

NINE | LONDON

Aires

Henry did much better on the flight to London than he did with the flight to Johannesburg, and I think it had a lot to do with his new buddy. Indigo had never known a werewolf before, so she peppered Henry with question after question, which he patiently answered without any irritation.

It was strange having a sibling. I'd gotten so used to the idea of being an only child, and now I was a big sister. Then it hit me: what if there were more siblings out there somewhere? My father was old, hundreds of years old, so who knew how many women he had seduced, knocked up, then left destitute.

"Do you know where Wesley was just before he came to Johannesburg?" I asked Indigo, interrupting their conversation.

"Uhm, Egypt, I think? My mom told me that he'd given her a gold hieroglyphic charm the night they met. Apparently, something told him to buy it, and he knew it would be for his wife. The asshole took it with him when he left, though."

"Egypt. If London doesn't pan out, I'll have to see if Egypt can offer any clues. Obviously, he was in London at some point before he found your mom, the clothes tell us that much, so I really hope we find something on him there."

"I think we will. I'm no psychic, but something tells me that this is the beginning of the end of that chapter in my life—the chapter where I'm filled with hate and loathing. I don't want that to be who I am anymore, and I truly feel that we're going to find what we're looking for real soon, and I'll be able to move on. And move away; I want to come to California with you guys!"

"With us?" I repeated, shocked by how suddenly she'd sprung the idea on me.

"Well, not 'with you' with you; just close by. Jade City, right. That's what you said the city closest to your pack is called?" Indigo turned to Henry and asked.

"That right. But some parts can be rough, especially for a single young girl," he replied.

"Johannesburg isn't exactly Disney World, and I can take care of myself. If anything, the creeps and perverts will have to watch out for me!"

Henry chuckled, then shrugged his shoulder, offering no clue one way or another regarding where he stood on the idea.

"I thought you wanted to live in New York. Where we live is nothing like New York, at all," I reasoned.

"I know. But that was before I had a family. And I'd love to be able to meet my niece and nephew and have a relationship with them. Are they more vampire or more wolf?"

"Bella takes after me, Isaiah after his daddy," I said.

"That's so freaking adorable. See?! I've got to be a part of their lives now; New York could never offer something better than a bond with those precious little guys."

"I doubt you'd be too upset about leaving your job behind. But what about your mom's house?"

"It needs to be sold; I can use the money from it to start over in America. Besides, if my mom were still alive, I know that she'd want me to do this. She'd want me to be with my family."

"Aye! Fine! But there are going to be some ground rules in place," I announced.

"Ground rules? In an adult, Aires. And it's not like I'm going to be crashing on your couch; I'm going to be in my own space. Living by my own rules," Indigo excitedly replied. Before I could protest, she put her earphones in and began bobbing her head to the blaring music.

"She'll be fine. She's survived here by herself for the past six months and hasn't done too bad. She doesn't need another mother, Sunower; Indigo needs a big sister. There's a huge difference," Henry took my hand and said.

"But she's got that innocence and curiosity about her; what if some prick sees it and assumes that she'll be an easy target? I don't want to have to kill anyone; other than Wesley."

"You have to let her live her own life, but make sure you're there to pick her up when she falls. That's all you've got to do."

Henry was the oldest of five children, so he knew a thing or two about dealing with younger brothers and sisters. And I'd also watched Matt with his brothers, Kade with the twins, and even Xander with Kimmy. They all took the role of advisor and occasional ass-kicker, but never that of a parent. I had some learning to do.

"The first man to look at mi hermana in a way I disapprove of is going to lose his balls. I promise you this," I advised.

"I'll make sure to let the pack know; I can't have you castrating my men."

"Look! They serve sh and chips there! Can we stop?" Indigo yelled while pressing her face to the window of the cab.

"They sell sh and chips everywhere, chica! And no, we can't stop. We need to get to the hotel, then to the shop before they close. Feed your face later."

"Maybe you should feed your face; then your ass wouldn't be so bony."

"Bony?! That is a lie!" I screamed, making the taxi driver cringe and my sister laugh.

"I'm just kidding; it's incredible; I need to get mine to look like that." Indigo then turned back to the window and began snapping pictures as we passed the touristy landmarks.

When we got to the hotel, Henry checked in and retrieved our room keys while I was dragged to a small pub in the lobby.

"Please! It will be quick, and we can eat it on the way. And they have vinegar! I've always wanted to try this with vinegar! Three orders of sh and chips to go, please," she said as soon as she reached the bar. Once the transaction was completed, she turned to me and smiled.

"His accent is sexy as hell; I love a man with an accent."

"Yeah, most people tend to melt a bit when they hear someone who speaks a little different than they do. I would make mine extra thick when I was still working and trying to pull information out of some horny man. It worked every time."

"Henry has an accent; it's beautiful."

"Does he? I think you're hearing things," I replied.

"It's very Californian. Besides, I've grown up in South Africa my entire life, so any American would have an accent to me.

There was no way to dispute her logic, so I shrugged and pulled up the address to the clothing store to see how far away it was.

"They close in two hours, so we should have enough time to get there and get what we need. I don't necessarily need to visit any addresses that may have tonight, but I want to be able to research them so that we can start ticking them off the list tomorrow," I explained.

"That sounds like a good plan to me. Can I help? What can I do?"

"Well, you can use that sweet South African accent and beautiful face and body of yours and work some magic. There will probably be multiple people working, and since the shop caters more to men, my guess would be the associates are likely male too. Make them give you what we want."

"Aires?! Are you pumping our your little sister? For information?!" Indigo asked with an over the top gasp.

"Si. Now get your food, and let's go; Mi Amor is waiting for us."

Indigo grabbed the bag the bartender passed over the counter, and I had to admit that when I smelled it, my stomach did loudly rumble. It smelled incredible, and I would enjoy every bite, even if I didn't tell my sister that.

We all went up to the room Henry and I would share to eat and iron out our plan when we made it to the shop. Indigo had to take a thousand pictures of her food and a few selfies of her taking the first staged bite before she could actually enjoy her meal.

"I have to keep my Twitter feed and the goodness, or my followers will wonder what's happened to me. I usually post once a day, every day, and when I don't, it's anarchy," she explained before drenching her plate with vinegar.

She groaned when the fork touched her tongue, then wholly got lost in a world of beer-battered deliciousness.

"It looks like it's just you and me, handsome. I don't think she's going to speak another word to us before that plate is empty," I joked.

"I'm almost in the same place; this is some of the best sh I've ever had, but I'll help with the plan. What have we got, Sunower?"

"I think we should go in under the guise of getting a few suits for you. We could see how they handle new clients, and if there is a book they keep with contact information. Money talks, and if they think we're about to spend a ton of it, I'm sure we can get all the info we need," I said as I crunched into a chip.

"Can I really get the suits? I could use something nice for the wedding, and I can't remember the last time I went to a tailor. Oh, that's right, never," Henry laughed.

"Am I allowed to see the suit before the wedding day? Isn't there some rule that says I can't?" I asked.

"No, the rule says I can't see your dress; you can see whatever you want."

"Oh! Then, yes! It will make everything that much more believable, and I get to help pick what you'll be wearing on the best day of my life. It's perfect," I gushed, totally in love with my man.

"You two are sickening, sweet, but so sickening. Did you taste the chips with ketchup and vinegar? It's like a flavor explosion," Indigo interjected before she stuffed more food in her mouth.

"It looks like you were wrong; she'll speak if it's about the food or to toss out an insult. She really is your sister, isn't she?" Henry laughed.

"I think that was a jab at me and my interpersonal skills, but I'll let it slide because you're so sexy. Finish eating so we can get going; I'm ready to see my man all dolled up."