

## Chapter 26

### Krystal's Premonition

Sebastian

"Anything yet?" I ask, staring at my beta referring to the case currently burning my brain's nervous system.

Two more bodies have been found and so far no one can tell me anything. We first thought that the killer was hunting humans only, but the two recent bodies were werewolves. They're switching things up. So far the body toll has risen to twelve and we still don't have a damn clue to guide in catching the killer.

I've just gotten back from work and I had a pounding headache. I look around and notice Lauren wasn't around which was weird, given that she is usually home from work before me. Right now she would be in the living room playing some stupid game with the kids. She made sure to cook dinner every day before tucking the kids to bed each night without fail.

Miranda never ever fucking bothered to cook our meals. Or even to look after her own son. She always relegated the tasks to the omega who was working for me. Saying that's what she was paid to do. The only thing the bitch did the whole day was spend my hard earned money.

Thinking about her makes me ball my fist. The need to hit something driving me ballistic. Fang growls in my head sharing the same thought with me. I honestly wouldn't mind ending her pathetic life and feeding her carcasses to the rogues.

"Let's talk in your office." Micah answers, his voice grim.

"Go ahead. I'll meet you there." I reply, before heading to the kitchen.

I find Monica preparing dinner. She's an Omega who has been with me for years and is about the sweetest woman I know. Jax views her as his grandmother in every fucking way. Since Miranda's parents were just like their daughter and my parents were no more.

"Is my mate back from work?"

She shakes her head. "She's not back yet. Krys really wanted to talk her...She sounded desperate."

My eyebrows draw together at that. Krystal has been living with us since we came back to the city two weeks ago. Darren made the right decision to ask Lauren to stay with her. As I hear, the fucking bastard does nothing but get drunk and mop around like the fucking pussy he was.

"Did she why she wanted to talk to her mom?"

"No sir." she shakes her head again.

I groan at her. "How many times will I tell you to stop calling me sir?"

She doesn't reply, just gives me a playful smile. She was around sixty years old and her mate Dan was my personal driver.

My mind turns back to the issue at hand.

"Where are Krystal and Jax?"

Something must have been off because I've not seen her cry since she came to live with us. And the fact that she kept asking for Lauren was also weird.

"Krystal cried herself to sleep and Jax fell asleep trying to comfort her." she replies with sadness in her voice. It's so clear that she cared for Krystal. Even though she has only know the girl for a short time.

I ask her to let me know once they're awake before leaving. I head to my office and find Micah going through the reports. I've pushed everything aside to focus on catching this killer. My company was being managed by my VP so I knew it was in capable hands.

"Fuck, I still can't get over how gory and bloody these images are...However did this, very much enjoyed killing his or her victims." he puts the pictures back on my desk.

"There's no fucking way the killer is a woman. The damage caused is too great to be done by one. Even the pathologist that examined the bodies thinks so. We're looking for a man around a hundred and eighty-five pounds."

I hated how this case had us running in fucking circles. The thing that puzzled us most is that there is no scent near or around the scenes. How is it possible to kill someone and leave nothing behind?

Today we had a council meeting and agreed that we were now dealing with a fucking serial killer.

“We tried looking at CCTV cameras but there were none in the area. So either this guy was lucky or he was fucking clever and only killed in areas that had no cameras.” Micah said. His hands fisted.

This whole thing was driving us crazy. Putting everyone on edge. We have not released any announcement to the public yet. But if the killings continue we will have to warn our people.

A small knock interrupts us.

“Come in.”

Jax walks in first. Holding Krystal who had swollen eyes and looked scared to death. Her eyes kept shifting from me to Micah and then to the room.

“Dad, can we talk to you...Krys needs help.” Jax says, looking at me pleadingly.

I turn to look at the girl. She shrinks back into herself. As if she was afraid of me. I haven't given her any reason to be afraid of me but I haven't exactly gone out of my way to interact with her also. Micah kicks me

under the table and I was about to curse him. When I realized I still had the frown on my face.

I force my face to relax. “Come here princess” I tell her gently.

She looks at Jax as if asking him if it was okay to do that.

“It’s okay Krys...My dad won’t hurt you and neither will uncle Micah. I promise that they’re the good guys.” he assures her and she nods. My heart warms at the trust and love in his voice.

She lets go of Jax's hands. Then she tentatively takes a step towards my desk. I hold my arm out to her patiently as she walks slowly towards me. When she reaches me she looks at my hand unsure before placing hers on mine.

I gently pull her to me then lift her up and place her on my lap.

“What did you want to tell me princess?” I ask just as Jax climbs on Micah’s lap.

Tears start streaming down her face. My heart clenches at that. I wipe her tears away but they keep falling. I place her head on my shoulder and let her cry. She was soaking my shirt but I didn’t fucking mind.

When she’s done, she lifts her head. I push her hair behind her ears and she stares at me. Behind her black eyes I can see something. Something ancient. Something beyond her years but I just can’t tell what is.

“What did you want to tell me Krystal? What did you need help with?”

She draws in a breath before speaking. Her voice really small. “I need your help saving mommy. I think she’s in trouble.”

Fuck. That’s not what I expected her to say. And what the hell did she mean by she thinks Lauren is in trouble?

“What makes you think so sweetheart?” Micah beats me to it.

“Because I saw it. When I was taking a nap at school today. I had a nightmare of someone wearing black hitting mommy on the back of the head as she was walking to her car. He carried her away and I woke up.” she says, completely terrified.

Fresh tears start falling down her face. “Can you help her? I tried calling daddy with my teacher’s phone but he wouldn’t pickup...I’m scared for mommy.”

I stare at her not knowing what to fucking tell her. She was scared out of her freaking mind. But I could also tell there was no way she would believe that it was just that. Just a nightmare. The only thing I could do was ease her worries and that started with calling Red. I was going to fucking spank her for worrying her daughter.

“Okay baby. Let’s first call your mom, okay?” I gently ask her and she nods her head. Then she leans forward and places her head on my chest.

I rub her back gently as I dial Red’s number. It goes straight to voicemail. I try again and I get the same results. I frown. Since I’ve known her, her phone has never been off. Something wasn’t right.

“Do you know your Aunt Claire’s number?” I ask her.

Without her moving off my chest, she recites the number almost in a robotic tone. I look down at her as I dial Claire’s number. She looks so fucking lost and I hated that seeing that look on her face.

“Hello?” she picks up on the second ring.

“Claire, this is Sebastian. Is Lauren with you?”

There’s a pause and some rustling before she answers seemingly shocked that I was asking for Lauren. Which made me fucking nervous.

“Why would she be with me at this time? I’m still at the office and she left a couple of hours ago after an altercation with Darren. She told me she was coming home to rest.”

For some reason my heart starts beating wildly. This didn’t sound good. Not at all. Micah must have seen the worry on my face. I will deal with the issue with Darren later. For now I needed to know where she was.

“What is it?” Micah mouthed and I hold my fingers up to signal to give me a fucking moment.

“How long ago was that?” I ask her.

“About three or four hours ago...didn’t she come home?” her voice was starting to sound worried.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! This was definitely not good.

“No she didn’t ...listen I need you to do me a favor. Check if her car is still there” I tell her remembering what Krystal said earlier.

If Krystal is right then Lauren’s car would still be in the parking lot.

“Okay, give me a moment.”

I hear more rustling and then a door opening and closing. I drum my fingers against the desk, different scenarios plaguing my damn mind. I look down at Krystal to find her asleep. Jax was playing games on Micah’s phone. This felt like the longest wait of my fucking life.

Claire’s gasp brings me back to the present.

“Sebastian? Lauren’s car is still here.” she says before pain consumes her voice “but her things are scattered on the ground and there’s blood.”

“Whose blood is it?” I ask even though I already fucking knew.

“Lauren’s.” she whispers in fear.

Fuck. Krystal's dream wasn't just a nightmare. It was a fucking premonition.