

Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 148

Chapter 0148 My mother glanced at Margie. "Do not look at her, Mother. Look at me. If you are going to force me into a marriage that I do not want, the least you can do is look me in the eye." My mother looked back at me, and I saw the hope beginning to form in her eyes. It was a look that turned my stomach. Here she was, selling her own son out to appease her 27-year-old guilt, and she dared to look HOPEFUL. I had to bite my tongue to prevent myself from calling her the litany of inappropriate names running through my head. "James, I I shook my head. "Save it, Mother. I hope you and Margie enjoy the wedding planning process. Just do not expect me to participate. I would rather put a gun to my head. Or sleep with Sheila.. I am not really sure which one would be worse, to be honest." "James....." "Whatever. Now, if the two of you do not mind, I am going to bed. I did not sleep much last night. The phone sex with Mary Beth took hours." The two of them ignored my phone sex comment. Apparently, they did not care about my sex life as much now that they were getting what they wanted. Margie stepped out of my way, as did my mother. As I headed up the stairs, I heard Margie excitedly tell my mother how happy she was to let Sheila know that the wedding was back "on." As soon as I entered the alpha suite, I noticed two things: 1 my father was not there; and 2 replacement pictures of Stephanie had already been hung up. I went to the kitchen and fumbled through a junk drawer looking for a pink highlighter. Unfortunately, I came up empty. I then checked my room, my parents' room, and the guest rooms. Finally, tucked in one of my old school bags that had been packed away in a closet and forgotten years ago, I found what I was looking for. Armed and dangerous, I made my way back to the living room. I quickly added pink squares to each and every one of Stephanie's pictures. Once done, I took a moment to step back and appreciate my handiwork. I realized that Dr. Miller was right; despite being subtle, the squares somehow made the intolerable tolerable. "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?" My mother glanced at Margie. "Do not look at her, Mother. Look at me. If you are going to force me into a marriage that I do not want, the least you can do is look me in the eye." My mother looked back at me, and I saw the hope beginning to form in her eyes. It was a look that turned my stomach. Here she was, selling her own son out to appease her 27-year-old guilt, and she dared to look HOPEFUL. 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As I emptied my pockets, I pulled out my phone and remembered that I had turned it off right after I texted Lily. "Do you remember what you texted her?" Luke asked me in an amused tone. "What's with the tone, Wolf?" I taunted him back. "I said nothing more than what we have both been thinking." "Uh-huh." "What?" "Oh, nothing. I just find it amusing how lovey-dovey my human half gets when he is angry and tired." I rolled my eyes. "Whatever." Luke chuckled. "If it is so 'whatever, why don't you turn the phone on and see if she responded?" I felt my heart skip a beat. What if she did? What if she didn't? "Only one way to find out, a&&hole. Turn the phone on. I want to talk to my mate." Ten minutes later, after nervously pacing back and forth for a while, Luke finally convinced me to turn the phone on. I stared at it and waited. At first, nothing happened. But then I heard the second most wonderful sound in the world: the sound of an incoming text. I looked. down. Lily: "Sure, let's talk by phone tomorrow. Can I call you? If so, what time is best?" I smiled like a teenage schoolboy. No, it was not a proclamation of love. But it was something. With Luke's urging, I quickly texted back. Me: "Any chance you are free now? I would love to hear your voice." I waited for a few minutes, but she did not call. I decided that I should go ahead and shower so that I did not drive myself crazy waiting. Just as I was warming up the water, my phone rang.