

## CH 12

Addison sat in the private dining room, for the first time ever in her life. She had been asked to come down for a formal dinner with Alpha Casey and his son, Alpha Carter.

They were, she noted, already in the room along with their Beta and future Beta, and were already all seated at the table when she walked in with her mother. She had thought they were done, that she would be able to just curl up in her bed and stay in her room all night long; it seemed not.

Her eyes moved about the room itself, it had been off limits to her all her life. She, a half-breed, was never allowed in the Alpha's private dining room, though she also knew that all her siblings got to have their birthday dinners and celebrations for achievements in this very room, a large family function that she was always excluded from.

While she had lived alone in her small one-bedroom unit, with a tiny bathroom and kitchenette, where no-one had given her a single thing, they'd certainly never celebrated her birthday or anything at all where she was concerned. Not the perfect grades she got in school. Nothing.

She had barely even gotten to see her own mother; if she was lucky one hour a day while she was younger, now it was barely ever at all. She'd seen her mother this past week more than she had in the past year.

Taking the room in, it was a lovely shade of soft green with a plush cream carpet that her footfall sank into, indicating how deep and plush it was. There was a massive crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling above the center of the table. Nice artwork on the walls, and there was soft music playing in the background.

As she pulled her own chair out, she saw just how intricately carved it was, and it had a soft green seat that matched the colour of the walls, even the long buffet cabinet down the other end of the room was as intricately carved as this chair was. Likely a full matching set.

Before her, on the table, was a full dinner setting of ne bone china, and glasses of likely the most expensive cut crystal she realized. Addison wouldn't be surprised if this was the very china that was in the Alpha Suite, unlike her cups and plates, simple plastic and old and worn now; she knew they had been from a picnic set. Recalled that much. There was nothing fancy about her life.

"Have you not been in this room before, Addison?" Alpha Casey asked, and she could hear the frown in his voice.

"Of course she has." Martin answered his question before Addison could get a word out. "It's just been redecorated since she was last in here, is all."

Addison's eyes moved to Martin, as she realized this was how it was going to go. He was going to interrupt or interject every time she was to answer something that might see this pack in a bad light. Or him in a bad way.

His own daughter had shown, all sitting at this table from the Bloodied Waters pack, that the pack's Alpha and his family were liars and hurtful. He was likely trying to save his ass. Addison was not going to help him.

She also knew just from that shopping trip and the way she was now required to dress that he was also trying to hide how this pack or he and his family treated her as well.

Martin was still trying to Mate her off, regardless that his own b\*\*\*h of a daughter had shown her true colours and tried to ruin everything he'd laid out. Jovannah was just like her own father, only cared for what she could get for herself, or the power her position gave her as the Heir.

It made her wonder if Martin had done something to that wolf who had taken her mother. Perhaps he had started that war himself and lost it, on the account of being a complete asshole. Got what he deserved, though she doubted her mother had. But did she really know either of them? No was the answer to that.

"Actually," Addison stated, and was cut off by Martin again.

"Enough." He shot at her.

She ignored him, the question had been directed at her, and she had showed him up in that room of hers, that she wasn't going to be pushed around anymore.

"I have never been inside this room." She told Alpha Casey.

"Never?" He questioned, and she could see the unhappy frown on his face.

"No, not allowed."

"Of course, she is, and she has been." Alpha Martin cut her off once more. "It's just been a while is all, likely doesn't recall it." he glared at Addison, "She doesn't handle alcohol so well and the last time well..." He shrugged.

Addison raised an eyebrow at him. She had never had an alcoholic drink in her life, wasn't stupid enough to go and get drunk inside a pack that hated her.

She shook her head ever so slightly and turned away from the man. What was the point in saying anything at all? He was clearly going to talk over the top of her, though she doubted from the look on Alpha Casey's face that he was going to believe Martin.

He likely already understood that man was going to say, not so nice things about her but be as polite as possible at the same time. It's what she thought he was doing.

The server arrived, and she watched that woman walk around the room and put the first course in front of everyone. Dished up the meal according to rank order, Addison noted. Guests first though. Then just kind of stood there and stare at her, unknowing what to do at the sight of Addison here in this room.

Her own mouth twitched at the omega and her clear uncertainty and full hesitation, hell it wasn't a hesitation at all, she had come to a complete halt and was just staring at her. Did not know what to do at all.

No-one in this pack, not even the omegas, had to talk to her, she was lower than they were even. This omega would never have to even look at her on a normal day, let alone have to serve her in a formal manner as she was now supposed to do. Amused Addison more than a little.

She heard Martin clear his throat and then watched that girl's eyes glaze over, saw the pointed look he gave the girl and the place he wanted her to put that plate. It was still a good 10 seconds before the plate was laid in front of her.

It did not go unnoticed by Alpha Casey or his son, who frowned right at that omega. Both the Beta's she noted, were also deeply frowning at the goings-on. This dinner was actually supposed to be a formal dinner for her and Alpha Carter and their family's to get to know each other before the Mating Alliance was all signed off on. A dinner for him and her.

Protocol she knew, dictated that Carter and herself should have been served first, before everyone else in the room. Seems they all knew that as well. The proper protocol was not being followed, and they knew it. Not only had she been served last, it was clear the omega had not wanted to serve her at all, and her own Alpha had to tell her to do so.

Martin was not going to be able to hide the fact that no-one here inside this pack talked to her. If either Casey or Carter thought about it, they'd barely seen her at all moving about within the pack. She lived in her room 90% of the time, they would have noticed that she had not once eaten in the packhouse dining room with everyone else. When they had seen her she would have been on her own every single time.

She looked at the meal placed before her, it was very prettily plated up, she thought absently, but didn't touch it, she didn't cook it. Who knew if someone had done something to it? Nor did she touch the glass of red wine when it was poured for her.

She was not going to smile and pretend to be all happy to be here in this room. Carter hadn't so much as smiled at her either, neither one of them, she thought, wanted this alliance mating anymore. He in all likelihood wanted to get as far away from this pack as was possible and never come back, and she couldn't blame him. Was going to help him out on that.

Martin raised a toast to the mating alliance that apparently had been agreed upon by all parties, that was the first she had heard of it. She moved her eyes to Carter, and he nodded but said nothing as he raised his glass. Addison did not pick up her glass.

"Addison." She heard Martin state a little annoyance came from him that she was the only one in the room that did not pick up her glass. Her eyes moved to him, and he looked pointedly at the glass in front of her.

"I'm allergic to red wine. Would you like me to die tonight?" she asked simply. "That might hinder this mating alliance, you're trying to get for yourself."

"What?" he frowned at her. "No you're not, wolves don't have allergies."

"Are you so certain?" she turned and looked at him, right at him, "Do you know me so well? I'm not all wolven you recall." She stated, just in case that little tid-bit wasn't out yet.

He was glaring at her now, "You're not allergic to anything, I would know. Pick up the glass and stop being a spoiled brat."

"Alright." She shrugged, looked right at Carter, her so-called future Mate, "It was nice to meet you. I wish you the best of luck in nding another Mate." She raised the glass to him, in a toast, and then to her lips, was about to tilt the glass and drink from it.

When several people in the room yelled, "Stop." Including Carter himself, he was a little wide-eyed at that. His own father was on his feet, a hand out in a stop gesture.

She looked at them all, "But Alpha Martin stated I must drink, and I am not to be a spoiled brat. I had best do what he states, or I will be punished for it." Again she put that glass to her lips.

It was yanked from her hand, by her own mother, who stared hard at her. "Why would you do that if allergic to it?"

So not even her own mother knew if she was or wasn't allergic to anything. If she didn't, how could Alpha Martin? Addison shrugged, "It will get me out of this mating alliance with a man and his wolf, who I can clearly see don't want us."

"Addison please." her mother sounded exasperated to her ear, "Sweetheart." Her voice softened as she sighed herself now.

"Are you actually allergic to red wine?" Carter asked her as the glass was removed from the table completely.

"Yes, to a particular chemical ingredient used in the fermentation process." She watched him frown now.

Saw Alpha Casey turn and look right at Alpha Martin "What the hell is going on within this pack where the future Luna of my pack is concerned?"

"Nothing, I simply did not know that, is all."

"What exactly do you know about Addison?" he stated, "Or am I to believe you know nothing about the girl at all? What is her place within the pack exactly?"

Addison's mouth quirked in the corner, "Yes Alpha Martin, what do you know about me? The Luna's bastard daughter, who has never lived in the Alpha Suite." She stated for all in this room to hear, allowing them all to understand exactly what her position within the pack was.

"Enough." He shot at her.