

Chapter 8

Good Girl

“Splendid, we’ll begin acting as a couple from tomorrow.” Sebastian says standing up.

A quick glance outside reveals it’s evening. The sun was already setting down. I can’t believe that we’ve been here for that long. I bring my eyes back to him when he moves to stand next to me.

Offering me his hand.

“Wait! That’s it?” I ask in doubt.

He looks at me in confusion at first and then something clicks in his eyes. I honestly thought there would be more to discuss. Business contracts usually took some time. This was a mating contract, which is even more important. I expected it to take a bit longer.

“Did you expect something else?” he fires back. His eyebrow arched.

“Well, yeah...kind off.”

I hated how unsure I felt when addressing him. Was I thinking too much or something? Was there really nothing else to talk about?

If I was being honest with myself. I would admit that I wanted us to talk longer. I didn't want to go back to my cold rented cottage. Claire was busy with Mason and I didn't have Krystal with me. I was alone and I hated that. It's when I'm alone that the pain becomes too much to handle.

That's when the voices inside my head, telling me to let go, become louder. It's when I'm completely alone that I feel my sanity slipping. Sometimes I have to chain myself to my bedroom. Just so I don't go on a rampage on the few occasions I lost the battle.

Sebastian stares at me. His eyes searching my naked soul. I quickly avert my eyes. Afraid that he would see what I was hiding. That he would see how scared I was of being alone.

"What are you afraid of Red?" he asks in a frown.

I could tell him. I should tell him. Let him know just how bad it has gotten for me. How the hurt that's inside is changing me. How I've tried everything to get rid of it without any luck. How it was destroying me from the within. Slowly turning me into a monster.

I don't tell him all that though. My pride wouldn't allow me to confess the truth. Besides, I was afraid that if I told him, he would retract his proposition. I couldn't have that. Blue and I couldn't afford that.

We needed him. He was our salvation.

"Nothing," I whisper restlessly. Unable to sit still.

He leans back, then sits on the edge of his desk. His hands gripping the desk on each side. A while ago he had removed his coat and tie. Opened the first two buttons of his shirt and folded his sleeves. I can see his muscles rippling under his skin. I can't help but wonder how it would feel being wrapped in his arms.

“For this to work we have to be honest with each other Red.”

His voice pulls me from my thoughts. Feeling a bit angry and embarrassed I had been checking him out. I glare at him.

“I know. I was just wondering if there would be a contract we both have to sign.”

We both know that I was lying. That wasn't what I was thinking, not by a long shot. He doesn't call me out on my lie though and I'm fucking thankful for that.

“I'll have my lawyers draw one up then we can both sign and be done with it.” he says after an uncomfortable silence.

“Okay then.”

I don't move though. Unable to get my legs moving. I hated it when he brought me here by force but now I didn't want to leave. How ironic.

“Where is Jax?” I ask, stalling.

The house was eerily quiet. Too quiet for a house hosting a nine-year old boy. I had expected that Jax would be home by now. It was past school hours.

Sebastian sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“He’s at my pack house.” he says in irritation before continuing.

“Are you now done with your fucking interrogation? I have places I need to be.”

And there is the arrogant jerk I was becoming accustomed to. I stand up. Clenching my fists.

This man frustrated me. My fear was gone and in its place was the need to punch him. Right in the middle of his perfectly handsome face. Talk about being moody.

“Well excuse me for caring about my future son.” I snap. Before leaving.

I stomp away, banging the door behind me. He doesn’t call me back. Or try to calm me down and I don’t look back.

Once I’m outside his gates. I realized just how stupid I had been. This was a remote area and it was unlikely for me to get a cab. I didn’t have my phone nor my handbag. Come to think of it, I didn’t even know where they were.

I sigh and start walking. Refusing to go back and ask him for help. I was being stubborn but to hell with it.

Fuck it will be a long walk. I think to myself once I realize I couldn't see any other buildings around.

I have no idea for how long I've been walking. I don't even know if I was walking in the right direction or not. I was getting tired and exhausted.

I was feeling drained. When I'm tired and I'm unable to be in control of my mind, that's when the darkness starts to take over.

I had to get home quickly. For I was a potential danger to everyone.

A car pulls up near me but I ignore it. I don't even look at the driver. For all I know it could be a serial killer. Not that I was afraid of one or anything like that. I was a big girl and could take care of myself. I just didn't want anyone's blood staining my hands. Innocent or not.

"Get in" I hear a clipped voice.

My head snaps in that direction. Finding Sebastian behind the wheel of the sleek black Rolls Royce.

Being the stubborn piece of work I am, I give him the middle finger and continue walking.

He doesn't leave like I expected him to. Instead he keeps up with me. Driving at a slow pace.

“You either get in the fucking car or I swear Red, I’ll carry you into it fighting and screaming.”

I clearly hear the anger in his voice. The alpha command behind it. Too bad he’s not my alpha nor am I scared of him. Besides, I doubt he’ll push through with his threat.

“Piss off!” I yell, then continue walking.

The car stops and I think he’s finally given up. I was so fucking wrong though. Seconds later, I’m lifted and flung over a shoulder. It takes me a while to realize that I was staring at his back as he walked back to his car.

Still in shock, he roughly drops me on the passenger seat. It’s when the car starts to move that I come out of my haze and I was furious. So freaking furious.

He can’t be an asshole then expect me willingly submit to him

“You son of a bitch…”

I don’t get to finish because he slams on the breaks making me lurch forward almost hitting my head on the windshield. He turns to me and glares. His face contorted in anger. Dangerous vibes coming off him. He looks like he’s seconds away from ending my life.

I gulp. Feeling my heart racing and adrenaline rushing through my veins

“You better shut it Red, before I completely lose it, take you over my knee and spank that perky little ass of yours for leaving without protection and disobeying a direct order.” he clips.

His fingers grip the steering wheel. By the tight hold, I was afraid he was going to break the damn thing.

I stare at him and shut up. There was nothing else I could do. He seemed ready to lose it and an out of control alpha was dangerous.

Dying would solve my feral problem, but I wasn't ready for death. Not yet anyway. Instead of pushing his buttons further. I silently lean back into my seat and put my seat belt on.

“Good girl,” he rumbled, his voice low and throaty. Sending an unwanted shiver down my spine.

When he's made sure I wasn't going to trouble him anymore. He starts the car and we drive off.

I can't help thinking that if this is how our mating was going to be, then we were both in trouble. Big freaking trouble.