

Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter...

“We all know how much Stephanie’s passing impacted you,” Beta Robert continues. “

Chapter 0011

(A couple of hours earlier)

(James POV)

At 6:00 in the morning, an Omega knocks on my bedroom door. She informs me that my father needs to see me in his office right away. I am not happy to be summoned, especially at this early hour. I got very little sleep last night, due to tossing and turning and Luke being restless as well. I knew that Stephanie’s first remembrance event of the day was not to begin until 11 am, so I had hoped to get a little more rest before beginning the day. I want to shout at the Omega to go away and leave me alone, but I know that it is not her fault. I am tempted to instead send her away with an “f---you” message to my father, but I do not think that is a good idea either. My father rarely talks to me anymore, so I know whatever it is that he wants to talk about, it must be important. Plus, he is still the alpha. Sighing, I thank the Omega and politely tell her to tell my father that I will be there in 15 minutes. She nods and walks away.

I take a quick shower and throw on a pair of jeans and a plain gray t-shirt. Given that I am going to my father's office, I briefly consider putting on a suit, but I figure that if my father wanted to see me in formal clothes, he would have either given me more notice of the meeting or set it for a more reasonable time.

I walk into my father's office ten minutes late. I could have easily been on time, but tardiness is one of my father's pet peeves, and I was feeling a bit spiteful. Being late is my subtle form of protest.

As I walk into the alpha office, I immediately notice that my father is not alone. My mother and Stephanie's parents are also there.

I raise my left eyebrow. "What is this about?" I ask. "Sit down, Son."

I take a seat next to my mother. "What's going on, Father?"

"You are 26 years old. It is time for you to start thinking about taking over the pack."

"I agree," I respond cautiously.

My mother hands me a glass of water. Her gesture tells me that whatever my father is about to say, I am not going to like it. I take a sip of the water, preparing myself for what I am about to hear.

"It is also time for you to select a luna."

I immediately spit out the water and glance over at Stephanie's parents.

"What?"

"Stephanie has been gone for a long time. We all miss her, but none of us are getting any younger. It is time for you to marry, take over the pack, and produce an heir."

I glance at Stephanie's parents, expecting them to look just as surprised and aghast as I am.

However, both of them look at me as though they had been prepared for this conversation.

"Father, may I ask why you have chosen to bring this up today of all days? This is

Stephanie's death anniversary. Her remembrance events are set to begin in just a few hours.

Shouldn't we be getting ready for those?"

Beta Robert speaks up. "It was my idea."

"What? Why?"

"We want to announce it to the pack today," Beta Robert responds.

"Announce what?"

"Your marriage, one year from today."

"What marriage? I am pretty sure that I need a bride to get married. I have not met my second chance mate yet."

"And you may not," my mother says gently, placing her hand on my shoulder. "Second

chance mates are not guaranteed. It has been six years. In a year, it will be seven. You cannot continue to wait for something that may never happen. It is time for you to choose a luna and move on.”

“I do not understand the rush. I am only 26 years old. Why does it have to be now?”

Again, Stephanie’s father speaks up. “James, Stephanie was and always be my daughter. But as the Beta of this pack, I have a responsibility to think about its future. As a father, I also have to think about the future of Nick, Jenny, and my future grandchildren.”

I cannot help but notice that Beta Robert does not mention any concern about his youngest daughter’s future. I hate the Little Brat, but for some reason, it bothers me that Beta Robert pretends that she does not exist.