

Chapter 5

A Storm is Coming

Darren

I watch as Mayra gets dressed. Ready to leave. I feel a tug in my chest and a part of me wants to pull her back to bed. Wants to beg her to stay. To move in with me.

Having her in my bed and my arms the entire night was the best feeling. Waking up tangled in the sheets and seeing her face first thing in the morning just felt right.

There is no denying that I want her. And these past few weeks I've been craving more of her and from her. I want her in my life permanently.

She finishes dressing and turns to look at me. I can tell she doesn't know what to say or what to do.

I turned our relationship to a whole new direction when I asked her to spend the night yesterday.

Leaving her unsure.

Getting out of bed, I walk towards her. She's trying to keep her eyes focused on mine but she's having a hard time. Eventually they dip down and I feel myself harden with every second her eyes are plastered to my cock.

"Like what you see?" I tease her, making her look up.

She grins wide before answering. "Yeah, a lot actually."

I lift my hand and lace my fingers in her soft hair before bringing my lips to hers. I can't seem to get enough of her taste. My tongue tangles with her and I want nothing more than to get her back to bed and show her just how much I adore her.

I pull my mouth and look into her eyes. "Are you sure you don't want me to take you back?"

I still can't get over how fucking beautiful and precious she is.

"I'm sure...besides, I already called and Uber."

Her phone pings and she looks down at it. "The driver is already here," she mumbles before looking up.

"See you soon, and call me if you need anything." I tell her before pecking her lips.

She smiles and turns to leave. I want nothing more than to follow her.

The door closes and I head to my bedroom window. Minutes later I see her emerge out of the house and into the waiting car.

‘Something isn’t right with her...I can feel it,’ I hear Kai, my wolf say, as I watch the car speed out of my compound.

This is my house in the city. I bought it a couple of years back. It was my safe place. Where I come to think. A place away from the pack.

‘I know,’ I mutter.

‘What are we going to do about it? I care about Mayra, she’s the first woman I’ve liked since we lost Lauren.’

At the mention of Ren, guilt eats at me. Sure, she has forgiven me and it’s been five years but I still can’t get over how I became a douche bag to her.

It took losing her and Miranda betraying me a second time to realize that I loved her. That I was always in love with her. I held back on her when we were together thinking that I still loved Miranda. Taking for granted her presence and love in my life.

I still feel disgusted by myself when I remember that I went behind her back. That I became a cheater.

One of the many things I’m afraid of is Mayra finding out my sins. Finding out that I wasn’t faithful to the woman I took my vows with.

No woman in her right mind would want a man that cheated on his mate and I was afraid Mayra would cut ties with me when she found out the truth of my relationship with Lauren.

I shake those thoughts from my head. Now wasn't the time to think about that. I will cross that bridge when I get there.

Remembering I was yet to answer Kai, I focus my attention on him.

'I know Kai, but right now there is nothing we can do except to be there for her. To make her understand that we're there for her and we'll do anything we can to help her.'

I know Mayra thought I bought into her excuse but she's wrong. I saw how shaken she was and I didn't want to push it. Plus the moment she told me that she needed me to help her forget, everything else faded. I helped her in the only way I knew how.

There was something wrong with her wolf. Something that she was hiding from everyone. I mean for fucks sake, Raya almost bit my arm off. She didn't seem scared to me, she looked pissed off. Furious.

Yeah. Something was definitely up and I was going to turn the whole fucking world upside down, if it means helping her. She means more to me than she thinks.

My phone rings, cutting my thoughts short. I go pick it up.

A smile crosses my face when I see Krystal's name flash on the screen. Fuck. She is the one good thing Lauren and I did right.

“Hey sweetheart, how are you doing?”

Damn I’ve missed her. It’s been almost a month since I last saw her. She was scheduled to come for a visit in a couple of weeks.

“I’m good daddy, just busy with training...and you, what are you up to?” she asks, her voice ringing with happiness at hearing my voice.

Man, do I love my daughter. She was my anchor when everything went to shit. It was because of her that I was able to pull through from my alcoholism and depression. Sometimes it’s hard to believe how fast time has flown. She was now a shifted teen.

“Nothing much...just thinking.”

“Hmm...do your thoughts have to do with a certain beautiful black-haired, blue-eyed woman?” she teases.

I chuckle. “How did you know?”

“Come one dad...you forget I’m an Oracle in training, you can’t hide your relationship from me, I saw it before it even started,” she says and I hope she doesn’t know that our relationship only consisted of sex before I decided I wanted more.

Another thing that I’m yet to get used to even after years have passed. That my baby girl is going to be the next Oracle. I’ve seen what Sylvia can do and how packs waged war against each other in a bid to get her. That was before she set the record straight and told them to back off or

she'll destroy their packs. I'm not afraid to admit that I'm scared for Krystal.

And let's not mention that she's destined to be alone for life. No mate, no children, just bound by her duty to the goddess. It's a lonely road ahead. This wasn't the future I imagined for her.

"Listen dad," her voice takes a serious tone and brings me back to the present. "You need to be there for Aunt Mayra. I see a storm coming and it's heading straight towards her. If we are not careful it'll sweep her up and it will destroy her."

I shiver at her words. My hands clench my phone. Almost breaking it in the process.

"Both of you may not know it, but you're her anchor, you're her destiny and without you she'll be lost. Promise me, dad... Promise me that you'll love her fiercely. That you'll protect her with everything you have." she whispers, the fear in her voice very noticeable.

"I promise, sweetheart." I vow.

She sighs in relief and then switches to a happier topic but I fucking can't shake the coldness that has settled in my bones. I'm unable to get rid of the dread I feel in the depths of my soul.