

Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Amelie

As soon as I reach my family's pack territory line, my heart felt like it was floating. I missed them so much. However, my glee was short-lived as my phone rang. It was my mate. "Hello, Hun! I just got to my family's territory line. You must have been watching the clock." I giggle, trying to keep the mood light. He knew how long it took to drive to my father's territory.

He snapped back, "I don't need to watch the clock. I always know where you are."

"What? What are you talking about?" I was confused at his tone and comment. What does he even mean? I got my answer quickly.

"You think I'm going to let you run around without me knowing where my property is? I don't think so. I can track your phone and the car. I just wanted to let you know before you tried anything stupid." Tate had utterly lost it. I had never heard him sound more possessive and disgusting in my life. I just wanted to hang up. I knew I couldn't, or this was just going to get worse. I calmed my breathing and tried to slow my panicked heart. He wasn't even with me, and I was scared of him.

"Babe, you have nothing to worry about; where would I go? You are my everything." The words left my mouth, and I felt sick. Who was I? What was I doing? Why did I let it get to this point? I was just visiting my family, a few hours away for a few days. Why am I in such a panic!

"Damn right, don't fucking forget it." Then he just hung up. I had to pull over on the side of the road and just cry. It was months of tears streaming down my face. I could not let them out as he was always watching and waiting for me to show a moment of weakness. "What am I doing?" is the only thing I could repeat to myself over and over as I just let the tears flow out. Finally, Inari, my wolf had, had enough and was in a rage of her own in my mind.

"Turn around. I'll end him." She had threatened his life daily recently.

"Inari, you know we can't. I just want to get to Dad's at this point and sleep. I'm just tired." She calmed down, hearing the break in my voice. I had lost the will to fight.

I finished my crying fit and calmed myself down. I took a water bottle out of the cooler in the passenger seat and used it to bring down the swelling around my eyes. I still had an hour before my parent's Packhouse, and I still need to put on my mask of the perfect daughter, sister, and mate for the world to see. I can do this. I've done it for ten years. What is one more event?

As I continue my drive, I try to remind myself of happy memories and good feels I've had with my mate. Still, they are all quickly overshadowed by realizing that each one of those memories was me slowly giving him complete control over my life. I started to panic at my blind obedience and for not seeing this until now. Unfortunately, I had no one to blame but myself. I didn't even try to stop it at first, and by the time I was feeling uncomfortable, I had already been stripped of my own identity.

My mind was abuzz with this new realization, and before I knew it, I was at my family's Packhouse. "OK, Am! It's showtime." I told myself. Inari, on the other hand, was not as encouraging of me putting on an act.

"They already know the truth; you should stop trying to hide it. They can help us. He can't get to us here." She begged me just to let my family help, but I couldn't. I knew I would have to go back to my mate's pack. There was no getting around it. Alpha Mason was coming as a witness to my brother's heir ceremony.

I rolled my eyes at her persistence. "Please just let it go and enjoy our time while we can." She huffed at me and stepped back into my mind. She knew I just needed a break, and so did she. We were tired and needed this time to recharge. I step out of the car, and I am pounced on by my sister Hope. She caught me off guard and knocked to wind out of me.

"Hope, I think you are going to kill me. Let go!" She giggled and smiled down at me. She was much taller than me. Even though I was 11 years older, she was 6 inches taller than my 5-foot 2-inch frame. She got the legs, and they went for days and days. She got her mother's bright blond hair and our father's clear blue eyes. To me, she looked like an angel. She just turned 19 recently and was on the portal for her mate. I just hoped whoever he was would treat her like the princess she was. I couldn't wait to spoil my Hope!

After squeezing the life out of me, she stepped back. "Am, I missed you so much! Why don't you visit more?" This is what I needed just to feel wanted and loved, even for just a moment. I could feel my eyes tearing up.

"I missed you too! But, hey, where's Luna and that bratty little brother of ours. I need to knock him down a peg or two before the Heir ceremony. You can't let him get a big head or anything. We need to remind him he's the baby of the family." Hope nodded with her best serious and intense look then we both busted out in laughter.

Hope wiped away a tear from laughing so hard and yelled with a fist in the air, "it's time for a brother hunt!" So off we went into the house, tracking down our baby brother. As we rushed in, we passed both our father and my Stepmother Celest. They didn't bother to stop us. They knew what was happening. They both just looked at us and laughed.

Then our father yelled, "don't hurt his pride too much, girls; he's going to be the next Alpha soon."

Hope yelled back, “don’t worry, dad, he has enough pride for three Alphas. That’s the problem.”

We didn’t have to hunt. We knew right where James, our brother was. In his room on his computer, gaming most likely. A locked door greeted us! We pounded on it and demanded entry!

“Hell No! You two are going to mess up my stats! I’ll be down later” We both looked at each other with the most devious look we had. We knew what to do to get his full attention. As our brother grew and his interest in gaming increased, my Stepmother found an interesting way to make sure lights were out, and he had enough sleep for school and his heir responsibilities. She would flip the fuse box switch to his room.

We rushed down to the storage space off the kitchen. We threw open the fuse box, and right away, we knew which switch was for James’s room. Luna Celest had painted it with blue nail polish so she could cut the power in her sleepy haze when she knew her son was still up.

Hope bowed in a curtsy “the honor of luring the beast from its lair is yours, sister.”

I bowed back. “Thank you, dear sister. This honor will not be forgotten.” With that, we again cannot hold back our laughter, and I flip the switch.