

## **My Father's Regret After He Abandoned Mother and Me for Family Vacation with His Mistress**

**Author: Jessica HJ**

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It was rare for my father to take time off from his sales work, so I spent two months planning the perfect cruise vacation for our family.

As the pack's Gamma, my combat training contracts brought in \$100,000 monthly. My father's sales commission barely reached \$4,000, yet he acted like he was the one providing for us.

My mother spent every day cooking, cleaning, and maintaining our pack house. She never complained, but I saw how her hands trembled with exhaustion each night.

I researched everything - the best cruise line, the safest routes, the most luxurious accommodations. Being a fighter taught me to plan meticulously, and I wanted everything perfect for her.

The Mediterranean cruise I chose was exclusive, catering to wealthy werewolves. Each room cost \$10,000, with special facilities for transformations during full moons.

I made sure to book one with a private deck so Mom could finally relax in peace.

The family let me handle everything - the bookings, the moon-safe arrangements, the transformation schedules, even the silver-free meal plans we'd need. Not one of them offered to help.

My grandmother lived with us. She relied completely on my income since my father's sales weren't enough.

I didn't mind supporting everyone. As Gamma, I took pride in providing for my family.

My combat training business was thriving. Wolves from all packs sought my expertise, especially for advanced fighting techniques.

Getting luxury suites on werewolf-friendly cruises was tricky, so I booked everything months in advance.

When my younger brother Jason mentioned he'd never seen a cruise ship's presidential suite, I spent an extra \$15,000 to upgrade everyone's rooms. Seeing his excited face was worth it.

Mom's eyes lit up when I showed her the virtual tour - first real smile I'd seen from her in months.

Then, a week before departure, my father dropped his bombshell: "Sarah and Emily want to join us. The presidential suite will be perfect for them. You and your mother can take the staff quarters below deck. I've already arranged it."

He sent me the new room assignments through our pack link, casual as if he hadn't just shattered our perfect plans.

My blood ran cold when I saw the location - it was in the lowest level, where the human staff stayed. No moon windows, no transformation facilities. The thought of my mother stuck down there made my wolf howl with rage.

"What do you mean? This was supposed to be a family trip, and you're giving our rooms to your mistress?" My claws dug into my palms.

"Watch your tone." He narrowed his eyes. "Of course they're coming. Sarah and Emily wanted to join us, so naturally they should have the best accommodations."

My wolf stirred angrily beneath my skin. "When Mom begged you for a vacation last year, what did you say? You were too busy. But the moment your mistress asks, you jump to accommodate her?"

Mom grabbed father's arm, her fingers trembling. "Sierra, please. I'll take the staff room. Maybe they could let Sierra keep her suite-"

"No." My father's voice cut through her plea. "You're both being ridiculous. The good rooms are for guests."

"Guests?" I snarled. "That's what you call your mistress now?"

My father's face darkened. "Sarah and Emily are family now - more than family. In my heart, they belong with us."

I felt my fangs lengthening. "Then why do Mom and I have to stay in the staff quarters? Those suites were booked months ago. With MY money."

"The good rooms are full now. You're Gamma - you're used to rough conditions from training. The staff quarters are good enough for you both."

I checked the room assignment again, fury building. Of all the available spaces, he'd chosen the worst one - a cramped double with no windows.

I looked to my grandmother, whom I'd supported since she retired from pack duties.

She turned away, suddenly fascinated by the wall.

Jason came over with that condescending smile he'd picked up lately. "Come on, sis. Sarah and Emily are more refined. They need the proper facilities. You and Mom are strong - you'll manage."

I laughed bitterly. "Who's really family here? The mistress and her daughter get treated better than your own mother and sister. Anyone would think they were your real family!"

My father's eyes flashed gold with anger. "It's just different rooms. Stop making such a fuss. Sarah and Emily are family now. We can't make them stay in basic accommodations. Make this small sacrifice - show what it means to be a proper daughter!"

The front door of our pack house opened then.

Jason rushed to greet Emily, who swept in wearing designer clothes that cost more than my father's monthly commission.

"Emily! I've been waiting forever! Come in, come in!"

He grabbed her massive Louis Vuitton suitcases, the ones he'd mocked Mom for wanting a cheaper version of last Christmas.

"I've missed you! If only you'd moved here sooner - you're the sister I always wanted!"

My mother flinched at his words. I saw her hands shake as she tried to make herself smaller.

Grandmother grabbed Sarah's manicured hands, beaming at the woman who'd helped destroy our family. "Exactly! I always hoped you'd join our family. In my heart, no one compares to you!"

They said this right in front of Mom and me, without a shred of shame. My mother's shoulders hunched further, decades of silent suffering visible in every line of her body.

In that moment, my heart froze toward them all.