

Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 13

After retrieving my car from where I dropped it off yesterday, I made my way back to the packhouse. I know I should probably leave things alone, but now that I know my parents' secrets, I want to hear from Alpha Jared face-to-face why he waited until now to give me to my actual father.

I turned my phone off at the resort. Parker continued to call me, and I wasn't in the mood to deal with any more of his hot and cold behavior. I had tons of texts I'm sure were all from him as well. I'm confused enough about my feelings towards him as it is. I wish he could just give me space to think. It's like I've been in a whirlwind of emotions since his return. I'm getting whiplash.

I can't believe the rumor was true, and we really don't share any of the same blood. We are nothing more than step-siblings. Does that make these feelings I've been getting towards him okay? Surely it doesn't. Even step-siblings shouldn't be dry humping each other on the side of the road.

What did Parker mean earlier when he said he loved me? As a sister? Member of his pack? Did he mean as something more?..

I sigh with relief when I pull into the parking lot and see Parker's truck isn't there. Good. I can worry about all these lingering questions later; I have a mission now and Parker being here would be a distraction.

It should be the middle of breakfast, meaning mom should be busting herself in the dining room and kitchen coordinating and hovering over anything to make sure it went well. She wouldn't want anyone thinking she was slacking off as Luna.

I decide to mind-link Alpha Jared, probably for the first time ever, and ask him to meet me in his office.

"Alpha Jared. I would like to discuss something with you. Can I speak with you in your office on the first floor?"

"If you need something, could you ask Beta Anthony or Gamma Thomas instead? I'm enjoying my breakfast at the moment."

I groan internally and roll my eyes. Of course he doesn't want to see me. I don't care, though. He's going to talk to me one way or another. I can just cause a scene in the dining room if that's what it takes.

I got out, slammed my driver's side door, surprised the windows didn't shatter from the impact, and stalked into the packhouse. I made my way to the dining room. It's the middle of the breakfast rush, and almost every seat has a body in it. Mom isn't in sight, which means she is probably in the kitchen at the moment. I strode over to the head table where Alpha Jared was sitting with some of the elders from our pack. I noticed Beta Anthony with his mate was sitting with my real dad, Elena and Gamma Nathan just 2 tables over. I can't disturb Alpha Jared's breakfast, but it's alright to interrupt theirs?

I threw my chin up stubbornly, striding right up to Alpha Jared and interrupted whatever conversation he was in the middle of.

"Alpha Jared, I believe I asked for a moment of your time?" My voice is hard and full of challenge. He looks over at me with indignation.

"I thought I told you to talk with Beta Anth-"

"I know what you said, but I didn't ask to speak with them, I asked to speak with you. I'm more than happy to talk out here so you can finish your meal, since that seems to be your priority," I offered him a faux sweet smile.

He sighs heavily, rubbing a hand down his face. "Pain in my f*****g a*s," I hear him mutter under his breath, before he stands and offers his apologies to the table.

"My office," he sneers at me. On the way out, we pass my mother, who is shocked, then starts looking frantically between us.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Alpha Jared coos reassuringly to her, making me roll my eyes. "I'll be 5 minutes. Just have to sign some final papers for her," he lies. f**k him.

I don't wait for him and continue walking towards his office, propping my feet on his desk when I get there. 2 minutes later, he walks in and scowls at my feet but doesn't say anything about them. P***y.

"What do you want, Clarissa?" he sneered at me.

"Who the f**k is Clarissa?" I asked, looking back at him with disgust.

"I don't have time for this. What is it that you want?"

I clenched my jaw, glaring at this insufferable man. Parker looks so much like him, but even at his worst, I have never held half as much disdain for Parker as I hold for Alpha Jared.

“Why?” I muttered through clenched teeth.

“Why what?”

“Why are you waiting until now to give my real dad the right to be my father?”

Alpha Jared sits back in his seat, rubbing a hand down his face again. “I wanted to tie all loose ends before you graduated. I don’t want to have any legal ties to you after you turn 18.”

I scoff, then look up at the ceiling as that unfamiliar burning builds behind my eyes again.

“Why now?” I mumbled, shaking my head in disbelief, “Why not give me to him and Elena when you kicked me out of the alpha quarters? Or when I was a child, even? Why did you guys make me suffer so long thinking I was yours and you just didn’t want me?”

“I was just following your mother’s wishes. It’s hard to treat someone else’s child as your own, especially when their mother doesn’t seem to want the child around either.”

“Then why did she not give me to Uncle Tommy sooner!” I yelled. He doesn’t even flinch at my words, driving my anger further. “Why the hell would you keep me around to neglect and abuse?”

He shrugs, “Your mother didn’t grow up in a pack. She didn’t know a lot about werewolf life before coming here. It certainly didn’t help with her working for that freethinking woman for so long, who doesn’t follow traditional werewolf standards. Mary didn’t know about smells and how it was obvious you weren’t mine. She kept insisting that you were, so I went along with it to make her happy.

“Alpha Jared, I believe I asked for a moment of your time?” My voice is hard and full of challenge. He looks over at me with indignation.

“Why what?”

“I hurt her pretty badly in the past, and I vowed to do whatever it took to make that up to her, including raising her bastard child. She made it easy for me, keeping you out of my sight most of the time, so I didn’t have the constant reminder that someone else tried to claim her before me. I thought she was happy, so I left things as they were. The only reason I’m doing this now is because my son begged me to let you stay here. This is something that has to be done in order for you to stay.”

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“So the only way I can stay in this pack is if I have no ties to you or your family?”

“Precisely,” he smiles politely, but it doesn’t reach his eyes, “The only way you can stay here is if your real dad adopts you.”

“What if I don’t want to stay here?” I sneered, suddenly so mad I wanted to renounce the whole pack and go to Blue Cliff today.

“I’m afraid I’ve already withdrawn your transfer. You will not be moving to Blue Cliff,” he states, resting his chin on his folding hands, elbows resting on the arms of the chair.

“I can reapply. What makes you think I would want to stay here after this s**t?”

“Ok, Clarissa. If that’s what you want,” the man who has always claimed to be my father dismisses my request.

“My name is Cari, you dipshit. You can’t even remember the name of the girl you raised for 18 years?”

“I thought Carli was short for Clarissa?” He asks, confused but mostly disinterested.

“Nope. Been Carli my entire life.”

“That’s weird. Your mother never corrected me,” he shrugs.

The pressure in my eyes is threatening to spill over, so I pinch my leg, hoping the pain will keep the tears in check. I don’t want to cry in front of this man. I don’t want to show any weakness, or let him know how much he has truly hurt me.

“If that is all, I need to get back before Mary has a nervous breakdown. I assume you are alright with the adoption. I’ll have that paperwork finished by the end of today. No need to seek me out again. I will handle the rest with your father.”

He stands, and gestures for me to leave. When I get up and as I’m walking past, I mutter, “I’m glad someone with so little integrity isn’t my real father. She was a fool for not choosing my real dad over you.”

I stride past, not looking back as he growls at my insult. I know I could never hurt him half as much as he has hurt me, but I still leave with that small bit of satisfaction.