

Ch 24 - Still Hope

Channing got up and looked around, his eyes landing on the two girls he had in his bed. Sleeping on the couch was uncomfortable, but he'd do anything for them. Calypso and Cassidy had passed out together, so he carried them to his room.

He knew they would appreciate waking up together.

He couldn't help but smile when he noticed that they were hugging each other. Even in their sleep they were close. While he was in love with Calypso, he treated Cassidy like a little sister. She had even commented that he treated her as more of a brother than Isaiah himself, but he couldn't help it.

She's special to Calypso and Calypso was everything to him.

He quietly left the room, bothered by his thoughts as something was nagging him. While they'd come back around three, he hadn't been able to sleep. It was now a little before six as he made his way downstairs. He wasn't surprised to hear movement. The pack was always busy, no matter the time of day.

He was, however, surprised to bump into his mother. "Mom?"

"Son? I haven't seen you in forever," she smiled, hugging him.

"Yeah I'm sorry," he chuckled, hugging her back.

"I'll forgive you if you make me a nice cup of tea and tell me what's been going on in your life," she offered.

"Deal!" he agreed.

They went to the kitchen and she sat on a stool while Channing moved around the kitchen. Janet Henson couldn't help but smile as she watched her son. He was her pride and joy. She almost lost him a few years back, but he found his way back home. She couldn't imagine anything bad happening to him.

"So, what are you doing here?" Channing asked her, handing her the tea.

"We're going on a trip and we're meeting here in about fifteen minutes," she replied.

He frowned. "We being?"

"A group of us elders," she smiled.

"Oh! Where are you headed?" he asked.

She blushed. "Would you believe me if I said I didn't know?"

Channing shook his head in amusement. "I would completely believe you mom."

"Pssh, we're supposed to be talking about you here! I haven't seen you in four months. That's way too long for my liking. Hell, I didn't even know you were on the territory," she scolded.

"I know, but I only came back just over two months ago and then things got complicated," he sighed.

"Complicated? Oh God! Please tell me you didn't impregnate that whore!" she said desperately.

He scowled. "What whore?"

"You know, that Brittany child!" she said.

His laughter filled the kitchen. "You mean Tiffany?"

"That devil child!" she nodded. He laughed some more.

He didn't think his mother knew about Tiffany.

"She's here somewhere, but you don't have to worry. I didn't impregnate her," he assured.

"Oh thank the heavens! So, what complications are these then?" she raised an eyebrow.

"Mom, I met a girl, but she's not my mate. We're dating, and I'm in love with her," he explained.

She was wide-eyed. "I don't know whether to be happy or sad. I can tell that you really do love her, but honey, she's not yours to keep."

"I know that, but mom, I don't know what to do. I don't think I'll be able to love my true mate the way I love Calypso," he groaned.

"Calypso? Is that her name?" she smiled. She smiled even more when her son beamed.

"Yeah! She's insanely beautiful and she has these eyes. God mom, her eyes! They're this sparkling sapphire and they light up every time she laughs or smiles. She's kind-hearted and humble. She loves everyone she meets and she's just amazing," he gushed.

"Geez, you're really deep in it," she realized.

"I'm afraid mom! I can't lose her. I think I will die if I do," he said lowly.

She rolled her eyes. "You were always overly dramatic."

He laughed at that. "Ok, so maybe I won't die, but I don't think I'll be able to live without her."

"Have you told her this?" she asked.

"Not really! I mean we've discussed the fact that should either one of us meet their mate, then we'll go our separate ways, but the thing is that I don't think I'll be able to," he complained.

She reached out to hold his hand. "But honey, what about your true mate?"

"That's it mom! I want HER to be my true mate. It would make my life a hell of a lot easier," he pointed out.

"Wouldn't you know by now?" she questioned.

He scratched the back of his neck. "Uh, she hasn't shifted yet."

"She's fifteen?" Janet asked incredulously.

"No! She's seventeen," he responded.

"Honey, werewolves shift at sixteen," she said in confusion.

He shrugged. "We don't know why she hasn't shifted, but she hasn't."

"That is awfully strange, but I think it's an advantage," she said. He peaked at this.

"How so?" he asked.

"When mates meet, their wolves reach out to each other. You could very

well be her mate if she hasn't shifted," Janet explained.

"Yeah, that's what was said yesterday. Everyone thinks once she's shifted, we'll know," he agreed.

"There's still hope, so don't give up," she encouraged.

He was glad to hear that. "Thanks mum."

"I want to meet her by the way," she added.

"You will, don't worry," he chuckled.

"Who are we meeting?" a new voice joined them.

Channing beamed. "Dad!"

Peter Henson hugged his son. "Son! Where on earth have you been?"

Channing shrugged. "Here, there and everywhere!"

"Well, you'll have to come by and tell me all about that! For now, we have to leave," Peter turned to his wife.

Janet turned to her son. "Alright! Remember what I told you, and I'll be expecting that dinner soon."

"Got it! We can come by tomorrow night?" Channing suggested.

"Perfect! I can't wait to meet her! What does she like to eat?" she asked.

"Anything you make will be fine! She's not allergic to anything as far as I know," Channing replied.

Peter frowned. "Who's this?"

"I'll tell you on the way. We'll see you tomorrow night son. We love you," Janet said as she hugged him.

"I love you guys too," Channing replied, hugging them both.

Soon, he was left alone in the kitchen and he decided to make himself a cup of coffee. There was no way that he was going to be able to fall asleep in any case. He sat at a stool before letting his thoughts and his past drown him. He hadn't told Calypso about his past yet, and it was eating him up.

He wanted nothing more than to do just that, but he didn't know where to begin.

"You have to tell her soon Henson. I can see your mind just ticking away," Cain's voice interrupted his thoughts.

He sighed. "I know, but where do I even start off such a conversation?"

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