

# The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 46

"Samuel!" I say, surprised. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"No? I'm a committee member, aren't I?" he quirks a brow.

"Well yeah, but usually they just send James, Joseph, and Rita." I remind him.

"Well, there has been a change in plans. It's just me."

"What do you mean?" Wade interjects, sounding a little annoyed.

"There were more pressing matters, so they sent me on my own. They felt I would be the best equipped to handle a meeting like this." He looks back over at Corbin and smirks.

Corbin stares daggers at Samuel, who reaches out for his chair and takes a seat. The tension in the room triples as Samuel smiles comfortably at a rigid Corbin and confused Wade. There is something going on between these two that I just can't seem to place. I slide a look over to Wade, who seems to deduce the same thing I am. These two have a history.

"Do you guys know each other?" I ask. Taking a seat beside Samuel.

"Oh no, we've never met before. But I've heard so much about you. Rogue King."

Corbin just stares at Samuel and nods. He looks at me, and offering a sad look, he stands.

"I think this is a mistake."

"What?" I say, feeling angry. "We went through so many hoops to get here, to get you here. You say you have the same desires as the committee now that you have divulged new information. Let's sit down and talk this out."

"I agree with Ali. Sorting this out right now would be for the best of the werewolf community." Samuel smiles.

I get the distinct feeling that Samuel is hiding something from me, though that isn't completely out of the ordinary with our line of work. Often Guardians are left in the dark. We have our job and the politics of it aren't ours to worry about. So we protect and fight and hope that it's something we agree with because our personal opinions are meaningless. Corbin sighs and runs a hand along his face.

"Corbin, what is it you want?" Wade asks.

"I only want what is best for the werewolf community."

“What’s wrong with the way things are?” Samuel scoffs.

“The alphas are too comfortable in their positions of power. They are whisperings about war against weaker packs for the sake of fun and land.”

“You rogues and your ‘whisperings’” Samuel rolls his eyes. “The alphas are as they have always been. They are alphas, they are bred to fight and take. It is the nature of a werewolf.”

“According to who?” Wade asks, sounding displeased by Samuel’s response.

“It’s just the nature of it, Alpha Wade. The committee has decided to add an acting Alpha to the board as a sort of overseer, or King Alpha if you will.”

“And what good will that do if it’s in their nature to just fight,” Corbin asks.

“Having an Alpha of the Alphas and the backing of the committee would make the other alphas submit. It would deter their need to be above their surrounding packs because they aren’t the top alpha. Think of it as squashing the Alpha’s desire to be the top dog.”

“Until someone decides they want to be the alpha of alphas and you get a war between the packs,” Wade adds.

“That is why they are trying to find someone who can use their brains and be wise enough to see ways out. You are on the shortlist Wade. Hence Ali being here to protect you.”

“The only one left on the list, if my sources are correct,” Corbin says, eyeing up Samuel.

“There are a few missing runner-ups, yes.” Samuel shifts uncomfortably in his chair. “We are working on finding them, but they train guardians to protect at all costs. Even if that is going underground and hiding even from the guardian order.” He shrugs like it’s no big deal.

But I know that a guardian disappearing with their alpha is a big deal. Disappearing like that gives birth to doubt in the system on which we are founded. These missing guardians are dead or they discovered something I seem to be missing.

“You won’t find them,” I say, glancing at Samuel.

“We will,” he assures us.

“Who do you have on assignment?”

“Jeremy, Tank, Sergio, and the rest of their normal circle.”

I laugh loudly. All three men look at me like I’m crazy and I shake my head.

“They are dead, or they know something we don’t know about the committee, Samuel.”

“There is absolutely nothing going on with the committee, I assure you.”

Corbin scoffs, and I shrug my shoulders.

“Then you just lost some of your best guardians in one fell swoop and you have to find out who is taking them out and why.”

Samuel shifts uncomfortably and clears his throat

“That is something the committee is working on, Ali. Right now we are here for a different reason.”

“Why did you choose Wade?” Corbin asks suddenly.

Wade perks up, and admittedly my interest is also piqued as we all turn our expectant gaze to Samuel.

“That is not something I can disclose.” He says, looking right at Corbin.

“And why is that?”

“It’s for his protection.” Samuel bites out.

“From what?”

“From you!”

“I have no issues with Alpha Wade. In fact, I approve of him being the top pick,”

“Ah, I see.” Samuel chuckles. “That’s what this is about. You take out every real viable option and then try to convince the weakest link that you are good.”

His words hit me harder than they hit Wade, who is sitting stoically in his chair as if the conversation isn’t even one he needs to concern himself with. My anger boils beneath my cool exterior.

“I have nothing to do with the other alphas’ disappearances,” Corbin says calmly.

“Yes, I forget, because the word of a rogue is so valuable.” Samuel rolls his eyes.

“Samuel! We are not here for petty fighting. I think you need a minute to regroup,” I murmur to him.

I stand and pull on Samuel's arm. He reluctantly stands and follows me out the door. I ask Francis to step inside so I can be sure to have a moment with Samuel alone.

"This is why you shouldn't be here! You are terrible at discussing and negotiating." I say to him angrily.

Samuel rolls his eyes and takes a deep breath, placing his hands on his hips.

"You have no idea what he has done as rogue king, Ali. He is not a good guy. I don't trust him."

"I'm not asking you to trust him! I'm asking you to trust me and Wade."

He stills and looks me over, narrowing his eyes.

"Wade? That's a little informal, Ali," he warns.

"We are close," I say my cheeks are flaming red.

"You have a mate, Ali! Don't get distracted."

"Liam is not my mate," I tell him.

"He is."

"And how the hell do you know that?" I yell.

He huffs out air and shakes his head.

"It's a calculated guess. After the guardian bond broke with him, you were in so much pain. The guardian bond is never supposed to be that painful, unless...." he pauses as if he is thinking about how to phrase what he needs to say.

I grow anxious.

"Unless what?!"

"Unless he was your mate." he says softly "Sh!t. Ali, I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"When you break the bond, it mimics the breaking of the mate bond. It's happened only twice before. But Liam was your true mate, and by breaking the bond you both rejected each other."

I feel light-headed as I place a hand on the wall for support. My heart and my mind are dueling with emotions. I'm flooded with heartache that is quickly replaced with relief and then guilt. It explains the draw to him when I first arrived, the undeniable attraction through my entire time there, training under him. It also explains the dull tingles that linger when he touches my skin. Samuel reaches out and rubs my back, looking at me with sad eyes.

"It's repairable. you don't have to worry."

## The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 47

Wade POV

Corbin doesn't move other than to breathe while we wait for Ali to re-emerge from the hallway with Samuel, hopefully with him a little more in check. If Samuel doesn't keep his cool, he will scare Corbin away. Then all the tedious planning I have undergone with Samuel and the committee will go down the drain.

I intended to tell Ali last night what the plan was, hell I intended to tell her quite a few things. But between Francis needing me and the annoying check-ins from Samuel, I didn't get the chance to squeeze any real-time in with her that would have been appropriate for sharing.

Then again, when exactly is the best time to bring up the time she was going behind my back meeting with the rogue king? Or how the meeting she set up is actually a ruse to get him here so he can be captured and questioned.

There are too many missing alphas for this issue to be just about trusting her and her instincts. My instincts are telling me she isn't keeping me in the loop. And maybe it's petty, or maybe I'm jealous. I don't know, but for some reason, I kept this information to myself.

The door creaks open as Ali and Samuel enter again and take back up their spots. Ali seems pale and visibly shaken as she stares off into space. I lower my emotional guard to see if she needs me or if her barrier is down. I find the usual stone wall and my stomach churns. She isn't often shaken like this. In fact, I have only ever seen it when it relates to her supposed mate bond with Liam, which I already know to be a farce since she is my mate.

"So tell me, Corbin," Samuel says, his voice full of venom. "What is your vision for the werewolf community, hmm?"

"Equality." He says as if it's that simple.

Samuel scoffs.

“We already have equality.”

“I want the elimination of the lower ranks. Omegas should be treated as the pack members they are.”

I look at Corbin, shocked. Maybe his point of view isn't as far off base as Samuel has been continually trying to convince me. I watch Samuel roll his eyes and it takes an immense amount of effort not to slap the smugness off of him. I know that Samuel and Ali have some special connection, especially since he is the one who saved her when she was a child. But holy hell is he a pompous a\*\*\*\*\*e. He and Liam are two peas in a pod, that's for sure.

“That is something I have been working hard for here in our pack. We had a mild misstep when our pack was poisoned, but we are back on track and the transition has been easy.”

“It works in your pack Alpha Wade because it is tiny and easy to control,” Samuel says, still staring directly at Corbin. “The other alphas don't want that.”

“Taking away someone's wolf is wrong. Especially for a crime that isn't theirs.” Corbin says through gritted teeth.

Ali freezes and slides a glance at Samuel, who looks intensely at Corbin.

“That doesn't happen. Criminals face their own crimes.”

“What about Aliauna?” Corbin asks, a glint of mischief in his eyes.

Silence fills the room and then suddenly the office doors burst open as Liam and three of his warriors walk in and lunge for Corbin. Ali jumps up and flies to his aid, kicking one warrior in the inner knee, the crack of his bones echoing through the office as he wails in pain. She gracefully spins and tosses a throat punch at the other, who goes down with guttural noises.

“Ali, enough,” Samuel says, exhausted.

“I gave my word he would not be harmed, Samuel. You swore this was a neutral space,” she says, staying in her position in front of Corbin.

Samuel stands and straightens his button up top before sighing and looking directly at Ali.

“I lied.”

“You lied to me?” Ali says. Her voice quivers slightly, but her body stays in place and her face in a hard line.

“Oh please, he is a murderer and a dangerous man,” he says, throwing his hands up in exacerbatation.

“I can not stand down from my word, Samuel. You know that.” She retorts.

“Ali-bee,” Corbin says his eyes are soft and sad. “It’s ok, the moment I saw who it was I knew the outcome. As long as you, believe me, everything will be fine.”

His words echo in my mind, Ali-bee. He knows her well enough to have a nickname for her. Jealousy rolls through me in a violent force but I’m stayed by Samuel, who laughs like a sick maniac.

“I remember you now. Corbin Fletcher.” Samuel saunters over to Corbin, who is being forcefully restrained.

Samuel tosses a punch and it lands on Corbin’s stomach with a dull thud. Ali bites her lip and her barriers fall and I can feel her worry and inner conflict. Her allegiance for Samuel and her desire to protect Corbin. Then it hits me like the first drop of rain in a thunderstorm. I recognize the last name. Fletcher. Aliauna Flechter. Corbin Flechter.

“You’re the pathetic little wolf who killed my mate and ran away. You are the reason your brother- and sister-in-law are dead. He is the reason Ali is an Omega.” Samuel chuckles, turning to tell me.

“Ali knows the truth, Samuel. There is no need for pretenses.” Corbin says, again sounding eerily calm.

“And why would she believe you?”

“Because she is my niece.”

“And I’m the man who saved her and raised her,” Samuel shouts.

My eyes shoot at Ali, who refuses to look at me. I look around and see that Liam appears as shocked as I am and I can’t help but find comfort in that. The feeling of betrayal crawls up my neck as goosebumps and settles in the base of my thoughts.

She betrayed me. She was not only going behind my back, but she didn’t tell me her relation, which she clearly knew. And if he is her relative, and he has done unspeakable things to my pack... does that make her my enemy now, too? My stomach rolls at the thought, and I have to close my eyes to regain my composure.

“Alpha Wade,” Liam says, “Do you have the dungeon ready for him for questioning.”

I can feel her eyes on me and then I batten down the hatches in my mind, waiting for the tidal wave of emotions in retaliation. But it never comes. I meet her gaze and what I see is worse than the emotions I know she is hiding from me.

I betrayed her just as she did to me. And in place of the love I was seeing every day, I now see stark disappointment, and it's the worst feeling I have ever experienced. I clear my throat and focus on my pack and the vengeance I will finally get when questioning Corbin.

"Yes. Kane is out front waiting to take you there." I say, now afraid to look at Ali.

"I will help escort him," Samuel says.

Ali moves for the door, and Samuel turns facing her in fury.

"You will sit and wait for further instructions, Guardian. We have a serious conversation ahead of us." He points in her face and Ali bows her head in defeat, taking a seat.

The room floods with silence and palpable tension. Ali refuses to look at me as I stare directly at her, begging her with my eyes to be the first to say something. When she says nothing, I move over to her and sit down.

"You lied to me. Again." I whisper, fully aware of just how pathetic I sound.

"And you to me. So we are even." She says, still refusing to look my way.

"Ali, why didn't you just tell me?"

"Where do you believe my allegiance lies currently, Alpha Wade?" she asks, turning her heated gaze to me.

I want to shrink away, run from the burn of her stare, but I'm pinned to my seat by the anger and hurt I see there. I think about her question for a moment. And regrettably, I can't give her the answer I know she wants. Because I have witnessed where her allegiance lies. And it lies with her family. The man who has actively killed so many people, my pack members included. No matter his change of heart, I will always have a score to settle with him.

## The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 48

Ali POV

I can't even bear to look at Wade. My anger is much bigger than my love right now, and all I can feel is the sting of his distrust in me. I can't very well be angry at him for keeping a secret from me, since I was doing the same. No, I'm upset that he questions my loyalty to him and the good of his pack because of the blood in my veins.



Corbin has done some terrible things, awful really. I can't afford him the luxury of excuses for his blood lust ways, but he is a rogue. And rogues act and react outside the normal realm of a regular werewolf.

"Wade," Samuel says, wiping blood from his knuckles as he appears at the door.

My heart aches for Corbin and my pride is bruised for failing to keep him safe as I had sworn. Wade stands and walks to the door, hesitating momentarily.

"We won't be long and then I will be down to assist you in extracting the information we need," Samuel says.

The door creaks and slams shut. Silence envelops the room as I sit in my anger and frustration.

"Now Ali." He sighs. "We need to have a serious chat, my dear."

Samuel crosses to the other side of the table and takes a seat. He stares at me for a moment and sighs in disappointment. The silence between us is louder than the emotions I don't know how to verbalize. The door opens again, but I keep my eyes locked on Samuel as he leans out and grabs a brown wooden box that is handed to him by his right-hand man. My eyes go wide when I recognize it.

"This is where you keep it, isn't it?" Samuel says, running his hand along the worn-down top of the box. "Your physical guardian oath."

I say nothing as I bring my eyes to match his.

"Irony isn't it? Housing the oath you made in your only family heirloom. I remember finding you in the woods clutching to this. I've always hated it. You aren't that weak little girl anymore. I saved you. I made you who you are and you repay me like this?" he motions to the surrounding office.

"I'm trying to protect my alpha," I respond, squaring my shoulders and finding my confidence.

"Bullsh!t." he seethes. "They have you convinced you are doing the right thing. I don't know when you went soft and stupid, but I assume that it's to do with Liam being around."

"This has nothing to do with Liam," I say calmly.

My anger is itching to break out and put Samuel in his place, but that would be suicide. He has my oath, my reason for being here. If he destroys it, then I lose my guardian gifts. No longer will Wade be safe if he gets injured, no longer will I be able to

heal him or take his pain. No longer would I be his guardian. Panic rises in me, and the only thing I fear suddenly is losing my place next to Wade.

“Please, all you have wanted to do for so long is get out and find your mate.” Samuel rolls his eyes. “Well, you have found him. And now you deny him? Should I break you from your oath so you can finally realize the truth?”

“I have a mission to finish Samuel.”

“You already failed it. You brought the enemy into his home. You snuck around and you invited him in. Alpha Wade is lucky I am here to protect him from your rookie mistake.”

Guilty burns through me like a raging forest fire. Starting deep in the pit of my stomach as it rolls through and sits heavy on my heart. Of course, I was being selfish and risky by bringing Corbin here. I understand that now. I get I acted foolishly, but my father taught me to trust my instincts and I had.

Samuel stands abruptly, his eyes looking distant as he groans loudly in anger. He must get some news he doesn't like. He rushes to the door, reaching out and grabbing my arm along the way.

“Come.” he bites out. “It seems like your Alpha is losing control,”

Samuel drags me along behind him as we take the route to the dungeons. The moment we hit the stairs, the smell of earth mingles with the tinny smell of fresh blood. The sound of pained grunting follows every dull thud that echoes through the small brick hallway leading us back to the cells.

As we continue to move closer, I can make out low voices murmuring angrily. Francis stands at the opening, his back turned away from the cells and flinching with every sound of a fist landing a blow. My stomach falls when the realization hits me that Wade is the one torturing Corbin. I am accustomed to torture sessions, what they entail and why they are done. As werewolves we heal faster, better, than our human counterparts, so torture to us means less. Well, that is depending on the severity of it.

I have often been at the dealing hand of such sessions, though I knew of the perpetrators' guilt and never doubted for a moment their innocence. Right now, I doubt Corbin's guilt in the things he is being blamed for. I am no stranger to blood or the patterns it makes when it splays across a room, but when a drop lands squarely on my cheek, I turn to face the man I love and my only surviving family member, and the bile instantly hits my throat.

Corbin's face is unrecognizable as Wade wails at him hit after hit. Tossing a jab to his stomach and then to his rib. He then finds his face again with his fist. He c\*\*\*s his fist back furiously, blood flying from it as if my very own sword had flicked it, it may well have been since I'm the one who got him in this position.

Samuel creaks the door open and shoves me in, following closely behind. When the metal door clanks shut, a flash of light hits my eyes and I drop to my knees in more emotional turmoil than I have ever felt in my entire adult life. My eyes flutter open and I see my parents. My father is begging for me to be spared as he is on his knees, his silver cuffs cutting into his skin. A man stands above him relentlessly, striking my father with his fists and Mom lies on the ground in a ball, sobbing my name profusely.

“Ali-Ali- No! Please not my baby, don’t hurt my baby.”

I can feel my body being jostled as they try to hold me still, wrenching on my jaw with a force so strong I can feel the crack of my bone as they pry my mouth open and pour the bitter medication down my throat. I’m yanked from my memory at the sound of a sob. A soft sob, barely audible. I blink and blink again until my eyes focus on the here and now and I see my Uncle Corbin. His eyes that mirror my dad stare right at me through the bloody mess that was his face and I snap.

Slowly, I stand up from my knees, wiping the wet substance from my face on the way up. I proudly place myself between a wild-looking Wade and Uncle Corbin, and I ready myself for the blow that was already flying. I can feel the wind from the fist and close my eyes, waiting for the strike. Instead, I feel a gentle swipe under my eye and the tingle of the contact from his skin. When I finally find the courage to take a peek, I see Wade looking at me, bewildered.

His breathing is labored from his boxing practice, using my uncle as the punching bag. He looks frightening, covered in blood, but his eyes soften when they meet mine. He reaches out, cupping my face as he looks me over. His lips flicker to my lips and back to my eyes. Gently, I reach up and remove his hands, taking a step further back towards Corbin.

“Ali, remove yourself, now,” Wade says softly.

“No,” I respond, rolling my shoulders back, readying for a fight that can only end poorly for me.

“Aliauna.” Samuel says, using his alpha voice on me. “Leave now.” He booms.

I hate when Samuel uses the alpha voice on me. It removes all my ability to say no and retaliate. My brain battles with his command but I lose. I spin quickly, looking at Uncle Corbin and lip to him.

“I’m going to get you out of here.” Then turning on my heels, I brush past Wade, who reaches out for me. I push his reach away and head for my room. I need to get my weapons if I’m breaking Corbin out of here.

## The Alpha’s Guardian Chapter 49

The moment I'm in my room, I trudge to the bathroom. I stare at my reflection, contemplating my options. My face is smeared with blood and tears that I hadn't known were escaping. This seems to be a recurring problem, these leaky eyes of mine.

I can still hear Wade's fists, wet thuds landing on my uncle's face. The sloshing of the flesh on blood makes my bile rise again. That's my family. My only family. I may not have forgiven him yet, but we share blood and memories. Memories of my parents and birthdays that I could never speak about out loud.

I have had Samuel, and though he is giving and kind to me, he isn't my father, and he isn't my uncle. He is the man who saved me and trained me. He never tucked me in or sang me happy birthday. He didn't make me cookies because I failed my spelling test and nearly burned the house down. No, that was all Uncle Corbin. The same deformed bloody sack of flesh hanging in the dungeon being bludgeoned by the man I love.

Reaching out, I turn the faucet on and grab a washcloth and wet it, scrubbing my face raw. I should have known. I should have seen or sensed that something was afoot. I'm no moron, so what did I miss and where? Was Wade playing me from the beginning? Expecting me to convince him of this meeting?

I don't want to think of him as conniving, but after what I just witnessed, I know he is a man who seeks blood for vengeance. It shouldn't be surprising, he lost many pack members to the rogues over the years. Despite that, it's a side of him I hadn't known existed and could have gone without seeing. Perhaps my opinion would differ if the person on the other end of the knuckles wasn't my uncle.

I walk to my closet and freeze when I smell fresh blood. I pivot quickly, finding Wade standing by the closet doorway, rubbing his knuckles. He looks tired, both mentally and physically. Beating a man senseless can do that, I suppose.

"Ali..." He starts but doesn't continue.

He knows as well as I do that any words spoken will fall short of what we need to say, want to say. I am furious with him, and with myself. The heavy tension between us could have so easily been resolved had we trusted each other and communicated better. I created that doubt, that barrier. But he jumped off that cliff when he took it too far with Corbin. And I have an inkling that he knows it too.

"You should get some rest, Alpha Wade."

I sound as robotic as I feel. It's time to turn off the emotions that landed me here. No more ogling him, no more craving his touch. These are things I can just as easily turn off if I need to and I get the feeling I need to before he sways me with just his touch.

"We should talk first." He says, his eyes trying to pierce the armor I have already placed up.

“I need to change,” I say to him curtly.

He doesn’t move as he stares at me longingly. I roll my eyes at him, annoyed by this shit already. I am angry and I will remain angry. No amount of sweet puppy eyes can change my mind.

“Fine. You can stay there.” I unsnap my tactical vest and toss it to the side.

I yank my white tank top up over my head and toss it to the side, reaching for my oversized band tee. Then, reaching to my back, I remove the hooks on my bra and drop it to the ground. I peek over my shoulder and notice that Wade is looking at his feet fidgeting and I’m enjoying that this torture at least makes him uncomfortable.

“You going to stand there and watch me change or are you going to go and at least rinse off the blood of my only remaining family member?” I shoot at him.

I can feel a shift in the air and hear the click of my bedroom door, and I breathe a little easier. As fast as I can, I toss on a clean pair of tactical pants, tank top and grab my vest and run to my bed, crawling under the covers. The moment Wade is asleep, I will go to see how many people I have to take care of to get Corbin out.

The full moon filters through the window as I lay and wait for Wade to make his appearance to sleep on the floor like I have become accustomed to. He pads in quietly and stands by the door, highlighted partially by the light. I watch as instead of heading to his perch on the floor; he walks over to the bed and lifts the blankets crawling in beside me. I freeze in shock at his forwardness as he scoots closer.

He lays his head and next to mine and we stare at each other for a moment until I remember I am resolved to be emotionless and angry. I blow out a huff of air and turn my back to him.

“Why are you in my bed?” I ask coolly.

He says nothing. I sigh heavily and choose to pretend to sleep. I know he crawled into bed with me so he can keep a closer eye on what I do. He must suspect that I will at least try to visit Corbin at some point throughout the night.

“Samuel is going to take his wolf,” Wade whispers.

Dread overcomes me, and I thank the heavens that I am laying down. My legs feel weak and my heart is in my throat. I understand it is still capital punishment, but it has long been something that has been viewed as barbaric, even if alphas relish doing it from time to time. A cold sweat breaks out on my forehead as I struggle to articulate words.

“W-when?” I ask, the tears brimming my eyes.

“Tomorrow morning,” he says.

The bed shakes with a silent sob that escapes me, and I try to reign myself back in. I am tough; I am trained. I haven’t acted like this since I was a child lost in the woods. But then again, I had thought I had no one left. I had lived on the whims of the men and women who dictate the world we live in and never thought more about mine other than the longing to have someone. All along, I wasn’t alone.

Warm muscular arms wrap around me. I want this comfort, his warmth, and his love. But I know that what I will do soon will destroy us. I move away from him, gingerly removing his hand from around me, and I turn to face him. I need to know if he approves of this punishment for the man who has killed many of his pack members.

“Whose suggestion-”

“Not mine,” Wade says, sitting up fast. “Ali, I would never approve of that,” he says with conviction.

“So it was Liam?” I ask. I look at Wade and our eyes lock. His eyes tell me everything I need to know.

“No, Ali. Liam doesn’t want to hurt you, he also protested. It was Samuel’s suggestion.”

I gape at him. Samuel. How could he even suggest that knowing my background? Why would he want to hurt Corbin so badly? I get he has done some terrible things. But Samuel is usually reasonable, willing to look at alternative punishments. I turn my back to Wade again and lay my head down in complete shock.

Maybe I don’t know Samuel as well as I thought I did. Tomorrow morning? I have to get Corbin out tonight. No time for reconnaissance or plans. I have to grab my gear the moment Wade is asleep and leave. There is no turning back after doing this. The risks are too high. I will have to leave with Corbin.

I have to leave Wade. Fear collides with dread at the thought of being away from him. I don’t have it in me to face Wade right now. I know the moment I turn around, I will kiss him. Fall into his arms and beg him to come with me and he would never leave his pack. They are his family and he has to protect them. Just like I have to protect mine. Tears fall as my heart shreds. Maybe this is a punishment for thinking about denying my mate?

Wade’s arms wrap around my waist as he brings his chin to the crook of my neck, his face gently touching my cheek.

“Please be careful.” he sighs into my neck. “You can’t get caught.” He squeezes me and I shake my head in silence. He knows me too well.

“I love you, Ali.” He whispers as he gives me a sweet kiss on my cheek and, turning away, he hops out of the bed and walks to his room.

I guess this means it's go time. Just as soon as I pick the pieces of my heart.

## The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 50

I slip out my bedroom window, jumping the 2 stories down, landing, then rolling to shield my body from the full force. I pop up into a light jog as I duck into the vegetation of the forest line and crawl up into the trees. Patrol has gotten better, especially since Liam's men are alternating shifts with the pack. But no one ever checks the trees, I'm not sure why when they know how easy it is for me to work my way through them.

I run along the branches, leaping from tree limb to tree limb until I can see the lights of the building in the distance. I survey the ground and crawl down from my perch among the birds and carefully stalk closer to my prey. It doesn't escape my notice that there seems to be less patrol than Wade would usually have. Maybe they feel confident they are safe by containing the feared rogue king.

When I am close enough, I can see why I had missed the patrols as there were all here. Including Isaac, the groups worked around in groups of 3 as they walked around the building or took turns walking to the forest line to take a peek. This should be easy enough to evade. The only issue is how to move around inside once I get in. I am going in completely blind and with no idea who is on the other side and where.

It's rare that I get scared about these types of situations, but with so much resting on this rescue, I have to admit I am worried. Getting caught would mean that my attempt was useless and could only place strain and doubt on Wade.

I shake my head. I can't think about failure. I don't have the luxury of time. I wait for Isaac's group to circle around the back and just as the next group walks up; I move to the door.

“They summoned me to check the prisoner,” I tell the unfamiliar faces who nod at me, knowing exactly who I am. I open the door and the smell of blood and sweat oozes from the hallway leading down to the cells. A guard looks up at me and frowns.

“No one told us you would be coming.” He says, looking at his partner.

I swiftly pull my sword off my back, leaving it sheathed as I slam it into the side of his head and kick his partner in the chest, following it up with a whack with the butt of my sword handle. I look around, pleased. That wasn't too horrible. So far.

I move my way down the hallway to the cells, following the smell that I know is his blood. When I make it to his door, I can barely tell that he is human. I gasp at the pool of



partially dried blood under his bare feet and rush to break the door open. He doesn't move when I reach up for his hands to unchain him and the thought of losing him hits me. I had only just found him.

"Uncle Corbin," I whisper as I glance around the room again for anyone coming in. He stirs slightly and tries to tilt his head up.

"Shhh it's ok, it's me, Ali," I whisper. "I'm going to get you out of here?"

"Ali-bee," he mumbles and I can hear the relief in his voice.

I sling his limp arm over my shoulder and turn to the door, moving with haste to get us out of there before anyone notices. The moment I'm out of the cell, I can hear the bustling and angry murmuring from the only way. Shit, I guess it's time to fight my way out. But that only works if uncle Corbin can walk.

"Are you able to walk?" I ask him.

"I will heal quickly with the silver cuffs now removed." He chokes out, his voice sounding raw.

"Good. it looks like things are going to have to get a little tense." I say trying to decide if using weapons is a wise choice or not.

These aren't mindless rogues, these are people I know, pack members of Liam, Samuel, and Wade. And though Samuels' people are royal assholes, I know that Liam and Wades are, mostly, good. I really don't want to kill anyone. Hell, I prefer not to maim them either, but if I have to, at least I know they will heal. I hope so.

"Get against the wall. Maybe I can confuse them long enough for you to run."

"I will not leave you." he croaks.

I roll my eyes, annoyed.

"I am not done here breaking you out just for it to all go to shit and fail. You will fvcking run once I lure them in. Link Simon when you get to the forest line, I'm sure he is lurking around."

Corbin stares at me for a moment but follows my request as he presses himself against the wall next to the door. The moment the door opens, I'm standing face to face with Samuel's right-hand man. Fvck. things are going south quickly.

"Ali." He says, sounding angry. "You shouldn't be here."

"Ah. Right well, I'll just be going then," I say, smiling brightly.



He frowns and looks to the cell where Corbin was and steps towards me, backing me to the wall. 7 of his largest warriors follow suit, walking into the room spread out to show me I am blocked. I subtly glance to Corbin, who makes his way through the door, and I pray that no one else turns around or comes to the cell.

“Where is the prisoner?” The Warrior, whose name keeps eluding me, asks.

“What? You lost him already?!” I gasp in fake shock.

His warriors murmur to each other. I step to the side to go around them and all of them sidestep in unison. Fvck. This is going to svck. I really had been expecting smaller men. But getting caught now will only bring more pain. I sigh deeply, dropping my head back. I roll my head, crack my neck, and shake out my arms to loosen up.

“What are you doing?” one guard asks me, amused.

“Just getting ready for orders,”

“Wha-”

I lunge down, side punching the first warrior’s inner knee, making him buckle. I pop up with speed and precision as I thrust the heel of my palm up into his nose. His bone crunches under my hand as warm fluid spurts out. There is no going back now. He grabs his nose, falling to the side with an agonizing yell.

I pivot into the next guy, taking his hands and twisting it back until a snap vibrates through his wrist and he bellows out. I step under his h!ps with my own and toss him over my back. By the time I reach for the 3rd guy, the rest of the warriors have caught on to what is happening and unlike rogues or regular pack members, they trained these guys like me.