

Broken Warrior 171

Chapter 171

I put my hand in his, palm up. Tingles immediately flow up my arm, causing me to jerk and look up at him. The smirk on his face

does nothing to ease my discomfort.

Gently, he pulls my arm up to his mouth, keeping his eyes on mine. When he looks down at my arm, I see his aggravation at the

state it's in. "Did you have to rip it out so violently?" It seems like a rhetorical question, so again, I don't answer.

He leans down and licks the wound, sealing it closed. I'm only just able to stop the moan that tries to leave my mouth. What the

heck? His tongue on my skin feels nothing like the vampire prince's tongue. His felt dirty and disgusting. This man's, Liam's,

feels pleasurable. It's completely unexpected and very much unwanted.

He sits

down in a chair that is next to the bed. He looks at me a moment before asking, "Can you talk?"

"Yes." I try to say, but my mouth is so dry and it comes out in a choking cough. Liam is immediately back on his feet, grabbing

me a glass of water. He gently puts it to my mouth so I can drink it. The cool water soothes my raw throat and I close my eyes a

moment as I enjoy the feeling.

I open my eyes and pull back. Liam's eyes are on me, watching me. "Drink the rest of it." He says as he puts it back to my lips. I

watch him as I drink the rest of it down.

"Better?" He asks me. I nod and he raises an eyebrow at me. "Yes." I reply and this time I don't choke on the word.

"Good." He puts the glass down and returns to his chair. "What is your name?"

"Angel."

He smiles. "That's fitting, you look like an angel."

"Where are you from?" He asks his next question. I shrug, I don't really know how to answer that one.

"Were you always a rogue?"

“No.”

“What pack were you from?” His rapid fire questions are getting answers out of me before I’m ready, but this one stops me short.

“Are you going to send me back there?”

“No. You won’t be going back there.”

“Then what difference does it make?” I ask him.

“Why were you running from your pack?”

“Why do you think I was running from them?” I answer back.

“No wolf goes rogue without a good reason. Did you kill someone in your pack and run?”

I scoff at him. I know rogues aren’t well liked by packs, and many are violent offenders kicked out of their pack if they aren’t

killed, but not all rogues are bad. Sometimes they leave their pack to escape their alphas, like my family did.

“No, I didn’t.”

“Didn’t kill someone or didn’t run?”

“Why do you care?” I’m getting aggravated. His questions are making my head spin.

“As Alpha, it is my duty to ensure the safety of the pack. I need to know if you are a danger.”

“I’m no danger to your pack. I’ll be happy to leave just as soon as I get something to wear.” I retort.

“You’re not going anywhere.” He states and I know my face goes pale. He

doesn’t even know I’m a Guardian yet and he’s already unwilling to let me go. I need to find a way to escape before Alessia gets

back up to full strength and it becomes obvious what she is.

Chapter 172

When I walk back into the room and see my mate awake, Cyran immediately

starts purring in my head. The sound is so unexpected that it takes me a second to respond. “The fuck Cyran?”

“What? She’s our mate. She’s beautiful, perfect.”

Great, my wolf is already head over heels for this tiny girl. I’m not there yet. I have a lot of questions.

I don’t know how much she remembers, but I figure an introduction and quick update would be helpful. I’m annoyed when I see

that she’s pulled out the IV. I’m desperately trying to keep her alive and the first thing she does when she wakes up is try to undo

what I’ve been working so hard to do.

I’m even more pissed at her response to me wanting to heal her. I know I shouldn’t be. She’s been in a vampire coven for who

knows how long. It’s a

question I intend to get the answer to today. Her scars make it seem like it’s been a long time, or maybe the whole fucking coven

was feeding on her at once, who knows.

I can’t help but smile when she tells me her name is Angel. Yeah, that’s completely fitting, at least on the outside. I have no idea

what this girl is like, but physically, she looks like an angel. ‘Our angel.’ My annoying wolf chimes in.

One important thing I find out, she doesn’t want to go back to her pack. Not only does she not want to go back to her pack, but

she wants to leave mine. Not going to happen. Even if she wasn’t my mate, the bounty on her head would force me to keep her

here. I don’t like how pale she gets when I tell her she’s not leaving. Did something happen to her in her old pack to make her

run?

I’m about to ask when there is a knock on the door. I immediately growl at the interruption. The door starts to open then stops.

“Alpha?”

The scent of food drifts in from the partially opened door and Angel’s stomach immediately growls in response. I look at her,

damn I forgot she hasn’t eaten in who knows how long. “Bring it in Dustin.”

He walks in stopping short when he sees she’s awake. He smiles at her and I want to snarl at him, but I rein it in. “Oh, you’re

awake.” He says to her.

I watch as she pulls the blankets closer to her, holding them to her chest. I'm starving her and making her feel vulnerable having

no clothes to wear. 'Way to show her we can take care of our mate Liam.' I mentally facepalm. Cyran is right.

+15 BONDS

I was so focused on getting answers to my questions that I wasn't thinking about our mate.

"Dustin, can you find some clothes for Angel here." Dustin looks at me before turning back to Angel.

"Angel. It fits. I'm Dustin, obviously." She nods her head at him. He goes to put the tray down on her lap. Oh, hell no! He's not

getting anywhere near my mate when she's not wearing anything under that blanket. My growl stops him short, and I grab the

tray from him.

"Clothes Dustin, and another tray for me."

"Yes Alpha." He says before leaving.

I turn back to my little mate, and damn is she small. I'm seriously hoping the Moon Goddess didn't make a mistake choosing her

for me. How can this little girl be my mate? Although, she has survived being a vampire's blood bag, so she's got resilience.

And who am I kidding? First, Cyran would never let me reject her. Second, I've been waiting my entire life for her and third, my

other options are to turn feral or take someone unworthy to be my Luna. I don't know if I'll find her worthy of me, but the Moon

Goddess did, so I will have to trust that.

'Fucking right you will. I'd go feral the moment you rejected her. Don't forget that.'

The thought of Cyran going feral turns my blood cold. He's an amazing, vicious fighter. If he were feral, we'd have to be put

down. He'd become a killing machine and I know there are only one or two wolves that could take us down, Rik and Cara. I

wouldn't want to put either of them in that position.

'Relax, I'm not going to, I just...thinking.' I tell Cyran.

'Well turn that train of thought off. Not going to happen.'

I get the tray of food settled on Angel's lap and watch as she slowly takes her first bite. I can see her sniffing the food before

putting it in her mouth. I sit back down, ready to continue my questions while she eats.

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you leave the pack on your own?" I start my questions again.

She swallows her bite before responding. "No, I left with my parents."

Interesting, so it was her parents' idea to go rogue.

"Where are your parents now?"

She stops. I can see her throat bobbing up and down as she tries to get ahold of

her emotions. Shit! I know the answer before she tells me. "Dead." She whispers it.

I nod my head, giving her a minute. She puts her fork down but I lean over and put it back in her hand.

"You need to eat. I'm

sorry for your loss. How old were you?"

"I was sixteen when they were killed."

I keep my voice gentle, hoping she'll eat while we talk. "Did the vampires kill them?" She nods. I can see the tears welling up in

her eyes.

'You fucking asshole. You made our mate cry? What is wrong with you. Let me out, I can do a better job of taking care of her.

You're going to scare her off.' Cyran is ranting in my head.

'Calm down Cyran. If the vampires killed her parents, she may never have had a chance to grieve for them.' He settles but is still

pacing in my head.

"How long ago were they killed?" My voice still gentle. It's not something I'm used to, being gentle, but with her, it feels natural. I

also need to know how old she is. It's impossible to tell. She's so fucking small, she could be twelve, but according to her, they

died when she was sixteen. Maybe she's still a minor.

She looks at me, her brows furrowing. "What year is it?"

I tell her and watch as she gasps, her hand going to her mouth. The tears start falling now as her eyes close. Cyran starts

snarling in my head. What. The. FUCK? How fucking long did those leeches have her?

I reach over and take her hand. I don't know if she wants my support, but right now, she has no one else. I know exactly what

that feels like, so I want her to know that she's not alone.

"Seven years." It's barely a whisper. "It's been seven years."

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Seven years? I lived in hell for seven years? Those horrible vampires took so much from me. If I ever find them...

"I will kill them." Alessia finishes my thought.

I don't know how I feel about more violence. I feel like I've lived a lifetime of violence and I'm only 23.

I didn't realize Liam was holding my hand until he gently squeezed it. I want to pull it away, but it feels comforting to have him

holding it.

"I know this is hard. Can you eat any more? You need to get your strength back. We can talk about something else while you

eat." Liam says to me.

I look down at the food when there's another knock at the door. I smell Dustin this time and know it's him. I hope he has clothes

for me.

"Come in Dustin." Liam responds, not releasing my hand.

Dustin comes in carrying a second tray and a bag, presumably with clothes. He hands the tray to Liam who puts it on his lap, still

not releasing my hand. Dustin notices but doesn't comment, turning to me.

"I wasn't sure about your size. You're awfully small, so I got a couple different sizes and hope something fits." He says putting the

bag at the foot of the bed.

"We'll go shopping when you are strong enough and get you your own clothes." Liam says. I turn to look at him. My brow

furrowing. I don't want to owe him. anything. I need to leave.

"Why would you do that?" I ask him.

He raises an eyebrow at me. "Would you prefer walking around in kid's clothes?" He asks.

I look at the bag, then back at him. He taps his nose. "I know the smell of my pack members and that includes the pups. You're a

tiny little thing, so I'm guessing kid's clothes were the best Dustin could do on short notice." He turns to look at Dustin who is

nodding in agreement.

"I had hoped to be taller." I mumble it, but Liam's laser focus on me let's me know he heard it. "My father was tall like you." I say

to Liam. "And my mother was considerably taller than me, but..." I let the sentence go unfinished, shrugging. Being a rogue and

a blood bag didn't exactly help my growth.

+18 BONDS

"Well, I know some she-wolves that are fierce even though they are small. Size isn't everything." Dustin says, smiling at me. I

can't help my answering smile. He seems nice. Liam's low growl startles me and I try to pull my hand away, but he holds it firmly

in his.

"That will be all Dustin."

Dustin smirks behind his Alpha's back and walks to the door before turning. "See. you soon Angel." He says and skirts out the

door before Liam can growl at him again.

Liam's focus comes back to me. He is intense. It's hard to look away from him. It's like his eyes are magnets for mine, forcing me

to look at him. "Eat." He says. it, more gently that I would have expected.

He releases my hand and begins to eat his own food while I dig back into mine. The interruption from Dustin has helped settle

me enough to eat again.

"I need to know something." Liam starts in again. I just know I'm about to get the rapid-fire interrogation again.

I sigh. "Yes?"

"When you escaped the coven, I'm assuming you escaped and weren't released?" He pauses and I nod.

"When you escaped,

was it because they were attacked by hunters?"

I stop eating and stare at

"How did you

know that?"

He nods but instead of answering my question, he asks another one. "And were you the blood bag of a vampire prince?"

Okay, I'm getting scared now. Is he going to give me back to the prince? Are they in some sort of an alliance?

I set my fork down. If I'm going back, I don't want to eat. I'll just vomit it. later. "Yes." I say quietly. "Are you going to send me back

to him?"

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He shakes his head. "No, but you need to know that he's put a bounty on your head. Five million dollars for your safe return to

him. Every vampire and bounty hunter in the US is going to be searching for you."

My hand flies to my mouth. I may just vomit anyway.

He reaches out and takes my hand again. "You are safe here. I will keep you safe." I begin to shake my head. He doesn't

understand.

He stands, moving his tray from his lap before taking mine and moving it as well.

He sits on the edge of the bed, taking my head in between his hands. "Angel. Listen to me. I will keep you safe. I will not let him

or anyone else hurt you. I know you don't know me and obviously don't trust me, but I have the largest and second strongest

pack in the country. The pack bordering mine is the strongest pack in the country and we are allies. They will help me keep you

safe if it comes to a war. No one will get to you.”

I’ve started hyperventilating. I can’t do it again. I can’t go back there. The only reason I survived was because of Sarah and she

got away with the hunters. Liam pulls my face toward his, forcing me to look at him. “Breathe Angel.”

I’m trying to breathe but I just can’t seem to take a breath. I can’t stop thinking about going back.

The next thing I know, Liam has put his lips on mine. I have a moment where his scent overwhelms my senses and calms me

before I’m so startled that I suck in air, gasping. “What are you doing?” I ask him.

He pulls back and looks at me. “You weren’t breathing, and you got stuck in your head. You needed a shock to get out of your

head so you could breathe. I gave you one.” He says, shrugging.

Great, my very first kiss and it was nothing more than some sort of medical diversion.

Chapter 174

Seven years? No wonder I’ve never found her. My mate has been a blood bag since I came of age. If she hadn’t escaped when

she did, I still wouldn’t know she exists. And because of how much time had passed, I was willing to take a chosen mate. My

hatred for the vampires is overwhelming. They have kept my mate from me and they will pay for it.

When Dustin returns, he flirty interactions with Angel piss me off. I know he’s doing it intentionally, and I know a Beta should care

for and respect his Luna, but he’s pushing my buttons.

It bothers me that Angel thinks I would give her back to the leech. I can tell she doesn’t recognize the mate bond, but she has a

very skewed idea of that an Alpha’s role is in a pack. She may not be one of my pack members yet, but I would never send her

back to the hell she must have come from. No self-respecting Alpha would. Which makes me wonder what exactly her ideas are

of Alphas. Knowing that her parents left their pack, it had to be because of the Alpha. Either he was the problem, or he wasn’t

willing to fix the problem. Either way, he's given my mate a very bad impression of what an Alpha should be.

I've been running this pack since I was 10 years old. Even though my father was technically Alpha until his death, his ability to

manage the pack died with my mother. His Beta, Dustin's father, helped me to run the pack. He made sure that other packs did

not take advantage of our weakness and taught me everything I needed to know.

When I turned 16, it was almost as if my father was glad that he could finally let go and be with my mother. So, taking over as

Alpha was seamless. I kept Dustin's father on as Beta until Dustin turned 18 then made his position official.

I take the role of Alpha and my responsibilities as a pack leader very seriously. I always have. So to know that there are Alphas

out there that mistreat their pack members, and I do know they exist, it pisses me off. I refuse to be in an alliance with any Alpha

that has a bad reputation with their pack members. And given that my pack is the strongest in the country, at least for now, most

packs want some sort of an alliance with me.

I do think at the next Alpha competition that happens every four years, like the human Olympics, that Rik's pack will emerge as

the strongest. I am slightly stronger than Rik, but he has two Guardians in his pack, one now being his Luna. Clint being in a

wheelchair may keep him from competing, but that doesn't mean he wouldn't win if he did. And Cara is a force to be reckoned

with. I may be

.15 BONOS

stronger than Rik, but I'm not stronger than Rik and Cara. So I expect next year when the competition is held that my standing as

the strongest pack will fall, and I'm okay with that. While I haven't spoken to Cara since her birthday, I have contacted Rik

periodically to let him know what is happening with Eli. I will also be filling him in on the risk of a vampire attack. Our alliance

remains strong and that won't change if the Canyon Ridge Pack takes over as the strongest pack.

When I tell Angel about the bounty on her head, I knew it would upset her, but I didn't realize how much. I need her to

understand that she can't leave. Not only will Cyran and I not allow her to leave, but now it's a matter of safety. There will be too

many people hunting her and I need her to stay where I can keep watch over her.

I realize when I can't get Angel to focus and breathe that I need to do something to shock her system.

'Kiss her.' Cyran says and

it's as good an idea as any.

The minute my lips touch hers, I can taste it. Raspberries and cream. Her taste is even sweeter than her smell.

I'm quickly beginning to understand Rik's ferocity about me touching Cara after he identified her as his mate. If the roles were

reversed, I would have been hard pressed not to take his head off. No one will touch my mate. No one! She's MINE.

She's finally settled when Dr. Phillips walks in. "Oh look, our patient is awake."

If I hadn't been watching her so closely, I would have missed it. And I'm not even sure I saw what I think I saw. It's not possible. It

can't be. But it was there, a moment, where Angel's eyes flashed golden. The golden eyes of the Guardian.

"I'm Dr. Phillips." She introduces herself to Angel.

"Angel."

"Angel, it's nice to meet you. I've been looking after you since you arrived here in Shadow Falls Pack. Do you mind if I take a

look at..." She stops, looking at the IV that is no longer attached to Angel's arm.

"She ripped it out." I say, watching the exchange.

Dr. Phillips looks at me then back to Angel. "The IV only has saline and some vitamins and liquid nutrition in it. Nothing that

would hurt you. As your doctor, I'm not sure that it's a good idea to remove it yet. Would you be willing to have me reinsert it in

your other arm?"

I watch as Angel's eyes track back and forth between the doctor and me. It's obvious what she's thinking. She doesn't trust me

and doesn't want to be restrained in any way. But, she also isn't willing to say so. Fear flashes in her eyes

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momentarily before she gets it under control again. I want her healthy, but I also want her to start trusting me.

"Is there another option doctor?" I ask and I see Angel's shoulders relax slightly.

Dr. Phillips turns to me, looking pensive. "Well, if Angel can agree to drink 8 ounces of water every hour, and I mean every hour,

then I could be okay with it. And she will need to eat small meals every three to four hours. Can you agree to that Angel?"

Her response is immediate. "Yes."

"Okay, I'm going to put a form together so you can track your fluid and food intake. Alpha, who will be assisting her?"

"I will." I can see her shock at my statement, but she covers it quickly.

"Yes Alpha."

She finishes her evaluation, then prepares the form for Angel to track her water and food. "Angel, if you do not follow my orders, I

will reinforce the need for the IV tomorrow, so if you don't want the IV, you need to be diligent in your fluid and food intake

overnight."

"Thank you doctor." I say to her and walk her to the door. She looks at me like she's about to say something but changes her

mind. "See you in the morning Alpha."

After I close the door, I turn to my little mate. "So, I'm guessing you would like a real bath, am I right?"

Chapter 175

When the doctor first walked in and spoke to me, I recognized the voice as the one from when I was unconscious. She had been

talking to Liam while I was out. I was surprised when Alessia pushed forward, ready to snarl at her. I quickly pulled her back. I

can't have her give us away. I noticed Liam looking at me, but he didn't say anything.

When the doctor tells me she wants to hook me back up, I'm afraid I'm going to have another panic attack. I don't want to be

tethered anywhere. I'm surprised but thankful when Liam asks if there is another way. I'll do just about anything to not be tied up

again. I've had enough of that in the last seven years.

When the doctor leaves, I relax until Liam asks about me taking a bath. If I'm honest, nothing sounds better right now than a long

soak in a tub with hot water. Showers in the coven were cold because the vampires don't feel the cold. So, I would get in and get

out as fast as I could. I haven't had a warm bath or shower since my family and I left the pack so many years ago.

I look at him weighing my desire to take a bath with the possibility that this is a trick or there is some requirement that I have to

meet if I accept.

He sighs heavily. "I don't want anything from you. I can just tell that you were running in the woods for a while before you got to

my pack and before that you were in a coven for seven years. You don't have to, and there is a shower in there as well, I just

thought a bath would feel better, and I'm honestly not sure you're strong enough to stand long enough to take a shower, so the

bath is probably safer."

I look to where he pointed. I really, really want a bath. "Okay." I say.

He smiles at me as if I just gave him the best gift in the world, and my breath catches. The man is attractive, but when he

smiles? Wow! He should definitely smile more often.

"Do you need me to help you to the bath?" He asks me.

Nope, sure don't. "I think I can manage on my own, thank you."

He nods and moves into the bathroom. In a moment, I hear the water start to run. I sit up and scoot to the edge of the bed. I pull

the sheet until I can wrap it around myself then slide off the bed until my feet touch. When I try to stand, my legs won't hold my

weight. I start to go down, my hands reaching out to catch me. Before I hit the floor, strong arms wrap around me and I'm lifted

into Liam's

arms.

He looks at me, aggravation clear on his face. He carries me bridal style to the bathroom. "Are you determined to undo

everything I've done to help you heal? You could have landed on your face, broken your nose and all the healing powers of

licking won't fix that. Not to mention, your blood levels are still low and an injury like that could set your recovery back who knows

how long."

I've tucked myself against his body because when he picked me up, the sheet did not come with us. I'm naked in his arms, so

I've curled up as best I can to maintain some modesty. He shifts me in his arms, holding me with one arm while he reaches in

and tests the water. Seriously? How strong is he? He's holding my entire body with one arm like I'm a child who weighs nothing.

When he's satisfied, he gently sets me down in the water. I can't help the moan that leaves my lips. It feels so good. The heat

makes my newer punctures feel sensitive, but it immediately starts working on my sore muscles.

When he sets me down, I pull my knees to my chest, again trying to hide myself from him. However, when I look at him, he isn't

even looking at me. He's gone to the shower and is searching through the bottles on the shelf. When he turns around, I see his

eyes are glazed over. I remember that as the look of the mind link. He sets the bottles beside the tub and walks to the door.

I thought he was leaving, but he pushed the door closed, leaving it cracked a bit. He comes back, turning the water off and

coming to sit behind me. "Lean back."

I turn to look at him over my shoulder. "What?"

"I'm going to wash your hair, it's a mess, lean back."

I turn away from him, not sure what to do. I hear him sigh loudly before I feel his hands on my shoulders. I flinch at the touch, but

he leans in to me and quietly says, "I will not hurt you. You are under my protection now and I take that very seriously. Relax."

Chapter 176

I can't relax, but I do listen, and I lay back. I look up to see if he's giving my body the same lecherous looks the vampires did, but

he's not. He's focused on my hair. I frown, weird.

He puts his hand under my head, holding it above the water then takes his other hand and begins cupping water into it before

pouring it over my head. I feel myself start to relax as I watch him focus on his job. He looks into my eyes. winks at me before

returning to his work.

"Your eyes are a striking shade of gray. I've never seen eyes that color before, like a stormy sea."

and

He pushes gently on my head. "Sit up." He says and reaches for one of the bottles. I watch as he sniffs several, the frown

between his brows getting deeper until he huffs and finally picks one. He puts the shampoo in his hand, rubs it into his other

hand then begins massaging it into my head. This time it's a whimper that leaves my mouth. His fingers rubbing against my scalp

feel better than anything I've felt in more years than I care to remember. It's utter bliss.

I hear a noise outside the bathroom and my whole body goes stiff. Liam never stops running his fingers across my scalp. "Shhh,

they are just changing the sheets while you are in here. I didn't think you'd want to get back into dirty sheets after getting clean."

His voice is low, as if he's talking to an injured, trapped animal, and maybe that's how he sees me.

"Lay back." He says and gently pushes on my shoulders. Again, he holds my head as he rinses my hair clean of the shampoo.

When he pushes me back up to sit, he grabs a bottle of conditioner and rubs it into my hair. Then he grabs a brush and starts to

gently work his way through the tangled mess in my hair.

“Your hair is beautiful. I’ve been wondering how long it really is. I can’t wait to see it.”

“The last time I looked at it, it was past my waist. I haven’t had it cut in years.” I tell him.

“Do you want to cut it? I can have someone come cut it for you. Although, I like long hair, so I hope you’ll keep it long.”

I turn and look at him over my shoulder again. He seems mesmerized by my hair. He turns his gaze to me, winking at me again. I

frown. He’s a strange alpha.

Without taking his eyes off my hair, he reaches down and grabs a washcloth.”

+15 DONOS

You can bathe yourself while I do this if you want. This may take some time.” He hands the washcloth to me.

I peer over the side of the tub, looking at the bottles. I can’t see what they are, and I start to reach for one, but he grabs a

different one. “Here, try this one.” I open it and it smells like vanilla. It’s a nice smell but when I used to choose my own scents, I

always went for more fruity scents, like berries.

While he’s busy with my hair, I pour some body wash into the washcloth and begin rubbing it over my body. I’m careful as I go

over my wrists. It was a favorite. spot of the prince’s and they feel scarred over on the top but still sensitive underneath. I move

up my arms and over my shoulders feeling the bumps of scarred-over puncture wounds. I must look repulsive to Liam. My body

is a disfigured mess.

I can’t help the tears that begin to fall. What if Alessia can never heal these and I look like this for the rest of my life. What if I

have to carry the reminder of my time with that monster forever.

I hadn’t realized that Liam had stopped brushing my hair until he gently takes hold of my chin and turns my face to look at him.

“Scars are nothing more than proof that you are stronger than you know. They show that you have lived. through difficult times

but you’re still here, still fighting. Don’t be ashamed of your scars. You should wear them proudly. Not many could have survived

what you did.”

I nod my head at him and go back to washing as he continues to brush out my hair. The water begins to cool and he starts to let

it out, turning on the faucet and adding more hot water as the cooler water runs out of the tub, clearing the sudsy

space.

“Better?” He asks me as he turns off the faucet.

“Yes, thank you. It’s been a long time since I’ve had warm water.”

“Can I ask you something?” I need to know why he’s being so nice. What’s in it for him.

“You can ask me anything.” He replies.

I turn to look at him over my shoulder again. “Why are you being so nice to me?”

Chapter 177

When I take Angel into the bathroom, I know she’s expecting me to do something sexual or lewd. So, I make it a point to not look

at her, well, not much. I’ve already seen her body, several times while she was unconscious. It’s already etched into my mind. I

know that you can see every rib, that her hips bones jut out too sharply, that her shoulders have more bone than meat on them.

She’s not only a small girl but she’s been starving for a long time. I can’t wait to see what her body looks like when she fills out.

Cyran and I will make sure she eats and gets enough food. She will never go hungry again.

When I tell her to lay back so I can wash her hair, I can feel her eyes drilling holes into my

head. So I fight the urge to look her over. I know her body won’t have changed, she’s only had one small meal. So instead, I look

into her eyes and wink at her. Her jerk of surprise almost made me smile. The whimper of pleasure when I began washing her

hair definitely had me smiling. It feels good taking care of my mate. Even Cyran is purring in my mind as we massage her head

and I feel her body begin to relax under my ministrations.

I want to ask her more questions, but I don't want to ruin this moment. She's calm and doesn't look like she's ready to bolt at the

slightest hint of an opportunity. So, I wait.

Her question about why I'm doing this is dangerous. I don't want to tell her I'm her mate. I'm not sure how she will react,

especially since her wolf isn't yet at full strength. So, I decide to go with my gut. I'm pretty sure her experience with Alphas is bad

and I want her to know I'm not like that.

"You have been injured and are in danger. You stumbled into my pack practically on your death bed. While you are a rogue and I

have to take that into

consideration, you have also been through a lot and need my protection. An Alpha's job is to protect those that cannot protect

themselves. While that mostly applies to my pack, it also applies to others that may cross my path. So, I'm helping you because

it's the right thing to do. And as an Alpha, it's my responsibility."

I watch her frown at my response, but she remains silent.

When I hear the omegas leaving the room, I mind link them thanking them and asking that they make two trays of food. I mind

link Dustin asking him to bring them up when they are ready.

I didn't realize she was crying until I smelled the saltiness of her tears. When I looked, I could see her assessing her body. There

is almost no part of her that

isn't marred with the bumpiness of her scars. To me, it makes her look like a warrior. What has she endured and overcome to

survive it? I'm serious when I tell her that not many could have survived what she has. It's a testament to her strength. And while

she may not be physically strong, her scars tell a story, loud and clear, about her inner strength. Something I need to remember

so I don't underestimate my little angel.

When I finish untangling her hair, I can't tell how long it is, but I know it's long and so silky. I run my fingers through it longer than

I need to because I love the way it feels. I know she said she wants to cut it, but I really hope it's not too short.

Everything about her is unique. Her hair is so white that it can't even be considered blond. Her eyes are a pale gray, so pale that

it's hard to really determine what color they are. It's not until I looked at her, so close to me while rinsing her hair that I finally

realized that they are gray. Not blue-gray, not green-gray. Just gray.

When I'm done rinsing her hair again, I stand and bring her a towel. "Do you need more time to bathe?" I ask her.

"No, thank you, I'm starting to prune." And she shows me her shrivled finger tips. I smile and pull the plug on the tub, letting the

water drain. I hold the towel out and open in front of me, giving her a bit of privacy as she stands before I wrap it around her and

lift her out of the tub.

"I can walk." She says quietly. I look at her. "The last time you stood, you almost some more food in you fell flat on your face.

How about we take it slow and get some more food in you before we try it again?"

Chapter 178

She nods and as we're walking into the room, Dustin walks in holding two trays. You can set them over there." I nod my head

toward the couch and coffee table.

I watch as Dustin smiles at Angel. I'm going to throat punch him if he doesn't stop flirting with my mate.

"Feeling better Angel?" He asks her, all smiling happiness.

"Yes, thank you Dustin."

“Thanks Dustin, that’s all for tonight.” I tell him gruffly. If he doesn’t leave soon, Cyran is going to growl at him and scare our

mate. He has the audacity to snicker as he turns to leave. “Sleep well Angel.” He says before scurrying out the door. Bastard.

He’s doing this on purpose to get a rise out of me.

I take her over to the bed first and set her down. I pull out the clothes and look at what Dustin brought her. Nothing in here looks

like something she can sleep in. I sigh and look at her. “I’ll be right back.” I tell her.

I go to my room and grab one of my shirts and a pair of draw string shorts. It doubt she will be able to wear them even with the

drawstring, but we’ll give it a shot. I’m kind of glad that she’s going to be wearing my shirt. It will ensure that my scent is on her,

calming Cyran and I a bit since she doesn’t wear our mating mark yet.

When I return, I pull my shirt over her head, helping her to find the arm holes. She pulls the towel off underneath the shirt and

pulls the shirt down beneath her. It falls past her knees. I frown and look at the shorts. “I brought these, but I doubt they will stay

on.”

my

“This is fine, it’s more than I’ve had to wear in a long time.” Cyran growls in head at that, and I watch her wrap her arms around

herself. She’s swimming in my shirt it’s so large on her. But she doesn’t seem to care and I catch her sniffing it a couple of times.

Good, at least she seems to like my scent, that’s something.

I make sure she eats, even though she doesn’t eat as much as I’d like her to, definitely not as much as a normal wolf, maybe not

even as much as a human. She drinks more water than required, which is good.

When she’s done, I put her back into bed, tucking her in. I sit beside her, knowing she won’t be awake long.

“My wolf, Cyran says he can sense that you have a wolf but she’s dormant. Is that correct?”

She nods at me. "Yes. Alessia went quiet years ago." She looks down, plucking at the blanket on her bed. "She worked so hard

at first to heal me. She saved my life. once when I was nearly killed by a visiting vampire and he didn't want to stop. feeding on

me. But over time, I became weak and it weakened her as well. I only hear her on rare occasions now."

I nod. "As you get stronger, she should get stronger too. We'll work on getting you both back in good health, okay?"

Her smile is sad. I'm not sure if she doesn't believe me or if there is something. else concerning her.

I wait until she falls asleep and then I head downstairs. I need to let Cyran out. He's been fighting me and pushing to be closer to

our mate. We're both disturbed at the state our mate is in. I'm hoping a run will ease his frustration as well as

mine.

I see Dustin as I head out. "Let me know if anything happens. She's asleep and I want to know the minute she wakes up if she

does." He nods and I strip and jump off the back porch of the packhouse shifting mid-air.

We run for hours. It feels good to be out and running. We check up on the patrols. and see that everyone is taking the vampire

threat seriously. That reminds me that I need to contact Rik and let him know about the possibility of a vampire

attack.

When I get back, I shift and start to change. The packhouse is quiet, most

everyone is asleep. As I start to walk inside, I hear a blood curdling scream. Before I can even think, Cyran has taken over and

shifted back, tearing up the steps of the packhouse to get to our mate.

Chapter 179

After the bath and the food, I'm exhausted. I'm so thankful that Liam doesn't

start peppering me with questions again. It scares me that Alessia will start to get stronger and we might be found out, but I'm

also thrilled at having my wolf back. She's been more active since we woke up, much more so than she has been in the past

couple of years, so I'm hopeful that she can get strong and we can leave before Liam realizes what she is.

I don't remember falling asleep, but I'm suddenly back in the feeding room. The screams, the smells, all of it batters my senses

again. Somewhere in my mind, I know this is a dream but it feels so real. When Prince Keenan turns his gaze to me, his eyes

are blood red, his fangs are extended.

"Did you think you could escape me? Did you think I wouldn't find you and bring you back? You belong to me. You're mine!" He

snarls it at me before grabbing my head, pulling my neck to the side and sinking his fangs into my neck.

I'm scream, sitting up in bed, still feeling the pain of his fangs savagely plunging into my neck. I'm still screaming when a huge

sandy colored wolf breaks through the door to my bedroom, bounding onto the bed, covering me in his warmth and filling my

nose with the scent of the forest, the scent I love.

I grab hold of his fur, burying my face in his neck. He lays down on top of me. "Is she okay Alpha?" I hear Dustin from

somewhere over by the door. I can't move, I can't let go. This wolf has become my lifeline.

Liam must have mind linked him because I hear his footsteps moving away, down the hall.

I feel Cyran's chest rumbling with something that sounds like a purr. The sound is calming and helps me to get my breathing

back under control. He begins rubbing his face against my face and neck, letting me hold on to him with my death grip.

When the warmth of his body starts to penetrate the cold fear of mine, I finally relax my grip on him.

"I'm sorry." I whisper it into

his fur, my face still pressed against his neck.

I feel more than hear him chuff at my words. As I get my bearings and begin to relax, I realize that this wolf is really big, bigger

than my father's. His body is longer than mine in my human form. I wonder how tall he stands. I'm short, so he may be as tall as I

am. I guess it's because he's an Alpha.

I pull back and look at him. His dark eyes shining back at me. "You must be

Cyran.”

He licks my nose and I can't help but giggle. I look him over as best I can in the dark. “You're a huge wolf, you know that? And

beautiful.” I run my fingers through his fur. “Your fur is so soft.” He pushes his face against my hand. I chuckle, “You like that,

huh?” A soft bark is my answer.

We sit like that for a minute. He's heavy, but the weight of him helps me to feel grounded. His whine makes me look at him. He

wants to know what happened.

I shake my head. “Just a nightmare.” I feel tears forming in my eyes, and I sniff. “I was back there in the feeding room,” I look at

Cyran, “That's what I called it, the feeding room. And he was there, Prince Keenan. He said he'd found me and that I belong to

him, that I'm his.” Cyran growls low and menacing against me. “I don't want to go back there.” I say it in barely more than a

whisper, but I know he can hear me.

He begins licking the tears off my face. He continues until my tears stop falling and I settle. My hands are still running through his

fur. There is something calming about running your hands over an animal, the repetitive motion relaxing you over time. Cyran is

patient with me, allowing me the time I need to calm down.

“I'm okay now. You don't have to stay.” I tell him. He lifts his head and looks at me, huffing at me before licking my nose again

and laying his large head back. down on my chest.

Chapter 180

I smile, my hands coming to rest on his neck and chest. “Thank you.” I say and I drift back to a dreamless sleep.

When I wake in the morning, he is gone but the blankets still have the warmth of his body on them, so I know he hasn't been

gone long. I sit up, realizing I need to use the bathroom and hoping I'm strong enough to get myself there.

I slowly slide off the bed until my feet are on the floor. This time, I hold on to the bed as I stand. My legs feel a little bit stronger

and I use the bed as a crutch as I walk to the end. From there, I have about five steps until I get to the door of the bathroom. 'You

can do this, you can do this', I chant to myself.

Just as I'm about to take the first step, the door opens and a freshly showered Liam walks in. "Whoa, whoa, what are you

doing?" He's in front of me in three large strides, scooping me into his arms.

"I need a

to use the bathroom."

'Geez, I wasn't gone that long and you were out when Cyran finally jumped down.'" He says as he walks me to the bathroom. He

sets me down in front of the toilet. Okay, I don't care how weak I am, I'm not peeing in front of this man.

He looks at me, his eyes squinting. "I'm going to step outside, but the minute you are done, you let me know and I'll come back

and get you, deal?"

I smile, "Deal."

He walks out but leaves the door open. I sigh, it's more than I expected but I would have liked the door to be closed. Thankfully, I

have to go so badly that it doesn't matter. I finish up, and stand, using the counter to get to the sink. I've just turned the water on

before he's right behind me, hands on my hips holding me steady.

"Doc Phillips will be by soon. I have food being sent up for you. You will need to stay on bedrest again today and continue to

drink and eat to regain your

strength."

It sounds like he's giving instructions before he leaves. "Are you going somewhere?" I ask.

"I have to go into the city. My company offices are there, and I have to take care of some things that have been sitting while I was

waiting for you to wake up.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t...”

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He cuts me off. “It was my decision to stay here, and I have been able to do some things electronically, but today there are things

that I have to do in person. Dustin will be here and he will check up on you periodically while I’m gone. What can I get you to

keep you entertained while I’m gone? Books, music, crochet?”

I look at him in the mirror. “Crochet?”

He shrugs. “Just trying to cover all the bases.” He smiles and my stomach flutters. Seriously, this man is dangerous when he

smiles.

“Books and music sound good.”

He nods. “All done here?” When I nod, he picks me up and walks out of the bathroom. He stops frowning. “Bed or couch?” He

asks.

“Couch.” I can see he’s not terribly pleased with my choice. “Or the bed if that’s better.”

“No, this is fine.” He says before gently putting me on the couch. “I’ll be right back.”

Before he gets to the door, it opens and Dustin walks in with a tray of food. “Good morning, Angel. You gave me quite a scare

last night.”

“I’m sorry about that.” I say, not wanting to talk about it again.

“Nothing to apologize for.” He says, putting the tray in front of me and sitting down beside me. His arm goes around the back of

the couch behind me. “So, I hear we’re going to be spending the day together.”

Liam’s growl has my head shooting up to look at him, but his eyes are on Dustin. I see his eyes glaze over and look at Dustin to

see his have as well. They are mind

linking and don’t want me to know what is being said. I’m surprised when Dustin’s smile gets bigger and Liam stomps out.