

Chapter 49

Still Bitter

“I was able to cancel the fashion show so you shouldn’t worry too much.” Claire tells me through the phone. “Just concentrate on getting better.” she adds.

I don’t say anything for a while. Just stare outside. I wasn’t in the mood to do anything. Or talk to anyone. That included Claire.

She visited me while we were in the hospital. A couple of times actually. She has always been there for me. In my darkest time, and even now when things took a dive for the worst.

“Ren, are you still there?”

For the first time since I can remember, I didn’t want to talk to her. I didn’t want her comfort. I just wanted her to leave me alone.

She may be my best friend, and she may say she understands how I feel, but she never will. Her life has been perfect. Except for the part where we were raised in an orphanage. Everything else in her life has turned great.

She has a loving mate who would go to the ends of the world for her. A mate who loves her more than the very air he breathes. She is happy while I'm still not. I'm still chasing the elusive happily ever after.

Even after all these years, I am yet to get my happily ever after. In fact, I am beginning to think that I never will.

So as much she wants to be there for me, she will never truly understand how I feel. First to be betrayed by Darren. Then by Sebastian.

"Renny?" she calls again.

I sigh. Fuck, can't she get the hint that I don't want to talk to her? I sound bitter but can you honestly blame me?

Don't get me wrong. I am not jealous of her and I would never be. But I just want something similar to what she has. A loving and loyal mate. Happiness and contentment.

"I'm really tired, Claire. Can we talk another time?" I lie.

I have done nothing but sleep since I came here. She didn't need to know that though. I needed to be alone and wallow in my misery.

"Sure, but just know that I love you Renny and that I'll always be here for you." she says softly.

I can tell that I have hurt her feelings. That she is fighting back tears. I guess she just knows me so well and she knows I don't want to talk to her.

That's what happens when you've spent your entire life with someone. You know them like the back of your hand.

"I know, and I love you too," I say before hanging up the phone.

With nothing occupying my mind, my thoughts turn to my memories. Every night I wake up shaking and drenched in my own sweat.

Every night I am afraid of turning into that beast and killing. I know whoever we killed were bad men but I just can't shake the feeling of guilt.

I don't want anyone's blood on my hand. Whether that person is good or bad. The beast inside me seems not to share the same thoughts though.

I remember killing the man that had kidnapped me. I enjoyed killing him, in fact I downright loved it.

That's not me. I don't want to be the kind of person that is thrilled when they're out there killing. That would make me a psychopath.

Needing a breath of fresh air, I leave my room. On my way outside, I don't talk to anyone. Just keep my eyes down and mind my own business. I get a few 'Hey Luna' but I ignore them and keep moving.

Once I get outside I shift and ran. I wasn't sure where I was running off to but I needed to get rid of the tension.

"Don't stop running till I tell you," I tell Blue.

The wind zipping past our fur was beginning to relax me a little. I started feeling a bit calmer. Sebastian had the largest pack land in the country. So, I knew I had a lot to cover. Hopefully by the time I finish my run I will be wiped out.

“I am not planning to. We need this. I need this” comes her reply.

I keep my mouth shut from there on and just observe through her eyes. She ran. Hunted small animals and after probably an hour or so, we went to the stream.

She flopped on the ground and placed her head on our paws. We stayed there like that. Just enjoying the peace and quiet.

That’s until she brought up our current mate.

“What are we going to do about Sebastian?”

I sigh at that. There goes my peace and quiet.

“We are doing nothing except what I said. We are going to break the contract.”

“Are you sure that’s a good idea? It could bring some challenges. He is a powerful man Ren, going up against him doesn’t sound like a good idea.” she says

I didn’t want to think much into it, but her stance on the issues was bothering me.

“Why do I get the feeling that you’re on his side?” I question her frowning.

Before everything came crashing down, she was the one that kept pushing me to build a relationship with Sebastian. That was all good and jolly until he mercilessly turned on me.

“I am not on his side, but think about it. Sebastian said he won’t let you break the mating, do you really think you can go up against him and win? It’s a losing battle.”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence.” I snort sarcastically.

“I’m just being real here. No need to go into a battle you definitely won’t win.”

She was starting to piss me. It seems she has joined the group of people who think that I should just let what happened go. Forgive him and move on. Claire, Lilly, Monica, the pack elder that officiated our mating ceremony, Sebastian. All of them have said pretty much the same thing.

That misunderstanding happens between mates. That I should forgive and forget. But they weren’t the ones that were tortured for two weeks because of that misunderstanding. They weren’t the ones that were humiliated by their mate. How the hell am I supposed to move on from that?

I growl at her. “So, you’re basically telling me to just let it be right? Have you forgotten the torture? The beatings, being whipped naked, the silver sipping into our skin and poisoning us? Have you forgotten Sebastian watching and doing nothing, his venomous words, or when he said he

couldn't wait to send us to hell? Have you fucking forgotten being so weak that you couldn't even speak? Don't even get me started on the pain. Have you honestly forgotten all that?"

She was a fool if she thought that I was going to let that go. That I would just bend backwards and forgive the bastard that didn't believe me or give me a chance to defend myself. Hell no. There would have to be divine intervention if I ever consider forgiving him.

"Look who we have here" the menacing voice pulls me back from my rage.

I had been so consumed with my anger that I hadn't noticed anyone approaching.

Blue turns to look at the intruder. She bares her teeth and starts snarling. Digging her paws into the dirt.

"You know, I have been wondering how to get to you but luckily for me you brought yourself out." The big one says with an evil smirk.

"There's someone who has paid big bucks to see your dead body. I don't know what you did to anger her but that's not my problem." the other one whistles.

Seems like even after everything happened, I still had a target on my back. Here I thought things would finally settle down. With everything that has happened. I completely forgot that I had a target on my back.

Blue readies herself to attack. Before she can do that though, the other guy shoots us with a dart. Shit!

I begin to curse when we start getting dizzy.

“This is the easiest job we’ve ever done” one of them says.

Come on. Please. I can’t have escaped one hell only to land in another. Can’t a girl get a fucking break from people trying to kill her?

They start dragging my limp body and I start panicking. Blue was already out cold so not only was I stuck as a wolf but I was also defenseless. For some reason I start calling on the beast.

“If you’re there please wake the fuck up!” I shout in my head but I end up feeling stupid when I don’t get an answer.

“Please!”

Where was this thing when I needed it? Fuck this was frustrating. I continued crying for it but I began losing hope when the pack borders came into sight.

Just when we were about to cross over, I felt the familiar darkness rising. The foreignness of another entity inside me.

“What the fuck?” one of the men screamed in alarm.

Never in my life have I ever been grateful for something. I felt and saw Blue's body transforming. From the brownish red fur I was used to, to the dark fur of the beast.

“To hell with this! No amount of money is enough to deal with this shit.”

They start backing away but we don't let them. I wanted a fight. I wanted someone to bear the brunt of my frustration and anger. They were perfect for the job. I descend on them, ripping them from limb to limb. Bathing in their blood and rejoicing in their screams This time unlike before, we were sort of one with the beast. We shared a consciousness unlike before when I felt like I was watching on the outside. Once I am done, I change back. I am covered in their blood but that's okay. It just proved that I won. That once again I beat their boss.

Whoever 'she' is can keep sending mercenaries and I will keep killing them until I get to her. When I finally do she will wish she never crossed paths with me.