

Chapter 20

Feeling Lost?

Darren

I was still in Sebastian's pack. Staring at nothing in particular. It was after the whole incident had taken place. When Lauren had lost control and attacked Miranda.

After she was tranquilized Sebastian had taken her to their room. While he had ordered Miranda to be thrown into their pack dungeon.

I was completely lost and cold. So fucking cold. How did it come to this? I thought I had everything. My mate and daughter by my side but it all turned out to be a fucking lie.

How could she do this to me? I trusted her. Had given her a second chance after she chose Sebastian ten years ago. So how could she cheat on me? How has everything gone bad?

I hear footsteps behind me but I don't bother turning. Just continue leaning on the balcony. Staring at the endless darkness.

"You okay Darren?" Brent, my beta and Claire's mate, asks me.

How do I answer that question? How do I tell him that I didn't even know what I was feeling? Is that even normal? Being unable to describe your feelings after such a cluster fuck takes place.

I felt numb but I also felt raw at the same time.

"I don't know man...I just don't fucking know." I whisper.

He claps my back but I don't even register it. My mind lost in its misery. I'm an alpha but what I'm feeling right now is crashing me. Stripping me of being the strong leader that I'm supposed to be. I feel weak. Feel pathetic.

"Let's get you inside. Miranda's fate will be decided tomorrow." he tells me. Sympathy in his voice.

I hate that. Hate that he's sympathizing with me. It reminds me of memories I'd forgotten. Reminds me of the first time Miranda broke me. She broke me and I still fucking gave her a chance to do it again.

"You go. I'll just stay here. I need to clear my head. It's a mess."

"No. If you're staying then I'm staying. There's no way I'm leaving you alone in this." he replies.

He was not only my beta but my best friend, and time and time again he has proven that he's a great friend.

He tried to warn me when I began seeing Miranda behind Lauren's back. Told me not to fall for her crap. That she was only with me because Sebastian no longer wanted her. I didn't listen though.

Blinded with the love for her that I had kept hidden. Blinded by the what ifs that I still carried.

For a while, my relationship with him, Claire and that of my parents had been ruined. Because I had been too stubborn to see what they saw. A year later here we are. Miranda having broken me for the second time. This time it's even worse because I knew what she was deep inside and I still fell for her traps.

What's the saying; fool me once shame on you, fool me twice shame on me. It's a bitter pill to swallow knowing I was the fool that got fooled twice. It fucking hurts.

"Is this how Lauren felt? When I cheated on her?" I ask no one in particular. Brent doesn't answer, just sighs.

'This and probably more' my wolf Kai answers in a small voice. He's more broken than anyone could tell. Our fated mate turned out to be a cheating slut and the woman we left for our mate no longer wants anything to do with us.

We took a chance, giving up Lauren in favor of Miranda and we fucking lost. We lost big time. How am I supposed to survive this? The last time it happened I had Lauren to pull me from the darkness. Right now she won't even spare me a glance. Her hatred for me burns deep. So deep I doubt she'll ever forgive me.

And what about the baby? The one Miranda said that Lauren couldn't carry full term. I didn't know that she was pregnant, but even if I had, I doubt in my state of mind it would have changed anything.

"Did you know about the baby? The child Lauren lost?" I ask.

"Yes." he nods.

"Tell me everything." I pleaded. What else had I missed while I was in a Miranda state of mind? What else had happened while I was too cooped up in Miranda to think about anything but her?

"First of all you have to know that I didn't know until much later on and I knew about it because Claire told me." he says and I nod in understanding.

"Ren had been around five months pregnant when she miscarried and that was three months after she found out about you and Miranda. She had fallen into depression with most of the pack turning against her in favor of you and Krystal was acting out. Her blood pressure had shot up risking both her and the baby further. The doctor had said that the pressure and stress she was in had been too much for the baby. Her body couldn't take it. There hadn't been no chance of the baby surviving."

I take in a deep breath but the air gets stuck. My insides are torn at losing our baby. A baby I didn't get the chance to meet or hold.

"What were we going to have?" my voice was thick even to my own ears. Emotions clogging my voice.

“A boy. You would have had a son.”

A choked cry comes out of me without me meaning it to. I was going to have a son. What I did cost me my heir. How can I live with this guilt? Knowing full well that it's because of what I put Lauren through that caused her to have a miscarriage.

No wonder she went crazy on Miranda and attacked her. Being reminded of the child you lost by the very person who caused it was enough to make anyone lose their shit.

“Why didn't she contact me? Why didn't she tell me?”

Brent sighs. “Did you ever pick up her calls when she called? How was she to tell you she was pregnant when you didn't even give her the time of day? Claire told me she wrote you text messages, she even emailed you, but you never answered.”

I hang my head in shame. I deleted all her texts and emails without reading them. I had been stupid, thinking that she was the mistake I made when in reality Miranda was the mistake. I never should have gone down the path that is Miranda and because of my idiocy, I may have lost the only woman that truly loved and cared for me.

I was a fucking idiot and I deserved the crashing pain I was in.

Sebastian.

“What are you going to do about the bitch down stairs?” my uncle asks me. He has never been a fan of Miranda, especially now.

We were seated in my office. Uncle John, Micah and me. Lauren was yet to wake up and Miranda was rotting downstairs.

“I haven’t decided yet” I answer. Feeling Fang prowls inside my mind. Giving me a fucking Migraine.

We were pissed off. Angry. That she would dare drag us. I don’t want to think about the term that’s befitting. Because how can an alpha be a victim of that? A victim of rape. Because that’s what it was.

She fucking raped us.

I push that thought away. I don’t want to fucking think about it because if I did I would kill her right here right now. Pregnant or not.

“We have to first determine if she’s indeed pregnant or not. Then find out whether the baby is even yours.”

I grab my hair in frustration. I needed to run. Needed to be alone. The fucking room was closing in on me. I couldn’t breathe I don’t want to think about anything, especially not Miranda and the baby she might be carrying. A baby that could potentially be mine. A baby that was conceived in that sickening manner. I grab my hair in anger and bitterness. Feeling my skin crawl at the thought of what Miranda did.

“What are you going to do if the baby is yours?” Miles asks quietly.

“I don’t fucking know” I growl before standing up and hurrying out of the room. Banging the door behind me.

I prowled through the pack house and in minutes I find myself outside, heading towards the forest. I needed to hunt. To have some sort of vindication for what was done to me.

Without caring I shift. Tearing my expensive shirt and slacks in the process. I roar, shaking the trees.

Releasing the pent-up anger and frustration I was feeling before I charge into the forest looking for a victim to devour.

Miranda was going to pay. I vow to myself and to Fang. When all this was settled she was going to rue the day she fucking met me. I was going to be her living nightmare.