

## Chapter 18

### I Can't Let You Mark Her

Sebastian

“You may now kiss the bride.”

The words that I have dreaded to hear since this day started. I don't do kisses. Never have, never will.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not a virgin. I fuck, but that's the extent of it. My mouth doesn't go anywhere near women or their body parts. Kissing Red on the cheek is the furthest I've gone with having my mouth on any woman. Miranda included.

The joyful guests cheer on, wanting Red and I to give them a show. A show that's not going to fucking happen. I stare at her. Her eyes are wide in panic and mouth is open. As if she has been caught like a deer in headlights. She doesn't know what to do. She stares back at me waiting for my signal.

Wrapping one arm around her waist and the other at the back of her head. I swing her around so that my back is facing the guest. From this angle, I've blocked their view and that suits me just fine.

I dip my head. Instead of kissing her lips, I kiss her neck. With how short she is and how tall I am.

People won't be able to tell that I haven't kissed her like I should. Their happy cheer confirms that they believe in the farce.

A tremor travels through her entire body. Making me frown. I don't like that. Because it means she's reacting to the kiss.

"Red" I murmur in warning. Making her jump a little. Her eyes turn to look at me in something close to guilt. Or is it an apology?

"Sorry" she murmurs. Her eyes shifting nervously.

A part of me thinks this is a bad fucking idea. Lauren seems like the type to fall in love easily. To give her heart readily. In this case it's stupid because she would just be hurt. Again. My heart can't beat ever again. It's already dead.

So many women have tried reviving it. They all failed and ended up with shattered hearts. I warned her about falling in love with me. If she has any sense she'll fucking heed to the damn warning.

I let go of her and turn. Putting my mask back on while holding her small hands in mine. The guests are still cheering. Most are business associates. While some are pack members and neighboring packs.

The rest of my pack is back on our land preparing for the mating ceremony.

We walk down the aisle as flowers rain down on us. If it wasn't for the fact this was necessary someone would already have lost their heads. I honestly don't understand why women love this mushy shitty stuff. It's fucking disgusting.

The wedding reception isn't that far off. So we headed there. The happy chatter surrounding us is fucking nauseating and I'm dying to have this day over and done with.

"Congrats Bash" Micah claps me on the back once we are seated. He has a big fucking smile. I don't know what the hell he was so happy about. He knew that this wasn't real.

He's the only one who can get away with clapping me on the back. And not always. We have known each other since we were pups. Our parents were best of friends and we just clicked. We've been inseparable since.

"Thanks." I force a smile.

Fuck! This was fucking exhausting. I hate every minute of it.

He turns to Red kissing her hand. "You're a breath of fresh air my Luna. Welcome to the fold."

"Thank you Micah." Lauren replies. Smiling like the happiest of brides. Everyone watching would believe that she was indeed a happy bride but I can see through it. I see the tension rocking her body.

Everyone soon settles down and the reception begins.

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It was night time by the time the human celebration ended. We had to perform the ritual before we could call it a day. Something I've been craving since this morning. It took a lot for me to keep up the farce. Usually in this type of celebration I didn't have to. With this one though, I had to make it look real.

There had been a lot of dancing and singing. Of course I hadn't taken part in it. Allowing Red to indulge for the both of us. She danced away with the kids, Claire and her mate. She also engaged anyone who had asked for a dance. We had danced together as was expected of us but I mostly kept myself a part.

I was glad Jax had enjoyed himself. That finally he could get a real mom. Not the pathetic excuse of a female Miranda was. The day was coming to an end. Which would bring another problem. Red living with us.

I had no idea what to fucking do with her. I preferred my women submissive and obedient. Lauren was the fucking opposite of that. She was trouble with a capital T. Fang likes her though. He likes the challenge of taming her. Of bringing her to heel. He is a dominant fucker but so am I.

We now stand in a clearing in my pack borders. Elder John, who also happens to be my uncle, is to oversee this ceremony.

The women of my pack had taken Red to change once we arrived. She was now out of her wedding gown and was wearing a simple sundress. Her hair was now down.

“Let’s begin.” John starts.

Red and I turn to face each other. We were surrounded by family and also my pack members.

John starts an incantation but I don’t pay much attention. I’ve done this before and it has not ended well. Remembering what that bitch Miranda did makes me want to hunt her down and rip out her fucking heart. I wasn’t going to do that though. No, I was going to bid my time. Destroy her slowly by slowly. Until there was nothing of her left.

She might think that she got away scot-free but she was fucking wrong. She was going to rue the day she met me.

“Make a cut on your palms and join them together.” elder John instructs. Bringing me back to the present.

We do as we’re told. Lauren stares at me unsure before placing her palm in mine. The sheer current that passes through as is new. I didn’t feel anything like this during my mating ceremony with Miranda. I clamp my teeth hard. Deciding to ignore whatever it is I just felt.

Looking at Red I see that she felt the same damn thing. Her wide eyes that were frozen in surprise were a clear give away.

John continues with the incantations. Facing the full moon. Praying to the moon goddess that our union would be blessed. I inwardly snort at that. Our union will be anything but blessed. It was just a means to an end for both of us.

“It’s now done. You may now mark her as yours. Let the goddess and your pack witness as you join your soul to hers. As she becomes yours and you become hers. As you become one.”

I let go of Red’s hand and wrap my arm around her tiny waist. Bringing her close to me. With my other hand I move her hair out of the way. Then nibble at the area that was going to bear my mark. I feel her shiver. Just as I was about to sink my fangs. I hear gasps then an annoying voice.

“I can’t let you mark her Seb.” Miranda’s voice cuts in. It’s grating and annoying as fuck. I groan.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me!” Red shouts. Pissed off.

“Leave.” I command. Pinning her with a cold glare.

If it wasn’t for the fact I wanted the bitch to suffer. I would have already ended her pathetic life a long time ago.

“No! I refuse to let you mark her.” the fear I had seen inside her eyes moments ago is now gone.

Determination taking its place.

“Arrggh!” Lauren screams before stalking towards Claire.

She grabs the phone Claire was probably taking pictures before dialing a number.

“You have ten seconds to come get your fucking mate before I rip her head from her shoulders.” She growls into the phone. Her posture stiff and eyes glowing.

I smirk. Things were about to get interesting.