

Tucker Ruins Dinner

Chapter 7

Tucker's POV

As expected, we got about 5 minutes into the meal, when mom started laying into Maggie about where she was today. Maggie kept taking small bites of her food but did not answer her. “Margaret, you will answer me. You are never here, leaving me to have to take care of the whole house. I think you should start thinking about nding your mate soon. I can teach you to cook and clean. You are a beautiful she-wolf. Any male would be happy to be your mate. You need to start dressing better too, as your brother is now the Alpha. We have a responsibility to look appropriate and respectable. More so now than we did as the Beta family, so we need to go shopping,” our mother told her.

“I don’t want to go shopping. I will take your hand-me-downs like I normally do. That is ne with me. It has been good enough for the last 5 years, and it should still be good enough now. I don’t need anything,” Maggie replied.

I saw Mom’s lips compress together. I know that she is mad and about to really rip into Maggie. Maggie doesn’t deserve it and I can tell that she is really stressed, so I interjected for her. “Maggie, I think that you should go shopping with Mom and Dad. You do need some new clothes, as what you are wearing is at least 4 years old. I think you are due for an upgrade for your bed too. I was going to see if you would like to move into the packhouse with me. I will get you what you need for your new room. I would be glad to have you back down the hallway from me again.” I told her. I made sure to add Dad into the mix. Mom wouldn’t do anything to Maggie at the mall, but she would after they left. Maggie was going to be safer in the car with Dad present. He knew what I was doing, and he quickly agreed.

I saw Maggie’s smile grow larger and before she could open her mouth to accept my offer, Mom interjected again. “It would be inappropriate for her to be a single she-wolf living in the pack house. She needs to stay here until she meets her mate. I still need to teach her how to be a proper mate anyway. She keeps running off every chance she gets. I barely see her, or any of you, these days.”

Maggie’s smile drops and I feel bad for her. When I lived here, I could protect her more. Mom wants to make a problem out of this. Instead of dealing with her own issues, she tries to control every aspect of our lives. I guess I need to let the cat out of the bag.

“Mom, I know you do not like to discuss it, but I have some news for you and Dad. I know that you suffered an injustice when you were a teenager. I know that it still upsets and bothers you to this day. I hope that hearing what I have to say will help ease some of the pain that you have had to endure for so many years,” I told my parents. I saw my mother look at me sharply, and my father seemed to be bracing for bad news.

“It is good news, Dad, I swear it. We all know how Mom had to bear the pain of rejection from a callous jerk. Then they rubbed their relationship in Mom’s face, over and over again, acting like a true mated pair. Making mom feel worse and worse seeing their little act. I believe that my revenge for you and Mom will right most of the wrongs that have been suffered by our family. I will deal with the other half of the coin tonight. Maggie and I have had to deal with it a lot over the years. I know that you dealt with it in the best way that you could, Mom. You did your best to raise us, but sometimes when you were drinking, or let your anger explode, you went too far. You have hurt every single person at this table,” I stopped talking at Mom’s shocked gasp. I already knew that she was about to argue the point with me.

“I never hurt you or Maggie. I tried to raise you both to act properly as ranked pack members. I would never deliberately hurt either of you,” Mom red off at me. She seemed shocked by the accusation I made.

I stood up and turned around, pulling my t-shirt up to my neck to show my back. I heard my father gasp at the sight. I knew what he was looking at, there were crisscrossed scars that covered my back and on my sides. Sometimes the slim leather pieces mom used on me cut around from my back to my side. More of a whip than anything else. The shock on her face matched Dad’s. She didn’t remember losing it on me. She didn’t remember causing me to bleed or causing me pain. She always acted like nothing had ever happened once she managed to calm back down.

I looked over at Maggie and nodded. Maggie pulled her shirt up to show off the lower half of her back. She had the same type of injuries, but some of hers are much fresher than mine. She must take all of her anger out on Maggie now. Of course, Maggie will be bearing the brunt of it now. I had stopped Mom long ago from hurting me, but clearly, she has not stopped her vicious ways. I can’t fully blame her though. The pain of rejection had caused her mind to snap and pushed her fully over the edge.

“Why would you say such terrible things about me, Tucker? I am your mother. I would never do that to either of you. Tell your father the truth right now,” my mother demanded.

“Mom, you never remember it when you hurt us. You would get so angry that you would just snap. In your anger, you would forget yourself and just react. You did do this, to both of us. You portray our family as being ideal, but it is not. You pretend to be a good person, but we couldn’t even have anyone over to spend the night because we never knew when you were going to lose it. Do you know how embarrassing that was for us? I only have a few friends, and as far as I know, you have kept Maggie from having any at all. You care for yourself, and your feelings. Goddess forbid if we accidentally said something that triggered you into one of your rages,” I told her.

It is starting to make me angry how she refuses to acknowledge what she did to us. Like we didn’t suffer greatly at her hands. These scars didn’t just pop up on us one day. They are from years of abuse. She would snap back to her regular self later on, but one day in a rage she told us why she hated us so much. I am about to tell her that I am going to nally be able to punish the wrongdoers and take our rightful revenge. I hope that my news makes her happy. I hope that she is able to let the rage that is still inside of her go now that we are about to get retaliation against the people who hurt her.

We were innocent and suffered way too much for something that happened before we were even born. I made a mental note to tell Genesis that she couldn’t sleep over tonight. She was coming here for one reason, and one reason only. Elena’s punishment starts tonight. I do not want Genesis to see me having a nightmare. I believe after confronting Mom, I might be stressed enough to be triggered into having a night of bad dreams. I don’t want Genesis to think that I am weak. I chose her as my mate, to be able to run both the Silver Stream pack, and her father’s pack, the Stone Mist pack. I can’t have her back out of it now. I have worked so hard on getting this lined up.

“I know exactly why you didn’t love us like you were supposed to, Mom. Both Maggie and I have been well aware of why, even if you never told Dad. I think it would be benecial for us to discuss this, all together, but not in our dining room. There is no need to portray this imaginary picture-perfect family unit, Mom, because we aren’t one. We have never been one,” I told her. I can see Dad is mad and wants to speak, but he knows that this is going to turn ugly fast. He also needs to be very careful here. I am the Alpha here now. I outrank him in every way.

“Dad, would you like to know why mom changed after I was born? Why your formerly happy relationship was completely blown all to hell? Why did it get even worse after Maggie was born? You tried and tried to be what mom wanted and needed. But sometimes when you weren’t here to protect us, Maggie and I caught the worst of it. Physical abuse hurts for a little while, then you feel better when the wounds heal. Emotional abuse stays with you. I can still remember the hate in Mom’s eyes when I was ve years old, and Maggie had just turned 3 years old. Mom had hit me with her little whip. I can still remember it cutting into my back like it was nothing. I can still hear her screaming, “I should never have given birth to either of you. Tanner will never want me now with two bastard pups to take care of. I hope your father loves you because if Tanner ever does ask me to come back, I won’t be taking either of you with me.”