

## Scars by Jessica Bailey Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

Gideon

“Amelie, right? Would you care to dance?” I held out my hand and tried to keep a smile on my face as I waited for her to reply.

She looked up at me, confused and at a loss for words. I would be, too. I had no idea what the hell I was doing. She smiled softly and, with a slight nod, took my hand, and I heard her whisper, “sure.”

I led her out to the dance floor, still unsure what I was doing and why. I just felt a pull toward her all day, and I could pick up on the slightest hint of honeysuckle. It wasn't sickly sweet or overpowering but comforting.

I took her hand in mine and placed the other on the small of her back; well, it seems to be a bit higher as she was quite the small lady. I was perplexed as to what was pulling me to her. I knew she had a mate; I could see the mark through the lace. I could see a lot through the lace. The top of her dress was fitted, and I could get the whole shape of her. It was a fantastic shape. I quickly tried to refocus myself as she had a mate, and it was bad manners to lust after someone else mate. I focused on why I was feeling a pull to her. “Ulv, do you sense anything?”

He chuckled “yep, sure do. It's in your pants.” Damn wolf, he felt the pull too, and our mate had passed two and half years earlier, and we had not taken a chosen mate or lover. He was horny and liked what he saw.

“Damn it; I'm serious. She's already mated and the daughter of Alpha John. We cannot make a misstep to her. Focus.” Ulv sighed. I felt his focus on the feeling and the honeysuckle scent.

“I got nothing. I don't understand what the pull we are feeling is. Also, we don't feel sparks, but I feel calm when I'm near her. As far as the honeysuckle, I don't know. Maybe it's her shampoo or something.” He was all brawn and no brain sometimes, my wolf. I would have to try and figure this out on my own.

“I see you are part of Alpha Mason's Timber Wolf's pack; what brought you there?” Wow-what dumb question. I know what brought her there, her mate. Damn it; I didn't know what else to say.

“My Mate was born in the Timber Wolf Pack. Alpha Mason is a good Alpha, and he and my father have started some business dealings, so hopefully, our Pack will be growing.” She looked anywhere but my eyes as she spoke. I wanted to see her eyes again. The deep grey eyes reminded me of storm clouds rolling down the mountain, but it filled me

with excitement. I inadvertently pulled her closer. I could feel her gently push me away. I panicked. I let her go.

"I'm sorry I was deep in thought and lost myself for a moment. I didn't hurt you, did I?" I was trying to act calm, but I was in a panic, and Ulv was laughing at me.

She stepped back, placed her hands in front of her, and again wouldn't look me in the eye as she spoke, "I need to go and check on the kitchen and wait, staff. Thank you for the dance, Alpha Gideon." With that, she turned and went through a set of stainless-steel double doors.

My head was spinning. "This wasn't a mate bond. She already had a mate. What was this? Was this pure attraction? Damn, I need to eat and calm my nerves." I said to myself.

Of course, Ulv jumped in with his retort. "You are a man food and sex keep us going."

"You know you are disgusting sometimes. How did you become an Alpha Wolf spirit with that attitude." I just rolled my eye at my wolf.

Ulv was a joker, but he was a great Alpha Wolf spirit and loved our Pack and daughters. He was a little feral at times, but I could handle him. "This is what's odd; I could sense that her wolf spirit was a Luna, but she's not mated to an Alpha." Ulv was serious now. I went through the buffet line as I was tossing theories back and forth with Ulv. I stopped in front of some alfredo pasta, and I wouldn't say I like pasta, but I felt compelled to get some. At the end of the buffet line, they had these funny-looking butter rolls. I wanted to take the whole basket and not share it with anyone. I shook it off and took a roll.

I sat down at my table with my Gamma Marcus to my right, my Beta Tyson, stayed behind to handle Pack business. I grabbed one of the rolls, and my mouth was filled with butter and honeysuckle. It was a fantastic combination of sweet and salty in this pillowy roll. I turn to Marcus "do you taste the honeysuckle in these? They are amazing!"

Marcus looks at me with his head tilted to the side, "Alpha, what are you talking about? It's just a butter dinner roll; there's no honeysuckle in them." It hit me Amelie said she needed to check on the kitchen and waitstaff. When I saw her walking with Luna Celest earlier, she had flour on her jeans. She made these rolls. I could taste her honeysuckle sent in the rolls.

I felt like I was going crazy. Who was this woman? Why was she a mystery to me, and what the hell was going on with this damn honeysuckle? I finished my food, not saying anything more, even eating the pasta, which I could also pick up on the honeysuckle again. I need to run. I need to get some air and let Ulv take over and figure this out. Most looked at my Druid Gaurd pack as just a bunch of muscle, but we did more investigative work than fighting. We upheld wolf laws. It didn't hurt that we looked intimidating. This kept the troublemakers in check. I needed to think.

I head up to my room and change into a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. I head out to the tree line, leaving my clothes in a pile at the base of a tree, and gave Ulv a nod to take over. I crack and twist and shift quickly as I did every day. I could shift in only a few seconds. Ulv was a large black wolf with ruby red eyes. We take off darting through trees and up the mountain. After about an hour, I catch the wind carrying scents of herbs and flowers. Curious, I go to find the comforting scent. I follow it to a mountain clearing. The moon was full and bright. As I look out into the clearing, I see her again. It's Amelie, naked and wandering through the clearing, examining the plants.

I freeze. I don't want to scare her, and I know I'll startle her if I turn and run. So I stand there and watch. She is even more beautiful under the moonlight than she was in the ballroom. I noticed her shape before, but now I cannot help but notice every curve as it glides before me. She was a true hourglass large breast that bounced with her every step. Her rib cage tapered down to the tiniest waist before her hips took over. Thick full hips and thighs with the sweetest bubble butt I had ever seen. There was no thigh gap; they were juicy, and I wanted to take a bit. Her dark brown hair with highlights of caramel cascaded down her back as she walked through the herbs and flowers. If this is what lust is, I needed to be careful. I had too much to lose to try anything. I also didn't want to hurt her. I watched as my desire grew. I heard her again talking to the flowers.

"I'll be leaving soon again. You all have to keep growing and thriving. I don't know if I'll ever be back again. I think he's going to lock me up for good this time. I might never get out." I saw tears streaming down her face, and I was heartbroken. I wanted to save her; I wanted to pick her up and never let her go, never wanting to see tears fall from those stormy grey eyes. Her eyes were like an actual storm to me; they even rained when she cried. All of a sudden, she turned her head toward me, and I saw flashes of gold flicker in her eyes like lightning. I realized quickly it was her wolf, and they caught my scent. I quickly retreated and ran through the trees back to the Packhouse, hoping she didn't recognize my scent.

I make it back to the tree line and quickly throw my clothes on. I head into the main Packhouse wing and straight to my room. I catch my breath for a moment as I sit on the bed. I drop my head. "Ulv, what the hell are we doing. Out of all the she-wolfs, she is one of the most dangerous."

Ulv sighs; he knows as well, but we can't help being pulled in, and the mystery of why is just as intriguing as the pull itself. "We should leave tomorrow and reschedule James' train a few months from now. She will have gone back to her mate by then, and we can focus on our task of training the young Alpha."

I nod my head in agreement and stand up. I need a shower. I need to think of anything else besides Amelie's naked body in the forest. I don't think I will ever get her image out of my head. She looked like a real goddess as she was walking through the herbs and flowers. She was talking to them like they were going to respond and genitally caressing their petals. Remembering, it was making me hard. I needed a cold fucking shower. Damn it, and I don't even remember this much lust with my mate. I wanted her, and we

were mates and had children, but I could control my thoughts better than this. Maybe it's just been too long, and I'm lonely.

I let the cold water run over me and forced my mind to wander to other things—pack business, my girls, the odd Rogue attacks over the past year. Once I'm done, I dry off and try to sleep, but Amelie crying face then fills my mind. Who was making her so sad? I know it wasn't her dad; Alpha John honestly treated his daughters like a delicate flower. It didn't help that his family's mark was queen's wreath for Amelie and wisteria for Hope and an oak leaf for the boy. I guess you can't argue with a fainted mark from the goddess. She was even calling her a queen with that flower. So, what big bad wolf would dare to make a queen cry.

I might ask Alpha Mason, but I couldn't very well stick my nose in his pack business without an invite. It was a violation wolf code. I drifted off to sleep, dreaming of wiping those tears away from that soft cheek.