

Broken 391

Chapter 391

As Eli and I head to the border, I have an idea of what this is. Over the past couple of months, both Cara and Angel have had,

mostly vampires but other

supernaturals as well, come to pledge their allegiance to the Guardians of the Realm, as they call us.

Word of Angel's

imprisonment and the Guardian's defeat of the vampires has spread quickly.

However, when we arrive, I instantly understand why Carlos called them 'creatures'. I have no idea what these little fairy looking

supes are. There are five of them and they are flying around with their little wings. They can't be more than about a foot tall, if

that. They are shining and look like they are lit from within. They have strange, flowing gown-like clothes that look like they were

made from plant leaves. Their hair and bodies seem almost opaque, and probably would be if not for the bizarre light shining

from them.

"Oh, I knew she'd be more beautiful up close." One of the two males says in a stage whisper, looking at me.

"Oh, and he is so much bigger this close, isn't he?" The woman next to him says, as if we can't hear them speaking about me

and Eli.

"Have I mentioned how much I like wolves. They're very...wild." The other male. says reverently.

I can't tell if they are speaking to each other, or if they are speaking out loud to themselves. Their voices remind me of a human

movie I watched one time where these little people called munchkins lived in Munchkinland. Their voices were higher pitched

than a human and these little creatures sound very similar.

Eli and I step up next to Carlos. "Hello, I'm Alpha Eli and this is my mate, Luna Grace. You've already met my Beta, Carlos." Eli

introduces us.

“Sir Alpha Eli.” One of the males says and gives quite a grand bow for someone with wings on his back.
“My name is Funichio

and this is my sister, Fanella. This is Draiden and the twins are Leilani and Lolana.”

“I’ve seen this one naked, and with what’s hanging between his legs, he’s no Beta.” One of the twins says in another stage

whisper that everyone hears.

“Definitely an Alpha.” Her twin responds as they look Carlos up and down like they are seeing him without the clothes he’s

wearing.

“Lady Luna Grace. It is an honor to meet you.” Funichio says to me. I’m about to respond when the twins continue their loud

discussion of Carlos..

“And the way he makes Lady Beta Amber siiiiiing,” she says, in a trilling bird sound, “like songbird when he takes her in the

pond....”

“Or when he does that thing....”

“Enough!” Carlos says sternly, attempting to end the discussion of his sexual escapades with his mate.

“Oh, do you think that was his Alpha aura? It made me tremble.” The twins continue, their voice enraptured, completely

disregarding Carlos’s discomfort at the situation.

“I do. It makes me want to agree with Sir Beta Carlos as loudly and frequently as Lady Beta Amber does.”

Carlos drops his head, looking at the ground, his jaw clenched. I’m not sure if he wants to strangle them or laugh at them.

“Funichio, Fanella. Did you have something you wanted to speak to me about?” I ask, trying to get this shitshow under control. I

can see Eli is about to burst out laughing and the wolves that were patrolling are moving closer, intrigued by these little ones.

“Oh yes. We are the Woodland Sprites of your surrounding woodland. King Ailduin has instructed all of us under his reign to

come to a Guardian and pledge our allegiance.”

“Our undying loyalty.”

“Our absolute fealty.”

It’s hard to keep up with them. It’s almost as if they have one mind working in multiple bodies, completing each other’s

sentences.

“Sprites?” Eli asks.

“Yes, Woodland Sprites to be exact. There are other kinds, water sprites, forest sprites...”

“Well, that’s what we are isn’t it, forest sprites?” Draiden says

“Yes, except we call ourselves the Woodland Sprites, so we’re better.” Funichio. insists.

“So, you follow King Ailduin’s rule?” I ask, again trying to gain some control of this conversation.

“Yes.” Fanella says. She hasn’t stopped eyeing Eli like he’s a feast and she’s starving-

“I thought King Ailduin was over the elves.” Eli says, frowning.

“Oh, he’s over all the fae- dwarves, fairies, the good kind; faeries, the bad kind; pixies.”

“Goblins, elves, leprechauns...”

“All of those exist?” Carlos asks.

“Oh yes.” Replies Funichio, flitting closer to me. While Fanella is staring at Eli, Funichio has been staring at me.

“You wolves are so big...”

“Soooo big.”

“So. Very. Big.” The twins chime in looking at our pack members still in wolf form.

“Yes, you are so big, and we are so very small, that you don’t see us unless we want you to.” Fanella answers Carlos.

“Like now.”

“Or we hide so you don’t run us over.”

“Look at that one over there.” One twin points to Alexander who has walked up beside me in his wolf form.

“He could run over us any time he wants.” Alexander is a flirty wolf and I see the wolf equivalent of a smirk as the twins flit closer

to him, openly eyeing him.

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“Look at his fur.”

“It looks so soft,”

“He smells like the forest.”

“I wonder if he tastes like the forest.” The twins continue their assessment of Alexander while he sits and stares back at them,

enjoying the attention.

“I bet he’s warm.”

“So warm.” They flit close enough that Alexander reaches out and licks one of them from toes to hairline.

As I watch, she shivers in what I can only describe as ecstasy.

“Oh, sister, I feel.....delicious.”

“What??” Her twin exclaims before turning to Alexander.

“Lick me! Lick me!”

And he does, this time going a bit slower. Her body has the same type of shivering convulsions.

“You’re so right, sister. It feels...”

“Delicious.” They say in unison, their voices quiet and breathy as if they just had the most incredible orgasm of their lives.

“What about you Lady Luna Grace?” Funichio asks me.

“What about me?” I ask, having no idea what he means but not having any intention of being licked.

“Would you mind me sinking my teeth into your fleshy bum?” He licks his lips but rather than being lascivious, it’s comical. His

eyes have moved to my ass and he’s looking at it like it’s the most tantalizing thing he’s ever seen.

Eli growls in warning, causing Fanella to whimper and shiver in pleasure as Funichio looks at him, his eyes widening.

“If you sink your teeth into me, I think Alpha Eli will sink his teeth into you.” tell him, meaning it as a gentle warning. However,

that’s not how he takes it.

“Oh, do you think so?” Now he’s licking his lips looking at Eli. I bite down hard on the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing out

loud. Funichio leans into me

as if he’s going to whisper, but it’s the same loud whisper that children do when they don’t realize how loud they are being.

“Because I swing both ways. I’d be

happy to have Sir Alpha Eli sink his teeth into me.

I’m not sure which is funnier, the look of utter adulation on Funichio’s face or the absolute horror on Eli’s. Now, it’s Carlos’s turn

to laugh.

“Will he let us touch him?” The twins ask me, looking at Alexander.

I turn and look at him. “They can touch me.” He tells me in the mind link.

“Yes.” I say and before I can say any more, they have flown to him, running their fingers over the fur on his face.

“So soft.”

“So warm.” They say before burrowing into his fur.

A moment later, I watch as his face changes abruptly and his body jerks, a growl leaving his lips.

“Did you just fucking shoot your load in front of everyone?” Eli snarls at him, his nostrils flaring.

Through the mind link, Alexander is stuttering. “I....I didn’t....I mean...”

“It’s not his fault.” One of the twins says, coming out of his fur.

“We wanted to return the favor.” The other one says, joining her sister.

“Maybe he’ll want to lick us again.”

“Soon!”

“Yes, very soon.”

I can tell Eli is about out of patience with these crazy sprites. So, I try once more to redirect the conversation away from their

infatuation with our species.

“So, you live in the forest?” I ask.

“Yes, we watch.

“And listen.”

“We want to be friends with the wolves.”

“But we are afraid of them.”

“You do not need to be afraid of us. We are friends with King Ailduin, and we mean you no harm. But I will warn you, you must

respect the mate bond of the wolves. No playing with wolves that are mated.”

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‘We would never!’

“We respect the bonds of love.”

“We want the love of a wolf.” One twin says sadly.

“One that wants us to be theirs, forever.” The other twin says. Oh boy, I hope Alexander knows what he’s gotten himself into with

these two.

“Have you seen any other supernatural creatures?” Eli asks.

“Yes. Vampires.”

“Nasty creatures.”

“Blood suckers.”

“Parasites.”

“But they don’t bother us, no they don’t.”

“Our lifeline is made of something other than blood.”

I’m starting to get a headache with the constant shifting of conversation from one sprite to another.

“Any others?” Carlos asks.

“Some nasty humans, but your wolves have scared them off.

Fanella is nodding. “Hunters.”

“Yes, with bows and arrows and knives.”

“Nasty creatures.”

“Murderers.”

“Would you be willing to warn us if you see hunters in your forest again?” I ask

them.

“We would be honored to guard the territory of the Guardian and her wolves.” Funichio says to me, very seriously. That’s not

exactly what I was asking, but it’ll do, for now.

“Is there anything we can do to return the favor?” I ask, afraid I already know the answer.

“Oh, we’d love it if we could spend time with your wolves.” He says, and yep, that’s what I was afraid of.

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Fucking woodland sprites. I’ve never met a sprite before, and I could have gone my entire life without that shitshow. Of course,

now, Grace has offered to let them spend time with our wolves. I’ll have to order the patrols to stay on their watch and not go off

having literal quickies with these damn creatures!

“Do you think there’s any possibility that wolves could be mated to sprites?” Grace asks me as we head back to the packhouse.

Alexander had shifted, much to the delight of the sprite twins, and asked if they wanted to meet him at the pond. when he got off

duty. I’m surprised they were able to answer through all their drool.

“I have no idea. I would never have guessed that a 10-year old fae prince would be mated to a Guardian’s daughter, so what do

I know?” I say, still feeling grumpy about this whole mess.

Grace takes me hand and pulls me to a stop. She runs her fingers over my temples and into my hair. “Let it go, my love. They

aren’t a danger. It’s just like being in a room with a bunch of two-year-olds. It’s exhausting and tries your patience, but there’s no

harm in it.”

I close my eyes and let the tingles from her touch move across my head, soothing the headache that was threatening to burst my

head in two. I lean my forehead down, touching hers before pulling her hips against mine. "Thank you, baby."

"So, Alpha." My eyes shoot open, darkening with her words. "Want to see if you can make my body shiver like the sprites did with

just one lick?"

I burst out laughing. "Baby, when I lick you, I will take my time. I want to enjoy every bit of your cherry taste." I say, rubbing my

nose against hers before moving to her ear. "But rest assured little Alpha, your body will be quivering on my tongue before I'm

through." I whisper and I'm rewarded with goosebumps rising on her skin and a little shiver of anticipation running down her

spine.

Grace and I joined warrior and tournament training. I had narrowed down the final contestants to 20, so I still needed to cut half

of them before the end of the week. Every one of these individuals wanted a spot and they were all fighting hard to get it. Carlos

and I were sparring with them daily, assessing their strengths and weaknesses. Today, since Carlos was out running patrols, I

was going to have them go up against Grace.

While it was important to have them train and work for their position in the tournament, I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy watching

my mate take down

every one of the remaining warriors. She is every bit an Alpha female, strong, lithe, fast.

Our mate is sexy as hell.' Louis purrs in my head.

That she is. Look how easily she took down that warrior. She didn't even break a sweat."

We watch as she goes through them one by one. There are a couple of standouts. Some that lasted more than a 30 seconds

against our mate. They are now on the definite list and a few that didn't even last 10 seconds that were taken out of the running.

At the end of training, I'm down to 15 contestants and 8 spots.

We head to dinner in the dining hall. It's been upgraded and Jeremy has slowly been making longer, more elaborate tables for

the dining room. He's doing a great job and it's adding to the overall feeling that our pack is the real thing.

While we're eating, Joel, the one who lost his leg, comes up to me. "Alpha, might I have a word?"

"Of course, Joel. Did you want to join us or is this a private matter?"

He turns, looking

welcome to his family, his mate nodding her head at him. "Your family is

welcome to join us as well, Joel." Grace tells him.

He looks unsure but turns and nods for them to join him. While Grace and Amber engage the children, I turn my attention to Joel

and Peyton. "What did you need to speak to me about?"

"Well, Alpha, my wife mentioned that when you heard she knew how to smoke and cure meat, you had a smokehouse built for

her, knowing it would be beneficial for the pack."

I look between them. "That's right. Is there a problem with the smokehouse?" I ask, unsure where this conversation is going.

"Oh no, it's perfect. It's just, well, if we're going to stay in this pack, and we'd like to, I'd like to contribute as well."

"What did you have in mind?"

He looks at his mate before turning back to me. "Hot sauce."

I blink at him. "Come again?"

"In my old pack, I made hot sauce. It was well received not only by the local packs, but we were able to sell and distribute it to

the humans. We already have the garden and all it would take is to plant the hot peppers. I would need an area to process them

because it can become overwhelming when you are cooking

down the peppers, but I think we could bring in some good income for the pack for very little money up front."

“And you did this before? You know how to make it?”

“He was the best, Alpha. Everyone said so.”

“I think it’s a great idea, even if we only end up using it in the packs. But, let me ask you, if you were so valuable to your previous

Alpha, why did you run?”

Joel and Peyton look at each other again. “He was taxing us so much that there was no money left after I paid for the materials.

He was making thousands of dollars a month and I could barely feed my family.”

“We don’t think you are that way, Alpha. And we’re happy to pay a portion of our income to the pack, as is the way of things, but

we want to be able to live off the work we do.”

“Of course. You do bring up a good point for me to consider in the future. How to properly tax the workers on their income to pay

for the pack. I’ll have to consider that.” I say, thinking I will also consult with Liam and Rik to see what they do in their packs.

I look back at Joel. “What do you need to get started?”

“Pepper plants,”

“Easy enough.”

We finish our dinner and while Grace goes to check on the kitchens, I go outside to check on the patrols. I’m not happy to hear

that hunters have been scouting. around in the neighboring woods.

As I prepare to shift, I see a very disheveled Alexander walking toward me, stumbling slightly as if he’s drunk. I rush over to him.

“Alexander! Are you

alright? What happened to you?” His hair is in disarray, his clothes are rumpled, and he has smudges on his face.

He reaches out, grabbing hold of me, looking me in the eye. “Alpha! I think I’m in love!” He tells me before stumbling away.

Fucking sprites.

A couple of days after we met the woodland sprites, we got word that Angel had her baby. A beautiful, healthy baby boy that they

named after her father and Clint, who had acted like a second father to her.

Eli had me spar with the tournament contestants until he made his final cuts. We ended up with two that had moved from Rik's

pack, two from Liam's pack and the other 16 were from our pack. Eli had begun preparations for us to be gone for nearly a week.

The tournament lasts four days, plus it would take us a day to travel each way and then there was a ceremony at the end

announcing the top five packs.

Eli had been in communication with Rik and Liam. Our packs would be on-call to help each other. Rik and Liam were both

leaving their Gammas in charge. We had not assigned a Lead Warrior, but Rik was bringing Trevor and Liam was bringing his

new Lead Warrior.

The tournament would start on day one with warriors. Day two would be for Lead Warriors and Gammas, day three was for

Betas and day four would be for Alphas and Guardians. The tournament would be single elimination each day with the final two

battling it out at the end of the day. Every day, the winners are ranked and given points and at the end, the points for each pack

are added up and that is how the final ranking for the packs is decided. Additional points can be given for things like continuing a

fight after being injured, taking out your opponent with one hit, things like that. We would not have anyone to battle on day two,

but being our first entry into this competition, it was not expected that we would score high enough to be in the top five. Eli and I

both wanted to be in the top three, knowing Rik and Liam's packs would be there as well. As a Guardian, I felt like I needed to

make a good showing and prove the strength of our pack.

As the time drew closer, I became more anxious about seeing my father. I wasn't sure how I would react to seeing him again, or

how he would react to seeing me. all grown up. I wonder if his new mate knows about me and my mother. Maybe he won't show

up this year. I can hope.

I'm talking with Joel about his new pepper plants when I see two lights streaking across the pack lands headed to the

packhouse. "Luna, two sprites just rushed past our patrols." I get a mind link from the patrol leader.

"I've got them." I tell them and rush to see what's going on. As I get closer, I hear them yelling for Alexander. It's the twins.

I run to intercept them and when they see me, they rush to me. "Lady Luna Grace!

Lady Luna Grace!"

"Hunters."

"In the forest."

"They got Tula."

Alexander comes running out of the packhouse. He's been meeting up with the twins every day.

"Alexander!" They exclaim in unison, rushing to him and burying themselves into his neck. He reaches up, holding them close to

him.

"What is it girls? Tell me what's wrong."

"Hunters. They are coming."

"They got Tula. They grabbed her."

"And shook her."

"And pulled off one of her wings."

"Then threw her in a cage."

Alexander looks at me. "They may be strange, but they don't lie Luna. If they say there are hunters in the forest, they are there."

I lift my head and howl for the pack to prepare for battle before turning to Alexander. "Get them into the bunker."

I turn, jumping and shifting mid-air. As I start to run toward the forest, I hear Alexander trying to calm the twins, letting them know

they will be safe.

I can hear warriors running from all different directions, following my lead as we head to our borders. When we get there, there

are ninety-three sprites flitting around our border. I shift, finding Funichio.

“Funichio, what is everyone doing here?”

“Lady Luna Grace. There are hunters. We sent Leilani and Lolana, hoping you wouldn’t hurt them. We didn’t know if we were

allowed to come onto your lands.”

I look around as Louis runs up, stopping beside me. “Do you need a place to hide? Safety?”

He breathes a sigh of relief. “Yes Lady Luna. The hunters have captured several of our kind. They are hurting them and putting

them in cages.

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I raise my voice. “All sprites are welcome to take refuge on our land. I am the Guardian of the Realm. I and my pack will protect

you. Get to the packhouse, find someone to show you to a bunker. Go now!” I command and as one, the nearly 100 sprites race

past our borders, headed to the packhouse.

Alexander’s wolf, Fynn, runs up, joining us. I turn to him. “Who is Tula?”

“Their friend, Luna. Another sprite.” He mind links me.

“Okay, we have sprites that have been taken prisoner. Some are injured and they are in cages. Alexander, Thomas, John, you’re

on hostage rescue. Find them and get them to safety. The rest of you, we’re taking the hunters out.”

I jump and shift and Eli and I turn our noses into the air. “I smell nearly 30.” He says to me, testing his use of my Guardian gift.

“Thirty-three hunters.” I say through the mind link, opening it to everyone.

I can smell the sprites. “Five sprites, separate cages, all are injured. Be careful with them.”

“Split up and circle the hunters.” Eli states and our warriors split off into two groups. There are a couple of others, outside the

circle that the pack is creating. Eli and I quietly walk around and quickly take them out without anyone raising the alarm.

We are walking back toward the group of hunters when the alarm goes up. Louis puts his head in the air and howls just as the

arrows and bullets start flying. We rush into the fray. I can see Alexander and his team trying to get the cages opened. One

sprite, in particular, looks like it might be dead. I can't worry about that now, so I refocus on the fight.

Louis and Maia begin cleaving through the hunters. We take some hits from arrows laced with wolfsbane and Maia takes a bullet

to the shoulder, but it doesn't stop us. We rip through flesh and bone, tearing out throats, hearts and innards.

I see a hunter taking aim at Alexander as he's working to help one of the sprites. out of the cage. Maia grabs his arm, ripping it

from his shoulder with an audible pop as the joint dislocates. The hunter screams, grabbing his shoulder, but the blood is

gushing from his arm. I feel Louis behind us, and I turn as he grabs a hold of another hunter's wrist with his teeth. The hunter

had a knife and was

about to stab me from behind. Maia bites into his thigh, making sure we puncture

the femoral artery before taking a chunk of flesh out of his leg. He drops to the ground, and Louis sinks his teeth into his throat.

I turn around and see that most of the hunters have been killed. Alexander and John have all but the one sprite and are running

back to the pack lands. I go over to Thomas's wolf, Connor. He's whining, nudging the sprite with his nose. I can just barely hear

her little fluttering heartbeat. I turn to make sure there are no hunters around before shifting. I reach my hand in to the cage and

realize that she is badly injured. This must be Tula. I can see where her wing has been ripped out of her back. She also feels

very cold, and I remember it is something the twins. said about Alexander, that his fur was warm

I place her onto Connor's back and watch as she nestles into him. "She's freezing cold Luna." Thomas mind links me.

"Go slowly, don't let her fall. Take her directly to Sirona." I tell him and he takes off at a slow, careful jog.

Eli comes up behind me. "Is that one alive?"

“Barely, I’ll check on her when we’re back. Are they all dead?” I ask, turning to look at the carnage.

“Yes, and you’re injured.” He says, looking at my shoulder.

I look at it, realizing that he’s right. I had forgotten about the bullet in my shoulder. “Bullet.”

He nods. “It needs to come out. Do you want me to do it, or wait until we are back?”

“Let’s check our pack and we need to dispose of these hunters before more come looking for them. My shoulder can wait.

Poor Tut hope she makes it

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I call for help and more pack members come to assist with the injured. Several of our wolves are unconscious and many are not

healing because of bullet wounds. Only one looks to have been injured severely and I send him back to the pack first. I’m

worried about Grace, but she seems unperturbed by the bullet in her shoulder. However, I’ll feel better once it’s out. I know we

were both hit by wolfsbane arrows, but other than the injury taking a bit longer than normal to heal, I’m not feeling the effects of

the poison. I’m beginning to truly understand Rik and Liam’s excitement when they talk about the gifts of being mated to a

Guardian. I’m stronger and my body heals faster. After a battle like this, I should be feeling exhausted and sore, but I don’t. I

almost feel rejuvenated.

When we get back to the pack, we head straight to the pack hospital. When we arrive it’s chaos, and not just because it’s full of

wolves needing medical assistance. Connor, Thomas’s wolf is standing, guarding....something, snarling at everyone who comes

near. Grace rushes up and I can hear Sirona trying to persuade Connor to let her pass.

“What’s going on?” I ask, coming up behind Grace. Connor stops growling, but he doesn’t move.

“Thomas brought in one of the sprites who is badly injured. She needs medical assistance, but she became terrified when I

approached her. Thomas shifted and Connor has been guarding her, not letting anyone come near her.

As I look, I can see that the little sprite is the one that was clinging to life. Connor has put himself close enough that his tail is

touching her, and it looks like she is holding it in her hand.

“Connor, stand down.” Louis commands him. He whines, fighting my Alpha command. Grace steps forward, taking Connor’s face

in her hands.

“Connor. You know I won’t hurt her. Let me pass.” He whines again, but his body relaxes, and he lets Grace move to the sprite. I

can see the sprite twins standing off to the side, watching and holding each other in concern.

Grace walks up to the little sprite. She’s the smallest one I’ve seen so far. I’m not sure if she’s considered a child, or if she’s just

small. Connor turns to stand next to Grace as if he’s ready to step in if she hurts the sprite.

“Your name is Tula, right?” Grace says, gently reaching out and stroking the girl’s face with her finger. She sniffs and looks up at

Grace. “Yes.” She says quietly.

“I know you were hurt, but my Gamma, Lady Gamma Sirona, needs to look at you so she can help you heal.” Grace says, using

the terms that the sprites use when they address us.

“She can’t fix me” She says, so quietly I almost can’t hear her. “They pulled my wing off.” She says and I can see a tear falling

down her face. The other sprites we’ve seen shine brightly, but this one almost seems like her light is dying out. I wonder if that’s

how they die. Their light goes out.

Itum and walk to the nearest office. I pick up the phone and dial a number I’ve never used

“Hello” 1 deep voice answers.

“This is Alpha Eli. I need to speak to King Ailduin. It’s a matter of life and death.” The phone is silent so long, I’m not sure they

hung up on me or not. As I’m about to hang up, a voice I recognize comes on the line.

“Alpha Eli?”

Aolis?

“Yes. My father could not come to the phone, but our warrior said this is a matter of life and death.”

“Yes. My pack was attacked by hunters today.” I tell him, wanting to quickly get to the point.

“Is Lily okay? Was she injured?” He immediately asks.

No, they weren’t here at the time of the attack.” I hear an audible sigh.

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“However, one of the woodland sprites was injured badly. One wings was pulled off and her light, it’s dim. I think she’s dying.”

“We’re too far away to help. Do you know if she has a mate?”

“I don’t know, but no one has come forward.”

He sighs. “Then, there may be nothing you can do. Only a mate can help heal an injury like that.”

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“What do you mean?”

“Sprites are gentle, fragile creatures. When their bodies are injured so horribly, they lose faith in the goodness of life and give up

any desire to live. When that happens, their light goes out. Unless they have someone who can help them to feel love and

happiness again, they will not survive such a wound.”

A thought is taking shape in my mind. “What about a wolf? Can sprites mate with wolves?”

“In the recent past, they haven’t because wolves have become so aggressive and with the rift between the fae and werewolves,

there wasn’t opportunity for mating to occur. But centuries ago, the fae and wolves mated frequently.”

“How would they mate? If she’s injured, he can’t bite her like we normally would.”

“He would need to lick her.” Oh goddess. Alexander mated those twins and doesn’t even know it.

“Once she is strong enough, he can bite her like you wolves do, if she is agreeable. But in the state you mention, he would lick

the injury, letting her know that he doesn’t care that she’s missing a wing, letting her know that he loves her no matter what has

happened to her.”

“Thank you Aolis.”

“Please let me know if we lose one of our gentle souls.”

“I will.” I tell him before turning to go back.

When I arrive, I see Grace has convinced Connor to let Sirona approach Tula. He’s still standing right next to her, nudging her

gently with his nose.

“Thomas. I need to speak to you. Privately.” I tell him through the mind link.

Connor lifts his head and looks at me. “Can’t it wait, Alpha?”

“I may have a way to save her. But I need you to understand the consequences before you do something drastic.”

Connor let’s Thomas shift. Thomas leans down, gently caressing the sprite’s face. “I’ll be right back. You hold on. I won’t be more

than a minute.” He tells her before gently kissing her head and standing to come to me.

We walk back to the office, and I turn to look at him. “I spoke to Aolis and there is a possible way to save her.”

“Then what are we waiting for, let’s do it.”

“It requires becoming her mate.” I say and look at him meaningfully.

He turns, looking in the direction that we left Tula. “Her mate?”

“Yes. Apparently in the past, fae and wolves were mated fairly frequently, but it. hasn’t happened in nearly a century.” Except with

Alexander, but no one except me knows that yet.

“Connor seems protective of her. I wasn’t sure if that meant he was willing to accept her as a mate. But that is her only option for

survival. Her mate would have to lick her where she lost her wing, indicating that he accepts her in her injured and battered state.

If what Aolis says is accurate, that will help her feel love and that there is a reason to live, and she will begin to heal.”

“Her light will come back?”

“That’s what he said.”

“He also said that they are gentle, fragile creatures, so you would be mating yourself to someone that would need your protection

for the rest of your life. He also said that once she’s healed, you can mark her like a wolf, if she agrees.”

“Eli.” Grace links me. “If you have something to save her, now is the time. She won’t last much longer.”

“I’m afraid you don’t have much time to decide Thomas. Grace says she doesn’t have long.”

“Connor and I want her.” He says, growling and shifting before jogging back to her. When we arrive, her light is so dim it’s nearly

gone.

Connor whines, looking at me. “Aolis said to lick her wound.”

I hear a gasp from the twins, and they begin twittering about being mated to a wolf.

Connor reaches down and gently licks her back, purring at her. She doesn’t immediately respond, and he whines, continuing to

slowly and gently lick her. Finally, she lifts her head. He licks her face, and she gently puts her hands on his face. As her light

starts to shine a bit brighter, Connor shifts and Thomas takes her in his arms.

Chapter 398

The whole situation between Thomas and Tula was stressful and bizarre. I’m thankful to my mate, who really doesn’t like the

sprites, for calling King Ailduin and finding out how to save Tula.

As Thomas leaves, taking Tula with him to his room at the packhouse to recover, I turn to my mate.

“Have I told you lately how

amazing you are and how lucky I am to be mated to you?” I tell him, meaning every word.

He pulls me to him. “I love you too, but you aren’t going to be feeling lucky when I tell you that I want that damn bullet out of your

shoulder now and I don’t want any more interruptions.”

I chuckle. “Nope, still feeling lucky.” I say, turning to see if any of the medical students are free. While we were dealing with Tula,

they have been running around helping the pack members that were injured.

“I can get that out.” Sirona says, escorting us to a room. I sit while she gets her scalpel and forceps. As she’s working Carlos

comes in. “We have 15 wolves that were injured, twelve will be released tonight. Three will need to stay overnight. due to the

silver in their system.” He says this as he watches Sirona remove the silv

bullet from my shoulder.

He frowns. "How?" He asks, wondering how I'm not affected by the silver. In truth, the longer it was in there, the more I was

feeling the pain of the injury. Now that it's out, I should heal pretty quickly and the fatigue I was feeling from the wolfsbane should

burn off.

"Gifts of being a Guardian." I say, getting used to the phrase from all the time I spend with my Guardian sisters and their mates.

"How are the other sprites?" I ask.

"They will heal, their injuries were much less severe, and they have been chatting happily about riding on a wolf. The ones in the

bunkers apparently kept the pups. entertained as well."

"We'll need to speak to them and let them know that they can always come here when they are afraid. I know they said they

would guard our lands, but really, it's us that needs to protect them. They don't seem like they will ever be fighters, but they are

good monitors of the forest."

I can see that my mate is accepting that this is our new life. And hey, apparently sprites and werewolves can be mates and it

used to be common. I think I'll invite

the sprites to our mate gathering when we have it here. It does make sense. Wolves are dominant animals by nature, only

becoming submissive based on the hierarchy of the pack structure. Sprites don't seem to have a dominant bone in their body,

and they seem to appreciate the protective and possessive nature of wolves, where other supernaturals might find it smothering

or cause battles for dominance in the relationship.

That line of thinking makes me consider my relationship with Eli. We're both Alphas, no matter what he says about being born a

Beta. We both have a natural need to lead and dominate. Somehow, we make it work. Neither of us is so dominant that it causes

friction in our relationship and both of us have submitted to the other. When I take charge, he lets me and vice versa. Maybe it's

more about trust. I trust that he will do what is right and best for us and the pack and he feels the same.

"What is that look?" He says, coming over to me and pulling my hips against him, wrapping an arm around my waist. From the

corner of my eye, I see Sirona and Carlos quietly leave the room.

"I was thinking how well we fit together. How perfect you are for me. You always let me take charge when I feel the need and

never try to assert your dominance over me. I was thinking that, for two Alphas, we do a pretty good job of not fighting each other

to be the leader of the pack."

"You and I agree on nearly everything, except maybe the sprites. Our goals are the same and we work well together. The Moon

Goddess got it right when she sent me to find you. I would never have guessed that this would be my life or that in such a short

time, my mate and I could have built something so incredible together."

I reach up and kiss him, showing him how much I love and appreciate him through the kiss. He wraps his hand around the back

of my neck, deepening the kiss, sliding his tongue into my mouth. Our tongues play together, but I let him dominate the kiss,

wanting him to show me how much he needs me.

As my arousal begins to perfume the air, I feel the low rumbling growl in his chest. "Little Alpha, if we don't stop now, I'm going to

take you over this hospital bed."

I slide my nose across his cheek to his ear. "Do it." I whisper.

In an instant, he has turned me around, bending me over the bed. One hand holding me down while the other slides the t-shirt I

hastily put on after our battle up and over my head. As he holds me in place, his hand slides slowly down my back. I turn my

head to look at him over my shoulder and watch as his eyes blaze a trail that follows his hand.

I arch my back, presenting myself to him, wanting to feel him. His eyes snap to mine as his fingers slide between my butt

cheeks, before finding my slick opening. "So ready for me."

"Yes." I whisper, breathily.

"Are you going to be able to stay quiet, Little Alpha?"

I nod my head.

"Let's test that." He says, as he slides two fingers inside me, making me whimper.

As I watch, his eyes return to where his fingers are sliding in and out of me. beautiful. And all mine." The last he says on a growl,

making my body clench around his fingers.

I realize I'm not going to be able to stay quiet enough with a hospital full of shifters on the other side of the door, so I grab the t-

shirt that is laying beside my head, pulling to my mouth to muffle

mans.

I begin rocking my hips, wanting him to go faster. He knows what I want, what I need, and he gives it to me. His eyes flashing to

mine as he pushes me over the edge. My body jerks with the orgasm but before I can completely come down, he removes his

fingers, pulls down his shorts and slides his long, hard length inside.

1. me.

"Remember baby, no one hears you but me." He says, before taking my hips in both his hands and thrusting himself hard and

deep inside me. He maintains a brutal pace and I grab hold of the bed, holding tight as he takes me over the edge again and

again until I'm whimpering mess.

"Mine!" He snarls as he makes his final thrust, sinking his canines into my neck, pushing me over precipice once more as he

empties himself inside me.

We're both panting as he removes his canines from my neck, licking the wound closed, his body covering mine.

"Yes, I am yours, my love. And you are mine." I reply, blissfully.

Chapter 399

When Grace and I return to the packhouse, I have to admit that the sprites are overwhelmingly appreciative of our assistance.

Grace lets them know that they are always welcome, but especially if they are frightened or need assistance.

Before they head back to the forest, I ask Funichio to continue to keep a lookout for hunters and alert us right away if they see

any. He agrees happily, before flitting off to join his group. I notice the twins flitting around the back of the packhouse, until I see

Alexander come down and join them before heading out into the forest. I'll need to have a conversation with him soon about his

involvement with the sprites. He needs to understand what he's done and what it means to the twins. Sprites may not be my

favorite creatures, but I'm still an Alpha and my job is protect those that need protection. The sprites are annoying, irritating

creatures, but they are fragile.

"Carlos, Noah, meet me in my office." Now that our pack is settling, my office space and furniture has improved. Jeremy has

opened his own store front and is swamped with requests for furniture. He has been able to hire three staff and he's still working

non-stop.

When they arrive, we sit around the new table, in the chairs that now have cushions. "We need to get some intel on these

hunters. This is twice that they've come into or near our territory. What do we know about them?"

I'm concerned that we'll be leaving in a week to go to the tournament with hunters in the area. I don't want to leave the pack vulnerable, and not just our pack, but Rik's and Liam's as well.

"Not much." Carlos says. "I've been trying to get any intel I can, but they are difficult to find and because we don't live among the

humans, it's hard to know how many there are. However, I have been hearing whispers that they are planning something big."

"I heard that they have taken some werewolves hostage. They must have a place where they are either torturing them or

experimenting on them, or both." Noah

says.

"Keep trying to get information. I'll reach out to Rik and Liam to see if they've heard anything. Liam's company is in the human

city nearby, he may have some information." Although I doubt that. If he did, he would have shared it.

After informing Rik and Liam of our battle with the hunters and finding out that they don't know any more than we do, I ask them

about the taxes that they put

on their pack members.

"I do twenty percent." Rik says. "I have a lot of businesses on the pack lands, and they pay me once a month. But I use that

money to pay for large gatherings, food in the packhouse, raising orphans, general improvements, etc. It almost all goes back

into the pack. Obviously, as the Alpha, I benefit from the income, but I don't overstep, and I keep myself and my ranked

members from spending extravagantly."

"I'm a little different." Liam says. "Most of my income comes through the business. Because it's in a human town and

incorporated with humans, I and all the employees pay taxes. So, I only tax them an additional ten percent above what they

already have to pay. However, my business is extremely large so the income, while smaller, is still substantial. And I, like Rik,

refuse to use that money for my own extravagance."

We finish our discussion talking about our travel plans for the tournament. Like us, they are driving and plan to leave a day

before the tournament begins. We develop a plan to have the packs provide support and back up for each other while all of us

are away and then I say my goodbyes.

Later that day, I find Alexander and I let him know about my conversation with Aolis. I tell him he needs to make a decision about

the sprite twins. He either needs to take them as his mates or he needs to let them go. He's not as overwhelmed by the to

Conversation as I would have expected which leads me believe that his wolf may be willing to accept those two as his mates.

And appears that he would have to take them both. They seem to be a package deal. It's not common among wolves to have

more than one mate, but it has been known to happen in the instances of identical twins.

yes,

it

As the week progresses, I finalize the building plans with Perry to continue while I'm away. I let him know that Noah is able to

make any financial decision necessary in my absence. I also give him a head's up about the hunters and the sprites. Some

wolves have chosen to build their homes closer to the pack border and the forest, so it's likely that they will come into contact

with the sprites. I tell him to contact Alexander if they become a nuisance.

Chapter 400

A couple of days before we leave, I see Thomas with a little Tula tucked up against his neck as they come into the dining hall. It's

the first time he's been out of his room since the hunters came. Tula is shining brightly again and appears to have recovered,

although I'm not sure her wing will ever regrow.

"Thomas, you and Tula should join us." Grace says, indicating that they should come to eat with us.

I see Thomas turn and speak quietly to Tula, who nods before joining us.

"How are you doing, Tula?" Grace asks her as they sit. Thomas shifts her to sit on his shoulder like a bird, except she's sitting

rather than standing. The top of her head doesn't even come to the top of his, she's so tiny.

'I'm much better Lady Luna Grace. Thomas has been wonderful.'" She says and snuggles up against his cheek. He gently turns

his head and kisses her before turning back, his demeanor going tense.

“Alpha Eli, Luna Grace, since Tula is my mate, we wanted to make sure that it is okay for her to remain in the pack.”

know my brows furrow at his question. “Why wouldn’t it be?” I ask.

Thomas looks between me and Grace. Now it’s his brows that furrow. “Because she’s not a wolf.” He says as if this is obvious

and answers my question.

“And?” I ask.

It’s Grace that answers, looking at Tula. “I am the Guardian of the Realm, am I not?”

“Yes, Lady Luna Grace.”

“What kind of Guardian would I be if I excluded those that I protect?”

Tula smiles and Thomas noticeably relaxes.

“Do you want to stay here and live with us, Tula? I was under the impression that sprites are afraid of us.” I ask, wanting to make

sure that this is what she wants

too.

She looks at Thomas, nuzzling her face against his cheek. “Thomas said we would take it slowly, like tonight, coming to eat. He’s

told me that wolves like to be around others and that it’s important to him, so he is going to help me be around his friends.”

“I think that’s a wonderful idea.”

Thomas stands to go join his friends. “Oh and Luna, Tula and all sprites are vegetarian. Will that be a problem?”

“No, just let Cammy know, but I can’t imagine that she eats so much that it will. make a difference.”

Later that night as we’re getting ready for bed, I feel Grace’s tension through the bond. I walk up behind her, wrapping my arms

around her, kissing her shoulder. “What is it, baby? You’re a nervous wreck and that’s not like you.”

She takes a deep breath, leaning back against me. “We’ll be leaving day after tomorrow. I might see my father in just a couple of

days. The closer it gets the more terrified I get.”

I turn her to face me, keeping my arm wrapped around her.

“Tell me what you are afraid of. He cannot hurt you. You know you are stronger than he is and I won’t let him touch you. What is

your fear?”

I can see tears in her eyes, and her lips begin to tremble. “What if he makes me feel like that scared, unworthy girl again?”

I take her face in my hands. “You, my love, are Grace Gunnar. Guardian of the Realm, the strongest of the Guardians, Luna of

the Safe Haven Pack, an Alpha female and my mate. There is nothing weak or unworthy about you. HE is the one that was

unworthy to be your father, unworthy of being an Alpha. And you are no longer a little girl, but a brave, fierce and powerful

woman.” I tell her, pulling her against my chest.

“Honestly, I’m hoping you do run into him.” I tell her and she pulls away, looking at me.

“Why?”

“Because I want him to see what his arrogance and twisted Alpha thinking lost him and his pack. Don’t get me wrong, I’m glad he

never knew what you were. I’m sure he would have forced you into some mate bond to keep you in his pack and strengthen it.

But, instead, he banished you. Gave up on you and forgot about you and your mother. And look what he lost. He lost the most

amazing woman I’ve ever met in my life.”