

## Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 26

### Chapter 26

Amelie

Gideon walks away, and I drop to the floor, trying to hide for a moment. “Well, things are going smoothly.” Inari’s emotions are at an all-time high as she cannot wait to spend more time with our mate.

“You think so. I kind of feel like it was a disaster. What was that word vomit from me! And what was that confession about! So, I guess he had a crush on me and watched me walk around naked and dreamed about it. That last part should bother me. Why doesn’t it bother me!” Inari is in a blissful state.

“Because he is our mate. He should dream about you.” I let out a deep breath and lookup. On the edge of the counter, I see the bundle of violets. A smile takes over my face.

I stand up, pick up the bundle and lean forward on the counter, smelling the smashed violets. “You know he got these for me but was too embarrassed to admit it and even tried to hide them. Poor things got smashed pretty bad.” I untie the white ribbon holding them together and start to separate the flowers from the stem. I pull the blackberries out of the fridge and sugar out of the pantry.

“I think you are right. He’s sweet but a bit clumsy.” She is still basking in the lingering eucalyptus scent.

I stop what I am doing for a second, “I think you are the only one who would describe the moon goddess’s elite warrior Alpha as clumsy!”

“Hey, being clumsy in love and being clumsy in a fight are two different things. Being clumsy in love makes him endearing,” I couldn’t argue with her on that point.

“Defending him already. Whose side are you on?” I’m still working on making the syrup for tomorrow.

Inari sighs at me, “His otherwise you would be hopeless.” We laugh together. I was scared at first, and truthfully speaking, I still am, but I am hopeful that the path shown to me today will be filled with happiness and love. I still have my guard up, but I am willing to try.

I focus back on cooking. I finish making the violet sugar in the mortar and pestle. I add the violet sugar, blackberries, and a little water to a pot and slowly smash the blackberries as I bring the mixture to a boil. I pull it off the heat and strain out the

blackberries' flesh and put my finished syrup in a jar to use tomorrow. I'm already impressed with Gideon in this short afternoon together.

Tate hated what he called weird food and would never eat risotto, and he would never eat anything that had flowers in it. Gideon has a reputation of being the most imposing Alpha's around, but he's so gentle with me.

"Oh, that smells lovely! Is that for tomorrow morning?" Celeste sits down at the counter stool.

"Yeah, it's blackberries and violet syrup for pancakes tomorrow." I smile just thinking about the little purple violets.

Celeste looks at me, and I can see a bit of tension release, "He's a good man who's been through a lot and has seen a lot of awful things with his pack duties. He needs someone who can make a home for him that he longs to come back to. You have been through so much and deserve someone who will protect you and your heart." Tears start flowing from Celeste's eyes. "I'm just so happy you won't be alone and have a chance for long-lasting love in your life. Call your mother then after, call your sister." She dries her eyes and stands up.

"I will thank you for always being by my side and loving me no matter what." Tears well up in my eyes now.

Celeste nods at me, "That's what true mothers do. You will feel the same way I do soon." Then, she turns and walks away.

She is right; I will be a stepmother soon to twin girls. I feel between all 4 of my parents, and I have some great examples to live by. I pull out my phone and call my mom. I head to my room to clean up before dinner. I'm not cooking tonight. Celeste has invited Becky back.

I talk to my mom for about an hour. Then I call Hope as well. I tell them all about Gideon and me, and they both are excited. My mother, Luna Anne, knows Gideon well and approves of him as my mate, "Hey, I'll call you tomorrow. I'm going to take a quick shower before going down for dinner. I love you."

I just want to do a quick scrub down. I'm not going to wash my hair; I pin up my hair and start the shower. I undress and get in the shower.

After a few minutes, I turn around when I hear an "Ahem." I whip around, and it's Gideon. His eyes are flashing red. I quickly cover my black scar with my left hand. I'm not embarrassed about my body, just my scar. I turn around.

I turn off the shower, and I don't know what to say. So instead, I reach my right arm behind me. "Can you hand me my towel?" The shower door opens, I look over my

shoulder, and Gideon steps into the shower, still clothed and towel in hand. I turn my head back.

He takes the towel and wraps me in it while also wrapping me up in his arms. My breathing gets heavy as I can feel his firm chest against my back. Sparks are trailing up and down my body. I am on fire, and he knows it. He leans down and whispers in my left ear. "Don't ever hide yourself from me. You're my blessing from the goddess." He kisses down my neck and stops when he gets to my scar. I'm still holding my hand over it. He removes my hand, "I'm sure we'll do something about this." He kisses the black scar a tingle runs through me. I moan; I'm turned on, and I know he can smell it.

I don't say anything. I can't; my mouth won't move; I can only moan. He kisses all the way to my pack mark, "This will change too." He moves to my back, "Here will be your Luna mark." He kisses the spot on my left shoulder blade, and a gasp leaves my lips. He turns me around to face him. I'm barely holding the towel. Almost all of my chest is exposed, but at that moment, I didn't care. He leans down again, kissing where my heart is, "This is where Rose and Daisy's marks will go along with all our other children. So, you see, Amelie, I will claim all your marks. You are my blessing." He kisses me with so much hunger I know I am dripping at this moment. He is pulling me tighter I can feel how rock hard he is too. I have never wanted a man as I do at this moment.

He suddenly stops. I am disappointed and in a complete lust-filled hazy, "Gideon." It left my mouth dripping with my thirst for more.

"Don't say my name like that right now. I won't be able to hold back. Get dressed; we must meet everyone for dinner. I'm going to rinse off with some cold water." I nod my head. We step out of the shower stall.

I am about to walk out of the bathroom when I turn around and look at Gideon. I take the towel and throw it at him. "Here, you will need this," exposing my entire body to him. He growls. I turn around and look over my shoulder at him. "You better hurry. We might miss dinner." I close the door.

I walk into my closet and drop to my knees. Oh my, what was that. I am not going to be able to resist him. I become putty as soon as he touches me. We are going to be sleeping in my bed together. How much willpower do I have? I gather myself I need to get dressed and act normal around everyone. Is this how normal mated couples are? I was not like this before. I get dressed in a casual burgundy sweater dress that hugs my hips with knee-high tan suede boots with a 3 inch stacked heel. I let my hair down and shake it out. I keep my makeup light, just some mascara. I sit on my bed and think. What he just said in the shower keeps running through my head. If I am his blessing, he is mine. What am I scared of? He is not Tate, and I can feel he is genuine. I know my father and stepfather respect him. As I'm mulling over everything in my head, Gideon comes out of the bathroom.

He only has on the towel, and it's hung loosely around his hips. I devour him with my eyes starting with his sandy blond hair, his bright green eyes, his straight nose, square jaw with a bit of a five o'clock shadow. I keep going down to his broad shoulders, down his chiseled chest, perfect abs going into a V before being cut off by the damn towel.

He walks over to his suitcase. He knows he has my attention; he pulls out his clothes and drops the towel. Do we really need to go to dinner? Crosses my mind. Look at that sculpture of a man. He looks at me over his shoulder, "Like what you see?"

I smirk, "I guess it will have to do." Cocky ass, he knows he looks good, and it's getting harder to resist him by the minute. He chuckles a bit and gets dresses. We start walking down to dinner. As we are walking, I think how we went from kissing in the clearing like teenagers to naked taunting in the span of a few hours. Yet, it didn't bother me at all. Maybe this is what the mate bond was truly like. Perhaps I just needed to give in to the pull.

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### Chapter 27

#### Gideon

I didn't want to leave that room. I wanted to stay there and tease her more. I wanted to touch her more and be touched by her. I want to move slow, even though I want every part of her right now. I could smell her arousal, and I was doing everything I could to hold Ulv back. I can't take her while I'm here. I have to wait till we get back home. If I take her now, I will not be able to stop myself from marking her. Once I've marked her, and we've mated, she'll go into heat two days later. I want to be home and just have her and I locked away in our room. She-wolves go into heat every few months after they are mated. It happens to help with the bond and to produce offspring.

"Ulv, we have to hold back. I don't want to mark her here." I am pleading with him.

I can feel him watching her every move, wanting her. I want her too. "We don't have to mark her yet. I agree we should wait till we are home to mark her. I can hold back my fangs, can you?" He's testing me.

"I just want to focus on getting to know her before we have sex." Ulv laughs at my comment.

"It's part of getting to know each other. Of course, I'll hold our fangs back, but that's all." Well, at least I got that much help.

We make it to the dining room. It's a bit more formal from the kitchen table and counter seating at lunch. Two places have been saved for us next to each other. We take our seats, and I look down, and Amelie's dress exposes most of her thigh when she sits.

She looks over at me, smiles then scoots her chair up. I see her hand slowly move her dress up higher, exposing more of the thigh closest to me. Oh, she is dangerous and is not afraid to keep pushing me.

“Alpha Gideon!”

“What, yes!” Alpha John had been calling my name, but I was too distracted by my mate’s exposed thigh to hear it.

“I said did you get settled in alright?” Before I could answer, Amelie intervened.

“No, dad, I throw his suitcase out the window. Say what you want to say. Neither of us are kids, and we are second-chance-mates.” She looks at him with one eyebrow raised.

Alpha John looks at me, “It’s too late to change your mind. The moon goddess already made you two second-chances-mates. I’m not taking her back.” He raises his eyebrow back at his daughter.

Luna Celeste dies laughing, “Welcome to the family, Gideon. You will get used to these two. He won’t admit it, but that sharp tongue and quick wit of Amelie is from him.” This was a totally different family dynamic than I had ever seen from them. They were just a typical family. In the family wing of the packhouse, they were just parents and kids living their lives. The polished, almost royal image was nowhere to be seen. The banter was loving, and it made me miss my girls.

I cannot help but think back to a few months ago when Daisy was yelling at me, calling me stupid daddy. “It’s good to know it’s not just me. Daisy was yelling and stomping around not long ago. I’m pretty sure she got all of my temper.” Everyone laughs. It’s friendly, relaxed, and this is what I want for our family.

A swinging door burst open, and a petite redhead with freckles and her hair braided in pigtails comes in, pushing a cart of plates all under covers. Once she enters the room, she stops. Benjamin, one of my elite team, stands up. He walks over to the tiny redhead. She looks up at him in awe, and they both say “Mate!” simultaneously.

The room is quiet. The petite redhead breaks the salience, “Ummm... Hello, I’m Becky. I hope you like to eat because I love to cook.”

“I’m Benjamin, and I am part of the elite team of the Druit Guard. I’m not a picky eater.” He’s just standing there. Oh gezzz, he’s an excellent investigator and warrior, but he’s only 23 and has no experience with women who are not warriors like him, and he treats them as one of the guys.

Amelie breaks the awkwardness, “Congratulations, Becky! I guess you will be coming with me to the Druit Guard!” Becky takes her gaze off Benjamin and looks around him at Amelie.

Her eyes get even more prominent, and she starts bouncing, "OH Really! That's even more exciting!" She jumps up and hugs Benjamin. He doesn't even know what to do. This is definitely the moon goddess putting opposites together. She is a ball of energy ready to burst, and Ben is focused and stoic.

I am laughing so hard. I thought Amelie was going to be a handful. Becky refocuses. "OK, Mr. Benjamin, my mate. Sit back down. I have to serve dinner. We can talk after." Ben doesn't know what to do. He goes back to sit down.

"Tonight, I have prepared exceptional dishes. First, bison strip steak with a cherry and red wine reduction roasted herb potatoes with early spring asparagus smothered with basil pesto and feta cheese. Then, for dessert, we have angel food cake with lavender rose ice cream and vanilla bean whip cream, Miss Amelie's favorite."

"Well, Benjamin looks like I'm going to have to train you extra hard if she's cooking like this for you." Ben is still in a daze.

Amelie looks at me with that one eyebrow raised. I know something is coming, "Oh, you will be right there with him. Who do you think taught her how to cook?" Yep, I am in trouble in more ways than one.

She rubs her leg against mine. She's a storm, and I'm going to get ripped apart, but I don't care. I lean over and whisper in her ear, "There are more ways than just training to stay in shape." I graze my hand across her still exposed thigh. She smiles and bites her bottom lip for just a second. I'm hooked. Right then, Becky comes around and sets our plates in front of us.

Our meal is delicious, and I have to admit it, I even like the flower ice cream who knew! At the end of dinner, Luna Celeste pulls Becky and Benjamin aside. I'll ask him later. It's his mate; I'm not going to interfere much as long as he doesn't mark her till we get home. He just needs to be on time for training. I can give him time off for her heat when we get back, but now is not the time. I mind-link, Ben. "Once you are done talking to Luna Celeste, mind link me ASAP."

"Yes, Alpha."

We say good night to everyone and head up to Amelie's room. "I'm going to change into pajamas." She goes into the closet and closes the door. I change I as well normal at home I wear lounge pants and go shirtless. I am considering wearing a shirt, but I don't know. Before I can decide and put one on my phone, rings, it's Tyson's number. I know he's face-timing the twins for me. I sit on the edge of the bed and answer. The girls are in their Paw Patrol PJs.

"Hi, daddy!" They always scream into the phone, not realizing I can hear them fine if they don't.

I smile, "Hey little flowers, you being good?"

Daisy huffs, "daddy, we are always good." Right then, Amelie comes out of the closet behind me. The girls notice it.

"Daddy! Who is the pretty lady with you?" Rose yells, moving closer to the phone. I can almost see up her nose. I have to think fast. I don't want to introduce Amelie to the girls over face time as their new mom.

"This is daddy's friend Amelie. She is the daughter of the Alpha over here, just like you two. That's cool, right?" I think I distracted them.

"I want to talk to Amawee," Daisy has run off with the phone.

"Daisy, honey, you have to share with your sister, or I won't let you say Hi to daddy's friend." I look over at Amelie, and she is giggling at me, bargaining with a three-year-old.

Daisy grunts, "Fine! Rose, come here. Daddy is going to let us talk to Amawee."

Amelie sits next to me on the edge of the bed. "Hello, Rose and Daisy. I'm Amelie. I'm your daddy's friend." She pinches my leg. I grab her knee.

"Amawee, do you like flowers?" Rose asks.

Amelie smiles sweetly, "Yes, I do. I love flowers. Would you girls like to plant a flower garden with me someday?"

They both gasp. Rose whispers something to Daisy. "Amawee are you going to come home with daddy," Daisy asks.

"I think so. Is that OK?"

In unison, "Yeah, it OK."

Rose takes the phone, "Daddy, I have to tell you a secret." Amelie scoots out of camera view.

"OK, Rose baby, what is it." I act like I am all alone.

"Daddy, you have to be nice to Amawee. I think she's our new mommy." I freeze. I don't know what to say to Rose, and Amelie is sitting right next to me.

Amelie sees the panic in my face and takes the phone, "Rose, do you want me to be your new mommy?"

Rose nods her head, "Yes, we do. Daddy needs a wuna, and we want a mommy."



Amelie smiles, and I can see tears forming in her eyes, “Well, your daddy and I will be here at my family home for a while, but when we get there, we can talk more about it. Does that sound OK with you and Daisy?”

“OK,” Rose goes and sits back with Daisy.

“Good night, girls. I love you. Be good for everyone, and I’ll bring you back a big present,” I put my arm around Amelie’s shoulder. She elbows me in the ribs a little.

“Night, Daddy. Night new mommy Amawee,” Rose says.

“Wube you, daddy.” Daisy hangs up the phone after her good night.

## Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 28

Chapter 28

Gideon

“I’m sorry, that’s not how I wanted to introduce you to the twins. It all just kind of happened.” I run my hand back through my hair.

“Yeah, that seems to be happening a lot to you today.” She raises both her eyebrows and tilts her head.

I love how playful she is when she’s relaxed. “Don’t act like you are innocent in all this.”

She shrugs, “Who knows.” She stands up, but I pull her back down and set her on my lap.

“I think you must have been a chair in your past life with how much you like me to sit in your lap.” She wraps her arms around my neck.

I grin, “If it’s this ass sitting in me, I’ll be your chair any day.” I take a handful of her butt I have been dying to touch all day.

“Hey, I think I’m going to have to get a new chair. This one is defective. It pinches.” She leans in and rests her forehead against mine. “Serious talk for a moment. Are they going to be OK with me being their mom and taking their dad’s time?” I know she is meant to be my partner raising them. It makes me want to mark her and finish the mating process right now and make more pups.

Ulv steps in, “Hold the fangs! Wait till we are home. You don’t want her to go into heat at her parents’ home.” I gather myself.



“I know if the goddess wants you to be my mate and my Luna, you were distant to be Rose and Daisy’s mom.” I wrap my arms around her and pull her closer.

She shifts and is straddles me. I pull her even closer and kiss her. Soft at first, she nibbles my bottom lip. I growl. She’s amazing, her skin is smooth, and I can feel her quiver to my every touch. I love that she tries to hide it or play it off makes me want to tease her more. I know she’s just as excited as me. I can smell it, and I can taste it from her sweet lips.

She’s wearing a two-piece satin pajama set. Shorts and a loss top with four buttons. I hate those four buttons right now. I pick her up she wraps her legs around my waist. I lay her down on the bed. Her legs are still wrapped around my waist when I lay her down. I’m undoing these buttons if it’s the last thing I do. I distract her by kissing her neck and work my way to the open part of her collar. I kiss and undo the first button and kiss lower. She didn’t stop me. I keep going kissing more of her exposed skin as I go. I know she likes it; she’s moaning, and her hips flinch, and she squeezes me tighter with her legs.

Finally, her top is open. “You have no idea how beautiful you are.”

“Oh, do you like what you see?” The little minx is using my line against me.

I grab one of her breasts, and they are massive; it fills my huge hand, “Let me show you.” I softly kiss the other as I massage and play with the one. I suck on her nipple and roll my tongue over it. Her nails dig into my back.

Her back arches and she gasps, “Gideon.” I love the soft sexy way she says my name. I want to hear it again. I switch tits, and I reach down and reach up from the bottom of her shorts and past her panties and grab her ass firmly. It’s big and round and perfect. She shifts her legs down a bit, and I feel the folds of her pussy through the thin layer of cloths on my rock-hard dick. It’s taking everything in me not to take her right now. She starts moving her hips up and down the length of my shaft. “Gideon,” I see flashes of deep yellow in her eyes. My little storm has come.

I move back to her lips and pull her closer by lift her ass into me more, pressing her pussy against me harder. I know I need to stop before we go too far tonight. If I were back home, I would have marked her and made her mine. She is so wet it’s soaked through her panties and shorts. I can feel it on my dick. It’s taking all my willpower not to rip her shorts off and enter her. I pull away.

“Amelie, my little storm. We need to stop before I cannot control myself. I don’t want to mark you until we are back at home. I don’t want you to go into heat at your parents. If we have sex now, I might mark you.” She’s lying there, disheveled hair all around, shirt open, exposing her abundant breast.

“Yeah, your right,” she sits up and starts to button her shirt. Then, she looks over at me, and her eyes say, are you sure?

“Hold on, all I said is we should stop. That doesn’t mean you can take away my view.” I pull the shirt off and toss it on the floor.” I don’t think you need a top for bed from now on. I don’t sleep with one.”

She cocks her head to the side and gives me a devilish look. Then she sits up and crawls over to me, stopping in front of me on her knees. She looks up at me, giving me her best puppy dog eyes, “I’ll be cold, and then my shorts don’t have the matching top.” Two can play this game. I wrap one arm around her waist and, with my free hand, pull just her shorts off and toss them with the shirt. “You’re such a bully. Alpha is making me sleep in my panties but wearing pajama pants. She flips over on her stomach, and I see the lace and cotton panties stretched over her plump ass. I am getting harder, but I can’t let her win. I take off my pants and toss them in the clothes pile we have started on the floor. My dick is still hard, and it feels like it’s going to rip through my boxer briefs.

“OK! Now it’s fair. Good night.” She pops under the covers. I get up out of bed. I need to take a cold shower.

“I’ll be back.” I go to the bathroom and get in the shower. I hear the door open. Instantly I realize I made a mistake and didn’t lock the door.

“I forgot to brush my teeth, don’t mind me. The shower is right across from the sink. My raging boner had started going down, but now I have a double view of her. I can see her tits in the mirror, and I have a full view of her ass in those damn panties. She keeps bending over slightly, and every time she does, my cock twitches. She’s good at this. My little mate was naughty, and I know I will always desire her.

She opens the linen cabinet and hangs a towel up for me. She opens the shower door and looks down at the raging hard-on I have and points, “Looks like you have a big problem on your hands there. Well, good luck. Enjoy your shower.” She closes the shower door and leaves the bathroom but doesn’t shut the bathroom door.

I have two choices help myself out and risk her hearing me or keep running this cold water and hope it helps. I opt for the latter, but it was a difficult choice. I finally calm down enough to get out and come to bed. Amelie is under the covers. I dry off and put my underwear back on. I pull back the covers to get in, and I catch a glimpse of her bare ass. I pull the blanket all the way back, “Amelie, you are playing with fire!” I’m losing my resolve. She’s pushing me to my breaking point.

“And you are walking through a tornado. Who’s going to win the fire or tornado?” She stares me down. She sits up on her knees with her legs slightly open I can see her pink lips. Something in me snaps.

“What do you want, little tornado?” I’m on top of her; in an instant, she falls back on the bed. I am now hovering on top of her. She moves so I am between her legs.

“Stop treating me like I am about to break. I’ve been through a lot, but I’ve come out stronger every time.” She keeps her eyes locked to mine. I feel her hand run down my chest. It sends sparks all over me. She gets to my boxer briefs and plays with the waistband. She starts running her finger back and forth. She plus them down just enough for my again throbbing dick to come out. There’s a little pre-cum on the tip. She runs her finger over it and brings it to her lips, and licks it. “If I am your blessing, then you are mine. I can do with you as I please.” She gently starts to stroke my shaft. I throw my head back, and a deep rumble comes from my chest.

Ulv pushes me, “She wants to be taken.” I know my eyes are red; our desire is boiling over.

I run my hand down her inner thigh and rub her pussy lips between my fingers. I was not expecting this. I have never been challenged when I made a decision. It was final but not her. She was going to challenge me every step of the way. I spread her pussy lips apart and put in two fingers. As soon as my fingers entered her, she started fucking my hand, moving her hips, and stroking me faster.

I couldn’t take it any longer. I pull my hand out and take her hands off my dick. I position my cock right at her entrance, “The fire wins tonight.” I thrust into her.

She screams my name, “Gideon!” Hearing it makes me want to go deeper harder. I want to hear it again. I thrust more. I feel her pussy tighten around me; that’s one.

“Fuck, you are so tight.” I keep thrusting. She feels so good I already want to come.

“Gideon. Gideon. You are huge. You feel so good. Go deeper.” I pick up her ass and spread her pussy lips open more. I thrust again. I feel her tighten around me; that’s two.

I lean back on my knees and pull her upright. She wraps her legs around me. I bounce her up and down on my shaft, and I have perfect access to her tits. I take a nipple in my mouth as I keep bouncing her up and down. She has her hands tangled in my hair. She tightens around me again; that’s three.

“Gideon. Don’t stop.” She pants. Then suddenly, I feel a pinch on my clavicle. She is biting me. She marked me. She licks it and whispers in my ear, “Tornado wins.” I pick her up and bring her down hard this time. I move her hair out of the way and bit. I feel her tighten again; that’s four. I clamp down and feel her tighten again; that’s five, two in a row even. Finally, I let go of my fangs and release inside of her. She was mine. There was no doubt about it after tonight. I lick the bit to seal it.

She doesn't say a word. Instead, she kisses me passionately. I never want to leave this moment. She was a storm, and the calm after proved it. "Why? I thought you wanted to take it slow?" I wanted to know what changed in a day, hell a few hours.

We lie down, and I hold her close to me. I pull the blanket over us. "Earlier today, when I was in the shower, you said I was your blessing, and I shouldn't hide from you. You described where all my marks would go as well. It made me think. You were right; I was your blessing, and you were mine, and I shouldn't be afraid. I have gone through everything for a reason, and it has led me to you. Plus, you are incredibly hot, and it's had to keep my hands off you." I chuckle. I think both are her true feelings.

"You know you are going to go into heat in two days, and we won't be able to leave this room. So I wanted to be respectful to your father." She pulls back and looks at me with that eyebrow raised again.

"Gideon Alois, I am 30 years old; you are 34! Plus, you are my second mate. My father would think something was wrong if this didn't happen. Why do you think they moved you to my room while we were out?" I couldn't argue. I thought I was the investigator. "Plus, I hate the scar. It makes me feel like I failed when it wasn't even my fault. I hope it goes away now." I stroke her hair and kiss her head. "Then, after seeing and talking to your daughters, I knew we needed this time to complete our full mate bond so I could focus on the family bond when we go home. My new home."

"I just didn't want to cause you any more trauma, and it was so hard to hold back. You play dirty!" Amelie pinches my side. "Ouch."

"I might be small, but I come from a long line of Alphas. I'm not as weak as I look." She's not wrong. What was this little tornado, my little storm going to do to my life?

Amelie quickly falls asleep in my arms. I whisper, "Thank you, Selene. She's the most perfect gift I could have asked for. Help me keep her safe." With my wish, I fall asleep. For the first time in a long time, I have a different dream. It's me and Amelie with the twins playing outside, laughing, and just being a family. It's the best dream I could ask for.

## Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 29

### Chapter 29

Amelie

"Beep, Beep, Beep" I quickly turn my alarm off. Gideon still has his arms around me. Before trying to wiggle my way out, I take in a deep breath of his eucalyptus scent. He was my mate, handsome, strong, intelligent, powerful, kind, thoughtful, tender, and a dedicated father to top it all off. Maybe going through all that hell was worth it. I notice his Mate Mark has healed and revealed itself.

It's a tree similar looking to my dad's but different. It has a thicker trunk at the base and bushier foliage with wide roots. I look closer; It's a eucalyptus tree. It's just like his scent. I didn't know much about tree symbolism. I needed to look it up. I am still in bed; I reach over and grab my phone and look up the meaning behind a eucalyptus tree. I find it symbolizes strength, protection, and survival; it fits him to a T. I try to look at my own but looking at that spot without a mirror is like trying to look at your nose. I have to maneuver out of bed or, more precisely, out of his grip.

I slowly start moving his hand, "you move too much in the morning." He pulls me closer.

"If you are awake, get up. I have to make breakfast for everyone, remember. Also, I want to look at my mark. I think it healed." I'm trying to fight his grasp and get up, and Gideon is holding me down with ease. The downfall of having a powerful mate.

"Let me see first." He flips me over on my back as if I wasn't struggling at all. He looks down at me and grins.

"It suits you." He leans down and kisses my new mark. My body reacts, and I am on fire.

I push his chest. "Hey, I want to see, also unless you want to eat cold cereal, don't kiss my mark. You will also have to explain to my brother why his sister couldn't make him pancakes."

He lets me up, and I run to the bathroom as quickly as possible to look in the mirror. It's a moonflower surrounded by a wreath of yellow honeysuckle. I gasp and step back. A tear falls down my cheek, "It's beautiful." I know what this means; it has a few means. First, the moonflower is a direct symbol of the moon goddess. It's her blessing. The honeysuckle means happiness, and since it has the vine wrapped in a wreath, it means the bond is everlasting.

Gideon walks up behind me and wraps me in his arms. "Why are you crying? Do you not like it?"

I shake my head, "I'm so happy I can't hold back my tears. It has so much meaning."

He leans down and kisses my mark, "What does it mean?"

"It's the goddess' blessing, of happiness, and our bond is everlasting." He looks at me in the mirror.

"All that from flowers?" I can see he's inquisitive.

I turn around to look at him, "Flora has its own language. It says a lot if you know what it's trying to say," I run my fingers across his mark. "Yours is a eucalyptus tree. It symbolizes strength, protection, and survival. I think this one tree has a lot to say. Don't you?"

"Is that what that this tree means." He cocks his head to the side and looks at his new Mate Mark in the mirror.

I giggle. I'm sure he has no idea about his daughter's marks either. "You know your daughters' marks are not just their names. A white rose and a daisy both mean purity and innocence, but they each have a separate meaning as well." I look up at him, and he's listing intently.

"A white rose can also mean unconditional love, and daisies mean joy and happiness. If you put it all together since they are twins there mark truly means pure and innocence, unconditional love of joy and happiness." Gideon pulls me in tighter.

"You were meant to be their mother." He kisses me deeply.

I push him away, "we need to get ready and get downstairs. I am on cooking duties." Gideon picks me up with one arm and walks us both into the shower.

"This will be faster." He says with a grin on his face.

"Somehow, I don't believe that. I'm serious. I have to get downstairs." I give him the eyebrow raise.

He pouts, "Fine, but we can still shower together. Unfortunately, I won't be able to see you naked all day." He moves his hands down my back to my butt, squeezing my cheeks. I swat his hands away and start to wash up.

As we shower, I can't help but tease Gideon. I was rubbing up against him grazing his dick with my hand every so often, bending down and washing my legs. I know I got him when I see red flash in his eyes. "Not fair, my little storm."

I giggle, "I'm still a storm?"

He smiles and pulls me closer, my boobs pushing up against his chest, "When you are at your peak of desire, your grey eyes flash a deep yellow. It reminds me of lighting." He leans down and licks my mate mark. "It's a storm that happens just for me." I moan with the wave of heat that moves through me.

Damn this man and his poetic words and skilled tongue. I lose control and jump up, wrapping my legs around him. He presses me against the wall of the shower. "We have to be quick." He thrust deep; I moan loudly. "Gideon, you feel so good. More!" He was bigger than I expected. So long but not too long and so thick I feel all of him inside of me.

He pulls away and looks into my eyes, and he grins a devilish grin. "There's my storm." He thrust deeper and harder I scream out as I come; he comes too. We finish our shower and rush to get ready.

I want to show off my new mark, but it's too cold for a tank top. So I dig around in my closet and find a boat neck navy blue shirt. I put it on and walk out of the closet. "Well, can you see my new mark?" I model my shirt for Gideon, giving my best runway look.

"I think all your shirts should show your mate mark from now." He chuckles, pleased with himself. I throw a pillow at his head.

"OK, I have to head down and get breakfast started. I think Becky is coming to help." I walk over to the door but stop. I turn around and walk over to Gideon. I get on my tiptoes and pull his head toward me. I kiss his cheek, "I'll see you soon." Then, I turn back and head out of the room and down to the kitchen.

"Inari, how are you feeling after last night?" After mating and marking, the mated pair of wolves can connect subconsciously with each other. This makes the mate bond stronger as both souls, the human and wolf, connect with their fated mate. Our bond and passion become one, and our wolves' eyes flash in our own. I am sure as soon as the mate bond was established, they connected.

"Ulv is perfect." I can feel all her emotions flow through me suddenly. She is already in love with Ulv.

I can also feel something else, "Inari, did you get stronger? I can feel more power from you than before?"

"I don't know. Maybe with a true mate mark intact, maybe I can regain my form." I stop in my tracks.

"Oh, WOW. Maybe. We should research dad's books." We both feel hopeful, and I continue to the kitchen.

I walk in the doorway and see little Becky wrapped up in Benjamin's arms, kissing. I hate to break up the lovefest, but we did have work to do. "Well, I'm glad to see you both getting along so well," I say from the doorway.

Becky turns around and has the biggest smile. "Hello, miss Amelie, I'm ready when you are." She is smiling so big her eyes are squinting.

I chuckle, "Alright, let's get working!"

"Luna, is there anything you would like me to do?" Benjamin asks me.

I raise my eyebrow and tilt my head, "Who are you calling Luna?"

## Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 30



Amelie

“Umm... You, miss Amelie. I can smell the Alpha on you, and you have the Alpha’s mark now” He gestures his head toward my mate mark.

Crap, I forgot, since we are still at the Ashwood Pack. Here I’m the Alpha’s daughter, but to the Druit Guard, I am their Alpha’s mate and Luna. “Sorry Benjamin, I’m not used to it yet. You don’t have to call me Luna while at Ashwood.”

His eyes widen, and a spark of fear shows on his face, “I’m sorry, Luna, I can’t do that. I value my life, and Alpha Gideon would not allow it.”

He’s not wrong, and I cannot override an Alpha order, “I understand, but please be mindful when Luna Celeste is around also to use my first name to lessen the confusion. The same you do with my father and Gideon.” I always hated all the titles but knew they were necessary to keep order.

“Yes, Luna, do you and Miss Becky need assistance?” He is standing at attention like a soldier waiting for my orders. I had a feeling this was just a taste of the world I was going to be joining.

“To be honest, your skillset is not suited for the kitchen. I think Becky and I can handle it. This is our battlefield.” I wink at him and gesture him out of the kitchen.

“OK, Becky, the men have a heavy training schedule today, so we are going to carb and protein them up! Buttermilk pancakes, bacon, and three cheese scrambled eggs.” What I didn’t say was that these were all James’ favorites. It was my way of encouraging him.

We got to work; we got both ovens going and got the bacon on sheet pans. We had two griddles plugged in and heating up and two large pans for eggs. Becky kept an eye on the eggs, and I man the griddle and pancakes. I did about softball size in diameter. This way, there was plenty of room on the plates for everything. Gideon was the first one down.

“What an honor to have the Luna of the Druit Guard cook for me.” I knew it. He already told his men to call me Luna. He comes around the counter into the kitchen.

“Stop right there, Alpha. When I am in the kitchen, I am in charge! Out! It’s almost done.” Gideon looks at me, stunned. I’m sure no one has ever told him No since becoming an Alpha. He takes another step in. I raise my eyebrow and look right at him. “If you want to eat breakfast, you better get out of my kitchen.”

He shakes his head and retreats. He sits on one of the counter stools and watches. “This is no way to treat your Alpha. I’ll have to find some way of punishing you later.” He looks at me with a devilish smirk again.

I giggle; I can't help it. I look over, and Benjamin looks terrified someone talked back to Alpha Gideon. "Benjamin, would you please let the other Druid Guard know food is ready. I'll let the Ashwood family know." I want to see Gideon's reaction when he calls me Luna.

"Yes, Luna." Benjamin response. There it is, a big toothy grin. I was right.

I set a plate down in front of Gideon over the counter. I lean in close, "you better eat up. Our Alpha will need his strength today... and tonight." A low growl leaves him, and I see a quick flash of red in his eyes.

Becky fixes a plate for Benjamin, and he turns as red as Becky's hair. "They are so cute together." I look at Gideon, "I'm glad they found each other. I'm happy you came to train my brother." I hand Gideon the syrup I made yesterday. "Oh, try this. It's made with the violets you had with you yesterday." I turn and get back to my griddles.

James is the next to burst in the door, "Did I miss it! It's still breakfast, right?" I can tell from his bedhead he jumped out of bed and bolted down the stairs.

"Yeah, it's still breakfast. Sit down." He takes a seat next to Gideon and rubs the sleep from his eyes.

I hand him a plate. "Thanks." He looks up at me, then grabs my arm and pulls me closer. Gideon gets tense for a moment. "What is that!" He is looking at my new mate mark.

"James' I'm about to knock you out if you don't let go." He let go of my arm.

"Oh, sorry, Am. I was just in shock. So, you guys..." He nods his head the shoots me finger guns, and winks one eye.

I turn to Gideon, "Please make sure he trains till he vomits." Then, I turn and stick my tongue out at James.

"Sorry little Alpha, my new Luna says I have to, so I must." He chuckles and slaps James on the back.

James winces, "I'm your brother! Why would you do that to me." We all laugh, and dad and Celeste come in, and the other two elite knights follow shortly. Everyone is served!

"OK, Becky, it's our turn. Let's eat. Then we can clean up the kitchen." She nods and gets a serving of eggs going for her and me. I also start another pot of coffee. "Oh, dad, are you going to be training with Gideon and James today, or are you going to be in your office?"

"I'll be in my office. What's up, kiddo?" He sips his coffee.

"I wanted to do some research. I wanted to see if any of the old books would have what I'm looking for." I flip a few pancakes.

"OK, come over when you are done here. We can talk more. Oh, and kiddo, nice mark" He shoots Gideon a look. Gideon looks away.

"Am, this syrup is great. I didn't think I would tase the violets, but you can." Gideon is trying to change the subject.

Celeste, on the other hand, wants to stay on topic, "It looks lovely. It suits you well."

"Thank you. I sent my mom a selfie earlier, and she said the same thing." Gideon is stiff, not saying a word.

"Alpha Gideon, what tree did you get." He turns and looks confused.

"How did you know it was a tree?"

Celeste giggles and moves her collar to the side. "All mates into the Ashwood family receive a tree. Mine is a cherry blossom tree."

He looks at me, I shrug. "I didn't know that. Dad, how come you never told me that before?"

"We will talk later. Eat your breakfast. So Alpha Gideon, what's your tree?" Dad sips his coffee.

"He has a eucalyptus tree with wide roots. It means strength, protection, and survival." I say with pride. It's my mark on him, and I should be proud.

Celeste perks up, "Oh, that is so fitting. Amelie, I'll be in your father's office as well. I want to hear more about your mark. I know you already know what it means."

Gideon is beat red. It's the funniest thing. This big tuff Alpha is shy when he's talking to his mate's family about their marks. It makes me want to tease him more, but I won't, not today.

Everyone finishes and leaves. Becky and I are left sitting at the counter stools. I take a sip of coffee, "so, how is everything going with Benjamin?"

She looks up at me and is beaming, "Oh, Miss... I mean, Luna he is just the best. So sweet but a little awkward, but he tries really hard. I never thought I would be matted to an elite warrior. I'm just an omega."

I drop my fork and look at her with my one raised eyebrow; it's kinda my thing, "Becky, first of all, you don't have to call me Luna. Second of all, you are more than good

enough for him. Third, is he good enough for you? Finally, you are cute, talented, and driven; it doesn't matter if you are an Omega."

"Thank you. Oh, and I want to call you Luna. I'll be going back with you and will be part of the Druit Guard. Also, I respect you so much it feels right to call you Luna. It feels natural somehow." She smiles and sips her coffee.

"I'm delighted you are coming with us. It will be nice to have a friend with me. Plus, I have a feeling we are going to revamp all their meals. Also, plant an herb and vegetable garden, flowers too. I'll have to set up a new workshop as well." I take a deep breath and think of all the things I will have to do when I get to the Druit Guard packhouse. "I'll also become a mom when I get there."

"Really! A mom!" I nod.

"Gideon has twin daughters, and they just turned three. I talked to them on face-time last night." I take another sip of coffee. I look over at Becky, "I think I will need you as my assistant when we first get there. Becky, will you be the Luna's Beta?" We giggle because there is no such a thing, but she knew what I was trying to say.

"It would be my honor to be your Beta." She stands up with her hands on her hips with her chin in the air and chest out, giving her best superhero pose. We both laugh; I was so glad the goddess mated her with Benjamin.

"OK, it's time to clean up." I take one last sip of coffee, and we go back into the kitchen. Even though this is the family wing kitchen, it's still more than the average house. For one, there's two of everything, so clean-up is a breeze with two sinks and two dishwashers.

Once we are done, I check to make sure we have what we need to make lunch later. We need a few more things, so I send Becky into town with a list.

I head to my father's office to meet my parents. I just had a feeling that I would learn more than I bargained for.