his eyes shutting. "Now, please, sit on the bed and touch me. I need something to distract me from the pain."

I did as he asked, unable to resist any of his wishes with the state he was in. My fingers quaked as I brushed the dark, dirty hair o his forehead and touched the smooth skin. Even now, having him speak to me and reassure me, the tears would not stop. It felt like the numbness had vanished and reality was pummeling me relentlessly.

"So she wasn't lying about Robert torturing her?" Rita asked from the threshold, giving us space.

At her words I stopped drawing on his forehead and his brow immediately furrowed. He nodded his head upwards, causing me to start again. When I did he let out a so sigh of relief then spoke, "Misty has no reason to lie. She's been hunted for years and would probably want to keep her distance from any werewolves at any cost. Robert did awful, unthinkable shit to her. She did what she had to survive."

"She was going to kill you," Rita protested, her voice heavy with emotion. "She was going to use your own mate to kill you."

"And you would've killed her if you knew that she was a er me. It's all just a survival tactic. I don't blame her and you shouldn't either."

"Some times I hate that we raised such a logical son. Wouldn't it be nice if he was like Colin and got fired up sometimes?" Henry said and when he laughed it sounded like he was on the brink of tears. "Come on Rita, let's leave him to rest."

The door clicked so ly behind them as they departed and I continued to trace shapes on Sebastian's skin, my fingers dri ing over his lips, his cheeks, and even over his nose. As I went he just let out happy sighs and nuzzled in closer. his skin was so pale, so unhealthy looking that I just wanted to check his pulse and watch his breathing again. But he was so content like this.

"I was so scared, Sebastian," I whispered. "I was so scared that I was going to lose you, that I would kill you. My God, I was so scared."

"It's alright, Char," he breathed. "You fought it. You fought a siren's spell and you won. If that doesn't prove how much you love me then nothing will."

"Have I ever told you how much I love you?" I asked.

"You know, I don't think you have," he replied.

"Well I love you, so much. I love you more than I ever thought possible. I love you so much it scares me. I've never cared about anyone this way. You are everything to me. And I'm going to tell you everyday until you get sick of hearing my voice."

"I'll never get sick of hearing your voice," he denied.

"Are you sure?" I teased, still wiping away stray tears. "If that's the case I think i'm going to walk around the house singing Bohemian Rhapsody. I think if I work hard enough on those really high notes I'll get them eventually."

Sebastian let out a weak little laugh and curled his body around mine, keeping those eyes closed. "I can't believe I finally found a girl worth writing a symphony for and all she can do is hum like an broken kazoo and miss every beat. I still love you though. Still love you, always," he said sleepily.

"Maybe i'll have to find other ways to show you just how much I love you," I suggested, stroking his hair o his forehead when he tousled it around again.

"I might have a few ideas in that regard," he murmured, barely parting his eyes. Still, I could see the teasing glimmer in them. "We could start on a ten course meal then work our way up, see how much it's going to take before I feel you've fed me enough to accurately represent your love. And, if that doesn't work, we'll have to resort to putting you on one of my motorcycles."

"How would that prove love?" I asked.

"You conquering a fear would certainly show me you care," he breathed, but his words were almost swept away by the white noise in the house.

"Sleep, Sebastian," I murmured, placing a gentle kiss on his cheek.

"Stay with me," he mumbled into my thigh. "Please."

"I'm not going anywhere," I promised.

~~~Important Announcement~~~

I am going on a hiatus again. My little Alberta community has been stricken by tragedy and I feel I need to take some time away from my writing again. I'm hoping that next update will come on the eighteenth, if not I will let you all know.

Question of the Day: What are features or hobbies or skills that make someone attractive to you?