

Wolfless, Fateful Encounters Chapter 9

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Cassie

I strolled through our mansion's courtyard, calculating how much time I needed to get ready for the midday golf social this weekend when my mother called out to me.
“Cassie!”

I turned toward the open doorway that led into the tea room. The decor was up to all the latest fashions, and I found no fault with the new designer my mother used to renovate the space. It had once been a dusty old library, complete with a swirling staircase to a wrap-around landing for a second floor of built-in bookshelves. I thought the room was tacky, but my stepsister had fussed so much about keeping the room in that dusty grossness that my stepfather wouldn't let Mother and I change it. Now, the room hosted carefully decorated tables, chairs, and artwork. The servants had a secret entrance so they wouldn't have to interact with guests more than necessary. It was beyond annoying how much stepdad Steve doted on his daughter. It took years to break down their relationship, which was exhausting for my mother and me.

Luckily stepfather believed the lies I spouted and banished that bitch before I had to take matters into my own hands. It was worth it. It's worth every penny and the Alpha title I'd received once Steve kicked the bucket. I needed to find the perfect puppet husband first.

I walked up to the main circled table in the middle of the room, where my mother sat poised with a full tea spread before her. I looked around the room, expecting to see someone, but the room was empty. It was rare for Mother to put on a show like this unless she had an audience. I leaned forward and realized most of these items were for display only. Not that I would want to eat any of them, as I had two pounds to lose before I could fit into my golfing outfit. Four potential husbands were on my cart this weekend, so I had to look my best.

I air-kissed my mother's cheeks, “Good morning, mother.”

She gave me a slight twitch of her lips, which was her version of smiling after the amount of work she had done. “It is better now that you are here, my beautiful daughter. However, I've just left your Father's—“

“Stepfather.” I correct because I didn't want anything tying me genetically to the big oaf. I'm sure he had been dashing at one point, but since his wife died, he stopped caring for himself. Now, he looked round, grey, and sad. He looked more put together since Mother had her claws in him, but he was still so sad. The only reason I let anyone know my association with the bumbling bumpkin is the fact he is an Alpha and rich. I couldn't imagine being poor, so I will play nice when need be.

Mother's eyes lowered in warning, "Your Father's office, and he informed me that the little pathetic pain in our ass called him."

My eyes widen, "You mean Rue called Steve?"

Mother nodded, taking a graceful sip of her tea. I sat in the chair next to her and folded my arms across my chest, "What the fuck did she want?"

"Language, Cassie!" Mother scolded, even though when no one was around, she cussed more than a sailor. She set her teacup down on the saucer. "She informed Steve that she and her bastard have moved back as she has a job here."

"Seriously? Isn't she not allowed on our land?" I huff.

Mother rolls her eyes. "Your father banned her from the pack, not the lands, and even if he had, Rue is in a neutral zone."

"That makes things difficult." I flicked out my hand to examine my nails. Enrique had done a subpar job on my perfect French tips, and I glared at the chips in the acrylic. I would summon him before this weekend.

"You still don't know whose room you used to set her up in, correct?" Mother asked over her teacup.

It was my turn to roll my eyes, "No. I swiped a key card from that bellhop that I was stringing along. I also made sure he destroyed the security recordings." I poured myself a cup of tea, sipping it the same way my mother had. "But the more pressing issue here is if Rue comes back into the pack, then she becomes the Alpha Heir, and her bastard will be too. I'm not losing my spot to some ugly bitch."

"Good. We need to devise a plan to get rid of Rue again." Mother sighed.

"I promise you, Mother, I will do everything in my power to drive that ugly creature and her spawn away for good." I stand up, needing to carry on with my day and plan out the perfect scheme.

"Thank you, darling daughter. I knew I could count on you."

I walked back out into the courtyard, strolling toward my wing of the property. I insisted on the private entrance so step-daddy dearest didn't notice my other activities. It wouldn't look proper for the Alpha heir to come and go at all hours of the day or night. I pulled out my phone and dialed Jessica's number.

"Yo, bitch." She answered with a bored tone.

"You will never guess who is back in town," I reply, my words dripping with venom.

“That one biker dude?”

I lose myself for a moment in the sex fantasy of the hot biker. Shaking my head to clear it, I growled, “No, stupid. Rue is back with her stupid kid.”

There was a pause, then a rustling sound, “Rue? Why is she back? Isn’t she still banished?”

I opened my bedroom door, “From the pack, yes. From the lands, no. But she is staying in neutral land. Apparently, she has a job here now. But I wanted to give you a heads up in case we need to pull one over on her again.”

Jessica’s voice sounded strained. “I will help you with anything you need, but Rue needs to be back on the West Coast as soon as possible.”

“Of course! I can’t have Steve getting any ideas of bringing his daughter back into the fold and stealing away my hard-schemed money.” I cackle, and Jessica joins in. “That stupid weakling will be gone in no time.”