

Secrets Abound

Alex's POV

Father's been coming by a lot less often now and I'm wondering if it's to do with me and my sullen attitude as he likes to call it. He thinks I don't know that he talks about me to mum but I overheard him on the phone with mother one night when I snuck out of bed and he hadn't come over but had called her on the cellphone.

"What do you mean you can't come over again?" my mother hissed.

"A business trip? Since when? You haven't bothered to bring this up before now" my mother's voice was full of suspicion. As well it should be. I had never had my father mention a business trip, not in the last few weeks leading up to now. It seemed to be a convenient excuse for not coming over.

"Alex is going to be devastated, she's really missing you, you know."

"Don't call her a sullen teenager. She's thirteen and at a delicate age, you know that."

I felt a little hurt at being called a sullen teenager. I was dealing with a lot right now. Out of nowhere, I had breasts popping out, acne, and my hormones were all over the place. One minute I was all happy and go lucky and the next I was a sobbing, angry mess. I couldn't help it. He should try being a thirteen-year-old girl. Something told me he wouldn't be so damn happy either.

"I'll tell Alex you won't make it then. Don't worry about it" Mother had sighed, sounding resigned and a little forlorn. I knew she missed her father just as much as I did. Probably more if I'm being honest. I had scurried upstairs waiting for the inevitable footsteps to approach, feigning sleep as she came to the doorway.

"Alex" she had whispered "are you awake?"

I had moved restlessly in my sleep and rolled over onto my side, blinking my eyes open and pretending to be sleepy. "What's wrong mum?"

She came and sat on the bed beside me. "It looks like your father's not going to be able to make it over here for at least two weeks," she said quietly "he's got a business trip he needs to go on."

I frowned. Two weeks was a long time, by any means. I felt a little angry, glaring down at the coverlet. I mean a few days I was ne with but two whole weeks?

"It's okay" my mother soothed "We'll see him when he gets home."

"You mean after he sees Logan and that wife of his" I muttered and had the privilege of seeing my mother inch in pain. I felt bad immediately after.

"Sorry Mother" I apologized and she blinked back tears, stroking my forehead.

"It's ne, go to sleep," she said tiredly and I knew she was still upset, as she got back to her feet and made it to the doorway, glancing over at me once more.

"I love you" she whispered.

"I love you too Mother" I whispered back.

It has been three days so far and not even a phone call from my father to nd out how we're getting along without a visit from him. The more I think about it, the angrier I get. What if something had happened to us? I can't stop thinking about the time I was changing in the bathroom and there was a wolf on the balcony outside. What if something like that occurred? There would be no one to protect us. Patrol really didn't give a damn, not about us when we were on the outskirts of the pack and not worth protecting. They only cared about the Alpha and Luna and of course their son. I might only be thirteen years old but I was smart enough to realize that.

I tossed and turned, the sheet ending up all disheveled and frustrating me even further. I pulled it off and lay there, in my white nightgown in the hopes that maybe that would cool me down enough to sleep, for it was hot in the room. I glanced longingly at the window wondering if I was brave enough to open it, despite there being security screens I hadn't opened it since that fateful night. Not that anything had happened. There had been no sign of the wolf and it had never been tracked down. My body was slick with sweat. I could feel it trickling down my forehead and even between my legs. My nightgown was pushed up to my thighs and my hair was matted. I swore. I couldn't do it. I needed air. I sat up and before I could talk myself out of it, I was stumbling across the room, opening the window with shaking hands. I was met with a gentle breeze that caressed my skin and I closed my eyes in bliss. It was heaven. I stood there, feeling it beginning to cool down my overheated body. I could hear the wind howling outside and the scattering of the leaves in the air. A wolf howled in the distance, one of the pack members no doubt going for a run I thought with envy, wishing I had my wolf so I could do the same. The full moon glowed in the distance, shining brightly from up above and I stared at it, wishing the moon goddess was real and that she might hear my prayers.

I walked back to the bed and lay down, closing my eyes, listening to the steady sound of my breathing as my chest moved up and down in an even rhythm. Now all I had to do was go to sleep. But that seemed easier said than done. Even with the cool breeze coming into the room, making the curtains billow up, I couldn't seem to make myself cool completely down. I groaned in frustration and rolled over, deciding that I wanted some water. I frowned at the bedside table. Mother had forgotten, once again to bring up the pitcher and the glass that she always brought up for me to drink. I sighed. Well, it wasn't like I couldn't do it myself.

I was still under strict instructions not to get out of bed, but I gured there was no harm in going straight to the kitchen and back to my room. It would take less than ve minutes and I was thirsty. Damn thirsty. That night from long ago niggled in my mind but by now I was certain that it was nothing more than a dream. I shrugged. I was feeling deant now. I hoped she caught me out of bed. I walked slowly out of the room and peered down the corridor, checking both sides. No sign of my mother. My ears strained but I couldn't hear any noise from downstairs either. I sauntered towards the stairs and glanced downwards, rubbing my tired eyes. Nothing. I could see part of the living room and nobody was sitting on the couches. It seemed clear. I slowly walked downwards, careful not to stumble for I was tired and my limbs felt heavy for some strange reason. The stairs took longer than I would have liked and I was making my way toward the kitchen when I heard a knock on the front door.

Shit. I was going to be in so much trouble if my mother caught me out of bed. My deance was completely forgotten about as I dived into the kitchen and hid behind the bench. I darted and poked my head around the corner, wondering if my father had changed his mind about the business trip after all and had come to visit. I felt a stirring of excitement in my breast. Maybe I was being too hard on my father. I should really let up on him, I thought with a smile, as I glanced over at my mother who was walking towards the door.

My eyebrows shot up. I stared, unable to comprehend what I was looking at. This woman was not the mother that I knew. Her face looked severe, her long dark crimson hair, so like mine, was tied back in a sleek ponytail. Her eyes were heavily made up with eyeliner, and her lips were made up with bright red lipstick. Her ngerails were the same bright red color. She wore a black leather corset and matching leather pants that looked like a second skin. She wore heels that were so tall that she almost could reach the top of the doorframe. She looked smoking hot. Had she known that father was coming I wondered confused.

She was walking condently, a swing in her step. Her hair swung back and forth as she walked. She opened the door with one hand and ashed a smile at the tall, suave-looking man on the other side. He most denitely was not my father I saw with bewilderment. This man had slicked-back black hair and a black mustache, a suit on, and expensive-looking shoes. He reeked of cologne, and I fought the urge to cough as it wafted towards my nostrils.

"Alpha Laurence" my mother greeted him, coolly.

He nodded. That was a mistake. My mother grabbed him by the hair and yanked it hard, as the man blinked at him astonished. "It's Mistress to you" she growled.

"Y..Y...Yes..M...M....Mistress" stammered the man as my mouth dropped open. This man was an alpha and my mother was treating him like that! Did she have a death wish? Some instinct told me to hold on.

My mother let go of his hair. "Kneel," she told him.

He knelt, staring at the ground. My mother began to peel off his tie, throwing it to the oor. I was fascinated now, my eyes wide. What was happening? She took off his jacket and carefully placed that on the lounge and then undid the buttons on his shirt, taking that off him as well. The man shivered in delight. My mother caressed his back and his arms.

"Have you been a good boy or a naughty boy for me today?" she asked him rmly, grabbing his chin and yanking it up so that he looked her in the eyes.

The Alpha, licked his lips, his eyes gleaming. "I've been a very, very, bad boy," he told her shakily.

"Then I'm going to have to punish you," my mother said, walking around him and opening the door to her bedroom. "I want you on the cross" she growled.

The man stood up and scurried into the room. "Yes Mistress," he said.

I was so confused but intrigued at the same time. My mother was taking deep breaths in and out, stretching her neck and her arms as she turned to go into the room. I could see part of it and I gasped, seeing that it was the same as the unusual dream I had. My mother heard the gasping sound I made and she whirled around. I gulped. I was busted. She narrowed her eyes as she stared into the kitchen while I shrank back against the bench.

"Alex" she growled "I heard you, so don't even bother trying to pretend that you're not there."

She sounded angry but also resigned like she had expected this day to come sometime soon. I debated running for it but knew she'd outrun me. Even in the leather pants. I slowly stood up, trembling, and turned to face her. Her face drained of color.

"What are you doing out here?" she snarled.

"I came down for water," I said lamely.

She wasn't buying it for a second. "Bull. You could have gotten that and gone back up. You stayed to spy on me" she accused.

I balled my hands into sts. "Can you blame me for it" I shot out, angry now "Your whole life is a secret from me. Initially, I thought it was father coming to visit so I stayed. Then I saw it was a complete stranger and with how you are dressed well, naturally, I stayed to see what happened. What is this?" I asked, gesturing towards her and her outt.

She bit her lip and looked down at herself, her cheeks turning pink. "I can't tell you," she said quietly.

"Why," I said annoyed.

The man stayed in the room, silently waiting for my mother. She gave a huge sigh. "Because it's not something you're ready to know, at least not yet."

"If you don't tell me what this is, I'll tell Father," I said snidely. She looked broken for a minute and I celebrated, thinking I had the upper hand.

"He already knows" she whispered and I stared at her in disbelief.

"Explain" I shrieked "If he knows and you know then I deserve to know what the hell is going on."

She blanched. "Alright" she whispered "I'll explain a little bit," she said numbly "if you go back up to bed and promise not to come back down until the morning."

I wavered. I wanted to know everything but part of me was wary of it. What if it was horrible? I suspected that knowing everything would ruin the respect I had for my mother. But I had to know at least part of it. My mind wouldn't let this go, not now that I knew my dream was not a dream. My mother's eyes lled with tears but she blinked them back, trying to look brave and not as defeated as I knew she must be.

"You'll tell me part of it," I said, not trusting her completely.

She nodded, quiet now, regarding me.

I hesitated. I glanced toward her bedroom where the guy was still waiting. I didn't think she was cheating on my father. She loved him too much for that. Heck, she was more loyal to him than I had been.

"Fine," I said slowly, folding my arms across my chest "but you better not lie to me."

"I won't," my mother said softly.

I turned around and reluctantly began to walk up the stairs. I glanced over my shoulder and saw that my mother was watching my every move, and I headed into my bedroom, wandering over to my bed and slowly climbing onto it. I wondered if I should have stayed downstairs until I knew my mother was safe but she hadn't asked for my help and something instinctively told me she didn't need it. She seemed to be familiar with the Alpha downstairs. I glanced at the window and sighed, closing my eyes. As the breeze caressed me, I fell into a deep sleep, wondering what tomorrow would bring and what secrets I would finally learn about.