

Sorry for the cliffhanger I left you on last time. Sorry for such a long wait :[Enjoy.

Visitor

The last time Christian visited them, was two weeks ago.

It didn't look different by much. Just in maturity, it seemed in the two weeks that had passed since her arrest, had seen him grow. Christian no longer looked shy, or dark. He looked regal, royal. Just like Tasha had raised him.

Though that made her heart swell with pride, the expression on his face made her blood run cold.

His eyes were menacing, obviously she wasn't going to get much in here.

The silence was almost as bad so she broke it, not knowing if it would make the situation better or worse.

"Christian, how are you? I haven't seen you in so long. I..." She drifted off, not knowing what else to say.

"I've had better things to do." he said harshly. He must of seen the hurt look on his aunts face, the hand Ethan rested on her shoulder in a comforting gesture, because his expression changed to one of rage to one of contrite. "I'm sorry, its just," he looked around, "is there a place we can sit down?"

"Sure," she whispered, her voice soft. She turned on her heel and, dragging Ethan by the hand, lead the two of them into the den-like area. They took their seats, Ethan and Tasha on the loveseat and Christian on the single armchair. He took a few moments to get comfortable before he started.

"I've been assigned." Both Tasha and Ethan paused waiting for him to say something extra. When he didn't say anything Tasha prompted him.

"You've been assigned? To what, Christian?"

"The Royal Guard, the one that'll kill you."

Confusion overtook Tasha before it gave way to confusion and fear. History lessons from her school years came flooding back to her. Whenever a criminal was to be executed by their element, one member from each royal family, or a guardian, were assigned to the killing. The selected were the best in their family at whatever element was chosen, so it didn't surprise her that Christian was selected.

Once again, her fear made way for hope; maybe it would be over quicker. She knew Ethan's death would be swift, a stake through the heart by a fellow guardian. Usually with fire, the death was more drawn out. She hoped, desperately, that with Christian there that wouldn't be the case.

At a loss for what to say, she looked towards her nephew for some guidance.

"Its kind of ironic, isn't it?" Tasha looked at him in confusion. "I'll be killing the one who taught me how to use fire by burning her."

And with a kiss to her forehead, a clap to Ethan's shoulder, he got up and strode out of the room.

Slowly, she felt a smile cross her face. Ethan looked at her puzzled. "Tasha, love, what is it?"

She looked towards her mate before answering, "I'm proud of him you know. Whether it's me getting killed or not, at least he will benefit from this."

A knock at the door startled the two of them. Expecting Christian to return with something he forgot to say, they were both surprised to see Jillian at the door.

Jillian, or Jill as she preferred, strongly believed in what Tasha had taught Christian, and had even learnt some skills from the two of them. Since the truth had been revealed, she had lost a lot of trust and faith in her mentor. Why Jill was here baffled her more than Christian's arrival.

"I didn't come here to ask questions, or bond," she started out, clearly demonstrating her new-found power over the two prisoners, "I'm just here to relay a message for Queen Vasilisa." -

"Lissa's fine," Tasha interjected.

Jill took a deep breath. "Yes, Lissa. Your execution has been brought forward, due to an escalation of agitation for all of this to be over from other royals."

"What, by how far?"

"Tomorrow."

Next chapter will be the last one.

KAT NEAL