

Chapter 9

Krystal's Woes

Darren

“Daddy, I want mommy.” Krystal says in a small voice.

I turn and look at her. Wondering what to say. She looks sad, heartbroken. Nothing I do cheers her up anymore. She's lost interest in all the things she used to love and care about.

These last few months have been hell for her. I don't know how to help. I've taken her to the best child therapist but nothing has worked so far.

She's still withdrawn. Still depressed. Still sad. She used to have so much energy, it was impossible to keep up with her. She used to be the liveliest little girl I know. Now, it's like all her life has been drained from her.

It started a few months after Lauren disappeared. She had been having trouble sleeping so she came to my room. While I held her, waiting for her to fall asleep. She turned to me and said;

“Will you take me to mommy tomorrow? I want to tell her I'm sorry for being so mean to her. I have been a very bad girl.”

I had been fucking surprised. Both from her sudden request and at her trembling voice. The tears in her eyes undid me.

I had not known what to do. I thought she had been happy with Miranda as her new mom. That she hated Lauren and didn't want her in her life.

Of course I couldn't take her to Lauren since I didn't even know where she was. No one did.

When I had received the separation papers from her lawyer, I had been happy that she'd finally signed them. I'd been even more ecstatic when she gave me full custody of Krystal.

The icing on the cake was when she left the country. I had not wanted her around. Afraid she would cause me problems with Miranda.

But when Krystal asked for her. I freaked out because I had no way of reaching her. The only one who knew where she was, refused to even spare me a glance. Claire had told me very angrily to piss off.

From that day things started going downhill for us. Krystal couldn't sleep at night. She often woke up screaming. Shaking and trembling. Covered in her own sweat.

She said she kept having nightmares. All about Lauren dying. Or more specifically, Lauren being killed.

Every night she would wake up screaming for her mother. Each nightmare worse than the previous one.

I tried assuring her that her mother was fine. She never believed me though. Always afraid that Lauren now hated her for being mean to her. That Lauren no longer wanted her because she was a bad girl.

That's why her mother didn't want to see her or talk to her.

She lost her light in the coming weeks. Became withdrawn and preferred to be alone. We were both tired. Eye bags adorning our eyes from the lack of peaceful sleep.

Miranda, who had been living with us, got fed up and moved back to her house. We still remained together but with Krystal in depression, most of my time was spent taking care of her.

No one, apart from Miranda, the servants and therapist knew what was happening. Krystal wanted it that way. She said she didn't want others to think she was a freak.

I tried everything. Seeing an oracle. Booking appointments with different children psychologists. I even took her and Miranda for vacation. It still didn't do anything. Nothing changed. There was still no progress.

When we saw Lauren in the hospital after a year. I was both shocked and relieved. Finally, we could get help for Krystal.

My relief was short lived, for the woman standing before us wasn't Lauren. She looked like her but she wasn't her. Just like with Krystal, gone was her light. Gone was her warmth.

Could I have damaged her that much? I wondered.

She was so cold and lifeless. If looks could kill I fucking swear I would have been dead. The hate I felt rolling off her was tangible. I couldn't believe, couldn't comprehend that she loathed me.

But what did I expect? A fucking hug?

My wolf had been torn. He did love Miranda as his true mate, but he also loved Lauren as his chosen.

Right now, she hated us.

I was even more shocked when she didn't hug Krystal. I know Krystal said some pretty horrible things to her but I didn't expect Lauren to react like that to her own fucking daughter.

Krystal had cried her eyes out after Lauren left. Especially after Mason told her how Lauren told him stories of where she had been.

Krystal had been hurt, convinced that her own mother truly hated her. I will never forget the pain in Krystal's eyes as she watched her mother leave. Leave her without so much as a hug or word to her.

When I went to see her in her office. Her coldness almost froze me in my spot. For the first time since we met, I didn't know what to say her.

Her eyes were blazing with anger, hate and bitterness. Two emotions I couldn't associate with her. She was never one to hate on anyone.

There was something else in her eyes. Something that screamed danger. Something dark and twisted.

I couldn't place it but it had no business being in her.

I wanted to talk to her. Know how she was doing and tell her about Krystal. I didn't get the chance to do that before she kicked me out.

I had been ashamed when she reminded me of everything I did to her. All that I put her through.

I wasn't used to the new Lauren. She was brutal and resentful.

Something told me that I was responsible for her new persona. That it was my fault for I breaking her. I was also to blame in away for what Krystal was going through.

If I had maintained the relationship between mother and daughter. Maybe just maybe, they would be both fine.

“Daddy?”

I sigh.

Her voice brings me back to the present. I look at her and I still see the shadows on her small face.

“Sorry baby, daddy wasn’t paying attention...what did you want?” I ask her, bringing her onto my lap.

I hold her tightly in my arms. Hoping that I can chase away her demons. Ease her troubles and worries.

I would do anything for my little girl. It was shattering me to see her in the state she was in.

“I want mommy, can you call her for me?” she whispers again in a small voice. Tears swimming in her eyes.

Fuck!

I hesitantly take out my phone from my pocket. I dial Lauren’s number hoping against all hopes that she’ll pick up. I know it’s a long shot but I have to try. Just like I thought, she doesn’t pick up. I try two more times but my calls remain unanswered.

“I’m sorry honey, she must be busy.” I lie through my teeth.

This time the tears start falling. “But I want to talk to her. I miss her so much.”

Her head falls on my chest. Her tears soaking my shirt, as her small cries fill the room.

“Jeez, is she still on about Lauren? When she’s going to stop crying for her, she should just get over it.”

I hear a sneer beside us.

I turn to look in time to find Miranda rolling her eyes. She stands with her hands crossed over her chest.

Tapping her foot in irritation. Krystal just cries harder.

“Miranda!” I say warningly.

“What I was just saying the truth.”

I glare at her. “If you can’t say anything nice then leave.”

She stomps her feet like a fucking child before leaving. I hold Krystal closer to me. Whispering comforting words in her ear.

What the hell was wrong with Miranda? Couldn’t she be kind enough to understand what Krystal was going through? She was a child who missed her mother for fucks sake.

Miranda had been kind and attentive to Krystal. She changed when Krystal’s issues began and I hated that. Hated that she was no longer kind or loving to Krystal or understanding toward me and what I was going through with my baby girl.

Could I have made a mistake in choosing her over Lauren?

Could I have chosen the wrong woman?