Mated to my Ex's Lycan King Dad

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Chapter 0001

Money

Grace

Today was my 30th birthday. I was divorced, mateless, a survivor of infidelity and broke.

If there was a woman in the werewolf or lycan community who had it worse than me, I'd like to meet her. Maybe we could split the cost of this drink that wasn't doing anything for the sorrow in my heart or the direness of my situation.

The drink was a fruity cocktail heavy on the whiskey and worth a whole pack of the cheapest diapers and probably some applesauce. I would have rather bought either of those things than this drink. I would have rather been counting whatever change was hiding under the seats of my car to buy another container of formula than be here. But, Eason, my brother, had shoved a wad of cash in my hands, forced me into this dress that hugged every curve of me and probably cost too much, did my hair and said I wasn't allowed to come home tonight without at least one drink in my system or before midnight.

I'd prefer it if you didn't come home at all, he'd said with a wink. Go enjoy your freedom before getting into the swing of things.

It had taken everything in me not to tell him that getting a divorce when I was flat broke wasn't freedom. I still didn't know how I was going to tell him. A part of me hoped that I wouldn't have to and that the financial crisis I was dreading was just in my head. I glanced up at the clock and winced. It wasn't even my daughter's bedtime yet. I clenched my jaw and sipped my drink at the thought of Cecil. What was I going to tell her when I couldn't get her Christmas presents like usual? What would I tell Richard when he was old enough to do anything but cry, eat, and sleep?

Daddy cheated on mommy and went off to be happy with his fated mate. That's why we're broke.

I resisted the urge to toss back my drink and disappear into the haze of alcohol. I was only ordering one drink then hiding out somewhere in the city before going home and pretending like I'd partied my heart out.

Usually, I'd be in the kitchen serving up the feast I'd ordered for the Harvest Moon festival for the family and getting ready to open presents with Cecil, Richard, and Eason. This year, Cecil had made me a card. Richard drooled all over my apron. I cooked using a lot of simple recipes and whatever we had in the cabinet. I had tried to smile from the moment that the final divorce papers had arrive, but it was empty.

What was there to celebrate?

I took another drink as my eyes burned and checked the clock again. Barely a minute had passed. I finished the last of the drink, wanting to keep the rest of the cash. It was all the money I had to my name after the divorce had wiped out what little savings I'd still had from before we were married, and I wouldn't have access to the pack accounts until early next week. Though I was almost certain that Devin, my ex-husband, had used all her could to cover his portion of the divorce. He had left our marriage with nothing that hadn't belonged to him before, and left me with our two children and a broken heart.

Where had it all gone wrong?

It felt as though one day we had been happy, and he was the one who would always stand by my side. The next, I was hear nursing a drink and listening to the Lavender Pack's rugby team getting crushed by the Redwood Clan's team.

"You want another one?" The bartender asked nodding at my empty glass.

I shook my head. "No, but thank you."

He nodded. "Let me know if you want anything else."

He drifted away as another went up with a loud angry sound when the scoreboard went up

another point in the favor of Redwood.

lycan team."

"Why do they even bother?" Someone nearby asked. "No werewolf team has ever beat a

take one for the werewolf world."

"The money's in the tickets. You know those lycans are eating this shit up. Someone has to

"At least they get paid for it."

The men burst into laughter. I almost sneered as a lycan in a red jersey barreled into a

werewolf in a lavender jersey, tackling them to the ground and probably breaking something. Lycans had always been stronger than werewolves, but we cooperated for the most part for both of our sakes. The rest of the world feared us both, so it was in our interest to band together as much as possible. There was still lingering tension between our communities and it was usually the most obvious at sporting events.

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