

Chapter 25

I was gone for the weekend. Yet getting home, the place was in chaos and anyone would think I had been gone for months. Women had complaints, and orders for supplies, the accountant had left messages about the bakery and Marco had dropped off the appeal my father placed against the title. He was trying to say it was done while he was intoxicated.

Which is laughable because if you know my father, he isn't much of a drinker and when he drinks, it's never enough that he actually gets drunk. The man has control issues, and that extends to not being in control of his own body.

"Do that first! Get settled, then we'll chat." Sondra says, making yet another cup of tea. She watches me for a few seconds while she waits for the kettle to boil.

"Are you going over the documents Marco dropped off last night?" She asks me and I hold them up.

"Marco said he already rejected it, but he still had to drop them off."

"You and Marco are close?" I ask her and she shrugs.

"Yes, we are. We always will be. I met Marco first." She shrugs, pouring the hot water into the mug and jiggling the tea bag.

"How?"

"So curious." She laughs.

"I thought he was human. He lived in the apartment next to me. We may have dated for a while." She shrugs.

"Wow! I bet that didn't go over well when you met Floyd." I chuckle.

"Definitely not. I had no idea he had a brother, so it was quite a shock when Floyd came looking for him. He was caught up in some legal drama and needed his help, they hadn't spoken for a few months, and Marco wanted out of that lifestyle. When he

came barging into his brother's apartment and found us in bed together, I would say that was definitely an experience I could have gone without." She laughs.

I blink at her. "And Marco just let you go?" I ask her.

"He believed it was the right thing to do. I was his brother's mate."

"And that didn't upset you?" I ask her.

"Of course I was upset. I thought I was going to be a journalist and marry Marco, and run off into the sunset. Instead, I got Floyd and was locked into a marriage and a life of crime and running from his enemies."

"But they got over it?"

"Marco accepted it, but Floyd? No, he never got over it. But he needed Marco and loved him still. He just always made sure to keep Marco busy and away from me, paranoid I would run off with him."

"Why didn't you run off with him?"

"Floyd would have killed me. After a while, I started to feel the mate bond. That was the most confusing part. Humans aren't mated by the moon goddess to werewolves. Sure, they can produce kids together, but destined mates?" Sondra shakes her head.

"It was unheard of. But we got the answers we needed, eventually."

"What do you mean?"

"Floyd had Marco look into my background. Turns out I was adopted, born to a beta and human woman. Only instead of getting the werewolf genes, I came out human. I have some genes, just not the right ones to make me a werewolf. So, they got rid of me." She says with a sigh.

"Do you know which pack?" She nods her head.

"Yeah. Just not a good one," she says, taking her cup and walking outside when I hear the boys cry from their rocker in the living room.

Once I have the boys settled and tucked in their beds for their nap, I quickly change into my fluffy, soft pink butterfly pants and a white cami, excited to put on my own clothes, having left my dress at Axton's. Once dressed, I head downstairs, I am about

to go outside to speak with Sondra when I walk past her, rummaging in the kitchen. Stopping, I see her trying to get the rum off the shelf above her head.

“Sondra, what are you doing? You can’t drink on your medication.” I scold her when she uses her walking stick to swipe it closer to the edge. She looks at me, stands on her tippy toes, and snatches the bottle off the shelf.

“I need it. All this talk of the past is stealing my sass. If I am taking a walk down memory lane. I will need this!” she tells me, tucking the bottle under her arm. “Grab my smokes! Let’s get this over with!” She snaps at me, and I shake my head.

“I’m already dying. What will hurt? My life?” She laughs, and I sigh and grab her smokes off the fridge. We put them up trying to cut her back, but I also needed answers. After what she told me, I could use a drink already too, and we haven’t even gotten to my questions yet.

When I walk out, I find her tipping her tea out over the railing. Her hands shake terribly as she tries to pour rum into the mug. “Fuck it!” She mutters, tipping the bottle to her lips and gulping it down like it is water.

I take a seat across from her when she pulls the bottle away, nursing it in her arm. She wipes her mouth on the back of her hand, looks at me, clicks her fingers, and I sigh, handing her smokes over to her.

She lights one and inhales deeply, and sits back. “What do you want to know?” She asks, leaving the smoke between her lips as she rocks back and forth. Pausing, I think for a second, where would be the best place to start before deciding on Axton’s mother?

“I want to know about Floyd’s daughter...” I tell her, and she swallows. She nods her head slowly. “You want to know about Phaedra.” she muses, and her eyes turn glassy.