

Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 12

Chapter 12

Amelie

Now it was a waiting game. I could see the sun had come up, and I knew he would be coming soon to check on me. I analyze the room, trying to decide what the best angle to ambush him would be. I decided it would be best to move the dresser next to the doorway and stand on top. I swing my "sleeve Maces," yep, I figured out a weapon name, down using gravity to give me more force. I push the dresser over and wait. I had never felt bloodlust before and wondered if this is what it felt like. I was not even nervous or scared. I was ragging with hate. I wanted to see him bleed!

I hear footsteps. I can tell they are lighter than Tate's. It's Karen. The monster creator herself. She is entirely complacent in this whole thing. Even without my wolf's strength, I can take this old bitch out. I push my back up against the wall, still standing on the dresser. Karen opens the door and looks around the small one-room loft for me. She has a bowl of oatmeal on a tray. She takes a few steps in and turns around. Before she can say a single word, I strike.

I swing my sleeve mace across her face. The broken shards of glass and stoneware rip into her flesh. The tray of oatmeal goes flying and crashing to the floor along with Karen. She hits the ground with a thud; her head bounces as it hits the hard floor. Her face ripped and torn from my attack. I search her for the key to the silver cuff on my ankle. I need to contact Alpha Mason, but I can't do that with the silver cuff binding me and blocking my ability to mind link. I search her, but I don't find anything.

"Damn it. Well, I guess I have to go the Plan B." I mumble to myself. I have committed too much at this point; I was leaving today. I would fight to the death for my freedom. I was no one's propriety, and I certainly wasn't anyone's prisoner. I pull one of the two large pieces of broken plates I had hidden behind my back out. They were plan B and Plan C, my plate knives. I stand above Karen. I can tell she's still breathing. I contemplated if I should slit her throat for all she has done. I step back and take another look at the damage my makeshift weapon has caused. I think no, let her live with the scars the rest of her life. I step over her. I close and lock the loft door.

I look over the railing to see if Tate is anywhere in sight. I don't see him, and with Inari sealed, I can't smell him either. I ready my plate knife and slowly make my way down the stairs. When I reach the bottom, I stop to look around. To my left is my open workshop. To my right is the swinging half door that leads to the showroom. I turn to my left. I see the backdoor, and I make a break for it. I only take a few steps before I'm tackled to the ground by Tate.

I fight him off best I can. I slash at him with my plate knife, Plan B, and I can see his canines starting to emerge. He's going to go for my throat. I shift my body the best I can

and knee him right in the balls, dropping him to his knees. "You bitch!" he screams, his fangs still elongated. I stumble and grab a blowtorch from my workbench.

"Tate, if you think you can get away with this, think again. My father and stepfather will hunt you down. You need to let me go." I light the torch waiting for the next attack. Tate has recovered at this point and is on his feet. We start circling each other.

"I told you! You are mine, and you don't get to leave me. I am your mate, and you will obey me." With that, he lunges at me. I hold on to the torch with all that I have. I smell burning flesh. I got the right side of his face. He screams in pain, but he's knocked the torch from my hands and has me pinned to the wall. I can feel his hand tighten around my neck. I show no fear and stare right back at him. I'm slowly reaching behind my back to my second plate knife I have hidden, Plan C.

He stops for a second, "where's Mother?" slight panic breaks his fierce stare.

I smile, "I left that bitch bleeding upstairs." With that, I dig the plate knife into his clavicle. He drips me, his grey t-shirt quickly filling with blood. I can see he's about to pounce at me again when the backdoor is ripped from its hinges.

"TATE! I ORDER YOU TO STAND DOWN NOW!" Alpha Mason yells with a roar using his entire Alpha aura. I have been saved.

I drop my head and give him a slight chuckle, "Took you long enough." I can tell Alpha Mason is in no mood for my jokes. He steps toward me. He sees the silver cuff and turns and growls at Tate. It is illegal to own this. Silver binding are only allowed to be used by Alphas and the Druit Guard. Alpha Mason twists and breaks the lock. The cuff falls to the floor.

Alpha Mason mind links me as soon as it's off. "Head to the Packhouse. I'm sorry I couldn't stop what happened. Please forgive me for what I'm about to do, but you will understand soon enough." I look at him, confused. I didn't need a cryptic message; I need out of here.

Mason stands, and his eyes shift to pitch-black he again uses his Alpha aura. "I Alpha Mason Lungren, strip Amelie Ashwood of her Pack status in the Timber Wolf Pack. I take this property as the pack rejection price." Alpha Mason cuts his palm and touches my bloody shoulder. I feel my pack mark burn. I hiss, I can't take any more pain. This pain hurts my soul and my wolf.

"What the hell," I scream! Alpha Mason again grabs my arm, looks me straight in the eye, and says one word.

"GO!" With that, I turn to leave. I look back at Tate on the floor, gripped in fear.

"Well, at least this was worth it. He'll live with that burn scar for life now." I run to the Packhouse as fast as I can. It's early afternoon now, and the sun is starting to make me feel dizzy, well, that and the blood loss from my many lacerations. I don't even know where I'm bleeding from. I also haven't eaten in I don't even know how many days. My adrenaline has slowed. I can feel everything again. The pain of my ripped flesh is agonizing.

As I get closer to the Packhouse, I can smell them, Hope and James. Earlier today, I didn't think I would ever see them again. They can smell me too. They see me coming up the street. Hope waves. I'm at my limit. The loss of blood is too much. Inari has been silent the whole trying to focus her energy on healing our wounds. I can't go any further. I drop to my knees, and tears roll down my face, and I pass out in the middle of the road.

I wake up, and I am still on guard. I gasp look around as I breathe heavily. I look up and see Hope my head is in her lap, and James is driving. I'm in an SUV with my siblings. Hope see my eyes are open, "Am, stay still. We are heading home. We have you now. You are going to be OK." She strokes my head. My heart rate calms, and I fall back to sleep.