

## Broken 201

### Chapter 201

My Angel sings like an angel. Holy shit. Her voice is beautiful. As she sings, I take a guess on the title and look up the lyrics. I'm

right the song is called Nocturne. It is a much softer song than what I would normally choose, but when my angel sings, it's

alluring.

As she finishes, I kiss the top of her head. "You have a lovely voice." I tell her.

She looks up at me with those stormy gray eyes and smiles at me. "Thank you. My mom had a great voice. I'm glad to know that

I inherited that from her."

I pulled up a list of songs similar to the one she had sung and set it to play. I kept it low and put my phone on the bedside table. I

took her hand in my free one and moved my other hand into her hair, rubbing her head. I have noticed that she seems to like

that, and I'm hoping it will help her to fall asleep.

It doesn't take her long before her breathing evens out and I feel the weight of her head more solidly on my chest. Even after

such a difficult evening, I feel content with her in my arms.

As she sleeps, I think about her training tomorrow. I link Dustin asking him to get her a swimsuit. I have already adjusted my

schedule to take her shopping for clothes after she's done training with Clint. My mind then wanders to the vampires.

Cyran snarls in my head. "They will die for what they did to our mate."

'Yes, they will. We need to start gathering intel on them. I have no idea how the covens work or how many vampires we can

expect to attack. But they will come, that's a guarantee. When they find her, they will come for her and we need to be ready.'

I put out feelers for her friend, Sarah, earlier today, but so far nothing has come back. I run through the litany of things that I need

to do for the pack, trying to find a balance to get it all done and not dump too much on Dustin or Jackson, my

Gamma.

Once Angel recognizes me as her mate, I'm hoping we can start moving toward having her Luna ceremony. I don't know how

she feels about taking on that level of responsibility but even if she's not willing to take it all on, just having her near helps calm

me, making my job easier.

And then there's Eli. I haven't been down to the cells for over two weeks. It's time I paid him a visit. Maybe tomorrow after I drop

Angel off with Clint, I can get back

+15 BONDS

to his interrogation. Having Angel away from the packhouse is the perfect time. I don't want to scare her if she sees Eli's blood

on me.

Having my plan in place for tomorrow, I let myself drift to sleep with my angel's soft singing voice in my head.

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Angel is riding me again. Goddess, do I like watching her take her pleasure as I let my hands roam over her body, tweaking her

nipples making her moan. I lift up, just enough to take one in my mouth and I'm rewarded with the sounds of her pleasure, her

hand gripping my hair, holding me against her. When I move to the other breast sucking the nipple into my mouth, she increases

her pace. She's got me so close. I lay down, grabbing her hips forcing her to keep up her pace and as her orgasm shoots

through her, her body clamping down on my dick, I lose it. I grunt my release, as my eyes shoot open. What the fuck?

I'm still cumming as I realize that I've just had my first fucking wet dream since I was a teenager. When I look down, I realize that

Angel is still sleeping, thank the goddess. She's laying on top of me again and she's rubbing herself against my dick which is

what caused the friction I felt in my dream. It's a good thing I wore these pants.

I realize when I hear her moan softly that I'm not the only one that was having a sex dream. I think my little mate is trying to get

off in her dream. My dick going soft is making it harder for her to find her release, but the sounds coming from her have me going

hard again. I don't want to startle her, but I do want to help her, so I slip a hand in between us.

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My sweet angel is dripping wet for me and I growl softly, making her moan in response. I begin rubbing circles around her clit as

she continues to rub against me. It doesn't take long for her find her release. Her scream of pleasure wakes her and I can see

that she's as disoriented as I was for a moment. Before she can. scramble away from me, I wrap my arm around her, holding her

in place, my hand still making circles on her clit.

"What...?"

"You were dreaming and I wanted to help you out." I slide my fingers out from between us when I feel her come down. I keep my

eyes on her as I take my fingers into my mouth. I growl again at her sweet taste. A little tart, a lot sweet. Raspberries and cream.

Fuck, I want more.

I flip us over, watching her as I slide my hand up her thigh. "I want to taste you."

Her eyes go wide.

"Are you going to stop me?" I ask her. She shakes her head, no. Thank the goddess.

I slide my shirt up her body. Her hands come up to cover herself. I take them, gently moving them back to her sides. "Let me look

at you."

"I have so many ugly scars."

"Didn't I say that scars are a way to show that we are stronger than we know?" She nods. "Then let me see how strong my sweet

little angel is."

I keep my eyes on her, as I start to pull the shirt off again. She doesn't stop me, so I lift it over her head and drop it on the floor.

Then I let my eyes feast on her. She's filled out a bit since she came here. The scars are everywhere, so I take my time, making

my way down her body, kissing them as I go. When I get to her breasts, I take her nipple in my mouth, just like in my dream. I

look up at her and see her watching me. I gently nibble then suck watching her eyes go dark before her eyes close and a soft

moan leaves her lips. I move over to the other breast giving it the same attention. She lifts up into my mouth and I suck as I pull

off her nipple, releasing it with a soft pop.

I'm moving my way down her body, when I feel her hands, pulling at my shirt. I take one hand pulling it over my head and tossing

it beside hers on the floor. I look up at her. "Did you want me naked too?"

She nods. "Words Angel." I tell her.

"Yes, I want you naked too." I sit up, pulling my pants down and kicking them on the floor. I wrap my hands around her legs,

tugging her toward me before lifting them over my shoulders. I keep my eyes on hers, watching for any fear, but I see only lust

and desire.

When I get close to her core, I blow on her glistening lips. Still watching her, I slide my tongue between her lips, tasting her

sweetness. I can't help but groan, she tastes so fucking good. I start lapping at her like a kitten lapping at milk, licking all her

juices off her before focusing on her clit.

When I suck her clit into my mouth, she pushes her hips into my face, her legs clamping down on either side of my head. I slide

a hand up, letting my finger rub against her back entrance before coming to her core. I slip a finger inside her and she's so

fucking tight. I begin moving my finger in and out as I continue licking and sucking her clit. I can feel her body tightening up

already. I slide a second finger inside her, stretching her gently. When I feel her on the verge, I suck hard on her clit and curve

my fingers inside her, continuing my in and out movement.

Her inner walls clamp down on my fingers as she screams my name. My growl of pleasure has her riding my face, as her

orgasm rips through her. That's all it pleasure has her riding my face takes to have me shooting off again. I slowly let us both ride

out our orgasms, bringing us down before I kiss my way back up her body. When I reach her mouth, I slide my tongue in, letting

her taste herself.

"So fucking sweet." I say when I finally pull away. "I could have you for breakfast every morning." I watch as my sweet mate

blushes from her ears to her chest. "Come on, let's go shower, you have training this morning."

## Chapter 203

Well, that's one way to wake up in the morning. After dreaming about Liam between my legs, trying to find my release, waking to

my actual release, the first ever in my life, then having the real-life version of Liam between my legs, my mind and body are on

overload. The things that man can do with his tongue and fingers.

He takes my hand and helps me off the bed, chuckling when my legs are unsteady. We walk into the bathroom and he starts the

shower, looking at the shampoo and body wash. "When we go shopping later, we'll get you some new things for the shower.

These scents don't suit you." He turns to me, "Unless you like them?" he asks.

I shake my head no. "I like berry scented fragrances. Mom and I would use what we found in the forest and make our own."

He steps aside so I can step into the shower ahead of him. As I pass him, he leans in, sniffing my hair. "Berries is exactly what

you smell like."

I turn to him as he steps in behind me. He pushes me under the shower, rinsing my hair. "I smell like berries to you?" I ask.

He's busy making sure my hair is wet. "Yes, raspberries and cream." He looks down at me. "And you taste even better than you

smell." He says, making me blush.

He smiles leaning down to kiss my nose.

"You smell like the forest to me." I tell him.

He frowns slightly. "All wolves smell like the forest." He says.

I shake my head as he pours shampoo into his hands and begins rubbing it into my hair. I can feel my body relaxing under his

gentle attention. I love the way he rubs his fingers against my scalp. I didn't realize I had closed my eyes until I opened them to

see him smiling down at me.

"You like that?"

"Yes. It feels amazing. But back to your scent. It's not the same as other wolves. You smell like fresh air and sunshine. Does that

sound crazy?"

He looks at me before pulling me closer to him and taking my long hair in his hands to wash all of it.

"That depends. Do you like the way I smell?"

"Yes. It reminds me of the good times, when mom and I would be walking through the forest after a rainstorm, or first thing in the

morning, when the sun is coming up over the trees and there is still dew on the forest floor. You smell like that. Well, that

and.....man, or alpha. I'm not sure but you definitely have a very masculine scent that mingles with the forest."

He leans my head back into the shower spray. "As long as you like it, that's all that matters to me." He says as he rinses my hair.

Then he grabs the conditioner and begins working it into my hair, combing his fingers from root to end. I can't help the purring

sound that comes. I could stand here all day while he did this. "I do like it and it's like it's getting stronger the more time I spend

with you." My eyes have closed and I start to sway a bit as his hands continue their trek through my hair.

“Wrap your arms around me.” He says softly and I do. It helps to hold me steady. “Your hair is like silk. It’s so soft and even at

this length, it barely has any tangles in it.” I open my eyes at the tone of his voice. He looks mesmerized by my hair. He looks at

me. “Did you still want to cut it?”

“Yes, but only because the ends really need it. I’ll keep it long.” He smiles at that. He leans my head back and rinses my hair. I’m

wondering if I could return the favor somehow even though he’s so tall. I reach my hand up and run it through his hair. He leans

his head against my hand. “I’m past due for a haircut too. My hair becomes unruly when it gets this long.”

## Chapter 204

“I can cut it for you.” He looks at me and I shrug. “I used to cut both my mom and dad’s hair.”

“I’d like that, maybe this evening after shopping.” He kisses my nose again then hands me a washcloth. “Your hair is clean

milady.”

“Thank you.”

We finish showering and when it’s time to get dressed, I don’t know what to wear. “I don’t have a bathing suit.”

Liam walks to the door, opening it to a package sitting on the floor. He comes back in, closing the door and brings it to the bed. “I

had Dustin find you a bathing suit, but we’ll get you a couple of your own when we go shopping.”

It’s a one-piece suit with a cover up that has long sleeves and goes to the floor. I’m thankful. I didn’t want to walk around with my

skin exposed.

After we’re dressed, we head out. The drive to Canyon Ridge Pack is peaceful. Liam rolls the windows down and holds my hand

again. When we get to Clint’s place, he walks me inside.

“Angel! Are you ready to start your training?” Clint asks me with a gleam in his eye.

Clint. You said you were going to take it slow.” Liam states firmly.

“I did, and I will. But training Guardians is different than

ing other wolves ” He looks back at me. “I’d go odds with Dean that you’ll be feeling stronger before you leave here today.”

“Who’s Dean?” I ask.

Cara comes up behind me. “He’s our resident bookie. This pack loves to bet on anything and everything.” She states shaking her

head, Rik smiling behind her.

“You’re just still sore that they bet against Artemis that one time.” He says to

Cara.

There’s obviously a story there, but Clint interrupts telling us to follow him. Liam follows us to the outdoor pool. It’s a large pool.

By human standards, it’s

probably Olympic size.

“Okay, Angel, you do know how to swim, right?” Clint asks me.

“Kind of late to be asking now.” Liam mutters beside me.

I smile but nod. “It’s been a long time, but I’m sure it will come back to me.”

“Okay then, hop in.”

Cara pulls her cover up off and dives into the deep end. I turn, looking at Liam. I hadn’t thought through having so many people

see my scars. Liam immediately takes my hands in his. “Remember, these people are your family. They won’t judge you.”

Clint rolls over to me. “He’s right sweetheart. Nothing that happened to you is your fault. You’re a resilient woman with a very

strong wolf. Only someone strong would be given a Guardian spirit. Any scars you have are only proof of that.”

Rik walks over to the water, squatting down to speak to Cara. I look at Liam and Clint before pulling the cover up over my head. I



can feel my blush as Clint looks. at the scars covering my body.

“A person indisputably worthy of Andra’s Guardian spirit. Come on, in you go.” He jerks his head toward the pool.

I turn to look at Liam. “Will you be okay here without me?” He asks me.

“Yes. I think I will.” He gives me a quick kiss before turning to Clint. “What time. should I pick her up?”

It’s Cara that answers. “We’ll bring her home. I want to show her around the packhouse and maybe have her stay for lunch if

she’s up for it.”

Liam looks back at me. “Don’t overdo it but have fun.”

I turn to head into the pool. The water is a bit cool as I walk down the steps into the shallow end. Liam winks at me as he and Rik

head out.

## Chapter 205

Cara’s request to keep Angel longer is advantageous. It means I will have more time with Eli today.

As I walk out with Rik, I ask the question that’s been sitting uneasily in my mind. “How do you do it?” I ask and look at him..

“Which part?” He asks chuckling.

I chuckle too. “Sorry. How do you handle being mated to a Guardian, knowing she would lay down her life for you? As an Alpha, I

can’t wrap my head around it. That’s our job, we’re the protectors of the pack, the entire pack. How do you do it?”

His smile fades and looks off into the forest before answering. “It’s not easy. It’s in their genes, just like it’s in ours. We protect our

pack, they protect us. I told Cara after Eli kidnapped her that I didn’t ever want her sacrificing herself for me again. I asked her to

stand beside me, rather than in front of me. That’s the key, I think.” He stops and looks at me.

“You have to agree to treat her as an equal and she has to agree to fight beside you when the time comes. It’s a compromise on

both sides, one I was willing to make to try to keep her safe. Cara may be the Luna of this pack, but she is my equal. That said,

she also submitted to me.”

I whip my head to look at him. "Cara submitted to you?"

His eyes take on a far away look. "She did before we were mated and continues to on rare occasions. I know she doesn't have

to and nothing I would do or say could force her to, so it has to come from her."

"How? How did you get her to submit to you?" I ask.

His eyes refocus on me. "By being everything she needs and wants in a mate. By being a better man than I ever thought I could

be, because she expects it, demands it. When I did that, she submitted to me on her own. So, we are equals, but I am still her

Alpha."

I nod, thinking. I have no idea what Angel would expect from me or want in a mate. I need to start figuring that out if this is going

to work between us. "Thanks Rik."

"Anytime. We still need to meet about our plans for the vampires and protecting our borders."

Rik nods. "I'll bring Chase."

We say our goodbyes and I head back home. When I arrive, I head straight down to the dungeons.

I walk to the front of his cell. "One chance Eli. Why'd you do it?"

His response is the same. "I didn't kill Luna Estella."

I snarl at him. "Do not say her name. You don't get to say her name ever!"

I turn to the guards. "String him up."

He doesn't fight it when they pull his arms over his head. I let the frustration of everything over the past couple of weeks come

out. My mate nearly dead, vampires wanting to take her from me again, all the suffering that Angel had to endure, Angel being a

Guardian, my mother's death, my father's absence, everything comes out as I land punch after punch.

I stand back when he's hanging by his hands, unable to stand. "Why did you do it?" I ask again.

"I didn't do it." He says. I swing a final punch, knocking him out.

I turn to the guards. "Get him down. As usual, give him enough food and water to survive."

I'm wiping my hands when I realize I've been down here much longer than I realized. I need to get upstairs and shower before

my mate comes home.

When I step into the hallway, just off the kitchen, I immediately smell her scent. Raspberries and cream. My mind and body calm.

I love that her scent lingers when she's not here.

I quickly head upstairs, hopping into the shower and washing off the blood and gore from Eli's beating. I'm nearly done when I

get a frantic mind link from

Dustin.

"Alpha, she's running!"

"Who's running?"

"Angel. She's running and she's fucking fast, you need to get out here."

What the fuck?! I shut off the water and run out the door and down the hall. I shift. as I leap over the banister of the stairs,

landing on the bottom floor on all four

for me as Cyran races out.

"Where are you?" I mind link Dustin.

"She's heading in the direction of the waterfall." I pick up my pace. I didn't even know she was back home. What spooked her

that has her running?

"When did she get back?" I link.

"I don't know. The patrols saw her running and alerted me."

"Has anyone smelled the vampire scent? Could they have found her?"

"We haven't smelled anything, but she's a Guardian. Her sense of smell is better than ours."

"Check with the patrols, make sure they haven't seen or smelled anything."

I can hear the footfalls of several wolves as I get closer to the waterfall. When I break through the foliage, I see Dustin trying to

keep up with her as she climbs the falls. I howl, hoping she'll stop when she realizes I'm here.

I watch as she turns to look at me. But rather than relief, I see horror in her eyes. The fuck?

I start running forward again, bounding past the patrols that have followed Angel here. I quickly gain on my Beta, leaping over his

wolf, Leon, to get to my mate. I don't know what it is, but something is very, very wrong.

When I get to the top, she's at the edge of the precipice. She turns looking at Cyran, her eyes are haunted. "I won't do it again. I

would rather die than be around monsters."

Cyran whines at her. 'What the fuck did you do?' He screams at me.

'I don't know.'

He lays down and begins to belly crawl toward her, whining and whimpering at how close she is to the edge of the cliff.

Tears are falling non-stop down her cheeks. She's chanting softly, I'm not sure she even realizes it, saying over and over 'I can't

do it.'

She looks at Cyran. "I won't do it." She says, just as softly.

"I don't care if you're our mate. I won't bind myself to a monster. And he's a monster. I'm so sorry Cyran."

If she jumps, I know that we'll jump after her. I don't know if she can survive that

kind of fall, but I know that we won't. I don't care, it doesn't matter. She knows. she's our mate and she'd rather die than be with

me, she thinks I'm a monster. If she rejects me, I'd rather die too.

## Chapter 206

Swimming in the pool feels really good. Clint takes it slow with me, helping me to stretch muscles that haven't been used in too

many years. Cara laps me over and over. I'm reminded of one of those Avengers movies Dad was able to get for us when we

were in the cabin, the guy on the track saying "on your left". I have a whole new appreciation and aggravation for that phrase

now.

When we're done, my muscles are sore but it's a good sore. 'Clint was right, I feel stronger.' Alessia says to me.

I hop out of the pool, Cara bringing me a towel. I'm glad Alessia feels stronger because I'm exhausted. Cara sits down next to

me as Clint rolls his wheelchair

over.

"How are you feeling?" He asks me.

"Alessia says she's feeling stronger, but I'm exhausted." I say honestly. Cara nods her head. "Yep, that sounds familiar. It

definitely takes a toll on you for her to get stronger, but it's worth it."

Clint is looking at me thoughtfully. "Why don't we make sandwiches around here. today and you can see the packhouse

tomorrow. I promised Liam I wouldn't overdo it with you and I keep my promises." That sounds wonderful to me.

Over lunch, Cara tells me about her conversation with Ailduin and that he is coming to visit next weekend. He's excited to see

me and will be bringing his son, Aolis, with him to begin recording my story for their Guardian Chronicles.

Clint tells me about the strengths of the Bellona line, including enhanced healing. "It explains how Alessia was able to heal you

for so long and why your scars aren't more prevalent." He says.

"They seem pretty prevalent to me." I say, looking down at my arms and all the old wounds that are on them.

"But imagine what you would look like if you didn't have Alessia's healing power."

"Dad's right." Cara jump's in. "Your wounds could be much worse, could have gotten infected, and who knows what else, given

the frequency you were being fed on."

I hadn't given it much consideration. I was so worried about how awful they looked that I didn't think about how lucky I was to

have gotten away with only scarring and nothing worse.

TIS ROHOS

'I'm sorry I couldn't do more." Alessia says to me.

"You did so much. I'm thankful for what you did do."

'I think there is more that I can do once we shift. I don't think I'll be able to take them away, but I think I might be able to make

them less noticeable.'

'Don't overdo it either. I'm just glad we're both getting stronger and healthier.'

"So, Angel, when's the last time you ran?" Clint asks me.

"Ran, like for fun or exercise, or for fear of being caught?" I ask.

"Exercise." Clint clarifies.

"Uh, well, never. That wasn't something that dad did for training. We mostly just sparred, and he taught me how to fight."

He nods. "Fighting is important but so is endurance. I think tomorrow I'll have you run. Cara can still run for another month or so,

but she has a higher endurance than you, at least for now. We'll still take it slow with you."

After lunch, I help clean up. I'm tired and ready to lay down before going shopping with Liam this afternoon. Cara offers to drive

me home and we have an easy conversation about being a Luna, her pregnancy, due date and general preparations around the

baby.

"Do you want me to come in with you?" She asks when we arrive.

"No, I know where I'm going. Thanks. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Can't wait!" She says. I wave as she pulls away.

As I turn to the packhouse, the overwhelming scent of the forest hits my nose. MATE, MATE, MATE! Alessia says, jumping up

and down excitedly in my head.

'Our mate is here?' I ask her.

'Yes! Hurry, I want to see him.' She says and I rush inside.

It's the scent of blood that has me stopping short. It's mixed with my mate's scent. Is my mate injured? I take a hesitant step into

the kitchen and that's when I see him. Liam. Liam is my mate, but he's covered in blood. Blood that isn't his.

Every horrific memory of the feeding room comes crashing down on me. Alessia is whining in my head, not understanding why

our mate would be covered in blood.

I can't breathe. I'm trying to take in air, but my lungs won't work. I duck behind a wall, staying out of sight as I watch Liam head

upstairs to his room. 'He's a

+15 BONDS

monster Alessia. I told you. I told you we shouldn't trust him.'

She's whimpering, wanting her mate, but also afraid of what she saw. 'We have. to get out of here. I can't do it again Alessia. I

can't live like that again.'

## Chapter 207

So, I do what I've done every time something bad happens. I run. I duck out of the packhouse not letting anyone see me. As

soon as I see the forest, I take off. I may have been tired earlier, but my adrenaline is pumping now. In a fight or flight situation, I

fly. And that's what I'm doing. I'm running as fast as my legs will carry me.

I hear the sound of paws digging into the earth behind me. They are coming after me. They are going to catch me. If they catch

me, I will be a prisoner again. I can't go back to that place. I can't live like that again. I can't risk losing Alessia when I'm so close

to getting her back. Maybe if I can make it to the Canyon Ridge Pack, they will give me refuge until I can figure something else

out. It's not the best option, since they all seem to be friendly with Liam, but it's the best option that I have when I literally have

wolves breathing down my neck.

I push harder, faster. There's only one place that I know to go where I might be able to get away, and I head to the waterfall. It

won't help to hide my scent, they are too close. But maybe I can crawl down the cliff face. They would have to shift to follow me,

and it will give me a few extra minutes to escape.

When I get to the falls, I start to climb. It will be easier for me in human form than it will be for them in wolf form. I'm about

halfway up when I hear it, the howl of a familiar wolf. I turn and see Cyran looking at me. Alessia whines in my head. She wants

her mate.

'We can't have Cyran without Liam, Alessia.'

'I know, but it doesn't make it any easier to lose him when we've only just found him.'

I don't have time to argue as I see Cyran start to follow me again. I climb as fast as I can, but he's fast. I've just gotten to the

edge of the cliffs when I hear Cyran whine behind me.

I turn to look at him. "I won't do it again. I would rather die than be around monsters.'

Cyran whimpers at me. Alessia is whining in my head. 'I can't do it Alessia, I just can't do it.'

Cyan crawls toward me, whimpering.

"I won't do it." I tell Cyran. "I don't care if you're our mate. I won't bind myself to a monster. And he's a monster." It's not Cyran

that I'm running from. He has

been nothing but amazing. He would be a wonderful mate and he doesn't deserve this. "I'm so sorry Cyran."

I turn to see if there is a way down the cliff. I need to get out of here before he can grab me. I hear bones cracking behind me

and I turn to see Liam on the ground.

"Please Angel. Please, tell me what I did. I can't fix it if I don't know what I did e wrong. I'll do anything. Anything. Just don't

jump."

He thinks I'm going to jump. I guess it's an option. I did say I'd rather die than be with a monster, but I didn't mean to jump and

kill Alessia too. I might run us into the ground, starve us while we run and hide, but I wouldn't jump. Even Alessia couldn't heal



from that.

“Please.” He’s on his knees, he hasn’t stood up. His eyes are tormented.

‘He’s being honest.’ Alessia tells me, although it’s obvious by the look on his face.

“Please just talk to me, tell me what happened. Let me fix it.”

“I saw you.” I say quietly.

I see the confusion on his face. He truly doesn’t know what I’m talking about.

“When we got back, I could smell you. Alessia said you were our mate.” He nods, he already knew. That explains why he’s been

doing so much for me.

“I followed your scent into the kitchen, and I saw you.” My hand comes to my mouth as nausea washes over me. “You looked just

like them. Covered in blood. Vampires. Monsters.” My mind is taking me back again. I can feel the panic and anxiety threatening

to take me under. I can’t breathe.

As I struggle to take in any air, the darkness begins to set in. Just as I start to lose consciousness and fall, I see Liam jump up to

catch me.

## Chapter 208

I have never, not once, begged for anything, and definitely not while I was on my knees. Not until today. Today, I will do anything

that this woman wants me to do, if she will only stay with me. Rik’s words come flooding back into my head. ‘Be everything she

needs and wants you to be.’ I didn’t know what that meant, but right now, it means that I will humble myself as I have never done

before.

When I realize that it’s me she’s running from, because of what I looked like when I left Eli, I feel a stabbing pain in my heart. I

did this. I made our mate scared of us.

‘And you better fucking fix it. I warned you. If we lose her, I will go feral and I’ll kill anyone and everyone in my path.’

Even if my wolf wasn't threatening to go feral, I must fix this. This sweet little angel has found a way to calm the chaos in my

mind and body. I need her like I need air to breathe. Cara's rejection is nothing compared to the possibility of Angel rejecting us.

As she paints the picture, I can see that her witnessing me covered in blood has thrown her back into her own private hell. As

soon as she starts hyperventilating, I'm ready. I expect her to pass out and when she starts to drop, I jump up to catch her before

she can fall off the cliff.

Once she's in my arms, I turn and see Dustin watching. I snarl at him. He raises his hands in a surrendering gesture and bares

his neck. "I made sure no one else was up here. It was just me and you know I will never say anything."

Alphas don't submit. If the pack thought that I was weak, I'd be challenged daily and I'd have to kill too many pack members

before re-claiming my undisputed title of Alpha.

I begin the slow decent back down the waterfall with Angel in my arms. I look at Dustin. "I need you to run things until I can take

care of this. I need to make this right. Nothing is more important than her right now."

"Yes Alpha."

I was worried that Angel might wake up on the walk back, but she remained unconscious. I walked past pack members, all

wondering what was going on. Dustin must have ordered them to move along because I hear a couple of yips before everyone

finds something to do other than stare at me and Angel.

I tuck her into her bed and quickly run into my room, grabbing some clothes,

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before coming back and pulling up a chair. I don't want her trying to run off again. We need to talk, I need to know what I can do

to fix this, make her see that

I'm not a monster.

But, a part of me wonders if I haven't become a sort of monster. I've had Eli in my cells for months. I use him as my own

personal punching bag. My hate, anger, sadness, frustration, loneliness, it all rolls into something that feels an awful lot like a

monster.

Angel even said that my music was angry. I hadn't considered it. I made the list after I lost Cara, when I felt like I would be alone

forever. It matched my feelings. at the time, and even since then, it's felt like it fit my mood and feelings.

But I haven't listened to that song list since Angel has been here. I don't feel alone anymore. If anything, I feel vulnerable for the

first time in my life. This sweet little angel has given me a hope that I never had before. A hope for a different kind of life. The

kind of life that I've always wanted but was too afraid to dream of. A life where I'm not alone anymore. And now, I may have

fucked it all. up, by being the person that I am.

I grab my earbuds and my phone and I start to create a new playlist, something that I think my Angel will like. Something that

tells her how I feel about her and how she is changing me, even if she doesn't realize it.

I'm busy listening to songs, reading lyrics to find the ones that convey what I want to tell her, when I hear her moving around. I

look up and see her staring at

her gray eyes wide.

me,

I slowly pull the earbuds out of my ears and set my phone on the bed. I don't say anything, I wait for her..

"Who was it? Who did you kill?" She asks me.

"I didn't kill anyone, I swear. His name is Eli Gunnar, I hurt him, yes, but he's not dead."

Chapter 209

"Why?"

“He’s the man that murdered my mother. I found him about six months ago.” I look down. I’m not proud, telling her about what

I’ve done. It makes me feel ashamed, even when I believe that he deserves everything he gets.

“I’ve been trying to get him to tell me why he killed my mother, but he keeps telling me he didn’t do it.”

“How do you know he did it?”

“He was found holding her dead and bloodied body. When someone tried to confront him, he ran. My father searched for him for

years, and then I searched for him. He evaded us for 18 years. I want him to pay for what he did to my mother, but I want to

know why before I kill him.”

She doesn’t say anything, just looks down at the blanket, plucking at it with her fingers.

“If it upsets you, I’ll kill him and be done with it.” I tell her.

She doesn’t look up, but I hear the tears in her voice. “You’re my mate.”

“Yes. I knew the minute I saw you. Alessia hasn’t been strong enough until today to feel the mate bond.”

“I don’t want to be mated to a murderer.” She whispers and it breaks my heart. I don’t know how I can promise not to ever kill

again, especially when that blood-sucker who hurt her is still out there.

“I’m an Alpha, an Alpha werewolf. We are a violent species. I can’t say that I have never killed or that I would never kill again. I

would kill to keep this pack safe. I would kill those who hurt the ones I love. And I want to kill the fuckers that hurt you so badly I

want to scream.

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I reach out to take her hand. “I want to make this right with you and I will do just about anything to do that. But please, don’t ask

me to walk away and not kill those leeches that are responsible for your nightmares, the same ones that put a bounty on your

head. I don’t kill indiscriminately or for fun, and I’m willing to prove that to you. So please, don’t ask that of me. Neither Cyran nor

I can agree to that.”

She looks at me for a long moment. “You scared me, really scared me.”

"I'm so sorry. I never wanted you to see me like that. I didn't know you were

home yet, and I was going to shower before you got back so you didn't have to see that."

I take her hand in both of mine. "Please, give me a chance to show you that I'm not a monster. Maybe I've become angry and

distant, maybe I am a vicious killer when someone is threatening what is mine. But that's not who I am, not who I want to be with

you. You make me feel at peace, help me to clear my head. I may not be gentle, it's not really who I am, but I will try if that's what

you want me to be. I want to be everything you've always wanted in a mate. Just give me a chance. That's all I ask. Please."

I know I have tears in my eyes. I don't cry. It's another sign of weakness in a pack. I haven't cried since my mother died. But for

this woman, my mate, my sweet angel, I have opened myself up and laid myself bare at her feet. I can only hope that she

doesn't rebuff me and walk away.

I wait for her response, watching her as she looks at me for a long moment. Okay Liam. I'll give you a chance. Alessia wants

Cyran, and Cara and Clint believe in you. For those reasons, I'll give you a chance. Don't make me regret it."

I take her hand and kiss it. "You won't. I promise."

'If you even begin to mess this up, I'll rip you to shreds.' My wolf tells me. Glad to know I mean so much to him.

'Our mate is everything. Fix this so we can mark them as ours.'

"Are you hungry? Do you want me to have them bring some food up? Or, better yet, how about I take you out, show you around

more of the pack lands. We can grab dinner and get you some clothes. You must be tired of wearing kid clothes.

"I'd like a shower first, then we can go out. I think I'd like to see more of the pack lands."

Poor Liam, he's so afraid of losing Angel.

## Chapter 210

Alessia told me that everything Liam said was truthful. He wants to make this right. He doesn't kill just to kill. And he's right, he is

an Alpha. He's been carrying a huge burden for so many years, it's not fair of me to ask that he not ever kill. I know more than

many how violent ours and other supernatural species can be. And I want the vampires dead too. I want to know that I am safe,

after so many years of living in fear. So, how can I hold him to a standard that I am not willing to live up to.

'Plus, we're his Guardian.'

'What? What does that mean, Alessia?'

'A Guardian is the protector of an Alpha. The Alpha changes with the death and rebirth of the Guardian spirit. Liam and Cyran

being our mate, makes us their Guardian. We can't walk away from them. It is our destiny to protect them.'

'So even if I don't want to be, I'm stuck with him?'

'I guess you don't have to agree to being his mate, but yes, for the entirety of our lives, we are bound to them.'

Well, that sucks. I guess I need to figure out a way to live with him.

When I'm done showering, I change and walk to his room, knocking on the door. It opens immediately and he looks at me.

"Ready?" He asks and I nod.

When we get downstairs, I see the pack members skirting around us, rather than coming up to Liam like they have the last

couple of times we've come downstairs together.

As we walk to the car, I ask him about it. "What's up with the pack members? Why didn't anyone approach you?"

He opens my door, lifting me into the passenger seat. "I've asked them to give me some space. I need to focus on you and me

right now. I don't want any distractions." He looks at me. "You are the most important thing to me. They can wait."

I frown as he walks around the car and gets in. "But they're your pack. They need you." I say, not really understanding how he is

putting the needs of the pack on hold.

He turns and looks at me. "And I need you. I don't think you understand just how much I need you, or how much I'm willing to do

so that you will stay with me." He turns and starts the truck. "And Dustin is handling anything that can't wait." He turns back to

me. "Is it okay to go shopping first or are you hungry?"

"Shopping is good."

He pulls out of the driveway and starts down the road. He sets his phone to play music through the car speakers. The first song

sounds a bit like some of the first ones that I heard, although this one doesn't sound angry. If anything, it sounds like liberation

from guilt. Weird.

"I wasn't going to jump." I tell him, needing him to know.

He turns and looks at me, before looking back at the road. "You were at the cliff's edge and you said you'd rather die than live

with a monster."

"I was at the edge. I was trying to find a way down. I thought I could maybe make it to Canyon Ridge before your wolves caught

up to me, but Cyran is really fast." "We had a lot of adrenaline pushing us."

"I just didn't want you to think that I was going to jump. I wouldn't want to kill Alessia like that. I'm only just getting her back."

"Can I ask how your day went with Clint? How was training?" He asks, changing the subject and I can see his hand twitching. I'm

guessing he really wants to hold my hand. I told him I'd give him a chance, so I will. I reach over, and slide my hand, palm up

onto his thigh where he usually holds it. His response is instantaneous. He reaches down and intertwines his fingers with mine. I

watch as some of the tension around his eyes and mouth eases.

'He really does care for us.' Alessia says in my head. And she's right. I can see how much today has impacted him, caused him more stress that he didn't need.