

## Chapter 0021

(James POV)

It is 10:58 am.

My parents, Stephanie's parents, Nick, Jenny, and I are gathered at the back of the event hall. An Omega informs us that everyone has been seated. It is time to begin Stephanie's first remembrance event of the day.

"Are you ready to go, Son?" my father asks.

"I think so," I respond as I stare into the largest of Stephanie's displayed portraits. "Who prepared this portrait?"

"This large one? I am not sure," my father responds. "One of the Omegas. Why?"

"It does not flatter Stephanie at all. She looks... plain. It does nothing to highlight how beautiful she was."

My father furrows his eyebrows. "Son, this is same portrait that we have used for every single one of Stephanie's memorials."

"Really?"

"Yes."

Huh. That is odd. If my father is correct, that means that I

have stared at this portrait at every one of Stephanie's prior memorials. Why have I never noticed how unflattering it is?

I dismiss the thought. I must just be tired.

"Is everything that I asked for done?" I ask.

"Yes."

"Is everyone here?"

"Sheila is sitting in the front row, next to where Beta Robert and Margie will sit," my father confirms.

"What about the Little Brat?"

"She had a bit of an accident this morning," Stephanie's mother, Margie, jumps in. "She will not be able to come today."

I spin on my heel so that I can glare at Margie. "What kind of an accident?" I demand.

"She fell down the stairs while sneaking plates of food upstairs."

"And?"

"And now she is in bed, recovering."

"NOT ACCEPTABLE. Nick, go to the packhouse and get her here. Now."

My father looks at me puzzled. "Son, no one is going to care whether Lily is here or not. Let's just get started without

her.”

“Father, I am going along with this crazy plan of yours. I did not ask for very much in exchange. You told me this morning that one of the reasons for this plan was to show pack unity. How can we do that without Stephanie’s sister in attendance?”

My father does not look convinced, so I continue. “We are all in, or we are all out. If you want me to cooperate, I want the Little Brat here, NOW!”

My father still seems unsure, but he nods at Nick. Nick hurriedly leaves the hall to go and retrieve the Little Brat.

If the Little Brat thinks she is going to outsmart me and avoid my revenge, she has another thing coming.

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(15 minutes later)

Stephanie’s first memorial event of the day was supposed to start 13 minutes ago. Because of my father’s obsession with timeliness, we have never started a pack meeting or event late, much less a memorial. Pack members are becoming more and more restless, and we are getting reports that pack members are beginning to whisper and speculate about what is going on.

I do not care.

Both of my parents have tried to convince me to move

 +5 BONUS

forward with the memorial without the Little Brat, as have both of Stephanie's parents. Their efforts are in vain; I am not budging.

Finally, I receive a mind-link from Nick.

"James, I am here at the packhouse and in Lily's room. She is in really bad shape. I have tried everything I can, but she is not moving. I think she is unconscious. I think we need to call the pack doctor to come and see her."

"She is faking," I respond back viciously. "Bring her here, now."

"Man, James, I do not know if I can. I know you cannot see what I am seeing, but I promise you... it is really bad. I do not know how she could fake being this bad off."

"Impossible. It was a flight of stairs. She is a werewolf. A wolfless werewolf, but still a werewolf. I want the Little Brat here, NOW."

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