

## Chapter 25

### You've Got Some Nerve

Lauren

I stare at the papers on my desk. I was trying to come up with the main design for our new collection.

The Amor collection like we named it was supposed to have its big reveal in a month. I was usually the one that came up with our bestselling set but I couldn't get my mind to focus.

"Mrs. Ashford?" my secretary enters my office making me look up.

I swear I will never get used to being called after Sebastian.

"There's someone here for you." she says, her tone business-like.

I've never seen her smile since I hired her. She's about my age and is always on business mode.

"Who is it? and do they have an appointment?" I ask, my eyes going back to the piece I was working on.

There was something missing. Something to make it our diamond. I try looking at it from different angles but the missing piece still eludes me.

“Maybe we should add sequins.” Blue suggests.

“I don’t know.” I reply.

I stare at the design and try imagining it with the sequins. I can see it will look great but still that wasn’t the missing piece.

“No to both your questions.” My secretary brings me back to the present.

“Okay send them in.” I say distractedly. Crumpling the paper and throwing it in the trash with the other designs.

I sigh in frustration just as my door opens. I look up at my visitor and freeze in my seat. Couldn’t I catch a fucking break? Seriously, what the hell was he doing here?

“Hello Lauren.” Darren greets me but I was in no mood to deal with him.

“What do you want?”

Just seeing him reminds me of everything he put me through. Every tear, every pain, every heartache.

All of it is still imprinted on my heart like a fucking tattoo.

I examine him. A part of me rejoices in the fact that he looks shit. Guess the perfect image he had of Miranda finally crumpled. He was now seeing

the woman that lay beneath the outside appearance. She was no longer the gold he treasured so much.

“Can we talk?” he asks in a slurred voice, swaying on his feet.

“Are you drunk?” I counter, wondering what the hell he was thinking coming here drunk.

This was like history repeating itself. The first time Miranda destroyed him, he fell in a downward spiral.

When I met him he had hit rock bottom. He had neglected his alpha training and his studies. He spent his time drunk and picking fights with everyone. He became an alcoholic and a drug addict.

His parents had to send him to rehab. That’s where our bond, or what I had thought was a bond, formed. I used to visit him any chance I could get until the day he finally walked out of there clean.

“Yes, just a little bit.” he replied with a sad smile.

I stand up heading towards the door. “I don’t have time to deal with your shit Darren so get out.”

He doesn’t give me a chance to get to the door. He grabs me, holding me close. He honestly smelled like road kill and it made me retch.

“Please Lauren, I made a mistake...take me back.” he pleads while trying to kiss me.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” I mutter trying to fight him off

“No, I’m serious.” he replies even though that was a rhetorical question.

I couldn’t believe the nerve of this guy. Did he honestly think that I was that stupid? That I would go back to him now that he has realized the woman he left me for a woman that played him. That she was nothing more than a gold-digging cunt. My anger was rising and I was seriously pissed off. Especially since the bastard was still trying to kiss me.

“Let me go Darren.” I yell.

Too bad, my office was sound proof so my secretary couldn’t even hear. This was just more shit on an already shitty day.

“Not until you take me back. I’ll do anything you want.” his arms tighten around my waist.

I felt the familiar darkness rising inside me. This time instead of pushing it down I embrace it. Rearing my hand back I punch him square in the nose. He stumbles back in shock before he falls down, howling in pain.

I stomp over my desk and pick my office phone and dial Claire.

“What’s up Ren?” she answers in a happy tone.

“You better get Brent to come get his sorry excuse of an alpha before I throw him out of my fucking window.” I growl before hanging the phone.

I know it's probably rude and that Claire doesn't deserve that but I was on edge. I mean how dare he come here and basically try to kiss me against my will. Asking me to take him back.

In all that stupid speech he gave me. Not once did he mention anything about being sorry. Just like every other time he was being fucking selfish. Only thinking about himself and his stupid needs.

Has he even ever asked himself what I felt? What it was like for me to know from others that he was cheating on me. How it felt when he chose that bitch over everything we built together in the span of ten years? I bet he didn't, because he was a selfish prick and thought the world revolved around him.

'What a complete dick.' Blue says in disgust.

I look at him. Still seated on my floor with a bloody nose. He looked so pathetic and I pray it crashes him to know he can never have me ever again.

"You've got some nerve coming to my office and basically assaulting me" I snarl at him making him look up.

He stands up unsteadily. "I just wanted us to talk."

"Talk about what Darren? How you fucked me over all because of that shallow bitch? How you broke my heart and trampled on it until nothing was left of it? How you kept rubbing it in my face that in those ten years we were together was nothing and that you never loved me? How about how you were fucking her behind my back?"

My hands were fisted to my sides. I could feel Blue trying to comfort me. Calm me down, but it wasn't working. I was teetering on the edge of a cliff I wasn't sure I could come back from if I fell.

“Was it worth it? Everything you put me through was it worth getting your dick wet?” I ask, advancing on him. “Fucking answer me you fucking bastard!” I yell, hitting him when he didn't answer me.

That wasn't enough so I do it again and again. I let loose the pain I've been pushing back and it consumes. After that everything is a blur.

“Lauren!”

Someone pulls me from him and holds me to their chest and I cry. Cry for my damaged heart and my fractured soul. Slowly I come back to myself. I realize that I'm on Claire's chest and that I've soaked her blouse with tears.

“You good?” she asks, her eyebrows drawn together.

“Yeah” I reply before turning around.

My eyes land on Darren and I wince. I really did a number on him. He had a black eye, broken nose, a split lip and claw marks across his chest and down his arms. I bet this wasn't what he was expecting when he decided to come see me. Brent was standing over him. Looking at his friend in pity. I'm sure he was wondering what to with him.

Darren looks up and pain flashes in his eyes.

“How does it feel to get a dose your own fucking medicine hmm? It’s a bitter pill to swallow, isn’t it?” I ask him with a cruel smile.

He doesn’t say anything, just looks down in shame. Fucking bastard can’t even accept his mistakes.

How did I ever think he was my dream man?

I turn to Claire. “I need to leave, you’ll take care of everything here right?”

“You sure you’re, okay?”

“Yes, I just need to get some rest, I’ve been cooped up here since morning. I need a break.”

She nods her head. “Okay.”

I pick up my things and give her a hug before turning to Brent. “Make sure he stay away from me or I won’t be responsible for what I’ll do to him next.”

“After the damage you’ve done he’s a fool if seeks you out.” he says looking at Darren in anger.

I turn to the man in question. “As for you Darren, I hope you burn in hell.”

Without giving him another look I leave. I pass by my Secretaries desk and ask her to reschedule my meetings.

I walk out of my building still feeling on edge. For some reason I start feeling like someone was following me as I walk down to the underground parking.

I turn around and survey the area but I see no one. Just before I reach my car I feel a blow to the back of my head that sends me into unconsciousness.