

Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 15

Chapter 15

Gideon

“Yes, Alpha John, I understand. I will also reach out to Alpha Mason and get any other details on the two fugitives. I am sure they couldn’t have gotten far, considering the state they were both in. We are launching an investigation right away.” I am trying to sound calm because I am actually in a rage.

“Alpha Gideon, remember to contact Alpha Logan and me with any and all updates. She’s our daughter, and let this cannot happen again.” I can hear Logan in the background grunting in anger. I know if he knew where Tate was, he would already be dead.

I take a deep breath, “You both be the first to know. I promise you that. Alpha John, if I might ask, how is Amelie doing?” I ask, trying not to sound too familiar.

“Hope just informed me that she has finally woken up after being unconscious for the last three days. But, unfortunately, she lost a lot of blood and was gravely wounded.” In the background, I hear Alpha Logan yelling.

“She gave that asshole the fight of his life. Every time he looks in a mirror, he will remember!” John redirects the conversation from Logans rants.

“Alpha Gideon, I will call you later with any details we get from Amelie. Thank you for launching an investigation.” With that, we both hung up.

I fall back in my chair, toss my phone on my desk, and run my hand through my hair. I can’t believe what I just heard. Amelie, my beautiful nature goddess on the mountain, was in the fight for her life with her mate! Why? I had to find out more about this mate of hers. I know Logan and John want him for themselves, but I do not think I could hold myself back if I find him.

Ever since I left the Ashwood Packhouse, I cannot stop thinking about her. She is in my dreams every night. I see her there in the mountain clearing talking to the plants. Sometimes she talks to me; in those dreams, I can touch her. She is soft and warm, my noses filling with her scent of honeysuckle. My hands are running through her wavy brown hair, moving down to her cheek then her neck. Then I see her mate mark and let go. I usually wake up at that point. Why was I so drawn to her? Maybe I knew she was being abused and wanted to protect her or save her from her captor. I had been around the worst of the worst and saw horrible things. I have rescued countless wolves, male and female, children, even in distress, but I have never felt this pull.

“You are going to think yourself to death.” Ulv, interrupts my train of thought. He wasn’t wrong. Maybe I was overthinking it.

I close my eyes and pinch the bridge of my nose, “I know I’m overthinking, but it’s just strange, and it’s not like I can ask her father.”

“She hot. It’s been two and a half years since Mandy passed. You are lonely.” I felt like Ulv was oversimplifying my feelings.

I ignore my horny wolf. I know the next thing he will bring up is bringing one of the unmated she-wolves into my bed, but I can’t. I could not love them, and I know they deserve someone who can, plus I had my girls. I needed to make sure whoever would help me raise them as their mother would treat them their own. “Enough. I have work to do. We have two new Rouges to track down.”

I mind link my Beta and Delta, “Tyson, Marcus, I need you both in my office ASAP.”

“Yes, Alpha!” they both said. Then, about 5 minutes later, they were both in my office.

“What I am about to tell you is strictly confidential and will be on a need-to-know basis.” I look at my men, giving them a stern look. Not because I feel they will divulge the information, but I am still upset at the situation. I’m trying not to show it on my face. These two know me better than anyone. “I just got off the phone with Alpha John of the Ashwood Pack. His eldest daughter Amelie was kidnapped and held prisoner by her mate and his mother. She was given a combination of wolfsbane and marshmallow root, and a silver cuff was placed on her ankle to control her wolf. In the process of escaping, she maimed the elderly woman named Karen and burned her mate’s face. His name is Tate. Alpha Mason was able to save Amelie, and she is currently recovering at the Ashwood Pack.” They both stood there with eyebrows raised.

“Alpha, do you know any details of Miss Amelie’s escape attempt?” Marcus was eager for a story, but I did not have one to give. I honestly did not know all the details yet.

“I don’t have any other details as of yet. I called you both here because the two attackers Karen and Tate Cozad, are on the run. We have two new Rouges to track down. Alpha John and Alpha Logan want them captured alive to stand trial. They almost caused a war between three packs that were in the middle of peaceful negotiations. Honestly, I don’t know how two people could be so stupid.” I sank back into my chair again, leaning my left elbow on the arm. I rubbed my chin.

“Damn Boss! Do we have any leads yet?” Tanner was eager for a good hunt. I swear if I did not know any better, I would say he was a bloodhound, not a wolf.

“I did get a description of the scars on Karen and Tate. I’ll get a full description and personal details when I go meet with Alpha Mason.” I lean forward, elbows on my desk.

“You’re personally handling this one?” Marcus is fishing. I can feel it. If Tyson was a bloodhound, Marcus was Sherlock Holmes himself.

“Since this involves three Packs and the daughter and step-daughter of Alphas, it’s better if I take the lead.” But, I can’t let my façade crack. I don’t know what this pull or feelings are yet. I don’t want anyone else trying to dig.

“You said you had details of the scars left behind. What should we be looking for?” Tyson is eager to start tracking.

“Karen received extensive damage to the right side of her face and top of her head. Part of her scalp was torn off. They were able to sew it back in place to some degree. She also received deep lacerations, which caused nerve damage, so the right side of her face drops. She also lost the function of her right eye, and it’s has a distinctive cloudy look now.” After the description of the old women, by the look on their faces, they wanted to know more because they knew Amelie’s wolf was sealed. “I don’t know how the injuries were sustained. Moving onto Tate.” I had to pause to control my anger. How could a mate do what he did? “He has a large gash scar on his right forearm along with a large gouge about 4 inches in length on his clavicle. The most distinctive scar is on the left side of his face. He’s got 3rd and 4th-degree burn from a blowtorch.”

“A blowtorch? Were they torturing him before he escaped?” Marcus can’t believe what I am saying, and honestly, when I heard it, I was thrown off too.

“No, all the damage I describe was done by Amelie as she was trying to escape.” I watched to see what reaction they would give.

“That little five-foot-nothing lady you danced with at the ball. She did all that damage while her wolf was sealed and after being drugged with wolfsbane?” I nod my head. “OK, remind me never to piss her off! I am impressed I don’t know many grown male wolves who would have been able to fight that fiercely. Alpha, when you know the details, please let us know.” Marcus smirked. I could see he had a bit of respect for Amelie.

I stand up behind my desk, “as I said, the involvement of Miss Amelie will stay between us. To the rest of the investigators, we are simply tracking down two Rogues. You both are dismissed.” They both turn to walk out. Marcus pauses at the door and turns back to me.