

Chapter 74

An Unexpected Visit

I woke up alone in bed. The disappointment that zaps through me is unmistakable. I wouldn't have minded waking up with his arms around because for some reason I always felt safe with him.

I don't know for how long he stayed with me but I was grateful none the less. The last few days have been hectic, always waking up from a nightmare. Shaken and drenched in sweat. Yesterday after he got back in bed with me, was the first day I slept peaceful since my heat.

I get out of bed and go to freshen up. Today I wasn't going to work, I needed time to just relax.

Removing my clothes I'm greeted by the wound on my shoulder. It was now fully healed just leaving behind a sore scar.

'Midnight, Blue, do you remember the dream yesterday?' I asked them. I couldn't remember but maybe they could.

'No. I'm greeted by darkness every time I try to.' Blue answers immediately.

Midnight doesn't answer right away but when she does, her answer only adds to my worry.

'I don't remember but I think the wound on your shoulder has something to do with what happened in your dream yesterday,' she says. 'I remember my grandfather telling me that when you get hurt in your dream and you wake up with a manifestation of that dream it means you may not have been physically there but your spirit was there.'

'So, you're saying that I got hurt in the dream and it manifested itself as a physical wound?' I ask a bit shaken.

I get in the shower distractedly. The action of lathering my body with soap not even registering.

'Yeah. I think that whatever you dreamt wasn't a dream at all. That it was real. Your spirit was transported there, whatever happened, happened in real time while your body was here asleep. That's why along with the dream, you can't remember how you got hurt,' she says before continuing.

'So, either your mind is blocking it because you witnessed something bad or maybe the goddess doesn't want you to remember for some reason,' she finishes.

I think about this the entire time I take a shower and get dressed. What could be so bad that my brain didn't want me remembering? As if I didn't already have enough to worry about.

I leave and go downstairs for a late breakfast. I hadn't even realized how late I had slept in. In my defense I needed the rest.

I knew that Sebastian wasn't in the house and the kids were in school.

Unconsciously I reach for the mate bond, probably because I wanted some comfort.

I almost fall when Sebastian's voice fills my head.

"Red, Is everything fine?" he asks.

Shit! I didn't mean to tug on it but now that he answered I couldn't regret the action. I liked hearing his deep voice.

"Yes. I was just wondering where you were and I accidentally tugged the bond."

I sat down on the barstools while Monica served me. I gave her a small smile. Thanking her without words. Once she's done she leaves the room.

"There were matters I needed to attend to. You were still sleeping and I didn't want to wake you up. You looked like you needed the rest." he says roughly.

I smile at that. The care in his voice almost undoing me. I still can't believe how things have changed.

The fact that he noticed that I needed sleep warms me.

“Thank you for that. I’ve been having difficulty sleeping so you’re right I really needed that.” I tell him honestly.

“Glad I could be of help.” I hear the smile in his words and it warms my heart.

“Listen” he begins. “I gotta get back to the meeting. Wear something casual and nice, when I get back I’ll be taking you out.” he finishes.

I am surprised by that but also excited.

“Okay, see you then and take care” I tell him.

“You too Red” he says before cutting off the link.

I take my breakfast. Feeling happy and giddy for some reason. I was almost done when Monica came into the kitchen.

“Luna, there are some humans here to see you,” she says and I sigh.

“Seriously Monica, how many times will I tell you to just call me Lauren or Ren?” I ask in irritation.

The damn woman doesn’t say a word. Just smiles then shrugs. Sometimes I feel like she does it on purpose.

“Where are they? And did you get their names?”

“They’re at the gate. The guards are waiting for your instruction before they can either allow them in or turn them away.” she pauses before continuing. “I believe one of them is called Margaret.

After the whole incident with Darren and Miranda we had moved back into our home in the city.

Sebastian said he liked his privacy despite being an Alpha, and being in the pack house made sure he couldn’t have that.

The name Monica didn’t ring a bell but then I remember it from the scandal. Her husband had been among the ones mentioned who had slept with Miranda.

“Yeah, tell him to let them in.” I say wondering why she would come here and what she wanted from me.

Miranda’s fall from grace had been publicized in every magazine. The gossip columns and paparazzi that once loved her had turned on her. Her businesses were closed and a video of her screaming and begging while some of her boutiques were demolished had gone viral.

Also, a video of her and Darren discussing how they were behind everything was released. This one had made people hate them even more. Calling them evil and telling them to leave me and Sebastian alone. I was shocked by how easily Miranda’s fans turned against her.

Her followers on I*****m decreased to none. Videos of women burning the clothes they bought from her store rocked the internet. It was truly a hideous affair.

Is it wrong that I'm really ecstatic at her downfall? Whoever said that revenge was a dish served cold was right because right now I'm happy watching karma have her way with Miranda.

“Lauren?” I turn at the sound of a soft voice behind me.

I find a woman I'd only ever seen in magazines standing behind me. She was in her sixties but she still looked beautiful. She wasn't alone though. Three more women were with her.

“Hey, how can I help you?” I ask them. Still unsure of why they wanted to see me.

Even though she tried to hide it with makeup. I still saw the eye bags underneath her eyes. I recognized the pain she was hiding, what she was struggling with. I had been in that same position two years ago. I knew the signs like the back of my hand.

“Can we please talk?” she asked slowly. As if afraid I would refuse her request.

“Uhm, sure” I tell her and lead them to the living room.

I take a seat after they do and stare at them. Waiting for them to tell me what brought them here.

“I'm Margaret and these are Susan, Caroline and Joy,” she says introducing the women with her. “We came here to apologize to you.”

I look at them in confusion. “I don’t get it, why would you apologize to me? I barely know you so I don’t see how you could have wronged me.”

She sighs tiredly. “You don’t know us but we know you. When you first hit the magazines because of your marriage to Darren, we were the first to cast stones. Miranda was our friend so when she came up with an absurd story that you stole Darren from here when you were younger, we sided with her. I had power and I used it to aid a woman I thought was my friend to tarnish your name and turn you into a villain.”

“I see,” I say slowly. My face hardening a little. So, this was the woman that almost cost me company in her bid to help her friend. Look at how that turned out for her. The same friend stabbed her in the back.

“No, you don’t see. She was my friend and you were the evil woman. The one that took her true love from her. I wanted vengeance for her not knowing that I was hurting an innocent woman. Not realizing that she was a home breaker and while I was busy helping her she was fucking my husband.” she cries, the tears she refused to shed now falling freely.

Despite what she did, my heart goes to her. I remember my own heart break. My pain back then.

“While we were hating you on her behalf, she was busy sleeping with our husbands. Karma is truly a bitch because we’re now in the same position you were in.” Joy whispers. Her voice trembling.

Looking at these women, I see how much pain and damage Miranda has caused. How many more women has she hurt? Betrayed? How many marriages and homes has she broken?

I am not a bad person but if there isn't a special place in hell for her then I might just stop believing in the goddess.

I see myself reflected in these women. Their anguish and hurt still fresh. No one could understand them like I could.

"I forgive you," I tell them, truly meaning it.

"You do?" Caroline asks in surprise just like the others.

I nod. I was tired of being bitter and angry. Shit happened but I couldn't continue holding on to the past.

It was time I moved forward. Besides, Darren and Miranda were getting what they deserved. What more could I ask for?

"Yes, I do, you made a mistake but I can't fault you for being loyal to someone you thought was a friend. That's not your burden to bear. It's all on Miranda for being a despicable person and friend." I smile before continuing.

"Now, is anyone hungry? I've been told that I am a very good cook." I say changing the topic

With that, they wipe their tears and smile at me. Accepting the olive branch I was giving them.

I will be there for them, I will help them get through this and maybe just maybe in the process, I will finally get my own healing.