

Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Amelie

I woke up to the sun warming my face. It was comforting. I felt safe at my family's Packhouse. Within these walls, I was a princess shown love and kindness; outside was dark and scary. I sat up, knowing I needed to start my day. It would be the last day I get to spend with my family before heading back tomorrow morning. I grab some clothes out of my suitcase and get dressed. I had my favorite distressed jeans and a mustered yellow flannel with a burgundy tank underneath. I head to our family kitchen.

I find one of the cooks making breakfast, which I find odd. Usually, my parents keep the family wing closed off, and we don't have too many maids or cooks wandering around. Celeste is generally behind the stove making meals or me if I'm home. I shrug it off. There must be a reason that's above my head. "Hello, Miss Amelie," the cook looks at me, beaming, waiting for my request.

I chuckle. I recognize this little Omega, her name is Becky, and she just started an apprenticeship at Roth's restaurant. I could tell she was eager to impress. "Well, hello again, Becky. What's on the menu today? It can't take too long as I have to go meet my father soon."

"You remember my name!" her eyes widen as her excitement grew. How cute; it's just breakfast, but she was so passionate about doing what she loved; it oozed out of her every pore. "How about an omelet. I have spinach, onion, Roma tomatoes, and parsley?"

"That sounds lovely, thank you." I smile at her as she rolls up her sleeves and gets to work. The omelet is done quickly, and she sets the plate in front of me. I can feel her watching me, waiting for my reaction. I take a bite. She gasps as she seems to be waiting for me to say something. I give in to her waiting.

"It's wonderful, thank you." I cut another bite with my fork.

She takes a deep breath and gulps down her nerves, "do you have any suggestions?"

I can hear the hesitation in her voice, but I know she is young and wanting to improve, even if it's just at making an omelet. "Your filling ratio is perfect, and It could use a bit more salt. The onion and spinach would shine a bit more with a touch more salt. I would also say make sure to core your Roma tomatoes. The acid from them is great, but they can get a bit watery if you don't core them." She nods her head at my every word. I can tell she is taking mental notes as I am talking.

“Thank you, Miss Amelie.” With that, she cleans up the kitchen, and I finish my omelet. I don’t want to go to my father’s office, but I knew I had to. He ordered me to, and I could not refuse. I walk from our family’s wing of the Packhouse to the main wing. When I reach the end of the corridor, I can smell eucalyptus again. I look around and see Gideon and his men gathered with all their bags.

“I guess they are heading out early. I wonder why?” Inari analyzed their every move.

I looked away and started for my father’s office, “it doesn’t matter. It has nothing to do with us.” I walked down the hall to the double wood doors of my father’s office. I could hear multiple people murmuring, and I was hit with some familiar scents. “Crap, Mom and Alpha Logan are here.” Inari pushed me forward. Somehow I felt she was in on something I wasn’t, which would be impossible but, I was anxious.

Before I could even knock on the door, I heard my father’s voice, “Amelie come in.”

I opened the door and sure enough, there stood my four parents. My mother Ann, the Luna of the Black Hills Pack, my stepfather Alpha Logan, my stepmother Luna Celeste, and my father Alpha John of the Ashwood Pack. Why did my parents all have to come together? It was so intimidating. I felt like I was eight years old getting in trouble for breaking a lamp. I’m a 30-year-old mated she-wolf. What the hell was going on! Before I could get a word out, my mother ran to me and started crying. She wrapped her arms around me tightly. I looked just like her except for her auburn hair and chestnut eyes, and she was also just a few inches taller than me.

“Mom, what’s wrong? Is everything OK? What’s going on?” I’m at a complete loss of why they were all together. This had only happened a few times in my life.

My mom pulls away just enough to look at me. She cups my face in her hands, “I missed you, baby girl,” and gives me another hug.

“Amelie, please have a seat. We need to have a discussion.” My father motioned me to sit. The tension was thick, and my heart was racing. I sat in the chair in front of my father’s desk.

“Amelie, you know that we all love you and support you. I know you have had your challenges due to your birth, but that doesn’t make you any less of a member of either family.” I look around the room. Everyone’s eyes were on me. For fear of saying the wrong thing to a room of powerful wolves, I nod my head and wait for my father to keep going. Before my father can get out another word, Alpha Logan interrupts.

“Amelie, your mother can feel your pain and sadness. We all can but your mother most. We know Tate is not treating you right. What’s going on.” My stepfather was not known for being delicate.

I was thrown off a bit, “how can you all still feel our family bond that strong? After receiving a Mate Mark, it should be barely a whisper.”

“I don’t know, honey, but I can feel all your sadness, loneliness, and pain. It would be best if you told us what’s going on so we can help you. You can come back here or with Logan and me.” I couldn’t believe my ears. They were trying to get me to leave my mate—the one fated to me by the moon goddess.

“I don’t know what you are feeling, but I’m fine. Nothing is wrong.” I quickly answer.

Inari chimes in my head, “I told you they know something is wrong. Let them help us.”

“NO, everything is fine.” I snap at Inari, who processed to slip in the back of my mind.

Celeste takes a deep breath, “Am, we all love you. Everyone in this room has your symbol above our hearts. Please let us help you.” I know they mean well, and they all love me, but I couldn’t take it. I stand up, and with all my might, I stand my ground.

“I know you all care about me, and I love you all, but you have no idea what it is like not to be a child of destiny. I didn’t think I would even have a mate. Now you want me to do what? Walk away? How? You can’t just leave your mate. I can’t believe this. I’m leaving today. I’ll grab my things and head home.” I was so upset. They weren’t wrong, but how could they help? No one could. I had to figure this out on my own.

“There’s a ritual. It’s dangerous and painful, but it will unbind you from Tate,” my mother quickly retorted.