

Chapter 23

Moment of Truth

“Stop! Where are you two going in such a rush?” I ask Jax and Krys.

They stop in their tracks but they don’t turn to face me which makes me suspicious. They’re getting along really well but it has been hard keeping up with the both of them. Some of the mischievousness they have gotten into has made me almost lose my freaking mind. I truly don’t know how parents with children so close in age deal.

“Turn around,” I say but they don’t listen. “Right now.” I command.

They slowly turn around and I gasp. They were covered from head to toe in mud which was weird because their backs were somewhat clean. How did I not see this coming?

“You two better have a good explanation on why the hell you look like you swam in mud.” I shout, furious.

I swear these two were going to drive me to the grave early.

“It was all Jax’s fault mom. He said I was chicken. That I couldn’t make a mud angel with my front. I told him I was not so he dared me.” Krystal says glaring at Jax, while he grins.

“I knew I shouldn’t have listened. Some of it got into my mouth and it doesn’t taste as good as a chocolate pudding.” she adds, shaking her head. Disappointment written all over her face.

“Wait, what’s a mud angel?” I ask.

Jax is the one that answers. “Well it’s kind of a snow angel but instead of snow, you use mud.”

I’ll never be used to the things children come up with. Krystal has always been a simple girl. Preferring to play with her Barbie dolls but ever since they became close she’s become different. More outgoing.

Preferring to be outdoors with Jax.

I can’t even count the number of stupid things they have dared each other to do. It was starting to drive me crazy. I was used to raising a girl but a boy is totally different. No wonder Claire used to complain that Mason was driving her up the wall.

“And you both thought this idea was good, why?”

None of them answer. Jax just shrugs his shoulders while Krystal keeps shifting from one foot to another.

“Up to your rooms right now. I want both of you freshly cleaned in the next thirty minutes” I say sternly.

Placing my hands on my hips.

“But-but...” Jax begins, trying to think of an excuse but I interrupt me.

“No buts Jax. Upstairs now!”

They must have heard the warning in my voice because they scramble and leave.

“I’m never getting another child.” I mutter to myself.

‘Tell me about it. I’m already exhausted and I’m not the one who has to deal with them’ Blue says just as I hear a chuckle from behind.

I turn sharply and find a woman I’ve never seen before staring at me with a smile. We’ve been in the pack house for almost a week now and I probably recognize most people. I would have remembered her if I had seen her.

She looks oddly familiar. She has beautiful blue eyes and strawberry blonde hair. She has a dust of freckles which makes her look youthful. She’s stunning.

“You look oddly familiar.” she tells me echoing my own thoughts.

Just then Michelle, the woman who had ran her mouth passed by, giving me a scathing look. It still pisses me off seeing her face so I mirror the

same look back at her. If she thought she was going to intimidate me then she was messing with the wrong bitch.

“Don’t mind her. She’s had a hard on for Bash since they were teenagers and she’s bitter that he never acknowledged her as anything more than a fuck buddy.” the blue-eyed woman tells me.

“I’m Lily by the way. Micah’s mate. We haven’t been properly introduced since I was at my parent’s pack visiting when you came.” she extends her hand and I shake. Thinking that it made sense why she looked familiar now that she has mentioned whose mate she is.

“Lauren, but you already know that.” I say sheepishly to which she just smiles big.

“You can call me Ren though.”

We chatted for a while and I decided I liked her. She reminded me so much of Claire. Both had a bubbly personality and had a way of easing anyone they cross paths with.

After thirty minutes she leaves me in the living room after making me promise that we would hang out later. I go and check on Krystal and Jax. Finding them in the movie room watching some animation.

They were both clean thankfully.

I head downstairs and make them some snacks before taking it to them. After making sure that they are all settled in I leave them to their movies.

I'm greeted by most pack members that I pass by and I'm honestly grateful that they have accepted me in such a huge way.

I was about to head outside when I remember not seeing Sebastian during lunch time. We decided to stay in the pack house and work from home while we waited for the results on the DNA test. I haven't seen him much. He's always locked up in his office. I'm suspecting he sleeps there just so he can avoid sharing a bed with me.

'You should bring him something to eat.' Blue advises.

I sigh knowing the action probably won't be welcomed. 'I don't think that's a good idea.'

'Why? This is a perfect opportunity to act like the perfect mate. Don't think that the remaining pack members wouldn't have noticed. What kind of mate doesn't care whether her mate eats or not?'

'Oh come on, I'm taking care of the kids...that should be enough.' I grumble, almost stomping my feet.

'Just take to him the damn food.'

'No.' I state firmly.

'Ren...' she says in warning.

'If you want to bring him food so damn much why don't you take it to him yourself.' I snap at her.

I didn't understand why the hell she was insisting on this so much. The man probably had someone bring him something to eat. He was the fucking alpha after all.

‘Very well...Then I'll just have to tell Fang that you had a wet dream about Sebastian yesterday. I'll tell him every single detail including how you even woke up in your own cum after cumming so hard to his dream persona.’

I gasp in horror at her threat. ‘You wouldn't.’

‘Try me.’

Fuck. I can't believe I was being blackmailed by my own damn wolf. The dream I had was something I didn't ever want Sebastian finding out. The things his dream version did were things not even Darren and I experimented with in real life. Things that I've always wanted but Darren never bothered to care about what I wanted and didn't want.

‘Fine.’ I shake those thoughts from my head and stomp my way to the kitchen.

Blue smiles in triumph and I declare that she was now my least favorite being. Piling a plate with food, I microwave it then head to his office.

Several people nod at me in approval when they see the plate in my hand and which direction I was heading to.

I reach his office and tentatively knock. Hoping that he doesn't answer or that he stepped out for a moment. At least then I can say that I tried.

“Enter.” his deep authoritative voice sips through the door.

I unlock the door and enter. He’s seated on the sofa instead of at his desk. Going through some papers that were scattered on the table.

“I don’t know if you’ve had any lunch but I brought you some food.”

With that he looks up. His eyes studying me which still makes me uncomfortable as hell. I was about to just leave the food and leave given that he hasn’t said a word but his word stop me.

“Thanks,” he murmurs before signaling me to bring it.

I walk over and set the food on the table while pushing some of the papers aside. Some picture catch my attention and I grimace.

“What are these?” the pictures of different people or to be exact what was left of them. They were completely torn apart. Completely unrecognizable.

He sighs. “A new threat.”

I can see the tiredness in his eyes but I don’t comment on it. It wasn’t my place to.

“What new threat? And what happened to them.”

“There have been multiple attacks all around the city. People showing up dead. Torn to pieces, their hearts missing. Humans think it’s a rabid animal but I think it’s one of our own. A rogue.”

I shake my head. Trying to erase the images from my mind. “Any lead so far?”

“None. There’s nothing left behind at the scenes. No tissues, no DNA and no scent. It’s like we’re chasing a fucking ghost” the frustration is clear in his voice.

I was about to offer comfort when his phone rang. He picks it up.

“What?” he all but growls before listening to the other person on the line before hanging up.

Turning to me. “Doctor Mark just emailed me the results of the paternity test.”

My heart starts to throb. Anxiousness squeezing my lungs that I fail to breathe. This was the moment of truth. What will I do if indeed the baby was Sebastian's?

He checks his phone. His mouth clamped shut and his jaw set. If I was anxious I couldn’t imagine how Sebastian felt.

Darren had left along with Brent, Claire and Miles but I’m sure the doctor would also send him the results.

Sebastian stares at his phone, not speaking.

“What does it say?”

He doesn't answer but then his face relaxes and happiness takes over his features.

He hands me his phone and I begin to read the email. "Oh my god...you're not the father" I screech in happiness. Jumping up and down. So fucking relieved.

He nods his head. A smile in place. He has the most beautiful smile I have ever seen on a man.

I continue reading the mail. "Oh no." I murmur. My smile slipping from my face.

Darren was going to be crushed. The baby was also not his.