

# Idiotese Continued

Lucas watched Dylan and Travis leave and howl in anger. Davis said, “We did raise them. Dylan was a grown man when we left, he cannot treat us this way.” I disagreed, “You don’t get to choose how he responds to you leaving or returning. You sent them birthday cards. You didn’t even call or send a letter. Nothing.” Emmaline added, “They placed a boundary you need to respect.” I was proud of her.

Davis looked at the floor. Betty said, “It just got away from us. We really wanted to protect our grandpups.” Emmaline spoke, “Can it even affect your kids' children? You said it was from a Beta line. Technically speaking, Lacy is of Alpha blood. Travis isn’t the Beta of a pack. So, I mean I don’t really know about the legend... but could it affect either of them? Even if it turns out to be true?”

My parents and I shared at her in shock, that was a really good question. Davis sighed, “We aren’t sure. The legends say Beta Blood, but in all the legends they do say a Beta’s daughter. No one would call Travis a Beta, but he does have Beta blood.” So, my mate was likely right.

Davis continued, “As for your question about Lacy and Dylan, that’s why we missed the wedding. We got word someone could answer that question for us. The travel time took longer than we anticipated to reach him.”

After several moments I asked, “And? What did you find that was worth missing your oldest son's wedding?” Emmaline laid a hand on my shoulder. Betty answered, “It was uncertain.” I scoffed, “I’m shocked something about a legend was uncertain.”

I linked the pack, “I am Alpha commanding everyone: NO ONE tells Davis and Betty Frost the sex of your Beta’s child.” My dad and mom stiffened; Emmaline, however, smiled at me. She linked me, “That’s a good thing. They should have to wait until Dylan and Lacy are ready to tell them. The baby isn’t about them or their legend. It’s about a beautiful new life being brought into the world, and until Dylan’s parents want to accept that regardless of gender, they shouldn’t share in the joy.”

I replied to her, “And it’s a boy.” Everyone answered back confused but said, “Yes, Alpha.” Emmaline sighed “It’s not about that. Betty and Davis are genuinely scared, but they also know they were wrong not to come back sooner.” I led Emmaline away saying, “Come on, we are going to bed.”

Betty called, "Lucas, please... are they having a girl?" I whirled, "HOW DARE YOU!" My dad cautiously held up his hand, "Son." I growled, "No, you need to earn that from your own son, Betty. Just so you know I used an Alpha command on the pack. No one will tell you until Lacy and Dylan want you to know the sex of the pup. Emmaline is right, your sons placed a boundary you need to respect. You didn't even wait five damn minutes before trying to cross it. Don't think you will find sympathy here. Dylan and Travis weren't the only kids you ran out on." They had the gall to look confused.

I continued, "Dylan had to go to Beta McAlister's father and ask if he would mentor him. He agreed and it was a combination of him and Beta Ben McAlister helping us, but mostly Dylan because my dad was here. We'd just taken over the pack, not even six months under our belt. You abandoned us both. Not to mention Travis and Lacy. He went through his first shift without you; his wolf truly does hate you."

Davis commented, "That girl with him... that's his mate. It has to be the way he felt the need to defend her, and she was able to calm him down. Why isn't she marked?" I snorted, "Ask your son. No one here will tell you ANY information about them. As I said, you didn't just abandon Dylan and Travis. You abandoned us all. The whole pack felt your absence here, and your excuse is shit. A legend? A LEGEND kept you away? Not even one that we've seen recorded as a possibility."

I turned to my parents. I asked, "Dad, he did ask you to search the council's archives when you were given a seat on the new council, didn't he? I mean if this legend is this important to him, he had to of the minute he heard you had access."

My dad nodded, "He did, but I didn't find anything. Nathan Connors looked too." I scoffed, "A legendary wolf that has never ever been a part of any pact in recorded werewolf history. It's just a legend, and you lost your sons over it. I hope that was worth it, but I can say knowing them both... It really wasn't."

I glowered at my dad's Beta, "Davis, if you ever disrespect my Beta like that in front of me again, I will have you punished. Dylan's authority will not be undermined in this pack, least of all by you. We worked to build it up, and I won't have you destroy it. You may not like that he makes jokes, but he's the best Beta I could ever ask for. He gets everything done; he has a system and he does everything ever asked of him and a million things that we haven't asked for. People LOVE him, and they feel like they can tell him things because he's a big kid. He will defend this pack, and he's aggressive when he needs to be. Leave him alone about it. Or ask the pack if they want to see Serious Dylan. They will make it VERY clear that NO ONE wants to see that."

With that I stalked off with Emmaline upstairs. I slammed the door shut to our room; Emmaline snapped her fingers. I turned asking, "What did you do? Did I break our door?" Emmaline laughed, "No, Dylan did. I fixed the front door. You should tell Dylan that Haley and I have a support group for parents who suck. Well for us it's our moms, but both his suck so he's welcome to join."

I laughed, "That would cheer him right up. I might have to call Queen Lucinda to have her host her dinner party." Emmaline looked stunned, "Umm what now?" I laughed, "You missed it. The Fairy Queen named Dylan an emissary of the consort to the water Duchess. He is welcome in Faerie. She wants to have a dinner party with all of us because it would be the talk of Faerie for centuries."

She looked confused so I explained, "Apparently, our disastrous Thanksgiving would've been a massive hit in Faerie." Emmaline laughed, "That makes sense because me hitting a fairy with a vase was considered making my dad's dinner." I agreed, "That's true."

Emmaline got in the shower. I sighed and sat on the couch. Emmaline called, "Aren't you joining my shower to wash me?" I smirked, "If that's what you want." Emmaline nodded, "Only that, I miss it. It's our thing." I sincerely told her, "I'm more than happy to oblige."

We got in the shower and washed each other. Emmaline was right, I didn't even realize how much I had missed this. We had shut big and small doors between us. Any type of intimacy, even little things like this. It made me sad, but I was determined to do better in the future.

The next morning after Emmaline woke me up, I went into my office. Dylan and Davis were there. Davis was asking Dylan, "You live in the main house?" Dylan answered, "Obviously." Davis growled, "You shouldn't do that!"

I slammed the door shut. Davis jumped I glared at him, "It was my decision. Lacy is MY sister Dylan is MY Beta. It has NOTHING to do with you. Tell me why you are in my office, and it better not be to harass my Beta. We have work to do, and I warned you last night."

Dylan linked me, "I love you and your tyrant alpha ways. My heart does little pitter patters when you defend me." Davis cleared his throat, "Betty and I want to move into our old house after we re-join the pack, and we'd like Travis back there." Dylan growled at him and jumped to his feet. This day was not starting out well.

Dylan linked me, “I will choke on a pea before that happens, Lucas. A tiny, insignificant little pea. Just one.” I told him, “You can’t choke on just one pea.” Dylan snarked, “Precisely.”

I spoke out loud, “You never left the pack or you’d be rogues, so you are obviously still a part of this pack. Your old house is not currently uninhabited, so I see no problem with that. Travis is eighteen years old. It’s his right to live in the pack house should he so choose. I will link him now to see if that’s where he wants to stay. He’s been there with Dylan since you left, so I wouldn’t get your hopes up.”

I linked Travis, “Your dad has requested you move back with him and your mom in their old house. You are eighteen and if you wish to stay in the pack house, you can.” Travis responded, “I want to stay in the pack house. I don’t want to live with them, Lucas.” I replied, “If that’s what you want, then you will stay in the pack house.” His relief was instant, “Thank you.”

I turned to Davis, “Travis wishes to remain in the pack house.” Dylan’s face turned smug. Davis growled, “He’s my son, I don’t much care what he wants. He’s moving back in with us until he graduates and that’s final.” I growled at him. His word was not final around here, mine was.

Dylan had his dad by the throat against a wall when my dad, mom, and Betty walked into the office. Dylan snarled, “You listen here, I don’t abide disrespect to my Alpha OR my little brother. You want to say your hateful, spiteful shit to me, go ahead. I’m bulletproof to you, old man. I don’t care if you don’t like who I am or how I choose to do things. Stay away from Travis. He stays in the pack house. You know damn well that Lucas’ word is what is final around here. Let’s not forget you couldn’t make Travis move if you wanted to. I made him into ten times the fighter you could ever dream of being. Did you miss that yesterday? He’s going to be the lead warrior when he graduates. He’s THAT good.”

He let him go then snarked, “Was that me being serious enough for you, Davis?” Dylan spat out at him. My dad winced. Betty quietly asked, “Travis doesn’t want to live with us?” My mom held her arm lightly.

I said, “I’m sorry Betty, but he doesn’t. He wishes to remain in the pack house, and I am letting him do so. You had to know this would be a hard adjustment. Neither you nor Davis can force your way back into anyone’s lives here, least of all your sons. Even if I was the type of Alpha to force an eighteen year old to move... he would resent you more than he does now. Dylan is not wrong, Travis IS strong and his wolf doesn’t like or trust you, so there would likely be incidents. Travis is not a violent

man when there is no need. You'd force his wolf to be angry all the time. Let's all let the dust settle here, I don't want problems. Is that clear?"

Dylan threw Davis over to his mother's feet. Dylan saluted me, "It was crystal clear to me, but you know I'm the one with powers of going mute. They should've heard you just fine." Betty was crying, but Dylan simply turned around, sat down, and started to go through paperwork.

I linked my dad, "Get them settled back in their old house." My dad squeezed my shoulder, "A lot of the people I care about are hurting right now, son." I responded, "They made choices, and hurt doesn't just disappear. Their excuse is flimsy at best. They could've called." My dad agreed, "I know. I told them that too."

Betty turned at the door, "Dylan, sweetie, I'm sorry. I am so sorry we didn't call or write. At first, we just lost track of time. Then so much time had gone on I just convinced myself you would hang up. I did know Travis was in those plays, and that you went to every show. Debbie told me. I'm so proud of the way you took care of your little brother. I know it was a lot for you to take on, but I knew you'd do it really well." I didn't know if that was better or worse.

She continued, "I also knew Dale and Debbie would be there to help you. I know you told them Travis was your brother, and he was your responsibility. That you were going to take care of him. I know it's not much, but your dad and I can reimburse you for his clothes and school supplies. Debbie told me you bought him a car, but he mostly runs to school." Oh, no she didn't.

Dylan shrugged, "Sure, see a problem, throw some money at it. I don't need or want your money. I got Travis those things because I wanted him to have them. I have more than enough money, and this isn't about that."

Betty cried, "I know. I know it's not sweetheart. I just don't know the first step to making this right." Dylan answered, "That's quite simple, find yourself a flux capacitor on your very own DeLorean. Go back in time and don't leave us. Easy peasy." Betty left crying with Davis. He glared at Dylan, but Dylan wasn't looking at him. Davis averted his eyes when he met my hard stare.

I couldn't take serious Dylan anymore, so I took matters into my own hands. "Emmaline invited you and Travis to join her and Haley's parents suck club." Dylan perked up, "Yet another invitation into the world of fairies. I accept wholeheartedly on behalf of Travis and myself into team parents who suck club. I'll get us t-shirts. Theirs have to say Our moms are the worst. Travis' and mine will say kids rule parents drool!"

I smiled, “Good to have you back.” Dylan snorted, “I never left. Those two couldn’t change me when they left, and they can’t change me now that they are back. I’m a full grown man, and I don’t need their approval.” Good.

Dylan snorted, “A legend. Who abandons their pups for a legend? They are the type of people who worry about such ridiculous things. If I had a daughter who possessed goddess-like powers, I’d be leaping for joy. While convincing GAP by biting at his heels to train her personally how to fight. I wouldn’t stop nipping at his GAP like heels until he agreed.” I believed that.

He continued, “Then I’d have her work with Haley too, BAM legend problem solved. Seriously. I could’ve wrapped that up for them in a bow in less than sixty seconds. I must speak to Haley and Emmaline. I want to be on their council when they take over the world. I can put out fires and problem solve like nobody’s business. Can you imagine a goddess like wolf with the fighting abilities of GAP? Awesome sauce. That’s what that would be.” I smiled, “I know you can put out fires, you do it for me all the time.” Dylan snorted, “Damn straight.”

The week flew by. The girls helped us sort through reports. Emmaline flagged one from Alpha Ezra that I sent onto Nick. Alpha Ezra flew into a rage when he discovered that Nick had submitted their treaty to the council. It took several of his pack members to calm him down. My sources couldn’t get his motives behind sending the treaty in the first place.

Emmaline and I had slowly gotten back to our intimacy. We had oral sex, but no penetration. Dominic and I were both being patient waiting for Emmaline to make the move. I wanted her to let me know when she was ready.

Emmaline had called a sibling meeting with her family. She gave Dustin and Aubree their trip to Hawaii. I’d coordinated to get Aubree and Dustin the time off with their work. They left the day after Emmaline’s birthday. They were both thrown by the gesture, but grateful. Ryan and Valerie were ecstatic about their Europe trip for the summer.

Emmaline was nervous that Katie wouldn’t like her trip. It was a sisters spa weekend set for her first post pregnancy trip when she felt ready. No dates were set, just whenever Katie wanted to go. I told Emmaline not to worry, and I was right; Katie loved it. I’d already gotten Logan’s ok. He simply said Katie’s guards would be there, and he could create a portal to let her see the baby if she wanted to. I reminded him Emmaline could pop them to the baby too.

Emmaline had decided on the menu for her birthday party. She wanted burgers, fries, and milkshakes of all flavors available. Gemma said it was no problem. The day before her birthday, the cake arrived. It was perfect.

Marcious was coming along with Idel and Beta James. Hexxi said she would try to make it. Sharon was joining us with Garrett. The rest of Emmaline's siblings were coming. Katie had not exaggerated in the slightest. Emmaline loved her birthday. She has been walking on cloud nine all week saying, "It's almost my birthday." Dylan told her it was too cold to be this excited.

The next day, she was bursting at the seams excited because Haley had brought over wedding dresses. The Queen of the Hackura herself had tracked down very dresses Emmaline wanted to try on from her Pinterest board dedicated to the wedding. Today, she was practically ecstatic that her birthday was tomorrow. She didn't even care that it was her eighteenth birthday and not her seventeenth like she'd thought earlier this year. She kissed me, then pulled back saying, "Tomorrow is my birthday, and then we get married in two weeks!" I laughed, "I know, baby girl." She kissed me again and then went to bed.