

## Chapter 63

### Deep Trouble

“You’re not doing it right. You have to keep your hands steady and your fists firm.” Sebastian tells me in that husky voice of his.

“I still don’t see the use of learning this. I have Blue and Midnight and in case you haven’t noticed, Midnight is one scary bitch.” I murmur, firming my fist like he wanted me to.

“And how scary was she when you got attacked the last time?” he asks sarcastically.

I wanted to snap at him but he was right. We were in the training ground and he was training me to fight. Hand to hand combat.

“I know you don’t see the point of this but it’s important. The first thing I train my warriors on, is hand to hand combat. There are times you won’t be able to depend on your wolf so it will basically leaves you defenseless if you don’t know how to fight.”

As much as I hate to admit it, he was right. I depend on my other halves so much. What happens when I can’t access them?

The easiest way to take down a werewolf is to render their wolves incapacitated, so if you were relying on them like I was then you're totally screwed.

I shake my head and focus on the task on hand. Pulling my hand back, I throw my punch but it seems like it's still not good enough because Sebastian groans.

"You're still not doing it right," he grumbled

"Well, what did you expect? That I would be able to get it in a day?" I ask in irritation.

"Well, yes," he responds as if it was natural for me to know how to throw a perfect punch after just a few hours of training.

This time I am the one that groans. My hands fall to my side and I plaster him with the meanest look I could master.

We started training yesterday after work. Since my head wound was healed, I went back to work. We agreed that we both would be coming from work earlier so that he could train me because he didn't want his unmated warriors near me.

"That's absurd. There's no way I can get it so soon. I need time."

"Time is what we don't want. Who knows where the next hit man will come after you. You need to be ready in case I can't get to you in time."

Bash, he had insisted I call him that. Filled me in on how he had been able to get to me. He explained how he had felt my fear and panic through our mate bond and how he had followed it to where I was.

When he marked me, I cursed the bond but after he told me everything I was glad that he had access to me.

“I know that.” I snap, stomping my feet like a bratty child. “But you’re the worst kind of teacher. The type who isn’t patient and expects his student to get it on the first try.”

I used to hate those kinds of teachers in school. Mainly because they had a way of making you feel stupid just because you weren’t sharp enough to get it when they explained it the first time.

“My warriors usually get it the first time.” he argues.

“Yes, but they are warriors. Most of them train way before they come to you for additional training. Besides they are male and their ego usually doesn’t allow them not to get it the first time.”

He scrunches his forehead. Looking at me like everything I just said went over his head and he didn’t get a single thing.

“Can we at least take a break? We’ve been at this for nearly two hours.” I plead.

“No,” he says before adding. “In fact, I think you need to go sixty laps across the field. Maybe that will warm you up enough.”

I look at him like he has grown a third head.

“Sixty laps! Are you freaking serious?” I yell. Feeling like I was hyperventilating.

I couldn't do ten laps and breathe properly, what about sixty. I was going to die. Sure, I could do it in wolf form, I could run kilometers in wolf form but I can't do it in human form.

‘That just shows how your human side is weak and basically useless.’ Blue pops in my mind.

‘Shut up!’ I growl at her but she just looks at me lazily. Her mouth moving in a wolf-like smirk.

Midnight decided to join in. ‘She’s right though, and so is Bash. Your human body is weak as hell.’

Not wanting to hear what they have to say next, I shut them off and glare at the man staring at me in a hard face.

‘Just start the damn laps, Lauren. It’s for your good.’

Needing to get away from him before I hit him in his jeweled balls, I start running, although reluctantly. I truly hate how he is able to get under my skin. Not even Darren was able to ruffle my feathers the way Bash is doing.

As I angrily run, I think of that day when I fell asleep next to him. I woke up on top of him. My head was on his chest, half of my body was on him with my legs thrown over him.

He had his hands wrapped loosely around my waist. For a moment I was tempted to fall back asleep because I was too comfortable but I decided against it.

I thought he was asleep so I tried to get up and sneak out before he woke up. The moment I lifted my head, his body stiffened and the arm on my waist tightened, preventing me from moving.

Without opening his eyes, he had warned me not to move and told me to go back to sleep. Like the bitch that I am, I had listened, falling back to sleep with his steady heart beating under my ears.

When I woke up again. He wasn't in bed with me. I went back to my room and that's where I have been sleeping.

None of us has broached the subject of that day. I was glad about that because I don't even know how to explain that how right it felt sleeping in his arms.

"That's it Red, last lap then you're done." Bash's shout brings me out of my thoughts.

I didn't even realize that I was almost done. That my thoughts had kept me so distracted that I ran all those laps.

By the time I came to a stop near him, I am breathing heavily like a truck. My lungs felt constricted. My legs were burning and my muscles felt like they were about to snap.

“Was this some kind of payback for taking you to court?” I ask in between breaths. My anger rising.

“What are you talking about?” he looked cute when he was confused.

Damn it Lauren, get it together. I command myself.

“This whole running thing was some kind of punishment wasn’t it? But lemme just tell you that I won’t break. You deserve the punishment you got for what you did to me.”

I know I sound crazy and I keep throwing what he did in his face, but I needed something to hold on to.

I needed the anger because without it, I will be defenseless. Then I will start imagining things that aren’t there.

He runs a hand through his hair. “We’re back to this again?”

“We never left in the first place. Just because you took a bullet for me doesn’t mean I forgive you for what you did.”

I wanted a fight so that he would do something bad and I would end up hating him again. That hate will prevent me from thinking too much about sleeping in his arms again or how he has been tender to me since he woke up.

“I didn’t expect you too Red,” he says gritting his teeth, his eyes piercing my soul. “I see what you’re trying to do so I’m just going to walk away before you say something that’ll make me mad and I end up doing or saying something I’ll fucking regret. I am not going to give you more armor to hate me.”

With that he turns and walks away. Leaving me fuming and sweaty in the middle of the field.

“Sebastian!” I shout his name but he ignores me and continues walking.

I hated that he saw through my plan. So, the entire time I walk back to the pack house I invent more ways to get under his skin and piss him off.

An hour later, I am in the kitchen cooking. I nowadays cook my food because I don’t trust Bash’s pack not to poison me. I know he made my position in his life clear.

They have been respectful and there hasn’t been the previous kind of incident but I couldn’t take the risk.

Life though has been peaceful since Phoebe left. So, I don’t regret that she was banned from coming back.

“Mommy, what are you cooking?” Krystal and Jax rush into the kitchen. It’s adorable how they’re always together. I am honestly happy that they share such a strong bond.

“Well, we haven’t had spaghetti and meatballs in a while so that’s what I am making” I replied.

The smile on their faces is enough to tell me that they are pleased with the dinner selection.

“Oh yeah,” Jax hoots as if he has just won a championship.

Seeing them so excited about a simple dish brings a smile to my face.

“Can anyone get a piece of the dish or is it just for the three of you?” Bash’s voice startles me, making me release the grip I had on the cooking spoon.

I hurry up to get it. When I look up, Sebastian is leaning against the door frame. His feet were crossed along his ankles, while his hands were folded over his chest. He wore a black v-neck t-shirt that displayed his bulging muscles. For a moment I forget where I am and the question he asked.

“By the way dad, how come I have never seen you kiss Lauren? Shouldn’t mated couples be kissing like all the time?” Jax asks innocently.

I stare at him, feeling my panic grow. Looking into his eyes I see a glint there. I was about to shut this conversation down, knowing very well that Sebastian wouldn’t kiss me but yet again he surprises me.

“I am sure we can fix that right now,” he answers with a smirk.

In three long strides, he’s beside me. His arms going around my waist, bringing me close before meshing my mouth with his. In that instant the world falls away.



I try to fight the kiss but he coerces me to let him in. When I do and his tongue tangles with mine, I am a goner. He kisses me as if he was perched and I was his saving drink.

He owns me, possess me. I want to push him away and pull him closer. His kiss shatters my world because I feel something unfamiliar rising within me. For reasons I can't explain, this felt right.

Something just clicks.

When he pulls away, we stare at each other in shock. I know he felt it too, the surprise in his eyes was a clear give away. His eyes goes back to my lips.

A part of me wants him to kiss me again but the other part knows that whatever is happening between us is dangerous. Either way, one thing is for sure, I'm in deep trouble.