

Chapter Three

Eden's POV

Three very short days, that is all I was given before my entire life was packed up in a moving truck to be driven across the country. As for me? Well I was hustled to the airport behind my overly excited mother, who was ready to head to a completely different state regardless of whether I was or not.

I didn't have the option to stay behind and let my Mother jet off to her new life alone. I'm not, by any stretch of the imagination, a A grade student, I'm average at best, so no scholarships were in the offering for me when I sent out applications to colleges. Instead, I had to attend our local community college, this gave me the ability to stay living in my Mum's house whilst I studied, which was the only option I had, as neither ~~Henry nor my mother~~ could afford to rent me a place in the state of the only other college that sent me an acceptance letter.

So now, with no job, no money, and no way to get loans to support myself, I have no choice but to go where my free housing goes which means I'll paste on a smile and take my butt to Maine.

As we settle into our seats, I have to admit that ying rst class is one of the few perks I can appreciate regarding my mother's new life with her brand new husband. It seems that Henry's business does extremely well, which is one of the main reasons why we have to go and live with him in Maine, and not the other way around.

I did weakly point out that the weather in Miami was so much better and with the amount of people that live there, Henry's security business would flourish if he considered branching out at all. I wasn't surprised that my words fell on deaf ears, my mother was already sold on the shiny new life which lies ahead of us.

As I settle back nervously into my seat, my mum gratefully accepts a glass of champagne from the steward as he passes down the aisle, and I silently curse the twenty-one year age limit of the US on alcohol consumption. Honestly, I could really do with some sort of hard liquor to help take the edge off this damn curveball in my life.

'Relax sweetie' Mum soothes, patting my hand that is gripping the arm rests of my seat. I'm not a good yer, if God had intended me to be in the sky, he would have given me wings.

I try to give her a smile but I'm pretty sure it has come out as more of a grimace from the concerned look she gives me before placing her hand on top of my own and squeezing it gently.

The engines roar before the airplane shoots forward, gaining speed and tilting back to push into the air. I shut my eyes tight, trying to breathe through the panic, counting backward from fifty until the plane levels out and the sound of the engines quietens.

Opening my eyes, I drag in a shaky breath as my mum smiles at me, 'OK?' she asks softly.

I nod, managing a small smile as I peel my nails from the arm rests and clasp them together in my lap.

'This is going to be good for us' Mum continues, her voice slightly worried as she watches me. 'Henry has already spoken to your new college, it's a much better place than where you were, you've seen the prospectus right? You thought it looked like a nice place?'

I nod tightly, the college that Henry has enrolled me in to is a very expensive institution that I would never have gotten into with my grades. I wonder how much money changed hands to get me a spot, especially halfway through the semester.

I've already checked, and it's only a thirty minute bus ride with one change from Henry's home to the college which is better than the hour long, three changes I have to make to my old college.

I've been assured that Henry is happy to have me stay with them and that he already has a room ready for me but it still feels weird to be moving in with a man that I haven't actually met yet.

Beside me, my mother turns on her seat back TV and settles in to watch a film using the headphones that the airline left on our seats. Figuring I might as well find something to fill the few hours right, I do the same thing, reclining my seat slightly so I can get comfortable as I unwrap the blanket that we were also given and drape it over my legs.

I click through the movie options, settling on some weird sci-fi film, and press play, taking my own headphones out of the protective packet and placing them on over my hair.

I must fall asleep because I open my eyes groggily to find my mother shaking me gently.

'We're about to land sweetie' she says, pointing out of the window behind her as I lean forward to see what I assume is the Maine landscape laid out below us.

Pulling off my headphones, I shove them in the pocket in front of me, fastening my seatbelt in record time as my hands take up their position on either arm rest. I feel the pressure build in my ears, a sure sign that we are getting lower, and I grit my teeth, muttering prayers for the next fifteen minutes before the tyres hit the landing strip with a bump and we are all thrown forward slightly as the brakes engage.

'Thank you, Lord, for keeping me alive for another night' I whisper, looking upwards before glancing at my mother who is laughing at me.

'You know ying is safer than driving a car right?' she points out.

'Yes, but if I have an accident in a car, I'm already on the ground, if I'm on a plane, I have to fall for thirty thousand feet' I hiss back, flexing my fingers that have cramped from how tightly I was holding on.

Once the seatbelt sign goes out, I jump out of my seat, opening the overhead locker to get my bag, desperate to get off this death tube and back onto the ground where I belong.

'Calm down' Mum says, slowly getting to her feet, 'the luggage isn't going to get to the carousel any quicker just because we are first off the plane.'

Ignoring her, I thrust her bag into her arms and practically drag her by the arm down the aisle toward the door that the stewardess has just opened.

'Thank you for ying Delta Airlines' the woman trills as I force myself not to body slam her to get her out of my way.

'Thank you!' I manage to grit out before I sprint from the plane, air rushing into my lungs as my feet hit the walkway that will lead me back to ground level.

Heading through security, we stand waiting by the carousel for our luggage, everyone is almost gone before my mother's dowry suitcase and my bright neon pink one finally falls down the chute and make their way slowly along the conveyor belt until they reach us.

Hauling them off, we both pull up the handles and wheel them toward the exit doors. The glass doors whoosh open as we approach and we walk past people holding up signs with names on them until the end where a man with short blonde hair, in a dark suit and sunglasses stands with a board that reads 'Mrs Cadell'.

Beaming, Mum makes her way towards him, me trailing behind her, glancing around us as she introduces herself to the silent man.

He nods once, reaching out and taking Mum's suitcase, lifting it easily even though I'm pretty sure she packed everything but the kitchen sink in there. He reaches out for mine, but I pull it back nervously.

'No it's OK, I can wheel it' I say quickly, not comfortable with some bloke whose name I don't even know, taking control of my most prized possessions.

I can feel him studying me through the dark lenses but he obviously decides it's not worth the argument and instead turns around and leads the way out of the terminal.

Parked in the waiting area is a sleek black SUV with tinted windows, Mr silent but deadly as I've decided to call him, opens the boot and places my mother's bag inside, watching me struggle to lift my own case high enough for a second before growling in annoyance and taking it from me harshly.

As he snatches the case, his fingers brush mine and a jolt of electricity arcs between us making me gasp as I stumble back a step in shock.

He pauses for a split second before continuing to lift my suitcase like it's filled with feathers, dropping it next to my mother's and closing the boot.

Without a backward glance, he strides to the front of the car, leaving Mum and I to get into the back seat. I try not to be too judgemental with people, but this guy is coming over as an ass. I assume he works for my new stepdad, but I'm surprised, with what Mum has said about Henry, that he would let someone so rude work for him.

'Most drivers open the door for their passengers' I mutter as I slam the door shut on the warmth of southern Maine weather.

I can't see but I'm sure that Mr Grumpy is staring at me in the rearview mirror, the feeling crawling over me as I suppress a shudder. Whatever, this guy can be an ass all he wants, after today I won't have to see him again anyway.