

Chapter 58 - Denying the Alpha

It didn't take near as long as I expected to find dad a house. Once we made it back to Kyles office, we quickly poured over the short list of available properties.

At first, he was going to take the available house just a few spaces down from Amys so that he could be close to his sister again, but Kyle planned to offer a new home to them should they choose it, and so there was no guarantee that they would stay there.

Now that Samantha and I would not be living at home, he even considered the packhouse, but only briefly.

In the end, he settled on a cute little two-bedroom house with a fireplace. He claimed mom would love it. I just hope he is right.

If she didn't, Kyle had gone as far as to promise to help my father build her an entirely new house of her own design. It was kind of him, but secretly I don't think my parents would want to go through the trouble. But that would be up to them.

Dad had to leave too. Otherwise, he'd be late to meet my mother later tonight. Once we left, I decided to spend the time cleaning the new house from top to bottom for them.

It took me hours, and I was sneezing all over the damn place, friggen dust! But at least I had cleaned every service, washed every plate, cup, and piece of cutlery that had been restocked and then forgotten about. I had vacuumed out the lounges and put fresh linen on both beds. I had Kyle deliver toiletries in their usual brands and stocked the bathroom ready for them.

I was about to run over the packhouse to nick some basic food for the kitchen until we could get some real shopping done, but as I stood locking their house behind me, my father's old mute pulled up to the house.

I know it really hasn't been that long, but with the stress of so much change, it still felt like it had been years since I had seen my mother last.

"Mom," I squealed.

I was pulling her into a hug before she even finished getting out of the car.

Her arms wrapped tightly around me. She held on so tight she may break a rib, but I didn't care. It's just lovely to be held by her again.

"Mom", I can't breathe. I inhaled deeply dramatically.

"Don't worry, Faith, I know CPR," Kyle joked upon his approach.

I raised my eyebrows at him questioningly. He winked at me. I can't believe he made me blush like that in front of my parents. I hope they don't notice.

"My Beta David informed me when your vehicle crossed the border that you have arrived. I couldn't miss the opportunity to welcome you both to your new home.

My mother finally let me go and turned to Kyle. Her eyes dragged themselves over him slowly as if she was assessing him. It made me feel oddly defensive of my mate, and I had to clench my teeth before I snapped something silly at her about not judging books on their covers or something equally cliché.

I was surprised when my mother walked right up to him with pursed lips and poked him square in the chest.

"I appreciate everything you have done for my baby. For taking us in without question. For providing us with a house instead of an empty room, but know this, my Faith had endured so much, she is beautiful, capable and strong, and she hardly complains. You are lucky, LUCKY. You hear me to have been mated to such a unique woman. If you so much as harm a hair on her head. I'll drop you off a cliff." My mother warned.

Kyle looked straight past her and at me. His eyes shone with love.

"Heather, if I ever mistreat her, I'll drop myself off a cliff." He smiles at me affectionately.

I couldn't help it; he was so cute. It was like I was being pulled to him by some magnetic force. I ran and jumped straight into his arm and kissed his cheek.

"But can we stop talking about you and cliffs" I grin and plant a small kiss on the tip of his nose. He chuckled at me and set me back down.

I tucked myself into his side and wrapped my arms around his waist. He slung an arm over my shoulder.

"A welcoming gift." Kyle held out a bottle of what I could only guess was an expensive wine to my parents. I had seen him holding it, but I hadn't paid it any attention. What a lovely thought. He was such a genuinely kind man.

"Thank you, Alpha." My dad shook Kyle's hand and accepted the bottle of wine.

“Should we take our leave so they can get settled in? I imagine your parents are tired after such a day,” Kyle asked. I tried not to look disappointed. He was right. Of course, they were likely exhausted, but I wanted to selfishly spend some more time with them.

“You could stay the night if you like.” My mother offered me it.

Now I just felt torn. This was the first night I’d spent with Kyle since I was marked. I kind of wanted to spend it with him. Then I also hadn’t seen my mother in a while, and I wanted to spend it with her. Not to mention Kyle and I hadn’t even discussed where I would be living now. Was I still supposed to be living with Amy or, I guess now, my parents, or did he expect me to move into the packhouse with him? I’m not going to lie. I hope he wants me to move in. I wanted so desperately to wake up to his handsome face every morning.

“Heather, I think she wants to stay with her mate. How about we all have dinner together? I know we haven’t eaten, and then we can all retire to our beds?” My dad offered the perfect solution.

“That sounds great. I jumped on it.” It’s not like we can bond when we’re sleeping anyway; I made excuses for myself.

Kyle had a few kitchen omegas bring down food trays from the packhouse. I enjoyed getting to know their names, and they had agreed to introduce me to a few of their friends tomorrow. I would spend some time in the kitchen tomorrow to keep myself busy while Kyle works, and then once I felt like I had politely given my parents enough alone time, I would bombard them with my presence.

“So, Kyle, tell me a little more about this job,” my father asked, breaking the silence of cutlery scraping against plates as we ate.

“Oh right.” Kyle swallowed the food in his mouth.

“My head trainer recently expressed his desire to retire. I haven’t yet found a suitable replacement for him. I am assuming that as the beta of your old pack, that you, yourself, would be well trained for combat and have a few tips and tricks up your sleeves you could teach them? I know it’s not the prestigious position you are used to, but I already have a beta, and he worked hard for his role. I can’t just take it from him now.”

I don’t know why Kyle felt the need to defend his choice. Head trainer was a well-respected job, and he's right. You can’t just go stripping titles on a whim. My father knows that.

“That sounds fantastic. I have always enjoyed a good training session, and I suspect Waning crescent may differ in styles a little. I look forward to expanding not only the knowledge of your wolves but of my own as well. When can I start?” Dad asked.

I loved to see him so eager to settle in here. Hopefully, it would make this whole transition so much easier on them.

“Take tomorrow morning to get settled, come meet me in my office tomorrow afternoon, and I will introduce you to John, our head trainer. You can lead the first few classes with John just to get a feel for what he’s done and how he's been teaching, then you can build your own course from there. You and John are both grown, respectable men. I am confident that between the two of you, you can decide when to step in and have him leave his post.” My father nodded along with what Kyle was saying. This dinner could not be going better. I was so happy.

“Actually, Alpha, I have a question I would like to ask you?” My mother pitched in, placing her cutlery down and taking a small sip of water.

“Anything, Heather, go right ahead.”

“Since the girls were born, I have been a stay-at-home wife attending to the needs of my family, and although I have loved every minute of that, my girls have grown and flown the nest now, so to speak. With Mitchell working, the house becomes a lonely place. I was hoping to gain some employment. I don't have many skills.”

“Heather”, Kyle cut her off. She was beginning to ramble, but still, he could have let her finish.

“Did you cook for your family?” he asks.

“Yes”, my mother answers. I can tell we were both wondering where this was going.

“And did you clean up after them?” he questions.

“Yes,” she answers again.

“And did you provide hands on care for two children” okay, where was he going with this, I thought again impatiently?

“Yes.” my mother says.

“Then, you have a great many of skills, Heather, don't sell yourself short. I have a position I can put you in, in the kitchen, on the cleaning crew, one in gardening and even in the childcare. Take your pick. A few wolves like to get a taste of everything and work

rotating rosters, so you can even decide between a little of everything or a permanent position in one field.”

I mean, not really because it hurt tremendously, but thank goddess Declan was so horrible. Otherwise, I never would have met Kyle. Even before he went, rotten Declan was never this thoughtful.

I might have to show you just how special you are later. I teased Kyle through the mind link. I almost laughed when he choked on his drink.

“I think I'll take the spot in the daycare on a permanent basis. I just love young pups.” my mother smiles excitedly.

I am so happy for her. My heart had broken a little for her when she had said how lonely her days had become. I hope this helps her.

I couldn't help but feel like everything was finally falling into place.