

Chapter 75

Possessive Sebastian

Sebastian

“You will never guess who came to see me today?” Red tells me excitedly

“Who?” I ask curiously.

We were in my car, driving to my newly opened club. Lilly, Micah and some other friends were supposed to meet us there for a night of fun and relaxation.

She seemed fucking excited that I was almost sure she would start bouncing on her seat. I’ve never seen her this happy or excited. The look suited her and I liked it a lot.

“Margret,” she simply says and I chuckle at that.

“You’ll have to be a little more specific Babe, I know a lot of Margarets.”

Waking beside her today was the best feeling ever. Her head was on my chest and our limbs were tangled with each other's. My cock had been hard and there wasn't anything I wanted more than to push her panties aside and slide into her warm heat.

Fuck! My body started reacting to the memory of those few days during her heat. Her wicked smile, her warm and wet fingers sliding around his erection. The feel of her body against mine. I smothered a groan and tightened my fingers around the steering wheel, already feeling the tight confinement of my jeans.

"Did you hear what I said?" her voice breaks through my fog.

"Sorry, I was a bit distracted."

I shift uncomfortably. Trying my best to hide my arousal and get into a comfortable position.

"I said, it was Margaret Duke."

I recognize her. She was among the wives of the men Miranda cheated with. Miranda was a true hoe, I don't know how Aunt Phoebe thought she was a good woman.

"What did she want?" I ask her curiously.

If I am not mistaken, she's among the women that helped Miranda tarnish Red's name. I guess now that the tables were turned, she needs someone who went through the same thing as her and that's where

Lauren comes in. The same woman she destroyed.

“To ask for forgiveness,” she says, letting out a breath. “She confessed about what she did and I honestly forgave her. She was manipulated, lied to then betrayed by that bitch. I didn’t have it in me to stay mad at her.”

This is one of the things I love about Red. Her capacity to love and to forgive. She has a big heart, no wonder everyone likes her. Darren was a fucking fool to choose Miranda over Lauren. Now the bastard was regretting it but it wasn’t my fucking problem.

I was fucking pissed when I found out that they were trying to come between Lauren and I. I honestly don’t give a shit what Miranda wants but Darren will have to get that Lauren is mine even If I have to beat the shit out of him till that it sinks in.

“I’m glad she realized her mistakes and approached you,” I mumbled, pulling myself from those thoughts. “At least now I have one less person to deal with.”

I had a long list of people I wanted to get back at. Ones who were once responsible for the pain that Lauren went through. One by one I will get back at them. One by one I will make them pay.

We arrive at the club and it’s fully packed. The good thing about being the boss is that you don’t have to wait hours just to get in.

I was also damn proud that despite the club being new, it was doing well. Already ranked top.

We made it exclusive just so wolves have a place to hang out and be themselves without having to worry that they'll expose our secret.

“Laureeen!” Lilly screams the moment we set foot in the VIP section.

Red turns to me and whispers. “She’s already drunk, isn’t she?”

“Probably just tipsy,” I smile at her.

What humans read in werewolf novels is part true and part false. We do get drunk but not while using human alcohol. Theirs has no effect on us. That’s why we have our own special brand. It’s strong enough to get us drunk but one sip from a human could send them into cardiac arrest.

I watch as Lilly and Red hug each other, before both of them take a seat and start chatting. I turn to my other two companions.

“So how is life? Feel like I haven’t seen you two in forever.” Matt, one of my closest friends asks both Micah and I. “By the way Bash, sorry I couldn’t come to your mating ceremony, but I gotta admit, your mate is a knocker.” he smirks.

The growl that slips from my lips is involuntary. I don’t even fucking realize I growled until I heard it.

Matt freezes. Micah laughs while Lilly and Red look at me in question.

I shake my head and they go back to their conversation.

“Don’t fucking say such things about my mate, fucker.” I say. My hands balled into a fist.

“What? It was just an observation. She’s gorgeous, all that fiery red hair. Is she as feisty?” he asks almost dreamily. “I hear red heads usually are.”

I don’t realize when I bang my hand on the table making the drinks spill. Fang was threatening to come out and I was tempted to let him.

This whole thing was fucking strange. I was never this possessive when it came to Miranda. In fact, I could have cared less if men ogled her. With Red, things were different and I wanted to wipe the floor with any asshole that looked at her.

“You don’t know when to shut up, do you?” Micah asks Matt, shaking his head.

Matt stares at us like he doesn’t understand why I was pissed. He was a good friend but I swear he’s also one of the dumbest fuckers I know.

“Let’s go dance Lilly and let the men sort out their issues.” Lauren says before they both stand up and go to the dance floor.

I turn to look at Matt, my temper flaring up. “If you say that shit again, I will rip your throat out, I don’t fucking care if you’re a friend. Don’t think about, talk about or even look at my mate, am I fucking clear?”

“Damn Bash, I’ve never seen you this possessive over a woman.” he says, surprise in his voice.

“Not any woman, mine! Now am I fucking clear?” I snarl, baring my elongated teeth.

He raises his hands up in surrender. “Yes, fine, geesh!” he turns to Micah. “Lilly looks really lovely today. It’s the first time I’ve seen her in a sexy dress. She’s usually more modest.”

Micah sits up straight and menacingly leans forward. “Don’t even fucking think of going there.”

“Will you both just cool down? I’m not hitting on your women just complimenting them.” Matt says exasperated.

“Well don’t. Go find your own woman to compliment.” Micah retorts.

From there conversation flows. We’ve known Matt for years since he was also in the same Alpha Beta training school Micah and I went to. He was the beta of the East side pack. His alpha, Colton, was also a close friend.

“By the way, where is Colt?” Micah asks.

I have been wondering the same thing. He was supposed to be here with his mate.

“Oh, he said they were going to be late.”

We continue talking and I begin to relax, probably because of the alcohol. I was glad Red was having fun. She needed time away from her worries and the shit that was always on her heels.

My eyes find her and I freeze. An unfamiliar feeling rising up within me when I see a man grinding himself against her. She looked so lost in the music. I bet she didn't even realize that Lilly wasn't the one dancing behind her.

"Bash," Micah calls. "Don't do anything stupid." he cautions when I move to stand.

I ignore him and move. Each step I took felt like it was laden with lead. The beast in me was blood thirsty, wanting a pound of flesh of the man that dared touch my mate.

Why didn't the bastards just get it that Lauren was fucking mine?

"Would you mind stepping aside buddy, I believe it's my turn." I say with a fake smile.

"Fuck off." he grumbles not even looking at.

I did try to reign in the sting of disrespect but I can't. I'm an alpha and I will be damned if I allow this little shit get away with it.

"What did you say?" My voice is hard.

He ignores me, grabs Lauren by the waist and pulls her to him. He continues grinding against her.

Lauren had noticed me and was trying to get away from her.

“Let me go,” she warns, but he doesn’t. Either he was too drunk or too stupid or both.

The unfamiliar feeling takes control. I grab his hand and twist.

“What the fuck man?” he howls in pain. The commotion brings a stop to the music and dancing.

Before he has had a chance to recover, my fist punches through his chest and I grab his heart.

“When I fucking tell you to step aside you listen.” I roar, making everyone except for Lauren submit. “No one and I mean no one except me fucking touches my mate.”

He tries to talk but my fist which was squeezing his useless beating organ doesn’t allow him to. I continue, watching as he turns purple.

“Alpha” I recognize Micah’s voice but don’t pay attention.

This asshole touched my Luna and disrespected me. He needs to pay and his sentence will be death.

A soft hand lands on my arm. It shoots what I can only describe as electric currents through my body.

“Bash?” I hear Red’s soft voice. “Look at me, please”

I want to stay focused on the man that must die, but her voice draws me in. My eyes turn to her.

“I want you to hold me but in order to do that you have to let him go.” she says in that hypnotizing voice.

I also want to hold her but I don’t want the bastard to leave. He has to take his punishment.

“Please,” she pleads.

That word from her lips is enough to make me crumble. I release my grip and take her in my arms. Her eyes captivating me.

“Take him away and let it be known he is forever banned from coming to this club and any of its affiliates.” Micah says.

I watch the bouncer drag him away. I want to follow them, to make sure he never touches my mate.

Lauren must have sensed this because she wraps her hands around my neck and starts kissing my jaw.

“Don’t focus on the stupid idiot, focus on me. I’m right here my Alpha mate.” she was saying everything right and I finally manage to focus on her.

“Mine.” I growl, looking in her eyes.

She replies immediately, almost breathlessly. “Yours.”

The moment the words are out of her lips and she acknowledges she's mine. I crash my lips on hers, feeling a spark of life from deep within me.