

Chapter 2 The Birthday Dinner

~ Savannah’s POV ~

I transform out of my wolf form as I arrive home. We live in a beautiful house on the hills. Our backyard is literally the woods, making it easy for us to come in and out in our wolf form.

When I step foot into the house, the sun is just setting. I check the clock, it’s 6.31 PM.

“You’re late,” says Kathy, one of the Omegas that serves in our house. She takes my coat and pushes me toward my dad’s office. “He’s been waiting for you,”

“Aw come on, it’s just one minute,” I whine.

“You tell him,”

I roll my eyes as I stand in front of the door. Kathy backs away immediately. Only Alphas and Betas are allowed past this point. Quickly, I fix my hair and shirt and knock on the door.

The double doors immediately open to my dad’s office and I see my father leaning back against a chair and Beta Lilian Parker, wearing her doctor’s uniform, is attending to him. Next to her is her husband and mate, Beta Jon Parker, who’s also my dad’s second in command. Sitting on that chair, dad is looking pale and sickly. Unlike the strong Alpha self that he is. He is only in his late fifties, but now he looks way older.

“Dad? Oh my god, what happened!?” I gape and step closer.

“It’s just a small heart attack, not a big deal, don’t worry about it,” Dad waves his hand carelessly and turns to Beta Lilian, saying “Can you give us a moment?”

Beta Lilian nods and collects her equipment, saying, “I will be right outside if you need me,”

For a moment, I’m just standing there in shock. I never knew that my dad is having health problems. Is this the first time he’s had a heart attack? How severe is it?

I look over to Beta Jon, giving him a questioning look. He only replies with a shrug as if to say he doesn’t know anything either.

Once Beta Lilian leaves the room, I turn to face my dad again and ask, “A small heart attack? Dad, you never told me you’re sick, what the hell is happening?”

“I’m not sick, I’m just expiring,” Dad says as he adjusts his shirt back.

“Dad,” I warn.

“How are you, Savannah? Have a seat. How was the campus tour?” he changes the topic, motioning for me to sit across the table from him.

I sigh and take that seat.

“The campus tour was great. I’m really excited to start school in the fall,” I pause for a moment before continuing, “There’s a freshman welcome event later tonight, I was thinking of going there after our meeting...”

That’s a total lie. Obviously. I’m just looking for a way to go out tonight and see Derek.

“Right. A freshman welcome event, not a party at Delta William’s lake house” he says as he grabs a fresh cigar from his cigar box. Beta Jon is quick to offer him a light. I quickly glance at him, wondering if a person with a heart condition should be smoking cigars in the daytime.

“It’s the last day of school, dad,” I mutter under my breath. “Don’t I deserve to have a little bit of fun? I mean, look at you, risking it all right here,”

Dad lets out a smirk.

“Aren’t you curious how I know about the party?”

“You’re the Alpha here,” I scoff. “Of course, you know everything,”

*Well, not everything. Not about me and Derek, at least.*

“Hey, don’t get upset. I’m just trying to make small talk here, you know, like other normal people?”

“But you don’t make small talk,” I narrow my eyes on him.

“Ha, you know me so well. You must be my daughter,” he laughs.

I take note of my dad’s attempt at a joke. I know very well that my father isn’t the kind of man who makes jokes. I narrow my eyes further and say, “Dad, what is it with you? You’re acting kind of... strange,”

“Time does a lot to a man, Savannah. Time can do the same for a woman too,” he replies even more suspiciously.

I stay quiet, waiting for my dad to continue.

“Speaking of time, you’re turning eighteen next week. You’ll officially be an adult,”

“Just on paper,” I shrug. “On the inside, I’m still twelve,”

Dad ignores the comment and continues, “With you becoming an adult and me turning into fertilizer with each passing day, I think it’s time we talk about your future,”

Dad then turns to Beta Jon and says, “Jon, the papers,”

Jon nods quickly and pulls a stack of papers from his briefcase. He walks around the table and places them in front of my confused eyes.

“What is this?” I ask, my fingers rifling through the pages. The very first page is a letter with dad’s official letterhead, some sort of invitation for a dinner party.

“It’s an invitation to a birthday dinner. Your birthday dinner,” Dad answers.

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