

The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 36

Wade POV

I have never in my life smelled such an intoxicating smell. Ali's scent wafts around me, filling me with lust, desire, and the need to never leave her side. She smells of the morning dew in the early hours of the day, fresh like lavender and honey, with a touch of crisp tart apple.

My wolf is gently howling in blissful happiness. Leaping around like I have released him into a meadow of flowers after a lifetime of solitude in a cement prison. She's my mate. Ali is my mate. She has no clue and I can't tell her. That wouldn't be fair, for her to be torn between the lie that Liam is spinning and the truth only I can know.

She has her mission, and now I have mine. I can't fathom the idea of Liam sneaking back in here. It has nothing to do with her not being able to take care of herself and more to do with the undying need to just be near her. I sit up slightly to catch a glimpse of her in her bed.

"Wade," she whispers.

"Mm-hmm," I respond, trying to act like I hadn't just been trying to check on her.

"Do you think the mate bond is really important?" she asks, sounding scared.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean like, what if I don't like my mate?"

"You can't deny half your soul, Ali."

"Oh," she says. "It's just... I don't want Liam to be my mate."

My heart aches with the desire to tell her, scream from the top of my lungs 'It's not Liam, it's me!' But I know it's selfish and wrong to just add to her confusion.

"You don't know that he is," I say.

"He went crazy when he ripped my amulet off. He said I smelled so good," she says, trying to convince me.

What she doesn't know is that her scent sent me running to her room. I had followed it until the moment it disappeared behind her door. And then I walked in, and I knew it was her.

“Well, you do smell good,” I say, mentally slapping myself. “That doesn’t mean that he scented you as his mate.”

“You still don’t believe him?”

“He’s not done a whole lot to elicit any trust from me,” I say truthfully. “I think you are being blinded by the potential of finding your mate. You need to focus on what you know. Not what people keep telling you.”

“But Wade, I felt the sparks.”

“And you have sparks with me. Big deal right?” my voice sounds clipped as my jealousy slips through.

“I’m sorry.” She breathes.

“Ali, it’s fine. I just think you have put so much stock in finding your mate that it is now being used against you. My advice would be to step back and hold to the truths that you know.”

“Which are what?” she scoffs.

“You are here on a mission. You are bonded to me. No one knows who your true mate is other than your true mate, and you when the time comes. Hold true to who you are until you finish your mission.”

“How can you be so wise? You were so annoying when I first got here.” she jokes.

“Hey! I was poisoned. I literally plead insanity.” I say chuckling and she laughs.

“Hah! Plea denied.” She says. I sit up and throw my pillow at her. It lands with a thud and she releases an ‘oof’

“I’m going to kill you!”

“That would be suicide, for more than one reason,” I say, smirking in the dark. She sighs heavily.

“Ok, true. I’ll just wait until the bond is gone. Prepare yourself for death, Alpha. Your days are numbered.” I’m not sure my stomach can handle more knots if it tried. I can’t wait for the day the guardian bond is gone and she can finally see me the way I see her.

I wake up and find that Ali is gone. Assuming she got up early like usual, I head to my room and toss on jeans and the first shirt I can find. Eager to see her this morning, I sprint down the stairs, almost colliding with Francis on the landing.

“Woah!” He says, his hands flying up to protect himself.

“Sorry.” I rush out, offering him a curt head nod. And move past him.

“Alpha Wade, Alpha Nick is on the phone.”

I stop where I am and twist around.

“Sh!t, I forgot to call him last night,” I ask him.

“I called him for you and informed him. I asked him to call you back at 10 am. And it is now 10:02 am.”

I begrudgingly change course and head to my office, plopping down in my chair like a chastised child. I sigh heavily, reaching for the phone and bring it to my ear.

“Alpha Nick, I’m sorry for the wait,”

“It’s no problem. What is a problem is your capture yesterday. How did they manage to swipe you along with your guardian?”

“We both agreed to go with them since they had about 70 rogues waiting to fight us. I’m not one to back down from a fight, but I will admit to using my brains before my brawn.” I smirk.

“More than I can say for most alphas these days,” Alpha Nick chuckles. “Now, let’s get down to business. I know you weren’t able to make it to the meeting yesterday, but we still had it with a few of the others. We have some interesting information for you.”

“I am all ears.” Finally, some headway.

“The committee is making a move to unite the packs on this continent. Almost as if creating a nation within the human nation. Not all the Alpha’s are so in line with this idea.”

“I’m not sure how that would differ from what we currently have,” I say

“That’s what I said. Now, this part is mostly speculation, but there are whispers about the committee wanting to add an active alpha as an overseer of affairs.”

“Like a king?”

“I suppose, in a way. They would get a vote, but they would mostly travel to ensure that the Alphas are complying with the new set of rules.”

“As a sort of agent of justice?”

“That is what it sounds like to me.” I can hear him rifling through papers.

“So what does this have to do with me?”

“Well, rumor has it they have already selected their Top Alpha.”

“And you assume it is me?” I scoff.

“There are 8 guardians active on missions right now. All of them are guarding Alphas under orders of the committee. You are one of them. We believe you could be the top choice.”

“That seems highly unlikely. Only 4-5 alphas actually know my name, so I think we can safely remove my name from the list.”

“Wade, you are severely underestimating yourself and the weight your name carries. Alphas may not know your name, but when we were digging, the one name we heard the most out of every single pack member’s mouth, even in my pack, is Alpha Wade.”

“I’m not understanding.”

“Alpha Wade.” He sighs. “How many pack members have you had leave your pack grounds, turn rogue?”

“I have had 1 since becoming alpha,” I say, feeling terrible about Jacob’s disappearance.

“And you have been an Alpha for 6 years? 1 in 6 years. More and more lately, alphas are becoming meaner, unruly, and unchecked. Larger packs are losing 10 a year to the rogue lifestyle. Your pack is loyal, and they love you. When they leave to visit family in other packs, they speak of you as if you are their brother.”

“I had no idea,” I say truthfully.

“When is the last time you have turned someone into an omega?”

“Never,” I say sternly.

“What do you do with those who don’t comply with the rules?” he asks, taken aback.

“We have never had that issue until recently. Occasionally we will whip and chastise. But most recently, a young woman poisoned our pack. Her mate rejected her as punishment, though it seemed hardly effective.”

“Interesting. Why don’t you strip them of their wolves?” He asks.

“Being an omega should not be punishment. People are born into that rank. By forcing wolves to become omegas, we are telling our born omegas they are as worthless as the criminals we make omega. I choose to value them because they take care of us. Here in my pack, they are grateful for our protection and happily work on the tasks within their abilities.”

“Interesting,” he says, sounding in deep thought, then clearing his throat. “Well, that’s all I have. If it is you, I’d tread lightly. I’m not too happy that the committee isn’t doing more to inform you if you are the chosen alpha.” and then the line clicks off.

The rogues must also think I am the top choice since they have been attacking us for years. Now the new question is why was Ali only just recently placed with me if the rogues have been watching us for so long.

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Ali POV

I hated skirting out early this morning, leaving Wade sleeping soundly on the floor. He looked so peaceful and serene as he smiled through what I can only assume was a happy dream. It makes me feel worse for not confiding in him about the Rogue King being my only surviving family. Uncle Corbin hadn’t given me much more than vague promises of answers I never sought, but now they have settled in my mind like a festering wound.

I have to know these mysterious answers. This supposed truth that would change my view of my uncle and alter how I see the committee. I wasn’t ready for his answers yesterday. Hell, it’s possible I won’t ever be ready. But Uncle Corbin swears his answers are important not just for me to hear for myself, but for the good of the werewolf community, especially Wade. I’ve tried to convince myself that setting up a meeting with Uncle Corbin again is so I can protect Wade, but I know that this is about me.

I woke Francis up earlier and asked for him to remain close to Wade while I took care of Guardian duties, and he was happy to comply. It seems Francis has missed his best friend while he was on his trip. I pull my hood up over my head, disappearing into the forest line undetected. My legs push hard as I speed along in a hurry to get this exchange over with. A quick meeting with Simon at sunrise for a letter with small crumbs of truth to prove that I can trust him.

I sneak up on a clearing and see an on-edge Simon sitting on a boulder waiting for me. I hang back for a minute, watching him in his loneliness. You can learn a lot about a man by observing what they do in silence. Simon watches a butterfly as it dances around, slowly he extends his hand and it lands on his finger briefly. A smile forms on Simon’s face as he closes his eyes and sighs happily.

“I miss you, my butterfly,” he whispers as flutters away from him on a breeze.

I suddenly feel like I am intruding on a very special moment, so I push through the brush and enter the clearing, looking over at a bemused Simon.

“It feels wrong, doesn’t it? Like you are cheating on your alpha?” he smirks.

I hate how right he is.

“I am gathering intel. I’m not sure how that can be categorized as wrong.” I respond.

“Oh, I suppose you are right. That’s how it started for me too,”

“I don’t have the luxury of time to chitchat, Simon. Hand me what I am here for.” I say, crossing the clearing to him. He stands producing a folded manilla envelope and handing it to me.

“I know it may seem hard to believe, but Corbin is the good guy. I have a feeling your Alpha sweetheart might be as well.”

“He is,” I say, referring to Wade, not even bothering to care about him calling him my sweetheart.

Ok, that’s not totally true. The idea of Wade being mine brought a chill down my spine in excitement, and then it quickly turned sour when the thought that Liam was my true mate crossed my mind.

“Well, until next time.” Simon stands, pushing off the boulder, and turns, running into the forest, disappearing from my sight.

I unfold the manilla folder, frowning at it slightly. I will have to take the time to look it over when I get back to the packhouse, but I will have to wait for Wade to wake up and leave. Wade is giving me the distinct impression that I will be having a sleepover party with him on my floor for some time. Not that I mind completely. It’s kind of sweet having someone want to protect me for once. It’s been a long since I’ve felt important enough to be looked after.

I tuck the folder into the inner pocket of my jacket and zip it up, turning back towards the packhouse. I once again pull my hoodie up over my head and sneak back into my room, taking care to not wake the still soundly sleeping Alpha laying on my bedroom floor.

I stealthily reach for my hidden wooden box and open it, placing the envelope within it with the most important article in my life, my guardian allegiance contract. I run my hand over the only family heirloom I have left and close it gently. Normally, these contracts remain at the training center, on display for those new to the order to have something to look up to. But as it is my last mission, I asked to carry it with me to remind me of my mission here.

I put the box away and glance over my shoulder at the sound of Wade mumbling and turning over. He mumbles some more and I walk over to him, leaning over to pull the blanket back up over him. Wade gently grabs my hand as he rolls and I fumble to not land on top of him. I end up on the floor next to him, his hand fully engulfing mine, and I lay on my stomach just watching him.

There are many nights I've had to watch the Alphas sleep or at least be near them working night to catch their assailants. This alpha looks different than the rest. Where they all looked menacing and aged, Wade looks calm and younger. I know he is younger than me by only two years. But he often seems so much wiser than many of the committee members.

There is always a silent plan formulating in his mind. He is different, it could be that I am stupidly falling in love with him even knowing that my potential mate is somewhere else in the pack at this very moment. Perhaps that's what makes him so special. How easy he is to love. I would find myself hard-pressed to choose even the committee if it meant them or him.

I lean forward, placing a gentle kiss on the top of his hand, and a smile forms on his face. For a moment, I swear he is awake, but I don't feel his consciousness stirring in my mind. That constant buzz as he works to keep his barrier during the day. I slowly remove my hand from his and stand crossing to the door.

It's time I call Samuel and fill him in on a few things. As I open the door, Wade murmurs loudly and his words become more clear.

"You are mine." he giggles. "I love you, Ali," and he turns over one more time, smacking his lips together.

As I close the door behind me, I have to put a concerted effort into wiping the goofy smile off my face. Wade had opened his barriers once and really let his emotions wreak havoc in my mind. I knew it was love, but it also seemed like it was so much more. His raw emotions felt like my own and I have to admit, it scared me. It still scares me. What will happen when this guardianship is over and it's revealed he isn't my mate? The thought is far more painful than a blade to the gut, so I tuck it away as I pull out my cell phone. The phone line trills a few times before Samuel's gruff voice answers through the line.

"Ali," he greets me

"There may have been an incident."

"So I have heard." he sounds annoyed. Sh!t, I knew I should have called him the moment we got back from the rogues.

"Would you like my version or your lap dogs?" I say, getting snarky.

I don't like the idea that he knows all these things before I even relay them to him. I know someone is around watching us, but it's a matter of who. Liam loathes Samuel, but things could change. Or is it possible that Samuel is watching the rogues and has more knowledge than he is willing to share?

"Oh, don't be bitter, Ali. I'm not watching you. I'm monitoring our newest committee member." He chuckles.

"What?" I say, taken aback. The newest committee member? "Wade?"

"Mm-hmm. Why? Do you not think he is fit for the job? It was between him and one other, but I was overruled and they chose Wade." he says nonchalantly.

"Samuel, why are you divulging all this information now."

"It's no longer a secret. Your Alpha, it seems, knows more than he lets on about. We sent you there to protect him, become his confidant, learn what he knows."

"I'm a guardian Samuel! Not a spy!" I whisper angrily, looking around, hoping no one can hear me.

"Ali, you are there to do what I tell you to do." He sighs in annoyance. "I'm not asking you to spy, the committee needs to know if he is the right choice."

"He is!" I say, cutting him off. "He is the best choice."

"Interesting," he says. After a moment of silence, I ask the only question I've been wanting to ask him.

"Samuel, Why is Liam claiming to be my mate?" I ask, shyly.

"Because he is," Samuel says nonchalantly. Suddenly I feel sick.

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"How can you know that?" I ask, exasperated.

My ears are still ringing with verification from yet another person that, what I once dreamed of, I now can have. Only now, that dream has changed. A girlish fantasy and crush over a boy morphed into the desire for companionship with an equal mate. And something about Liam and how he speaks about omegas makes me think he will never view me as an equal to him.

"It's complicated," he says, sounding distracted. "Ali, we will talk soon. Something came up." and the line clicks dead.

“Fvck!” I scream angrily, running my hand through my loose locks.

I walk out from my wooded shelter and stalk towards the training center. Maybe I should do a little training. I need to burn off some energy. I slide in the doors unnoticed. Everyone looks like rigid soldiers following one instructor’s moves.

Liam walks around proudly with a long stick and when anyone steps out of line, he whacks their ankles with a loud thwack. I gawk in horror as I look over and see the omegas in the corner blundering about trying to toss punches. Frank and Mason are the only pair that seem to farewell. I make my way to them, and Mason stops looking up at me. Instead of looking excited to see me, he looks ashamed and ducks his head.

“Mason,” I whisper, trying not to be noticed by Liam.

“Ms. Guardian,” he says, still averting my gaze.

“Excuse me? It’s Ali to you, young man.” I joke.

Mason says nothing and shoots a worried glance toward Liam, who is still blissfully unaware of my presence as he tortures Wade’s warriors.

“Alpha Liam says if we call his mate by her first name we are disrespecting him and you.”

“Liam claimed I was his mate?” I ask, now royally pissed off about the whole mate situation.

“He told us all.”

“Fvcking sh!t,” I mutter, placing my hands on my hips.

I look at him and the other omegas who are now bowing their heads in my presence as if I were some queen. I couldn’t hate anything more than this.

“Why are all of you over here when you should train with the rest?”

“Omegas train with omegas,” Mason says. “Alpha Liam’s orders.”

“Does Alpha Wade know?”

“We don’t want to burden him with such trivial things,” Frank interjects.

“My love!” Liam calls through the building.

I close my eyes tight, groaning in frustration. This as*shole is starting to really piss me off. Liam closes in on me but I stay rooted where I am. He puts his arms out wide with a smug look on his face and tries to embrace me. I duck out and around him, tsking.

“Nope,” I say, turning to find him annoyed with my rebuff.

He stalks closer to me, leaning in and forcing me into a hug that would normally hurt a human.

“Don’t embarrass me in front of my students and pack members, my love.”

“I am not your love,” I say, wiggling out and pushing him back.

He ignores my anger.

“Come train with us! Maybe you can show us some moves.”

He takes me away from the omegas who stay rooted where they are watching the spectacle with wanting eyes. I can see how much they want to contribute to the safety of their pack.

“I was going to show them,” I say, pointing back over to the omegas.

Liam laughs loudly at me until he realizes I’m not joking. Then he stops short, scoffing at me.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes, I am serious!”

“Ali, they are omegas. Teaching them to fight is useless. Plus, they live sh!tty lives anyway, let whatever happens happen,”

“What?” I fume, trying to follow his sick mindset.

“Are you saying that being an omega is so sh!tty we should just let them die without even giving them the chance to defend themselves?”

“You said it, not me.”

“I’M AN OMEGA!” I seethe through clenched teeth.

“Not anymore. You are mated to an Alpha. Your status is about to go up.”

Liam looks so happy with himself. Like he is winning over my heart by doing me some drastic favor.

“I will always be an omega,” I say.

Liam’s face softens, and for the first time, he resembles a kind person.

“Baby. You don’t have to remain an omega. I will make you better.” He coos, trying to calm me down.

His words feel like a snake lashing out and clinging to my skin. Its venom is trying to disperse through my veins and fast-tracking poison to my heart. His words, how he is saying them, is all the proof in the world to know that he is not my mate. Forget the fvcking mate bond. He is not the mate I choose. Where my anger and frustration for him sat now blooms a deep-seated hatred. He has turned something so beautiful and pure into something meaningless and degrading.

“Alpha Liam, I challenge you to a fight,” I say, fire in my eyes.

“Oh, yes. Baby, I accept.” he blurts.

I roll my eyes and step back into the center of the pitch. Liam is a formidable fighter. Hell, he taught me the basics of what I know. But I have grown and learned a lot these past 7 years. I have picked up skills he once told me, even he was afraid to try. Learning one martial art wasn’t enough for me. I wanted to impress him and be better for him. Now I’m just excited to prove I am better than him.

Liam follows behind and then turns to face everyone in the center.

“My mate wants to spar with me. Watch and learn ladies and gentlemen.”

“This OMEGA wants to spar,” I correct him.

I can see the rage in his eyes. His pack members murmur, trying to understand what is happening. I glance at Wade’s pack and they all stand proud; the warriors move over to find their omegas friends and they intermingle standing together. With no warning, I can see the blur that is Liam charging towards me.

I sidestep just in time to miss his tackle by his hand swipes out, grabbing hold of my wrist and whipping me around. Liam firmly places his chest to my back and runs his nose along my captured neck. Growling when he can’t catch my scent.

Dropping my weight, I lift my knees and he loses his single arm hold on me as I fall to the ground below us. I roll to the side, tossing out a quick jab to his inner thigh, making contact with my target. He grunts in pain as he steps back. Standing, I pull my hands up in my defensive position. We dance around each other for a moment until he tosses a punch I deem slow enough. I step forward to the right of his punch, spinning back to back with him, my right hand coming over his left fist and I spin him towards me.

I surprise him as I grip onto his arm tightly, insert my body back up and under his hips and throw him over top of me, releasing him mid toss. I watch Liam as he flies a few feet, landing with a thud on the ground. Fury flashes across his face as he bounces and slowly stands up, dusting himself off.

Liam howls loudly as he partially shifts and barrels towards me. Any other omega would be struck with fear at this moment. Partial shifts are insanely difficult to manage. So difficult that many believe that it is the result of taking drugs, a sort of steroid for werewolves, though it's never been proven. What most don't know is that partially shifted wolves are much slower than your typical werewolf.

Liam fakes me out to the left and successfully latches onto my waist, pulling me to the ground as he wrestles with me for top control. He straddles my waist and I smirk up at him.

"Rookie mistakes," I whisper.

I buck my hips as hard as I can and Liam jolts forward, smashing his face against mine. There is no time to focus on my pain as I throw my legs straight up just as he sits back up. I toss my ankles around the front of his neck and yank with all my force. Liam falls back, his legs flailing. I release with breakneck speed and roll to my feet, my hands up again.

Liam stands and his eyes go black. Oh sh!t. I may have pissed him off. Liam, in all his anger, charges directly for him. And instead of dodging, this time I muster all my speed and I run directly for him, matching his fervor.

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Liam leaps for me fully shifting in midair, but I expected that. I duck my head down and jut my shoulder out as I barrel into his furry wolf's stomach. He lifts with my force as I slam him down into the dirt. I can feel the quake under my feet as I move off him and wait for him to stand again. Slower than he normally would, he gets up on his four paws and tilts his head in a questioning manner.

"I've learned a lot," I say, shrugging. I definitely feel a little smug about kicking his ass right now.

He growls and prances in a circle moving around me. I never understood why Alphas think that fighting in their wolf's form is so much more effective. Perhaps it's the whole having teeth and claws readily available that is appealing. Or maybe I just can't understand because I never had the joy of fighting with the wolf that was stolen from me. Either way a sly smile tugs at my lips and I let it come to the surface. I really needed this fight to cement my feelings.

"Ali!" Mason shouts out, warning me as Liam lunges forward from behind me.

I drop to my knees and reach up, trying to snag a leg as it whizzes by my face. The moment he lands, he twists and propels himself back at me. His change of direction catches me off guard and he grabs hold of my arm. Being trained as I am, I know that

pulling against his razor-sharp teeth will only make this wound worse, so I follow him to the ground; the hit stealing the oxygen from my lungs.

Liam's eyes bore into mine as he turns his head and then throws me like a rag doll. I soar through the air, landing on my feet, but not before knocking over a few people in my wake. I take a quick glance and see that I must have knocked Frank into some other people. One of Liam's pack members growls menacingly and gives Frank a rough shove. Ada rushes over, stepping between Frank and her own warrior, and growls.

I turn back to Liam, who is now back in his human form, frowning at Ada.

"Ada," he calls. "Fall in line!" he booms. She flinches and slowly walks back toward the line, looking back at Frank, who refuses to look at her.

"That is enough for today, Aliauna," Liam says, his eyes trained on Ada, who seems to be afraid to look at her alpha.

"Ada," he says walking in her direction.

Ada hands him a pair of shorts and a shirt, and he quickly puts them on.

"Now. What will we do with you?" he questions, reaching out and squeezing her cheeks.

"You come to the aid of an omega? Is he your second chance mate by chance?" he asks, trying to make eye contact with her, but she averts her eyes.

Liam roughly releases her from his grip and laughs as if someone had told him an excellent joke.

"Well, this is very unfortunate. I can't save you by making you reject your mate again," he says, pretending to sound conflicted, but I can hear the joy in his voice. He is loving taunting her. I watch in horror as he revels in his lead warriors' pain.

"W-what are you going to do?" she says, sounding frightened.

I don't blame her. If I were in her shoes, I would be frightened as well. As her alpha, she can't deny his alpha tone, not unless she wants to be punished.

"Rejecting your useless mate would kill you both. The only thing I can do is retire you from my services and make you an omega."

"What?" I yell unable to hold my tongue any longer. I have no authority. No reason to jump in other than that of my own objections. Why must turning someone into an omega be the answer to all problems?

"This is not your pack, Ali," he says looking over his shoulder at me.

“Do you think so lowly of omegas?”

“Yes.” he says “All of them except you my love,”

“And what makes me so different?”

He shifts his body to face mine and looks at me like I’ve grown a horn on my head.

“Well, for starters, you’re my mate. And you mated up to an Alpha,” he says as if the answer was so obvious.

He turns back to Ada.

“I will drag your wolf from you so you can live out your boring ordinary life with the weak man you were destined to be with,” Liam says and he walks over and grabs hold of her wrist.

I panic. I can’t let him do this. The moment Liam gets her locked up, there will be no going back for her. And I refuse to stand by to watch her wolf be ripped from her. I still remember how it felt. The feeling of your soul being stretched like putty until the sound of the snap breaks through the air all that is left is silence and pain. so much pain.

-Wade. Trouble in training center- I shout through the mind link as I sprint over and pull Ada from Liam’s grasp.

I step in between them defiantly as Liam glowers at me. He advances and takes hold of me by my throat. I am not afraid of him, for I have nothing left he can take from me. He walks me back into a wall, snapping his teeth in my ear.

“Oh, you want to play rough? Here?” I choke out, trying to distract Liam.

“Is that what you like?” he asks. he eases on my throat slightly enjoying what he is perceiving as flirtatious banter.

“I mean, maybe,”

“I will have to keep that in mind for our mating ceremony.” He smirks moving his hand from my throat and reaching for my face.

He strokes my cheek as Ada silently steps out from the center and stealthily makes her way to the door. I watch Ada sneak out the side door and then look back at Liam, who slams his lips onto mine. I refuse to return his k!ss as my lips stay straight in a line. he groans in annoyance and pulling his face back from mine.

“I don’t regret to inform you we will not be having a mating ceremony.” I toss him a tight smile.

“W-what are you going to do?” she says, sounding frightened.

“You will submit to me!” He whispers angrily.

“I will never submit,” I say, shoving him off me. “In fact, I plan to reject you the moment I can.”

Liam’s eyes flash in pain as he steps back from my verbal slap. He looks me over and then his eyes turn to the door, following my line of sight where Wade is sauntering overlooking mighty fine in a blue button-up shirt. Liam scoffs when he sees my face drinking Wade in.

“Remember whose you are, Ali,” he growls as he turns to face Wade.

“Alpha Wade, what brings you here?” Liam asks, faking a smile.

“Just coming to collect my Guardian,” Wade smirks as Liam stiffens.

“My mate and I were just having an intimate little sparring session. It would appear she has gotten better.”

“Did you have doubts? She is the best in her field.”

“She is excellent. I will give her that, but that hardly makes her the best,” Liam scoffs.

“Well, maybe you just don’t know her as well as I do,” Wade says, smirking.

My neck is getting sore from all the back and forth between these two alphas, so I reach out, offering Wade a touch to help calm him and I’m surprised to feel that he isn’t in need of my calming effect. In fact, he seems to be in a cheery mood.

“Let’s go, Ali. I have a few meetings I need to tend to.” Wade says, nodding to Liam, who is fuming about my hand resting on Wade’s forearm. I remove it and walk away with Wade.

“Want to explain the frantic mind link?” he asks once we are out of earshot.

“I wasn’t frantic.” I defend myself.

“You were frantic.”

“Alpha Wade, I am a guardian. I don’t get frantic.”

“If you say so,” he shrugs. And smiles, looking forward.

“Liam knows, Ada and Frank are Mates and he is going to turn her into an omega.” I blurt.

“Sh!t. I guess that means we need to find her first,” Wade says. Picking up pace.

“I think we just need to talk to Frank. He is in the training center,” I say, stopping to turn around.

“I mind linked Francis. He will get frank and bring him to the packhouse.” Wade says,

We walk in silence with urgency in our steps. I slide a look over at Wade and see his worried crease back on his face.

“Thank you, for coming for me,” I whisper. Wade stops walking and grabs my hand, pulling me to a stop and bringing me to face him.

“I will always come for you, Ali.” He reaches out and strokes my cheek and for a moment it feels like the world has disappeared and the only thing keeping us apart is the tiny distance currently between us. My breathing quickens as I take the first step towards Wade.

“Ali,” he says, sighing. “We need to keep moving. We have to find Ada, now.”

The Alpha’s Guardian Chapter 40

Wade POV

“Ada, you understand what this means, right?” I ask her as she stands before me, looking at the ground.

“Yes, Alpha Wade.” she nods.

“You will enter this pack and you must be loyal to me and this pack alone. All loyalty and allegiance for Alpha Liam must be broken.” I explain firmly.

“I understand.”

“How can I trust you aren’t going to break your promise of loyalty to my pack on a whim as you did with your old pack?”

“I have remained loyal to my pack out of fear, Alpha Wade. Not out of honor or moral obligation. If I had not feared for myself or my sister, then I would have turned rogue long ago. Alpha Liam is not very kind or forgiving.”

“And what do you think will happen to your sister?”

“She mated to an Alpha in California and lives with his pack now,” she says.

I fully anticipate Ada being a great addition to our pack. Hell, maybe I can force Liam out of here and have her train my pack now.

“I see,” I say, walking around behind my desk and reaching into one of my drawers.

I produce a small blade and hand it to her. Smiling, she takes it from my hand and turns to sneak a look at Frank, who is looking worried on the couch in the corner. I’m not sure what has Frank more worried, a mate who actually finds him worthy or the fact that she is giving up her life to be with him. After everything he has been through, I know he deserves this happiness.

“I renounce my allegiance to my pack and my Alpha. Through birth, which was assigned, let my choice undo the bond of the pack to which I am attached.” Ada says as she slices a small birthmark in the shape of a red crescent moon, near her thumb.

A wisp of wind ruffles through the open window, curling around Ada and quickly dying down. A loud howl sounds out as Liam is made aware through the severed bond that Ada has officially left his pack.

“Sounds like we need to work faster,” Ali urges, taking the knife from Ada’s hand, and placing it back on the desk.

“Alpha Wade, I ask to be accepted into your pack. I promise loyalty, bravery, and to protect every pack member like the family they will be to me.” She rushes out, eyeing the window for any sign of her old pack coming for her.

“I accept you into our pack, Ada. I am sure you will be very happy here.”

A snap sounds and Ada holds up her hand, smiling brightly at the tiny blue wolf on the inside of her wrist indicating she is now a member of this pack. She cries suddenly and Frank is instantly on his feet, engulfing her in a big bear hug.

“Why are you crying?” he soothes

“For the first time in my life I finally feel safe,” she says, and she looks at me, and rushing over she jumps in my arms. I stiffen at the gesture and Frank growls lowly.

“Calm yourself, Frank. I have my own mate.” I say, stepping back from Ada and offering her a kind smile.

She runs back to Frank’s arms.

“Frank and Ada, we discussed it and we felt it would be safer for the two of you to remain at the packhouse for the time being,” Francis says. “Head on out and Ethel will show you to your room.”

They rush out of the room, giggling as they cling to each other. I take a seat again at my desk and look up to see Francis looking forlorn as he watches the couple walk out the door. I can tell he is missing Sammy, who is still in another pack, receiving the best medical care possible for their unborn child.

“Francis,” I call him to get his attention.

He turns to face me and his face turns as stoic as Ali always seems to be. I can’t help but laugh. Ali raises a brow at me, confused, and Francis looks to Ali for the answer.

“You look like a sad sob, Francis. Go back to Sammy.” I chuckle softly. “We can limp along for a little while without you here.”

“No. I can’t do that.” Francis says, his face still not changing.

“And why is that?” I ask leaning forward in my chair.

Francis’ eyes flit to Ali in the corner and back to me.

“Alpha Wade, I would like to have a private conversation,” he says.

Ali looks between Francis and me, eyeing him for a mere moment and then nodding without needing to be asked as she walks out the door.

“What’s on your mind Francis?” I ask him, growing concerned.

Francis has never once doubted Ali or her judgment. I’ve noticed that more and more lately he is around whenever he can be. But I also know that Francis knows things. I am fairly certain he has his own network of spies in our pack that he consults to learn things.

“Are you certain it wasn’t the Rogue King who poisoned our pack?”

“I am fairly certain. Why?”

“I noticed Ali slipping out of the house early this morning, into the woods,” he says, coming and taking a seat in front of me.

“Ok,” I say, trying to maintain my calm.

“I just. She met up with someone in the woods. My sources don’t know who,”

Immediately, I am jealous and angry. I stand up so fast my chair tumbles to the ground behind me as I pace towards the window in thought. Who could she have been meeting up with and why? We share a bond, a link. There is no way she could keep something like that out of my head, could she?

“Male or female?” I ask quietly.

“What?”

“Was the person she was meeting a male or a female, Francis?” I say, my voice sounding menacing to my own ears.

“My source says she believes she met up with a male,” he says hesitantly.

Liam. It had to of been Liam.

“And you said that Liam was seem coming out of the woods early and was late for training?”

“Yes, that I witnessed with my eyes, But I was thinking a rogue would be more likely,” Francis says standing and slowly walking behind the chair he was sitting in, placing another barrier between us.

I must seem so angry with him. My anger drains and is replaced with clarity and a sense of calm. I hate that she is in my head and that I wasn’t cognitive enough to keep my mental barrier up. I toss the wall back up and then I am alone in my head again. Why does it seem to feel so much lonelier now that I know she isn’t being honest with me?

“Thanks, Francis,” I say, feeling defeated.

He doesn’t move, he just stands there looking at me. Sighing, he crosses over to the desk and leans forward on it with both hands.

“She’s your mate, isn’t she?”

My energy feels like it has been sapped from me as I shake my head pathetically, ‘yes’. Francis reaches out and pats my shoulder.

“How did you find out?”

“The short version? I fixed her amulet, and I scented her.” I say, sitting back running my hands through my hair.

“And you didn’t tell her, did you? Because she thinks Liam is her mate because he told her he is.” Francis scoffs.

“Pretty much,”

“Wade, as your best friend, I have to tell you, you are being a fvcking moron.” he shoots at me.

“I don’t want to confuse her,” I argue back.

“Wrong answer, Alpha. Confuse the sh!t out of her then maybe she will tell you who she met in the woods” Francis says sounding annoyed.

Then he strides to the door and flings it open.

“Alpha Wade would like a word, Ali.” He says as he turns and smiles mischievously at me. This fvcking as*shole.