

## Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 31

### Chapter 31

Amelie

“Come in, kiddo!” I didn’t even have a chance to knock. Dad knew I was at the door. I open the door and see him and Celeste sitting on one of the sofas with books and scrolls on the coffee table in front of them.

“Have a seat. We have lots to go over.” Dad gestures me to set in the sofa across for him and Celeste.

This seems more serious than what I thought, “Are we going to need the bourbon again?”

Dad laughs, “It is serious but not in the same way. Come on, sit.”

“OK, what’s with all the books and scrolls?” I take a seat on the sofa.

Dad unrolls one of the scrolls. I look at it, and I see some names I recognize. Then I see mine, and I have two lines coming from my name, one going to Tate with an X throw his name and one going to Gideon. It’s a family tree—a really old one. “As you can see, it’s our family tree. I want you to look carefully at all the daughters in the Alpha direct line.” I look closer a few generations before dad.

“They were all mated with Alpha’s, and is it also a recording of the mate symbol and family symbols?” I’m fascinated!

“You are exactly right! Look, all mates of the Ashwood family always have a tree symbol. Phillip has a Pecan tree, and Celeste has a cherry blossom, Gideon a eucalyptus tree. All our family symbols are of trees as well. I always thought it was odd that Tate did not get a tree, but more than that, you both just had stars. Amelie, I think you were meant to go through what you did with Tate. I think Gideon was always your true mate.” The room is quiet.

“OK. Let’s stop for a second!” I was curious and pissed at the same time. “Why didn’t you stop me when I met Tate? Also, why am I only hearing about all of this and see this family tree now!” I cross my arms and wait for an answer.

“Am, we didn’t know Tate wasn’t your forever mate until it was too late. Part of our negotiations with the Timber Wolf pack would have you and Tate join the Ashwood pack. This way, we could be in a better position to help you, but before we could, he went off the deep end.” Dad pinches the bridge of his nose and takes a deep breath. “Am, I never wanted you to go through any of what you did. I never wanted you to perform that damn ritual and almost die! I don’t know why the goddess has made you

experience so much pain and heartache.” Celeste is silently crying and rubbing dad’s back. He is fighting back his tears. “It’s been the hardest thing to watch as a parent. I am so grateful that she brought you and Gideon together.” He looks up, takes another deep breath, and clams himself. “I never showed you any of this because I didn’t want you to be disappointed. It’s our true family history, all these books, and scrolls. At the time, you were the only Alpha’s daughter, not an Alpha’s mate. It honestly did not make sense, you and Tate, but I couldn’t defy the moon goddess. For the safety of our pack and you, I couldn’t tell you about any of this. Since Gideon is your mate now, this will be important for you to know and for him.”

“Dad, what do you mean by our “True Family History”?” I air quoted.

“Amelie, honey, this is going to be a lot and might be hard to believe. It was for me the first time I heard it. Honestly, I was terrified to be mated into this family after I heard it, but if anyone can handle the truth, it’s you.” Celeste reaches over and takes my hand.

“Are you sure we don’t need the bourbon?” Dad shoots me a look. “Sorry. Please continue.” I sit and listen.

“We are direct descendants from the first werewolves. Our pack symbol is an ash tree. The ash tree is also the symbol of life. So, in other words, our family tree is the Tree of Life for werewolves. We have the purest bloodline. I know you read the book on marks and bonds, so you know about how a pack splits.” I nod my head. I’m in complete disbelief at the moment. “Our mother pack has only split once, and that one split was when the youngest of twins migrated to America. You might recognize his name Raphael Bois de Frene.”

“Oh yes, he wrote the book on marks and bonds!” I was wide-eyed and hanging on to every word my father said.

“Bois de Frene is French for Ashwood. It was changed to hide our lineage in the US. As you know, we are not the only supernatural beings in this world, but we blend in with humans the easiest since we don’t feed off them, and besides being generally more attractive and larger, we can blend in. The elves of the old country are remarkably close to werewolves and live together, especially the Bois de Frene pack. Elves live an exceptionally long time and have divine connections. They knew the pack would split and even told Raphael to go to the US.”

“Dad, are we... part elf?” I lean in, waiting for an answer.

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Amelie

“Dad, are we... part elf?” I lean in, waiting for an answer.

Dad laughs, “No, we are as pure werewolf as you can get. Raphael was sent to America by the moon goddess through the prophecy of the elves. He was also instructed to help the native packs and to settle our pack where we are now. The moon goddess herself directly controls our bloodline. Look again at all the Alpha’s daughters before you. Do you see anything else?” He pushes the scroll closer to me. I look at every ancestor analyzing.

“One thing I see is there is never more than three children from the Alpha. All the daughters became Lunas. Oh! I recognize the pack names! These are the strongest packs in those states! Wait, Hope? She’s in Texas. The Golf Cost Pack is the strongest there?” I was worried about my little sister. I did not want her to be a target.

“They have been on the decline since the Alpha lost his Luna and rejected his second chance mate. He has a son, but I’m afraid since he is not from a fated mate, the moon goddess as an heir will reject him. Hope’s new pack will take over by then, and her son, a descendant of Bois de Frene will rule. She is the first Ashwood daughter to go to Texas. Only those related to our bloodline would realize a shift will happen there soon, and they would support that shift.” Dad stands up and looks at a picture on his desk. It was a picture of the three of us kids 15 years ago. I can tell he is proud of his youngest daughter and misses her.

“OK, then what about me? I’m still in the area. I don’t want my child to be in conflict with my birth pack?” I’m worried about the child I haven’t conceived yet.

“As you know, the Druit Guard are not a normal pack. They are more like the werewolf police force than a normal pack. They technically are the largest pack in the US. Gideon has satellite packs in every state. His Delta Force runs them. A group of Delta wolves that report directly to him. Any wolf can apply to join the Druit Guard no matter what pack they are born in. They have to interview and try out. All training is done at the main pack. Gideon is essential to the safety and security of all werewolves, and so is his heir. I am worried you could be a target.”

“Wait! I didn’t know that. Why didn’t I know that? Why target me?” I was getting way too much information in one sitting. My head was spinning.

“There is a lot that most werewolves don’t know, and it’s for safety. Gideon does have a heavy burden, but the Elder Council and the Alpha Council help with that burden as well. An Ashwood always sits at the head of the Alpha Council, as we are directly linked to the moon goddess. An Alois is always the vice-head. In other words, our families are the leader of all packs in the US. You will be the mother to the next heir of the Alois family and Druit Guard Alpha, plus you are an Ashwood. Selene has decided it. I can only think that all you have been through was preparing you to take on this heavy responsibility of being mated to such an important Alpha and raising the heir. You could

be seen as a threat to any greedy Alpha trying grasp at power.” Dad sits down again and gives me a minute to fully absorb my actual future.

“I think I’m going to throw up.” I breathe deeply in and out, trying to calm myself. This was a heavy burden I didn’t even realize I was born into and now mated to! Did Hope and James know?

“You said you told Hope?” I do not want to be the one to tell her.

“Yes, we did. It’s up to each of you to tell your mates. I know she has told Phillip. He and I have talked. It would be best if you tell Gideon sooner rather than later so he and I can talk. I have not gone over this burden with James. It will be part of his heir teaching, but it will need to wait till he is more mature to understand his full responsibility.” Dad was profoundly serious.

“Dad. Odd question. Do we have like, superpowers or something?” I think it’s a valid question. He’s already thrown me a few curve balls might as well find out.

He chuckles, “No, we don’t have superpowers. I mean, we are already werewolves. We are a sacred bloodline, so we tend to be more talented than others. Look at yourself; for example, you are an artist, a horticulturist, and a damn good cook. In general, our family is problem solvers, doers. We make things happen. We have the strength of mind and strength of heart. We are resilient in the face of hardship.”

I was looking back on my childhood a lot of things made sense. The reason I was never hidden or treated as a child of desire. Selene did not make mistakes with the Ashwood bloodline. It was a sacred bloodline. She needed me to be mentally stronger, adaptable but also accepting. I just didn’t know why. What was coming? Why did the moon goddess decide to bring the Ashwood bloodline and Alois bloodline together? Dad was giving me so much at once.

“OK, is there anything else I should know about Gideon and his family?” I honestly didn’t know if I could take any more reveals, but I had to ask.

“Not that I am aware of. I do know the Alois bloodline is also incredibly old, but it’s not as pure as our own. So if there are any secrets, he will have to tell you I do not know.” He leans back on the sofa, relaxing a bit.

It’s so much to process. “What about our wolf spirit? What does this sacred bloodline mean for them?” I was hoping to get some insight on if we could fix Inari’s ability to shift.

“That’s a great question. As you know, all wolf spirits are reincarnated but do not retain their memories but instead are blessed to live life anew. Our wolves are no exception to this rule, but our wolves are hand-selected by the moon goddess. They are her personal companions when in the spirit realm, so they have a divine connection. I know what you

are thinking. You want to unseal Inari. You might be able to. How did she feel after the mate bond was established?" Dad is leaning forward on the sofa now.

"She felt stronger to me, but she said she didn't notice anything. What do you think that means?" I am eager to get his interpretation of what I felt.

"I am hopeful. If any pair can break the odds, it's you two. I believe you have a divine link yourself, Am. Your family mark is a purple azalea or queen's wreath symbolizing healing and opening and receptivity of divine influence. I don't know what it will take, but I will give you all the resources I have." Dad was hopeful, and it made me think we could beat the odds.

I sat back. So much was going through my head. I knew I had to tell Gideon today. It was all so fresh in my mind, and we were now in this together. He mentioned before that he could feel a strong pull toward me for a while and that he would dream about me. He deserved to know that the moon goddess was taking over his life. She must have a reason we could see yet. I also wanted him to know I would stand with him from now on and help shoulder the extreme burden he carried every day.

"Dad, what is James' training schedule after lunch?" I could not wait till tonight.

Dad sighed, "I'll take over his afternoon schedule. Do what you have to do."

I got up. I still needed to help Becky with lunch, "Celeste, can you have someone else help Becky with dinner. I think Gideon and I will need some time alone tonight. Also, please let her stay with Benjamin." I wanted to give them time together before heading to the Druid Guard.

Celeste smiles, "She has already brought her belongs this afternoon. I'm going to miss her. She so cute."

"Thank you. OK, I'm off. I'll let you know how it goes. I'm going to talk to him about everything right after lunch." I stand up and go for the door. I stop and turn around.

"It's odd all my life I have always said why me and fought to be normal and stay in the background only to be thrown in the fire. So many things make sense now, yet I still have a million questions. Thank you both for always believing in me." I leave the room and head to the family wing kitchen.

When I get there, Becky is starting prep. I am honestly a little out of it but act as naturally as possible. We finish prep and get lunch ready. I was barely there; I was going over everything dad said and what that meant for Gideon and me. Our future children, his current children. How was he going to react? Would he be upset thinking I hid it from him? Would he be mad at the moon goddess? Would he be angry at all? Would he be happy? Or just simply accept it and shrug it off? I didn't know him well

enough yet know. I did know he and my father had heavy burdens, and their descendent would bear that same ancestral burden as well.

Before I realized the guys were back from training, and Dad and Celeste came in. Everyone scattered around the table and counter seating. We served them all pretty quickly. I sat next to Gideon at the counter. I think he likes to watch me cook. I want him watching me cook, actually.

“Hey, after lunch, we need to talk. Dad said he would take over James’ afternoon schedule.” It had to be now.

Gideon looked at me confused, “Is everything alright?”

“Everything is fine. I just really need to talk to you. I got some information from my dad that you need to hear. It’s important.” I looked him straight in the eye. I needed him to know I was serious.

“OK. I’ll let the men know.” I could tell his mind linked his men not wanting to make a scene. We finish eating.

Gideon had Benjamin stay back and help Becky clean up so we could go and talk. As we head up to my room, I take his hand. I know he thinks something is wrong. I want him to feel that I am here. We are going to be fine together.

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Chapter 33

Gideon

We step into the bedroom. “Amelie, what’s going on?”

She’s pacing and biting her thumb, “I think you might want to sit down.”

I sit on the bed, “So are you going to tell me what’s going on or chew your thumb off?”

She turns and gives me her one-eyebrow raise, “I just learned some critical information today. Dad said, if you have any questions, I can’t answer, he will. He expects you will want to talk to him tomorrow.” She’s talking so fast, and her pacing quickens. I stand up and grab her shoulder to stop her and make her look at me.

“Amelie, tell me what the hell is going on!” She looks at me wide-eyed.

She blurts out, “the moon goddess is messing with your bloodline!”

“Please make sense. You sound crazy right now.” I sit down on the bed and set her next to me. “Take a deep breath and start from the beginning.”

“I am a direct descendant from the first werewolf. The Ashwood bloodline is a divine bloodline directly influenced by Selene herself.” She pauses and waits for my reaction.

I take a moment and think, “That makes sense. Your family has always held a lot of power and influence.”

She continues, “Dad said he knew you were my true fated mate as soon as he found out you had a tree as your mate mark. All the mates of the Ashwood family they all have trees, and they are all the most influence packs across the US.” She looks down.

“Wait, what do you mean?” Where the Ashwood’s collecting power?

“You can look at the family tree with dad tomorrow. I guess when Selene wants to strengthen another Alpha bloodline, she allows daughters to be born in the Ashwood family. She uses the Alpha’s daughters to strengthen another Alpha bloodline. That bloodline becomes blessed by her, and she controls it directly from then on. She did not have many daughters born to the Alpha over the years. So, she has chosen to bless your bloodline directly with an heir mixed with Ashwood blood. Blood from the first werewolf.” Amelie looks at me. I can see she is nervous. I can’t believe what I am hearing. I know the goddess influences mates and has a strong will, but her direct involvement in a bloodline is outrageous. At the same time, too many things are lining up.

“What do you mean by blessed?” I needed more details.

“It becomes stronger, more purified scared even. In other words, our son with superseding even you and expand the Druit Guard. He will be a divinely blessed leader and warrior. He will be directly related to the Ashwood pack, the Black Hills pack, and the head of the Alpha Council. He will be one of the most influential pack Alphas of all time. I know most of that you already knew but maybe didn’t realize.” The last part I did already know but didn’t really think mattered, but now that she said it out loud, it hit me.

Something still didn’t add up, “All werewolves are descendants from the first werewolf? What makes the Ashwood line so special?”

“We are direct descendants from the first werewolves. Selene created a fated mate for her first werewolf after becoming so lonely that he was kidnapping other species. It is glossed over in our creation story we are taught as pups. Most werewolves are from a half-werewolf bloodline. Only the Ashwood bloodline came from the first mated pair. Something they don’t also teach is his name Rene Bois de Frene. Bois de Frene is French for Ashwood.” I have never heard that name before, and our creation story always seemed more of a myth than truth.

“If what we were taught was wrong, what’s the correct version?”

“Rene was born a human. Selene loved him because he was physically handsome and pure of heart and had highly intelligent. He didn’t know the moon goddess loved him. She could only watch over him. One day Rene fell in love with a girl from the neighboring village. He would visit her often. One night on his way back, he was attacked by bandits and left for dead on the side of the road. Selene sent a pack of wolves to save him, but he was on the brink of death. To save his life, she merged the pack Alpha’s wolf soul with his. This is close to what we are taught, and it’s left there. What we are not taught is this next part.” Amelie took a deep breath and paused before continuing. “Rene was not the same as before, and neither was the wolf spirit. The wolf longed for a pack and a family as it’s his nature. Rene became feared by the other villagers and was rejected by the women he loved. This enraged him and the wolf, and they went on a rampage. The surrounding villages would force young women to become part of his harem to keep the wolf calm. He fathered many half wolves during this time. Selene felt sorry for the women and children. She gave the children wolf spirits to help Rene feel that he had a family. He was still lonely none of the women loved him, and his human heart longed for love, and his wolf heart longed for a life mate like in the wild. Selene found a woman shunned by her village due to a birthmark on her face. She was an amazing beauty otherwise. She had a pure and loving heart even after being treated poorly by others. Selene sent a pure white wolf to talk to the women to see if she could love the lonely werewolf. The women’s name was Fleur. When she heard the tragic story, she cried for Rene for the other women and all the children. She accepted Selene’s offer. Selene merged the white wolf with Fleur. Fleur became the most beautiful woman in all the land. Rene fell in love with her at first sight. They were the first fated mate pair. Fleur calmed Rene, and she helped him create a new village where his children could live in peace. This was when the first pack mark was created, the tree of life or the Ashwood pack mark. Rene had many children but only one male heir and one daughter with Fleur. The direct line of Ashwood has only split once, and that split brought Raphael Bois de Frene to America to establish a pack. All the Alpha daughters who have been born are mated to Alphas. Those packs become larger and more established, and the bloodline is purified and blessed by the moon goddess.”

“So, do you have superpowers or something?” I was only half-joking.

She whips her head around to look at me, “I asked the same thing!”

“Well, do you?” Now I wasn’t joking!

“No, dad said no superpowers.” She looks highly disappointed. “We are blessed, so we are talented and are more skilled. We are born leaders and don’t let power taint our hearts. Dad said we have the strength of mind and strength of heart.” The picture was getting clearer.

“When you say Selene has a direct hand in the bloodline, what do you mean?” What was going to happen to my children and grandchildren? I was a little worried.



“From what I gather, it means she is selective with both the human and wolf souls she releases in the world. After seeing the family tree, no one has more than three children. Most of the time, it is one heir. She does not allow the Ashwood bloodline to overtake the wolf population. It’s too strong. Too much power can be as bad as too little. I am a pure werewolf. There are no other species mixed in my DNA. When a mixed wolf and an Ashwood mate, all other species’ DNA gets canceled out, and only werewolf is left. Also, all our wolves are the goddess’ personal companions when in the spirit realm. Meaning I have a direct connection to Selene.” Amelie looks glazed over. I understand why it’s a lot of information.

“Can Inari talk to the goddess?”

“I don’t know. Our wolves still get reincarnated just like all wolves do; ours are just stronger. I don’t know if she can communicate with the goddess. We just found this all out this morning. I do know after the mate bond was established; I could feel Inari was stronger. We are going to look into how to fully unseal her since we no longer carry the black scar.” She touches her mate mark, and a small smile comes to her lips. “This is all pretty weird, isn’t it?”

“Well, it’s weird, but at the same time, so many pieces fit a bit better now. How about you? How are you doing with all this?” I was starting to feel some of her emotions ever so slightly through our bond. I knew she was feeling confused, hurt, scared, and even a bit of pride. She takes a deep breath in and lets it out, then leans on my shoulder; I put my arm around her, “come on, you have just been giving me a history lesson. What’s going on in your head?” I kiss the top of her head.

“I have a ton of thoughts, feelings, and emotions pulling me in a million directions. I can’t help but feeling on guard, like I’m waiting for something to happen. But I also feel like there are missing pieces of information.” I pull her closer, and she wraps her arms around my waist.

“Well, what kind of pieces of information do you feel are missing?” She was a natural investigator like me.

She sat up and looked up at me, “Well, to be honest, with you. Why did the moon goddess pick now to strengthen your bloodline? What is your family history? I understand my role and my family’s role, but what is yours and why? Dad told me about your Delta Force and how your family is the vice-head of the Alpha Council. I guess with as important as your family is to all werewolves, why did she wait so long to bring in an Ashwood?” I guess I had to give a history lesson, but I didn’t have all the answers.

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Chapter 34

Gideon

"I don't have all the answers to your questions. But I can give you what I do know." I stand up and stretch a bit. I stand in front of Amelie and start with what I know, "I know my family is incredibly old and came to the US with the Ashwood pack. I know my great-grandfather created the current structure we have now with the Delta Force. My family has always allied with the Ashwood's and been the vice-head of the Alpha council. That's all the facts I know. However, if what you are telling is true about your lineage, then I am honored that the goddess has chosen me and my bloodline to be part of direct influence. That means my descendants and pack have a strong future." Amelie looks up at me and just blinks her eyes a few times, and her mouth drops open.

"I ah... didn't think about it like that. To tell you the truth, I feel like it's divine manipulation. Like I'm just a tool, a walking incubator with the right DNA. I did not like that feeling at all. But, looking at it as I am a part of your family's future, my family's future and making them stronger through me puts it in a better light." She stands up and hugs my waist, resting her head on my chest. "You should consider showering again." Her bluntness has horrible timing.

Two can play this game. "I love how you smell. Like bacon and grilled chicken! I could eat you up!" I play bit her neck and tickle her. She tries to push me away, but she can't. So, I pick her up and toss her over my shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

"Hey. Just because you are bigger doesn't mean you're the one in charge." She's hitting my back, but it feels more like a massage than hits.

I chuckle, "oh, little storm, I'm the Alpha. I'm always in charge." I slap her butt as I walk into the bathroom.

"Don't you dare use your Alpha aura on me! You will regret it!" I set her down on the bathroom counter. She teased me so much this morning. Now it's my turn.

I stand up straight in front of her I take a deep breath in, I center my aura, "Amelie, Strip, now." I used my aura on her, and she can't do anything about it. I smirk. I know she will find a way to get back at me, but I have a feeling I'm going to love my punishment.

I can see she's fighting it. Her eyes are flashing yellow as Inari is trying to follow her Alpha and mate's demands. Amelie doesn't want to give in and wants to keep her game going. She loses to Inari, and her top comes off. She slides off the counter and slips off her jeans. She's standing in front of me in a black lace bra and matching thong. Damn, I'm lucky.

I use my aura again "Turn around and bend over the counter." She glares at me.

"Fine, but not because you told me to, but because I want to." She turns around.

I come closer. I'm already hard just looking at her in her underwear bent over just for me. "You know, all this talk about our future pups makes me want to practice making

them. You know practice makes perfect.” Her long chocolate brown hair has been up in a bun all day, “Let your hair down.” She lets down her hair. It cascades down her back. I flip it over her shoulder and unlatch her bra, releasing her breast with a bounce. I lean over and suck on her mark and grab her ass with one hand and her breast with the other. “The mirrors nice. I can see all of you this way and your reactions. Speaking of reactions, it seems you are about ready for me.” I move her thong to the side and slip in two fingers. Her eyes flash, and her back arches; she lets out a long moan.

I am fully erect by now. I am enjoying this abuse of power at the moment, and so is she. I keep going. She was going to be my toy for a bit. I am planning on continuing to use my aura. “Turn around and get the shower ready.” She does what I say.

“Good Girl!” She snarls at me. “Oh, if you’re a bad girl Alpha will have to punish you. Turn around.” She snarls at me again and turns around. She looks over her shoulder at me, and I see a smirk and a flash of lightning in her eyes. It only eggs me on more. I bend her over the counter again and slap her ass hard. She winces, but I see her smiles and bits her lip, I see the reflection in the mirror.

“Is that all you got, my big scary Alpha?” She wants more. I spank her two more times, and I rip her thong off. “Bad girls don’t need any clothing,” I growl and bend down and bit her firm ass. She moans. I can smell how aroused she is. I’m not going to let her have what she wants yet.

I take off my sweaty shirt, “Turn around and take off my shorts and underwear. Now.”

She wipes around and starts to take off my shorts, “Stop! On your knees.” She gets on her knees and pulls off my shorts and underwear together, and my throbbing cock almost slaps her in the face.

“What would a good girl do for her Alpha?” I ask.

She looks up at me, bites her lip. I see the lightning flash, “a good girl wouldn’t know what to do but the Alpha’s bad girl,” she trails off as she starts licking my dick like a popsicle. Running her tongue up and down my shaft, and then she takes it into her mouth.

“Fuck Am.” She giggles, and the vibrations almost make me lose control. But I wasn’t done with her yet. She swirls her tongue over my tip and then takes more of me in. Head has never felt this good before.

“Swallow when I am finished.” She takes in more of me and sucks harder up and down, all while swirling her tongue. Finally, I come in her mouth. She swallows as she’s told.

“Get in the shower and wash me.” She gets up and walks into the shower. She grabs a loofah and soap and begins to lather it up. “No, I want you to wash me with those.” I point to her massive tits. She smiles. She lathers up her breast and begins with my back

rubbing her soapy tits all over me. I get hard again. She comes around to the front and sees I am erect again. She licks her lips hungrily and lathers up more soap. She bends down and puts my dick between her tits, moving it in and out of her cleavage.

She looks up at me with big eyes, "Does Alpha feel clean? Because I am still dirty." She licks my stomach and squeezes her tits together around my shaft. Finally, I can't take it anymore. I pick her up, and she wraps her legs around me. I kiss her hard. I turn off the shower; we still have some soap on us, and we are soaking wet, but I don't care. I carry her to the bed and throw her down. "What does Alpha want now?"

I don't say a word. I flip her over on her stomach, pull her ass in the air, and push her shoulders down. I insert two fingers, and she flinches. I remove my hand and position just the tip. I tease her entrance with it. "Alpha wants you to beg me to make you come." I enter just the tip she flinches again.

Amelie looks over her shoulder at me; I see the lightning flashing over and over. "Fuck me, Alpha. Make me come, please. I'll behave." It's the sexiest voice I have ever heard.

I thrust all the way in. Amelie lets out a deep moan. I growl; there it is. I feel her tighten as soon as I'm all the way in; that's one. "Let out your thunder, my little storm."

She matches my rhythm, and I thrust harder. I feel it again; that's two. I reach around and lightly pinch her clit while going deeper, one, two, three, and that's the third. She screams, "Gideon, don't stop. AHHHHH, don't you dare stop." Oh, she forgot I was in control. I stop. She lays there panting for a moment. I was not done with her yet. I flip her back over on her back and reinsert. I kiss her and give her a small break as I slowly increase my speed again. I put one hand under her butt, propping her up a bit more, giving me a better angle to hit my target spot over and over. I move from kissing her mouth to her neck, and then I lightly kiss her mark. I then thrust in deep; that's four. I take her full mark and bit on it lightly while I thrust in again. That was faster than I thought; that's five. She screams my name over and over. I was going for six now. I sit up. I take her feet and wrap them around the back of my neck, and she is hanging off me. Her shoulders are still on the bed, her body at the perfect angle. I spread her lips as open as I can and pull her onto me hard over and over. With every thrust, she moans and tightens a little each time. I increase my speed, and I feel a full six. Her back arches, "Gideon." I come with her.

She's beautiful as she looks up at me, panting and sweating. I lean down to kiss her, and I whisper. "Next time, listen to your Alpha. I won."

She laughs and kisses me, "somehow, I don't feel like I lost." We cuddle together, kiss, and talk for a while. We were just together. We, of course, can't help ourselves and continue to tease and explore each other. I hit my personal best by bringing her to climax a total of ten times throughout the night. Outside of this room, we had responsibilities and expectations, but right here, right now, we could just be us. No filter, no façade. She was what I needed, and I already knew I loved her.

I cup her cheek, “Amelie, I know this is only our second day as a mated pair, and we have a lot to learn about each other. I can say with full confidence that I have already fallen in love with you and feel so blessed that the goddess gave us this chance.” I kiss her softly. I pull away, and I see a tear fall from her eye. “Why are you crying.”

“I’ve been through so much. I thought I was going to be alone for the rest of my life, honestly. Then here you come and turn everything upside down as soon as I felt kind of normal again and excepted my fate. It was hard to let go and let myself feel something for someone again. I’m glad it was you. I don’t know what I’m feeling: love, mate bond, or divine intervention, but I know I’m whole yours and no one else’s. So maybe it is love.” I pull her close. This is what I need my refuge from the world, my calm after the storm of every day, my Amelie.

“What time is it. I’m starving! I feel like I’ve been working out all day.” Amelie throws a pillow at my sarcastic comment.

“It’s 9:30. Come on, get dressed. I’ll make us something.” She grabs some close from the closet. I pull some from my suitcase. We head down to the kitchen together.

## Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 35

### Chapter 35

#### Gideon

“Come in, Alpha Gideon.” I didn’t even knock yet. I open the door and enter Alpha John’s office. He has old books and scrolls all over the coffee table.

“Amelie and I had a lot to talk about last night. I was hoping to get more detail from you today. My men are working on James’ tracking training in the woods today. So we should have plenty of time. I sit on one of the sofas.

John sit’s across from me, “Before we get started, I have something to say. I am honored that the goddess chose you to be mated with Amelie. She deserves to be happy, and I am trusting you with that happiness. With all this family tree and bloodline crap, it’s easy to lose sight of other things and put your children’s happiness. My children carry a heavy burden, and so do their mates. Amelie has always had it the hardest. I knew people would talk behind my back about having a child of desire, but I knew something they didn’t. All children of the Ashwood family are gifts from the goddess. My father was not upset with me when he found out. He knew it was fate. I didn’t want her raised outside of this family. Her mother fought me hard, but I knew it would be for the best to keep her with me to keep her safe.” John stands up and walks to the window. “The day she met him, I knew it didn’t feel right. It broke all the patterns of our family. Maybe I’m biased, but she was too good for him. You’re a father. What would you have done?”

My daughters are three, but if someone ever hurt them, I would lose it. "I don't think I could have held back. How did you for so long?"

He turns and leans on the windowsill, "I had faith in my daughter, and I knew how strong she was. I just had to wait to give her a safe place to come home. Your girls are still small, so they still depend on you for everything. Slowing they start being more and more independent, and you are just left there with only faith and worry."

"You don't have to worry anymore. I'll never hurt her." I love Amelie; I would do anything for her.

John walks back over to the sofa, "It's not you I am worried about. The knowledge of the Ashwood family history is limited, and those who know our family. I'm not worried about our extended family packs. They will always support us. It's the outsiders I am worried about. I know Amelie told you, but you will have an heir with the Ashwood blood and the Alois name. Considering the authority both our families hold, your heir would be a major threat to any upstart Alpha grabbing for power."

"I don't want to admit you are right or even say that no one would be so stupid. I know I can't. It's just such a hard thing to plan for when this child doesn't even exist yet." I drop my head.

John sighs, "I know how you feel. That's how I felt before James was born. It's not something that many know about Amelie doesn't remember it, but before James was born, an attempt was made on Celeste. We used to have cooks, housekeepers, and nannies in the family wing all the time. One day Celest had the girls in the living room with her, and a housekeeper brought Celeste tea. Amelie, who was 12 at the time Hope, was one. Before she could drink it, Amelie threw the tea on the housekeeper and screamed at her to get out. The guards interrogated the housekeeper; it turns out she was planted by another pack and mixed in an herb concoction that would cause Celeste to bleed and lose the baby. Amelie noticed the tea didn't smell right. She protected my heir when I couldn't." John sat back int the sofa with his hands in his lap.

"I understand. Do you think someone will come after Amelie before we conceive? I have the largest information network and the largest pack in the US. I won't let anything happen to her." I nod my head with confidence.

John looks at me for a second, "How the search for Tate going?" Shoots fired.

"It's still an ongoing investigation." This wasn't good.

"Ongoing. Does it normally take you six months to track down a fugitive? I'm not saying this to degrade you. I know you are capable; I trust you I do. I don't trust others. I think there is another pack behind all of this. I don't know how but I think Amelie was tricked into feeling Tate was her mate. I can't prove it; it's just a gut feeling. I think someone is helping Tate hide. Covering his tracks, so to say. I just don't know who or why." John

unrolls a scroll. "I always knew Amelie would be a Luna. That's the fate of all Alpha daughters of Ashwood. Plus, look at all the Ashwood mates. It's always a tree. There is no deviation. The only reason her mark would be a star is if the other person was not her fated but a chosen." John stares at the parchment rolled out in front of him hope it will tell him the answer.

I look at the scroll, and I notice pack names I know well. "May I?" I gesture to flip it around so I can take a better look. "There's about 15 US packs on here that are almost as influential as Ashwood and Alois. These are the extended Ashwood lines you were talking about. I'm amazed how did I not know they were all related."

"Sorry, as I have already said, unless you are brought into the family, this stays a secret. This information affects you now. I know you have questions. These are all the family records and resources I have. If I cannot answer it, these can." John pats a book on the table.

"Why keep this all a secret?"

"Power and greed." John shorts through the books on the table and hands me one. "Our family lineage used to be a well-known fact among our kind until the 14th century. The details are written here; you might need to brush up on your medieval French to read it. Here is a translated copy. Two other packs started a war with the Bois de Frene Pack to give you the cliff notes. The war prize was the Alpha's daughter Liliana. The two packs wanted to make themselves King of the werewolves and rule like humans. This angered the goddess. She sent prophets to the waring packs to warn them, but they killed the prophets. Selene revoked her blessings from them. She stripped the Alpha's and their families of their marks. They were forced to become the first Rogues and were driven mad. Following their Alphas' orders, the pack members were forced to join the Bois de Frene Pack. Since then, we have kept our lineage a secret." I could tell something is worrying John.

"Is something bothering you?"

"I am confident that our Family wouldn't betray us as the goddess has a direct hand in our bloodline. No one would think of defying her; we know better. However, I feel like someone outside of our circle knows. I just have a feeling." John is resting his head on his knuckles while leaning on the arm of the sofa, deep in thought.

"How do you suggest we investigate that gut feeling? I know you Ashwood's have a divine link to the goddess, so I doubt it's just a 'gut feeling'." I lean forward. I can't help to feel the same way; too many things don't add up. "I think Tate and Karen are in on it too. Like you, I have never heard of a way to trick someone into thinking they have a mate bond."

John starts thumbing through old family records. "During the Ember Moon Festival in June, we have a private family dinner with all current living mated family members.

During this dinner, we present newly mated Alphas and Lunas. I would like to present our findings during that dinner. We will need to power of our whole family. If we are being targeted, it's not just the main branch that could come under fire."

I start looking through more recent records, "I know we can figure this out. Who has the most to gain from harming you or your family?"

John stops and looks at me for a moment, "The question is more like who wouldn't get harmed with my pack's downfall? My financial dealings go beyond just werewolf-run business and investments. I have business dealings all over and sit on the board of several companies." John pulls out a large map that shows pack territories across the US. "More than half of the packs in the US would be financially crippled. Our responsibility to our kind is not to rule over them but to help them thrive. So, I think it all comes back to the age-old desire for power or jealousy of power."

"Have you been in direct conflict with any other packs or Alphas?" John runs his hand through his hair.

"No. I have not, but I have rejected hundreds of business proposals and investment requests." I lean back on the sofa and look at the map and the family tree again.

"has anyone in the Ashwoods ever had a chosen mate?" Maybe we needed to look at it from a different angle.

"No. I was the closest with Ann, but we both agreed even after Amelie was born not to reject our fated mate and follow the moon goddess plan." There had to be something we were overlooking. "Let's switch gears back to Amelie. What motive would Tate have for manipulating Amelie? What did he gain?"

"He never asked for money or a position in my pack. Instead, he took her to his. He was slowly isolating her from the world. The last time I saw him, I could tell he was uncomfortable around me, and I know from his comments he was upset they didn't have any children yet. How would he know about our bloodline?" John pulls a book from the bottom of a stack.

"Maybe it wasn't Tate but Karen. Amelie said the emotional and physical abuse and control got worse once she moved in with them. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to find too much about her. She is in her early to mid-fifties. Would you or your father have crossed paths with her?" I look at John, hoping he has something.