

Chapter 16

Judgmental

{Warning: This chapter may trigger some}

“Please let’s not do this in front of Iris, she doesn’t need to hear this part.” Sebastian says and we all turn to her.

She draws into herself when she sees all of us staring at her like she was a specimen.

“Fine,” Ren grumbles before shouting. “Colton.”

We all cringe at her loud voice and Iris blinks at her as if she is mad.

It’s not long before we hear the sound of footsteps running down the stairs. Soon enough Colton appears, seeming a bit out of breath.

“Yes mommy?” he asks sweetly.

“This is here is Iris and she will be staying with us...would you please go play with her in your room while we have an adult conversation?”

Colton twists his head to look at Iris. His eyes widen and he gapes at her. Looking as if he has been struck by lightning.

Iris in turns studies him carefully. Her eyes slowly taking him in. Her mind turning, trying to figure out who he is.

The connection even though they're kids is immediate.

“O-okay” Colton stammers before holding out his hand for her.

She hesitantly places her hand in his and once she does, Colton helps her down from the coach. They then leave, talking to each other as if they’re long-lost friends.

“What the fuck did I just witness?” Sebastian mumbles with a frown on his face.

Ren answers with a small smile. “Love at first sight.”

“It’s like the moment their eyes connected, none of us existed. That shit is messed up, they’re still children.” Sebastian adds, still puzzled.

“When it comes to the goddess it doesn’t matter if they’re kids, if she’s bound their souls to each other, they’ll feel the connection way before they can recognize each other as mates.”

I look between the couple. My eyes shift from Bash to Ren. There was no denying the instant connection we witnessed.

“Can we get back to the main topic,” Darren interrupts them before facing me. “How the hell do you have a five-year-old daughter that we know nothing about?”

I really didn't want to talk about this. If they could let me sleep then maybe I would wake up tomorrow and realize it was just a bad dream. By the looks on their faces though, I knew there was no way they were going to let me leave without giving them answers.

"I didn't want anyone to know," I breathe. "In fact, I hoped to never see or meet her. I planned to forget she existed or that I gave birth to her."

A gasp of horror leaves Ren's lips. They all look at me horrified. For the first time since I've known these three, they look at me with nothing but disgust.

I breathe out through my mouth. Forcing myself to calm down and not lash out at them for being so judgmental. I know from their point of view, I seem like a heartless and cold woman for saying that, but they didn't know the whole story.

Tears fill Ren's eyes. "Why would you say that May, a child is a blessing."

"Not in my case...she represents everything that's evil." I fire back.

This was so fucking hard. Seeing the disgust in their faces deepen. Even Darren, the one person I thought would try to look at it from a different perspective.

"Mayra!" Darren booms. My name rolls off his tongue in anger and distaste.

I ignore him and pin them with my eyes. I hope they see how much they've hurt me with their action.

“You know it's funny that you're all sitting there, judging me when you're supposed to be my friends. You're all looking down on me for not wanting her.” I say before continuing.

“Daniel” I spit his name. “Came home with a newborn five years ago. Ask yourselves what that means? What it represents...Where was I five fucking years ago?”

My hands are fisted on my laps. The anxiety and panic I was feeling had now turned to anger. I felt betrayed by them.

I see the moment my words penetrate their minds. The minute the implications registers.

“No...” Ren whispers brokenly.

The looks of disgust quickly change to something else. Realization, shock, then pity.

This is the reason why I don't like sharing about what happened to me. I hate the looks of sympathy that people would give them. It was given that they would look at me differently. They would look at me like I was broken. I knew I was but I didn't need others reminding me.

“When?” Darren's voice trembles when he asks the question.

I shift uncomfortably. I wasn't ready to reveal to them the truth but with the appearance of Iris, I had to.

"It began about a year after I got taken then continued throughout the captivity." I drag my hands through my hair and avoid eye contact with them.

"He was the head of the project, he sponsored everything. The running of the facility and the salaries of the doctors and henchmen who were working there. It started with lingering looks then it slowly went to longing looks and then lingering touches. He got a separate room for when he was working on me and only he was allowed in the room when he was experimenting."

I take a deep breath and try to calm my racing heart. My hands were sweaty and I felt like my skin was crawling with bugs.

"May..." Ren goes to say something but I cut her off.

I needed to get this over and done with. Because once I was done, I was never going to talk about it with them ever again.

"The rape started when he got the private room. He always injected me with some type of medicine. A muscle relaxant I think. I was aware of what he was doing and I felt it but I could never move. I wanted to scream so badly during those times but I knew that even if I could, no one would help me. The only ones who would were also weak prisoners."

I continue, my eyes focused on my trembling hands. “Through the years, I always got a contraceptive shot. He personally administered it to me but he took me off it a year before you found me. He said he wanted to experiment and see what a union between a werewolf and human would bring forth, so he continued on but with the aim of getting me pregnant.”

I had hoped that it wouldn't be possible. Prayed that he wouldn't succeed. I hoped that the damage from the torture, drugs and experiments would have done permanent damage to my body. That I would be unable to conceive. I didn't want a child with a rapist.

The goddess once again ignored my prayers because it didn't take long before I was pregnant with his baby.

“I conceived and he lied to his colleagues that he had performed artificial insemination on me. That it was all part of the experiment. I'll admit that I tried everything I could to have a miscarriage and kill the baby. I didn't want a child with a monster. A child born out of something so dirty and tainted. Unfortunately for me, the baby survived.”

It wasn't one of my best moments but I was in a terrible place both mentally and emotionally and I just didn't want the baby.

“The baby came nine months later. It was a difficult birth but despite being weak I gave birth naturally. Once born, I didn't want to look at it. Didn't want to acknowledge it. I didn't want to know whether it was a boy or girl. I just wanted both the baby and father away from me. It was a month or so later when I first saw Ren's spirit in the cells.” I finish.

I needed to get away from them so I stand up and face them.

Darren and Sebastian's faces looked like they were carved out of stone. Their jaws were rigid and their hands were clenched. They were angry on my behalf but that didn't take away the fact that they had judged me.

Ren looks broken and she was silently crying. Her hands covering her face.

"So, as you can see..." I begin. "I'm not a heartless, soulless bitch like you painted me to be, I just didn't want a child conceived by the monster that raped me for years."

With that and with my head held high, I stiffly leave the room without looking back at them.