

Chapter 19

It took a few days, but I eventually convinced Nascha to get the help of the shaman to free her from her form. She agreed, and after the transformation, she was soon back to what was her real self. Her calm, collected, kept-to-herself nature. That was a good sign, and it gave me a sense of relief. I invited her to come to eat with me one evening, and she came. I offered her some food, but she refused politely.

"Nascha?" I asked her, sitting across from her, "I need you to answer some questions." She shrugged. Even after our talk a little while ago, I still wanted to understand more of her thoughts. What led to her depression?

"Okay... everyone out here knows how sk*nwalkers are created, tell me, tell me why you started practicing witchcraft? In our time, and even now that's incredibly taboo. How were you not rejected?" Nascha sighed, ashamed of herself.

"The only thing... I can tell you, I was depressed and lonely. Back then, I somehow thought practicing witchcraft and summoning spirits would help cure it. I did it alone, I didn't want my parents to become suspicious of me if I vanished every night to go see one." I raised an eyebrow.

"I did it whenever I had privacy. I purposely isolated myself from others." I was shocked, well, I shouldn't have been. People resort to strange coping mechanisms when depressed and lonely, I speak from experience.

Over the next week or so, Nascha got back to normal, and I confided with her about the personal problems I'd suffered over the past century, and she did the same. Things were going really well and I was happy I found someone from my human past to join me in the present, even if they weren't my own family, but that was okay, I'll take what I receive.

Nascha was quite supportive of the endeavors I told her about, and somehow, she remembered Jack, in the middle of a separate conversation.

"You've never brought up the Frost boy." She said casually, looking at a book I gave to her. I looked up from my own.

"What?" She sat up.

"The Frost boy. White hair? Pale ass skin? Crystal blue eyes? I've seen you two interact, you talked about him while under... control, yet you've never mentioned him recently. Why's that?" I bit my lip awkwardly, unsure of how to answer.

"Uh... just-" I fumbled around with my words. I wasn't going to tell her about the nightmare I'd had a few weeks ago.

"There's never been a reason to?" I finally said, "I've been preoccupied with other important things." I thought for a second, carefully choosing my words.

"I just don't talk to him," I said, completing my answer. She gave me an "uh-huh" look, much like that of one an annoying but supportive older sister would give.

"Uh-huh, sure. I'm sure that's a reasonable answer." She cackled, accidentally causing her wings to explode from her back. I raised an eyebrow at this and she winced.

"Sorry, it's a natural reaction." I rolled my eyes and went to go take a bath down by the creek. It'd been unusually hot for Arizona and even I, a spirit with fire powers, born and raised in the desert, was sweating like a northerner in the Caribbean.

The water felt like bathwater, which wasn't as refreshing as I wanted, but at least I came out clean and not sweaty. And at least the sun-dried my soaked body up quickly. I got dressed and took the long way back home.

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