

Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 16

Chapter 16

Gideon

“Alpha, how is Miss Amelie doing?” I can tell he is watching for my reaction.

I clam my rage that has been boiling since I got off the phone earlier. “She is recovering with her family at the Ashwood Pack. She has just woken up, and Alpha John will call me with new details once he’s done talking to her. Any other questions?” I raise my eyebrow.

He smirks and chuckles slightly. “None at all, Alpha. Give us the details later than.” With that, he closes the door behind him.

I release my breath I did not even know I was holding and plop back down in my chair. I needed to calm down. I needed to clear my head if I was going to track down this poor excuse for a man before I can figure out my next step Ulv chimes in, “you need to call Alpha Mason. We need to get photos and personal items from the two Rouges for tracking. I don’t know why but I have a feeling this hunt is going to be fun.” I can feel his excitement.

“It’s an investigation, not a hunt.” I was excited too, but maybe not for the same reasons.

“You call it an investigation; I call it a hunt. Same, same,” Ulv was never one for semantics.

I pick up the phone and call Alpha Mason. We have a long-detailed conversation about the events of that night and the past few days. After our discussion, I have more questions than answers honestly. So I call Alpha John again. I want to see if he has any new information, but I am despite to know how Amelie is doing.

He answers and gives me the details of how Amelie ingested the wolfsbane and marshmallow root combo. Then he goes into the details of the fight Amelie had with Tate. I’m horrified she had to live through it but also impressed at her ingenuity and determination to escape. Marcus was right; I never want to piss her off. After giving me all the details, I let him know I have already talked to Alpha Mason, and he is cooperating fully. We end our conversation and hang up.

Something is nagging me. With all the details, I have something that does not feel right. I am missing something, but what was it. I still didn’t understand why someone would treat their mate that way. I also did not understand why the control abuse got worse after Karen moved in. Why did she hate Amelie so much? How was she able to

manipulate her son? One thing was for sure they did this together, but I felt like Karen was the puppet master. What was her end game?

“Stop! You are making my head hurt. We need to keep looking into them before we can solve this and hunt them down. Let us see the little flowers. I want to play.” Ulv loves playing with the girls. He loves the look on their little faces when we shift. They get so excited. He doesn’t even get upset when they call him a puppy or puppy daddy. They indeed are the light in my life.

“Jorden, Shay, where are the girls?” Jorden is Marcus’s mate, and Shay is Tyson’s mate. They help me take care of the girls along with their own. I feel better having them help than a nanny, plus all the kids get to grow together.

Shay answers, “we are all up in the playroom playing with baby Legos. I think the girls are trying to build a house around Easton.” I laugh. I needed that.

“I’m heading up.” I cut the mind link and head to the family wing of the packhouse.

Our pack is a bit different than other packs in more ways than one. I have a Beta and a Gamma and a Delta group; Our workload is too heavy for only two people. We are a utilitarian pack, meaning we work for all Packs. Most pack you are born in, and they stay in that pack doing a job to support the pack. We do have a territory and all necessities, but our pack is mixed. You can apply, interview, and try out to join our pack. The majority of our pack are warriors and investigators. We are not loyal to anyone Pack, and all Packs recognize our authority given by the moon goddess. Our job is to keep all wolves safe and uphold the laws. I do answer to the Pack Elders Council and the Pack Alpha Council. The Pack Alpha Council established universal laws, and the Pack Elders Council approve the laws and preside over trials. I am the enforcer of the laws. I get to see our kind at its worst. It’s tiring, and it’s draining. My daughters are my light in this dark abyss—Rose and Daisy, my little flowers.

I head up the stairs to the playroom, and I stop right outside the door. I hear Jorden talking to the girls. Then I hear Daisy screaming, “NO! Our new mommy is coming soon! I already saw her! Tell her, Rose!” I am shocked and heartbroken by what Daisy just said. I have always wanted to be honest with the girls, even at only two and a half. Honestly, they acted older than their two years. It would catch me off guard sometimes. I would feel like I’m talking to an adult, but I had to remember they were toddlers. They were identical twins, so they were each a half to a whole. They had my sandy blond hair and green eyes but their mother freckles. They were my perfect little flowers.

I open the door wanting to save Jorden. But I know she is just doing what I asked. “Little flowers daddy’s come to play.” So, I scoop them up in my arms.

Rose, the quiet one, wraps her little arms around my neck and whispers in my ear. “Hello, daddy. I missed you.” She kisses me on the cheek.

Daisy has a scowl on her face, and her arms are crossed. She would look pretty intimidating if she weren't so darn cute. "Daisy baby, what's wrong? Why are you mad?"

"No one believes me that Rose and I saw our new mommy." She shoots daggers at Jordan and Shay.

"Daisy, I know you want a mommy, but you will have to wait. One day you will have a mommy." I give her a little tickle. I want to break that fierce look on her face and hear that snorty laugh she has.

Rose pulls my head close to her's and whispers in my ear again, "Daddy, we know our new mommy will come after we turn this many." Rose holds up three fingers with one hand and uses the other to hold her other fingers down. This isn't the first time the girls have told me things like this. Their birthday was in 7 months, and there was no way I would meet someone in that time frame and feel OK with bringing them around my daughters unless it was a Second Chance Mate predetermined by the moon goddess herself. Second chance mates rarely happened. Generally, after a mate passes, people would find a chosen mate at some point. I was in no rush and honestly didn't know if I wanted to try and find someone. For now, I would let the girls have a little dream.

"Rose! You saw her was she nice? Did you think she was pretty?" Daisy is the boisterous one, interjects.

"She is super-duper nice and bootiefus too." She claps her little hands on my face pulling me closer. I love it when they mispronounce words. I am going to miss this when they are teenagers.

Rose leans in again, "Daddy, our new mommy likes flowers. I know she will like us."

I froze, "Rose baby, what did you say?"

Daisy rolls her eyes at me and answers for Rose, "Daddy, she said our new mommy likes flowers."

I had to stop myself from letting my mind go crazy. I remind myself all women like flowers, plus their names are flowers; it doesn't mean anything. I couldn't take the ramblings of children so seriously. "Oh well, that's good because you two are my favorite flowers, so she has to love you."

They giggle and look at each other mischievously. I always wondered if they could mind link each other. You couldn't mind link until you were ten and did your first shift. After your first shift and you were added to the pack.

We had a festival every year to celebrate the new members of each pack. It was called the Moon Festival. It would be held the week of the full moon in June. It lasted an entire week. All the Packs held their own ceremony to accept the young ones officially. One

pack each year would host a carnival, and on the night of the full moon, a ball would be held for all who had reached the age to find a mate. Many couples found their mates at the Moon Festival Ball. All the Alphas went to show solidarity to our Packs. All the other packs had a blast, but the Druit Guard was a hellish work week. Someone had to keep everyone safe, that was our job, and we were the best at it. The Moon festival was months away next year even, and my little flowers were still only two years old, a long way off from being added to the pack.

“How about some dinner? What do my flowers want to eat?” I just want to stay in this moment with my little ones in my arms: my little flowers, the light of my life.