

Broken 211

Chapter 211

He pulls my hand up to his mouth and kisses it. "Thank you." He says, turning his head to look at me.

"For what?"

"For giving me a chance. I won't let you down."

"You're welcome. And training went well. I was exhausted afterward but Alessia said she felt stronger. Maybe that's why she

could finally tell you were our mate."

He nods his head. "That makes sense. Are you supposed to go back tomorrow?"

"Yes. Same time. Oh, and, Cara told me that someone named Ailduin will be here next weekend. He's bringing his son and they

want to hear and document my story."

"The Fae King and his son Aolis. Apparently, they are the keepers of the Guardian's history. I'm sure he'll be thrilled to meet

you."

"I've never met any of the Fae. Do you know anything about them?"

He looks at me, giving my hand a gentle squeeze. "From what I've heard from Rik and Cara, he's a good king. He apparently

was mated to someone with your Guardian spirit a long time ago, so he's a bit partial to Alessia. But don't go getting any ideas.

You're my mate." He growls the last part out.

"And apparently, I'm your Guardian too." I turn to look at him. "Did you know that?"

He glances at me but keeps his eyes on the road. "I assumed. Seeing that Cara is Rik's Guardian, and they are mates, it was a

logical assumption."

I nod as we pull into a quaint looking area with shops on either side of the main road. Liam parks and comes around to help me

down. He takes my hand and walks me to a shop advertising women's clothes. "These shops are on the border. of Rik's and our

pack lands. Both packs come here to shop. There are human cities nearby and we can go there if you would like. I have my

offices in the nearest city, and I'd like to show it to you eventually anyway."

It doesn't escape me that he called them 'our' pack lands. When the man says he's willing to be everything I want in a mate, he

jumps in with both feet.

When we walk into the shop, the woman at the counter looks aggravated until she sees Liam. "Alpha! What a pleasant surprise.

How can I help you today?" She is looking at and talking to Liam like I'm not in the room.

+15 BONDS

Alessia stands up in my head, growling at this woman for her disrespect. She pushes forward and I know the instant that the

woman realizes her mistake. Her eyes widen into saucers, and she gulps audibly. "Guardian. My apologies." She bares her neck

to me. "I was unaware that we had another Guardian in our packs."

"Sophia. This is Angel, a Guardian as you can see, and my mate."

Her eyes immediately go to my neck, looking for a mate mark. "Your....mate?"

"Yes. We are here to get her some new clothes. Can you help us?"

"Of course, Alpha. What kind of clothes were you thinking?"

Liam turns to me. Again, the woman was ignoring me. "Would you like to look around and see what you'd like to try on?" He asks

me.

"Yes, that would be great."

"Please look around. Let me know if you need any assistance at all." Sophia says. to Liam.

Liam guides me further into the store and we begin to look at the clothes. We find some jeans, tops and other clothes before I

head into the changing rooms.

Liam insists on seeing everything that I try on and makes suggestions. In the end, I found several outfits, some workout clothes

and some cute nightgowns. "This is a good start." Liam says as he pays for the clothes. I see he also grabbed some scented

body wash and lotion as well. "We'll go shopping again soon, but I want to get some food in you."

It's more clothing than I've had in years, but I don't want to argue in front of Sophia, who continues to ignore me and flirt with

Liam. Thankfully, he ignores

her.

When she's done ringing up the purchase, he grabs the bag and turns to me. Ready?"

"Ready."

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Sophia ignoring Angel aggravated me, but I didn't want to cause any more strife between us, so I let it go. In the future, I will not

have anyone disrespecting my mate that way. She's their future Luna and like it or not, they will treat her as such.

I insisted that Angel wear one of her new outfits. I wanted her to feel comfortable in her own skin, not like she's wearing hand-

me-down clothes from kids in the pack. Even dressed in adult clothes, her face has the sweetness of youth. I reach out and take

her hand. I'm so thankful she's willing to give me another chance.

"What is this song that's playing?" She asks me. "It doesn't sound like something you would listen to." She turns and looks at me.

"Well, not based on the playlist I listened to the first time anyway. But even without that, this seems. almost....girly."

I raise an eyebrow, looking at her in mock offense. "Girly? You think my music is girly?"

"Well, um..."

I pull her hand to my lips, kissing it. I love kissing her hand, smelling her scent.

"I'm joking. I made this playlist for you while you were sleeping. It's what I was doing when you woke up and saw me with my

phone and earbuds in."

She tilts her head to the side. "What made you pick the songs? They're very different."

"I'm not great at saying how I feel. I'm not used to being open with anyone. So, I thought maybe I could make you a playlist to tell

you how I feel, about you and about us. Or at least, what I want for us."

"I like that line." She says, her eyes unfocused, listening to the song.

"Which one?"

She sings it to me.

"Full is not heavy as empty,

Not nearly, my love

Not nearly, my love

Not nearly."

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"It's true and I think you and I both understand that." She says as she looks at

1. me.

"Yes. But I would say that until you, I didn't understand it, never having felt what it could be like to feel full. I was always empty.

Full feels light as a feather."

She smiles at me as I pull into a parking spot. There is one upscale restaurant in this part of our pack lands. It's on the border

between the two packs. It's really the only date night restaurant there is, and I'm hoping I can score a table last minute.

We walk up the drive and she takes in the twinkling lights of the place. The owners have done a really nice job of making it look

otherworldly.

"It's beautiful." She says and I can hear the wonder in her voice.

"It's called Ethereal. I'm not sure we can get in, but I wanted to try. If not tonight, we'll come back another time."

When we get inside Tamara, one of the owners, is at the front. "Hey Tamara. Is it possible to get a table for two? I don't have a

reservation. It was a last-minute decision and I was hoping you could seat us."

"Good evening, Alpha Liam. Let me take a look." She looks over her seating chart then around the restaurant, before looking

back at me. "Do you mind sitting out back on the patio?"

I look at Angel. She shakes her head no, she doesn't mind.

“That will work.”

“Perfect, it’s a more secluded spot than what I can get you inside.”

She walks us to a table for two that is tucked off to the side, offering a bit of privacy. The atmosphere outside is almost better

than it is inside, so this is perfect.

“Thank you, Tamara.”

“Thank you for coming in Alpha. I hope you both enjoy your dinner.” She says before leaving us.

I watch as Angel looks around. “Do you come here often?” She asks, looking at

1. me.

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“No. It’s kind of a date spot, and well, I don’t really date. I’ve been a couple of times on my own. I sat at the bar inside listening

to music. Or, when Dustin and I were working late, we might come in and grab a steak.”

“What made you bring me here?”

“Isn’t it obvious Angel?” She shakes her head, no.

“I’m trying to impress you. Show you that there is more to me than the monster you saw earlier today.” She looks at me for a

long moment before looking at the

menu.

“What do you suggest?”

“Well, if you trust me, I can order for both of us.”

I watch as she closes her menu. “Surprise me, then.”

I smile as our waitress walks over. I order a bottle of wine and appetizers. I’m hoping a good workout today will have increased

her appetite, so I’ll be ordering her a steak and potatoes to share.

“I have a question for you,” she says. “And I’ll preface it with, ‘you’re not going to like it’.”

I reach over and take her hands. “I told you, you can ask me anything. I may not like your question, you may not like my answer,

but I want us to communicate and be honest with each other.”

She nods, looking down at our hands. “Would you let me see Eli?”

My whole body goes rigid. I clench my jaw and I can feel the muscle twitching with the force I am exerting.

“Why?” It comes out as a growl and I rein it in. “What I mean is, you may not realize that he kidnapped Cara and tried to forcibly

mark her. You meeting with him puts you at risk and I don’t feel comfortable having you close to him.”

“You would be with me the entire time.” She says, holding my gaze.

I don’t want her near that murderer. I should have killed him, then none of this would be happening.

Our wine comes while I’m contemplating how to convince her to not see him. Before getting back to the heavy conversation, I

pick up my glass, holding it up to

clink with hers.

“To a fresh start and new beginnings, together.”

She tips her glass to mine. “Together.”

Okay, I might have just set myself up.

I sigh. “Tell me why you want to see him.”

“Clint and Cara told me a lot about Alessia’s Guardian line today. Many of the strengths that the Fae King has documented over

the years. But one that they didn’t tell me, that Alessia has, is the ability to smell deceit. It’s another reason I’m willing to give us

a chance. I know that everything you said to me today was truthful. If you had been lying, I would have known.”

I think about this new development. I’m happy that she can tell that I’m being honest with her, but what can her ability do to help

me with Eli?

She’s watching me and she leans in. “I can confirm when he’s lying. If he tried to forcibly mark a Guardian, then he knows that

we have enhanced abilities beyond a regular wolf. He’ll know that I can tell he’s lying.” She holds my hands tighter. You seem to

need closure. At least then you'll know for sure that he's lying."

"You will stay by my side the entire time. You have to promise me that."

"I promise. I have no interest in being forcibly marked by anyone."

Our appetizers arrived and I ordered our dinner.

When I turn back, she says, "Tell me about your business. You said you have a company in the human city?"

"Yes." I tell her about the company, the two departments that we have, my role as president and CEO and how it financially

supports the pack. She listens, periodically asking questions and I realize, it's the first time anyone has ever wanted to know

about me and my life. Usually, people want something from me that's part of being an Alpha. It feels good to share these things

with her and just have her listen.

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"Where do you find the time? You run a huge pack and also a massive company that stretches over the entire country. When do

you have time for you,

you, Liam?"

I shrug. "Work has always been my life. There has never been anything for me but work. That's all I've ever known. I've wanted a

partner to share my life and the responsibilities of running a pack. I searched for so many years trying to find you, all over the

country, even overseas. Little did I know that you were within my reach this entire time, if I had only looked in the right place."

She reaches over and takes my hand again. "You had no way of knowing where I was, just as I would have had no way of

knowing that you wanted me as a mate, not as a Guardian. Even if I hadn't been held captive by vampires, I would have

continued to stay away from packs, so our paths probably would have never crossed."

We finished our dinner and I asked if she wanted dessert. I wasn't surprised when she said no. She didn't finish her steak, but

she ate more than she has been eating.

When we leave, I take her hand, walking us back to the car. I pick her up and put her in the truck, gently kissing her lips. She

holds my face in her hands. Keeping her eyes on me, she slides her tongue between my lips like she did once before. I slip my

tongue out and touch hers, drawing her tongue into my mouth and deepening the kiss. I let myself get pulled into the taste of her

raspberries and cream until I hear her soft moan.

I gently pull away and kiss the corner of her mouth before I walk around and climb into the truck. Our drive back is peaceful,

listening to the playlist I made

her.

When we get back she asks, "Did you want me to cut your hair?"

"I would appreciate that, thank you." Yes, I absolutely want to do anything that means I'm spending more time with you and

means you will have your hands on

1. me.

When we walk into the packhouse, I drop her clothes off with the house omegas. to be washed and then we head upstairs. I walk

us into my room, letting go of her hand to go into my bathroom and pull out scissors and a comb to get ready to have her cut my

hair. I unbutton my shirt, planning to take it off and walk back into the bedroom to see her looking around the room.

I look at my room, wondering what she sees. It's decorated in a very masculine theme, all browns, blacks and creams. There

isn't really anything personal in my

room other than a couple of pictures of my parents. I watch as she walks over to the pictures and I follow behind her.

"That's my mom."

"She was beautiful. You have her hair and her eyes."

I point to other pictures. "That's my dad, I'm built like him. And that is me as a child." The picture is one that was taken about a

year before my mother died. I don't have any other pictures of me after that.

She picks up the picture, smiling as she runs her thumb over my image.

I stand behind her, putting my hands on her hips. "I paid for quite a few thoughts, and I'd like to cash in on the one you're thinking

now."

She turns her head to look at me over her shoulder. "I was wondering what it would feel like to have a child that looked just like

you."

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I can see the impact my statement has on Liam. Instantly, his eyes darken and his throat convulses as if he's trying to swallow

but his throat has gone dry.

I turn back to the picture. Young Liam is something to behold. He has a huge smile on his face and it lights up his eyes. I wonder

if anything can ever put that look back on his face.

Seeing this picture had an immediate effect on me. Maybe it's the mate bond that's in full effect. But the moment I saw this

picture, I knew I wanted to have Liam's children. I want to have a whole litter of pups running around with his smile on their

faces, maybe a mixture of our eyes and hair color, but I want it like I've never wanted anything in my life.

I know in this moment, that I want to be mated to this man. We still have things to work through, I need to know that I can trust

him completely, but the thought of not marking him as mine and having another she-wolf take my place as his mate, is

incomprehensible.

I put the picture back and realize that Liam has his shirt unbuttoned. His rippling abdominal muscles are right there. I turn and

run my fingers over the ridges of his abs up to his chest. "Is there a reason you are partially dressed?"

The feel of his body shivering at my touch is empowering. I love having an effect on this strong man. His voice is husky when he responds. "I was going to take it off so you could cut my hair."

I reach

my hands up and push his shirt off his shoulders, sliding my hands down his arms, as the shirt drops to the floor. "Good idea." I

say in a whisper. "Where are we going to cut your hair?"

He hooks his thumb behind him. "Bathroom." He says, but doesn't move and doesn't take his eyes off me..

I run my hands back up his strong arms before sliding them up his neck into his hair. His eyes stay on mine until I begin running

my fingers through his hair, then they fall closed as I graze my nails over his scalp.

"I see you like this as much as I do." I say, enjoying the feel of him relaxing.

"I like you touching me."

He takes my hands and pulls me with him into the bathroom, sitting down in a

+15 BONDS

chair. "No one has really touched me since my mother died. Not like this anyway. I've had lovers, but that's different and nothing

long-term. This feels more.... intimate."

I pick up the comb, running it through his thick hair before answering. "I can't imagine what that must have been like for you." I

say before coming to stand in front of him.

"Lonely." He replies, pulling me between his legs so I'm closer to him. "Did you want to continue listening to the music list I made

you while you do this?"

I look down at him. He's watching me. "Sure."

He pulls his phone out of his pocket, turning on the playlist before I hear music coming from his bedroom. "I have it set up to go

through the speakers in my room." He says.

I begin to cut his hair. While it's thick and curly, his hair is very soft. I'm enjoying running my fingers through it as I pull it up to cut

it. I'm not sure how short he wants it but I'm keeping it long enough that I can still feel it between my fingers as I run them

through his hair.

I chuckle at the song playing. 'You're barely waking, and I'm tangled up in you.'

"That sounds like us in the morning."

His hands start rubbing up and down my hips. "Do you know that I've never slept as well as I have the last couple of nights? I

can't remember the last time I slept through the night before that first night with you."

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I'm beginning to realize that this man has not only been alone his whole life, but besides Dustin's father who really was only

teaching him how to take over pack responsibilities, he's never had anyone to show him love or affection.

When I finish, I set aside the scissors and comb. I lean into him, brushing my fingers through his hair, rubbing my thumbs over

his eyebrows, then down to his eyelids, making my way to his lips. I brush my fingers gently over his lips and he kisses them.

I smile as I look at him. "I haven't been able to sleep without having nightmares. until I came here. You and Cyran keep them at

bay."

"You make me feel whole Angel. I don't have the emptiness that I've felt for so long that I didn't even remember that it was there.

It's why I'm willing to do whatever it takes to keep you from leaving me. I've never felt so complete in my life." I pull his head into

my chest, holding him against me and I feel him wrap his arms around me.

After a moment, I pull away. "Come on. Do you want to get in the bathtub and I can wash your hair?"

"Will

you join me?"

I look at him. This intimacy, this closeness with Liam, is addictive. Maybe it is only the mate bond, pulling us together, but I want

to be the one that makes him. feel like this. I want to be the one that he craves and comes to when he feels

broken. I want to be the one that eases his tension and the aches of his life into something neither of us ever thought we would

find.

we're two

It feels like rough and jagged pieces of a puzzle that shouldn't fit anywhere, but when we come together, we fit and become one

solid, smooth

surface.

"Yes, I'll join you."

The smile that lights his face fills my heart. I cup his cheek in my hand. "You should smile more often. It looks good on you."

He turns his face to kiss my palm. "You give me a reason to smile."

He stands up and moves to the tub, turning on the faucet. "Where is a broom, I can clean this up."

He tells me and while he gets towels for us, I clean up the floor and move the

chair back to the bedroom.

When I come back in, he has removed his clothes. "Get in, let me wash off all this hair first."

He does and it's the reverse of my time in the tub. I hold his head, cupping water in my hand and pouring it over his head and

shoulders. I grab his shampoo, which has an appealing musky scent that mingles with his.

I rub the shampoo into his hair, watching as his eyes close and he relaxes into my hand. I take my time, enjoying this softer side

of Liam.

When I'm done, I turn the water back on and pull the plug, letting the soapy water rinse out, before putting the plug back in.

When I stand he looks at me. "Are you getting in?"

I nod and begin stripping off my clothes. I watch his eyes darken as they linger on my body. I step into the tub and sit between

his legs, leaning back against him.

“Thank you for cutting my hair.” He whispers in my ear.

“Thank you for opening up to me and being honest about yourself. I want this to work Liam.” I look up at him over my shoulder. “I

think we can make this work.” He wraps his arms around me, holding me tightly to him. “We can, I promise.”

Did you like the insight into Liam?

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My heart is lighter. She’s willing to give this a try, and she thinks it will work. It’s not easy letting myself be this vulnerable with

her, but it seems to be what she needs.

When we finish with the bath, I wrap her in a towel and go to grab one of my t- shirts for her to wear while I pull on a pair of sleep

pants. When I come back, I hand it to her. “Do you want to sleep in here, with me, tonight?”

I’m hoping she’ll say yes. Now that she can feel the mate bond, I want her to move into this room, make it ours.

A blush paints her cheeks pink. “I’m afraid that I will end up sleeping on top of you again.”

I smirk down at her. I love that I wake up with her laying on top of me, but if she’s concerned about it, I have an idea. “What? You

don’t like waking up like a lizard sunning herself on a warm rock?”

“I don’t know about the lizard part, but the warm rock is accurate. You pump out some heat big guy.”

“Big guy, huh?”

She blushes an even deeper shade of pink. “Well, you are like a foot taller than I am.”

“Which brings me to my solution. What if we sleep on our sides, rather than your head on my chest and I can curl up behind

you?”

“That works.” We crawl into bed, and I see her taking a deep breath of my pillow. I know Alessia must be pushing her to

complete the mating process. But it needs. to be something Angel agrees to as well.

‘So help her figure it out. I want to mark our mate. I want everyone to know she’s

ours.'

'So do I Cyran but give her some time.'

He grumbles until I curl up behind our sweet mate. Her body fits perfectly inside.

mine. I slide one arm under her pillow and wrap the other arm around her torso, sliding my hand under her shirt and holding it

against her stomach. I bury my nose in her hair and breathe in her sweet scent.

"Good night Angel." I kiss her hair.

C

"Good night Liam." Her hand coming up under the pillow to hold mine.

There is nowhere else in the world I want to be. I wait until I feel her drift asleep before falling into my own restful bliss.

My Angel is writhing underneath me. Her body rubbing against my hard cock, driving me crazy. Her hand is in my hair pulling as

she moans my name.

It's the sound of my name from her lips that wakes me. We are still on our sides, but my sweet angel is rubbing her ass against

my raging hard on. She has reached back over her head and is gripping my hair, her back arched searching for her release in

her dream.

I slide my hand down between her legs, gently lifting the top one over mine to give me access. I slide my fingers through her

warm folds and groan at how wet my little mate is for me. I slide two fingers inside her before moving to her clit, rubbing circles

and adding pressure as she pushes against my hand.

"Liam." It's a soft moan of pleasure and I intend to hear her saying my name every day, whether it's in this moaning whisper or a

scream of passion.

She wakes as I start to bring her closer to the edge. She goes to move, but I clamp my arm down on her thigh to hold her in

place and bring the arm under the pillow down to squeeze her breast before tugging on her nipple. Her gasp of pleasure has me

on the verge of my own orgasm.

I nuzzle my way to her ear, biting down on her ear lobe. "Cum for me little angel."

Her response is instantaneous, her body jerking with her release, pushes me to mine. Growling, I continue to rub her clit as our

bodies come down together. Another pair of sleep pants soaked.

I slide my fingers down and inside of her. I wasn't kidding yesterday when I said I wanted to taste her every morning. When I

bring my fingers to my mouth, she turns and watches me lick my fingers clean of her taste.

"I told you I wanted you for breakfast every morning."

I see her eyes darken, Alessia's gold rimming the grey of Angel's. I feel Cyran push forward and know my eyes have gone from

sage to hunter green.

"Soon, little one, very soon, I will be taking my time with you, feasting on you until your voice goes hoarse." I lean in and kiss her

deeply. "But today, you have to get ready for training, and so do I."

She pulls back from me. "You're going to train with me

today

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"No. But I haven't been involved in my warriors' training since you got here and I need to show my face and see how they are

doing. I'll be doing that while you are gone and then this afternoon, we will go see Eli."

Her eyes soften. "Thank you, I know it's not easy for you to agree to that."

I kiss her nose. "I told you, I'm willing to do just about anything to make you happy and keep you by my side. I don't like it, but as

long as I will be there with you, I will deal with it."

"Now get moving." I smack her ass cheek hard. I see her eyes go wide, then something that looks suspiciously like lust flashes

before she turns to get up. Oh yeah, we'll be exploring that more. My little Angel was definitely made for me.

Since I'm feeling playful, I growl softly, making her turn. I'm sitting up on the bed, ready to pounce. She squeals a moment before

rushing to the bathroom. I catch her just as she gets to the door, swinging her in my arms and carrying her the rest of the way

into the bathroom. "Caught you."

"That wasn't much of a challenge big guy." My sassy mate says.

I shift her body so I can hold her with one arm and turn on the shower with the other. "Any time you want to run little mate, Cyran

and I will be happy to hunt you. You've seen how fast Cyran is and we don't lose. Ever."

I feel a shiver run up her spine before I set her down on the floor. We shower and I make a mental note to call the local salon

about getting Angel in for a haircut.

I drive her to Clint's again. Today is apparently a running day. Cara wants to try to show her around the packhouse again today,

and said she'll bring her home when they are done. I remind them to make sure my girl eats and doesn't overdo before I kiss her

goodbye and head back to my pack.

It feels good to be training with my warriors again. My lead warrior, Evan, gives me a good sparring, while Dustin and Jackson

move around and give the warriors pointers.

"So Alpha," Evan says when we take a break for water a couple hours later. "Is it true? Is the girl your mate?"

I notice everyone stop what they are doing to listen in. "She is, but she's only just gotten strong enough to realize that we're

mates. She still hasn't shifted to her wolf and I don't know how long it will be until she's strong enough."

"Is it true that she's a Guardian?" One of my other warriors asks.

"Yes. For those of you who have heard of or remember Lily Nelson, Cara Nelson's mother, Angel and her wolf Alessia have their

reincarnated Guardian spirit."

"Is it true that vampires held her captive and want her back?"

“Yes. She was held captive for seven years.” Several of the warriors growl and snarl. They understand the impact of me not

being able to find my mate because she was a prisoner. “Currently there is a five million dollar bounty on her head.” “Actually

Alpha,” Dustin says. “I haven’t had a chance to speak to you, but the bounty has gone up. It’s seven million now.”

D

“What about the bounty for the other girl? Is it still active?”

“Yes, and it’s up to six million.” Dustin informs me.

I nod. I’m about to get the group back into sparring when an urgent mind link comes through from the patrols.

“Alpha! There’s a wolf rushing toward our territory. She’s alone and she’s fast. She doesn’t look like she’s going to stop at the

borders.”

I look at Dustin and realize the link was open to all the warriors, as well as my Beta and Gamma.

“Shit!” Another link comes through. “She just got past us. She’s heading toward the packhouse.”

I hear a howl in the distance. It’s not a challenge, or a howl of the hunt. It’s an excited howl.

“She just got past the second level patrols, and she isn’t slowing down.” Another patrol leader announces.

“What does she look like?” I ask my men.

“She’s pure white. The whitest wolf I’ve ever seen.”

“Let her through.”

“Alpha?”

“I said let her through.

A chorus of “Yes Alpha” comes through the link.

Dustin looks at me. “Who is it?”

At that moment, she breaks from the tree line of the forest. She is running full

out, directly at me. Even from here, I can see her stunning golden eyes.” “Alessia.” I open my arms just as she leaps and tackles

me to the ground.

Chapter 219

You'd think I was a teenager with the amount of sex dreams I've started having. I'm waking up every morning to Liam helping me

ease the ache between my thighs. I'm not complaining. The man is magic with his hands and his tongue. I was seriously tempted

to offer him the breakfast he wanted this morning.

And when he slapped my rear end? It caused something to clench deep inside me. I wanted to lean back and offer myself to him

so he'd do it again. This mate bond is messing with my brain.

'It's not just the mate bond. It's the Alpha in him. It's instinct to respond to his dominance. And he's so dominant.' Alessia purrs in

my head. Well, she's no help.

at all.

'I wouldn't say he was being dominant when he made that girly playlist for me.' I tell her.

'He was telling you he loves you in the only way he knows how. It was sweet. He can be sweet and he can be dominating. Would

you disagree that he knows how to command your body to do exactly what he wants? You certainly responded when he told you

to cum for him."

Just thinking of his strong, deep voice in my ear makes my body tighten up. Not helpful when you're running mile after mile. But I

have to admit, there is something about the way his voice makes my body respond. And the thought of him and Cyran hunting

us?

'Oh yes. As soon as I can shift, I will be giving Cyran a challenge worthy of an Alpha.' I can feel Alessia's excitement. Not only in

being able to shift for the first time in over seven years, but also giving Cyran a challenge he'll never forget.

I'm coming up on the five-mile mark. Clint had me run the shorter track so he could check how I'm doing. I'm headed back to

where Clint is waiting for me, when Alessia starts to whine in my head.

'Alessia, what is it?'

'I feel like I need to shift.'

'What? Right now?'

'Yes, like I can't control it.'

I fall to my knees. I see Clint's worried expression. "Donovan!" Alessia screams out before my body is wracked in pain and I fall to my side.

Somehow, Clint makes it to my side, faster than I would have expected on this grassy terrain. "Angel, what is it?"

"I have to shift." Alessia's voice is layered over mine, our voice tortured with pain.

Clint pulls himself out of his wheelchair to sit on the ground next to me. He lays a hand on my side.

"Easy. Easy now. I know it's

been a long time since you've shifted. This is a good thing. You're not alone, I'll be here until you shift."

He moves so he is sitting in front of my face. "Angel, look at me. Alessia knows what to do, don't fight her. Watch me and breathe

with me.

He begins deep inhaleds and exhales. I try to copy what he's doing but the pain is so great. I don't remember it being this bad

during my first shift.

'You were younger then. Your body wasn't fully grown and I was at full strength and able to heal you almost as fast as you were

injured.' Alessia's agonized voice tells me.

I don't know how long we laid there. Every bone cracking was agony. Somewhere in my mind, I realized that Clint had shifted

and Donovan was beside us, rubbing against our side, trying to help ease the pain. And it did help some.

Then, Cara was there too, giving her support, rubbing her hands over our side and back. It was having both of them there that

finally allowed Alessia to finish the shift. When we were done, we lay there panting.

Cara runs her hands through Alessia's fur. "You're beautiful Alessia."

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Donovan rubs his muzzle over my shoulder. "Do you think you can stand?" Cara asks. "Dad and Donovan are concerned about you."

Alessia takes her time getting to her feet. When she does, she shakes out her fur and wags her tail at Donovan, barking at him.

'How do you feel Alessia?'

'Like I want to run!' She says and takes off. I don't know where she's going, but she doesn't seem to care as long as she can

continue to run. She howls a thank you before bolting west. The minute she shifts her direction, I know exactly where she was

going and I am in total agreement. She wants Liam and Cyran to see her.

'Were you always this fast Alessia?' I'm in awe of my wolf. She's amazing!

'I'll be even faster when I'm stronger.'

We run through the canyon and head straight to the cliff behind the waterfall. She begins climbing and I'm wondering if she's part

mountain goat, she's leaping from ledge to ledge like it's nothing.

We're near the top when we see the first patrols racing toward us. She doesn't stop, she just pushes harder. She howls to let

Liam and Cyran know she's coming. I hope they know it's her. I don't want to have to fight a bunch of Liam's pack members.

She blows past another patrol team, darting around the trees in the forest behind the packhouse. And that's when we smell him.

Alessia begins to run even faster and as she breaks from the forest, he's standing there, looking right at us.

When he sees us, a huge smile spreads across his face and he opens his arms. Alessia doesn't hesitate. She jumps right into

his arms, knocking them both to the ground. She's so excited that she can't hold still, squirming around in his

arms.

He's laughing at her antics as she licks his face, yips in happiness and continues to jump around him and on him.

"Okay, okay. Let me take a look at you, gorgeous." He says, sitting up. She rubs herself against him before standing in front of

him, prancing around, unable to be still.

beautiful you are. And big! I thought you'd be small given how tiny Angel is, but you're almost as large as Cyran."

Alessia is purring, rubbing herself on Liam, scenting him. He stands, brushing the grass off his pants. Alessia jumps at him,

barking loudly. She's bent over with her front legs on the ground, her butt in the air, and her tail wagging back and forth like a

metronome.

Liam stops and looks at her. "Feeling playful little one?" And I can hear Cyran's voice overlaying Liam's. She barks at him again,

jumping at him before running a few steps away. She looks back to see if he's going to follow her.

Liam's eyes have gone completely dark as Cyran pushes forward. "Run little one."

Alessia takes off like a shot. A moment later, I hear large paws hitting the earth. Alessia turns her head and sees Cyran chasing

after her. She howls her delight and pushes forward. Cyran's answering howl is the howl of the hunt, and Alessia is his prey.

Cyran chases us around the pack lands, nipping at Alessia's heels when he gets close enough. She's giving him a good run, not

making it easy to catch her.

She's run back into the canyon and is running at full speed when she catches the scent, that sickly sweet scent that we'll never

forget. She turns, digging her paws into the ground, skidding out in the grass. Her nose is up in the air sniffing.

Vampire.

Just as Cyran catches up to us, she lets out the warning howl. Danger.

We're halfway between the Canyon Ridge and Shadow Falls packs. Basically, h and I are on our own until help arrives, and I

can't tell how many vampires ther
are.