

The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 61

Ali POV

Dread fills me as my tin cup of coffee falls to the ground, clattering on the dirt and stones. The hot liquid inside sprays across my face, but I feel no pain. Only a heavy feeling of fear. Something happened to Wade or his pack. I know it, I can feel it. I turn on my heels and run for Corbin's office; I slam the door open, finding an unphased Corbin and very stoic-looking Simon. They must have known.

"You knew?" I spew at them.

Simon chuckles slightly, looking over to Corbin

"Told you so." he smiles.

Corbin sighs as he stands, and motions for me to come sit down.

"Ali-"

"You knew? You knew when it was going to happen and you weren't going to tell me." I say with realization.

"I just got you back Ali-bee," he says softly, sounding so broken.

"Uncle Corbin." I sigh heavily. He didn't know, how could he? "Alpha Wade is my second chance mate."

Simon's eye bug out and Corbin stills with surprise.

"How?"

"The guardian bond mirrors the mate bond in some aspects. Alpha Liam was my original mate, but we didn't know. By breaking the guardian bond we essentially rejected each other without knowing."

"How do you know that?"

"Samuel told me."

Corbin scoffs, as he stands and paces the room.

"And you believe that, a*****e?"

“He lied to me about a lot of things, but this is one thing I believe. Before I could acknowledge Wade as my mate, I felt the tingles with Liam. Faint and barely there but present, nonetheless.”

“But if it’s true, then if Wade dies...”

“Then I die. I can’t live without my second chance mate, my soul will wither away and I will become nothing.”

“She needs to be there, Corbin,” Simons says sternly. “I will take her.”

“No, I will,” Corbin says.

I look at him, shocked.

“We leave now. We don’t have the luxury of time.” I say, whipping out as fast as I can.

He calls out behind me, but I’m already gone. I focus my mind on one thing and one thing alone, save my mate at all costs. I may no longer have the guardian bond to take his injury, but his death would also be mine because of our mate bond. Jacob intercepts me in the weapon room as I rummage for any type of blade that has the smallest semblance of balance to replace the ones that got left behind in the dungeons.

“I have this for you.” He says, handing me 4 small throwing daggers and a decent-looking Katana.

I take them from him quickly, checking their weight and smile.

“These will work,” I say, fastening the blades to my thigh and the strap of the Katana over my shoulder and back.

“I’m coming with you,” Jacob says walking towards the door.

“Grab a weapon,” I tell him.

Jacob smirks at me.

“I am a weapon.”

“Aren’t you an omega like your siblings?” I ask him, confused.

“I was born an omega, yeah-”

“Ali!” Simon comes running out to us.

“You decide to join us?” I ask, quirkling a brow.

“Yes, so have many others.”

“Really?”

“Corbin gave them all the option to fight. We have quite a few who respect your alpha and his ways. We aren’t much in numbers but-”

“Thank you,” I say, stopping him. “Just thank you.”

“We can run on foot,” Jacob suggest

“How long will that take?” I ask, getting antsy.

“Too long,” Simon says. “Your uncle has fixed up an old friend of yours. It should get us there within 15-20 minutes, werewolf speed, of course,” Simon smirks.

“Taking the road? What about humans driving or police?” Jacob asks.

“That’s all being taken care of.”

The loud rumble of an engine shakes the ground as I turn around and see Wade’s once smashed truck looking the picture of perfection and shiny. Everything about it looks like it was the original. It rolls to a stop in front of us, and Uncle Corbin rolls the window down.

“Let’s move!” He shouts over the roaring engine. I run over to the driver’s side and open the door. Before uncle Corbin can even protest, I push him over.

“My Mate, so it’s my truck,” I smirk at Uncle Corbin, who is trying not to laugh.

Jacob, Simon, and a handful of other warriors crawl into the truck bed and I slide it into drive. The engine surges to life as I whip down the drive with a grin so big my cheeks might break.

“Calm down Mad Max! Save some of the crazy for the fight,” Jacob laughs as he bends down, looking in through the open back window.

Driving like a bat out of hell is an expression I remember my dad using when we went into human towns. He would often curse the reckless youngsters driving at breakneck speeds. Oh, if only he could see me now. I easily shift between gears, lurching the cobalt blue beast into the next tier of speed. GPS is saying 25 minutes. But speed limits are just a suggestion in a werewolf’s mind. I’m also highly competitive and when it says 25 minutes, that just means it’s actually going to be 10-15. Which still feels like too long.

After what feels like an eternity, I can see thick plumes of smoke rising in the distance to my right. My heart sinks and my legs grow anxious as I want to run and aid them.

Running always seems more useful. It feels like I'm actually doing something. I bit my lip hard, trying to decide if I should pull over and start on foot or continue driving.

"Ali, running will only tire you out, and you are still recovering. You need to just keep driving. Gps says five minutes. Make it three." Corbin says.

I slam my foot to the ground, pushing the truck to the brink of its abilities. I will not lose Wade or my new pack. Not to Samuel or any other alpha who thinks they can take what they want.

By the time we arrive, there is no one watching the border. Not a single person is insight. We slowly creep along, looking for injured or any indication that the pack members are safe. Buildings are burning from within and the only sound is the crackling of the burning wood and occasional crash of a building succumbing to its injuries.

"Where is everyone?" I mutter to myself.

A loud, pained howl erupts, and a shiver runs down my spine at its mournful tone. Wade. I press my foot to the ground again, my wheels spinning out as we fly to the packhouse. The moment I lay eyes on him, I fly out of the truck, not even remembering if I put it in park or not. An off-white wolf lunges forward for a motionless Wade.

I let out a crazy war cry as I fling myself into the shoulder of the wolf with a crack. The force of the tackle rumbles through my body in a painful ache, settling again in my shoulder. I jump up and pull out my blade, facing Samuel in his full wolf form. He snarls at me, blood dripping from his jowls, his eyes wild and full of hate.

"You can't have him, Samuel," I say, angrily.

He growls, taking a step towards Wade again. I stand my ground, my throat constricting, afraid to look at the man I love in a bloody heap behind me.

"I will not let you take him from me. You have already taken everything else important to me." Tears stream my face at the thought of losing yet another person I love.

"He is my mate and I will kill you a thousand times before I let you touch him!" I shout, feeling resolute, knowing that I will avenge my parents tonight and save my mate in the process.

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Samuel shifts into his human form and glowers at me. His bleach blonde hair is slicked back like a greaser from the 1950s and his arm is dripping blood.

“You would choose that weak wolf to be your mate when you could have Liam.” He laughs maniacally.

“What makes you say he is weak?”

“He has a bum leg that won’t heal. He was limping after thirty seconds of battle.”

“How...”

“Ah, I know I trained you better than that Ali.” he tsks

I try to understand what he means. How could Wade’s injuries have anything to do with my training? I freeze. Trudy. Holy shit. Older male with bleach blond hair and beautiful eyes. Trudy told this male about Wade’s injury and the wolfsbane. That’s the night that Trudy learned about pansy and poisoned the whole pack. Samuel had been planning all of this from the beginning. Samuel was the one providing her with pansy.

“Ah-ha! There it is. I can see all the puzzle pieces coming together.” He laughs.

“You are responsible for poisoning the whole pack. But I don’t understand why.” I say in awe, realization hitting me.

“Easy. The committee has been watching Wade since he turned 18. They think he is different, that he has some “real potential” in unifying the packs and keeping the peace.” he says mockingly.

I take a moment to steal a glance around, and I see men fighting in the distance. Corbin fights alongside his men in wolf form, including a partially shifted Jacob. A groan behind me draws my attention as I look down at Wade, who is covered in his own blood. My heart constricts at the sight.

“Go on. I will give you a minute to say your goodbye.” Samuel smirks evilly.

I can’t stop my legs as they travel to Wade, giving out when I’m beside him. I pull him closer. The tingles radiate through me, down my arms, and settle in my chest where my heart vibrates with happiness at finally being able to hold him close.

“Wade,” I whisper “I’m here.”

“Mmm, Ali,” he says, sounding so far away.

I can see he is healing quickly, but he is severely injured. Looking up, I see an amused Samuel, who rocks on his heels. Taking a moment, I survey the surrounding bodies. I see Kane laying in the dirt to the right, his right arm dismembered and tossed away. I have to keep myself from sobbing and pray that he hasn’t bled out completely. Francis is nowhere to be seen and the other wolves I don’t recognize.

“Wade, listen, I need you to focus on healing. I can’t take on Samuel alone.”

I pull him close, nuzzling my chin into his neck. And that’s when it hits me. The mate bond. If we complete the bond, we both will be stronger and he will heal faster, hopefully. It’s definitely not the most romantic setting, but I think we can mark each other before Samuel sees.

“Alright Ali. It’s time we get this over with. My patience only goes so far. You know I really had hoped you would remain loyal...” Samuel drones on, but I block him out.

As if knowing exactly what to do, Wade’s canines sink into the flesh of my neck, and I choke down a hiss of pain. Then I bite down on the crook of his neck until I break the skin and suddenly I am washed over in a wave of euphoria. All the aches and pains of my past explode into nothing as Wade throws his head back and howls happily.

“What did you do?!” Samuel booms, his voice getting louder as he storms over to me.

A tugging on my hair pulls me from my plush, warm place of contentment and I blink out of the fog. I see Wade reaching out for me in fear as Samuel drags me by my hair further away. He throws me to the ground roughly, my cheek casting off a protruding rock with a crunch.

I pop up quickly and turn to face a furious Samuel.

“That was very sneaky of you, but it won’t do you any good.”

“I have nothing more to say to you,” I say, readying myself for battle.

I would be lying if I said I wasn’t worried about this fight. I could never best Samuel in sparring. He is virtually unbeatable. But I have never been full of rage or need for vengeance like this before. So maybe the odds will be in my favor today. Hopefully.

“You don’t want to know about your parents’ death?” he asks, trying to bait me.

“I already know, Samuel. I know everything.”

“Oh, do you?”

“Corbin has filled me in.”

“Mmm yes, I’m sure he did.”

I lunge forward at Samuel, reaching out to grab his injured arm. He sidesteps me with ease. I spin and regain my footing in time to dodge his kick. He lunges forward, delivering heavy blows to my forearms as I block hit after hit. Samuel is quicker than I remember.

He tosses a bad punch and I fill the gap and punch with all my might into his chest. A crack sounds under my knuckles as air whooshes out of his mouth.

I pull my arm back, readying to deliver another blow, but he grabs my head and headbutts me with a thundering force. I groan in pain as I stumble back. He runs forward again, trying to punch as I weave to the right, grabbing hold of his arm and throwing it over my shoulder. Pulling his wrist down, I move to break his elbow. He spins out of my hold and steps into me.

Before I can step out, I feel a sharp pain in my side. Looking down, I see his clawed fingers sticking into the side of my stomach. I hiss in pain as he retracts his hands and pushes me back. Blood rolls down my side and onto my pants. Damn it. I reach back for my sword. He wants to get right into the bloody part, then fine. I can play this game too.

“Oh now, that’s hardly fair, is it darling?” he taunts.

“I don’t have a wolf, I’m just leveling the playing field.”

“I have to admit I’m quite disappointed in how you are performing right now.”

He lunges forward and I bring my blade down, barely missing his throat as he leans back at an inhuman angle to avoid the steel. I growl in annoyance. I want this to be over so I can aid the others as they fight.

I need to center myself, calm down my need to take him out, and focus on my movements, not my end game. You fight from moment to moment, not from start to finish. Each move brings you closer to or further from victory. So choosing the right move is more important than anger. I breathe deeply. Finally, feeling sure of myself. And I step forward again.

“Ah, there she is. The warrior I trained.”

Samuel leaps forward as I drop, going low for his ankles. He shifts his weight and flips over me. Spinning up I swing the blade out and feel a slight moment of tension on the blade. I whirl around to face him as he smiles wickedly, looking down at his bleeding leg. He slowly claps his hands.

We lunge at each other again; him stopping my blade and elbowing me in the face. I spin low out of his grasp, but I’m too close to use my blade. I deliver a knee to his gut. He catches it, hammering his elbow into my instep painfully. Using my free foot, I jump up and kick him in the chest, freeing myself from his grasp as I flip backward, landing roughly on my knees. He is on me in an instant and my sword is ripped from my hands. Samuel straddles my stomach as he hammers into my face repeatedly with his fists.

I buck my hips wildly, dislodging him only enough to release my arms and provide my face some much-needed protection. Timing his punches, I slip under his arm and snake

my way out of the old and stumble to standing. I wipe the blood from the gash above my eye so I can see and turn to see him stalking towards me.

Reaching down, I grab out my daggers at my thighs and hold them blade facing down in my hand. I run for him, ducking as he reaches out to grab me and slice him up and under his arm. He turns, grinning.

“Just missed the artery. But it was a good try. I’m impressed.”

He barrels towards me, a sneer on his face, and I brace myself for impact. A pain erupts up my back as I gasp for air. Samuel doesn’t slow his attack as he slams into me, pinning me to a hard surface behind me. I look up, gasping for air as I see Samuel smiling wickedly.

I turn my head slightly over my shoulder. The surface isn’t actually a surface after all, but the hard body of Serge, the guard who had tortured me.

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Wade POV

Grunting and snarling echo around me as I search for Ali. I know she was here. I could smell her, feel her. Unless I imagined it all, but how could I imagine the strength that is flowing through me or the desire to protect that was now cemented in my being. Protect her, at all costs. No matter what. She is everything.

I groan slightly, pushing myself into a sitting position. Looking around, I see mangled bodies and red grass. My stomach churns at the sight and I spin to my hands and knees trying to regain my constitution. A commotion further in front of me draws my attention and I force my eyes to focus.

Two enormous figures stand near a woman who is on her knees, breathing hard. Fear courses through me upon recognition and I try to stand, failing, as I stumble over a body after a few shaky steps. I land with an oomph and look up quickly to see Ali turn her face in my direction. A beautiful misshapen smile reveals her bloody teeth, and she winks at me.

My heart races as I watch Samuel grab her by her hair and throw her to the side. Turning his back to me. I want to scream, let out a roar so big and menacing that they turn their murderous hands to me but my throat is restricted by blood and it comes out in a strangled gurgle as I choke. I tap into whatever reserves I have within me and I crawl towards them at an agonizingly slow pace.

My hands land on a cool, hard piece of metal, and I look down to see a sword similar to the one Ali used to carry. Not bothering to find the handle, I clench the blade in my fist

and stand. I teeter for a minute before regaining my composure, only to find that the other man taunting my mate is none other than Serge. The oversized sack of shit who leads the torture sessions on Ali.

With a new sense of anger and purpose, I break into a run. Serge laughs wildly, severely underestimating my strength and rage. He braces for impact, thinking I have nothing left and the moment I am close, I thrust the sword into his chest. He gasps slightly, and Samuel, who is behind him, stiffens. I take my hand off the blade and, using all my might, I grab the handle with both hands and shove it to the hilt.

All my strength seeps from me as I stumble back, falling to my knees. Watching as serge slumps forward, hitting the ground with a wet thud. Samuel still looms over Ali, who is now laughing hysterically. I notice a small hole in Samuel's back that matches the same height as where I buried the sword into Serge's chest and through his body. I feel a sick wave of satisfaction as I slump to the side.

Ali stands up quickly, then spinning through the air, she kicks Samuel square in the chest. He stumbles backward slightly but quickly regains his step. Circling around her, he reaches out wildly, trying to land any blow he can but fails. He coughs roughly and after inspecting his hand; he slides me a glance.

"Nicely done, Wade. You aren't completely useless after all." He says.

He turns to walk away from Ali, who scoffs loudly.

"Where do you think you are going?" She asks as he walks away, disoriented.

"You wouldn't really kill your only father figure, would you?" he asks her.

"No, I plan on killing my father's murderer."

"Really, Aliauna. Vengeance is not a good look for you." he tsks, coughing again.

"You're awfully smug for a dead man walking."

A pair of hands startle me as I move to fight them off and find Francis next to me with tears in his eyes.

"Holy shit. I thought you were dead," He breathes out.

"Go help Ali!" I bark out at him, not concerned for myself. Francis stands up and runs to Ali's aid.

"Francis, I have this under control. Get Wade to a healer," she shouts to him without looking up from her attacker.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes! Go take care of our Alpha!” She insists.

Francis turns to run back towards me when Liam tackles him from the right. They tumble to the ground with a grunt and Francis rolls out, shaking his head. He stands and the two men circle each other. Francis is a formidable fighter, but Liam is easily better. He is the alpha of the best warrior pack on our continent. I force myself to focus on healing, hoping by some magical force I can heal enough to at least help Francis or Ali in their fights.

I feel useless as my legs refuse to move and my head continues to bleed. I look down and find a deep gash on my abdomen about 9 inches across. The edges are pink and it looks to be slowly growing smaller. At least my healing is still intact.

I crawl to the nearest body, searching them for anything I can throw to give Francis an upper hand. After finding nothing, I crawl to the next and the next. I peek up and see that Francis is run down and his face is bloody as he limps around, trying to dodge the next punch. Shit. In a last-ditch effort, I grab the next body and roll it over.

My stomach does a nosedive as I stare into the open eyes of my friend, and gamma Kane. Anger floods me and adrenaline pumps, once more pushing away the aches and pains that keep me confined to the ground. Reaching out silently, I gently close my friend's eyes and say a quick goodbye. Then, forcing myself to stand, I limp my way over to Ali. She looks up for a moment and shakes her head no.

“Help Francis! Now!” she screams.

I whirl around to find Francis on the ground, Liam standing above, hammering down on him. Letting out an angered scream as I push all my pain away and barrel towards Liam, who is so caught up in his acts he doesn't even notice me. I drop my head and shoulder and slam into him with earth-shattering force. He grunts in surprise as I land on top of him.

“Francis!” I shout, hoping he will respond. But he doesn't.

“Francis! GET UP!” I say in my alpha voice.

I can hear him groaning as he stands. He is wheezing as he stalks towards me. I turn to face him and he looks the picture of death. Shit, shit, shit. I can't lose him too. Mustering up my Alpha voice, I call out to him.

“Get ou-” A fist lands on my cheek as the world spins for a moment. I stumble off of Liam, who chuckles.

“I am going to kill your little best friend.”

“Take me instead,” I say, whipping around to face him.

“You would sacrifice Ali for him?” Liam asks, nearly laughing. “If it’s true and you’re her mate, that means you are her second chance mate, Wade. That means if you die, so does she. You can’t live without your second chance mate.”

Francis continues to drag his way over, to come continue to fight for his alpha, for me.

“FRANCIS! HEALERS NOW!” I shout in my alpha voice. Francis snaps too as his direction changes and he moves as fast as possible to get to the healers.

Liam growls in anger as he picks me up by my throat and pushes me against a tree trunk.

“Wade!” Corbin shouts from beside me. I flit my eyes over and see a blade flying. I reach out and barely catch a small dagger and, with a raging cry, I hammer it into Liam’s perfect face. He drops me and I don’t hesitate as I leave him on his knees, crying in pain as I run as fast as I can to Ali.

The moment I make it to her, Samuel falls at my feet, a dagger protruding from the side of his neck. Ali leans over on her knees panting out of breath. Then finally she looks up and sees me. Smiling widely, she leaps into my arms as we both fall back onto the ground.

“I am never leaving your side again.” She says. “I leave for a few days and you go to war!”

I chuckle through the pain.

“I’d do it again if it meant I get to keep you with me.”

“Somehow I don’t think this was your doing, but I will accept it as a grand romantic gesture nonetheless.”

“I hate to break this up, but there is still a fight going on that we need to diffuse,” Corbin says, walking over.

“Right. Well, I will need help walking,” I say to Corbin, who reaches down and clasps my hand.

“I think I can lend you a hand.” He smirks, pulling me up to stand. “But you have to call me Uncle Corbin first.”

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“No way in hell I’m calling you Uncle.” I quip, accepting his help.

He puts his arm around my back and lifts me to help me walk. Pain paralyzes me for a minute as I grimace. The gash across my abdomen seems to be my biggest injury as I'm losing the most blood from it. Ali steps in front of me looking me over, head to toe. She gently runs her hands along my cheeks and nose looking for injury and broken bones.

She tenderly presses around the almost healed gaping head wound I received earlier tonight, courtesy of Samuel. She then runs along my arms, the tingles replacing the pain temporarily with little dancing sparks of joy. But the joy is short-lived as they die out and find a new place to alleviate my ailments. Her hands find my chest as she frantically searches.

I can feel her hesitation when she gets to the spot where my shirt is bloodied and dripping. She reaches out tentatively looking up to me for a moment and I quirk a brow at her. I feel like absolute shit. Everything aches and I'm pretty sure I'm seconds from going into shock, but her being afraid of how injured I am is adorable. I've not seen worried Ali since we first met.

"Are you sure you want to see?" I ask her.

"No, but I need to know if you can fight." She says lifting the edge of my shirt up

"I can" I assure her.

She gapes up at me and looks back down at my abdomen. When she looks back up her eyes are filled with unshed tears.

"Wade..." she says, her voice quivering.

"What?" Corbin asks, leaning over to look. "Fvcking Sh!t"

"It'll be fine," I say, growing annoyed. There is still fighting going on and here we are fawning over my injuries.

"Dude, I can see your inside!" Corbin says looking a little pale.

"Well, it's a lot better than it was!" I defend myself.

"What do you mean it's a lot better than it was?"

"Well, they may have been poking out a little before you got here. I think."

"Fvck. You can't fight." Ali says with determination.

"Ali, I just need to be patched up."

“Wade, we don’t have time to patch you up! The fighting is happening now! We need to be there now!”

“Then go! Why are you still waiting around with me?” I say growing anxious.

“I...” Ali stutters.

I reach out with my free arm and stroke her cheek smiling at her.

“Ali, you are my luna. Which means, right now, since I am incapacitated. You are the acting Alpha.”

“What?”

“I will get fixed up by someone and then I will come to find you. But for now, you are the Alpha of the Moon Shadow pack.”

Her eyes search mine for any hint of my joking. I’m not though and she knows it. I trust her completely with our pack and if that means putting her in charge then so be it. My masculinity isn’t so frail that the bada-ss woman I love can’t lead in my stead. Hell, I hope she outshines me. She already does so in so many other ways.

Finally, it’s as if she wakes up and a fire lights in her eyes.

“There’s my Bada-ss mate,” I smirk.

She grabs my cheeks roughly and slams her lips on mine in a fierce k!ss then pulls away.

“I love you.” She says

“Weird. I never knew” I jest and she rolls her eyes chuckling. “Now go! They need their Alpha.”

Ali smiles brightly as she takes two steps back, watching me, then quickly spins on her heels sprinting towards the center of the city where all the commotion is happening. I turn to Corbin who is staring at me with a strange look of affection.

“What, you want a k!ss too?” I ask pulling my body away from him.

I slump forward slightly without his aide.

“You had no issues giving her control of your pack.”

“Why would I?”

“Most alphas would be too proud.”

“Have you met Ali? I AM proud. Proud to call her my luna or Alpha. Proud to call her my equal”

“You aren’t normal,” He says happily.

“I never claimed to be. Now, will you please go make sure no one hurts our girl?” I ask lowering myself to the ground.

Corbin nods and takes off after Ali. After a moment his silhouette disappears into the smoke and I’m sitting in the dark, my only company the dead wolves around me and the still groaning Liam. who I really hope doesn’t find the inner strength to come kill me. My mind wanders to the fight and I start to panic about all the warriors I might potentially be losing.

I look down at my bloody shirt and sigh. If I can get it stitched up it will double the healing time. I look around and find myself surrounded by dead bodies. I have sent any pack members who aren’t warriors to my sister’s pack across the ocean, which means we don’t have anyone to fix up injured wolves right now.

“Alpha!” I hear behind me and I turn my head to see Robin rushing over with Isaac.

“What the hell are you still doing here?” I demand from her. I specifically demanded that she and Mason be on the plane out of here.

“It wasn’t an Alpha order so I thought it was more of a suggestion,” she smirks as she walks over to me.

“Were you fighting?” I ask her

“No! I swear! I’ve been hiding in the woods fixing injured warriors up. Isaac would sneak out and grab the injured person and I would help them.”

“How many?”

“Not as many as you would think.” Isaac Answers

“What?”

“An Alpha showed up with warriors from other packs. He started helping us.” He explains

“Which Alpha?”

“No idea. Short and beefy guy” Robin finishes for him with a shrug.

I smirk. “Alpha Nick.”

Isaac puts his arm around Robin and squeezes her tightly.

“She has been an amazing asset, Alpha Wade.” he beams proudly.

“Well, she is an amazing girl.” I agree.

A growl erupts from behind them and I reach out grabbing Robin and throwing her behind me with a pained grunt. Isaac spins on the ready for the attack. The wolf stalks closer his lips back in a snarl until it sees Robin cowering in fear behind me. Its fur is pure white, all except a rusty red streak on its left side. Suddenly the wolf shifts into a man. He puts his hands up in a nonthreatening manner.

“Robin,” He says.

Isaac growls in jealousy, as Robin stands behind me tilting her head trying to place his face. I have to admit he looks familiar to me as well. Though it’s not until she calls out his name that I realize who he is.

“Jacob!” She calls, running and throwing herself into his arms.

Isaac growls in jealousy and I reach up and grab his arm.

“It’s her brother” I inform him. He looks at me as if I had grown two heads.

“But their whole family is born omegas. How does he have a wolf?”

I turn back to the two siblings embracing. Huh. Isaac is right. Jacob was also born omega. how DOES he have a wolf?

“Who is he?” Jacob asks pointing to Isaac.

Robin blushes as she walks over to Isaac and entwines their hands. She looks into his eyes lovingly and then back at her brother.

“This is Isaac. he is my mate.”

“But how is that possible? you’re only sixteen right?”

“We can talk about that when we talk about how you got a wolf, Jacob,” I say from perch on the ground.

“Alpha Wade.” He says as if just seeing me for the first time. “Ali asked me to come to stitch you up,” he says.

“Perfect, you can help your sister. But hurry it up, I have to get back in the fight.”

“I was told to not let you get back in the fight,” he smirks at me. “Alphas orders”

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Ali POV

I come to a halting stop when I finally make it to the center of it all. Buildings are ablaze, wolves snarl and tear at each other while others fight in their human form. It looks like a terrible, low-budget apocalypse movie. I slowly start forward trying to figure out where to go and who to help first. I have to admit I can't really tell who is on who's side anymore.

I scan the crowd hoping to spot a familiar face or wolf. My eyes settle on Alpha Nick who is fighting off two larger men at a time. Deciding that he is definitely the good guy, I rush over to aid him. The larger of the two throws a kick at Alpha Nick's back while he blocks an attack from the front. I insert myself between his leg and Alpha Nick's back, catching his leg, and moving my leg out to swipe his other out from under him.

He tumbles to the ground with a surprised grunt and I descend down onto him punching him as hard as I can and clobbering his jaw. His eyes roll back and his body goes slack as his consciousness dissipates. Alpha Nick lands a kick to the other man's face and he goes down roughly. He turns looking for the second fighter and looks at me amused.

“Well, can't say I'm not glad to see you there instead of him.” He grins.

“This is crazy, how can you even tell who is fighting on your side?” I say flabbergasted as I glance around at the fighting around us.

“It's all kind of gone to sh!t,” he says dodging a flying wolf.

“Yeah, I can see that.”

“I think he is on our side?” He says pointing to the wolf.

Three fighters stalk towards us looking crazy. One looks at the person to his right and then does a second glance realizing he doesn't know him. He turns and throws a punch, his fist landing squarely into his nose. Blood squirts all over and the guy screams angrily.

“You a-ss hat! I came here with you!”

“Oh sh!t! I didn't recognize you with the blood on your face,” he says stopping and looking over the damage.

Alpha Nick and I look at each other in utter shock. This whole war has turned into an 'every man for himself' sh!tstorm.

“Do you see the Beta’s for the packs?” I ask Nick.

We both scan the rowdy group.

“Uh. Not really.”

“Right. Well. Only one thing to do.” I say hoping that the next part of my plan works.
“Start hollering retreat.”

“Excuse me?” He says his eyes going wide.

“I’m kidding, mostly. Call your pack members to you. Hopefully, the packs that came with you will come as well.”

“BLOOD STAR PACK! ON ME!” Alpha Nick’s voice booms through the noise.

Fights end suddenly as his pack members straighten and run to their alpha ready to defend him. All attention is on us now, and after a moment of silence, Derrick, one of my pack warriors stands tall and barks out.

“SHADOW MOON PACK, ON OUR LUNA!” He and every remaining Shadow Moon pack member runs to my side. So many are injured, but not beyond their wolf’s healing abilities. Pride surges in me when I realize just how many of the fighters out there were actually ours. By the time they all clear out, the remaining fighters all transform back into human forms and stand staring at us and our much larger force of fighters behind us.

I scan the remaining men trying to ascertain who the one in charge is. No wonder this supposed war was such a mess, there is no real leader for the other side. It’s just a bunch of angry men hoping to find answers, but instead of using their words, they opted for teeth. I step forward, almost feeling bad for them.

“You won’t find your alphas here,” I call out.

“Why would we trust a guardian?” One of the men sneers.

I see his point. All of their alphas were entrusted to the care of guardians, and every one of them, including their protector, are gone. I assume a few are just in hiding but it is very likely that quite a few are indeed dead somewhere.

“I’m no longer a guardian. I am Ali, Luna of the Moon Shadow pack and acting Alpha for the time being.”

The words feel foreign and yet strangely, I find comfort in them. I am Luna. I have gone from constantly moving and having no family, save one person. To have a pack full of them and a home. A home that is currently on fire, but a home is what we make it.

“Where is Samuel?” Another man asks.

“He’s dead,” I answer nonchalantly.

I have yet to allow myself to deal with the repercussions of killing a committee member. And I can’t bring myself to think beyond the detail that he killed my parents. The moment I do that I fear I might break. Death is a part of life and something I am very versed with, but the death of someone who I once loved as a family? Trying to wrap my head around the knowledge that he used me and the moments we had were some sort of sick perverse action he did to have a reminder of his murders. It’s far too complicated to think about, at least right now.

“Where are your beta’s?” I ask.

Reluctantly four people raise their hands. I wave them forward.

“Let’s discuss this like civilized people. I’d offer to aid your injured for the time being but I don’t necessarily have the facilities anymore.” I frown at them.

“Where is our Alpha?” The tallest Beta asks.

“No idea” I shrug

“We have proof he is here!” One growls.

“Feel free to search, then,”? I say

The other wolves mutter amongst themselves growing loud and distracting. the Betas grow restless as they run their hands over their face and rake their hands through their hair. I assume they are at a loss for what to do next.

“Shut Up!” One of the Beta’s roars angrily to the warriors chattering behind him. 15 men suddenly clamp their mouths shut and stand at attention watching him.

“What’s your name?”

“Beta Reggie,”

“Looks like you’re the alpha now,” Corbin says from the shadows to my right. He waltzes out offering me a quick smile.

“What?” He says his eyes bulging.

“You used an Alpha tone and your warriors acknowledged it,” Corbin explains.

“But that means...”

“That your Alpha is dead.” I finish for him.

He stumbles a little at the realization and bends over his hands on his knees. A strangled sob leaves his throat as he straightens up.

“He was my brother,” he says softly. “Who killed him?”

Corbin shrugs. And he looks to me for an answer.

“I don’t know who killed him, but I know Samuel had something to do with it” I answer

“He is the one who swore they were here!” Someone shouts.

“And did you find them?!” I ask now losing my patience.

“That doesn’t mean you aren’t responsible,” Reggie says.

“How do we know you didn’t kill your own Alpha and come here to blame us?” A warrior says from behind me.

“Why would we do that?”

“Why would a small pack such as Moon Shadow try to take out a bunch of Alphas?”

“Because your Alpha wanted the spot on the committee.”

I scoff shaking my head.

“Alpha Wade wants only what is best for his pack. Inciting war is hardly the top thing on his list. I’ve had enough. Look around for your Alphas, then leave.” Says Alpha Nick.