

Chapter 62

Target On My Back

I look to the top of the stairs and find Sebastian standing there looking pissed as hell. Jax was by his side, holding his hand.

It was the wrong time to appreciate how good looking he was but hot damn. He has just woken from a coma and he looked like he was modeling for a magazine cover.

He bends down to whisper something to Jax. It was too low for me to hear but Jax nods his head before turning around and leaving.

I was feeling kind of faint so I plant my ass on the stairs. Trying to push back the throbbing pain in my head. My clothes were torn from where they had attacked me.

The scratches I received were also burning but none stung like the one on my cheek. I touch my cheek only for my hand to come off with blood stains on it.

I watch as Sebastian makes his way down the stairs. Anger rolling from him in waves. His eyes were glowing, his jaw was set. His hands were fisted at his side. He was livid but in this case I wasn't even sure who he was angry at.

I think he is about to pass me by when he gets on the last step but he doesn't. Instead, he hooks an arm under my armpits and lifts me up. For a moment my world tips on its axis.

His steady arm wraps around my waist, giving me support and preventing me from falling flat. He places a kiss on my forehead before he turns to face the others.

To say I am shocked would be an understatement, because I didn't expect him to do that.

"What the hell is going on here?" He asks, his voice unnaturally calm. Giving them an opening to come clean.

I feel the tension in his muscles. How he is ready to pounce at any time.

No one says anything and like the cowards they are they avert their eyes.

"I asked a fucking question." he snaps, making all of them including Phoebe take a step back.

Fear takes over their features. Looking at how pissed Sebastian was, they realized that they had fucked up. That they had followed their bitch of a leader right into trouble.

I wanted to pity them but I just can't find it in me to do that. After the way they treated me. How they attacked me despite doing nothing wrong to them. I would be happy to see them burning in hell. I know that I may sound cruel but I couldn't care less.

“Nothing, son. We were just expressing our concerns, weren’t we Lauren?” Phoebe throws the question to me.

If she thought that I was going to get her out of this then she was dead wrong. I don’t answer. I look past her to the people who had ganged up on me. They have the nerve to look at pleadingly. Wanting me to save their asses. I don’t answer and instead I harden my gaze.

“Cut the crap Aunt Phoebe. I heard every single word.”

“Then there’s no need to pretend.” Phoebe shrugs her shoulders. “She’s not good for you, my boy. You could have done so much better than this skank. Look at what she did to Alpha Darren and now she has sunk her dirty claws in you. I won’t let you tarnish Martha’s memory by taking this woman as your mate.”

I don’t see him move. He does it so fast and unexpectedly that I almost fall. In seconds he is in front of Phoebe. His hands wrapped around her neck. I see the shock mixed with fear in her eyes. Bet she didn’t expect that.

When he speaks his voice is unnaturally deep and distorted. Meaning Fang had risen to the surface.

The great beast that everyone fears. All her supporters take a step further back from them.

“This is the last fucking time you tell me what is or what is not good for me. And it’s also the last time you will bring up my mother’s name in an

effort to control me. She's already fucking dead and has been for years. She has no say in who I am mated to and neither do you."

"But Bash she's not a good person," she tries insisting. Stammering through the choke hold.

"And you're a perfect judge of character, right?" he asks sarcastically. "You're the one that introduced me to that bitch Miranda. Said she was a good woman and like a fucking idiot I listened to you, see how it fucking turned out. Listening to you was the worst mistake I ever made and I will be damned if I let you drive away a good woman just because she doesn't kiss your ass like you expect her to."

I see her face fall. Tears start filling her eyes. If we didn't have bad blood between us, I would have felt sorry for her and I still somehow do. I understand her need to protect her best friend's son.

I would do the same thing if something happened to Claire but I wouldn't try to dictate who Mason was mated to. She's trying to do right by him but she's going about it in the worst way.

Sebastian lets her go and steps back.

"Lauren is staying. She is my mate and if you can't respect that, you're free to leave. You're my aunt and I will always be grateful for what you have done for me since my parents died but here is where I draw the line."

I feel a flutter in my heart and I try to drown it. This is the second time he has stood up for me. This is even bigger because this is someone he

considers a mother. What am I supposed to do now? The fact that he is defending me is messing with my resolve to keep hating him.

“As for the rest of you,” he continues, snarling at them. “The same thing applies. If you can’t respect Lauren as my mate then you are fucking free to leave my pack. If you choose to stay, be warned, if you ever lay a finger on her I’ll make sure you won’t live long enough to tell the horrors I will do to you. So, if you want to leave you better do so now.”

I see them pale at the threat. Knowing Sebastian, I know it’s not just a mere threat. It was a warning.

I expected some of the members to leave when Sebastian gave them an out but they didn't. And why would they even want to? Sebastian had the strongest and largest pack around. Most wolves would give their left hand just to join his pack.

He continues “For willingly attacking your Luna, you’re hereby stripped of your position. Until you can prove to me that you actually deserve the position you held, then you’re lower than the omegas. You will be the bitches and lap dogs of the omegas. You do what they say and when they say it.”

I hear collective groans and screams. Wincing at how painful it must be to be stripped of a position.

Once the noise dies down, Sebastian turns to Phoebe.

“As for you aunt, I can’t punish you since you’re no longer a member of this pack,” he says and Phoebe releases a sigh. Her relief is short-lived

when Sebastian utters his next words. “Even so I’m banning you from my pack. Until you learn to respect and actually accept Lauren as my mate, then you’re not welcomed here or anywhere near me and mine.”

I see the heartbreak in her eyes at his words. I turn away not wanting to see her pain. She brought this to herself and I will be damned if I start feeling sorry for her.

I hear Sebastian move and within seconds he is next to me. The next thing I know, his finger is under my chin. Lifting and shifting my head so that I am looking at him. His eyes sear into mine and just like always, I drown in his green orbs.

“I’m sorry” he says softly. His fingers shift from my chin to my cheek. He caresses my scratched cheek softly.

I am so confused because he’s doing this in front of his pack. Was it just a sign of solidarity? Let them know that we were one. Or was it because of something else?

I shake my head at that. Not wanting to dive in his reasons for why he was doing this.

“It’s okay. It doesn’t hurt that much.” I whisper.

That was a lie. It hurt like a bitch but I wouldn’t admit it. I see him smile a little and I know he knows. He knows that I am lying.

He drops his hands before taking mine in his. Without sparing them another look, he leads me in the opposite direction. His hands felt warm and strong. For some reason I liked that.

“Where are we going? You should be in bed.”

His reply is immediate. “We have business to take care of. After that we can both take a nap.”

‘The business’ becomes clear when I realize we were heading towards the dungeon.

Soon enough we are standing outside it. The moment the guard sees us he bows. With a nod from Sebastian, he opens the door and lets us in after directing us to where the man who attacked me was.

We pass empty cells till we get to the last one. I gasp when I see what’s left of the man. Micah and his team really did a number on him. He was unrecognizable.

When he sees Sebastian, he starts cowering in fear. His fear becomes suffocating when Sebastian opens his cell and enters.

“I am going to make this easy. You tell me what you know, who is after my mate and I will let you go. From what I see, you won’t survive another beating from my men.” His voice was low. Danger lurking in its depths.

“I-I swear I don’t know who is after her. All I know is that last week an alert went out on the black net for her head. Someone wants her dead and

is paying big bucks to make sure she is. Right now, she is on the number one spot on the elimination list so every hitman and assassin is after her.”

I am shaken. That someone would want me dead so bad that they would put my name on an elimination list on the black net. The black net is a website where all forms of dubious and illegal shit take place.

“Do they know who she’s mated to?” Sebastian grinds his teeth.

“Yes, but most of us don’t care. As long as she has the target on her back and the pay is good, most won’t care who she is associated with.” he says with a shrug. I can tell that just simple action sucked his energy.

Sebastian gets closer to him. His claws come out and his eye color changes.

“What are you doing? You promised you’ll let me go when I tell you what I know.” the man says in fear.

“Did you honestly think I would let you go after you attacked my Luna?”

The man opens his mouth but doesn’t get a chance to answer. Sebastian slashes his throat open and the man falls down, choking on his blood.

After making sure he is dead we leave the dungeons and head upstairs. The small crowd had cleared by now. We get to his bedroom and find Jax asleep on his father’s bed.

“Wait here,” Sebastian tells me. He then picks up Jax and leaves the room.

When he gets back, he goes straight to the bed and climbs on. Seeing him on top of the covers reminds me that I also need to take a nap. It's been a hectic day.

"I'm just gonna go, I'm sure..."

My sentence is cut off when he hooks his arm around my waist and brings me down to the bed with him. He then turns me so that he's spooning me.

"Sebastian..."

"It's Bash and please for once don't argue. We're both tired so can we please sleep?"

I was about to argue but shut up. He was right, we were both tired.

My head was pounding and I was shaken from what happened with Phoebe and the revelation from the man.

I decide that I'll just stay there till he's asleep then leave for my bedroom.

Without meaning to, I fell asleep and for the first time in a while, it was peaceful.