

Chapter 9

Pattern

Darren

I was working on some papers when my mom walked into my office. As the Alpha I had my own office in the pack house.

Unlike Sebastian who apart from being an Alpha also had a nine to five, I didn't have that. My day job was as alpha duties and that was that.

I wasn't a multi billionaire like he was but I wasn't badly off. I mean being a multi-millionaire wasn't that bad either. My money mostly came from investing.

"Hey mom." I say getting off my chair and walking towards her to hug her.

She wraps me in her arms bringing comfort in a way that only mothers do.

"Hey baby." she kisses my cheek and I groan.

“Seriously mum, I’m a grown man and you still call me baby... come on I have a baby of my own.”

Don’t get me wrong, I loved my mom but damn. No grown ass man in their mid-thirties wants to be called baby by their mom.

“Well, you’ll always be my baby.” she smiles.

I lead her towards the couch and we take a seat.

“So, what brings you here?”

“Can’t I visit my only son?” she fires back.

“Sure, but I know that’s not the reason why you're really here and this early in the morning too and where is your shadow?”

I expected my dad to be here with her. Those two were joined at the hip and rarely left each other’s side. That was the kind of relationship I wanted. I realized that I would have had it with Ren but I held back for a stupid reason. Miranda had truly messed me up.

I pull myself from those thoughts when mom begins to speak.

“Well he’s still asleep...I don’t even think he noticed that I had left, old age is starting to catch up.”

Dad was three years older than mom and they were now in their late sixties.

“Okay, so, what really brought you here?” I ask her.

Her face turns serious and I know that she means business. Mom was the most laid back person I knew except when she was about to get down to business.

“I heard a rumor that you went on a date,” she begins, her eyes searing me on the spot.

I groan and palm my face. This is the one thing I hate about pack life. The fact that everyone is always up in your fucking business. It also doesn’t help that I was the Alpha.

I knew it was one of my pack members because mom rarely left pack lands and she didn’t associate with humans nor did she have any human friend. She preferred staying with her kind, as she likes to put it.

“Is it true?”

“Is what true mom?” I look at her innocently.

Things were so new with Mayra I didn’t want to jinx them. It was just a few days ago that I changed the direction of our relationship. Despite deciding to stay the night, I knew she was still skeptical about getting close.

I didn’t want to raise mom's hopes only to disappoint her. Not that I plan to give up on Mayra in any case. She was mine. I already let go of a good woman before, I wasn’t about to make the same stupid mistake.

She sighs in exasperation, her face scrunching up in a frown. “That you went on a date.”

“Yeah,” I say reluctantly, keeping my eyes on her so I don’t miss her reaction. “Her name is Mayra, she’s a good friend of Ren and was among the werewolves that were rescued five years ago.”

I watch as her face turns from joy to worry. I don’t need to tell her anything else. The news that humans had held wolves in captivity for ten years had shook our world to the core.

No one could explain how it had happened. Or how more than a hundred werewolves had gone missing and no one had a clue. It made our elders evaluate everything including our security.

The good thing is that every human that worked there was dead. They had died with our secret.

“I won’t lie to you Darren, I was excited that you were finally moving on from Ren but are sure this is a good idea. I don’t want to sound insensitive or anything but I heard that the ones that were rescued had psychological problems. That doesn’t really make up for a good quality in a Luna. You need someone who’s mentally stable.” she says, her brows pinching together more as she talked.

As much as I hate it, I get where she was coming from and I know her worries, but I can’t let go of Mayra not only because of the promise I made to Krystal, but also because she’s imprinted herself on me and I can’t get her out of my head.

“I know mom, but Mayra is a good woman. I’m not saying she doesn’t have issues, it’s to be expected given how long she was in hell but I want you to give her a chance when the day comes that I introduce her to you. Trust in my choice please. Being with her just feels right.”

She closes her eyes for a second before opening them again. “I don’t think I can trust your choice, the last time you made a choice when it came to a woman you chose wrong, it almost destroyed you and in the process, you lost a great woman.”

My hands fist. The last thing I wanted was to be reminded of my failures and Miranda was the biggest of them all. She’s a taint I don’t think I will ever be able to get rid of.

“I made a good call once, when I chose Ren...Please trust that I can do that again.”

“How sure am I you’re not being led around by your second head? That sex isn’t clouding your judgement.”

“You can’t but mom, it’s not about sex...just please trust me.”

If I wanted sex, I could easily get it. After all it was Mayra’s idea for us to be friends with benefits. I want more though, and I can tell she wants it too but for some reason she’s holding herself back from truly connecting with someone.

“Fine...I hope you know what you’re doing,” she huffs out before standing up.

I mimic her actions and also stand up. "I do."

"Well, I'll head back home, so your dad doesn't have a heart attack when he wakes up and doesn't find me in the house."

I nod and kiss her cheek. She turns around to leave. When she was about to get out of the door, she faces.

"I do want the best for you Darren, you've been through a lot and have made some mistakes along the way but you deserve happiness, you deserve the love of a good woman. Are sure Mayra is the woman you want?" she asks.

"A hundred percent." I reply with a smile.

"Then I'll pray to the goddess to grant you your wish where she is concerned."

"Thank you mom."

She gives me a bright smile before she finally leaves.

I was just about to take a seat when the door opens and Brent walks in.

"How the fuck did my mom know about my date?" is the first thing I ask when I see him.

He shrugs his shoulders. "I'm not sure, but probably from Claire...Ren called her and told her about the burning chemistry between you and

Mayra when you went to pick her for the date. You should have heard them squealing like kids. They couldn't contain their excitement."

"Fuck." I mutter and run my hand through my hair.

I hope Ren and Claire don't ruin my chances with Mayra. The last thing she needs is her friends in her face about our relationship. That will make her skittish and then she will shut me off.

"Anyway, it's not why I'm here."

I raise my brow at him in question. "Then why are you here?"

"Did you get the message the elders sent you?" he stepped forward and took a seat.

"What message?"

I was confused. I never received anything. I was also curious, as far as I know I haven't messed up anything. I've kept my head straight since I got out of rehab.

"I had a feeling you didn't get it...they want you to work with Sebastian."

"What the fuck for?" I was puzzled because it was a weird request.

Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against Sebastian but we weren't buddies and we probably never will be because of all the shit that happened between us.

His eyes shut down and his face contorts. I know what he is about to tell me is something horrible and I brace myself for what he is about to drop.

“They’re not sure yet but they’ve got a whiff of a pattern.” He takes a deep breath. “They think what happened fifteen years ago is happening again...werewolves have started disappearing.”

“The fuck!” I growl, tension encasing my muscles. “How many?”

“So far about eleven people have been reported missing in the past eight months.” sadness sips into his voice.

“Shit.”

“My thoughts exactly.”

This was a big ass problem. We only recently recovered from what happened to Mayra and the others.

The last thing we need is for our fragile stability to be shaken and that is exactly what is going to happen when word gets out.