

Chapter 56

Not Giving Up On Her

Darren

Fuck I can't believe her. I can't believe that she would go back to that bastard after everything he has done. It's not that I deserved her, but I thought she would have better sense than that.

She refused to forgive me or come back to me. Yet the moment she was cleared of all charges she ran back to him. I don't know how she was able to prove her innocence but it still annoyed me that she chose him.

I believed her when he didn't. I was even working on getting evidence to prove she wasn't a killer. Yet she fucking ran back to him.

What was it about Sebastian that women fucking loved? First, he took Miranda from me and now he has taken Lauren.

I just don't get what he has that I don't. Sure, he is an alpha but so am I. He's considered good looking and wealthy.

As far as I know I am not a poor ogre. So, what was it about him that made every woman I have wanted prefer him?

I hated this. Hated that he once again took something that belongs to me. Angry, I take my empty glass. I was about to pour myself another drink when my office door opened. Brent and my dad walked in.

I moved to the pack house a few weeks ago. I couldn't stand to stay in the same house that had so many memories of Lauren. It tore me apart that I had been weak and because of that I lost a good woman.

"Seriously Darren, for how long are you going to drink yourself to a stupor?" Brent asks in concern.

It was good to see someone who was actually concerned about me. My parents don't seem to care. All they do is nag me and question everything I do as if I was a fucking child.

"Till Lauren comes back to me," I mutter unintelligently.

I hear my father scoff. "As if she would ever come back to you. Especially with how you're behaving now. You've basically become useless."

I fist my hand and grind my teeth at his jab.

While my relationship with my parents has been deteriorating. Theirs with Lauren has been flourishing.

My mom doesn't shut up about how good Lauren is. Or how she brings Krystal and Miranda's son for visits and so on. How she was a perfect daughter. It was fucking nauseating.

“You have to pull through, man. Stay away from the fucking bottle.” This comes from Brent.

I sigh in defeat. I feel so used and pathetic. Every single time I remember how I treated Lauren, I fucking hate myself.

I did that thinking I had a chance with my mate. A chance with the perfect woman for me. I was lying to myself because Miranda turned out to be a venomous snake.

Lauren was right. All the years I said I loved her, I lied. Because how can you love someone while you’ve locked away a part of yourself? I didn’t give her my all.

Didn’t give her all my heart. I held hers in my hands and instead of cherishing it. I crashed it. That’s what pains me most. That I didn’t value her or see her worth until Miranda’s true colors were revealed.

“What’s the use? Like daddy dearest said, I doubt she will ever come back. I lost her Brent and the sad part is I have no one else to blame but myself.”

I slump on the chair feeling dejected. The pain that has become familiar and the pangs of regrets consume. Threatening to swallow me whole. I rub my chest trying to ease the ache that was there.

“Even so, you still have people who care for you. You have Krystal who looks up to you. Isn’t she worth you pulling your head out of your ass? Don’t you love her enough to give her a better version of yourself?” Dad asks me gently. Showing me his softer side.

She did deserve it and I do love her, but I just didn't know how to let go of Lauren. I thought my life was Miranda but these past few weeks since everything went down.

I realized I was wrong. Lauren always owned my heart. I just didn't realize it until it was too late.

Fuck. My life sucks right now. How did I let it get to this? How did I not see all these things happening a year ago? I put Lauren through so much

She even had a miscarriage because of the shit I made her go through. That was the one thing I couldn't move past. That she lost our baby because of my selfish actions.

Just then my phone rings and Miranda's name flashes on the screen.

When I hear dad and Brent's growls, I know that they have seen who was calling me. I ignore it, not in the mood to listen to the bitch. In any case the last plan we came up with to separate Sebastian and Lauren had failed miserably.

"Why is the bitch still calling you?" Dad angrily asks.

There was no way I was going to tell him the truth so I lie. There's also the fact that my parents and Brent hate Miranda to the core. To them, Miranda was the fucking anti-Christ.

I shrug my shoulders and play it cool. "I don't know. She's been doing that since I ended things with her."

If dad knew that I entered into an agreement with Miranda to destroy Lauren's relationship, he would disown me.

"Make sure you stay away from that woman Dar. She's poison and if you're not careful she'll bring you down with her." Brent says, his eyes searing into mine.

I had a feeling that he knew I was lying. After all, he is my best friend. Good thing is that dad doesn't catch on to that.

"Look Darren. You're my son and it fucking pains me to see you back in this state and all because of Miranda, I know you're hurting but getting drunk won't solve anything. Think about what you want and the type of man you want to be. Alcohol will only ruin your chances of becoming better."

I sigh. The truth of his words settling deep in my bones.

"I hear you dad," I mumble

And I did get him. I would get myself sorted and I will win back Lauren. I refuse to give up on her.

The moment dad and Brent leave I call Miranda.

"Finally," is the first thing she tells me when she answers.

"What is it?" I question. The sound of her voice now grating on my nerves.

If it weren't for the fact that we were on the same page. That I needed her help. I would have been done with her already.

Miranda never calls unless she has a reason to. So, either she wanted something or she came up with a different plan.

"I have the perfect plan to ruin their relationship." she says happily.

I was right after all. Her happiness makes me really curious about what she has planned. By how excited she was I am sure that it was something solid.

"That's fucking great. Given the last one failed in epic proportions," I groan remembering the last one.

"Don't worry, this one won't. But in order for it to work, I'll need something from you." she continued slowly and nervously.

"Anything you need I'll facilitate." I respond immediately.

It didn't matter what it was. As long as it got the results we wanted then she would have everything she needed at her disposal.