

Chapter 162: Catching Up

Tereshan

Against her wishes, I leave Claire in the packhouse, asking her to alert the pack hospital that we have someone critical coming in. Then I turn, leaping out the back door and shifting. Magnor's paws hit the ground and we're racing to where Jesiah said he is with Holden.

Before I even get there, I can smell the blood. And silver.

Magnor races up and I shift quickly, moving to kneel beside Holden. He's a mess. His arm is either dislocated or broken, his left foot is turned unnaturally. His ankle looks shattered. One knee is so swollen that it's larger than his thigh and I looks like one of his hands was stomped on, shattering the bones.

"What happened?" I ask him, afraid to touch him.

"Roman," he says, his voice gruff.

Weston comes running up. "Why isn't he healing?"

I lean in. "Silver."

I look back at Holden. "Where's the silver?" I ask him.

"Everywhere. Roman injected liquid silver into my body." He looks up at me. "You said I could come."

I nod, turning. "Get a stretcher," I tell Jesiah.

He races off.

"Are there others?" I ask him.

"All dead. Roman gave an Alpha command that the pack had to beat us and dump us, leaving us to die slowly."

"How are you alive?" I ask him.

"I'm not sure," he says, but there's something in his eyes that makes me wonder if his wolf made a deal with the Moon Goddess too.

Jesiah arrives with the stretcher, and we load him onto it.

They start to carry him off when he turns to me. "Thank you, Alpha."

I nod. "We'll do what we can for you," I tell him.

I turn, getting the patrols back in order, sending some to search for any other survivors that might not have been able to crawl to our borders, before heading to the packhouse.

"Alpha," an exhausted sounding Dane says in my head. "I'm back."

"Get some rest, but I need you before 5pm tonight."

"Will do," he says.

I get periodic updates from the hospital during the day. They took Holden into surgery immediately. They tried to flush the silver out of his system, but Roman had injected it into his blood stream so it is going to take time. In the meantime, they began resetting his broken bones, putting

his shoulder back into the socket, resetting his dislocated knee, inserting pins and hundreds of stitches to hold it all together. The doctor had called in Keegan's pack doctor to assist as we don't usually have to deal with this type of trauma. The nurses were keeping me updated, but the process of doing surgery on him in his current state, was similar to having to do surgery on a human.

Around 3pm, Dane dragged himself to my office.

I get up from my desk, going to my Beta and slapping a hand on his shoulder. "You survived," I say laughing.

"Barely, geez!"

"Here," I say, going to my side bar and pouring him a shot of bourbon. I pour another one for me.

"Cheers to baby fever," I say to him, making him smile before we both toss back our drinks.

"So, what's going on that you needed me up?" he says as we sit.

"We're doing the brothel burning tonight. Part of Keegan's pack is coming, including Zoey and Amelia. Jesiah and Lucy, Bryson and Nita, Heath, Selah and Sadie will be coming, and I expect that all of the rogues will want to come. Some of the pups have asked to join. Those whose parents agreed, are still here and will be joining us. Some have already taken their pups home."

Dane is nodding. "So, we'll be very low on people in both packs?"

I nod. "Weston is staying, you are staying, unless you think Feena would want to go?" I ask.

"No, she'll want to help me here. Plus, I'd rather her sleep as long as possible. That heat is brutal."

"It is. Claire slept nearly 24 hours when we got back."

"Other than protecting the pack, what do you need from me?"

"Once Feena wakes up, I need her to help Claire plan for the Alpha meeting next week. Oh, and Vivienne and Weston found Ivy's money, so we're using the other half of that to fund your weapons storage room and start the nursery."

"How much was it? And where was it?" he asks excitedly.

"Over eleven thousand dollars and it was in the fucking mating house that she always had to have."

"But they clean the houses and replace the furniture every time."

"It was in the floorboards. Deja apparently ripped up the floor."

Dane snorts and I smile, both of us thinking of our own mates' heat and the destruction that occurred.

"Also, just before you mind linked me this morning, Beta Holden showed up at our borders. He's been in surgery all day."

"Surgery? Why isn't his wolf healing him?" he asks.

"Silver. Roman apparently injected him and the others who fought him with it. I sent out warriors to search for other survivors, but so far, they only found the dead."

"When do we kill him?" Dane snarls.

"Not soon enough for my liking, but I need this pack strong, and I want to make sure that his is weak. I don't know how many are following him because they want to and how many are following because they have to. If Holden comes through this, we'll find out what he knows."

He nods.

"Also, talk to Weston. He has some great ideas for the tunnels. And apparently, he has some mechanical background because he disabled all of Roman's machines."

A slow, feral smile spreads across Dane's face. "Damn I like that guy more and more," he says.

"I do too."

Just then Claire comes to the door. I walk to her, pulling her against me and letting Magnor reach down to sniff her.

I turn back to Dane, who is watching us intently. "I don't know how long we'll be gone tonight, but you're in charge."

"No problem, Alpha," he says before turning to Claire.

"Anything you want to share, Luna? Any happy news I can give Feena when she wakes up?"

My sweet mate blushes a lovely shade of pink before looking up at me and answering him. "Tereshan and I are going to

have a baby."

"Congratulations!" he says, hopping up and quickly hugging Claire before shaking my hand. "I hope that Feena and I will have a similar announcement in a couple of weeks."

"Which is why we're building a nursery. With the number of women that went into heat, we're expecting a baby boom in the pack. I've got the plans drawn up, take a look when you have a minute, let me know if you think we need to make any modifications. But we need to break ground soon. We only have a few months."

"Damn, I wasn't gone that long. So much has happened in a few short days," he says.

"It feels like that every day anymore. But one thing at a time," I say to him before turning and guiding my mate out the door.

Time to prepare so we can let our pack members burn their haunted past to the ground.