

It's Not A Dream

Alex POV

I never mentioned that fateful night to my mother but it played on my mind a lot as I grew older and the rules never changed. I was still required to stay upstairs, even as my bedtime got later, and get myself ready for bed. Occasionally I would have nightmares about it, but I never let on, even when she asked me what they were about. I didn't want to burden her or admit I had disobeyed her for fear of getting in trouble. The nightmares slowly diminished and eventually, it was like I never had them.

It was summer and it was hot. Even dressed in the coolest pajamas I could nd, I was drenched in sweat. It was unbearable. I climbed out of bed and grabbed a annel from my bathroom, wetting it and placing it against my forehead. Sleep was proving to be impossible. I stepped out onto the balcony, desperately hoping for a breeze of some description, anything that would help to cool me off just a little. The air conditioner was on but it was proving to be futile. I knew if my mother found me out here she would be furious. She didn't like me having the window open all the way, let alone me being on the balcony. She felt it was dangerous.

What was that on the driveway? It was vivid and bright. I squinted although it was dicult to miss. A bright red Ferrari stood there, like a beacon in the darkness of the light. I had thought that my mother was sleeping but evidently, she had a visitor. I wanted to know who was here, part of me suspecting that it might have something to do with my mother's so-called profession and I hesitated, glancing at the doorway. If my mother caught me she would be more than a little mad this time, I thought a little grimly. But my curiosity was overwhelming, the desire so strong that I felt I was being driven mad. I couldn't resist, I had to go downstairs again.

Just one glance, I thought, moving towards the doorway and into the hallway. I can sneak a quick look and then head back upstairs. She'll never even see me, I promised myself. The hallway was dark and I easily blended into the shadows, making my stealthy way to the stairs. I descended them carefully and peered into the living room, halting in shock. My mother and her guest, a large man, were sitting on the couch together, cuddling. She was wearing leather pants, her robe, and her makeup was heavy, her eyeliner making her eyes stand out as she glanced lovingly at the man, whoever he was. I stood there, with my feet planted on the oor, my mouth open in surprise. Was this man her boyfriend? A secret one?

The man was large with black hair and a cleft chin. He had dark eyes and broad shoulders. His legs were huge like tree trunks and his arms were heavily muscled. He was half naked, wearing only a pair of black boxer shorts, his arm around my mother who was leaning into him, a wide smile on her face. She looked happy, I thought to myself as I observed them from where I stood. Like she had known him for a long time. So this didn't seem like a new relationship.

"Oh Clarissa, I never get tired of having my ll of you," the man said gruy, his eyes soft as he gazed at my mother.

"That's because I understand your needs better than anyone else does," my mother said, tracing her perfectly manicured ngernail down his taut abdomen as he sucked in a breath.

"That and you never make me feel ashamed of them," the man said with a grin, winking at her.

My mother laughed. The sound lled the room as the man took a drink of the wine goblet sitting in front of him.

"I would never make you feel ashamed of something that makes you happy," my mother said huskily, her eyes roving over his body.

The man put the glass down. My mother frowned and met his eyes. There was a look of resignation on her face.

"I wish you would leave Bethany," she said a little annoyed.

The man looked angry now. I gulped. What had my mother said that was so wrong? Who was Bethany?

"You know that I just can't leave my mate. The pack would never accept you as their Luna, you know that Clarissa" he growled.

I saw my mother's eyes ll with tears. He was upsetting her! Wait a minute. Did he just say, Luna? I gasped. That had to mean that this man was an Alpha!

"So I'm good enough to be your mistress but never good enough to be your wife," my mother said softly, her voice tinged with sadness.

He looked apologetic now and kissed the top of her head. He embraced my mother, wrapping his arms tightly around her. "I'm sorry my love" he whispered "but this is the only way we can be together."

Tears trailed down my mother's cheeks. I sucked in a breath. This man was important to her, whoever he was. I could sense her pain and her grief.

"I know but I'm not ashamed of what I do to earn a living and keep a roof over mine and my daughter's head," she said sniing. "It might not be a conventional job but it allows me to be at home with my daughter, our daughter" she exclaimed.

The man tensed. I stared in shock, my mouth hanging open. Had I just heard what I thought I heard? Was my mind playing tricks on me? Was this man my father? I crept closer. I needed to hear everything. I couldn't risk missing anything that was said. God, I hoped I didn't get caught.

"I try to give you money whenever I can without Bethany nding out," the man said softly, stroking my mother's hair as she looked up at him.

"I don't want your money" my mother burst out, "I want you," she said passionately.

He looked regretful. His eyes shimmered with emotion.

"We only met because you had a certain fetish" my mother continued to vent "and it's not just that. Alex is getting older and she keeps asking about her father. She's desperate to get to know him and I'm running out of excuses," she told him. "She has a right to know her father. I hate keeping secrets from her."

The man sighed. "It's not that easy, I have a son back home I have to think about," he said grimly.

I winced.

My eyes welled with tears. The man had a son and a wife, a family. He didn't want me. I had wanted to meet my father for so long and now he was right in front of me and he still didn't want to acknowledge me. The pain in my heart was almost unbearable. It felt like he had ripped open my chest and torn it right out. I tried to breathe, the air becoming thin around me. My head was becoming lightheaded. I felt like I was going to pass out.

"Johnathon if you would just see her, you would love her" my mother insisted, making me breathe a little easier. She was ghing for me.

Maybe he would listen to her? My eyes were staring into the back of him, pleading. Just give me a chance, I wanted to shout. Just one lousy chance. That's all I'm asking. The man was frowning. I could sense he was considering leaving. I didn't want him to go. I didn't want to lose what could be my one and only chance to get to know my father. I might never get this opportunity again. What if he never came back? I couldn't risk it happening. I did what I had to do, in the spur of the moment.

I lunged forward and around the couch, inging myself into my father's arms as he caught me looking stunned. He hadn't been anticipating that.

"Whoa," he cried, his strong arms holding me tight as I clung to him like a koala bear.

"Alex" gasped my mother "you're meant to be in bed." She glanced at my father nervously waiting to see his reaction.

I ignored her. I stared at the man, right into his eyes. "Are you really my father?" I asked him boldly as he lowered me to the ground. I was eight years old now and extremely condent to my mother's dismay and chagrin.

My mother glanced at Johnathon nervously, her complexion pale. She bit her lip but he looked at me, sighed, and then nodded. "Yes, I am" he admitted sounding a bit sheepish. Maybe he was embarrassed that I had overheard everything, I thought sardonically.

"Then why don't you come to see me?" I demanded, my voice shrill.

It's not like he didn't know I existed.

He winced. "There are reasons that you wouldn't understand, but I promise to tell you about them one day," he told me.

I scowled at him. I didn't like that answer. He glanced at me nervously while my mother just sighed, looking uncomfortable. Clearly, she knew what those reasons were.

I frowned at him. He glanced at me and played with my dark purple hair, a wistful look on his face. "Your hair is just like Clarissa's" he whispered "It's beautiful" he added and I beamed.

I have always been proud of my hair. It's super long too because it's never been cut and it's wavy, all the way down to my bottom.

"Will you come back and see me again?" I asked tentatively. I really really wanted him to say yes. My dad was the Alpha of the pack! He had said my mother couldn't be Luna. But I had to make sure.

"Are you an Alpha?"

He nodded slowly.

"The Alpha of this pack?" I pressed.

He nodded again looking a little more reluctant this time.

I was so excited I was practically jumping from where I stood. My father laughed. "Alright, I have to leave soon, so how about you go back to bed" he suggested.

My shoulders slumped. Part of me wondered if he would really come back. He patted my shoulder. "I will come back" he promised thickly. I nodded at him.

My mother took my hand and tugged me gently upstairs. She tucked me into bed and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "How did you two meet?" I asked her and saw her blush.

"I'll tell you that another time" she stammered. "When you're older" she muttered, "much much older."

I was disappointed. I closed my eyes. "I hope this isn't a dream" I muttered drowsily "and that I wake up to nd it didn't happen." I would be devastated if that were the case. But when something is too good to be true, it very often is. I had learned to live with life's disappointments. Would it really be so shocking if this turned out to be another one of them?

"It's not a dream," said my father's voice from the doorway as he came inside and gave me a peck on the cheek "Now go to sleep."

I tried to ght the sleep that was determined to come for me, but it was too strong and I crashed good and hard, not waking up until the late morning the next day when I discovered my father was gone, having left during the night.

But he kept his promise. He visited me, randomly, whenever he could, bringing me little gifts such as dolls and dresses. At rst, I found it dicult to open up to this man who had been a complete stranger, my whole life, but as time passed, I found myself forming a bond with him, until he felt like the father I had always wanted and dreamed about.