

Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 11

I'm silent for the most part as Parker drives me towards Miami beach on the way to retrieve my car. I can't stop thinking about what Uncle Tommy told me, and the weird communication between him and Gamma Nathan. It was like Uncle Tommy wanted to tell me something, but couldn't. Like something was physically stopping him from forming the words, causing him pain instead.

My parents are such assholes. They didn't even bother to inform me they didn't want any ties to me any more. They just pulled the adult closest to me aside and asked him to take me. I'm glad it was Uncle Tommy, though. They weren't always so selective when it came to whose care I was left in.

The nannies mom left in charge of me when I was younger were horrible to me. They were always older widowed she-wolves; bitter and angry at the world. They would neglect me almost as much as my parents, telling me children were to be seen and not heard, and not even seen if I could help it. My basic necessities were met, but the only love I received was from my brother on occasion, when he wasn't at school or with my parents, and then Uncle Tommy and Elena after I was old enough to go to the Little Tike classes the warrior center offered to toddlers and Kindergarteners.

Uncle Tommy and Elena were increasingly involved with my life the older I got, until I reached 10 years old and finally accepted that my real parents would never love me. That's when I stopped trying with them and spent every holiday, birthday and any other memorable event with the Childes.

I wonder if I can call my school and get my name changed on my diploma to 'Childes' before graduation. That would be so much more meaningful to me than one saying 'Snider' on it. I'm happy I can finally call the Childes my parents, but I'm still pissed at how horrible my real parents are.

Maybe dad, or Alpha Jared as I should start referring to him, heard the rumor I wasn't his. Did Parker tell him? Is that why I'm being completely discarded?

"Did you tell dad that I'm not his daughter?" I asked Parker hesitantly.

Parker sucks his lips into his mouth, looking like he's trying to find the right words to say, and that in itself is an answer.

"You did," I mutter, then sigh. "Is it because of last night?"

"I didn't want to tell him," he said, staring ahead as we drove across the I195 bridge, "I went to ask him to withdraw your transfer request, and he wanted a reason."

"So your reason was that I'm not really his daughter?" I asked in disbelief, "What kind of f****d up reason is that?"

"That's not the reason," he says anxiously, "I asked him if he knew you weren't his daughter, and if that's why they were sending you away. He just confirmed it. He is withdrawing the transfer though," he looks over and offers me a smile, "You're going to stay in Crystal Moon."

"What if I don't want to stay," I shook my head at him in disdain. How can he try to decide this for me? I want to get away from our..no..his parents. I don't want to stay here and live the rest of my life in the shadow of the ones who neglected and hurt me for so long.

"You have to," Parker states like it's a matter of fact. "This is your home. You have to stay here with me."

"Why do I have to do that?" I asked him, my voice full of venom. How dare he. "Is this because of last night? Do you think there's something between us now that we made out and found out we don't have the same biological parents? There's nothing between us. Casey has already applied to transfer with me. What am I going to tell him now that you forced yet another decision on me?"

"HE can go alone," Parker's voice was dangerously low.

"The f**k he can," I sneered. "We were going to go together. And did you know your dad is making the Childes adopt me? A f*****g week before I turn 18. Who the f**k asks that of someone? Now that the world knows I'm not biologically his, he's pushing me off on the first willing family. What are they supposed to do now? Move with me? Is Alpha Jared going to shun them too?"

"YOU ARE NOT MOVING!" Parker growls, shaking the whole truck with his fury.

"The f**k I'm not," I sneered, not even flinching. "Now that I know how much you value my independence and respect my decisions, I can't wait to leave here."

"Carli, you..I don't want you to leave."

"Then you should have talked to me about it instead of making the decision for me!" I shouted, making Parker flinch, and visibly shrink into his seat.

"I'm sorry, okay?" he says after a few minutes. "I just..I don't want you to leave. I know deep down, you don't want to leave either. I..I love you Carli. I don't want to lose you right after I got you..I got close to you again."

"Then you should have talked to me before talking with.. .You know what? Nevermind," I sighed, staring out the window at the tourists as we pulled onto the busy strip on Collins Avenue. "My car's near here. You can let me out here."

"Carli, I'm sorry," he begs, "I don't want to fight with you again. I thought I was doing something good for you. I thought I was helping."

"I don't need your help, Parker," I cried out, letting my anger and frustration bubble to the surface, "I don't need anything from you, or your parents. I just want to be free from it all. If that means moving to Blue Cliff, I'll gladly do it."

Parker stops at a crosswalk, and I hop out of the truck before he can stop me. His voice calls out to me desperately as I slam his door and sling my duffle bag over my shoulder.

I cross the street, and try to blend into the crowd as much as possible as Parker continues to yell for me out his open window. I have no doubt he would chase after me if he could. People all around me are staring at me, probably wondering what happened to make me jump out of his truck like that.

The crazy thing is, the further I get from his desperate call, the more I want to turn around and run back to him. I fight against the urge, and trudge on towards my destination.

Instead of the valet where I left my car yesterday, I continued on, towards the Meyers Resort at the end of South Beach.