

Chapter 38

If You Ever Attack My Mate...

“My back itches.” Krystal complains, trying to scratch her back.

“Don’t do that, it will remove the stitches. If it itches just let it be, it means it’s healing.” I explain to her what the doctor told me, while grabbing her hand.

I was worried at first when she told me that. But after consulting with Doctor John, he told me not to worry. What I had to do was to make sure that she didn’t remove her stitches.

It’s been hectic these past couple of days with Krystal confined to the house. Jax still went to school but Krystal had to stay since her wounds weren’t fully healed.

Taking care of a sick child wasn’t easy, but taking care of a wounded and bored child was harder. There were times when she threw a tantrum and every time I prayed for patience. Understanding that she only did that because she was in pain.

“I’m bored.”

I sigh tiredly. “We can watch TV. Maybe one of your favorite cartoons.” I suggest.

“But I have watched all of them, over and over again.” she snaps at me.

I haven’t been to work since she was attacked. My priorities were with her. It was honestly starting to alarm me at the number of times I have had to miss work these past few months.

I was thinking of cancelling our fashion show. Because with everything that was going on I haven’t had the time to come up with a design. Not to mention, at the moment my creativity well was as dry as the Sahara desert.

“Can I please go outside? Even if it’s just for a little while.” she pleads.

I want to refuse. Tell her it’s better for her to stay in bed, but the tears swimming in her eyes undo me.

A few minutes or so won’t hurt anyone. Besides, I’ll be with her the entire time.

I help her out of bed and slowly descend the stairs, careful not to injure her back. On my way out I take a picnic blanket which I lay down on the grass.

It was sunny and the weather was warm. Maybe the fresh air would help her shake off the sadness that was slowly eating her.

We sit on the grass and she takes a deep breath. “This feels so good mommy.”

She has her head facing the sun. A smile on her face. She looks peaceful and free. I take out my phone and take a picture of her like that. I save it as my wallpaper.

“So what do you want to do?” I ask her.

“Nothing. Just to sit here on the grass and just drink lemonade.” she replies, her eyes still closed.

As if she has been summoned. Monica appears with a pitcher of lemonade and two glasses. She places them beside us before pouring Krystal hers.

“Thank you, Monica.” I say when she is about to leave.

She smiles at me. “Anything for you and my beautiful Krystal.”

I give her a small smile of my own, grateful that she has embraced Krystal. With that she leaves.

Krystal doesn't say anything, just looks at the ducks. I don't mind because it's a comfortable silence.

Unlike the one we heard when I first came back to town after the whole drama with Darren.

Speaking of which, I haven't heard from him. I don't even know if he knew that Krystal was hurt. I don't dwell on that, my mind shifting to Sebastian instead.

After that day at the terrace, he went back to being his unreachable, emotionless self the next day. I wanted the sweet man who comforted me back, but I also knew that I was walking on treacherous water. There was no room for love in our union. Doing so would only leave me with heartbreak because I was sure that it would be one sided.

The culprits were yet to be found. Jax and Krystal had given a description of what they remembered of the men. It wasn't much but Sebastian had people looking for them. So far there wasn't any luck. It was like they didn't exist at all.

The few times I managed to see him, he looked tired and worn out. I guess this whole issue of the serial killer and whoever is after me was wearing him down. I honestly can't imagine how tiring it is to be searching for people who are good at hiding. It was like searching for ghosts. Not that they existed or anything like that.

"Mom, do you think those bad men will come back?" she asks, startling me. Her eyes were focused on the ground.

I could tell there was fear behind her voice. The fear that comes with uncertainty of whether those men will come back to hurt her again. I wanted to assure her but I couldn't be sure so I lied instead.

"No, they won't and if they do try, they will be caught and punished." I take a deep breath. "I'm sorry that you got hurt because of me Krystal."

It brings tears to my eyes every time I remember that day. Every time she winced in pain. Or cried when she moved wrongly.

“It’s okay mama. I know it wasn’t your fault.” she says softly, reverting back to using the name she used when she was a child.

She stands up carefully and comes to stand in front of me. She wraps arms around me, burying her head in my neck. I hug her back, careful not to touch her wound.

“I love you Krystal.” I murmur, kissing her temple.

She replies instantly. “I love you too mommy.”

We stay like that for a while before we disengage.

“Can you take me back to my room? I feel tired and sleepy.”

I nod my head and stand. Taking her hand in mine, I lead her into the house and up the stairs to her room. I make sure she’s settled and asleep before leaving the room.

Remembering the pitcher and glasses, I go back outside and bring them into the house. I was debating whether to go and take a power nap when I heard the scrunch of tires. Followed by a car opening then closing.

“Lauren...come the fuck outside.”

Darren’s shouting voice freezes me. I manage to get my limbs moving and go outside. I find him standing near his car fuming. He is livid and looks ready to commit murder.

“Why the hell am I finding out that Krystal was attacked.” he fumes. His eyes shifting colors.

His hair was in a mess, same with his clothes. He had a week’s stubble and generally looked like shit.

I stare at him calmly. He was raging and I wasn’t about to lose my cool with him. “I tried calling you to let you know but you ignored all my calls.”

I see something like guilt flashing through his eyes. It’s quickly replaced by anger though. Fury that I could feel all the way to where I was standing.

“That is not a fucking excuse.” He yells

“Calm down Darren.” I tell him, surveying the place.

Where the hell was Hunter and the rest of the warriors? Couldn’t they hear Darren shouting like a maniac? I needed them just in case things got out of hand.

“Don’t tell me to call down. I left her in your care and she got hurt. What type of a fucking mother are you? Or, were you too busy ridding that fucking bastard’s balls to think of your daughter.”

His words were like a slap to my face. I was hurt but it immediately turns to anger. I can feel the familiar darkness raising its head. Waking up from a long slumber. I try to stomp it but it’s nearly impossible.

I growl “Don’t fucking talk about my mate like that. And what about you, where were you? Drowning yourself in a bottle because your pathetic excuse of a mate was spreading her legs for other men behind your back. You’re so pathetic no wonder you couldn’t keep Miranda interested. She saw you as a weak coward and she used you then left you high and dry.”

The words that were pouring out of my mouth were in my voice but they weren’t mine. They were full of malice, something that wasn’t me. Or maybe it was, I just never knew it.

Too focused on my anger I don’t see him moving. One minute he was standing away from me and the next his hands were wrapped around my neck. Cutting off my air supply. I got the sense of deja vu.

Haven’t we been here before? On the day he kicked me out of Krystal’s birthday, he choked me.

“Don’t you ever fucking talk about me like that. I’m your alpha and mate.”

I wanted to tell him he wasn’t either of those but I couldn’t get any word out. Where were those bloody warriors? I was being choked and they were nowhere to be seen.

I try clawing at his hands but he still doesn’t let go. Black dots were dancing in my vision and just when I was about to lose consciousness, Darren is ripped away from me.

I fall to the ground coughing and trying to pull as much air to my lungs as I can. My throat is burning and it hurts. I hear the sound of flesh hitting flesh.

I look up to find Sebastian beating the crap out of Darren. Darren didn't even stand a chance. I hear the crunch of a broken bone and I grimace. I'd hate to be at the receiving end of Sebastian's anger.

I know that I was being choked a few minutes ago, but I can't help finding it sexy and how flawlessly and effortlessly Sebastian moved. He was steady on his feat. Knowing when to heat. He was the epitome of a warrior.

He lands a final blow before lifting him up by the neck.

"If you ever attack my mate again, I will end you. Krystal father or not." he snarls before throwing Darren to the ground.

"Take him out of my fucking compound. Then you'll come back and tell me where you were when your Luna was being attacked."

It's only then that I realize that the warriors were standing near Darren's car. Hunter included.

Sebastian walks to me and helps me up. I hear the engine turn on but I don't bother. My throat was burning so bad, I just wanted to take some pain meds and sleep a little.

I rub my throat but it only makes the burning worse so I stop.

"Let's get you inside." Sebastian tells me softly. "We can discuss what happened after you've gotten some rest."