

Chapter 2

A Disastrous Party

I stare in doubt at the humongous house in front of me. I can hear the booming music playing somewhere outside. I could also hear the screams of children as they had fun.

It was Krystal eighth birthday and I hadn't been invited. I hadn't even known there was a party. How pathetic is that? Not knowing your daughter already had a birthday party planned?

I had called Darren to ask him what I should plan. He had angrily answered that Miranda had everything covered. That I shouldn't bother coming because neither him nor Krystal wanted me there.

I was the one who always planned her parties, and it was always done at our home. But this year it was being held at Miranda's.

Apparently, Krystal had asked her to plan it. Because according to her I don't plan her parties the way she wanted them. They were always boring and ugly and she hated them.

It had hurt to know that Krystal had never liked or appreciated the work and effort I put in the planning.

That it wasn't enough. That she hated those parties.

I sigh knowing Miranda has overturned everything I've ever done. That all my efforts are nothing but squashed bugs beneath her feet.

Why the fuck does it still hurt? It has been months since she come back. I should be used to the new reality by now, but I was still holding on.

"You can do this Ren" My wolf Blue murmurs. As I try to find the courage to walk to her house. A place I remain unwanted.

"This is our pup's party and we shouldn't miss it" she continues.

If I had thought what Darren did was painful. Then I had no idea how this would tear me up. That Krystal and Darren hadn't wanted me there on the day I fucking gave birth to her. I had been angry at both of them, then the anger had turned to hurt.

Pushing those thoughts away I take a step forward. The door was opened so I stepped in and I was in complete awe. Everything was beautiful, Miranda had really done a great job. It looked like something out of a fairytale.

I follow the sound of the music and I end up in the backyard. The lush field had been transformed into a dream. Pink and white flowers covered the ground. Tables covered with glittery gold table clothes.

Each table had four chairs covered with a white satin cloth. They were then tied with gold ribbons.

I was really trying. The last thing I needed was to be the talk of the city. I could feel the pity from our packmates through the bond. And I know

majority don't agree with what Darren is doing. But I don't want their pity. I just want my family back.

Krystal reaches out to take the gift. I was about to sigh in relief, to smile at her. But then she does something I never expected her to.

She throws the gift to the floor, before stomping on it. Breaking the doll I had bought her. I look at the broken doll, which is the perfect reflection of my broken heart. She stomped on the doll the same way she just stomped on my heart.

"I told you I don't want you here, and I don't want your stupid and ugly present" she snapped at me.

She was shaking as if she couldn't control her anger and hatred.

How did it get to this? What did Miranda have that I didn't? What was it about her that made my family love her but hate me.

All I ever done was to love them. Give them all of me. The best of me. I've done all I could to be the perfect mate and wife. To be the perfect mother but it seemed none of that was enough. Because

Miranda easily replaced me in their hearts.

"Krys..." I choke out her name. The pain and tears blocking my airway.

She interrupts me by shouting. "No! I hate you and daddy hates you too. We don't want you here. Daddy is going to marry mommy Miranda but you don't want them to because you are a bad and evil person. You're

jealous of her because she is prettier than you and you're ugly. If you don't let daddy be happy then I'll pray for the goddess to punish you and send you to hell."

I stumble back because I feel like I've been physically punched. That not only does she hates me so much she would wish me to hell but also because Darren is planning to mate with Miranda.

How did this happen? How had I turned from her mother to the villain in their fairytale story?

"You don't mean that Krystal. I'm your mommy" I cry out. Unable to stop my tears from flowing.

Why do I feel like my heart is being fucking torn into pieces? Like it's been shredded into minced meat?

"You are no longer my mommy. I only have one mother and that is mommy Miranda," she declared strongly. She then turns her back to me and runs to Miranda.

Miranda wraps her arms around her, glaring at me while she whispers words of comfort to her. As if she was her biological mother and I was the other woman. The one who had destroyed their happy day.

I can't believe that Krystal just denounced me. In front of guest. How could she do that to me? And how could Darren allow her to? How could they choose Miranda over me?

The remaining pieces of my heart were shattering. I don't think there was anything that could fix it, make it whole again.

Before I even have a chance to pick my dignity from the floor, Darren is there. He grabs my arm in a painful grip and drags me away.

"Please Darren..." I plead with him when we are almost to the door.

"Shut the fuck up, you stupid cunt!" he shouts. He is completely livid and furious. His eyes changing from black to yellow.

I shut up completely shocked he would call me a cunt. As if I was nothing but an annoying hoe that was trying to break up his happy family.

It fucking hurts.

His fingers leave my arm and wrap around my neck. He squeezes hard, choking the day lights out of me. His claws digging deep into my neck. I can feel the blood trailing down my neck. Already soaking my blouse.

"Let this be the last fucking time I see you near Krystal or even me. Don't touch her, don't look at her and don't even breathe the same fucking air as her. If you come even an inch near us, I'll fucking kill you." he threatened. His voice hard.

"But she's my daughter" I whisper, tears running down my face.

His voice was cold with finality when he replied. "You heard her...you mean nothing to her and you mean nothing to me."

Without another word, he pushes me out of the door before closing it. I try to break my fall by landing on my hands and knees. I don't even register that I have bruised them. Or that my neck though healing was still bleeding.

The pain from my physical wounds couldn't compare to the one in my heart. How am I supposed to fight when I feel broken? Should I even fight for them or just give up? Given they've turned their back on me and hate me. What was the point anyway? They no longer want me, us. Blue, hurt beyond repair, retreated to the back of my mind.

"Hey," a sweet little voice brings me from my trance.

A boy around ten years old stands next to my car. He has blonde hair and grey eyes. He is a handsome little boy and looks really familiar.

"My daddy says that pretty girls shouldn't cry. And you're the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." he tells me sweetly and strongly.

I touch my heart that this boy thinks I'm beautiful while my own daughter doesn't think so.

I kneel to his level even though it causes me pain.

"Thank you handsome. What's your name?" I ask with a teary smile, trying to wipe away my tears.

He smiles at me and damn does it light up his face.

“I’m Jax...and you’re Krystal mom. I don’t mean to be bad, but I don’t like Krystal all that much now. She was mean to you and it made me angry. I also don’t like my mom or Krystal’s dad, what they are doing to you isn’t nice. They are the ones who should be punished.” he says with a hint of anger. His hands balled in a fist.

It hits me after he finishes speaking. This boy, trying to comfort me was Miranda’s son.

It also hits me that I could poison him against his mother. Say all manner of things to make him hate her but I don’t. It’s not in me. I would never wish this pain on any mother.

“I know baby, but she’s still your mom, no matter what. You should love and respect her.” I calmly and gently say.

He looks intensely at me for a while before saying. “Okay, but just know that even though they don’t love you I do and you’re the best.”

He then gives me a hug and a kiss on the cheek before leaving. I don’t know what it is about Jax, but I feel a connection to him. Something tells me our paths are somehow tied to each other.

I get in my car and drive away from my daughter and mate. Feeling better for the first time in months.

And it was all because of my enemy’s son.