

Chapter 64

You're Mine Lauren

I park my car. I get out and breathe the fresh air. I haven't been here in sometime and I realized that I couldn't keep staying away from my friend's house just because I was afraid that I would run into Darren.

The only good thing is that Brent and Claire don't live in the pack most of the time. Just like with us, they have a house outside pack lands.

I walk towards the mansion. Just before I knock, the door opens and a handsome face is staring at me with a smile.

"Auntie Ren!" he shouts before jumping on me and curling his body around.

"Hey sweetie, how are you?" I ask, inhaling his scent.

With everything that has taken place these couple of weeks, I haven't had time to visit him. I missed him so much.

We had planned for him to have a sleep over at our place, but then I got arrested and things went to shit.

“I’m good. I’ve missed you so much...you never come to visit anymore, why?” he murmurs sadly, burying his head in my neck.

I walk with him into the house. Given he is now ten years old, he’s a bit heavy and too big to carry but I don’t mind.

“I’m sorry about but I promise to make it up to you, it’s just that I have been busy.” I reply full of guilt.

“Yeah, I know, mom told me. Jax also told me that you were away for some time, then you got hurt and had to stay home. Are you okay now?” he asks worriedly.

I tenderly kiss his forehead before responding. “Yes, I’m okay...all healed up.”

“Good.” he smiles, his dimples appearing. I swear he’ll be a heartbreaker when he grows up.

We get to the kitchen and find Claire with pizza and a tub of ice cream. I scrunch my brows not sure how that tastes.

“Don’t judge,” she mutters, her mouth full.

I put Mase down and clear my face. “I wasn’t judging.”

“Yes, you were.”

“No, I wasn’t.”

“You totally were babe.”

Mase interrupts us before I can respond. “You two behave like children sometimes” he says, rolling his eyes, before leaving the room stating that he was going to play video games.

Should I be offended that a kid just called me immature?

I shake my head at that before turning back to face Claire. She was glowing and you could easily tell that.

“How’s the pregnancy so far?” I ask

She had told me that she told Brent about it and he was pretty much excited. I was happy for them and I couldn’t wait to spoil the baby.

“So far so good. I don’t have any morning sickness like I had when I was expecting Mase. The only thing that gets to me are the cravings.”

I take a spoon before joining her in eating her ice cream. Good thing she didn’t turn into a raving beast because I took a spoonful.

“But that’s to be expected right? Every pregnant woman craves things. It’s normal”

“Yes, but I can’t stop eating. I am hungry all the damn time. I have to be snacking on something or else I feel like I’m going out of my mind.” she grumbles.

I laugh at that, mainly because it's the truth. Even in the middle of a meeting, you'll find her snacking on something. Good thing she's the boss and can do whatever she wants to without being worried about getting fired.

We fall into a comfortable silence for some time. Just basking in the goodness of sharing ice cream like we used to when we were younger. I wanted so much to tell her about the kiss because I can't stop thinking about it.

I wanted her to help me dissect what it means, and why Bash would even kiss me in the first place but I can't. Because she has no idea that my relationship with Bash is a contract.

"By the way, I bumped into Miranda yesterday," she begins carefully.

I stop eating and stare at her. Wondering why she would bring this up all of a sudden.

"And..." I urge her to continue.

I've had so much on my plate these past few months that I completely forgot about my vow to make that bitch pay. I should really think of how I am going to get my revenge but then again, my main concern is on who is trying to kill me.

My mind freezes for a while, wondering if she has anything to do with the constant threats on my life. I mean she is my nemesis and apart from Phoebe and those two bimbos Nicole and Michelle, I don't think there is

anyone who hates me to the point of wanting me dead. For now my best bet are on Miranda and Phoebe.

I hired an investigator but so far he has found nothing connecting any of the two to my attacks. So either they're really good at hiding their tracks or I am looking in the wrong direction.

"Nothing, just thought I should let you know" Claire shrugs and I know immediately she isn't telling me everything.

"Claire..."

"What?" she replies nervously.

"What are you not telling me?"

"Nothing, it's not important and it will probably just upset you. You've already been through so much."

I sigh in frustration, "Just tell me."

I drum my finger against the counter. Waiting for her to spill the beans. I watch as she takes a deep breath before speaking.

"She said that it's only a matter of time before Sebastian is hers again and there's nothing you can do to stop it." she says in one breath.

My face hardens at that. "Is that all?"

“She also mentioned, more like bragged about a plan to destroy your relationship. One that will make Sebastian hate you. She didn’t go in to details though.”

I breathe in. Trying to calm myself down. What was with this woman and going after what’s mine? Not that Sebastian is mine. She’s trying so hard to ruin our relationship. If only she knew that said relationship wasn’t real. That it was a mere contract.

A small laugh escapes my lips when I think about the look on her face if she ever found out that she put all that effort for nothing.

“Why are you laughing? This isn’t funny.” Claire asks in confusion.

“It actually is. Miranda can do all she can but my relationship with Sebastian is solid. She can’t get between us.” I say.

My ears pick up when I hear the door opening. A familiar voice freezes me on the spot. Is it just my bad

luck that we were talking about Miranda and then Darren appears?

“Claire!” Brent shouts his mate’s name.

“In the kitchen.”

I don’t understand why they do this. It’s like they keep forgetting that they’re wolves and can track each other by scent or through the mate bond.

He and Darren step into the kitchen and Darren turns stony at seeing me.

“Hey Ren” Brent greets, he hugs me before going to his wife and giving her a passionate kiss.

“What are you doing here?” Darren asks me angrily.

I look at him in confusion. “This is Claire’s house and she’s my best friend.”

I hear someone mutter an ‘Oh no’ but my focus is on my ex mate who is looking at me in anger.

“You shouldn’t be here!” he grinds through his teeth.

I glare at him. Refusing to let him intimidate me.

“What is your problem?” I snap at him. Wondering when it became a crime to visit my friend. Who did he think he was coming here and basically commanding me to leave.

“My problem is that you went back to him. After everything he did? How can you go back to that bastard? He didn’t even believe you.”

His face was encased in nothing but fury. I study him and he looks like a fucking mess. I can also smell the alcohol on his breath.

My anger rises. I am pissed that instead of asking how his daughter is doing, he is more concerned about me going back to Sebastian.

“Really, so I should’ve come back to you because you believed me?”

“Yes!” he shouts.

It’s only when I turn around to grasp the counter so that I don’t hit him do I realize that Claire and Brent had left the kitchen.

“You belong to me, with me... You’re mine Lauren”

His statement pisses me off even more.

“Was I yours when you threw me away for Miranda? When you were fucking her behind my back while lying to me that nothing was going on between the two of you.”

I am still disgusted about that. Still feel like scrubbing myself clean every time I remember him coming home and having sex with me hours after sleeping with Miranda while still smelling of her perfume.

“You expect me to forgive you but what Sebastian did is nothing compared to the pain and heartbreak I endured for months at your hand. I trusted you with my heart Darren and you shattered it to pieces, how am I supposed to forgive you for that?”

He doesn’t answer and instead he just looks down. Blocking me from seeing what he was thinking and feeling.

“What pisses me even more is that you are more worried about what is long dead instead of your daughter who asks for your everyday. You need to grow up Darren and stop being selfish. The world doesn’t rotate around what you want.”

With that I take my things and leave the kitchen. I find Claire and Brent in the living room.

“I swear I didn’t know you were going to come by, otherwise I wouldn’t have invited him over. I’m really sorry.” Brent apologizes.

“It’s okay. I’m leaving but I promise to visit more often. Tell Mase that I’ll make it up to him.” I tell them.

Hugging them before leaving.

I hate that I still feel the burn of betrayal. It’s been almost two years since he broke me. So why have I not yet healed?