

Ok back to Tasha's POV. Also I want your help. I'm thinking of writing a CarlislexEsmexTwilightxHungerGames story... would you be interested in reading it? Also, we have about one or two more chapters after this before it finishes up 😊 I know how sad :(. ***Don't worry, while I might not necessarily be writing Tasha or VA centred stories, I WILL still be writing... Enjoy though 😊***

Tasha had never felt so alone. Lying in the middle of the double bed, looking at the ceiling, she tried to stop the tears from falling.

The tears always seemed to be falling now, for one reason or another. She wiped the back of her hand across her face, imagining the smear of mascara that would appear if she'd have done that, weeks ago. The thought disappeared when a voice in her head reminded her she wouldn't have been crying at all not long ago.

Looking for some sort of reassurance that showed life really hadn't changed that much, she turned her head to the side in the hopes of hearing Ethan's deep breaths as he slept.

She couldn't hear a thing.

Instead of sleeping together like they had done every night for the past month, tonight he had chosen the couch instead. She realised she had probably hurt him when she pushed away his efforts to comfort her, but at the time, the last thing she needed was to owe Ethan even more for everything he had done for her.

How long did she have left? It couldn't be too long. Though admittedly she hadn't really kept count of the days, she was only supposed to have been in here for a week before she was executed. She only had, what, one, two days left?

All resolve strengthening under that fact alone, she gathered up her quilt and walked out to the den.

If seeing Ethan waivered any of her determination, she quickly pushed it down as she laid the quilt over Ethan and swiftly snuck under it.

The last thing she felt before falling asleep was the sensation of Ethan's arms tightening around her, pulling her close into his chest.

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The first thing she felt when she woke up was fingers, running, threading themselves, through her hair. Lips brushing along her cheek and forehead. Legs tangled in hers. Tasha moaned and sunk into the body that held hers.

“Is Tasha going to wake up today, or am I going to be stuck on this sofa all day.”

That woke her up. She opened her eyes to see that she was face to face with Ethan, a small but beautiful smile gracing his face. She nuzzled her nose with his, her body singing with the contact. “Both you and I know that you could carry me with ease if you wanted to move.”

“Mmmmm. A somewhat sarcastic comment.” He paused. “Does that mean Tasha’s back?”

Tasha grimaced. She knew she had been somewhat distant during the past week, but it hurt so much more to have him confirm it. She looked him in the eye, and tried to ignore the hurt she felt at the distant, though still pronounced, sadness in them.

“Yeah, I’m back.” She looked back down towards the blanket covering their chests.

“Sorry, Tash. That might have been a little too harsh.” He admitted.

“It wasn’t totally undeserved, though. Both you and I know it.” Tasha allowed. “Sorry.” She got up and walked towards the kitchen.

She wasn’t able to escape him and the guilt that followed fast enough; before she was half-way there, she felt his strong, muscled arms wrap around her waist, and his soft, moist lips at her neck.

“Please, Tasha, you know we don’t have long left. Let’s just, I don’t know, enjoy it. Please,” he pleaded with her, his voice breaking in the middle.

Tasha could never resist him when he asked her like that, and before she knew it, she had turned around in his arms, chin moved up towards his, anticipating the touch of his lips against hers. Just as she predicted, they pressed once, twice, three times against her own, before pulling away.

“We should probably eat.” Ethan stated before kissing her again briefly and grabbing her hand before dragging her along with him to the kitchen.

A knock brought them out of their own little world.

“Miss Ozera?” A guardian called from the open doorway. After Tasha and Ethan appeared in the hallway, he continued. “You have a visitor, thirty minutes only.”

This surprised the two of them. The last visitor any of them had was Dimitri and Rose. Maybe it was them again, Tasha thought. Or Lissa. A million possibilities ran through her and Ethan’s mind.

What name didn’t run through their minds, was the one who walked through the door.

Cliffhanger. Sorry, don’t kill me. Remember you can follow me on twitter @KatNeall, on tumblr katneall. tumblr. com or read all of my fanfics at katsfiction. blogspot. com