

# The Challenge Two Alphas, One Girl Chapter 19

## Chapter 19: Irritated In-laws

### Maze's POV

After our conversation, I felt so close to Friday. I was really scared now, terrified actually, of losing her. I sighed when my Beta told me my Dad wanted to meet Friday, Friday scampered off to change without explicitly being asked. I followed her, shutting the door to her room and locking it. She paused and looked at me.

"I'm confiscating the outfit, remember?" I said in a serious tone, hiding my smile.

I sat on her bed. Friday had a sly smile. She slowly undressed herself. She was teasing me. It was working. She was wearing a lacy pink thong and matching bra underneath the outfit. I made her stand still so I could admire her. I got up and circled around her slowly to look at her from every angle. She giggled. I picked out what she would wear to meet my father. It was a long, black dress with long sleeves. Totally boring. My father would approve of it.

She followed me to the conference room. My father, Malachi Mason, was sitting at the head of the conference table flanked by my mother, Elizabeth Mason and his former Beta, Friday's awful alcoholic father. Both my mother and father were brown haired. I had my father's grey eyes and olive skin. My mother had blue eyes and fair skin. Friday's Father, Farris had brought her mother, Felicity with him. My father's eyes kept darting across to her and hers kept trailing over him. Were they still sneaking around together after all these years? Did Friday's Dad or my Mom have any idea?

"Son," said my Father stiffly. I nodded just as stiffly.

"Father, Mother, this is Friday, my mate and future Luna," I said emphasising the last part as presented Friday to him, bringing her forward.

My father regarded her, his face expressionless. He shook her hand politely. My mother extended her arm gracefully and shook Friday's hand, smiling. Her smile was cold.

"It's so nice to meet you," Friday said. "Well, Maze, you've already met my parents." I shook both of her parents hands. I sat down next to Friday.

"You're the daughter of my former Beta and yet I've never officially been introduced to you until now, why is that? Why are they hiding you?" Said my father plainly.

"Well, you already know that I am wolf-less. Prior to my eighteenth birthday, I can't give a reason for us not meeting," Friday said, completely unflustered.

My father stiffened further if that were even possible. My mother kept her cold smile in place.

“There was no need for you to meet her, Alpha,” Farris said still addressing my father formally, not looking at his daughter.

“She looks just like you did when I first met you, Felicity,” said my father suddenly, comparing Friday to her mother.

Felicity nodded, forcing a smile.

“I sensed she was not like her brothers, you see, Alpha,” Farris said. “I must have sensed she was wolf-less while she was growing up.”

“At least she is very beautiful like her mother,” said my father, again comparing Friday’s looks to her mother and making everyone in the room uncomfortable.

“Thank you, Alpha and... I see that Maze gets his good looks from you, Alpha,” said Friday awkwardly.

My father smiled genuinely, gazing intently at Friday. I came into this meeting prepared to defend Friday. I was expecting a lot of criticism and malice from my father towards her. I had never considered I had first met his mate, Friday’s mother, Felicity.

“Having a wolf-less Luna will be difficult,” my father said matter-of-factly. “You can’t mind-link. Your mother and I would coordinate a lot of events mind-linking.”

“Friday and I like being in the same room,” I said dryly. My father sneered at me but chuckled. My mother looked surprised at my comment. “Forgive me, mother,” I said softly. She nodded, smiling warmly for the first time.

When I was a little boy, I used to hold her hand when she would cry about how cold my father was to her. When I was a teenager, I argued with him on her behalf regarding his constant criticisms of her. It struck me suddenly that I had criticised Friday quite a bit. My heart hurt. I kissed her, right in front of everyone. Our parents actually gasped. She returned the kiss. We broke apart.

“I’m sorry for how critical I’ve been of you, by the way,” I whispered quickly to her before turning back to our parents.

“Is that all?” I asked. “No, honey, we’re having dinner together,” my mother said. “And your brothers are joining us, Friday,” Felicity said brightly.

Friday’s brothers arrived a few awkwardly silent minutes later. My father and mother already knew all of them. My father seemed to dislike them, probably because they reminded him of Farris, the man who fathered all of the children of the woman he was in

love with. On the other hand, Friday reminded my father of the woman he was in love with at her youngest and most beautiful. Dinner was served and we all ate slowly, minding our manners carefully.

“You really are stunning, Friday,” my father said as if he couldn’t help himself. Like father, like son. “Why did you choose such a plain dress?” My father asked.

Friday said nothing, shrugging, unwilling to blame me. I admired her loyalty. “I chose it, Father,” I said honestly.

“It’s too plain for her,” my father said as though that were obvious. My mother was wearing a similar black dress. Felicity was wearing a floral print that reminded me of Friday’s sundresses.

“These are the kind of dresses you encouraged Mom to wear as Luna,” I said.

“Oh, yeah, of course, but Friday is very young,” my father said, smiling at Friday, his eyes twinkling. “Looks just like you Felicity,” he added again, glancing at Felicity.

Felicity blushed a little, nodding. My mother pursed her lips and Farris looked surprised at my father continuously calling Friday’s mother by her first name. Fang was still adopting his new role as a really caring big brother. It was nauseatingly contrived.

“Friday really is beautiful,” Fang said. Friday’s eyes widened. “She was the cutest baby sister, Alpha,” he said to my father. “You should see the pictures.” “Did you bring any?” My father asked, actually curious. “No, unfortunately not, but maybe my parents can drop by with the photo album soon,” Fang said. Felicity nodded helpfully and Farris grunted. “I cried on Friday’s eighteenth birthday when she didn’t phase,” Fang lied.

Friday looked horror-stricken. Fang fake sniffled and the twins fake comforted him.

“Excuse me, please, I need a little fresh air” said Friday suddenly, getting up from the table, her chair scraping against the floor. . My father followed after her.

“Gonna check on your fiancé,” he said. I was about to count to ten then follow after him. I didn’t trust him one bit.

Friday’s POV

I could not sit there and have Fang lie like that to my face. The day I failed to phase, I had cried myself to sleep. He had woken me up in the middle of the night. That memory was so fresh as if it were yesterday.

Flashback (Warning: Abuse)

In my dreams, I was a dark brown wolf, running in the woods. Running so fast it felt like I was flying. Something pulled me from my dreams back into my sad reality. Fang was shaking me awake.

“Huh? What?” I asked, my eyes puffy and swollen from crying. Fang smacked me. I screamed. It stung. I knew they’d be a welt on my face. “What’s your problem?” I cried.

“As if it isn’t shameful enough to have a timid weakling for a sister when I’m the Beta of the pack but now you have no wolf. You can’t even phase! You’re wolf-less! Do you know how that makes me look? Do you?” He bellowed, holding me by my shoulders and shaking me.

I sniffled. “I’m sorry,” I said. “Maybe I’ll phase tomorrow or soon,” I pleaded. Fang sighed exasperatedly. “If you don’t, I don’t know what I’ll do,” he warned. “I didn’t ask to be this way,” I whispered. “And I didn’t ask to have you as a sister!” Yelled Fang. “Three kids were more than enough.”

“You got that right!” I heard my father agree, drunk on the living room couch. My bedroom was downstairs. It was actually just a small storage room that had been converted to a fourth bedroom. My parents and three brothers had the upstairs bedrooms. The twins didn’t even share a room. They each had their own. A normal family would have let the twins share and let me, the only girl, have a room.

Fang raised his hand again threateningly. I flinched but I didn’t feel the pain. He didn’t hit me again. He was just taunting me. He lowered his hand.

“I’m tired,” he said as though I had woken him up. He walked out of my room. I hugged my knees to my chest and cried.

“You ok?” Said the Former Alpha, snapping me out of my ruminating.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” I said softly, looking away so he would not notice my tears. He noticed them anyway. He took a handkerchief out and wiped them away carefully, reminding me of

Maze.

“Maze did that once,” I said, sniffing, gesturing towards the handkerchief.

The wind tossed the waves of my dark hair back, tangling them. I hugged myself against the cold. Malachi took his blazer off and draped it over my shoulders, again making me think of Maze. Like Father, like son. I slipped my arms into the sleeves of the blazer and hugged myself again, feeling significantly warmer. His blazer smelled like him and he smelled like Maze.

"You're wolf-less so you probably don't produce enough body heat," he commented, staring out.

His eyes trailed over the edge of the woods in the distance. It was just a dark green cluster to me in the fading light. The sun had almost completely set. Just a tinge of orange was still visible in the sky. I wondered how well he could see the woods, being a proper werewolf and a former Alpha.

"How well can you see the woods in the dark?" I asked.

"That's amazing!" I said, marvelling at him.

He smiled at my compliment. He stoked my cheek. He was an elder copy of Maze. He gazed at me intently.

"You're such a beauty," he murmured, as if spell-bound, making me blush. He was not what I was expecting. I had walked into dinner prepared for battle, thinking he was going to tear me to shreds with harsh words.

"You think that because I look like my mom when she was young," I said bluntly. "But, thank you, Alpha."

"And you find me handsome because I look like an older version of Maze," he said confidently, winking, seemingly having no doubt that I found him handsome. I did but it was annoying to hear.

"We adore our mates," he said. "It's natural." Did he know that I knew...about him and my mother?

"Even if it is ill-advised," he added, his eyes not leaving my face.

"I wanted a daughter that looked just like you, just like her beautiful mother," he said.

He knew that I was aware of my mother being his mate. I closed my eyes tightly, trying to stop myself from crying. My father never wanted me and here was the former Alpha wishing he'd fathered me. I mourned the impossible.

"You wouldn't want a wolf-less daughter," I said sadly. "My mother spared you that." "My father, Maze's grandfather, threatened to kill Felicity," he said emotionlessly.

gasped. He had been under duress when he rejected her. "I spared her," he said, chucking sadly. "Are you gonna threaten to kill me?" I couldn't help but ask. "Are you out of your mind?" He said, laughing genuinely now.

"I'm jealous," Malachi said. "I never stood up to my father. I should have. I never challenged him. Maze challenged me and Thaddeus for you."

He was jealous of Maze, his own son, but I understood why. "Maze is wonderful," I said softly. "At first, I found him cold. He did reject me at first you know."

"He wouldn't have stayed away," Malachi said. "I know my son. I know myself. With or without Thaddeus, he would've been on your doorstep one day. It's impossible to stay away."

"When is the last time you saw my mother before today?" I asked bravely. He knew what I meant. "Two nights ago," he said unabashedly. "Does your wife know? Maze's Mom? Does my father, your former beta, know?" I asked.

"Maze's Mom suspects something. She knows I have someone but I don't think she knows it's your mother," Malachi said. "Your father...I don't know what he knows. We were never close as Alpha and Beta. He went home each day to my mate and I hated him for it. He couldn't understand why we had such a terrible relationship. I'm not sure if he ever pieced it together."

I sighed.

"Friday, Baby, let's go," Maze said.

I turned. How long had Maze been standing there? He took his father's blazer from me, giving it back to the former alpha. He put his own blazer on me instead and he kissed me slowly, savouring it. His father