

## Chapter 7 LESSON TO SUZIES FATHER

ASHER'S POV

“What took you so long?” I asked, clicking my tongue as I watched Blair jog up to me.

He fumbled to put on his jacket as he shot me an apologetic look.

“Sorry, took me a few minutes to grab my jacket,” He said.

I rolled my eyes and tilted my head to look behind him. I had expected Roy to show up as well, but he was nowhere in sight. I switched my gaze to Blair, an eyebrow raised.

“Where is Roy?”

Blair just shrugged and hopped into the passengers seat of my car. I groaned, rubbing my temples. I did not have time for tardiness, especially now when I was more than frantic to find out if Suzie had sustained any serious physical injuries from her father.

I began to pace around, but stopped when I heard the door swing open. Roy stepped out, shooting me a smirk.

“Why the hell did you take so much time?”

“I needed to wear some better clothes, chill out man,” He grinned patting me on the back before hopping into the car.

I let out a sigh, running a hand through my hair as I hopped into the car. The engine roared to life, and within a second, I was driving down the road, trying to control my speed as worry crept up inside me.

Buildings blurred past us in a haze. My thoughts were a mess, as all I could think of was Suzie. I tried to ease myself of the worry that encroached me, but the constant bickering coming from behind me was not helping.

“You’re a fucking animal, you know that right?” Roy asked, a snarl on his lips.

“What the fuck are you going on about?” Blair retorted.

Roy rolled his eyes. “You’re gonna play dumb now? You think I don’t know what you did to Suzie?”

My eyes flicked to the mirror as I watched the both of them. Blair’s face turned red as he clenched his jaw.

“And what’s it to you?”

“Like I said, you’re an animal,” Roy hissed. “You couldn’t even control yourself and I can imagine how violent you were on the poor girl.”

“That’s none of your damn business shorty, now stay out of it,” Blair growled as he looked out the window.

“You should be held accountable for how weak Suzie has become.”

Blair snapped his head to Roy, a glare in his eyes.

“You think you have the right to judge me? You? The infamous playboy? You think I don’t know that you were ruffling the sheets with Leah a few hours ago?” Blair spat.

“And I don’t see how that’s any of y-“

“Can the both of you shut the fuck up?” I roared, cutting Roy short.

The car went dead quiet and I let out a sigh of relief.

“This isn’t time for you both to be bickering non stop. We need to focus on finding out what’s wrong with our mate.”

The both of them looked grim and went back to gazing out the window. I looked back to the road and kept driving. After a few minutes, we reached an area, detached from the rest of town. I parked the car in front of a small cottage.

I stepped out of the car and so did Roy and Blair. We approached the front door and I gave it a slight knock.

“Come on in,” A voice croaked from behind the door.

I swallowed, pushing the door open. My eyes fell on a large living room. It has a small fire place and three sofas placed around it. On one of the sofas was an man, a bit on the older side, his black hair having streaks of grey on them.

Blair, Roy, and I took seats in the worn-out living room adjacent from the Osck doctor, the air thick with a sense of unease. The doctor sifgrd, his glasses sliding down his nose, as he shuffled through a pile of papers. His office, cluttered with medical paraphernalia, hinted at years of tending to the physical and emotional scars of our pack.

I couldn't shake the worry that had settled within me like a heavy stone since we brought Suzie here. The doctor finally looked up, shifting his glasses as he met my gaze. “Well, about Suzie...”

My heart raced, and I leaned forward, my voice edged with urgency. “What's the verdict, Doc? How is she?”

The doctor sighed, his expression somber. “Suzie has signs of long-term physical abuse. Her body bears the scars of injuries, and it's clear that this has taken a toll on her both mentally and physically.”

Anger surged within me, a primal rage at the thought that someone had hurt Suzie so badly. I clenched my fists, my knuckles turning white.

The doctor hesitated, as if choosing his words carefully. “It seems to be consistent with repeated physical abuse, likely inflicted by someone close. It's not uncommon for such experiences to have lasting effects on a person's well-being.”

The realization hit me like a punch to the gut. I had suspected it, but hearing it confirmed sent a surge of fury through my veins. “Her father,” I muttered through gritted teeth. “I knew it.”

Blair and Roy exchanged glances, mirroring the anger and frustration I felt. The doctor nodded solemnly. "I'll do what I can to help her heal, but it won't be easy. The scars, both inside and out, run deep."

The doctor sighed, his gaze shifting to the pile of papers before him. "I also noticed some fresh injuries on Suzie. It seems she may have been beaten recently, perhaps even yesterday."

Guilt tightened its grip around my chest like a vise. The realization that we had brought her into our pack with wounds still fresh and raw filled me with a profound sense of responsibility. I glanced at Blair, and in that

Moment, our eyes met, exchanging a silent understanding. We were culpable for the pain Suzie had endured, and it broke me.

The doctor shifted uncomfortably in his seat, his expression reflecting a mixture of empathy and professional detachment. "It's hard to say definitively, but the injuries are consistent with physical abuse. Given her past, it's likely that her father was the cause."

I clenched my jaw, as I tried to quell the anger that was rising with me. My eyes spun to My brothers, and from their expression, it was not hard to tell that they were just as angry as I was about everything.

"Thank you, Doc. We appreciate your help," I said, extending gratitude to the pack doctor for his assistance.

I rose up from the chair, Roy and Blair following suit.

"I will come by again, to get some more examinations done," The doctor said.

I gave him a slight nod, before walking to the front door.

Blair, Roy, and I left the cottage, the weight of our encounter with the doctor lingering in the air.

Turning to my brothers, I leaned against the car and Roy voiced the question that echoed in all our minds. "What are we going to do about her father?"

## MATED TO THE QUADRUPLET BULLIES: BOOK...

I smirked, a glint of excitement in my eyes. “What are we going to do? Of course, we’re going to teach him a lesson.”