

# The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 51

The first warrior with the broken nose is back up and pushing his pain to the side as he reaches out and grabs my leg mid-kick, keeping it from its original destination in someone's stomach. He tucks my leg up under his arm as he hails down my inner thigh with massive fists, pounding away at my muscles.

I scream out in agony as the pain rushes through me. Pushing off of my one working leg, I use it and his hold to project my foot into his nose yet again and he releases me. I fall and roll away to the side when 3 guys come at me in unison.

I groan in annoyance. These fvckers don't want to play fair. Fine. An arm wraps around my face as he tries to subdue me and I bite down as hard as I can, taking with me a chunk of flesh. He steps back, covering his bloody arm as I spit his chunk of bloody skin onto the dusty floor.

The guy who has a hold of my arms isn't quick enough to avoid the knee I shove up and into his groin. He goes white as he squeaks and then projectile vomits right at me. I move my head from the line of fire, saving my face from the onslaught of puke but not my shoulder.

The third guy to my right receives the bile to his eyes as he steps back and screams about his eyesight. I stumble back when my leg wavers from all the hits I had taken. From the pain of it, I can only assume he gave me a hairline fracture to my femur.

I look around the room and see only 3 uninjured guys looking furious and afraid, and I laugh. I love to taunt my prey. It's fun for me and makes me feel powerful. But looking at these massive men on the ground in shambles? I have to admit; it does a lot for my ego and so much more for my mood. That is until 5 more guys enter the small space.

"Fvck me," I say exasperated, trying to catch my breath.

"You have a mouth on you" One of them raises a brow, amused.

"You know, it hardly seems fair. Twelve massive warriors to one small little girl?" I try hoping it might even the odds. This is a useless thought, but at least I can catch my breath now.

"How about one-on-one? Would that make you happy?" I smirk at him.

"Very."

"Too fvcking bad," the lead warrior says, standing, no longer holding his nose as it gushed blood down his chin.

“Rude. what did I do to you?” I scoff at him.

“You broke my fvcking face, you b!tch!”

“I was just making it prettier.” I smile sweetly.

He lunges forward again and I step to the side, only to find a fist waiting for my face. It connects and I can feel it through my whole body. I stumble back but balance myself. I’m trained to take hit after hit. Though usually, the hits are a little less forceful. A yell sounds from beside me as a fresh warrior comes running, he ducks his head aiming for my waist, a moment before he overtakes me I jump up and connect my knees with his face, a pain overtakes my side as a kick lands from a different warrior.

I grunt in frustration as I grab hold of his foot and twist it violently. He spins out of it narrowly escaping a broken leg. A hand grabs hold of my hair and yanks hard as he brings his arm down across my chest in a karate chop. It thuds against my hollow lungs, forcing the air to leave me in a high-pitched hiss.

I gasp for air and I see another warrior sauntering forward, a manic smile on his bloody face. My hair seems to still be permanently affixed to the other guy’s hand, so reaching down, I release one of my thigh daggers and swing my arm around, slicing my ponytail off where he has a hold of it. My black hair flies free as I lurch forward out of his release and head bvt the impending warrior.

“Ok boys, anyone up for a breather? Maybe we should take this outside? It’s pretty cramped down here?” I ask, getting no response. I roll my eyes.

“Fine. Just. Let’s get going. I have things to do!”

“Like what?”

“Escape without killing you?” I ask, quirking a brow.

The few remaining men look at each other, then grin. Oh, fvcking hell. They are planning through their mind link. They all step for me in unison and I do a quick headcount. There are only eight standing men. Great. This is going swimmingly for me. The moment two of them duck their heads down, I know I’m done for. There is nothing I can do but hope it’s not too much damage and that I can keep my mental barrier up so Wade doesn’t have to know how horribly I failed. I doubt Samuel would want to admit a guardian turned on them all, so maybe Wade won’t have to know at all that I’m still down here.

All eight men run for me. I jump to avoid the men going low and a solid head hits my side. Gritting my teeth, and I grunt in pain as my cheek crunches with the force of an enormous fist. I fall to the ground with a sickening thud. I can no longer feel my lower extremities, which I’m certain is because of the shock of all the hits landing on me.

I lash out, flailing my arms in firm punches and kicks. The men grunt with an effort from their strikes. Then finally they move off me as I lay feeling physically broken on the ground. Crawling to the wall, panting, I force myself to stand and spin to see a fist right before a blinding pain takes over me and I feel the wall fall away behind me.

## The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 52

I gasp in shock as cold water trickles down my face. My wrists are sore and my cheek throbs with a menacing ache. I glare over at Samuel, who inspects the cup that once had water in it. He tosses it to the ground and saunters over, reaching out and turning my face as he looks over my mangled face.

“You broke your oath, Ali.” He tuts, pushing my face away, and steps back.

He runs a hand through his salt and peppered blond hair and heaves a heavy sigh. When I don't respond. He moves to the cell door.

“Serge. Bring it here.”

The warrior from earlier walks in, looking rough. His nose has a white strip over it and both eyes are bruised. Though he is already healing, I take pleasure in knowing I did a thorough job. He scowls at me as he produces a brown wooden box, my box, and I freeze. The warrior named Serge smiles, knowing that it means something to me.

Samuel takes it and reaches into his pocket with his other hand, producing a lighter. He looks at me and clicks the lighter on and off, teasing me. He searches for fear in my eyes, but I know he doesn't find it. I knew this would happen, I had hoped it wouldn't but only a fool goes on a mission like this without resigning to all outcomes.

He brings the box to his nose and sniffs deeply. I focus on the smells surrounding me, and the scent of fuel hits my nose. The as\*sholes drenched it in gasoline. Samuel crouches down and places the box in front of me. He glances up, giving me a wicked smile, and clicks the lighter on again, this time bringing it to the box that holds my guardian oath. A whoosh sounds as the whole of it is engulfed in flames.

“You know they say when the oath breaks, you lose all your special powers at once. Your healing hand, your emotional connection that links you, even your mind link. Sure it doesn't break your guardian bond with your alpha completely. But every person who has been released from their oath with dishonor has screamed in excruciating pain.”

I stare at the box as it flashes orange, and a tear runs down my cheek. The only remaining thing I have of my parents is that box. My old life holds within it the key to my current life. Both of which are now going up in flames. Ironical how that works sometimes.

“And what will you do with me after you strip me of my guardian title, Samuel? Hmm?”

“I haven’t thought much about that yet. There are lots of things I could do. I could withhold you from your mate, knowing how much that bond means to you. But I’m learning that you aren’t really a big fan of your former fling Liam anymore, are you? I think probably you will spend awhile down here at the whim of the warriors you gave a beating to.”

“Have you always been this much of an a-ss or is this new?” I ask, smiling through a split lip.

“Oh, this is nothing new. You just were always just a good girl obedient and so willing to do what I asked. You never had to know me like this. I have to admit, I hate how you choose him over me. I raised you after all.”

“Why do you hate Corbin so much?” I ask, tilting my head.

I can feel a tingling in my chest as if the embers of the fire are within me and immediately I know that the paper holding my oath has finally caught flame. My body searing in pain as the heat spreads through my veins, burning through each ventricle and view with a fury.

It takes immense effort to keep my mouth shut. To not give him the pleasure of hearing my scream, but when it hits my eyes, the burning is too strong. I scream in agonizing pain, sobbing and panting for air.

The similar feeling of something being ripped from me trickles through my limbs as my special guardian abilities one by one leave me as a soul leaves a deceased body. The sound of an audible rip echoes through the cells, followed by another scream so foreign to my own ears that I hardly could claim it as my own.

“Hmm. I have to admit, you have handled that better than any other wolf. It was hardly satisfying,” Samuel frowns.

“Serge!” He hollers, keeping his eyes trained on me.

“Sir?” he says, emerging in the doorway yet again.

“I am not satisfied with her punishment.” Samuel looks over his shoulder with a sly smile. “Work her over for me, will you? I have to go play guardian to Alpha Wade.”

My heart sinks at the thought of Wade falling into the hands of Samuel, and I fight feebly against my restraints. Serge steps forward and wraps his hand around my throat, squeezing enough to labor my breathing. He looks me up and down and then peeks over his shoulder.

“I take no pleasure in hurting someone who is chained up,” he whispers. “But orders are orders.”

His knee finds my stomach and I lurch forward in a mad search for air. My eyes bulge at the pain, and I can't help but cough. I straighten myself up and stand, readying for the next blow. He backhands me and my cheek stings from the contact.

"You backhand like a bitch, Serge." I smile, my bloody teeth on display.

He throws a punch that lands square on my mouth and I can feel my skin rip at my lips. Warmblood trickles into my mouth and I spit the blood in his face, cackling like I have gone mad. He grabs the collar of my coat and pulls me close, sneering at me.

"That was better, much more masculine." I jest

"You have a lot to say for someone who is going to lose their wolf."

I burst into laughter.

"Can't take what I don't have."

"What do you mean?" he asks, taken aback.

"I don't have a wolf. You got your a-ss kicked by a female omega." I smirk, or at least I think I do.

My face is so swollen that I'm probably about as emotionless as a woman leaving the Botox facility. He smiles happily and I swallow hard. That wasn't the reaction I was expecting. He stalks over to the coals that remain from my box and gingerly picks up the largest one, glowing red. His skin sizzles loudly as smoke and the smell of his burned flesh fills the cell.

"We were trained the same, you and I," he says, looking down at his hand curiously. "Pain is the construct of the mind. Well, until it is too much for the mind to hide. I am going to take so much pleasure in breaking that for you."

"Oh, joy," I say mockingly.

"The best part is, since you're an omega, you will be in pain much longer than I will be just by holding this coal."

He takes a step closer and looks me over. I swallow hard trying to prepare myself for this torture. Then he reaches forward, unzips my jacket, and moves it to the side. Bringing the coal to my collarbone it slowly sizzles as he runs it along my skin. He watches as I struggle for control over my pain. All of me already hurts. An ache here, a stabbing there, but this continual burning, so close to my nostrils that I can smell my flesh cooking. It's too much to bear as I gag and dry heave, making the pain of it all much worse.

# The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 53

Wade POV

I hunch over, my hands on my knees, as I'm overcome with a sudden feeling of heat. It burns through my veins at such a rate I can't even process what is happening. Slowly, the pain gives way to relief, and just as suddenly as it had come on; it is gone again. Sweat is pouring from every pore as I stand breathing deeply.

I look down at my sweat-stained shirt and I sigh in annoyance, I quickly take it off and toss it to the side. I've been a mess since she left. I felt a few slips in her barrier hours ago, but since then there was nothing other than this random feverish pain that overcame me.

She has to be fine. The few times I got her emotions, she was confident and cocky. Her usual self in fighting. I have tried and failed many times to mind link her through the early hours of the morning, which makes me feel much more uneasy.

Guilt consumes me as I trudge to the bathroom and splash my face with water. Should I have helped her get Corbin out? Just as the thought hits me, I growl in anger. No, I could never have been the one to help him escape. Not after all the lives, he took for his own selfish gain. He may not be guilty of the crimes Ali placed on him, but that doesn't mean he is innocent of the ones he committed against my pack and the werewolf community. No amount of righteous acts can wash away the evil ones. You can wash the blood off your hands, but it still stains the water.

Could I have helped Ali just to make sure she was safe? The thought of her being injured or hurt flashes through my mind and panic rises. I'm taken back to the moment she walked up to me after the rogue attack in her ceremony dress. She looked like a ghostly vision, pale and resigned, turning to reveal the grotesque bite mark that should have been mine.

My heart lurches at the lingering memory. I hate when people hurt, but when she hurts, it drives me crazy. I wanted nothing more than to wrap her up and demand that she give me all her pain. My chest aches just remembering and I shake my head. Breath Wade. In and out.

"Ali is a trained warrior," I mutter to myself. "She will be fine."

I can hear a knock on my bedroom door and I rush to answer it, throwing it open. I am disappointed to find that it is Samuel. It's stupid to think Ali would be standing on the other side of my door, but I can help but feel let down that instead of my spunky, weird gorgeous mate, it's the overbearing, sly Samuel.

"Samuel," I say, a little taken aback. He quirks a brow and smirks at me.

“You were expecting someone else?”

“Well, my guardian seems to be missing, so I assumed you might be her.”

“And you often greet her with your shirt off?” He points to my sweaty bare chest and I frown.

“No. What can I do for you, Samuel?” I ask, moving to the closet to grab a t-shirt.

“There was an incident last night.” He says, looking me over curiously.

He is trying to determine if I had a hand in helping Ali with Corbin’s escape or escape attempt. Interestingly enough, I am also trying to figure out if I had a hand in it. Was saying goodbye and telling her to be safe the same as aiding and abetting her? I’m not sure I could live with helping her break him out. But I’m not sure I can live with knowing I didn’t help either.

“What kind of incident?” I ask, coming back out of the closet looking at him.

“Corbin escaped.”

“How?” I ask curiously.

“Ali.”

“Ali what?”

“She broke him out,” Samuel says

“Because he is her family?”

“I believe that is the reason.”

“That doesn’t seem very like her. Her reasons have to be more than blood.” I say, trying to get anything I can from him.

I know he has a wealth of knowledge about what happened to Ali when she was a kid. Hell, I’d bet my pack that he knows who killed her parents, too.

“Who knows?” He shrugs. “Either way, she betrayed us both. Her oath has been broken, and she is no longer a guardian.”

“I thought it had to be a literal breaking of the oath she wrote in order for her not to be a guardian anymore,” I state.

“Ah, yes, well, I burned her oath just moments ago. You should have felt some effects.”

“Like a wave of flames and losing half my water weight in sweat?”

Samuel smirks.

“Yeah, something to that effect”

“Then yes, I felt it.” I snap out.

Samuel zones out as if in a conversation in his head and he frowns.

“Well, there is a border issue. As your temporary guardian, I will go ahead and check on it.”

“You’re my guardian now?” I scoff.

“Yes, until I can get a new one here tomorrow. Now, don’t wander out of the packhouse. We have reports of rogues forming and wanting to go to war with you over breaking your word to Corbin.”

“Well, fvcking great.” I throw my hands up.

Samuel leaves without so much as a word, and I’m surrounded by silence again. I let out an enraged scream, running my hands through my hair roughly. My door flies open and I turn to see an enraged Liam stalking towards me.

“What the fvck do you want?”

“They have her,” he says, his voice low as he looks around my room for anyone who could listen in. I know immediately who he means. There is only one person the two of us care about. Ali.

“What!”

“You need to check on her. Use the guardian mind link.”

“I can’t.” I sigh, trying to keep tears of frustration at bay. “Samuel burned her oath! She doesn’t have any of the guardian skills anymore.”

“Fvcking hell,” Liam says, looking pale. “He will kill her, Wade.”

“He is a father figure to her. I doubt he will kill her.”

“Wade. I hate you. Like I see you and I want to murder your fvcking face, but Ali... I love her and I know you do, too. So when I say Samuel will kill her, it is something you can believe.”



I hate his words, but what I hate the most is the truth in them. He actually thinks he is in love with my mate. But that is something we can contend with another time.

“Fvck.” I mutter, pacing the room “Ok. give me a second to think.”

I mind link Francis immediately

-Francis, emergency meeting in my room. Bring Ada, Robin, and Isaac –

-Yes, Alpha.-

Liam and I stand in awkward silence for 5 minutes until Francis and the rest of the crew walk in.

“Alpha Wade,” Francis says, waiting for me to fill him in.

“Ali is being tortured in the dungeon,” Liam breathes out, telling us what his men are mind linking him. “He says she stopped being snarky. And now only grunts when they strike her,” I can see his fury visibly and it mirrors my own.

“Tell us what we need to do, Alpha Wade,” Francis says, his game face on.

“Well, for starters. We need to break Ali out,”

“Where will she go after we get her out?” Ada asks bringing us out of our brute force idea of just rushing in and whisking her away. She is right. We have to have a thorough plan so that our packs and Ali can be safe.

“The rogues.” I sigh heavily. “Francis, we need to get word to Corbin or Simon. They need to be the ones who break her out.”

“Will they help?” Isaac asks,

“It’s his niece, and she broke him out. Yes, he will help her.” I say truthfully.

“We have to help them break in, then?” Liam asks and I nod.

“Looks like we all are going a little rogue after all,” Ada says, smiling.

## The Alpha’s Guardian Chapter 54

I hate the idea of waiting, and with Samuel as my new guardian for the day, it’s impossible to get a moment to see how plans are going. I can mind link my pack members, sure, but that’s not the same as being in the throes of planning it myself. Everyone has to

go about their day as if nothing is out of the ordinary if we want to pull this off. Including me doing mundane Alpha work when my mate is being tortured.

“I almost forgot,” Samuel says standing from the couch and striding over to my desk.

I lay my papers aside as I wait for him to continue. He reaches deep into his pocket and drags out a long silver chain. I swallow hard when I see the bloodstains on what I recognize as Ali’s necklace. The very necklace that kept her scent hidden from me.

He swings it over and onto my desk, and it lands with a clunk right before my hand. I want to snatch it up and hold it close, but I’m not sure I can reach out without shaking hands. I glance up at Samuel, keeping my emotions hidden. He has a ghost of a smile on his face, as if he is a cat presenting a dead mouse to its master, waiting for its praise. Read more free novels at [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com)

“What do I need that for?” I ask, picking my paper back up and pretending to not be seeing red.

“I thought you might want a token from your guardian.”

“You already said she isn’t my guardian anymore.” I sigh heavily.

“Was she not good to you?’ he asks, quirking a brow?

“She was an excellent guardian when she was compliant,” I lie. She was excellent at all times. We both know it.

“I heard a rumor that you and her slept together each night for the last few days?” He grabs the chair in front of my desk and takes a seat.

“What are you trying to get at, Samuel?”

“Oh, nothing. Just, she always acted so high and mighty, but she sure seems to get around a lot.”

“Excuse me?” the anger slips out and I curse myself for it. He thrives on this.

“Well, first it was Liam, then it was Theo, and a few other alphas mentioned her being inappropriate with them. Let’s just say, I’m not surprised you ended up in her bed.”

My breathing is erratic as I try my best not to lunge across the table and end this as\*shole. But right now we are playing his game. I don’t know the extent of his rot and corruption, but if he will hold Ali captive and lie about it, then I know I can’t trust him with my pack members. This means I have to play his game, no matter how much I hate it. He stands and saunters over to the window, then turns to face me. I sigh again and sit back in my chair.

“What is it?”

“If you were sleeping together, it’s just.” he stops to compose his thoughts. “Wouldn’t you have noticed her leaving? Or did you just let her sneak out?”

“I stayed in my room last night.”

“Oh, and why is that?”

“She lied to me. She betrayed me. I knew she was meeting with the rogues, but she was able to convince me to do the stupid meeting. Then I found out the very person who has been killing my pack off is her uncle. I hardly trust her loyalty, so why would I crawl back into bed with her?” I hate the words and the way they taste in my mouth. Talking about Ali like she crawls from bed to bed couldn’t be further from the truth.

“I suppose you’re right. I just thought you and her might have some connection. She described your bond is stronger than the ones in the past.” He shrugs.

“If you say so. Now, I really have things I need to get to. Do you mind sitting outside the office doors?”

“Oh, sure,” Samuel says, smiling slyly.

The moment he leaves the room, I breathe in deeply, closing my eyes, trying to regain composure. After a moment of centering myself, I mind link, Francis.

-How are the plans coming along-

-Simon was willing to meet, he said to look for his signal and then we can get Ali out. We just have to get her outside of the dungeon so they can take her.- Francis says.

-And how does security look at the dungeons-

-It’s tight, Alpha Wade. I won’t lie, we might not get her out without causing serious injury or death-

I pause for a minute. That is the last thing I want to do. Taking lives is not a foreign thing in the werewolf community, but it doesn’t mean that every life doesn’t have value.

-We will do our best to be nonlethal-

-Alpha, I suggest you and Alpha Liam stay back and not be involved-

-No. I will get her out-

-That’s what Alpha Liam said too-

-Well, he can be my sidekick then-

-I will make sure the path is clear for you-

Now it's a waiting game, and me figuring out how to skirt my Guardian though he seems to be a little less restrictive than Ali ever was. Here is hoping the rogues are distracting enough for him to leave my side.

Hours pass and still no signal. The sun has since set and I've paced a hole in my carpet floor waiting for it all to happen. Francis is officially ignoring my mind links, more than likely because of my constant asking if the signal has come. A large bang sounds from the border and I run out of my room, down the stairs, and out the front doors to see smoke rising from the northeastern border. Within moments, Samuel is by my side.

"We should get you somewhere safe," he says, grabbing hold of my bicep. I pull my arm from his grip and glare at him.

"I do not hide Samuel. I fight." I move towards the smoke.

"Alpha Wade, you are the only remaining Alpha for the position, which means your safety is my priority, not your pack or your land. You will get in the house and I will guard it with my men."

He moves me towards the house. If he plans to guard it from the outside, I will be just fine. I'm able to jump into a tree from my window and make my way into the forest without detection. And with Ali's amulet around my neck, they won't even be able to scent me leaving. He pushes me through the door and I make my way to my office, grabbing the amulet and heading straight for my room.

-Everyone get to the community center for safety. All warriors report to the city center and ensure our own pack's safety in the community center. NO ONE ENGAGES THE ROGUES unless they are trying to break into the center. That is an Alpha order!- I say through the mind link to all my pack members.

-Alpha Wade, It's time- Francis says.

I pull Ali's necklace over my neck, ignoring the smell of blood that clings to it. Then opening my window I perch in it looking out below and noticing the warriors are not yet in place I leap the 30 feet into the tree and leap to the next until I make it into the forest line where I run with all the speed I can muster straight for the dungeon.

-I'm on my way, Francis-

## The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 55

Francis and Liam are waiting for me on the outskirts of the woods when I land in front of them. Samuels's men are looking worried and pacing around, trying to decide if they should join the fight or stay where they are. A few of Liam's pack members show up and have a quick discussion and Samuel's men run off towards the smoke. I look over at Liam, who nods us forward, and we move across the grass as inconspicuous as we can.

"Alpha," the warriors say, nodding to Liam, who acknowledges them as we enter the door.

Ali's scent wraps around my heart, tugging me to her. That of her fresh blood and sweat mar her sweet smell. I ease down the hall knowing that there are at least two more guards here that we can't let see our faces, otherwise everyone is in jeopardy. The sound of muffled grunting and blows landing sends a chill up my spine as my feet carry me from slow and steady to full force sprint.

I break through the little opening, ready to take on guards and stare at Isaac, Ada, and Mason. All three of which have effectively taken down the guards in the cell holding. I breathe in relief and search for Ali. My nose carries me to a bloody mess with short, black hair. The same silver handcuffs that hold all prisoners string her up.

"The keys," I choke out to whoever is listening.

Liam walks over and holds out the keys for me.

"Unlock her. I will catch her." I say. My eyes are still scanning over her.

She is dressed in exactly what she was wearing the night she left. Her jacket is open and covered in her own blood and her chest is covered in bubbly burns. Tears sting my eyes in rage when I look at her bruised and swollen face. How can I hold her without hurting her? Every part of her looks to be worked over and painful.

I move to her side and scoop her up in my arms as Liam unlocks her from the chains and handcuffs. Her weight falls limping onto me and I nuzzle my nose into her neck as I hold her close, carrying her out of the cell. Fireworks explode across my skin as the bond makes itself known. I can't help but sigh in relief that not only do I truly know she is my mate, but that she still must be alive and thriving if they are this strong. Liam growls behind me, protesting how close I am holding her, and my chest rumbles with a possessive growl of my own.

"Mine," I state. My voice is raw as I hug her closer. Careful not to squeeze her and cause her more pain.

I look around and see Mason staring in shock at the revelation.

"Ali is your mate?" he breathes.

"Yes."

“How? She is my mate.” Liam says, growing agitated.

“I don’t know. I just know that she is mine.”

“How long have you known?” Isaac asks,

“Not long.”

“I don’t understand,” Liam says, shaking his head. “This doesn’t make sense. I can feel a bond between us.”

“Now is not the time or place for this discussion,” Francis says, peeking down the hallway.

“He is right,” Ada says. “We need to get her out and to the edge of the woods.”

“Ada, you and Isaac go check to see if we are clear. We will come up behind you. Francis, you go make sure Simon is ready. She needs medical attention fast,”

They both run off down the hall. We move towards the doorway, stepping over the guard’s body when my leg twinges in pain, and I fall to one knee, screaming out in pain. I don’t have the ability to look down to see what happened before two of the guards descend on me.

Liam, who reaches out, immediately thwarts them, grabbing one by the throat and crushing his windpipe. The other lands a blow, but Liam is unphased. Standing back up, I can feel the trickle of blood running down my leg and I wince as I work through the pain, channeling my inner Ali and pushing all thoughts of the pain away until my job is done.

Mason lets out a grotesque scream in rage as he leaps onto the back of the third guard, who, on second glance, had buried his dagger deep into my old wound. He pounds on the warrior from behind, who slams him into the metal cage. I’m torn between saving my pack member and getting my mate out. But I know what Ali would do. I gently lay Ali down and she groans in pain, her eyes remaining closed.

“Hold tight, I’ll be back for you,” I whisper,

I turn and my face pales at the horror in front of me. Mason’s face has gone white as he slumps to the ground, holding his bloodied stomach as the guard sneers at him. In his hand is a small second dagger, and that’s when I realize. These are Ali’s daggers. I reach to my leg and rip the dagger from my leg, groaning slightly at the intense pain. Stalking towards the smirking warrior, my mind only set on one thing. I’m going to kill this guy.

“You know we had a bet on who would rescue Ali.” the guard says “Didn’t expect you to have the balls.”

The moment he is within arm's reach, I lunge for him, grabbing hold of his arm and pummeling my fist into his cheek. The crack radiates through my knuckles and I'm not sure if I broke his face or my hand. He stumbles back a few steps, using the metal poles of the cell to steady himself. I hear Mason groaning as he shuffles to stand.

"Mason, get to the healer. Now!" I say, using my alpha voice. A wolf will use the last of its strength to follow their alpha's order. Now I just have to hope he has enough to get himself, at least to Francis, Isaac, or Ada. Mason slowly stumbles his way down the hall, and I turn my full focus to the guard again. Liam, who has laid to waste the other two guards, steps up beside me.

"We have to kill them," he whispers.

I know he is right, and even though he injured Mason, I hate taking a life. It feels especially wrong when it feels premeditated like this. The guard chuckles when he hears Liam's words and looks me over.

"What? You a pacifist?" he spits. I say nothing, choosing to give him no response.

"You know she screamed an awful lot when Serge brought out the hot coals."

That was all I needed to hear to let my wolf take control of my mind as he lashed out furiously in vengeance for his mate. It is so easy for a wolf to develop a lust for blood. The joy of the kill and the love of the fight. It's barbaric to the human mind, but that's what differentiates werewolves from wolves alone or humans alone. We have to constantly struggle to strike that balance between animalistic qualities and human tendencies. But right now. Right here. I'm all wolf.