

A Human's Guide to Surviving Magical Mishaps by Kit Bryan Chapter 7

Rule 7- Avoid losing your keys by attaching them to a helium balloon. You won't lose them; they'll just be inconveniently floating near the ceiling!

The moment the car is out of sight, I lose control of myself and begin laughing. The entire situation with the Mayor was just ridiculous and felt like something out of a bad movie. Ashton stares at me curiously. Between breaths I manage to force some words out.

"Please, do me a favour and do something completely outlandish at some point so I have an excuse to send a ridiculous report to the Mayor. I don't actually plan to tell him anything he wants to know, but it could be really funny." A look of surprise runs across Ashton's face.

"You admit that your Mayor Simmons asked you to report my actions to him?" He questions.

I rolled my eyes.

"Duh, it's a pretty obvious request. I'm not stupid enough to think you didn't see it coming. Besides, I'm fairly sure that you could hear everything he said to me anyway." I raise an eyebrow and look at Ashton expectantly. It is sort of hard to see his reactions in the dim light provided by the streetlight a few houses down, but I do my best.

"You are correct in your judgement. I do wonder how it is that you know I heard you." He tilts his head to the side, eying me curiously. I shrug.

"I noticed you reacting when my dad was talking to me and kept an eye on you after that." I explain. Ashton gives me an impressed smile.

"I was right, you are very observant." he comments. He seems pleased. I shrug again and lead the way to the front door. I unlock it with the house keys I DEFINITELY HAVE and it swings open. I am about to reach for the light switch in the entryway but I pause, hesitating.

"How are your eyes? Are they any better?" I check.

“They are still quite sensitive.” Ashton admits.

“I believe that they should be completely adjusted by morning.” He concludes I nod my

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understanding.

“Okay, just wait here a moment then.” Leaving the entryway light off, I run one hand along the wall in the darkness until I come to the kitchen where I turn on the light. I also switch on the light in my dad’s study. The result is that the house is lit just enough to see where you are walking, as long as you stay out of those two rooms.

“Come in. The main living area is just through here. We can sit and I will sort out something to eat. There should be enough light for you to get through without tripping over anything, but be careful.” Even in the dim light, I can see the look of approval on Ashton’s face.

“You are very considerate.” He comments. I smile at him over my shoulder and show him where the couch is for him to sit. The living room is still a little too dark, so I light a scented candle that I keep on the coffee table. I love them but I only really use them in my room or when dad isn’t home because he says they give him a headache. This particular candle is barely used and honestly I mostly keep it out here for decorative purposes. I glance at Ashton, searching for any sign that the light is too bright again, but he seems comfortable enough in the dim flickering light. Now that I can see better, I find I am actively working on not staring at Ashton. He is still not wearing a shirt and the guy looks like he could be an underwear model. I shake the idea from my head. This is not the time to let my brain turn to mush. I promised food. It is late enough that I don’t really feel like cooking, so I decide that we should just order take-out.

“Is there anything you don’t eat?” Ashton tilts his head to the side, a little confused.

“Foods that make you ill or that you don’t like to eat.” I clarify.

“Ah, I understand. No, there is nothing that I cannot eat, although I must confess I am not fond of most varieties of seafood.” I nod, I don’t love seafood either.

“No sushi, got it. Maybe Indian food then. I’ll order something really basic since you won’t know the menu. Just a moment.” I pull out my phone and dial my favourite Indian restaurant. They recognize my number; my dad works a lot of late shifts and neither of us are fond of cooking, although I do like to bake on occasion. Ashton watches me dial the number curiously.

——- hear the **call** too. The person on the other end

will be able to hear you as well.” I warn him. Ashton nod excitedly. He jumps when the phone is answered **and stares** at the device, keeping completely silent as I order our dinner. I pay over the phone using my credit card, and Ashton seems baffled by something.

“What were all those numbers for?” he asks as soon as I hang up the phone and nod to let him know that he can safely talk again.

“They were my credit card numbers. Most adults have a bank account. A bank keeps track of

how much money you have. The numbers on a credit card represent your account, and if you have the right combination of numbers and the passcodes, you can send money from your account to someone else’s. That’s what I just did to pay for dinner.” Ashton looks even more

confused than when I started. I don’t think that was a very good explanation on my part.

“Don’t worry about it too much. You don’t have a bank account, so there is nothing to be concerned about. I can take care of the money stuff. It’s just a system we set up **so** that we don’t have to physically carry bags of money around everywhere. Basically the banks keep track of what we have and we use the numbers to identify our accounts and to tell them, when money needs to be exchanged.” I think I might be making this worse. Ugh.

“I will make sure that you are properly compensated.” Ashton promises. I shrug.

“I’m not too worried; tonight is my treat. Oh, that means I will pay for you.” I clarify.

“Before arriving here, I believed that I understood your English language Miss Fall. After only a few minutes here, it quickly became apparent that this is not truly the case.” Ashton laughs, and I can’t help but join in.

“What language do you speak at home? And where did you learn English? Also, you can just

call me Kat.”

“We speak Faerie. I believe it is most similar to humans’ Gaelic language. I was spelled before I came here to know your local language, but many of the nuances seem to escape me.” He responds without even thinking, then the rest of my words catch up to him, and Ashton looks absolutely horrified.

“I could not possibly call you by your given name. I do not believe that we know each other well enough to be so free with our names. It would be terribly inappropriate of me to be so

casual to call you so without any kind of title.” I stare. For a guy who is sitting on my couch half naked, this is a weird thing for him to worry over. At least weird by human standards.

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“Most people here only use titles in formal settings, and generally anything more than an acquaintance will use your first name.” I pause.

“And it seems kind of odd to me that you think using my name is inappropriate but are content to walk around without a shirt on.” I can’t repress a small giggle. Ashton frowns.