

## Chapter 68

### Fifty Million Dollars

#### Sebastian

My claws slice through the man's neck. His flesh giving way as blood starts to sputter from the gush. I was pissed. Completely livid that they would dare to attack my mate.

The fact that they chose to attack her now means that they thought she would be alone. That leaves only one conclusion, that they have been watching her.

Monitoring her every move, waiting for the perfect time to strike. Too bad for them because it seemed they didn't expect me to show up. Or if they did know I was here, they thought they could take me one.

I was the best for a reason. Up until now, the only one who can challenge me is Sylvia.

A growl tears from my throat when I notice one man escaping. It's dangerous to leave Red alone but I also have to make sure he doesn't get away.

I change into fang and chase the guy. Our paws pounding the hard ground. I taste the man's fear and it's a sweet essence to our nose.

'Don't lose him,' I uttered.

'Not planning to,' comes Fang's reply as he pumps his paws.

His fear and perspiration leads us straight to him. He had reached a dead end with no place to run.

When he sees me, his face pales and he starts trembling.

We start circling him, snapping our jaws at him when he tried to go past us. Toying with him before we can finally end his pathetic life.

'Give me control,' I command Fang. 'We need to ask him some question.'

He surrenders control and I pierce the man with a cold look. I scrunch my brows in disgust when the asshole pisses himself. What the fuck kind of assassin was he? isn't he supposed to be a tough fucker?

"Please, spare me. I have a mate and kids," he pleads pathetically.

Was that supposed to move me? Does he not know who I am? I'm called heartless for a reason. No one goes after what's mine and expects to walk out alive.

"And I should care about this, why?" I begin "You tried to attack my mate. You wanted to kill her, I want to know why?"

I already knew someone wanted her dead. But asking him wouldn't harm. Maybe he could provide me with information that we didn't know.

"She's on the top of the assassination list." he answers timidly.

"I already fucking know that dipshit," I spouted angrily. "Tell me something I don't know."

I get close to him. My aura making him submit to the dominant alpha before him.

He swallows. "The stakes have been raised."

"What do you mean?"

"The price for her head has risen from twenty million to fifty." he replies, shocking me to the core.

Someone coughing that much money seriously wants Lauren dead. Which begs the question why?

What is so important about Lauren that would make someone pay fifty million to have her killed?

"Please let me go. I've told you everything I know."

His grating voice brings me back to the present. I stare at him coldly. Without saying anything to him I punch my hand through his chest. His eyes register shock right before I rip his heart out of his rib cage.

I drop his heart just as I release the grip around his neck. He collapses to the ground, his wide eyes staring sightlessly at me. Frozen in surprise and horror.

Turning on my feet, I change into Fang and race back to the cabin. I get there in minutes.

I ignore the mess in the living room and follow Red's scent. I find her in the bedroom curled up in a fetal position on the bed.

"Red," I call her as I sit on the bed and run my fingers through her hair.

I should have at least washed my hands first but I wanted to check on her. After seeing her in that position I know I can't leave her now.

She turns suddenly and throws herself at me, catching me off guard. I automatically wrap my arms around her. She buries her face in my neck. Something has her upset and I can't figure out what it is.

"What's wrong beautiful?" I ask her worriedly.

She doesn't answer me, just continues to bury her face in my neck. I wrap my fist around her red hair before gently tagging it. When her face is inches from me, I see the tears swimming in her eyes.

"Please tell me what's wrong?"

I hated seeing her like this. It tugged a part of my heart that I thought had died a long time ago.

“I can’t stop thinking of how this would have been really bad if you hadn’t come. Sure, I have Blue and Midnight, but we were vulnerable with the heat wreaking havoc in our bodies. I could have been raped right before they killed me.” she replies softly. Her lips trembling. Tears leaking from her eyes.

It guts me to see her like this. I don’t even want to fucking think of the possible reality that might have happened. I wipe the tears from her face.

“I just don’t understand why anyone would do this to me. Who could hate me so much to go to this kind of extent to get rid of me?” more tears fall and I wipe them.

I decide not to tell her for now what I discovered. Afraid that the news would send her over the fucking edge.

“I don’t know darling but I promise to protect you with everything I am. No one is going to fucking touch you or harm you. Do you get me?” I ask her, kissing her cheek then her forehead.

“Yeah.”

She starts moving, rubbing against me. That’s when I realize the position we are in. I start to harden when she moans and I feel her wetness coating my shaft.

“Please make me forget. Please erase the images that have formed in my mind of what could have happened.” she pleads.

Taking her mouth, I show her exactly how well I can take care of. I erase all other images until the only one fucking left is of us with me buried in her warm tight heat.

We lay on the bed, completely spent. She's laying on my chest, something I've never let any woman do. My arms are wrapped around her and for some reason it feels right. Like she was meant to be in my arms.

"That day when you kicked Phoebe out," she begins, drawing circles on my stomach. "Why did you say she's the one that introduced you to Miranda?"

This is the last topic I want to talk about because it would mean explaining why I needed a chosen mate in the first place. I was about to shut down the topic but something prevented me from doing that.

Maybe it's the sex or the dream I had while in a coma. The one the moon goddess told me to open my heart and give Lauren a chance. I decide it's the latter.

"I was in need of a chosen mate. Aunt Phoebe told me she had the perfect woman. I listened to her and it turned out to be the biggest mistake of my life."

I knew the question was coming but it doesn't mean I was prepared for it.

"Why would you need a chosen mate Sebastian? Where is your fated?" she asks curiously.

Fuck this was hard. How do I explain this to her? Even after all these years, it still hurts thinking about my fated mate and what could have been. For the second time in my life, the universe showed me how cruel she could be when she took my mate from me.

“She’s dead.” I reply, unable to hide the catch in my voice.

I hear Red gasp in shock. She recovers quickly and then places a kiss on my cheek, then my jaw. I feel her sadness for me through our shared bond.

“Were you together for long?” she asks after some time.

“No. I never met her.” I answered, my voice hoarse.

She looks at me in confusion “Then how did you know she’s dead?”

“I felt the bond break. It was the most painful thing I have ever experienced. Felt like my fucking soul was being torn into two, then after I felt like a part of me had died.” My voice comes out quietly.

The memories of that day consuming me. It still feels like it was yesterday. The pain. The feeling of being hollow inside. I didn’t know who she was but the day she died she brought my world crashing down around me. Taking a piece of me with her.

Losing my mate shredded me to pieces. Ripped me apart in way I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy.

“I’m sorry Sebastian. Really sorry.” She rubs my chest in comfort. My hand tightens around her when I feel her tears hit my chest. I place a small kiss on her nose before continuing.

“I started showing signs of going feral after that. Losing control easily, attacking without provocation, the slightest thing pissing me off.”

“That’s why you thought I was also going feral, though we had been wrong about my case.”

I nod my head. I honestly thought that. The signs were all there but I guess for her it was because of something different.

“I needed to mark someone. To tether my soul to theirs. Phoebe suggested Miranda. Because I trusted her, I saw no need to have the bitch investigated. I should have though.”

No one except Phoebe and Micah knew of this. Not even Miranda. I know everyone suspected that something had happened with my mate but no one knew the actual truth. Just those two and now Red.

I am so shaken by the fucking memories that I don’t realize that Red got out of my hands and she’s now straddling me.

“I’m really sorry for what happened with your mate. I may not have one out there but I also can’t imagine how painful it is to lose a mate before you even have the chance to meet her.”

She takes my lips in a kiss. My dick slips in her wet folds, and for a moment I forget what the hell we were talking about.



“You took care of me and now it’s my turn to do the same for you. I’ll help you forget the pain even if it’s just for one night.” she whispers just as she pulls me into her warm core.

She keeps her promise and makes me forget. I can’t get enough of her, which is saying something since I easily get bored with a woman.

For the first time since my parents and mate died, my heart has warmth towards a woman, and I don’t see her as just an object.

Maybe the goddess was right and she would thaw at the ice encasing my fucking heart. The real question is can I really let her?

Sleeping together is one thing but Lauren seems like the romantic type. The ones that want to love and be loved.

The only problem with this is that I don’t think I am capable of love given that, that part of me died ten years ago with my mate.