

A Human's Guide to Surviving Magical Mishaps by Kit Bryan Chapter 6

Rule 6- Never assume things are obvious, unless you prefer to revel in the confusion of assumed

understanding.

“So you had trouble with your car?” Ashton seems concerned. I nod.

“Yep, the wheels on my car got damaged making it impossible to use. I was stranded on the side of the road and had to call my

dad to come and get me since I didn't want to be out alone after dark. Dad didn't want to be late getting here so he didn't have time to take me home before coming to this meeting. So here I am.” Ashton nods his understanding.

“I am glad you came to this meeting, Miss Fall.” He says sweetly and I kind of want to pass out. I don't remember the last time a guy paid so much attention to what I have to say and genuinely seemed interested, although I know it has less to do with me than it does with his general unfamiliarity with my realm. I smile at him awkwardly, again ducking my gaze and allowing my hair to fall over my face a little.

I glance over at my dad and the Mayor who have finished their respective phone calls and are

speaking animatedly to each other. My dad seems particularly agitated and is beginning to

raise his voice.

“FINE!” he turns back to face Ashton and me and stomps closer in an angry movement.

“There **has** been an issue at work and I have to go sort it out. The Mayor has offered to drive

will the two of you back to our place and will inform you of any further information you need.” Everyone nods their agreement. My dad jerks his head to the side as his way of ‘subtly’ asking for a private word. We take a few steps away

and my dad turns us so that he faces away from the group. He's probably paranoid that Ashton might try to read his lips or something. Over dad's shoulder I can see Ashton looking curiously at the Mayor's car.

"Kat, are you sure you want to do this? You can still bail if you want, no one will blame you, in fact I would prefer it." My dad blurts out. I glance over my dad's shoulder again at the car. Ashton is still examining the car but his expression seems more severe and less curious. Something is bothering him.

Emergency calls only

Rule 6-

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"I already said I would do it dad, and I meant it. I have no reason not to help, and it might be interesting." Ashton glances over towards the two of us, he no longer looks annoyed but instead a smug looking smirk flashes across his face. I begin to wonder if he can hear our conversation. After arguing back and forth with my dad for a minute or two, he finally concedes to my argument when more messages start flashing across the screen of his phone demanding his presence immediately. I feel a bit like a five year old as my dad hugs me tight.

"You have your house keys right honey?" he asks. I roll my eyes.

"You're the one who loses keys dad, not me." I point out. I swear he has turned up at my work at least a dozen times to borrow my keys. He's probably just asking because it's the problem he faces most often. I'm tempted to ask if he has HIS keys. He ignores my comment and keeps going with his interrogation.

"And you'll keep your phone on you?" he checks. This time I am getting a little annoyed. Is he

ape. I actually serious? Aside from the fact that I am twenty-one and like most people my age, keep my phone basically glued to my side, he called ME on it earlier. I am literally holding it in my hand right now. I know he is asking because he is concerned about Ashton and because he's trying to delay leaving. I've changed my mind, I'm not just annoyed, I'm a little angry. Does he have so little faith in my judgement? I cross my arms over my chest and stare him.

down.

“Stop it, I already told you there won’t be a problem. Who would I call if there was anyway? The guy is fae, he can probably take all of you.” My dad flushes red. I’m not sure if it is due to embarrassment or anger but I don’t really care.

“You can go now dad. I’ll see you when you get home.” I say pointedly.

With one last glance at Ashton, my dad finally turns and stalks back to his car. Ashton flinches when the engine starts with a loud grumble. I quickly gesture for him to turn around, touching his shoulder to push him in the right direction and to make sure he moves. Ashton. turns without asking

Why. He is just quick enough to evade the flash of the car headlights turning on. They are bright enough to make me see stars, I don’t want to imagine how awful it would feel for someone with light sensitivity. My dad drives away and Ashton turns back, yet again his expression is grateful and he thanks **me**.

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climb into the back, sliding into the middle seat and gesture for Ashton to follow. The other guard sits on my other side. I show Ashton how to close the door and give a quick explanation on how to put on a seatbelt and its general purpose.

“It’s just in case we get into an accident or something bad happens. It’s a safety precaution.” Ashton presses the button at least three times before leaving it plugged in. He seems pretty excited by the experience, at least he does until the car starts moving. Then **he** seems more nervous. I lean forward to give the driver my address and we are on our way. Ashton seems uncomfortable in the vehicle to begin with, he keeps glancing sideways at me, **as** if reassuring himself that everything really is alright. I smile to show everything is fine and he begins to relax. I notice that as he relaxes, Ashton begins looking out the window. There isn’t exactly a lot to see at night, but Ashton seems entertained by it all nonetheless. It doesn’t take long to reach my home in the late night traffic and soon we are pulling into my driveway. I reach over Ashton to show him how to open the car door. He struggles with the seat belt for a moment but it doesn’t take him long to remember the button I pointed out during my earlier. explanation. The Mayor clears his throat to gain our attention.

“Miss Fall, if I might have a quick word?” he climbs out the car and gestures for me to follow. I scramble out of my seat and with a quick shrug in Ashton’s direction, I allow myself to be led away. The moment we are what the Mayor deems far enough away, he turns and hands me a card.

“Please text this number if anything... important or interesting should arise. It would be in your best interests to keep me updated on the situation with Mr Rallowend.” So he wants me to spy on Ashton. I conclude to myself. I glance over towards Ashton who looks rather amused. More evidence to support my theory that his hearing is much better than the average human.

“I’ll text if I think there is anything you should know.” I respond. The Mayor doesn’t notice how I dodge his request. I have no intention of spying on Ashton for him. I have agreed to work as a guide, not a spy, but the Mayor doesn’t need to know that. Plus Ashton is the one who hired me, so I am not required to tell the Mayor anything. I move to stand by Ashton as the Mayor climbs back into the car and they drive away leaving us in the quiet street.