

Chapter 57

Jasper

"How do you feel?"

Vie and I were in the elevator, both of us completely drained from what had happened in the woods. Ehno was in the back of my mind, communicating with Hala. His ego had grown ten times in the frame of an hour. I had a feeling he was going to become insufferable to have inside my head for the foreseeable future.

"I'm exhausted. But I don't feel much different. You?" She replied.

"Same. I wonder what it means. Ehno said our bond is different from others."

She yawned. "Is there anything that isn't different about us?"

"I'm starting to think not."

She giggled as we stepped off the elevator. Her smile slipped when she looked at the door; I followed her gaze to find a folded piece of paper taped to the door.

"Not again." She groaned, ripping it from the wood. Unfolding it, her eyes scanned the page.

"What is it?" I asked curiously.

Wordlessly, she shoved the note at me, throwing open the door and stomping inside. Holding the note up I read:

You're not good enough. Feak. Monster. Failure. You'll be the downfall of Silver Moon. Do us all a favor and go back to own pack. FREAK!

I frowned deeply. Inhaling, I caught a few different scents around our door. One I recognized as Emma, a maid who worked here before Warrick got rid of her. I'd recently given her old job back. Besides hers, there was mine and Violets, a fading sense of Gideons, and an overly sweet scent of strawberries and....coconut? But there was something else in that mix that put me off, making me wrinkle my nose. It was much too sweet, and had a hint of chemicals. Perfume, probably.

"Vie, do you know who put this here?" I asked her as I shut the door behind me. She was sitting on our bed, arms crossed.

"No."

"Why did you say 'not again'? How many of these have there been?"

"Only one."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I've been a little distracted Jasper." She took a breath. "And it doesn't matter anyway. I don't know who's writing them, and I don't care. I've got bigger things to worry about than someone writing petty, immature notes to me."

Her tone was dismissive, but I could tell this was really bothering her. Her jaw was clenched, her shoulders tensed. Her fists were clenched under her arms. Sitting next to her, I pulled her in for a side hug.

"You should have told me. I can find who wrote this, make them stop."

"I said it doesn't matter."

"It does." I tilted her chin, forcing her to look at me. "Someone is harassing you, making you feel unwanted. That's not okay, Violet. I wouldn't stand for it even if it weren't directed at you."

"Two notes doesn't exactly qualify 'harassment'." She argued.

I sighed. "Why are you always so stubborn?"

Her lip twitched in the hint of a smirk. "Afraid I'll pass that trait on?" She glanced at her belly.

"Goddess, I hope not."

We laughed together, the mood lightening a degree.

"I'm going to look into this." I held up the note. "Just because we're on the verge of a potential war, doesn't mean I ignore the little problems."

"Alright. If it'll make you feel better." She pulled away, but she looked relieved. The girl was too proud sometimes.

Getting up, I turned off the lights. Vie was already under the covers, lying on her side with her arm hanging over her stomach. I got in next to her, placing my hand on her bump, grinning when I felt tiny kicks on my palm. I scooted down the mattress, resting my forehead against her skin. Then I began to sing softly.

"Beddy-bye, butterfly, tuck into your flower,

Dream butterfly dreams, 'till the morning hour.

Beddy-bye, baby bear, lay down in your den,

Until the sun rises, and it's morning again.

Beddy-bye, bunny rabbit, close your eyes and dream,

Of all the games tomorrow, we will play by the stream.

Beddy-Bye little squirrel, curl up in your nest,

You've gathered acorns all day long and now it's time to rest.

Beddy-bye slithery snake, curl up nice and tight,

We'll meet again tomorrow in the early morning light.

Beddy-bye, tiny turtle, rest inside your shell,

Slowly you will fall asleep, we hope that you sleep well.

Beddy-Bye, friendly frog, let's not a make sound,
In the morning you will rabbit, and hop all around.
Beddy-Bye, little bird, though the night seems long,
Soon it will be morning and we'll wake to your song."

"That's so sweet." Violet whispered. "What is the song called?"

"I don't know." I admitted. "My Mom, my biological Mom, used to sing it to me at night."

"I love it. Will you sing it again?"

I repeated the song. And then again. I sang until Violet was sleeping deeply, the twins no longer kicking under my hand. I remained where I was, content to fall asleep near our babies.

When I woke up, it was with a start. Someone was knocking loudly at the door. The clock above the fireplace read six forty-five. Rubbing a hand over my face, I rolled out of bed, glancing at my mate. She hadn't moved an inch all night. Dragging my feet, I opened the door to an anxious-looking Ashwell.

"Is there a reason you're banging on my door this early?" I groused at him.

"A very good one." he spoke quickly. "You need to get downstairs. And you should wake Violet too."

I was instantly more awake. "What happened?"

I left the door open, gesturing for him to come in. Leaning over the bed, I shook Vie's shoulder. Her eyes peeked open, her expression annoyed.

"What!" She whined.

"Ashwell is here. Somethings happened." I explained. She sat up, finding him standing a few feet from the bed.

"What's going on?"

He spoke to Violet. "Your brother is here."

"Garrett?"

"He's waiting outside of the border. He's demanding to be let into the pack. And he's angry, very angry."

Violet threw the covers off, swinging her legs over the edge of the bed. I was in the closet, throwing on fresh clothes, and tossed her a light jacket and a pair of running shoes. Slipping on a pair of my own, the three of us left the room, getting into the elevator.

"Did he say why he's here?" I asked Ashwell.

"Not in so many words."

"What did he say?" Violet demanded.

"He said, and I quote, 'Get that motherfucker out here. Today is the day he dies.'" His face was filled with questions. And I'm positive mine was too. I shared a look with my mate.

"He couldn't possibly remember." She said slowly.

"Mind catching me up?" Ashwell nudged me as the doors opened. I quickly told him a summarized version of the history between Garrett and I and Sophia. I explained about Gideon erasing their memories before we came to Silver Moon as well. He whistled lowly when I finished.

"Damn. Sounds like it might have been the best option."

"I can't think of any other reason he would come here looking for a fight." I sighed.

"Well, you did do the deed with his girlfriend."

"Shut up, Ashwell."

"I'm just saying, I'd want to mess up your face too. Even more, considering she turned out to be his mate."

"Ashwell." I gave him a look, which he studiously ignored.

"Did anybody think to get my grandpa?" Violet stepped between us, rolling her eyes.

"I did."

We turned around, seeing King and Gideon hurrying up to us. Violet sighed in relief.

"I thought he should be made aware, since it's family." King explained.

"Good thing you did." Gideon said. "Let's go see what this is about."

My Gamma led us through the pack, past the rural areas and into the woods. We took the path through, walking about twenty minutes. I could start to make voices ahead; One of them was much louder than the rest, and far more agitated. Coming to the break on the trees, we came upon a group of six warriors. Three of them were attempting to talk to Garrett on the other side. The others stood back, eyeing him warily.

"Garrett." Gideon called his name, getting his attention. His eyes scanned his grandfather, then moved onto King. Then Ashwell. Then Violet, and finally, rested on me. An unnerving grin spread across his face.

"Well, well. You actually came. I thought you'd send more goons to get rid of me." Garrett said.

"They have orders not to cross the border." I replied.

"And why can't I get in?" He growled.

"I placed a protective shield around the pack." Gideon told him. "Garrett, what are you doing here?"

"Didn't the dumbass there tell you?" He jerked his chin towards Ashwell. "I'm here for Jasper."

"Why?" Violet stepped forward. "What did Jasper do?"

"Like you don't know!" He yelled at her.

"Garrett." Gideon walked to the edge of the border, the warriors backing off. "What do you think he did?" His tone said he knew the answer, just waiting for Garrett to confirm it aloud.

"He slept with Sophia!" He snarled. "But that's not the only reason I'm here."

"Garrett, listen-"

"Shut the fuck up Violet! You're no better than your mate! I know what you did. I know what all of you did!"

"What did we do?" Gideon's calm exterior seemed to only fuel the anger coming from his grandson. He stepped as close as he could, raising his fist, and slamming it forward. It stopped mere inches from Gideon's chest, hitting the invisible wall that separated them.

"You erased my memory." He pointed a finger at Gideon. "And you," He pointed at Violet, "Knew about it, and covered for him! Even Mom and Dad knew!"

"That's not true!" Violet cried. "You agreed to it! You're the one who went to Grandpa's house."

"Liar!"

She threw her hands up, turning away from him.

"And there she goes, acting like a bitch again." Garrett clapped his hands in mock applause. "It's something you're really good at Violet."

"Garrett, you're acting like an idiot." I snapped at him. His eyes turned on me, hate filling them.

"Your words don't mean shit to me." He spat on the ground. "You turned my sister, my twin, against me. You had her cover for you like the pussy you are, trying to cover up what you did."

"If you really remembered what happened, you would know that's not true." I said.

"When did you get your memory back?" Gideon asked him.

"Last night." He stepped back, scoffing. "You seem irritated Grandpa. Worried about why your magic wore off? Maybe you've lost your touch. Or maybe you've always been shit at it."

"What about Sophia?" Gideon continued, ignoring the jibes.

"Oh yeah, she got her memory back. Begged and begged for me to forgive her, like she wasn't a lying slut."

Violet swung around. "What did you do?"

"What do you think?! I rejected the bitch!"

My gasp echoed Vie's. Gideon stared at his grandson as if he hadn't heard him correctly.

"You...You rejected her? How could you do that!" Violet screamed.

"Easy. I said the words, and then kicked her ass to the curb." Garrett laughed, the sound sending a shiver down my spine. "At least she was smart enough to accept the rejection. Now I can focus on you." He looked at me. "You turned my whole family against me. You convinced them to erase my memory, make me pretend to love that whore. All because it was easier for you not to accept the consequences of your actions."

"Garrett, Sophia loves you." I tried to reason with him.

"Yeah?" He shot back. "Did she love me when she was filled with your dick?! Did she love me when she was moaning your name while you fucked her?!"

I paused, my head cocking to the side. I replayed the memory of my encounter with Sophia that night.

"That never happened." I told him. "She never said my name."

Gideon looked at me sharply. I nodded at him, letting him know I was sure of what I was saying. Garrett, on the other hand, went red in the face.

"Fucking liar, I saw you two! I heard you two!"

"Really? What exactly did you see?" I smirked at him. Violet grabbed my arm.

"What the fuck Jasper?! Don't fucking egg him on!" She hissed at me.

"Relax." I whispered low, for her ears only.

"Don't fucking tell me to relax!"

I moved away from her, feeling shitty about stressing her out. But if Gideon and I were thinking the same thing, I had to know. I stepped to the border, leaning in. My expression was smug, cocky.

"Come on Garrett. What did you see me doing with Sophia? It must be eating at you." I chuckled.

Garrett's face was now a light shade of purple, a vein in his forehead throbbing.

"You know what I think? I think you just didn't want to be with her anymore. I think you made this whole thing up as an excuse to reject her. Because I know I would remember a night with Sophia." I made my face thoughtful. "Yeah, I definitely would. With those legs... and that ass..."

"You son of a bitch!" He ran at me. His fists pounded against the shield over and over and over again. "I saw her on top of you! I saw her enjoying it! I heard her saying your name instead of mine!" He clawed at the wall, desperate to get through to me. "How dare you talk like that in front of

my sister! You're a piece of shit, I'll kill you! I'll rip your fucking throat out!"

"I'd let you." I said. Garrett's attack paused. "If any of that had actually happened. You're being played Garrett. Someone tampered with your memory."

I heard a sigh of relief behind me, making a mental note to apologize to Vie afterwards.

His laugh echoed. "Oh, that's rich! But I'm done playing your games Jasper. I'm done talking. Let's say you come to my side, and we'll see who walks away?"

"I don't think so. But you're invited into my pack."

He grinned, stepping over the line. I turned away, hearing his body drop.

"Bring him back with us. I want him confined until I get ahold of Dimitri." I told King. Wrapping an arm around my mate, I led her back to the path in the woods.