

My Step-Dad Is My Mate

#Prologue

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I watched as he held her hand and stared into her eyes with such admiration.

"....I love you Roseanna." He said to my mother at the end of his vows and her smile grew another step wider.

Rolling my eyes in irritation, I looked down towards my phone and played Sims Free play to drive my attention from this disastrous wedding.

"Put the phone down or I'll take it away tonight." My mother's voice rang out to me via our mind link and I slammed my phone down onto my lap, making the two people sitting beside me on each side look at me.

"Mind your business." I grumbled lowly and they turned their heads. As I put up my head, I saw they were kissing and I felt a twinge of jealousy and anger flow through me.

My wolf also growled at the sight but I don't know why. Why did I hate my mother for kissing my new 'step-dad'? I shouldn't even care.

But I do...

All those nights she brought him to the house for dinner, I hated when she touched him.

All those nights he came over for "quality time" I hated when he would cuddle up with her and not me.

I pushed my jealousy aside and clapped with the other guests as my mom and step-dad walked back down the aisle with huge smiles on their faces and their fingers intertwined.

Releasing a low growl, I looked around me to make sure no one heard then went back to glaring at the newlyweds.

I should be the one he looks at that way, not her but what can I do? And what the hell am I saying?

Probably my hormones, I reassured myself as the reason to my attraction to the devilishly handsome Richard Blaize aka step-dad. These feelings would probably go away as time progressed on right? He looked my way, holding my gaze which was already on him.

The way he looks at me....is like he knows. Like he knows how I feel and maybe... Just maybe he feels the same. Suddenly, he tore his gaze from mine and I whimpered quietly at the loss of the very small contact between us.

Obviously he would never feel the same way about me. He loved my mother...

My mother... not me.

My mother gestured for me to come to her and I pushed past the people crowding around them and made my over to her.

She beamed at me and I couldn't help but smile back. Mom was finally genuinely happy since my real dad, her mate died. No matter what type of unknown feelings I had for Richard, they would go in time but all that mattered right now was her happiness.

"Stand by Richard Danica." She told me and I reluctantly moved over to him and plastered a fake smile on my face as a photographer took our pictures.

Now and again I felt eyes burning holes into the side of my head and when I finally looked up, Richard was staring at me then turned his head back to the front, smiling.

What is he...

"Look forward miss." The photographer said to me and I mumbled an apology then faced front, smiling as well.

"Okay. Now just the bride and groom. Miss, can you move please?"

I moved away, standing next the photographer while I watched him take pictures of Richard and my mother.

Suddenly, I saw him grab my mother and pull her closely to him, pressing their lips together in a kiss.

My anger flared but I held back my growl as it threatened to make itself be heard.

Looking away, I went to the back of the crowd so no one would see me as their eyes were all locked on the newlywed couple, and wiped my teary eyes.

God, why did this hurt so bad?

