



Diffusing Pack Wars

Addison

Two mornings later, I woke up late to a loud knocking on the front door. I hurry downstairs and open the door to a distraught looking Owen.

“Addi! Oh, thank the goddess! I was scared when you didn’t answer my texts this morning.” He rushes in, and I look at him sleepily.

“Sorry, I slept in. What time is it?” I stretch yawning still tired.

“Ten thirty.”

Oh damn, I never sleep that late. I was up half the night crying and then insomnia hit me, my mind replaying every moment of my relationship with Seth.

“Grams and Papa are coming over. I need to tell you something important.”

No sooner out of his mouth than I hear Grams calling out their arrival. I look up always catching how alike Owen is to his grandfather. All the males in the Simms family look the same according to what Owen told me. Dirty blonde hair, light blue eyes, barely sunkissed tan skin, and bulky Beta builds. Papa still looks like he could march into battle and take out twenty enemies easily. Owen stands maybe an inch taller than him at six three.

“Hey, honey.” He hugs me as he moves toward the kitchen. These two welcomed me into their family when I moved here two years ago. They had already treated Seth like their other grandson his whole life.

“Owen, what’s wrong, son?” He asks once we are all seated and Grams has dished up an egg and bacon quiche with fresh coffee. She sets a mun on my plate too, and I smile.

Owen takes a sip of his coffee before staring into the mug for a minute. “Seth is having a wedding ceremony for him and Aubrey in a week. He plans to mark her that night to complete your rejection. Addi, it’s going to cause you and Nessa immense pain. The whole thing... he acts like you never existed. I just don’t understand what the f**k is wrong with him.”

I sit there stunned. A wedding? Why? Wolves don’t need weddings. Some have them, but it’s more of a personal choice or if they need to interact in the human business world a lot.

Owen continues while my brain tries to process the pain this will bring. “And I am worried about you, with Aubrey ranting about how she feels threatened by your presence in the pack. She’s a crayon short of a box Addi. I think you need to leave.”

“I was planning to. Going to see if Lucas will come get me.” I mumble out still imagining Seth marrying someone else.

Owen nods. “Would be the best idea. This whole thing is... surreal. I better get back. I don’t think they like my friendship with you.” He hugs me, looking sad.

“Be careful, Owen. Don’t get hurt on my account.” I tell him softly.

“I can handle him, Addi. Don’t worry.” He reassures me before leaving.

Grams and Papa told me they would clean the kitchen so I could call my brother.

I blow out a breath as the phone rings.

“Addibug!” Lucas’s voice is content and relaxed. Guilt pricks at me for ruining his day.

“Hey, Lucas. How was the island?”

“Wonderful. Considered giving the pack to you and just staying there for the rest of my days.” He teases, and I laugh, knowing he would never. His alpha tendencies are way too intense to sit aimlessly all day.

“What? Alpha Addison has a nice ring to it.”

“Is Joelle nearby?”

“She is. Why?”

“Put me on speakerphone, so I only have to say this once.”

“Alright, done.”

“Lucas, I need to tell you something, but I need a promise you will stay there with your family and not declare a pack war.”

He growls, and I hear him mutter, “I already refuse. What is going on?”

“I need to come home when you get back. Seth and I are through. He has a new mmmm... ma... mate.” I manage to stammer out. My eyes closed as the agony of those words hit me again.

Joelle’s gasp comes through loud and clear. She says, “Seth? Seth West? The guy that dotes on you?!”

My brother’s words come out in short clipped syllables, “WHAT.THE.FUCK.DO.YOU.MEAN.HE.HAS.A.NEW.MATE?”

I hurry to tell him everything and I hear his heavy breathing like he’s trying to keep from shifting. When I end with a snie he roars and Joelle snarls. She beats my brother to it. “I am going to cut his balls off and feed them to him.”

“Get in line, sweetheart. Addi, we’ll be there tomorrow.” Lucas’s angry voice is calm. Way too calm.

“No, do not leave early. I want to wait until after the wedding. Owen and his grandmother are looking into potions and witchcraft being involved.”

“Addi, I am not going to let you stay there like this. Seth better hope I don’t see his sorry ass.”

“Lucas, please just listen. If there is a chance that he isn’t himself, I need to know. I won’t leave if you show up. Stay there and give me a week here. Grams and Papa are right next door and Owen is keeping an eye on me too. I’ll be safe. I can defend myself, you know.”

He sighs, “I’ll think about it. But he does one thing, and I will remove his head faster than he can say my name. I expect to hear even more details once we bring you home.”

“You will.” My brother knows I always hold something back. I do not want to tell him about my pregnancy over the phone though.

“I expect a phone call every day. Otherwise, march there and declare war. Or I challenge Seth for his pack.”

“Yes, Alpha Lucas.” I grumble and he huffs.

“I mean it, Addibug.” I hear the Alpha command in his voice which has no effect on me, but it underscores his seriousness. He’s not making a request.

“I know. I will call every day by dinner.” I sound like a ve-year-old agreeing with her dad.

The week drags on and still nothing from my wolf. I called Trisha and she said it didn’t surprise her. Her shock and grief have taken over her and she needs time. Alpha wolves feel everything so deeply and this betrayal would have shocked her to the core. Her being completely absent is a way to protect me. If she was present, her grief and sorrow would compound my own. I’m not sure I could bear both of our pain. My own is enough to paralyze me each day.