

## Chapter 37

### No Clues Left Behind

I collapse on the chair outside the house, completely exhausted. It was now late at night and the stars were out. Blinking at me in accusation. It was past eleven o'clock and I spent the entire time juggling between watching Krystal's progress and making sure that Jax was taken care of.

He was distraught when he came to see Krystal and saw the bandages covering her back. He still carried the shadows of what happened. Still carried the guilt even though I tried assuring him that none of what happened was his fault. My only prayer was that seeing Krystal recover will help him get past the guilt.

I made sure that he had eaten and bathed before reading him a story. To which he fell asleep halfway through it. I woke Krystal up three hours later, gave her some soup and her medication. She was incoherent though and soon enough she went back to sleep.

Sebastian had disappeared after the doctor left, after making sure both kids were good. He said that he was going to find out how three men were able to trespass into his land and drug Jax, then hurt Krystal and max. He wanted to know how the hell those on patrol hadn't been able to sense them.

I lean back against the chair and close my eyes. My tears threatening to fall but I refuse to allow them to. I've cried more than enough today. What I needed to do was find out who was after me because whoever it was just crossed the line by going after my daughter.

I hear footsteps but I don't open my eyes. I can tell it's Sebastian. His scent is uniquely his.

I thought that he would ignore me and enter the house but he sat on the chair next to me. Making me open my eyes.

"Did you find anything?" I ask, just to break the silence.

"Yes," he sighs. "All the guards were completely unconscious."

He continues, his hands fisted on his laps. "They don't know anything nor do they remember how they ended up in that state."

"How is that possible?"

The wind blows, cooling my hot skin. I just didn't understand how that could have happened.

Sebastian's warriors were the best of the best. So how was it possible for them to be defeated so easily?

"We don't know yet and that's what Hunter is trying to figure out now. I'm at a loss on how three men could render twelve of my best warriors unconscious. We don't even know what they used or how they used it." he growls in frustration, his hands fisted.

I understand how he feels. For a dominant alpha male like Sebastian, this was a big blow to him. He boasts of having the best warriors and the best security. Yet these men, whoever they are, were able to get past it. It's even worse for him that a child, his step child , got hurt in the process.

I close my eyes again. Trying to stop the nausea that was attempting to overtake me. The images of Krystal wounded and bleeding keep replaying in my mind like a broken record. I couldn't stop them and with each image, I feel like I have been stabbed.

I should have called them inside when I got home. Told them that it was getting late. Instead, I put my need before theirs and while I was busy chasing my orgasm like a fucking selfish bitch, they were being attacked. I hate myself for that.

I can only imagine how it must have been terrifying for Jax and Krystal. How she was scared out of her mind when they dragged her into the forest.

Blue tries to comfort me but I push her back. Refusing to listen to her assurance. Krystal could have been raped, she could have been murdered and it would have been my fault. This guilt I was feeling was my punishment for not being careful with them.

A sob makes it's way from my throat and I can no longer hold back the tears. I cover my face with my hands in guilt and shame. Not being able to face Sebastian.

“Hey, it's okay. She's now safe and we are going to find who did this,” he tells me softly.

He pulls my hands from my face and holds it in his. Squeezing it in comfort. While his thumb rubs my palm.

“But this was my fault. I am the reason why Jax was drugged and Max and Krystal were hurt.” I sob.

Feeling like my heart was being torn.

“It wasn’t your fault Red,” he insists fiercely.

That makes me angry, because a part of me wanted him to blame. I stand up and start pacing. If I had just told him that day. If I had just opened my mouth then we wouldn’t be in this situation.

“It is.” I shout hysterically. “That day when I woke up after being kidnapped. I heard someone in the forest when I was coming back. They were chasing me. After you came and found me I heard them howl. When it seemed that you didn’t hear or sense anything, I assumed that I was being paranoid. That I had imagined the whole thing.”

I stand still and face him. I wanted to see the anger and contempt in his eyes. “If only I had told you. Maybe we could have prevented all these from happening.”

I waited for an outburst. For him to rip me a new for being so careless and risking our kids. He doesn’t do that. Instead, he does something that I never expected him to do.

He grabs me and pulls me onto his lap. At first, I stiffen afraid that he would realize what he just did and he would push me off his lap. When

that doesn't happen, I sag and relax into his warmth. I lay my head on his shoulder. His enticing scent calming me.

"I admit that it was fucking stupid of you not to tell me what happened." he begins and I stiffen. But what he says next puts me at ease. "It's still not your fault though. None of it is. So, stop blaming yourself."

I heave a sigh of relief. I had no idea just how much a bigger part of me wanted to hear him say that until he did. Having him tell me it wasn't my fault even after I told him everything, relieves some of the guilt I was feeling.

I was a mess. Here I am wanting him to blame but also wanting him to assure me that it wasn't my fault.

"What we should do now is focus on how we are going to nail whoever this person is." he says, his thick voice, rumbling through the walls of his chest.

I focus on his neck. It calls to me and I get the urge to place a kiss where his pulse beats. I take control of my emotions. Knowing very well that if I did that it would shatter whatever was happening between us now.

I force myself to focus on the conversation at hand. "At least we now know it's a she. That's a start."

He nods his head. "You're sure you have no enemies? One desperate and hateful enough to hurt Krystal in her plans to get to you."

“None, none I can think of anyway. The only one I can say that hates me is Miranda. Or maybe one of the women you’ve slept with before. I can totally see one of them going after me. After all Miranda hates me because I’m mated to you and according to her you’re hers.” I snort just as I feel him stiffen when I mention the women he slept with.

“Chill down, will you?” I say, raising my head from his shoulder. “Whoever you’ve slept with before we mated isn’t my business. As long as you remain faithful and none of them cause drama then we are good.”

I stare into his eyes and for a moment they swallow me into their depths. He shakes his head breaking the connection that had both of us in a trance.

“I don’t think any of them would be capable of masterminding something so elaborate. Plus this feels personal, something that goes beyond mere jealousy.”

I clear my throat. “You have no idea what a jealous and obsessive ex is capable of. The lengths they could go to just to get what they want.”

We sit in silence for a minute. Both of us lost in our own thoughts.

“What I don’t get though is why there is no new scent around. There is no trace of their scent so we have nothing to work with,” he says, his jaw hard and set. “The only other incident I have encountered where there is no scent, is with the serial killer.”

I freeze. Feeling like I have just been hit by a trailer. “You think they may be related?”

I was afraid of the answer. Sebastian has been studying this case for a while now. If he thought that what happened today and what has been happening with the murders is somehow connected then it was serious.

“No, I don’t...the serial killer never leaves anyone alive and he has never attacked a child. I was just pointing out the similarity in the absence of their scents.”

I breathe a sigh of relief. My heartbeat goes down just a little bit.

“Even if they are not related, it’s still disturbing that some wolves have found a way to hide their scents. No wonder the warriors weren’t able to sense them. Packs would be attacked without them even knowing that an enemy had entered their lands until it’s too late.”

He groans before lifting me off his lap and planting me on the chair I had vacated earlier. I don’t say a word. It seemed his comforting mood was now gone.

“I need to make some calls. See if I can dig something up.” he says while walking towards the door leading to the house.

“Okay.”

I turn to look at the field. Already feeling cold and alone now that I wasn’t in the comfort of his arms.

How strange is that?

“Red?”

I swivel my head to look at him. “Yeah?”

“Thank you for what you did for Jax. Comforting him and reassuring him.” he says, his eyes drilling into mine.

He was trying to communicate something else but I didn’t know what exactly. Given his emotions kept shifting too fast. I don’t answer him. Instead, I smile at him.

I’m awarded with something precious. Something that I have never seen, even in magazines. His smile. And damn does he have a beautiful panty dropping smile.