

Chapter 72

Giving Up On Lauren

Darren

I'm still standing frozen when Lauren and Sebastian make their way to the exit.

The hundreds of eyes that were once judging Lauren were now turned to us. Each one of them looking at Miranda and I in disgust.

How quickly the tables have turned. Now we were in the same spot that Lauren was in a few minutes ago.

I turn to look at my accomplice. I see tears running down her face. Sebastian might have exposed my stupidity and wrong doing but he had completely demolished Miranda.

I didn't even know three quarter of the things he'd revealed about her. Sure, I knew she was a socialite but I didn't know she used her body to climb to the top. Nor that she was involved in illegal shit.

“What the hell are you still doing here? Get out!” An angry voice shouts.

At first, I thought it was directed at both of us. Then I realize the demand was for Miranda.

I turn to look at the owner of the voice. It's the woman Miranda had introduced to me as the party's hostess. She was probably in her sixties but the Botox and plastic surgeries took a couple of years from her original age

"Please Margaret. Let me explain," Miranda begs.

This is the first time I've seen her begging for anything. I could understand why though.

Miranda was all about looks and wealth. Rubbing elbows with the high and mighty. So, to have all that ruined is like being sentenced to death.

"Let you explain what exactly?" Margret fumes. "The fact that you were fucking my husband while pretending to be my friend? I trusted you. Saw you as more than my daughter not knowing you were stabbing me in the back."

"Honey please come down," A man, probably her husband says.

He looks uncomfortable. With every eye in the room daggering him. Looking around I realize it's not just him. Dozens of men were acting the same while it seemed their wives fumed. I know how they fucking feel.

Didn't I lose the perfect wife because of the bitch standing next to me?
Didn't I fall in the same trap she set up for them?

“Don’t fucking tell me to calm down and don't touch me you sick bastard!” She yells. “I can’t believe you slept with her. Not only was she my friend but she's old enough to be your daughter!”

He looks down in shame and shoves his trembling hand into the pockets of his slacks. I truly felt it for him. It was now hitting him what he had done. That there was a possibility he would lose his wife.

“It wasn’t like Margret. I swear.” Miranda cries.

For the first time I saw genuine tears from her. Margaret’s opinion of her must have really meant a great deal to her. Too bad she screwed it up just like she does everything.

I don’t know why I never saw how fucking poisonous Miranda was. How could I have been so blind?

Seeing the way Sebastian defended Lauren opened my eyes to how stupid I was. I never stood up for her when some of my pack caused her trouble or disrespected her. I was a shitty mate throughout. No wonder she doesn’t want to come back to me.

Now she has another man’s mark. The one thing I refused to give her.

The adoration in her eyes as she looked at my nemesis gutted me. Destroyed me from the inside out. I had her love once. She would look at me with the same adoration. I used to hate that, thought it was creepy. Now that I have lost it though, I want it back. I crave having her look at me like I was her hero.

The echo of a slap brings me back to the present. I see Miranda clutching her cheeks.

“Don’t you dare insult my intelligence,” Margret said. Looking at her with pure hate. “Everyone knows Ashford, he’s respectable. If he’s the one that exposed you then everything is one hundred percent true.”

“Is that thing you’re carrying my husband’s?” Margaret asks, pointing at her baby bump.

I see the shock on Margret’s husband. I guess it never crossed his mind that the baby could be his.

Maybe it was because she was in shock but her answer makes the women gasp.

“I don’t know who the father is,” she replies in an almost childlike voice. The fight completely leaving her.

She dug her fucking grave when she revealed that little piece of information. I can only imagine what the rest were thinking. How disgraceful it was not to know who your baby daddy is.

“Just leave Miranda, and never come back. You messed with the wrong person and you’re going to pay dearly. Now leave before I call security.” she finishes before turning to her husband.

“As for you, I’m giving you an hour to have your things packed. When I came back home, I don’t want to find you there. You can follow your bitch to wherever it is she’s going.”

“Please honey, I’m sorry. It only happened once. You know I love you.”
the man pleaded.

Margaret regards him with nothing but hate.

“A mistake is forgetting to schedule a meeting. Not sleeping with a woman your wife regards as a daughter.”

Without looking at either of them, Margaret turns and leaves with her head held up high even though deep down I know she’s hurting. Going through the same pain I had inflicted on Lauren.

I turn around to also leave. Not wanting to stay here another moment more. It was just hitting me how many marriages and matings Miranda has ruined. I knew some of the men she slept with and a few of them were werewolves.

She should have been a fucking siren if truly they existed. Because her ability to lure men was unnatural.

“Darren,” her small voice calls from behind me.

I didn’t even realize that she had followed me.

“What do you want Miranda? You’ve already ruined everything!” I growl at her.

I was so done with her. With her plans that failed each and every fucking time.

“But I did it for us. We both wanted to ruin their relationship. This was supposed to work. Sebastian was supposed to hate Lauren.” she defends herself weakly.

Gone was the confident woman I am used to. The one who is always sure of herself. The one that believes the world should fall at her feet.

“When I gave you those pictures you told me you would send them directly to Sebastian. Instead, you plastered them all over the internet.” I seethed.

I regret giving her those pics when she asked me if I had any nudes of Lauren. She told me she would photo shop them then send them to that bastard. Imagine my fucking shock when I realized that she put them up on the internet instead.

“I wanted everyone to hate her,” she whispered. “For them to see the type of woman she is.”

“Really? How did that turn out for you, huh? Just like always you’ve ruined everything. I shouldn’t have trusted you in first place.”

I was angry and frustrated. If it wasn’t for the fact she was pregnant, I would have throttled her.

“Did you get everything?”

The Voice makes Miranda and I turn. We were so wrapped up in our talk that we didn’t realize there were still reporters around. We’re wolves for fucks sake, how the hell did we not hear them?

“Yes,” another one replies.

I see Miranda’s face pale. Before we can do anything they jump in their van and speed away.

Fucking hell! They just recorded our whole conversation. A conversation where we basically confessed that we were behind the whole thing.

As if I didn't have enough to worry with my unfaithfulness towards Lauren revealed. Now everyone was about to learn just how far I went while trying to sabotage Sebastian and Lauren's relationship.

Maybe it was time to jump ship and give up on Lauren, because at this point I doubt she'll ever forgive me.