

Chapter 10

Could You Please Turn Around

Lauren

My phone rings for the hundredth time. It was Darren calling me and it was starting to piss me off. Can't he get the fucking memo that I didn't want to talk to him.

I sigh. Then hang up. He has been calling regularly. Since that day Sebastian kidnapped me. He kept calling even when I blatantly refused to pick up.

"Who keeps on calling you?" Claire asks curiously.

It was a day after Mason's successful surgery. We were all happy when we received the news. When the doctors said the tumor had been removed successfully. That Mason was going to be okay and we could take him home in two weeks.

I had invited Claire out for a late lunch. Now that Mason was out of danger. I felt that she needed a break. Some time to breathe and relax. Which she hasn't been able to do since Mason was diagnosed.

“It’s just Darren...the idiot doesn’t want to take a fucking hint.” I reply in irritation.

Every time I think of him, I get mad. I get so angry that I want to break something. Specifically his nose.

It’s because of him that I was in this shit. If only he’d loved me. If only he had thought with his head instead of his dick.

Beneath my anger and bitterness. There’s pain. The same pain that still has a fist around my heart.

Even after a year of not seeing him. The pain is still there. Still ripping me apart, piece by piece. I fucking hate that I haven’t healed. Hate that he still has this much power over me.

“Maybe he wants to talk to you about Krystal.” She suggests.

I look at her in disbelief. Wondering why she would even suggest that. They both hated me. Krystal had even said that I was no longer her mother.

My face must have registered my doubt because she added quickly. “Krystal hasn’t been herself the past few months. She tries to hide it, but I’m a mother so I notice. I honestly think she needs you. She needs her mom.”

Worry starts building in my core. I push it down because there’s just no way Krystal needed me. Like I said, she hated me and she had Darren.

Besides, how can I be of help to her? I wasn't in a good place right now. I'm afraid that she'll see who I've become and she will end up hating me more. Or worse, I lose control and hurt her.

I honestly doubt her opinion of me has changed. My plan to try and fix things with her once I was mated to Sebastian included forcing things. Pushing to be in her life. To be involved as her biological mother.

That plan has to wait though. Till I'm sure she's not in danger with me in her life.

"Maybe you're right and maybe you're not. Either way I can't be a mother to her right now. I'm in a dark place Clair so I doubt I can be of help. If anything I will just make things worse." I whisper.

Averting my eyes so she doesn't see the battle inside me. A battle of good versus bad. Light versus darkness.

"What are you hiding from me Renny? Don't think I haven't noticed."

I want to tell her so bad. I want to be honest. To seek comfort from her. To have her tell me that everything will be okay, but I can't tell her. She's already dealing with so much. The last thing she needs is knowing how truly broken I am.

I'm about to lie to her when my phone rings. I rush to pick it up. Without so much as looking at the Id.

Just so I can avoid this conversation.

“Hello?”

“Get ready this evening. I’ll be coming to pick you up for dinner” Sebastian’s deep voice comes through.

I immediately get irritated at him. What’s with this man and ordering me around? Like I’m his omega bitch. I want to tell him exactly where he can shove his dinner plans but I notice Claire looking at me.

After I got in the car with Sebastian, we drove in silence. He seemed lost in thought and still a little pissed. It took almost forty-five minutes to get to my cottage where he dropped me off and without saying anything else. Drove off.

The next day. One of his men arrived at my cottage with my car, phone and handbag. He also didn’t say much. Just dropped off my things and then went on his merry way. I haven’t heard from Sebastian since that day. That was three days ago.

“What time?” I ask, sweetly, when all I want is to strangle him.

“I’ll be by your cottage at seven. Make sure you’re ready by then. Don’t make me wait.” he answers before hanging up the phone.

Bastard. I think to myself. Why does he have to be so arrogant and so bossy? I’m sure his dick won’t fall off if he asked politely.

I check my watch and frown. I realize it’s already five o’clock. That only gives me two hours to get home and get ready.

“Is everything okay?” Claire asks. Probably seeing my frowning face.

“Yeah. I just need to get going. Is it okay if we postponed this date? I know we need to catch up and we will but I have to go.”

Claire looks at me before finally nodding. I don't give her any more details. I don't even know how to begin telling her that I was going to dinner with Sebastian. She would freak out knowing it's Miranda's ex.

I give her a tight hug, after reassuring her that I'll call her. I then leave for my cottage quickly. You would honestly think that hellhounds were after me.

By the time I got home I had made up my mind not to go for dinner. I couldn't allow Sebastian to continue pushing me around. Commanding me as if I was one of his subordinates.

‘Do you think that's a good idea? Going against him?’ Blue asks.

This was one of the rare days that she wasn't restless. Where she wasn't exhausted from pushing the darkness away.

“Maybe not, but we can't continue to let him boss us around. How will he ever respect us or view us as an equal if we just do his every whim?”

"I really think it's a bad idea. Remember what he did last time."

I do remember. I was there after all. Still, I feel that standing our ground is our best option. Our arrangement won't work if he keeps treating us like omegas.

‘Your funeral’ Blue murmurs before going back to sleep.

I take the opportunity to soak in the tub. To just relax with a glass of wine. Time to quiet the thoughts running inside my mind. I was so at peace which was rare that I started dozing without even realizing.

I’m startled awake, when I feel a presence inside the room. My eyes finally focus on a very pissed off Sebastian standing in the door way. He looked ready to commits murder. Shiver runs through me both from Sebastian’s cold stare and the now cold water.

“I fucking told you to be ready and instead of that I find you sleeping in a bathtub after knocking on your fucking door for nearly fifteen minutes,” he growls, his fist clenched and eyes glowing.

I just stare at him. Maybe Blue had been right after all. My defiance was a very terrible idea. Too late though, because I have a feeling he wanted to wring my neck.

“Could you please turn around?” I ask politely once I realize that the bubbles were all gone and he could probably see my naked body.

Not that he would even give me a second glance or even desire me. As a werewolves, we aren’t shy about our nudity, but for some reason I didn’t want him seeing me naked. It was just too intimate.

“Ten minutes Red. If you’re not dressed and out by then I swear I’ll come back and fucking dress you myself,” he clipped before walking out and slamming the door.

Shit! The look on his face told me he wasn't joking.

It wasn't an empty threat.