

# Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 11

## Chapter 11

Amelie

I woke in a panic. I sit up quickly and look around frantically. I breathe a sigh of relief as I see I am alone. I never knew being alone would feel comforting after what happened. I look out the window, and I can see it's dark out. It seems like it's going to be dawn soon. "Inari, do you know what day it is?"

"I'm not sure. I don't know how long Tate had us knocked out for." She shifts and groans. I know the silver is hurting her because it's hurting me. Over the years, working with different metals in my workshop, we would sometimes find silver mixed in with our orders. So we knew full well how much it hurt to come in contact with it.

I get up out of bed and go to the small kitchen to find some food. I open the fridge, and it's empty. I open all the cabinets, empty. "Seriously, fucking asshole! Trying to make me solely dependent on him." I slam the cabinet shut. I had to get out of her, and I had to get back to my dad's Pack. It was the only way I was going to be safe. I turn on the kitchen faucet to see if the jerk turned the water off too. He didn't; I still had water. I take a glass out of the cabinet and fill it under the faucet. "At let I have water," I mumbled.

I walked over to the tiny bathroom. I often used this loft in the weeks leading up to the Moon Festival when I completed custom orders. This little loft was a second home, sometimes an oasis. I never imagined it would become my prison. I turn on the water in the shower, letting it run. It took a few minutes to warm up. I went over to the dresser and rummaged around for some clean clothes. All I had was work clothes, think denim jeans and shirts. I wore them to protect myself from sparks and molten metals. I pull out the cleanest set I could find. I'll have to hand wash the rest. I put the clothes on the bed and get into the shower.

As I am standing there, I can't help but feel helpless. I'm really like a princess locked in a tower. I start laughing to myself. It's not a laugh because I find my situation funny. It's a laugh trying to pull myself back together. The silver cuff around my ankle burns every time I move, and it digs into my skin. I'm not even sad anymore; I'm angry. I feel hatred and rage like I have never felt in my life bubbling up inside of me.

That's it. I need to make a plan. I have to get out of here. I know Tate will be back. He can't stand to not be in control and show his dominance over me. I just had to figure out how I was going to get past him and to the door. I turn off the shower and dry off. I put on my work clothes and sit at the small two chair kitchen table. I sip on my water as it was my only comfort.

I think, "I could seduce him?" No, I would vomit from him touching me like that. I was fully repulsed by him now. Suppose I could get him to let me work in my shop. I had so

many hammers and sharp objects. I know he would not be letting me in my workshop for a while. I was pretty sure he had closed up my showroom as well. I didn't have any friends, so no one would be wondering where I was. I couldn't go out the window. They are reinforced with bars, which I did to keep out potential thieves.

"Damn it, Amelie! Think! You are smarter than him." I slammed my fist on the table, and the glass of water fell off the table and shattered on the floor. I sit there looking at the broken glass on the floor. It hits me. I have an idea. I run over to the dresser and pull out one of my denim work shirts. I rip the sleeves off. I tie off one of the ends of each sleeve. I make tiny cuts starting where I had the knot and going about three-quarters of the way up. I go over to the cabinets and pull out all the dishes I had in the loft. I wrap them in the chest portion of my ripped work shirt and smash them as carefully as I can. I want the pieces as big as possible. I take the broken pieces and pour them down the sleeves with the knot at the bottom. I now knot the top and look at my makeshift weapon.

I was done being controlled. I was going to fight my way out even if it killed me. Tate thought I would be a docile little salve to him; well, he thought wrong. I was the daughter of two Alphas and two Lunas. I was ready for war!