

The Little Spoon: A *Breath* Fan Fiction
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Author's Note: Font changes indicate that a different character is now the narrator. Lucas is this font. **Jon is this one.**

PART FOUR

"So, where have you been?" Siren asked, sitting down across the table from me. I sighed. "School. My other job. Mostly my apartment, though."
"Listen, I talked to Carl today..." She said.
I looked up, startled.
"So you know about...?"
"Yeah. I don't know if it's worth anything, but he's been really upset about it ever since."
I closed my eyes and rubbed my temples.
"Why did he do it?" I asked, softly.
"What, honey?"
"*Why did he do it?*" I cried, covering my face with my hands so she couldn't see the tears that were starting to fall. "Why did he rape me?"
I heard her get up, and a second later I felt her arms around my shoulders as she gave me a hug.
"Bastian, I'm sorry, we really don't know yet. Even Carl doesn't know. Emily's with him now, trying to figure out whether the spell she put on him had anything to do with it. We'll know in a few days, but he only told me about it this morning, and I haven't been home since."
I leaned against her shoulder, still crying.
"If you want to press charges against him, I'll forgive you. What he did was wrong on so many levels. He's not going to walk away from this smelling like roses, but I think it would mean a lot to him if he could talk to you about it."
"You really think he wants to talk?" I asked, bitterly. "He doesn't just want to tear me apart again?"
"Bastian, I know he seems like an irresponsible, immature jerk a lot of the time, but when things get serious like this I've always known him to step up and do the right thing. He was talking about *killing himself* over this at breakfast this morning. I think it's safe to say he won't try anything again. But, if you'd feel better, Emily and I will be there."
I sighed.
"I guess I can go talk to him. As hurt as I am by what he did, I'd feel even worse if he committed suicide because of it."
Siren smiled at me, although her face was still worried.
"Are you sure?"
"Yeah, I think so," I said, "I just want to get it over with."
"Okay then. I'll go get the car. Why don't you go tell Lucas and Jon that you're going with me."
"Yeah."

"Hey, guys?" I said, knocking gently on their door.
A few moments later Jon answered it, his face a little flushed.
"Yeah?" He asked, wiping some sweat off his forehead, "what's up?"
"Um, I'm going to Siren's place for a bit. I'll be back in an hour or two, I think."
"Um, okay. We might not be up then, so let me give you my key so you can let yourself in." He disappeared for a few seconds, and came back, holding out the key.
"The big one unlocks the deadbolt, and the smaller one lets you turn the knob," He said.
"Thanks. I'll see you in the morning then."
"Good night."

"You sure you're ready to do this?" Siren asked as we pulled through the gateway that led to the marina.

"I don't know. I guess so."

She stopped the car next to her boat and switched off the engine.

"Come on then."

We got out, and I followed her down the steps to the dock where her houseboat was moored. I began to get nervous as we stepped on board, my hands beginning to sweat in my pockets as she opened the sliding door that led to the main lounge.

Inside it was brightly lit and less messy than usual. Emily was sitting on the sofa folding laundry, and Carl was lurking in the kitchenette, washing dishes. Both of them looked up at the sound of Siren's footsteps, and Carl almost dropped the plate he was washing when he saw me walking behind her.

"Hey," Siren said, looking from Emily to Carl and back, "I thought it was time these two had a talk."

Emily nodded.

"Yes, it might be for the best."

Siren looked back at Carl, and beckoned to him.

"Come on Carl. You said you wanted to talk to him, so I brought him here. The least you can do is have a civil conversation."

He nodded, put down the plate, came around the counter, and sat down on the floor, across the coffee table from Emily.

"Siren, let's go to your room. Give the boys some space," Emily suggested, getting up. "We'll be in Siren's room if you need us."

Siren turned and looked back at me.

"You going to be okay, Bastian?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"All right."

She followed Emily out. I waited before I heard the door click shut behind them before moving, taking Emily's vacated seat on the sofa.

We sat in silence for what felt like ages. I didn't know how to start, so I just waited for him to speak, but it seemed he was doing the same thing.

Finally, he heaved a deep sigh and began.

"Bastian... I'm sorry."

I looked up at him. He looked terrible, his eyes sunken and dark, his hair matted and tangled, his skin pale.

"I... There's no excuse for what I did. Emily keeps telling me it's because she messed up the spell she put on me, but it was still my fault, and I hate myself for it."

"Can you tell me why you did it?" I asked, trying my best to look him in the eye, despite the enormous temptation to just look down at my feet.

He was the first to look away, hanging his head in shame as he spoke.

"I... I couldn't stop dreaming about you." He said, softly. "At first I thought it was just Em messing with me, trying to make me even more miserable. But when I told her off she said it wasn't her, and that she needed to do some research to find out why it was happening." He sighed.

"Neither of us thought it was anything serious at the time, but when she left to go see her teacher they got a lot worse. Before long I was having daydreams about you too."

He shook his head in frustration.

"I started to think you were watching me whenever I was in Payne's. I swear, I could *feel* your eyes on me, even when my back was turned." He said, massaging his temples. "By then, I wanted you so badly I thought I was going to explode. I was hard *all the time*, and I couldn't stop thinking and dreaming about what you'd be like in bed..." He looked up at me again, his face flushed with embarrassment.

"Then, that night, when it happened... I was just sitting around, trying to have a conversation with the guys, and you come over to tell us to leave, and I suddenly knew I couldn't stand another

day. I told the others I was going to stay and help you close up, and then I sneaked back to the kitchen and..." he trailed off, looking up at me with miserable eyes.

"And you raped me right there on the counter." I said, bluntly.

He looked away.

"Yeah..." he sighed. "When I ditched the others, I was just thinking about... I don't know... smothering you in burning kisses and confessing my undying love, or something like that." He looked back at me. "I know you don't believe it, but I really was. But then, as soon as I touched you, it was like my brain shut down. I... I barely remember the rest of it. I just remember coming to my senses realizing what I'd done. I was... horrified with myself. I just ran. I just zipped up and ran away, and left you there on the floor. I didn't even check to see if you were conscious. And I hate myself for it. *You* probably hate me for it."

"Carl, I don't hate you." I said, looking down at my hands..

"You don't?" He sounded surprised.

"No, I don't."

"Why not?"

I looked up. He had a strange look in his eye that made me a little nervous.

"Well, you *tried* to do the right thing. You *wanted* to, even if you couldn't. That counts for something."

"Really?"

"Well, I think so," I thought for a moment. "As long as we're being honest with each other, I think I would have been okay with being smothered in burning kisses."

He did a double take.

"Wait! Really?"

I blushed.

"Well... Yeah."

"Shit. I blew it." He said, throwing his hands up in the air and letting himself fall backwards. "I had one chance to make it work and I blew it all to hell with my over-active balls!"

"Carl..."

"No, don't bother. I'll just go throw myself overboard now, if that's all right."

He got up and started towards the door. Realizing I had to do something, I jumped to my feet, ran around the coffee table, and threw myself full force onto Carl's back, knocking him flat to the ground with a loud crash.

Almost immediately, the door to Siren's room flew open and both of them ran out to see what the trouble was.

"Bastian! Are you okay?" Emily said, hauling me to my feet.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I was just stopping Carl from throwing himself overboard." I said, "Everything's fine, really."

"Well, if you say so..." She said, looking at Carl skeptically.

"Yeah, I do. We'll be fine."

"Okay..."

She and Siren left again, shooting glances at us until the door closed behind them.

"Come on Carl, we're going to finish our talk," I said, prodding him gently with my foot. "Come on over and sit down."

He groaned and got up, shaking his head.

"Man, why'd you have to hit me so hard?"

"Why'd you freak out and threaten to drown yourself?"

He didn't answer that, but followed me over to the couch and sat down, next to me this time.

"Carl, I want to give you another chance," I said, looking him straight in the eye. "You made a mistake, and you did something terrible, but I believe you when you say that the spell was driving you. And we're friends, so I think I can forgive it if you're willing to work to make up for it."

"I never knew you considered us friends."

"Oh believe me, if you weren't a friend, you'd have been thrown in jail a month ago."

"You said something about making it up to you." He said, looking down at his hands. "What did you have in mind?"

"Well, in the long run, I want you to take advantage of that second chance I'm giving you. You can start by taking me out for a dinner date next Saturday."

"An in the short run...?"

"I get to kick you in the balls."

He gulped.

"What, right now?"

"Before I go. That's all the warning you get."

"Great. Tackled and then kicked in the balls in the same night..."

"Oh, yeah, one last thing."

"What?"

"No burning kisses until the third date. Sorry."

He sighed.

"Okay, I promise I'll behave."

"Siren! Emily! You can come back in now," I called, getting up and motioning for Carl to stand too.

"So, how'd it go?" Emily asked, smiling.

"Fine. I think it's safe to say we'd both like to move on with our lives now. Carl's taking me out to dinner next Saturday, and I'm getting a bit of revenge too..."

Her eyes narrowed. "What kind of revenge?"

"Carl?" I said, raising my eyebrows at him.

He sighed and spread his legs slightly, looking up at the ceiling, his eyes screwed shut.

"I don't understand," Siren said. "How is making him stand in a silly position 'revenge?'"

"Like this!" I said, taking two steps forward and sinking my right foot into Carl's balls.

"AAAUGHHH!!!" He yelled, doubling over and collapsing in a heap on the floor.

Siren let out a peal of laughter and Emily grinned as I knelt down next to Carl and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

"You can pick me up at Payne's at 8:00 sharp next Saturday." I whispered in his ear, "I'm looking forward to it."

I straightened up and grabbed my coat from the back of a nearby chair.

"Come on, Siren. It's time I got back."

"Yeah, sure," she said, still giggling. "I'll grab my keys."

I walked to the door and turned to say one last thing.

"Oh, and Carl? Wear a tie."

"So, will I see you at work tomorrow?" Siren asked as we drove back to Lucas' house.

"Yeah. I'll be in at 6:00, like normal."

"It'll be good to have you back."

"Yeah."

She didn't say anything more for a few minutes, then: "What was that you said to Carl before we left? About wearing a tie?"

"Oh! He's taking me out to dinner after my shift on Saturday." I said. "I decided to give him a second chance."

"Are you sure that's a good idea Bastian? After what happened last time we left you alone with him..."

"I think so. We won't really be alone anyway. We'll be in a restaurant with loads of people."

"Okay. If you're sure...?"

"Yeah, I am. I think we both want a second chance to make this work out."

We pulled up at the curb outside of Lucas' house, and I got out.

"Don't worry about it Siren. I'll be fine. I'll see you tomorrow."

I shut the door behind me and trudged through the snow to Lucas' front door. It was still open, so I went in, leaving Jon's keys on the table that stood by the door.

"Bastian? Is that you?" Maya called from the kitchen.

"Yeah. I'm back." I said, following her voice. She was sitting at the kitchen table in her pajamas, drinking some tea from a mug.

"Hey. Emily just called me and told me about the deal with Carl."

“Oh.”

“Listen, if you need someone to talk to...”

I shook my head.

“Actually, I’m fine. We sorted it all out. He’s even taking me out to dinner next Saturday.”

“Oh! Bastian, honey; are you sure that’s a good idea?”

“Yeah, I think so. Like I told Siren just a minute ago, we both want a second chance to make things work.”

She sighed.

“Well, all right, but you’re not going without a chaperone.”

“Why not?” I said, confused.

“Bastian, you’re very mature for your age, but you’re still only nineteen. I just don’t feel comfortable leaving you alone with him, and I’m sure Emily and Siren would agree with me.”

I sighed. “So you’re going to stalk us on our date?”

She shook her head.

“No, I won’t. I’m going to ask Lucas and Jonathan to go.” She said. “You’d be more comfortable if it was the two of them rather than Siren or I, right?”

“Yeah, I guess so...”

END PART FOUR