

Putting the Plan into Motion

Chapter 6

Tucker's POV

Dinner at my parent's house is always a miserable event. Since my father was Beta, he was allowed to have his own home built, as he didn't want to live in the packhouse. It doesn't matter if it is a holiday or a celebration, it is always bad. My mother has been deteriorating right before my eyes for the last 15 years. I remember when I was little, how beautiful she was, how happy she was. But those days are long gone.

My parents were true mates. My father was my mother's second chance mate. My father, Keith Simpson, was a strong and proud Beta for the Silver Stream pack. Alpha Randell appreciated and listened to my father's opinions, and he assisted in every issue that affected the pack. My father was a highly valued wolf, and he had a lot of pride in himself and his position. He was a handsome man, and numerous she-wolves had wanted to be his mate. He didn't want to take a chosen mate though, he wanted his true mate, just like his parents and grandparents. So he waited to nd my mother.

He met my mother, Cybil, at a winter ball, and that was it for him. He fell hard for her. I have heard the story of how they met a thousand times. I could probably repeat it backwards if I needed to. But their romance lasted about two years. Basically, until right after I was born, was what my dad told me. I can remember after my sister was born, things got much worse, and it was the ocial start of her decline. We just didn't notice it happening for a while.

My mother was absolutely hateful and vicious these days. Her favorite weapon of choice was her sharp tongue. The abuse that ew from it was pretty bad. She never wanted to be here at Silver Stream, as she considered the small pack to be too weak and not good enough for her. She also liked to remind us that she was supposed to be a Luna. That her original true mate was an Alpha who had rejected her to go after another she-wolf. According to her, she had been abandoned and unwanted. She took it very personally, and I know that it hurt her to her core when it happened. I have heard that rejection is very painful. I feel some guilt about my own mate who is locked up, hungry and hurt in a cell. I told them not to feed her tonight. I want her to get the full effect of what was going to happen to her and her being weak will help.

Mom, I was told, was very happy about nding Dad. Their rst two years together were the best years of my father's life, or so he told me. Things were perfect right up until she found out that she was pregnant with me. Things went downhill after that. We found out during one of her rage-induced rants that she never wanted me, or my younger sister Margaret. Our mom was never a good mother, she didn't have one nurturing bone in her body. She only cared about us looking good in front of the pack. That we were dressed nicely, and considered to be good and polite children. She was all about appearances.

Behind closed doors, she was completely different. She didn't care about anything, other than us sitting down to dinner in front of the large picture window. We were the picture-perfect vision of a model family. Just without the happiness that normal families have. It was just a show she liked to put on, to make others think that she was a great mom. That was the only thing she did; cook dinner, and clean the house. She cared about nothing, and no one else.

Words are hurtful, but apparently, I can handle them much better than my sister Maggie can. I cannot begin to count the number of times that Maggie never nished dinner, choosing instead to run to her room and immerse herself in a book. I can't blame her for that. I can see where an imaginary place or alternate world would be better than where we actually were. Maggie never just hangs out inside our house. Our mother is volatile and you never know when she is about to explode.

Even Dad and I didn't like coming home for dinner. I don't blame Maggie for nding somewhere else to go to feel safe. I don't exactly know where it is that she goes. But my sister has never in her life been a problem, so I will leave her to her hiding place. She was a kind and sweet girl, and probably the best person that I know. I am glad that she is keeping herself distanced from someone who has never once loved us. That is why I needed to do this, to get revenge for everything that Maggie and I have gone through. We were innocent children who never deserved the abuse we received. My plan against Mom and Elena starts tonight. I am glad that I could nally move forward with the plans that I made years ago.

We have to show up for dinner though, in our seats at 6 p.m. and tonight will be for the last time. We have no choice because things are much worse for us if we aren't on time. Things were bad enough that I hadn't had anyone over for dinner for years now, not even my chosen mate. None of us know what Mom will say or do. Her violent streak stopped with me when I got strong enough at 13, to take the weapon she had in her possession away from her. Unfortunately for Maggie, she was never brave enough to be able to stop Mom. That is the main reason why she does not stay here, choosing to hide away, and just show up for dinner, and to sleep here.

I entered the house, and before I could shut the door, I heard her yelling at Dad in the kitchen. I am glad that Dad had the house soundproofed when it was built. I cannot imagine the shame that we would all feel if anyone were able to hear how she speaks to us. I wish Dad had rejected her years ago, and taken a chosen mate. He always makes excuses for her, but they are all lies. She does mean exactly what she says, and unless he makes her stop her tirades, she doesn't. But he keeps holding out hope that one day she will become the woman that he fell in love with again.

I don't have the heart to tell him that is not going to happen. I know she won't, and I know the reason why she has always hated Maggie and me. He is the only one in the dark, as he was out dealing with something for the Alpha and was late for dinner one night when she let it slip. She went into another rage at nding out about her rst mate's chosen winning some kind of award. She lost it. It was one of the worst days for Maggie and me that I can remember. I gured out after that, that she would never be happy. She will never learn to love us, or the pack, or anything else. She only loves her rst mate, and nothing and no one else is worthy of her love after him. She is incapable of loving anything else but herself, and her rst mate.

"I'm home", I called out so they could stop arguing. Dinner is at 6 sharp, for the show to begin. I don't want to hear more arguing than I knew was already coming. The house is now quiet and I wonder where Maggie is, as she is not at the dining room table. She is usually here 10 minutes early, to go put her books up and get ready for dinner. But it is almost 6, and she is not here. I start to worry when the door opens behind me and Maggie quickly walks in.

Maggie has similar coloring to our mother, with her blonde hair and blue eyes. Luckily, she looks more like our dad than she does mom. I don't think Maggie could look at herself in the mirror each day if she looked like our mom. She seemed startled to see me standing just inside the door and looked down at the oor before mumbling, "I am going to go wash my hands." She ran down the hallway and headed into the bathroom. She left the books she was carrying on the end table near the door. I went ahead and took them to her room for her.

I don't know why she left them sitting there. Mom loses it if something is out of place in the house. Maggie knows this, so I have no idea why she would leave her precious books out to be thrown away. Because that is what mom would do, toss them in the trash, and put something on top of them to try to ruin them. She had done that to Maggie at least three times before Maggie learned not to leave anything out.

I looked around Maggie's room while I put her books down. She needs new furniture. She still has the twin bed she got as a toddler. The bedspread is the same one that she got for her 12th birthday. She needs her room upgraded, and I started making plans to move her into the packhouse. I can protect her better there anyway, and my plan started tonight anyway. The urge I feel to protect Maggie is strong. If Dad wants to be stubborn and keep Mom around, then he can deal with her. My plan is in action now, and I was going to let them both know that after Elena was punished, I was done with them too.

I don't want to come to any more dinners, they can sit in front of this window and play house all they want. They can just do it without Maggie and me having to participate in it. I headed back down the hallway and stepped up to the table just as Maggie was sitting down. We both made it on time. That should prevent at least one lecture.

Elena had been delivered into the pack at 4 p.m. yesterday but she didn't wake up from her injection until 8. I have her get one meal a day, but not a full meal, as I need to keep her weak. I heard she didn't eat her lunch today, but that was her problem. I hate that Genesis had to stay in her pack last night because of something her family had planned. I wish I could have started my plan last night, but some things are better with time for the anticipation to build. I am glad that I can surprise my parents tonight by telling them that I will nally be able to exact their revenge. I will be bringing it up at the rst sign of a ght.