

## Chapter 198

I was nervous, I felt a little sick at the thought of telling Carter. Why? I wasn't sure. It's not like it was going to change anything. But it was news he didn't know.

He was in the dark justac like I had been most of my life.

"I feel sick". I spoke.

"Do you want to tell me first before Carter gets here?". Jake asked.

"My mom was a wolf".

"Eh?". He made a face.

A laugh fell from my lips because all this shit was crazy. If I didn't laugh about it, I'd cry or I'd drive myself insane.

"And I think George is my grandfather".

"Wait what?".

"Now do you agree that everything's a mess?". I sighed.

"Not really babe. The balls still in your court on what you want to do. Why didn't you tell me when we got home from your dads?". He asked.

"Honestly?". I chewed the inside of my cheek. "I needed time to process it first and I guess I just wanted to keep it to myself for a little bit".

"That's a lot to process". He sighed. "And I'm guessing Carter doesn't know about George?".

"I don't think so". I shrugged.

"Know what about George?". His voice reached my ears and that sick feeling returned. "What's going on?".

"Things are so messed up Carter". I glanced at Jake before continuing. "I think George is my grandfather".

"What?". He made a face. "That doesn't make any sense. Who put that in your head?".

"That's what I thought to, but my mom was a wolf which would explain why I'm a full breed and not half".

I could see the clocks turning, his eyebrows furrowed. "But my mom, that

would mean they didn't share the same dad".

"See messed up right?".

"What the fuck". He frowned. "I'm guessing it was your dad that told you this?".

I nodded. "He didn't tell me everything because according to him it's not his story to tell".

"And that's why grans here. It also explains why I got a call from my mom telling me she's coming to visit".

"Your moms coming?".

He nodded. "Said she'll be here tomorrow".

A sigh fell from my lips. What a family reunion this was going to be. I didn't even know where to start with all of this.

"Why'd you think she left all of them years ago?".

"Me". I spoke. "My dad wasn't stable after my mom passed. So, she thought the best decision was to move us away. She left her mate for me".

"You don't know that". Jake spoke.

If I'm honest I forgotnd he was here with him being so quiet.

"No, I do". I nodded.

"He could have left with her". Carter spoke.

"I guess we'll find out the truth soon. I'm going to lay down for a bit I'm starting to get a headache". I left them in the kitchen and headed upstairs.

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I wasn't even in bed five minutes and Jake was at the door with a glass of water and some painkillers.

"Take these before you go to sleep". He placed them in my hand before handing me the glass.

"I'm just resting". I took the pills before handing him the glass back.

"Should we go out to dinner tonight?".

"We're already going to dinner tonight at my parents". He placed the glass on the bedside table before sitting down.

"We are?". I frowned.

"Yeah". He smiled. "I'm pretty sure I mentioned it to you".

"Maybe you did". I shrugged. "What time have we to be there and is it a family dinner?".

"Isn't it always".

A laugh fell from my lips. "Your mom sure loves throwing a dinner party". I moved myself down the bed a little so I could lay my head on the pillow.

"It's her thing". He grinned. "She loves entertaining and having people over at the house".

I didn't blame her their house was stunning.

"I don't think Alanna is talking to me". I spoke.

"That'll be the two of us then". He shrugged.

"I haven't heard from her since she stormed out of here". We talked almost every day. It wasn't like her not to reach out and I didn't want to be the first one to send a message in case she bit my head off.

"I wouldn't worry about it. She'll come around she always does".

A yawn fell from my lips as I reached for the tv remote. "I'm just going to chill out up here for a bit. Are you going anywhere?".

"I'm going to drop in on Rocco and then go for a run. I'll lock the door on my way out and check in with you in a bit".

"I was meant to come with you". I rubbed a hand down my face a sigh falling from my lips.

"You just stay put and relax". He leaned over placing a kiss on my forehead. "And we've to be at my moms for 8".

"Okay I'll be ready".

I didn't sleep instead I got carried away on my phone scrolling through Facebook and looking through old pictures. No one had replied to group chat yet and I wasn't sure how I felt about it.

We were all friends and yet no one had bothered to message back.

Maybe they were busy?

Screw being busy I wasn't being ignored anymore.

I brought up Alanna's number and put the phone to my ear. Luckily, she answered on the second ring.

"Hey". She answered.

"Hi". Even through the phone it felt awkward. I didn't want it to be awkward between us. She stormed out without an explanation, and I had no idea what was going on with her.

Therefore, I had no idea what to say.

"Are you coming for dinner tonight?". She asked.

"Yeah, we'll be there".

"Good, that's good".

"Are you okay?". I asked.

"Yeah, just had a few crappy days but I'm okay".

"Do you want to talk about it?". I didn't want to push her into telling me. If she didn't want to talk about it, then that was okay.

"We could grab coffee tomorrow?". She suggested.

"I'd like that". I smiled.

"Then that's what we'll do. I'll see you tonight. Bye Leah".

"Bye". I ended the call putting my phone on the bedside table.

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I was putting the finishing touches to my make up when Jake appeared at the bedroom door.

"God, you're beautiful".

I rolled my eyes but couldn't hide my smile. I switched out my earrings before taking the bracelet Jake bought me and slipped it onto my wrist.

"Do you know who's going to be there tonight?". I asked.

"No idea". He shrugged. "But we can skip out early if we need to".

"Okay". I nodded. "I talked to Alanna".

"Is she okay?".

"We're going for coffee tomorrow. She says she's okay".

"Well, if she says she's okay then she's okay". His hands found my waist as he pulled me towards him.

"I'm a lucky guy". His hands slipped from my waist resting against my bum. "Seriously babe you're fucking beautiful".

"Stop". I grinned. "And can you get my purse from the shelf in the closet. I have no idea how it even got up there".

"Me". He kissed my cheek, squeezed my ass and then went to do as I asked. "Between bags and shoes, they're taking over".

I rolled my eyes. He was exaggerating.

Slipping my feet into my black heels boots I grabbed my suit jacket from the closet. A family dinner at Charlottes was always an excuse to dress up and dress nice.

Let's face it I hadn't gotten the chance to wear makeup in months. Tonight was a chance to let my hair down a little, have some great food and be surrounded by great company.

"Should we head out?". I glanced at my watch. "It's almost 8".

"Here". He handed me my purse. "Do you want me to take the truck?".

"Yeah". His parents only lived on the other side of the street, but I didn't want to get sore feet before the night had even started.

I waited on our porch as Jake locked up. My eyes landed on my old house. It was in complete darkness. I hadn't heard from her today, but I hadn't exactly reached out. I left her last message on read. em

He slipped his hand in mine and led me to his truck.

"Do you think Jack and Lacey will be here tonight?". I asked clipping my seatbelt into place.

"I don't know Leah, why?". He started the engine and reversed out of the driveway.

"So, I can apologise for them being kicked out of their house".

"It's not their house though babe and they were fine with it. I spoke with Jack today they're staying with his parents and because Lacey isn't having the best time with the pregnancy they're going to stay there until the baby is born".

"They are?". I frowned.

He nodded. "Jack doesn't like having to leave her on her own".

The was understandable.

As he pulled into his parents' driveway and came to a stop that horrible feeling appeared in the pit of my stomach. The feeling of dread and discomfort. My gut instinct was rarely wrong and when we walked inside, I knew instantly why I had that feeling.

My gran and George had been invited to dinner.

So, me being me I slapped a smile on my face as Charlotte greeted us.

"Beautiful as always sweetheart". She embraced me in a hug and placed a kiss on my cheek. "I hope you're both hungry".

"Do you want to leave?". Jake whispered his hand resting on the lower of my back.

I didn't want to leave I had no reason to. We were all family here for the same thing. To eat some tasty food and enjoy each other's company.

"No". I smiled. "It's okay".

I should have known she'd be here. It should have clicked when I noticed her house was in darkness. I mean where else would they be at 8 o'clock at night. His hand never left the lower of my back as he guided us into the kitchen.

Dinner smelt amazing.

"I'm having a beer do you want one?". He asked.

I nodded.

Should I approach her? Do I make the first move since I was the one thaten made up an excuse, so they'd leave our home. I chewed the inside of my cheek. Nothing would get spoken about tonight. It wasn't the place for it.

But I wasn't raised not to be polite, and I didn't want to cause an atmosphere.

It still blew my mind that this was how we ended up. I shouldn't be thinking about ways on how to approach and speak to my gran. She was my gran for petes sake.

If it was easy enough to brush it all under the carpet I would but I couldn't just go back to how things were before. No matter how much I tried or wanted to try it wouldn't work.

We were both on different scales, both led completely different lives now and sometimes it feels as though she was never in it to begin with.

"Babe?".

"Sorry what?". My eyes landed on his.

Filled with concern, his eyebrows furrowed.

"Are you sure you're, okay?". He asked.

"I'm fine stop worrying". I took the beer from him and walked my way into the living room.

I had yet to see Alanna.

"Hey sweetheart". My gran spoke. "Are you feeling better?".

She was sat on one of the couches with George next to her. It was hard to believe that he was my grandfather. Well, maybe not hard to believe but still. I always liked him, and he was always nice to me.

"I'm doing okay". I smiled.

"Your aunt Claire's coming for a visit".

"I know". I nodded.

"I was thinking we could all get together for lunch or maybe dinner? I think a sit down is exactly what needs to happen".

She wasn't wrong. Everything needed to be squared away once and for all. Conversations needed to be had and once everything was out in the open, and the air was cleared we could all finally move on.

"Okay". I spoke. "I can make dinner sometime this week".