

Chapter 50

Jasper

I called my mom as soon as we left the cells. She confirmed me theory; Jennine was back. Hearing it out loud, I was more determined than before to catch the bitch who'd been terrorizing my family. But Jasper wasn't having it, demanding I go home and rest. I only accepted because I knew I'd need a shower after being down there in that hole. And I did feel better afterwards. And apparently more exhausted than I thought. As soon as my head hit the pillow, I was out.

I woke up to find Jasper sitting on the bed, combing his fingers through my hair and trailing along my neck.

"Hey. Did I wake you?" He asked softly.

"No."

We were silent for a while, just looking at each other. Eventually, I couldn't hold it in anymore.

"I'm scared." I whimpered.

"I am too." He settled in next to me, sitting with his back against the headboard, and pulling me into his arms. "I won't let anything happen to you. Or the babies."

"What about the pack?" I whispered. "We are not equipped to deal with multiple rogue attacks."

"I've been discussing that with King and Ashwell. The warriors your dad left here are going to start rigorous and thorough training, starting tomorrow. I'll be joining in too. I've also doubled the border patrols."

"She could just teleport herself in here, if she really wanted to." I reminded him. His arms tightened around me.

"I'll think of something." He promised. "I won't let that bitch come anywhere near you."

A knock on the door made us look up. It cracked open and Tracy's face peeked inside.

"Sorry, I know you said you didn't want to be disturbed. But there is a man here wanting to see you."

"A man?"

"He says your grandpa?"

Jasper and I looked at each other. And then we were both scrambling to get out of bed, and rushing to the door.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Outside." Tracy ran after us.

I raced down the hall, as fast as I was able to go, and into the foyer. Throwing the door open, I gaped for a second, as there indeed, stood my grandfather. He was casually looking around, dressed in blue jeans and white shirt. When he saw me, he smiled widely.

"Hey kiddo."

"Grandpa!" I hurried down the steps and practically threw myself into his arms.

"Easy there! You're carrying a precious load." He laughed.

"I'm so glad to see you!" I looked over his shoulder. "Is grandma with you?"

"No. You know how she doesn't like to travel." He replied sadly. I nodded.

"Hello Gideon." Jasper came up to us. "It's nice to see you again."

"And you. I heard you've had quite a lot of your plate since leaving."

"It's been rough at times. But we're doing alright."

"Why are you here?" I asked.

"Your Mom told me." He gave me a knowing look. "I came here as... how should I put it? Your backup?"

"Let's go inside. We can talk more openly there." Jasper suggested. I nodded, taking Grandpa's hand.

He whistled lowly as we walked up the stairs to the office. "No offense you two, but this place is pretty..."

"We know." I interrupted. "We want to build a new packhouse. But more important things came up first."

"I can help with that."

I walked into the office first, taking a seat. "How?"

"It's pretty basic magic actually." He caught my eye. "Have you been practicing?"

"No. I didn't want to without you or Aunt Clara."

"Fair enough. I was coming to visit soon anyways, for that reason. We'll start tomorrow." He walked to the wall, placing both palms against it.

"Until then, I'll work alone fixing this place up."

He whispered something under his breath, the sounds and syllables mixing together. I jumped when the room started to transform before my eyes. The dull looking walls rippled, becoming brighter and cleaner, as if a fresh coat of paint had been applied. The carpet under my feet changed from a dark blue to a lovely golden brown. Grandpa leaned away from the wall, flicking his fingers separately at three of the chairs. They flew against the wall; one lined up beside the next. Waving his hand, they appeared to melt together, resulting into a soft looking white sofa.

"Anything else?" Grandpa asked, grinning.

"I'd ask you to do something with the desk, but I already ordered a new one." Jasper laughed.

"It doesn't look like there's anything wrong with it."

"It was Warrick's. I don't need anything of his."

"Ah. In that case..." I watched as the center piece of the room started to shrink. It didn't stop until it was the size of a kitten. Jasper walked over and picked it up.

"You can just toss it. I promise it won't unshrink."

"Thanks." Jasper tossed it in the trash can near the door.

I sank onto the sofa. It was as comfortable as it looked. "You're doing this for our room next." I said cheekily.

"I can do the whole house if you want."

"I'm holding you to that."

"Now," He crossed his arms, "Tell me what's been happening."

We told him everything, from the time we left Blood Moon. I let Jasper do most of the talking, only filling in the gaps when needed. I was seriously happy to see my grandpa. It was an extra hand in this fight, a hand we needed. Being a Dark witch, Jennine wasn't bound by the same rules as regular witches. Grandpas' knowledge and skill was in short supply around here, and undoubtedly useful.

"I think I can help at the border. I can make it so nobody can cross without being invited in." He told Jasper.

His shoulders sagged in relief. "You have no idea how much that would help."

"Do they know?" He looked at me. "About you?"

I shifted in my seat. "We're going to tell them." I evaded the question.

"So, that's a no. When are you telling them?"

"Soon..."

"Violet." He came to kneel in front of me. "You cannot keep this from the pack. You've done so much good here, but if they find out you've been lying to them? All that good won't matter much anymore. You'll just be another Luna who kept stuff from them."

"This is pretty complicated Gideon." Jasper spoke up. "How do we just announce that?"

"Simple. You just announce it." Grandpa looked at him. "It's going to come out sometime. And it should come from you two."

"He's right." I sighed. "We both know I can't keep my magic bottled up inside; I'll have to use it at some point. I'd rather not try to explain to the pack after another incident like the stairs."

"I think the sooner the better." He patted my knee.

I groaned. "Fine! Jasper, call a meeting. We'll gather everyone in the Hall."

"When for?"

"Tonight."

He raised a brow at me. "You sure?"

"Yeah." I looked between them. "You'll help me, right?"

"Of course."

"Always."

I smiled at them, even though my stomach was churning in knots. Telling the pack, I was a Hybrid was very low on my priority list. I'd been putting it off for a while, too long. But if I was being honest, the chest in my mind had been rattling more frequently, and I was restless at times. Often lately,

I thought about going out to the woods and unlocking it. But I was scared of what I could do, scared that I wouldn't be able to control it. My magic should be a bigger part of my life, but I was keeping it locked away, trying to forget about it. Pretty much doing exactly what Grandpa and Aunt Clara had told me not to do.

However, now that Jennine was back, I felt a new fondness for what I was. If I could learn anything, it might just help us win against her, bring her down. For good this time.

"Done." Jasper sat next to me. "I'm not worried, really. Except for Warrick's old pals."

"We'll deal with it. I'm more worried about Jennine."

"We should head to the border." Grandpa said. "I want to get that shield up as soon as possible."

"Good idea."

"What about me?"

"I don't mean to sound.... controlling..." Jasper trailed off, looking uncomfortable.

"You want me to stay here?" I guessed.

"Yeah. Just until your grandpa puts up that shield." His eyes pleaded with me to not be angry.

"Alright. I'm getting hungry anyway." I stood and stretched.

And someone stretched back.

"Ah!" I gasped. My hands flew to my stomach.

"What?! What's wrong?!" Jasper was on his knees in an instant, his hands fluttering around my torso anxiously.

Gently, I guided his hands to my stomach, breathing deeply. Waiting.

"They moved. I swear they did." I grumbled.

Without answering, Jasper rolled my shirt up. Sparks flickered when he laid his hands back down, and just like a before, I felt a nudge from inside. And then another. And another! Jasper looked up at me, his eyes lit up with wonder and love.

"Hello boys." He said softly. "You're quite energetic, huh?" He kissed my skin softly.

"May I?" Grandpa stood in front of me, his hand outstretched. I nodded. The grin on his face as he felt what we felt made him look younger than he was, totally carefree. "Amazing."

Jasper stood. "I'd love to do this all day, but we should get going. I'm glad I was around for the first time they kicked though." He tilted my chin, kissing me deeply. "I love you. All three of you."

"We love you too."

He kissed me again and then they were gone. I sat on the couch for a little while longer, just enjoying the feeling of my babies nudging and rolling around, until my stomach grumbled. Shuffling to my feet, I began to make my way to the kitchen. Halfway there, I ran into Tracy.

"Hello Luna!" She greeted me.

"Hey Tracy."

"Can I help you get anywhere?"

"Thanks, but I'm still able to walk on my own for now." I laughed. Regardless, she skipped along beside me.

"For now. I remember when my Mama had twins. She could barely move by the end."

"You're a twin?" I asked curiously as we took a corner.

"Oh, no, not me. My brothers. They're three years younger than me."

I smiled. "I'm having boys too."

"Really?! Awesome! Have you decided on names yet?"

"I've come up with some, but I wanted to run it by Jasper." I shrugged.

She skipped ahead, holding the kitchen door open for me. I thanked her, looking around and trying to decide what I wanted. Of course, I already knew.

"Is there-"

"In the fridge, top shelf." Tracy smirked. "I made some fresh yesterday for you." She pulled down a container full of chicken.

I blinked at her. "Thank you, Tracy."

"No problem! I'm always happy to help."

She began humming to herself as she flitted around the kitchen, almost dancing. I rested against the wall, watching her work. Tracy really was the happiest person I'd ever met; Nothing seemed to bother her. Her attitude was so different from everyone else's at Silver Moon. There were nice people, yeah, but even they had their fair share of problems.

"So, Tracy." I interrupted her humming. "Have you always been at Silver Moon?"

"Oh, yeah. Born and raised."

"Did you work in the packhouse before?"

She glanced up, smiling softly. "I can see where you're going with this. Yes, I worked for the old Alpha and Luna. Lucky for me, I was assigned to look after the Luna."

"You count that as luck?"

"I was in charge of her day to day; Making her breakfast, making the bed, doing her laundry, etc. Which meant I hardly ever saw the Alpha. Sure, Anne was a bitch, but I think I got the lesser of two evils, you know?"

It was the first time I'd heard her ever insult someone. And even as she did so, she did it with a smile. Her words and attitude were so different, it made me laugh.

"I'm not sure about that, but I'm glad you weren't around him much."

"Actually, none of us were, a whole lot, except Stacy. The only times we were gathered together was at one his parties, or pack events." She must have caught my look, because she continued. "Stacy was the Alphas maid. Everything I did for Anne; she did for him."

I thought maybe she did a little more for the Alpha as well, but I didn't vocalize my thoughts.

"Do you miss your old job?" I inquired.

Tracy shrugged. "I guess. The pay helped my family a lot, but we don't need to worry about that now. Most of us are just grateful you let us remain in the packhouse."

She danced over to me, holding out a plate with a delicious looking chicken salad and macaroni on the side. I thanked her, my mind forming an idea.

Around a big bite of sandwich, which was as good as it looked, I asked, "How would you like your old job back?"

She froze in place, regarding me with bright eyes. "What?"

I swallowed. "Why don't you work for me? If you want. I can pay you the same as Anne did, but I'd actually think you deserve a raise just for tolerating her that long." I giggled.

"A-are you serious? You would let me work for you?"

"I don't see why not. You already have the knowledge of the job. Who better than you?"

Suddenly, her arms were around me in a tight hug. I moved the plate of food barely in the nick of time.

"Thank you! Thank you!" She cried. Then she gasped, pulling away.

"Does this mean I'm the official nanny too?!"

"Of course! I can't think of anyone else I'd want." I grinned.

She leaned down, pointing a finger at my stomach. "You hear that you two? I'm going to help your Mama look after you! I'm so excited to meet you both!"

The twins kicked in my stomach, further cementing the theory that Tracy was a good, if not the best, choice for this job.