

Fight B Alphas 57

Chapter 57

Lana POV

"I don't want you near the borders Lana, you are to stay here or in town but never go back out there till we know what we are dealing with" We had been having the same argument all day. I feel obligated to help, my brother was the one that caused it after all. I roll my eyes at him as I place the babies in their highchair for their dinner.

"Lana are you listening to me?" Tate asks.

"Yes I will stay away from the border okay geez" I tell him, grabbing their mulee and sitting down.

Drake comes over wanting to help feed them and I hand him a bowl and he drags another chair over sitting beside me.

Tate eats his dinner in record speed before dropping his plate in the sink and rushing upstairs.

"You're not going tonight, let Elias handle it, you have barely slept Tate, you're dead on your feet" I say getting up and handing the bowl in my hand to Drake and following after him. I raced upstairs, he was no good to anyone in this state, he would be putting others at risk and himself.

"Lana you know I can't do that I have to go, I am meeting Chase and your father"

"You can ring them and tell them you're sending Elias or someone else" I argue back but he ignores me instead stripping off and chucking on some loose fitting shorts.

"Tate please?" I begged him knowing he was too tired I could feel his exhaustion seeping into me.

"She is right Tate, I can go stay home with Lana and the kids" Drake says coming into the room obviously eavesdropping on us arguing.

"You don't even know what's going on out there. I can't send you" Tate says stepping past him. I follow him downstairs. He ignores me instead giving the kids a kiss before walking over to me and Drake.

"I won't be long"

"You say that but then don't return till morning" I mutter as he pecks my forehead. Drake grabs his arm.

"Let me go" He tells him.

"I haven't got time for this" He says before shocking not only me but Drake as he kisses the side of his mouth before walking out the door leaving both of us stunned.

"I wonder if he just realised what he did?" Drake says.

"He is exhausted and you are his mate" I tell Drake not seeing the big deal with it.

"Yeah but I thought he was pissed off at me"

" Doesn't mean he loves you any less" I tell him.

"What about you then" Drake asks but I ignore him going to get the kids out of their highchairs where they were currently playing with their food and spreading it through their hair.

"D**n Drake, why did you leave the bowls there?" I say grabbing them off them and placing them in the sink.

"Sorry I didn't know they were going to do that," He says, coming over to help. I start stripping their onsies off before trying to remove the gunk from their hair. Drake cleans out the sink before filling it with water. I grab Titus before going over and testing the water and adding more cold before taking his nappy off and bathing him.

"Can you grab the baby soap and face washers they're in that tub over there?" I tell him pointing to the tub on the fridge. He reaches up grabbing it down before handing it to me.

"And some towels" I tell him and he walks out to retrieve some before placing them on the counter beside me. I wash Titus and have to wash his hair twice, the food stuck in his curls while Drake holds Ashley watching over my shoulder. He was so close his body heat was seeping into mine and I shivered involuntarily. Once I am done I wrap him in his towel handing him to Drake before grabbing Ashley and cleaning her. Once I am done we dress them and put them on their play mat while I look for the news to watch. A strange feeling of being on edge settling over me and also Tate's exhaustion was washing over me and I yawned. Drake was sitting on the floor watching as they played with their mat and crawling for their toys. Drake also yawns.

"He must be b****y tired for it to be affecting us" Drake mutters. I nod looking to the clock and I couldn't help but feel something was going on, my hair standing on end.

"You right with them?" I ask and Drake looks over to me where I was sitting on the lounge.

"Yes but why?"

"I want to go get him" Drake shakes his head.

"Tate wants you here, I will go, I don't want you out there something seems to be bothering Tate" He says getting up.

"You know where he is?" I ask and he nods.

"Yeah feels like he is east of here, I may not have been around Lana doesn't mean the bond weakened I can still feel the pull to you both, " He says and I nod also feeling the pull in that direction. He picks the kids up scooping an arm under each one of their bellies while they were crawling before passing them to me.

“Go to bed, I will send him home, or I will ask Chase to make him, if he doesn’t listen” I nod, taking them from him and he walks out the door.

I have no idea how long they were gone for but after an hour the kids fell asleep and I put them in their beds before hopping in the shower to get ready for bed. The unsettling feeling never left and I had this bad feeling that something was about to happen. I try to ignore it and continue showering. Sticking my head out of the shower door every second thinking I was hearing one the babies cry. I was washing my hair when I heard a noise before hearing footsteps on the stairs.

“That you Tate?” I call out. I get no reply. I hear the door creak open in the hall and shut the water off. Listening while grabbing a towel. “Tate?” I called out opening the bathroom door fully, I could smell something off, like rotting flesh and I know it must be Tate covered in the blood of rogues again. I heard footsteps again and I thought they were in our bedroom. Pushing my bedroom door open I look in but don’t find Tate or Drake when I hear the creak of the floor in my kids room. My head snapping toward their door to find it had been opened slightly. My heart skipping a beat when the scent hits me, Rogues.

The sound of sirens blaring loudly outside and I race to the kids room bursting through the door to see a figure standing next to their crib. They spin around so fast I barely have time to look at them as I lunge at them. We both hit the side of the cot and my babies start screaming. I feel and hear the cracking of bones and kick him as he landed on top me as we crashed against the cot, kicking him in the stomach and away just in time as he shifted hitting the cupboard and bouncing onto his feet.

He growls and I try to get up when he pounces on me, his teeth sinking into my thigh before I punch his wolf giving me enough time to get to my feet and position myself between him and my children. We both lunge at the same time his claws sinking into my sides as I grab him around his ribs landing on top of him, my claws extending as I jam my hand inside his stomach, feel his intestines wrapping around my hand as he whimpers before I feel teeth sink into my leg ripping me off him, my vision turning red as my bloodlust take over, anger coursing through me when I feel the newcomers. Claws digging straight through my back as he rips my towel off making me scream.

I see the Wolf I tackled getting up, heading toward the cot and I manage to grab his tail jerking him back, he pivots his claws striking down the side of my face as he swipes at me, my blood spraying across the wall.

The other wolf rips into my side before I feel it jerk away, taking my flesh with it before hearing a menacing growl, Drake’s scent hitting me just before he jumps clean over the top of me before ripping into the rogue who’s tail I still had a grip trying to stop him getting to my kids. I let him go rolling over to find Asher in the hall. I watch as he pins the other rogue, his teeth going straight through its throat before he shakes his head ripping his throat clean out. The rogue’s grey fur turns red as he dies.

Getting to my feet I race toward the crib grabbing Ashley and Titus out just as Drake kills the other one. Blood was everywhere, on the walls, the floor, even the ceiling. I could smell my own blood and that of the dead stench of rogues. I hear fighting outside and the sounds of gunshots, before suddenly everything goes quiet, after a few minutes the sirens go off. Tate shifts back instantly while Drake walks out and I know he is making sure there are no more in the house.

Tate steps into the room, his eyes searching before he lets out a breath before freezing, his panic smashing into me when he suddenly puts out his hands confusing me while I clutch our children tightly. I

was frozen in shock at what just happened, my mind reeling wondering how they got past the border patrols.

“Lana give them to me” Tate says just as Drake walks in, my eyes snapping to him.

“Lana focus on me, hand me the kids” Tate says, stepping closer and I growl at him, shocking myself, before looking down at them in my arms. Both of them had stopped crying as they stared back at me when I realised all the blood pooling around me and they were also drenched in my blood. The floor creaks my eyes snapping to Tate as he creeps closer when I realise what’s wrong when I try to speak, sucking in a breath I hadn’t realised I had been holding all this time. My children’s scent hitting me and that of my mates.

“Lana I am going to take them” He says and I remain still as a statue too scared to move in case I attack them.

I could feel the blood cascading down my face and dripping on them. I swallow my throat making a gurgling noise as I try and s**k in a breath through my lips instead of my nose, only to taste the metallic scent of my own blood in the air. Tate lunges at me grabbing the kids, just as I go to attack him. Drake shoving him out of the way and I tackle Drake to the floor. Tate moving and I see him place them back in their cot before spinning and I lunge at him, bloodlust taking over like never before and I sink my teeth into his neck only to be jerked away by Drake. Tate puts his hands up, his blood running down his chest where I bit him, my eyes following the trail as it runs off his body and onto the floor, uncontrollable hunger seizing every nerve ending in my body, my mouth watering at the smell of their intoxicating scents. Drake’s arms holding mine behind my back while I thrash.

“Have you got any blood bags?” Drake says my head snaps to the side at the sound of his voice and a growl escapes my lips I didn’t even recognise as my own, hearing footsteps rushing into the house before stopping. I see Elias and my father rush into the room before stilling at the door.

“S**t Lana” My father gasps, rushing over to me when I growl at him before trying to lunge at him and he jumps back.

“Elias go get blood bags” My father says and Tate comes over as I struggle against Drake wanting nothing more than to sink my teeth into one of them. I didn’t care who I just wanted blood. Tate grabs my face, sitting on the floor next where Drake had me pinned against his chest. Drake lets my arms go and as soon as I am free I lunge at Tate wrapping my legs around him, my teeth going into his neck, his blood rushing into my mouth. His blood soothing the inferno in the back of my throat has my fangs slice through his flesh like a hot knife on butter.

“Lana” My father says and I feel someone tapping me, yet I can’t pull away as I drink greedily from him.

“Lana!” Tate chokes out his panic hitting me when I am suddenly ripped away. My vision red, and everything heightened. Tate gasps clutching his neck.

“Get control Lana” My father screams at me and I realise Drake had been the one to jerk me away. I could feel my wounds healing, though the claw marks down my face were still running like a tap down my face making my bloodlust worse as I could smell my own blood.

Drake shifts and I hear one of the babies cry, my head snapping to them as I watch Titus sit up in his cot, his hands going through the bars as he reaches for me. I focus on him, focus on what Tate is feeling. I take a deep breath through my nose before blowing it out of my mouth. Drake's arms around my chest loosening slightly as I feel my blood l**t start to leave as I focus on Tate feelings and the sight of my kids in the cot listening to the sounds of their cries.

"Get her out of here Drake, the smell of blood in here won't be helping her" My father says to him. I feel him move but I let him pull me around knowing I can't afford to lose control, definitely not in this room where my kids are.