

Chapter 52

My mother and father hoisted Sebastian into the back of his Nissan once my dad shied back and my mother tossed him a pair of shorts she had brought. The red head was left alone for a moment, but my mother always kept one eye on her. I let out a whimper when I saw how pale my mate's skin was. But, when I strained my ears hard enough, I could hear his breathing. He would be okay for now. We just had to get him stable and make sure to stop the bleeding. If any wolf could survive this it was Sebastian's.

"He'll be fine," my mother promised, but her eyes didn't hold the same conviction. "We'll meet you at the house."

Once they started up the car I turned to face the woman who had haunted my dreams. Sebastian had said that Robert had tortured her. I didn't care. I didn't care if they had threatened to murder her whole family. No one came between me and my mate. And because of her, Sebastian was barely clinging to life. Worst of all, she had used my hands to do it.

I snarled at her, pulling my lips up to reveal my jagged teeth. I'm sure there was still blood on my teeth and gums from the five bodies that were scattered over the forest floor. She was already quaking with fear and as I neared her it only got worse. Her dress was soaked, clinging to her legs and revealing the way her knees trembled. I couldn't tell if she was crying or it was just droplets of water on her cheeks, but it wouldn't have made a difference. I nipped at her heels, restraining myself from latching onto her Achilles tendon and tearing it. She must've felt my rage because she didn't protest. She began walking, following the same path as Sebastian's vehicle.

I rumbled with low growls for the entire fifteen minutes it took to get to my childhood home. I didn't care that people stared. I didn't care that I could hear her actively sobbing now. I forced her into my home and only let her out of my sight when my mother ordered her to sit in a chair in the living room.

My father caught me in the hallway just outside the guest bedroom where he had settled Sebastian.

"He's stable. Shit, shower. This is going to be a long night," he suggested. a

I did as he said as I poked my head into the guest bedroom. Sebastian was still and his skin was white, but he was breathing so lightly. He wasn't dead, but the silver from the blade being that close to his heart would keep him from recovering for days. This would be a long and brutal battle. A battle that I wouldn't tear myself from again so it was best to shower now and get it over with.

My mother set out an outfit for me in the bathroom. I took a speedy shower, just long enough to get the blood off my skin and run shampoo through my hair. I pulled on the old shorts and ratty tee shirt my mother left for me. I couldn't be bothered to run a hair brush through the wet mop on my head and I didn't scrub my teeth either. It all seemed so trivial right now.

I went straight to Sebastian.

There were thousands of things I needed to talk to my parents about. I should've called Keiko too, and maybe Sebastian's family to tell them what happened. I should've gotten in the red head's face and screamed at her until she crumpled and told me everything she knew. Seeing how fragile she was now it wouldn't have taken much effort.

I didn't.

I went to Sebastian and watched. I wanted so badly to hold him, to feel his heartbeat and listen to each breath leave his lips. But I had done this. I had held that silver dagger and my hands were scarred with proof. I had stood over the man I had loved, ready to kill him. And I would've killed him if I hadn't looked into his eyes and gotten a stark reminder of who he really was.

"God, I'm so sorry," I whimpered. He didn't even flinch, but it didn't matter. The words would never be enough. If he would let me, I would spend the rest of my life making it up to him. But there would always be a chance that he would never forgive me, never want me near him again and I would simply have to accept that. I could never blame him for turning away from me as I er what I had done. a

But, for now, while his body fought to recover, I held his hand, keeping my thumb pressed down on his wrist to feel his slow, unhealthy heartbeat. My eyes stayed on his chest. I watched the slow pattern, content that he was still breathing, but worried about the shallowness. a

At some point my mother brought in my favorite dish, peppered steak and parsley potatoes. She said something, but I didn't even glance at her. I kept my thumb pressed down, feeling Sebastian's heart beat.

I stayed like that for another couple of hours, but, eventually my body won out. The immediate danger was gone. Sebastian's heartbeat was steady and there hadn't been any changes since I first sat with him. I needed water and to move for a moment. Then I could come right back.

The red head was still sitting in the living room when I came out of the room. She was still wearing her wet dress, but her trembling had eased and she had a cup of steaming tea beside her. Though my blood still boiled at the sight of her I could recall Sebastian calling my mother out. I decided to wait for Sebastian to come through before I questioned her. He would tell me what he had seen in his vision and we would decide what to do with her then.

My father asked me if I was okay. I nodded. My mother asked me if I had enjoyed the food. I gave her the same response, despite the fact that I hadn't touched a single potato.

But, before they could pursue any further answers the front door was flung open and my gaze met the faces of five people I knew well. Rita and Henry with Keiko and Ajax. At the forefront was the same dark hair and brown eyes that Sebastian would've had, just with a different build.

"You bitch," Colin snarled, coming straight for me. a

"Colin, please," I begged, putting my hands up in surrender. But, though I was being submissive now, I was still ready for one hell of a fight. If he wanted to take me on then I would have no problem defending myself.

"I told you that this would happen. We all warned you! And you still stayed close to him!" Colin accused. a

The silent, shaking red head unfolded herself at that moment. Moving with the grace and elegance in her wet dress, she came to stand between me and my mate's brother. She cradled the cup of tea in her hands.

"If you're going to be angry with anyone, be mad at me. I made her do it," she explained fearlessly. a

Colin spared no time squaring up with the thin, beautiful woman in front of him. He loomed closer, his eyes narrowed as he towered over her. I wondered if he was really going to attack this woman. I wouldn't stop him if he did. a

But Keiko spoke up, shattering the tense moment. Her brows were pulled together tightly. "You aren't one of us. What are you?"

The red head didn't pull her gaze away from Colin, keeping him pinned. "I'm a siren." a

~~~Distraction Section~~~

Soooo, did you guess right? I know some of you referred to the red head as a witch, but I definitely had a few siren guesses. Were you close with your assumption or way off? a

Question of the Day: What is your favorite kind of flower? a

My personal favorite is lilies. So vibrant! a