

Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 147

Chapter 0147 James POV I arrived back at the packhouse around 9 30 in the morning. Unsurprisingly, my mother and Margie were waiting for me in the front sitting room. I walked right by the two of them, intent on heading straight to my room in the alpha suite. I was not in the mood for a confrontation right now. Of course, they had different plans. They stood and hurriedly blocked my path to the staircase. "Where have you been?" my mother demanded. "Good morning to you too, Mother," I responded, trying to keep my tone as casual as possible. "And good morning to you as well, Margie. Margie glared at me. "Where have you been, James?" she asked coldly. I shrugged. "Out and about." "Where?" she repeated. "Oh, you know. Here and there. Trying to find out how many other she-wolves I can impregnate without sleeping with them. I figure two is just child's play. I need to beef it up to at least three or four pups by spring, don't you think? And then by summer perhaps I can aim to have my own personal basketball team." "James!" my mother gasped. "That is not funny!" "What's wrong, Mother? Are you worried that you will make an even worse grandmother than mother?" I taunted. My mother recoiled as though I had hit her. I saw the hurt flash through her eyes. Good. Margie, as usual, was oblivious to my mother's reaction. "If Stephanie was still alive, she would never approve of you whoring yourself out," Margie stated angrily. Wow, really? Knowing what I know now, Margie sounds even denser than she has sounded in the past. "Oh, right. I am so sorry, Margie. I completely forgot. Stephanie, the saint, the virgin, the respecter of all things sacred and true." I rolled my eyes, making sure both Margie and my mother saw me do so. "How boring." Margie reached out and slapped me, hard. I rubbed my cheek and smirked. Margie has definitely gotten bolder in the past two months. I hope she enjoys her power while she still can. "Margie!" my mother exclaimed. Margie turned and glared at my mother. "Are you okay with your son talking to us like that, Jane? Are you okay with him talking that way about Stephanie?!?" "No, of course not, Margie. But you cannot just slap him!" "I can't?" Margie asked sarcastically. My mother did not say anything. She just looked down. Once again, wow. They really are dropping all pretenses now. If I was not so angry, I would find it quite fascinating to watch. Margie turned back to me. "I will ask you one more time, James. Where were you last night? And be specific," Margie demanded. "Why do you care so much, Margie? Are you scared that Sheila, your substitute Stephanie, isn't really pregnant? Would it make you feel better if I went ahead and f&&ked her in front of you, right here in this sitting room, just to be safe?" Margie lifted her hand to slap me again. I lifted my hands in mock surrender. "Relax, Margie. I am just playing with you. My father told me that I needed to work out the Mary Beth problem so that Sheila and I can get married, so that is what I did. I went to Joey's house to talk to him about it and call Mary Beth." Margie dropped her hand to her side. I could literally see her ears perk up in excitement. That was fast. "And?" "And it turns out that we have nothing to worry about. My sperm is not as potent as Joey feared. It was all a misunderstanding. Mary Beth is not pregnant with my pup." Margie smiled a big, genuine smile. "Really?" she squealed. "Really." My mother and Margie exchanged looks. "Does this mean that you will now agree to marry Sheila?" my mother asked nervously. I debated for a moment how to respond to her question. I knew they would never believe me if I simply agreed. "Not in a million years, Mother." My mother's face fell. "However," I continued, "it seems my agreement is not quite necessary anymore, now is it? It seems that you, Father, and Margie have decided for me, no? Nick too?"