

Chapter 19 Rule 19- Don't expect too much when it comes to fast food. It rarely is as good as you remember.

The drive home is far more exciting than the ride into work since there is actual traffic now and Ashton can see the purpose of the traffic lights and other road rules.

"If they come too close to each other, do your cars not swerve or stop?" He asks.

"Only if the person driving makes them swerve or stop, so it depends on the person's reflexes. Plus if you're going fast enough the car might not get enough time to slow down. Cars don't have minds of their own." I decide not to get into the whole concept of self driving cars and A.I. stuff. He hasn't figured out computers yet and I don't know the best way to explain it. Besides, it's not like they're something that is commonly in use. Most people can't afford a car like that.

"Horses seem like a safer option." He remarks and I laugh.

"Maybe, but maintaining a car generally costs less. Besides, I can fit five people in my car and there are other vehicles that can fit more. There are advantages and there are lots of rules in place to try to make cars safer. The seat belt you are wearing is a safety precaution that you can see but the car has lots of other things in it to keep people as safe as possible. You are right though, cars are dangerous and there are lots of accidents. I can't say if they're safer or more dangerous than a horse, I don't have much experience with horse riding." I conclude.



"Yes, you did say that they are costly." He sighs, seeming disappointed.

"Do you like horses?" I ask curiously and Ashton nods eagerly.

"Yes, very much. Your cars are interesting but they require much of your attention to control them. Riding a good horse is a far more relaxing experience." He responds, clearly keeping a particular animal in mind.

"I can understand that. Although once you get used to driving it really can be relaxing, particularly if you leave the busy city areas and go somewhere more quiet. Still, driving isn't how I would choose to relax." I conclude.

"How do you prefer to spend your time?" Ashton asks. I notice he is no longer staring out the windows but has instead turned his full attention to me.

"I like to read, or draw. Dancing is fun too, but I don't think it's particularly relaxing, more like it's a way to release stress." I am not totally sure if my answer makes sense but Ashton seems to understand and nods.

"Yes, perhaps it is good that we will attend this party before we really begin our search. A clear mind is an asset that one does not always have the luxury of." He states thoughtfully.

"Yes. Speaking of your search, I thought when we get back I might call my dad to speak to him. We could ask if there are any unusual incidents worth looking into and maybe tell him what to look out for." I suggest.

"That would be very helpful. Thank you." he answers gratefully.

"Perfect, but first we should get something to eat. Are you okay if I just go

through a drive through? It's hot and I would rather eat at home in the air conditioning." I say with a wistful sigh. It might only have been a short shift, but the cheap material of my work top just feels gross. I should have taken it off and driven home in my tank top but I was too focussed on getting Ashton to the car without getting caught by his fans. I think we have some spare sunglasses at home that he can wear. I'm not sure how much they will help, but in his glamour the most unnatural part of him is his eyes and people are less likely to accidentally see through it if they don't notice them. At least that's my understanding. If they don't know for sure that he's fae, hopefully they will be less likely to approach him and cause trouble. Going out tonight should be interesting. I'm sure he will be popular given how he looks, but I'm counting on the lighting of the club to disguise him a little.

"What is a drive through?" Ashton asks, drawing me from my own thoughts.

"Oh, a drive through is a type of restaurant. They provide food quickly and you receive it through the window of your car so you don't have to get out. It's good for when you're in a hurry or you just don't feel like stopping." I explain.

"Hmm, between your food deliveries and this drive through, it seems that many humans consider mealtimes to be inconvenient. Something to be rushed through." He observes. I shrug.

"Sure, a lot of us do. There are people who are more appreciative of them, but I'm not particularly one of them." I admit.

"Is it different at your home? Surely there are fae who are busy working and don't have time to take leisurely breaks to eat," I point out.

"That is likely true, but as a general rule most fae are enthusiastic about meal times. We do not have your phones so they are often a social event where one might spend time with their friends or family, sometimes the only time a busy fae might have. Everyone needs to eat so it is a justified break." He explains.

"I like that. I suppose I rush meals because I mostly eat alone. Dad is at work a lot so most of the time it's just me. Lucy and I get food together sometimes though. It'll be nice having meals with you for a while." I tell him with a cheerful smile.

Going through the drive through is an entertaining experience and Ashton stares suspiciously at the speaker. I don't think he expected the voice coming from it and he was a little alarmed which I find more than a little funny. He watches me engage with the worker at each window and hands me my purse when I ask for it. He rummages through my handbag to look for it in a way that no human male would be comfortable doing. He doesn't seem even remotely concerned by it which is interesting. I do wonder what unwritten rules of propriety the fae live by because I suspect they are very different to our own. Armed with deep fried chicken and potato, the drive home goes quickly which is good because my stomach is rumbling. It is a relief when I unlock the front door. The house is dark and a little stale from the heat. I immediately turn on the air conditioning under Ashton's curious gaze. I also grab some ice from the freezer and drop it in a couple of glasses of water. The fridge is something that holds Ashton's attention for a while. He opens and closes the doors a few times, touching



the shelves and waving his hand around in the freezer.

"You make this cold without magic?" he seems impressed.

"Yeah, for storing food. I can explain more later, but right now I want to eat." I tell him as I put the food out on the table. This draws his attention away from the fridge, at least for now and he takes the seat to my right. I'm partway through my meal when my phone rings.



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