

## Bad Love 201

Chapter 201

AARON

Don't try to find me, you'll only make things worse like usual.

I've barely finished reading the words of the text message Leah sent me when I've crushed yet another phone.

Damn it.

These stupid devices were not made to be used by any wolf, let alone Alphas who spend half their time being enraged because their mate is a stubborn she-wolf, unsurpassed by any other stubborn she-wolf that ever came before her.

I've just come out of a business meeting, so I go up to my officer over to my desk to grab out another new phone, retrieving the sim card from the wreckage of the last device and quickly putting it into the new one.

Then I'm calling James.

"Where the fuck is my mate?" I bark at him as soon as he answers.

"Chill, Aaron, I put a tracker on her. I wasn't about to let her disappear on me again."

I grind my teeth, infuriated at James telling me to chill at a time like this, and then unable to decide if I'm extra infuriated or grateful that my Beta apparently took it upon himself to track my mate's every movement.

"Where is she?" I repeat, no less furious.

"At a bar, I'll text you the address," James answers, and almost immediately, my phone vibrates with an incoming text.

"Where are you?" I ask him, wondering how my mate managed to ditch him again, and what I even pay him for at this point.

"On my way there. About ten minutes out," James answers.

"If anything happens to her—"

"I know," James cuts me off impatiently. "Disembowelment and death. I get the picture."

"Do you, James? Because I'm starting to wonder," I snap at him, before hanging up the phone.

I don't really mean it, and I'm sure he knows that.

If I'm being honest, he's just the easier target to take out my frustration. Good friend that he is, he lets me.

I know exactly who my mate is, and how wily and smart she can be.

Even I'd struggle to keep track of her if she really didn't want me to.

It's why I know there'll never be a more perfect mate for me.

I tell my assistant that I'm leaving early, and then rush out to the SUV and tear my way through the city at dangerous speeds.

I text Ryker to meet me and then put the address for the bar into the vehicle's GPS.

vaguely know where it is-in a seedy part of town where no respectable wolf or person ever ventures. I'm sure it was Tobin's idea to have Leah meet him there, the  
ba stard.

It feels like it takes forever to arrive, even though I've definitely broken every county speed limit to get here.

It's the type of place with motorcycles parked out the front, tacky beer neons competing for space in the windows, while guys-most of them wolves-covered in tats and leather  
smoke where they're loitering The sid

When I climb out of my luxury SUV in a suit that probably costs more than one of the trash-mobiles they call motorbikes, it's clear I don't belong, and they eye me like they're wondering if I'm worth the pickings.

However, all it takes is to draw on a fraction of the Alpha power I possess, to stare them down with a low snarl, and they're turning away, becoming submissive like a bunch of sniveling children. Pathetic. I stalk into the place like I own it, and see a woman working behind the bar, eyeing me appreciatively. I stride over, flashing her a million-dollar smile.

"Tobin, where is he?"

Because somehow I just know this is the kind of place where he's a regular and they know him. The woman nods her chin toward a door off to the side.

"Private room. Said he didn't want to be disturbed."

"Oh, I'm not going to disturb him," I say reasonably, and the woman looks confused.

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to kill him."

## Chapter 202

### LEAN

I'm beginning to think I wildly miscalculated with this plan, and thinking I'll have to send the emergency signal text for James to come and get me out of this situation with Tobin.

I've been stalling and making small talk for what seems like ages, and Aaron still hasn't replied to my message.

Tobin keeps offering me strong liquor-trying to get me drunk, or setting up the possibility to slip something into my drink-I wouldn't put it past him.

I think it's time to cut my losses and run, but first I need to know if I can get any information out of him at all.

"I have a confession to make," I finally tell him after I've exhausted every mundane topic I can think to mention.

"Oh yes?" Tobin asks lazily, swirling the golden liquid of the bourbon he's drinking. "And what might that be, Luna Leah?"

"Liam brought me in on his secret project in the weeks before he died."

"I know," Tobin replies, tossing back the liquor. "It was my idea. I told him to."

At this, I'm completely stumped.

never thought Tobin would admit to knowing about it, let alone telling me outright that he got Liam to bring me in.

Just how much power was Tobin wielding behind the scenes.  
that I never knew about?

"Then you must know where the tech went," I say straight out,  
deciding the time for games is over.

However, disappointingly, Tobin shakes his head.

"The night Liam was killed, I went to the restricted floor to secure the project," Tobin says, sitting  
forward on his chair. "But when I got there, the floor was empty. Everything was  
gone. I think Liam had it all moved and secreted away before he was killed. I think he was planning to  
screw over me, and everyone else-including you."

My first instinct is to deny my brother would ever do something like that.

But then I remember back to that final night.

When I'd seen the truth of him and what he felt toward me, my  
marriage to Aaron and our innocent child.

I realize that I didn't know my brother at all.

And the possibility that he moved and hid the AI tech before  
he was killed is entirely feasible.

Now I'm torn.

I had almost convinced myself that Aaron was the one in possession of the tech, but this new  
information Tobin has shared puts things in a completely different perspective.

Before I can answer, however, the door suddenly bursts open, crashing into the wall with a loud bang.  
I look over to see Aaron filling the doorway, eyes glowing.

"Tobin, what are you doing with my mate?" Chapter 203

AARON

Leah gets to her feet and hurries toward me, not quite able to  
hide the relief in her features.

I can't lie, my wolf and I both enjoy how she's automatically  
coming to me for safety.

"I was just leaving," she tells me, glancing at Tobin. "Councilmember, I appreciate the information you  
provided."

"Happy to be of service," Tobin drawls with a smarmy grin.

I usher her out of the room, but once she's gone, I pause and glare at Tobin.

"If I ever find you alone with my mate again, no contract is going to stop me from spilling your blood."

"Go right ahead, Alpha Rathborn," Tobin taunts, getting to his  
feet. "Give the Council the reason they've been needing to  
move against you."

Before I can answer Tobin's confirmation that the Council  
wants to strike against me, Tobin's gaze shifts over as  
someone else steps into the room, and for the first time, I see the shadow of intimidation cross Tobin's  
features.

Ryker moves to stand with me, a clear show of force.

"Is there a problem here?" Ryker asks in a cold voice, eyes sharp on Tobin. "I consider Alpha Rathborn  
and Luna Leah personal friends of mine, Tobin. I'd hate to hear you're acting untoward with them."

"Leah requested to meet with me," Tobin snaps in return, and I'm gratified to hear a hint of fear in his  
voice.

Just what does Ryker have over Tobin?

And how can I use it to my advantage?

“So why don’t you go ask her your questions?” Tobin continues, before stiffly walking toward a second door in the far wall. “If you’ll excuse me, I have Council business to attend to.”

Before either Ryker or I can reply, Tobin leaves the room, slamming the door behind him.

I turn to Ryker with a grin.

“I never thought I’d see the day where anything or anyone ruffles Tobin.”

Ryker shrugs, taking it in his stride. “At the end of the day, Tobin is a bully who thinks he’s more powerful than he actually is.”

“Still, I appreciate you coming here and backing me up,” I reply gratefully.

“Any chance to humiliate Tobin is a win in my books,” Ryker replies, and I wonder again what bad blood is between the pair.

However, Ryker doesn’t offer any further explanation, and I doubt he’d appreciate me asking.

We head out of the bar to where Leah is waiting on the far side of my SUV.

She’s a little pale, and before I’ve even made a conscious decision, I’ve gathered her up into my arms, holding her close.

Leah doesn’t resist. In fact, she hugs me back.

“Did he do anything to you?” I ask in a rough voice.

She shakes her head, keeping her face tucked against my chest.

I think I could stand here like this for eternity.

Eventually, however, I have to let her go and step back.

“Will you let me drive you home so we can talk?” I ask her.

Things are getting out of hand in our search for the AI tech, and as much as she might hate me right now because of how I’m pushing her away, I need to know she won’t keep doing foolish things like running off to meet dangerous wolves like Tobin.

“Yes, we need to talk,” Leah agrees in a somber voice, and I wonder what she plans to tell me.

I hope she hasn’t decided she does want a divorce after all, because I never planned on allowing it to actually go ahead.

Maybe I’ve been too successful in my attempts to keep her at arm’s length, and all I’m doing is creating bigger problems for myself.

However, Leah getting hurt or killed is the biggest problem of all, and so I know I’ll have to keep figuring out how to manage this juggling act of balancing keeping her away from me, and not letting her go.

I usher Leah into the SUV, and then message James to let him know I’ve got my mate and we’re heading back to the mansion.

I get behind the wheel and start the drive home, silence stretching between me and Leah, leaving me wondering how we’re ever going to sort any of this out if we can’t even talk to each other.

I’m so distracted trying to gauge Leah’s mood and debating what I should say to get things rolling, I don’t notice someone has run a red light until it’s too late.

The last thing I hear is the screeching groan of crumpled metal. Chapter 204

The airbag explodes in my face, and I think my head must hit the door window when the SUV goes into a

half-spin. For a few long seconds I'm dazed from the impact, but as soon as my brain kicks back in, my mate is the first thing I think of.

"Leah?" I glance over to see the metal frame is mangled around her, she's peppered in broken glass and there's blood on the side of her face. She's not responsive. "Leah!"

I start scrambling to get my seat belt off, and suddenly, there's this whining screech and the crumpled passenger side door gets completely ripped off the wreckage.

For a second, relief goes through me as I think it must be James coming to Leah's rescue, but the figure that looms up is dressed in all black, including a mask over his face.

Then I see there's three of them, and panic kicks into fury.

These guys are not here to help us.

"Don't fucking touch her!" I snarl, ripping through my seatbelt with my claws to finally get myself free.

However, I've barely moved when one of the trio pulls out a gun and shoots several rounds into my chest.

The immediate stinging burn tells me I've been hit with silver wolfsbane bullets again.

The other two men quickly pull my unconscious mate from the wrecked SUV, and pure adrenaline surges through my body.

I refuse to let them take her.

Not while I still draw breath.

I force myself out of the SUV, fighting my wolf trying to force the shift to heal me the entire time.

As I round the end of the vehicle, another Rathborn SUV comes screeching to a halt and James jumps out.

By now, Leah has roused, and she's starting to fight back, giving the trio hell. Other cars are pulling up and people are getting out, shouting if everyone is okay, the commotion growing.

Sirens wail in the distance, and the three masked guys start to panic as they struggle to get Leah into their waiting van.

I only have eyes for my mate, and I stagger toward her, even as she finally breaks free from her attackers. She sprints toward me, but now the pain is getting too much, and my legs

give out, just as both Leah and James reach me.

The van squeals away from the scene, the attackers fleeing before we can stop them.

Or better yet, ask what the hell they were trying to do and who sent them.

"Oh my god, Aaron!" Leah gasps, her arm going around me.

"We need to get him into the SUV. Now," James commands.

"Why isn't he healing?" Leah cries, her hands covered in blood, and it takes me a second to realize it's my blood.

"The bullets. They must have been silver or wolfsbane. Or both," James replies grimly as a couple of my other guys arrive and they hustle me up.

"Is he going to die?" Leah asks, her voice wobbling.

"No, but he is going to shift," James responds as they haul me toward the SUV James was driving. "I have no idea how he's held off for this long."

Leah says something in reply, but I don't hear as James and one of the other guys practically throw me into the backseat

and then I stop fighting, letting the shift overtake me, even as everything goes black. Chapter 205

LEAH

climb into the backseat with Aaron's wolf, even though it's clear he's not conscious any longer.

My head is aching and the side of my face is sticky with blood, and I still don't really understand what happened.

All I can do is try not to panic at the sight of bright red staining the beautiful fur of Aaron's wolf.

James said he wouldn't die, but there's so much blood.

"Please be okay," I whisper, gently rubbing his ears.

Maybe a lot has happened between me and Aaron-good and bad-but I know one thing for sure.

I can't live without him.

I love him and sometimes I hate him and I can't stand the fact

he's partly responsible for the loss of our child.

But I refuse to live in a world where Aaron no longer exists.

The SUV rocks as James and William climb in the front seat, and then we're tearing out of there before the police can arrive.

The authorities will trace the license plate on Aaron's SUV right back to him, but it'll be easier to make up some excuse as to why we fled the scene of the accident, instead of trying to explain why we have a giant wolf bleeding in the backseat.

"Leah, are you okay?" James asks in a harsh voice.

I hang onto the door handle as he takes a corner too fast, tires squealing.

"Yeah, I think so," I reply. "Aaron is the one we should be worried about."

"He'll survive," William cuts in. "Just like he survived the last one."

My head whips up at this and I stare at William.

"What do you mean the last one?" I demand as James sends William a sharp look like he's opened his mouth when he shouldn't have.

"Tell me, James!" I practically shout.

James heaves a sigh, and accelerates through an intersection, leaving a chorus of car horns behind us.

"A little over a week ago, someone jumped Aaron in an alley and shot him full of silver wolfsbane bullets," James answers reluctantly.

"Why would someone do that?" I question in shock, but things are starting to pull together in my mind. I wrap my arm tighter around the wolf, heedless of the blood. "And why the hell didn't he tell me?" Well, that's obvious. Because he tells me nothing these days.

But someone tried to kill my mate, and he doesn't think that's something I need to know about?

I'm terrified for him, as well as hurt and shocked and upset that he went through that on his own.

Didn't he know this would change things?

Didn't he think that if I knew he'd almost died, I might look at things in a different light?

"He didn't want you to know," James replies. "He doesn't want you to know any of it."

I catch James's gaze in the rearview mirror, and I can see there's more, that maybe James and Aaron had a disagreement over not telling me.

"He doesn't want me to know any of what, James?" I ask, my heart pounding.

"Someone has been trying to kill Aaron for the last few

months.” Chapter 206

AARON

I wake up in my bed at Rathborn mansion, but of course it doesn't smell or feel like my bed any longer, because this is where Leah lay for months in that coma.

For a second, I let the scent of my mate lull me, but then I remember what happened and sit up in a rush.

“Leah!”

“I'm right here.” She gets up from the armchair positioned near the bed-the same one I spent hours upon hours occupying when I was sitting vigil next to her-and I think there's some kind of irony to be found in that.

“How are you feeling?” she asks, coming over to sit on the bed next to me.

Except as soon as she's within reach, I yank her into me, needing to feel the real, solid weight of her in my arms.

“Are you okay?” I ask her, instead of answering her question.

I have the power of three Alphas.

Short of total decapitation, no one is killing me any time soon.

Leah on the other hand...

“I'm fine, Aaron,” she reassures, hugging me back. “But I was so scared for you.”

“It'll take more than a few measly bullets to slow me down,” I try to joke, but it falls flat.

Leah sits back from me, and diamond bright tears sparkle on her lashes.

“How could you not tell me the truth?” she demands, and a cold shot of shock goes through me.

How the hell did she find out about-

“That someone has been trying to kill you?” she continues, her voice rising into a yell. “Did you really think you were protecting me by not telling me? Have you forgotten that we're mated? If you die, so do I!”

I reach up with one hand and cup her face. “And the reverse is true. If someone kills you, the mating bond kills me. I didn't want anyone to get it into their head that to get to me, they only had to get to you.”

Someone attacked me on Roberts lands a few days ago. Now I know why!”

“They did what?” I shout. “Why the hell didn't James tell me about this?”

Leah sends me a pointed look. “It seems not telling each other things is how we operate, Aaron.”

I can't argue with that fact.

Still, I'd been so sure that staying away from her would keep her safe.

If anything, tonight proved that my assumption was incorrect.

That pickup truck crashed into us with the express purpose of getting to Leah- Suddenly, I remember how it all went down.

“They weren’t trying to kill you,” I say in confusion, even as the thought occurs to me. “They were trying to kidnap you.”

At this, Leah looks even more upset. “Why would someone want to kidnap me?”

There are any number of reasons.

Most of them start and end with me.

Da mn it.

Denying myself Leah hasn’t deterred my enemies in the least.

All I’ve done is further broken something that was already fractured between us.

After today, there’s no way I’m letting Leah out of my sight again until the threat has been neutralized.

The only problem is, I know my stubborn mate.

She’s still angry and hurting.

There’s no way she’ll agree to suddenly being with me all the time again.

And that’s not even taking into account Lillian and the cabin.

I don’t know how the hell I’m going to juggle everything and keep everyone safe.

But somehow I’ll make it work.

Failure is not an option.

I bring my other hand up so I’m framing Leah’s gorgeous face in my palms. “I’m not going to let anything happen to you. I swear it on my life as an Alpha.”

Leah closes her eyes, as if soaking in my words.

“I’m so tired of feeling hurt and angry all the time, Aaron,” she whispers.

bring my forehead down to rest gently against hers, so we’re breathing the same air.

It’s perfect, and I never want this moment to end.

“Then let me make you feel something else,” I tell her in a low voice, before tilting her face up and capturing her lips.

## Chapter 207

The kiss goes from zero to one hundred in a second flat.

My body is coming alive, wolf and man in complete harmony as our mate lavishes us with loving attention.

Leah urges me back and then climbs on top of me.

I settle my hands on her hips as the kiss gets deeper and hotter, and I flex my fingers into the supple give of her flesh, rocking her hips rhythmically against mine.

Clothes start disappearing, both of us desperate to feel the warm press of naked skin against each other.

I want her now, even as I want to stretch this moment between us into infinity.

Back at the Council Meeting Hall, I hadn’t let myself think when I’d taken Leah, because things were so complicated between us and I knew there was a chance giving into the physical pull between us-between our wolves-would likely

only make things more complicated.

Now, however, I can relish the feel of her sanity skin beneath

my hands, the way her breath catches, the way she moans



that sets me aflame.

Eventually, however, I grow impatient.

I break the kiss to look up at my mate. Her hair is tumbling wild around her shoulders, full breasts peaked and blushing, her expression one of sensual bliss.

My Luna is a sight to behold.

This full, bursting feeling fills my chest.

Leah is mine.

No other woman or mate will ever measure up to her, and I'm both relieved and grateful that nothing happened to her tonight.

I refuse to ever let anything like that happen again.

Next time, I won't be so caught off guard.

I roll us, putting Leah beneath me, barely giving her the chance to settle and catch her breath before I'm siding into the welcoming, wet heat of her.

She throws her head back and moans her approval, and my wolf is practically purring at the sight.

I measure each stroke, reading her body, keeping control of her pleasure and how fast it's building up.

I relearn her body, feeling an ache within me at how much

I've missed her these past months, between her coma and my self-imposed exile.

There were times when I thought we would never have this between us again.

I won't take the gift of this moment for granted.

Maybe I can't say the words right now, but with every touch, I try to show her what she means to me.

Leah is soon lost to pleasure and my wolf is glowing with pride that we can take our mate apart so effectively.

When she comes, it's beautiful and powerful, and I feel the waves of her love wash over me.

The mating bond is a powerful thing.

I never imagined it could be like this.

Now I understand why my father was a shell of himself after my mother was killed in the pack wars.

Now I get why mated wolves lose their minds when their mate is threaten lea.

It's not a logical thing that can be reasoned away. It's this soul-deep force that can create or destroy worlds.

Leah wriggles out from beneath me and then climbs on top of me once more, a beautiful smile on her face, cheeks flushed and eyes bright.

As I sink back and she starts to ride me, I think I must be the luckiest Alpha in the entire world.

## Chapter 208

### LEAH

It's never been like this between me and Aaron before.

What happened back at the Council Meeting was a shadow compared to the pleasure, sensations and emotions washing back and forth between us now through the mating bond.

And to think, I had been missing out on this for years, simply because my own father bound my wolf in some twisted attempt to thwart Aaron.

I push the thoughts from my mind, not wanting anything negative or unpleasant to come between us now.

Instead, I put all of my energy into giving Aaron what he gave me moments ago.

It felt like love, there's not other word to describe it.

I never thought Aaron could or ever would love me, and part of me is shy and unsure, thinking that maybe I'm understanding things wrong, and Aaron doesn't really feel that at all.

I doubt he'll ever say it out loud.

But in this moment, I don't care.

Things between us are so complicated-even more so than I imagined-but I want to let us have this if nothing else.

This one perfect, magical moment where the rest of the world doesn't exist.

Where we can be complete with each other, and create something good amongst the rest of the chaos that is our lives.

Aaron relaxes beneath me, open and at ease in a way I've never seen before. As good as the sex always was between us, in the past it had always been about him keeping a measure of control, over both me and himself.

But right now, I watch him let go in a way he never has before-trusting me implicitly to take care of him-and I don't think I've ever loved him more than I do at this moment.

His hips lazily roll up to meet mine and I almost can't stand the way pleasure is building so quickly within me. But this is about Aaron, so I focus my attention on making sure he feels it as well.

We find a rhythm, and I can feel the intensity of it growing between us as I lean down to kiss him. His hand comes to the back of my neck, holding me in place as he devours me hungrily, and now I can feel how he's got his feet braced on the mattress, thrusting powerfully up into me.

It sends a shudder rolling through me, and then I'm coming again, even as Aaron shouts and I feel deep inside me where he spills his seed.

I collapse in a boneless heap on Aaron's chest, and he gathers me close with a content sounding sigh. It's perfect and amazing just like I wanted it to be.

I know this can't last.

Eventually the rest of the world is going to intrude, and the problems between us are going to start pushing us apart again.

Sex has never been a problem between us.

It's everything else.

We just can't see eye to eye on so many important things.

Both of us have made mistakes.

And then there's the pain of our lost son...

you thinking," Aaron murmurs in a low

voice. "Just leave it for tonight, Leah."

"But there's so much between us Aaron. How are things ever going to be different outside of our bedroom?"

Aaron runs a soothing hand up and down my back.

"Honestly, I don't know right now."

I go still as a thought occurs to me.

He's been pushing me away so much, what if this doesn't change anything at all, and I still lose him? Karolina had said maybe the best thing to do would be to break the mating bond, but I don't want to do that.

Especially after tonight.

Maybe I'm foolish, but I think things between us can't be this good if our mating bond is a lost cause.

"Do you even want to fix things between us?" I ask in a quiet voice, afraid to hear the answer.

"This has never been about what I want," Aaron answers. "The pack always has to come first, and I know you get that, Leah.

Maybe better than anyone."

An answer without answering.

So typical of Aaron.

"Forget the pack for just a second," I say, even though it feels like blasphemy to utter such a thing.

"What do you want, Aaron?" Chapter 209

I wake up the next morning and Aaron is gone.

He never really did answer when I'd asked him what he wanted, instead he'd diverted me by making love for the second time, and then an hour or two later, I'd awoken to him already worshiping my body and he'd taken me for a third time.

Each time had been more intense than the last, and I could feel the mating bond between us getting stronger and stronger.

I feel sore and lethargic this morning, but not in a bad way.

As I climb out of bed, I see a folded note on the bedside table, Aaron's neat writing on it. I pick it up and scan the contents.

Leah, I hope one day you understand why I'm doing all this.

Typical of Aaron, no apology and no actual explanation.

But I'm beginning to think I understand him and his motivations better than maybe he'd like me to.

And it feels like there's more behind the words of the note. I could practically feel it through the mating bond last night, these shadowy places in his heart and soul where he's hiding things from me.

Tobin had said when he'd gone to secure the AI tech after

Liam had been killed, the place had already been cleaned out, so he'd assumed Liam had moved it all in his attempts to screw over everyone-and most especially me.

But what if somehow Aaron was involved?

Not in Liam's attempts to kill me, but Aaron either found out about the tech right before Liam got killed, and confiscated it all because he understood how dangerous it was and never did trust my brother, or he discovered where Liam stashed it after he was killed and took it then.

It kind of makes sense, and once again, I vow I'm going to get to the bottom of it.

I know Aaron won't ever tell me outright, not if he thinks I'm better off-safer-not knowing about it.

His protective streak borders on ridiculous, but I'm not going to let that deter me.

It does mean I'm going to have to figure out how to do some

snooping through both Aaron's home computer, and maybe his offices at both Roberts Corp and his own corporation, but if Aaron finds out and gets angry about it, I'll just turn the tables on him and tell him I'm doing it for his own good, for his protection, and see how he likes it!

My merry-go-round of thoughts brings me back to what Karolina said after the disastrous Council meeting. That Aaron keeping himself apart from me is starting to make him come undone. And I think I can see hints of it as well. Part of me is hurt and doesn't understand-mostly my wolf-even as the rest of me understands all too well. It doesn't make me any less sad about it. And I'm not about to start making excuses for Aaron. I don't agree with the way he goes about things a lot of the time, especially in regards to how he treats me. But I also get that there's never been another Alpha like Aaron, and might not ever be again. He has the power of three Alphas. My mate is the stuff of legends, and wolves will talk about him for generations to come. So I wonder, do I want to see all of that culminate in Aaron losing it and going rogue because he's trying to protect me above all else? Karolina's suggestion that I reject Aaron and break the mating bond is crazy, but there's also a twisted kind of sense to it I can't deny. She said it herself. If I still care about Aaron-which I do, I love him-then maybe it would be the lesser of two evils. There's just one problem with that. Breaking the mating bond isn't simple or straightforward. I don't even know how to do it. The Council keeps the information sealed and it is only to be used in extreme cases. The reason for this is the fact that breaking the mating bond sometimes kills the wolves in question. I'm not even sure I would actually survive it. Aaron, however, he'd probably be fine. With all the power and abilities he has, he would be likely to come through it just fine. For me, however, the prospect of death is like going right back to square one when I found out I had cancer. This time, however, the idea isn't completely devastating. I know what it feels like to have my wolf and run free. I know what it is to be fully mated. I've experienced that euphoria of connecting on a soul-deep level with my mate. And then there's my baby. My son. He's already over on the other side. And I think being reunited with him wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.

## Chapter 210

Later that day, I've just started my snooping mission when Adam comes to find me in the office. If he thinks it's weird I'm sitting at Aaron's desk and using Aaron's computer, he doesn't say anything. "I should have guessed you'd go right back to working after being in a car accident and almost getting kidnapped last night," Adam says, and his smile somehow manages to be both affectionate and admonishing.

"The packs and businesses aren't going to run themselves," I tell him.

I'm impatient to discover whatever I can about Aaron's activities the past few months, and am not really in the mood to make small talk with Adam.

"Is there something you need?" I ask him, not bothering to hide the hint of impatience in my voice. Annoyance crosses Adam's face, but he quickly covers it with a smile.

"Again, you were in a car accident last night. I'd like you to come to the medical annex for a checkup." Adam's preoccupation with my health almost borders on obsessive.

But he is also my oldest friend, and a few short months ago, I was dying from cancer.

Plus, I think maybe I can use the time to subtly question him about Aaron and what he was up to while I was in a coma.

I don't expect Adam to know much—he's Roberts pack, not Rathborn pack, and it's not like he's one of Aaron's top guys.

But maybe he saw or heard something that can point me in a direction of where to look for further information.

"Okay," I tell him, and I can see he's surprised I agreed so easily.

I know I probably haven't ever been the most cooperative patient he's ever treated.

"As long as you make it snappy," I continue, covering up my too-easy agreement. "I've got a million things to do today."

"Yes, Luna," Adam replied with a smile that doesn't quite reach his eyes.

I follow him out of the mansion and across the grounds to the medical annex.

Once there, Adam takes me to his office instead of one of the triage rooms like usual.

Adam peppers me with questions as he takes my vitals, stopping every now and then to enter information into my medical file where he has it displayed on his computer, the screen angled away from me.

It seems like I'm fine, so in between, I hedge questions about Aaron and what was going on with the packs all those months while I was in a coma, but Adam is frustratingly vague, and I'm getting nowhere fast.

Just as I'm pondering how to come at him from another angle, there's a commotion over in the main medical area.

"Give me a sec," Adam says before jumping up and hurrying out, leaving his office door open. I lean over in my chair to see where a couple of wolves are laying one of the guys onto a gurney, and he doesn't look conscious. He's been in some sort of accident, but for some reason he's not healing fast enough. Adam smoothly takes charge and whisks the gurney out of sight.

For a second I sit there, thoughts wondering, and then my attention is drawn to Adam's computer. I don't know why, but I'm suddenly intensely curious to know what my medical file says about all those missing months.

Probably nothing about Aaron, obviously, but I'd like to see when Adam realized my cancer was healed, and even though my heart spasms at the thought, I suddenly need to know when and how I lost my

baby.

I slide over to Adam's desk chair and start clicking through notes, but I very quickly become confused. Adam's notes on me are extremely...thorough.

In fact, he's somehow been remotely tracking my health for years, long before I got cancer and came back into the fold of the Roberts pack.

My heart picks up the pace as more and more shocking details are revealed.

I'd thought my father had used that lock of baby hair he'd kept to transfer his Alpha powers to me, but I was wrong. At some stage when he was treating me, Adam injected me with my father's blood. I squint at the noted date. It's the same day Brian's wolves attacked me on Rathborn lands.

Just what the hell has been going on this whole time?!

I scroll further, and start finding entries about my pregnancy.

My apparently successful pregnancy, despite the fact I was in a coma.

Tears sting my eyes as the implications hit me.

I assumed I lost my baby the night of the attack, or soon after, but according to this, I carried the pregnancy for months.

And had a successful delivery.

Shock makes my entire body numb and I suddenly feel like I'm wading through some kind of dream. Or a nightmare.

There's a file linked to mine that simply has the initial ER and I click on it.

The tears fall faster and a sob is pushing its way up into my chest.

The file belongs to my baby.

My beautiful son, who was born premature, but was healthy for a NICU baby.

But if my baby was born, then what the hell happened?

Did he not survive being in the NICU?

And why the hell didn't anyone think this was information I needed to know?

How could Aaron let me think he allowed our child to die to save me instead? How could he let me hate him for something he hadn't even done?

I'm frantic now as I scroll further, soaking in every word about my baby and how well he was doing each day, growing stronger and healthier.

By now, tears are streaming down my face and my breath has grown choppy.

I'm elated and devastated and more confused than ever.

Especially as I reach the final entry, where the notes simply stop.

It's dated from only four weeks ago.

My son was still alive right before I woke up from that coma.