

# The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 66

\*Wade POV\*

I look over Ali's face as she sleeps so peacefully with her head on the side of her bed. Her right eye is black, but noticeably fading. Her black hair is sprawled across her face, obstructing my full view of her face. I reach out and gently wipe the hair from her face taking in all of her. My eyes drop to the nape of her neck where I see my mark and I can't help but reach out to touch it.

I run my fingers along the pink scars of my mate's mark and smile at the electricity that dances across my fingertips. She stirs slightly and I quickly retract my hand. She wiggles around a little bit then she opens her eyes looking right at me.

"You're up," She says smiling "How do you feel?"

"Not too bad. So what happened?"

"Jumping right to it huh?"

"I've been staring at you for the past 10 minutes trying to make you wake up and tell me what happened."

"Oh yeah? Well ask away" she says yawning.

"Well, I assume we are at Alpha Nick's pack currently?"

"You are correct"

"He is hosting us until we can get our pack at least liveable?"

"Yes, Francis has already contracted a crew to work on it day and night to get us back as soon as possible."

"How is he?" I ask, my stomach churns at the memory of how beat up he was.

"He is good. He wants to see you when you feel up to it."

"Good, good. And Samuel is?"

"Dead." She says simply.

"And Liam?"

She pauses, then sighs heavily.

“He is missing.”

“I stabbed him in the face,” I say, a little confused. I know we are werewolves, but I would have thought a dagger to the face might be deadly.

“I know, but we couldn’t find his body.”

An awkward silence falls between us while I contemplate how to ask her the question I need to know. I look away from her and clear my throat.

“Uh. He, Liam, said something interesting when we were fighting.” I say feeling shy.

“Men will say anything to get a rise out of you when you are fighting.” She chuckles.

“No, I know that, but this was different. This made sense.” I look back at her and she smiles softly at me.

“Ok, then what was it?”

“He said you and I are second chance mates...”

“Ah that... Well, we will never know with 100% certainty but yes, I believe that Liam was my original mate.” She looks a little sad at the revelation.

“But how could you have a second chance mate if you two never rejected each other.”

“Samuel thought that since the Guardian bond mirrors the mate bond, that when we broke out guardian bond at the end of my time guarding him that the mate bond took it as a mutual rejection. At the ceremony for ending each mate bond, we slice the spot where we were bonded with the same knife that was used during the initiating ceremony. It’s not supposed to be painful, but Liam and I were both in excruciating pain for days.”

“Huh. That’s a lot.” I say. My head is suddenly aching.

“I know that it’s hard to believe anything that Samuel said, but it does make sense.”

“It explains why Liam helped break you out of prison,” I add.

“He did?” She asks, taken aback.

I keep forgetting that we haven’t been able to talk since her escape.

“Yeah. He didn’t want anything to happen to you. It also explains why he didn’t kill me, even though he had the opportunity. He didn’t want you to die, because he still cares about you...”

“Liam is an a\*\*\*\*\*e, but he was working with Samuel because he wanted something. I’m sure he was promised some type of position in return for helping him. They never got along when I guarded him, they tolerated each other because Liam liked knowing someone on the committee.”

“I’m curious, why wasn’t the bond break painful for us?”

“Because we didn’t break our bond.” She says as if the answer is so simple.

“But you...” I start.

“My oath was broken. The Guardian oath and the bond are different. The oath is my promise to the guardians, and it provides me with protection from finding my mate, and kind of gives me other perks to make my job easier.” She pauses to make sure I’m following.

“Samuel burned my oath and because you and I were connected you felt the loss of my powers that I shared with you through our bond. But my Guardian bond to you remained intact because only the person who makes the bond can break it.”

“So that means you are still my guardian?”

“Well no, Because we accepted the mate bond, it replaced the guardian bond, because it is stronger.”

“So if we hadn’t accepted the mate bond, and we broke the guardian bond, then we both would have died...” I ask her.

Perhaps all of this information would make a? little more sense if my head wasn’t pounding against my skull.

“Yes.”

I stop and ponder for a moment. I wonder if Samuel knew that I was Ali’s, second chance mate when he got here and he was trying to convince her that Liam was her mate so she would reject me and then he wouldn’t have had to kill me. I have no doubt that Samuel would have eventually tried to kill me, but was he smart enough to pick up on what Ali I had when he was here? He constantly was alluding to her being someone who sleeps around, even when he knew that she didn’t.

I look at Ali and I’m smacked in the face with the reality that this woman has saved me in so many ways. And that even though she is stronger than steel, her heart must be breaking with the knowledge that the man that raised her was really a villain.

“Come here,” I say to her grabbing her hand and pulling her up into my lap.

She gingerly crawls into my lap, watching me carefully to make sure she doesn't cause me any pain. I'm so elated at her closeness that I'm not sure I would feel any pain if she caused it.

"How are you?" I ask her, dropping a kiss on top of her head.

"I'm fine," she says very unconvincingly.

"No, you're not." I say "It's ok to not be, Ali."

She says nothing as she snuggles in closer, nuzzling her head in the crook of my neck. I can see her strangling her hands in my peripheral vision, sighing heavily. I say nothing, I know she will share when she is ready.

"He killed my parents," she says, sounding so small. "He shot them, and then followed me through the woods, and then he kidnapped me and raised me. Like I was his sick reminder of his murders."

"Ali..." the words stick in my throat.

Holy shit, how do you even respond to something like that?

"Why do I still hate that he is dead?" She says finally breaking into a sob. "He was a murderer and a traitor, and I loathe him. But it still hurts"

"Ali, did he treat you well when he helped raise you?"

"Yeah..."

"You hate that he is dead because he made you feel loved when you had no one else. It was sick and perverse of him, but it speaks volumes about who you are as a person." I pull my head back so she can see me, and tilt her chin up so she is looking into my eyes.

"You are an amazing woman, you were raised by a psychopath. We all have our problems" I wink at her and she laughs, slapping me, then wipes her eyes.

"We will work through all these emotions."

"We?" She asks, looking surprised.

"You don't think I'm letting you leave my side ever again do you?" I say, leaning in and covering her lips with mine.

## The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 67

“When can you break out of here?” Ali asks, standing.

“I can go now.”

“Hah! When did the healer say you can leave?” she asks clearly not believing me.

“Honestly. He said I was good to go before you came in.” I try to convince her.

“Prove it.” She says hiking her chin up like she somehow triumphantly beat me.

“Fine!” I toss the blankets aside and swing my legs over. The moment my bare feet hit the cool linoleum floor and a shiver runs up my spine. Suddenly I want to crawl back into bed. I gently lift myself to standing, half expecting my leg to give out, but it doesn’t. I stand tall with victory written all over my face. That is until the doctor walks in and scowls at me. I drop back down slowly and pull the sheets back over my lower body.

“Alpha Wade,” he says, still maintaining his scowl.

“Alpha Wade was just saying you released him and he can leave when he likes,” Ali says, smirking.

“Traitor” I mumble, but that only turns her smirk into a breathtaking smile.

“Well, I’m thinking he probably can be released, but I want to check his dressings first. And I also want to make sure your wounds are healing as well.”

Ali’s smile falters at the mention of her injuries and I stick my tongue out at her like an eight-year-old boy. Rolling her eyes she turns back to the healer.

“What’s the damage report then?” I ask.

“Well. If you were a human you would have been dead three times over. But since you’re a werewolf and an Alpha at that, you will be fine. Your cut to your abdomen was our greatest concern but.” He pauses as he moves to look at my cut. He cuts off the gauze wrapped around my waist.

“Yes, it looks like it’s healing faster now that your Luna is present. I did have to put stitches in to speed the healing. It takes much longer and leaves scarring if your skin has to pull itself together. You have some broken ribs, but I doubt you will be doing much moving with a gash like that across your stomach. But just in case you are as obstinate as Alpha Nick. Please, no strenuous activity until your injury is pink and raised.” he warns.

The mention of Alpha Nick brings me back to the reality that we were just battling to death yesterday. Cutting the doctor off, I look right at Ali.

“How is Franc-” I start to ask.

-We will talk about him and everyone else after the doctor leaves- Ali's voice says, ringing through my head.

My eyes widen and my hand flies up to find my mate mark.

-I forgot we could mind link after we mark each other- I say.

-We had other things on our mind at the moment, like impending doom- She smirks

-I had other things on my mind for sure, maybe not impending doom...but other things- I joke.

Her cheeks flash a pretty pink.

-Pay attention- she urges me. After a quick eye roll, I tune back into the one-sided conversation with the healer.

"You also have a fascinating injury on your thigh." He says applying a new bandage over my stitches.

"Were you able to fix it?" I ask hopefully.

The healer gives me an incredulous look.

"No one will be able to fix that, I fear. But I was able to extract some of the wolf's bane that was embedded in the wound. I do think that there are treatment options you can try to help aid in pain tolerance."

"Like what?"

"Well for starters, blood transfusion. We might be able to rig the transfusion machine to withdraw wolfsbane from your blood system. It won't heal the wound but it would make it much more tolerable."

"How often would I have to do that?"

"I would say once a month"

"For how long?"

"Well, until you die, or they invent something that can fix it completely." He shrugs.

I look at Ali feeling shocked. There is a way to maintain the pain, without needing her healing hand. This is great considering her healing hand was taken from her when her oath was burned.

“Is there anything else we need to discuss?”

“I think that is about everything,” He says. “You are free to head to the Packhouse when you like. Alpha Nick has your quarters there, for the time being, We also have scrub pants and a t-shirt for you to wear out.” He nods and walks out the door.

“That’s a lot to process,” Ali says.

“Yeah.” I clear my throat. “Now tell me about Francis.”

“Francis is doing ok. He sustained some brain damage and internal bleeding, they think he will survive. Sammy arrived around four this morning and has been sitting by his side.”

I move from the bed, standing fast, and move for the pants and shirt laid out for me. I falter a little and Ali is by my side within a second. She moves behind me and unties the ties of my gown. It falls to the ground with a gust of air and I move quickly pulling my pants on. She grabs the shirt and turns me to face her.

Gently she slides the shirt over my head, helping me get my arms through and gingerly pulling it down to my waist. She stands with her arms around my lower back, her body so close to mine but still too far away. I wrap my arms around her and try to pull her into a hug.

“Unh uh. Your whole stomach area is injured.” She reminds me.

“I don’t care,” I whisper trying to pull her close again. She resists me.

“I care.” she removes her hands from my back and reaches up stroking my cheek. Then with a quick peck on the lips, she backs away. “Now let’s go check on Francis.”

Anxiety comes flying at me full force when we arrive at his room. All I can see are his eyes trying to defy my life-saving order for him to run. I know Francis well enough to know he is mad at me. I made him a promise when he became my Beta that I would never use my Alpha voice with him. I know he swore to lay his life down for me, and that it is an honor to die protecting your alpha, but I wouldn’t be able to live with that, not with knowing that Sammy would need him now more than ever.

“He won’t be mad at you for long.” Ali encourages me. I look at her confused, and she rolls her eyes. “I was in your head long enough to know where your train of thought goes, Wade. He is your best friend. And you saved his life. He will forgive you. I promise.”

She leads me by hand into his room. It looks similar to mine, with pale green walls adorned with generic art and medical equipment attached to the wall behind the bed. In the bed sits a frowning Francis who is staring right at me. Sammy jumps up and flings herself into Ali’s arms, with a squeal of excitement and tears on her cheek.

“I hear congratulations are in order, Luna” she winks. Ali chuckles and hugs her back.

“Thanks!” Ali slides me a loving look and I can’t help but feel like my heart is melting.

“How are you doing Sammy?” I ask keeping my distance to avoid a hug that I know would be painful.

“I’m ok,” she says, smiling softly. “Our baby is doing perfectly, so I couldn’t be happier.” Her hand gently rubs the now noticeable bump sticking out of her orange shirt. She looks over at Francis who smiles at her sweetly. Then turns his gaze to me with a scowl.

“Listen,” I say zeroing in on his attitude. “He would have killed you.”

“He could have killed you.”

“Liam wouldn’t have killed me.” I scoff. “He still cares about Ali. Killing me would have killed her too. He doesn’t want her dead.”

“What? How do you figure that?”

“We are second chance mates”

“Wait... so Liam was telling the truth?”

“Yep.” I clip out. I am realizing just how much I hate the idea of Liam being her first mate.

“Well damn.” Francis breathes out.

“And Samuel?”

“Ali killed him,” I say shrugging.

“You’re mate is a bada\*ss” Francis smirks.

I turn to look at her as she chats happily with Sammy on the couch in the corner.

“She sure is.” I smile.

## The Alpha’s Guardian Chapter 68

Ali POV

Wade intertwines his hands with mine as we walk out of Francis’ room. The sparks twirl and dance across my skin reminding me that no matter how bad things have gotten, this moment made it worth it. I’ve never been a sappy lovey-dovey type of girl or the girl that



craves constant touch. But with Wade I'm afraid of the moment he lets my hand go. I'm addicted to his looks and his touch.

It's quite possible it's the bond that has changed me and my outlook, but I also have a feeling that it's just what love does to someone. We also have never had the chance to really just be together. I slide him a quick glance and I can see a smile on his lips.

"What are you smiling about?" I ask tugging on his hand.

"This is the first time we've really actually held hands around other people" he shrugs.

A butterfly flutters through my stomach as my cheeks grow warm and I look back over at him. This bond definitely alters your state of mind. Wade stops walking and tugs on my hand pulling me back to face him.

"Why are you blushing?"

"I don't know, I just...am," I say looking at my feet.

"You're still a bada-ss." He winks.

"I will always be a bada-ss." I laugh. "I could be 8 months pregnant and still be a bada-ss."

"Oh, gee. Baby talk? Already? Is this how you get pregnant?" he asks, looking down at our joined hands in feign shock.

I roll my eyes at him and drag him along with me.

"Because my mommy told me if I get pregnant before my mating ceremony she is going to be disappointed in me. I can't disappoint mommy" He smirks, looking so proud of himself and his jokes.

"Do you want to die?" I jest and he chuckles.

"Only if you do." he winks as he swings our arms. I roll my eyes and change the subject.

"We have a meeting with the committee at one o'clock. I've invited Alpha Nick to sit in on it with us. I figure we could use the witness."

"Are they actually coming this time or are they going to be sending their own hitman again?" Wade quips.

I can't help but chuckle and shake my head.

"I talked to them directly. Ok well, actually I sent an email with photos of our pack and demanded a meeting, and then they called to verify."

“Who are we expecting?”

“Everyone”

“Is Corbin going to behave?” he asks, raising a brow.

“He left” I answer.

Admittedly I was selfishly hoping that Corbin would hang around and agree to the meeting I had once promised him with the committee. Instead, he slipped away after helping us get the injured to safety. He left a letter with Robin for me and I still can’t bring myself to read it. I know it’s a goodbye letter. One saying he will always be there for me if I need him but that until then he has to leave for some reason or another.

Our relationship is still rocky and full of tension, but it’s a lie to say that I wasn’t hoping for some closure on my parents’ death and losing part of my wolf. I’ve been given answers, but having answers and understanding them are completely different processes. Hopefully, he will still keep in contact.

“You ok?” Wade asks me, looking concerned.

“I’m good.” I smile. “Now, let’s go see Alpha Nick. He has been wanting to talk to you.”

“What do you think of Alpha Nick?”

“What do you mean?”

“Do you trust him?” he asks cryptically.

“Yes. He has done nothing but support you in every way possible.”

“Good,” he says, sounding relieved.

“Why?”

“Well, I want to share my position on the committee with him. Or at least have him be part of it.” Wade says with determination.

“Is that something you can do?”

“What do you mean?”

“Like are you in a position to make stipulations? As far as I am aware they get to decide these things.”

“They picked me for a reason.” He insists.

“I don’t think it was for your stubbornness”

“Oh, hah hah!” Wade laughs

“I trust Alpha Nick.” I say smiling “I think he would be an asset.”

“Good. I might need your help convincing him.”

“Maybe you should wait until after the meeting with the committee before you offer him some position that may or may not be there”

“Well I plan to bring it up at the meeting, but I think maybe I should mention it to him before I just throw it out there since he will also be in the meeting.”

“I suppose.”

We find solace in our silence as he rubs his thumb over the top of my hand, clearly enjoying the feeling of the sparks. I look over at him, truly taking in his appearance for the first time since he woke up. He looks pale and tired, and his eyes are full of sadness. It’s amazing how quickly reality can seep into your mind.

“Did you tell Francis about Kane?” I ask softly, watching him closely. He clears his throat and turns away from me for a moment, wiping at his face with his free hand.

“He uh, he actually asked me which room he was in, so he could send Sammy with a get well gift.” He says trying to maintain command over his voice.

“What made him think Kane was in a room?”

“He had been trying to mind link him since he woke up” Wade stops again.

I release his hand and step in, facing him. His eyes are sad and full of unshed tears for his goofy childhood friend.

“Wade, I am so sorry about Kane.”

A tear slides down his cheek as he looks up to the sky trying to keep the others from following suit. Reaching up I grab hold of his cheek and gently lower his face. Making sure his eyes meet mine.

“He was a hero who died doing the one thing that guarantees his legend will live on Wade.”

“He died because I was weak.” He says softly.

“Kane died saving his best friends and his alpha. He died because you were ambushed. He died because of circumstances outside of anyone’s control. You are not weak, you are just worth dying for. Do you not get that yet? Wade, you inspire loyalty, unlike anything I have ever seen before. And it’s because you care this much.”

He scoffs as he wipes his eyes once more. I gently step into him, being careful to avoid his injury, and lay my head on his chest. He rests his chin on top and for a minute, we grieve our friend Kane.

Wade drops a kiss on the top of my head and pulls back slightly without a word. He engulfs my hand in his again and drags me to Alpha Nick’s office. When we arrive, Alpha Nick’s office doors open as he comes out. His face beams as he gently embraces Wade.

“I thought we were going to lose you for a minute. That-uh.” Nick clears his throat. “That would have sucked.”

“I have to agree,” Wade chuckles. “Thank you, Nick.”

I look up at Wade in shock. Dropping the title can be a great offense. But to my surprise, Nick smiles again and they shake hands roughly.

“You know I would follow you anywhere, Wade.” he responds “And your Luna too” he nods in my direction.

Wade puffs his chest with pride. And smiles sweetly at me.

“Now, before the committee arrives I have something I want to run by you.”

## The Alpha’s Guardian Chapter 69

“I would be honored to help you in any way you need help, Wade.” Alpha Nick says. “But perhaps we should see what it all entails and if you are the one they are picking before we get ahead of ourselves?”

“Agreed. I just wanted you to be aware of the fact that I will be using you as a stipulation for me to accept any position.”

I glance over my shoulder at the clock and balk at the time. The committee is going to be here in 2 hours. I haven’t had a chance to shower and Wade is still standing very proudly in his t-shirt and scrub pants. I clear my throat to get his attention and nod in the direction of the clock.

“Alpha Nick, do you perhaps have a room where we can prepare for the committee meeting?” I ask.

He smiles kindly at me and nods.

“Of course. I have a room for you and Wade. I haven’t had the chance to pull clothing for you yet, but if you give me 20 minutes we will come up with something.”

“That would be amazing.”

“Amy” Alpha Nick calls out.

A small woman in her mid to late twenties pops her head in.

“Yes, Nicholas?” She asks. He waves her in and she shyly walks over to him.

“Hey, Amy.” Wade greets her.

“Oh Wade, how are you?” she asks just now noticing him, her eyes growing wide with worry.

I pique my brow at her informal greeting to my mate. I can sense Wade enjoying my slight jealousy at her knowing him well enough to drop his title.

“I am good, How are you holding up?” he asks, looking at her concerned.

“I’m,” her voice breaks “I’m ok.”

My agitation grows the longer the conversation goes on. Both Nick and Wade seem to not notice that I have no idea who this woman is and neither make the move to introduce me. Stepping forward I extend my hand in a friendly manner.

“Hi, Amy. My name is Ali” I smile as genuinely as I can.

“Ah yes, My Nicholas has mentioned you.” she clasps her small hand in mine and returns my smile. “I am Nicholas’ mate.”

My jealousy instantly melts away. I look Amy over and notice how plain she is in a natural beauty way. She wears no makeup and a genuinely sweet expression. Everything about her screams honesty and innocence. I have a distinct feeling that we will become very good friends. And I have to admit that I am beyond excited to have a female friend closer to my age.

“You have a wonderful mate,” I say honestly. She beams as she looks over at Nick.

“Ali is my mate,” Wade says proudly, extending his hand out to me. I take it and she pulls me closer to him, melting me with a smile that could rival the sun’s brightness.

“Oh I am so glad you finally found your mate,” Amy says growing excited.

"I hate to cut this short sweetheart, but could you show them where their room is?" Nick asks, dropping a kiss on the top of her head. She turns pink and nods.

"Of course. You two come with me." She motions for us to follow her.

We follow Amy up the stairs to the third floor. We pad along behind her in silence just taking in the antique house. I run my hand along the rich navy textured wallpaper looking in awe at the ornate sconces on the wall that light the small hallway. Everything looks regal and perfect and the opposite of what I would have thought Alpha Nick would ever have in his home.

"We were supposed to remodel all this when we moved in," Amy says, catching me as I reach out and touch an old oil painting. I pull my hand back quickly.

"How long ago did you move in?" I ask her, looking up to the high beveled ceiling.

"Gosh eight or nine years"

"Has it really been that long?" Wade asks.

"Yeah, I left when Kane was sixteen," she says her voice trailing off at the mention of Kane.

"Well, here we are!" She says, sounding overly cheerful. "Towels are already in the bathroom and I assume you will need some clothes so I will go make sure you have something clean to change into." Amy ambles off before we have the chance to thank her.

"So Kane and Amy?" I ask as we enter the room.

"Kane and Amy are...well were. Cousins. He was her only remaining family member and she lived with them until she moved here with Nick." Wade answers.

I can hear the reservation in his tone, his desire to not talk about his friend who he lost. And I oblige as I look around the room we are staying in. Me and Wade. Alone. In a beautifully antique room with a four-post bed and floral linens. All alone with our mate bond in full effect. I swallow hard at the thought and possibilities of what could all happen. Suddenly I'm lightheaded and stumble as I walk. My damn legs feel like noodles.

Wade catches me and his eyes search me in concern. The sparks throw me into a fit of desire and panic takes over. I've saved myself for my mate. For the man, I was destined to be with and hoped I would love. And now, I have that, him and the bond and the love and everything feels so overwhelming.

"Ali. Breathe." Wade says chuckling.

My eyes snap to him in a fury. He is laughing at me. I gulp in a breath.

“Ali. You are having a panic attack.”

“Wade. I can’t. I’m not ready...” I step back away from him, putting my hands up to stop him from coming to me. “It’s not that I don’t want to. I do. On all things blessed I want to mate with you. But I’m not...I’m just. I-I-I”

Wade laughs and I just stare at him dumbfounded. He laughs harder. My agitation grows as his laughter seems to never cease. In a fit of anger, I grab a pillow and throw it at his face. It hits him in his stupid mouth and he plops down on the edge of the bed.

“Ali, I’m sorry,” he says, seeing my murderous face.

“It’s not funny!”

“Ok. Look. We have slept in the same room before, right?” he says, trying to calm me.

I guess he isn’t wrong on that so I nod, feeling stupid.

“I expect nothing from you. We already completed our mate bond, and we can seal that bond when you are ready. I am in no hurry, we will go at your pace.”

“I just...I have always imagined it...”

“The mating ceremony?” he says, understanding.

I nod feeling vulnerable and embarrassed.

“Oh, my sweet bada-ss warrior,” Wade says, patting the spot on the bed next to him. “We will have our mating ceremony. And if you want to wait until after then we will wait,” he assures me.

I try to find his anger, looking deep into his eyes and analyzing his facial expression but all I see is sincerity and love. I know it seems stupid, in a world where we are partially run by our animalistic instincts and the drive to mate. But I can’t help but remember planning my ceremony with my mom as a little girl. The laughter and the joy of the process and the excitement of the union we are pledging to. I sigh heavily and succumb to Wade’s sweet talk, ambling over and taking a seat next to him.

“My mom and I used to pretend to plan my mating ceremony,” I say looking at my hands, feeling so small.

“Then you and I will plan the real thing exactly how you planned it with your mom,” he says shrugging. “Ali, I don’t think you understand. We are equals in this, I’m not some macho Alpha wolf who is going to demand you bed me because we are mates. If you want to wait then we wait. It’s as simple as that.”

“I know it’s stupid,” I mumble.

He turns my chin so he is gazing into my eyes.

“It is far from stupid. What’s stupid is you feeling weak for speaking your mind.” he reaches out and tucks a strand of hair behind my ear.

“I love you,” I whisper.

How can I feel so vulnerable with him yet also so strong? He is my strength when I’m weak. Is this what it is to finally find your other half? To have no real weakness because where you falter they are strong? Because with Wade by my side I feel pretty damn invincible.

“Good. If you didn’t I’d have to woo you and that would just get expensive.” he jests.

“Oh, and how would you woo me?” I ask, chuckling.

“Well, to start I would draw you a bath... because you smell bad babe.” he laughs, moving swiftly to the bathroom, the pillow I lob at him bouncing off the door. he pops his head out quickly.

“I love you too,” he smirks devilishly. “I’ll start the shower for you.”

“You move quick for an injured man,” I mutter as he shuts the door once more leaving me alone grinning ear to ear.

## The Alpha’s Guardian Chapter 70

\*Wade POV\*

I walk out of the bathroom and spot Ali looking the picture of perfection as she frowns in the mirror. She tugs at a pink oversized sweater uncomfortably. I gravitate in her direction stopping just behind her. Her presence is magnetic now that we have marked each other, not that I mind. I’ve always had these feelings for her even when the bond wasn’t recognized. Her eyes snap up to mine and she smirks at me.

“Pink is not my first color choice,” she explains.

“You look beautiful,” I say honestly. Even with her bruises and healing cuts adorning her face she is perfectly mine, which makes her perfect.

“You’re biased,” she says, whipping around to face me.



“It’s true. I am predestined to love you for all your faults” I wink at her wrapping my hands around her waist and pulling her close.

“Oh well lucky me.” She responds by wrapping her arms around my neck.

We haven’t had much time to just be us. To embrace without being torn apart or having a war come between us. I lower my forehead to hers and breathe her in. Her lavender vanilla scent wraps around me, calming all my nerves and clearing my mind. It’s strange how such an intoxicating scent brings such clarity and peace of mind.

“When we are done with the meeting, I want to take you on a date,” I say, opening my eyes.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean like dinner and a walk, or watching a movie or I don’t know. Just spending time with you with no interruptions.”

“Hmm...what kind of dinner?” she asks as if it will alter her answer. She is playing with me. I smirk at her.

“Tofu, with vegetable leaves and dried fruit and nuts and a side of some vegetables,” I say with as straight a face as possible. I know she is a big meat and potatoes kind of gal.

“Ok, I’m sorry...vegetable leaves?” she asks laughing

“Yeah, like the little baby spinach variety.”

“Mmhmm, yeah. I’m just curious, are we just going to go graze in the meadow with the other meek woodland herbivores?”

“Steak and potatoes it is.” I smile widely.

“Much better. And cheesecake.”

“ Do you eat dessert? I’ve never once seen you eat dessert,” I ask her mildly shocked.

“I love dessert. But I never really eat it because I’m always training or following the person I’m protecting around.” She steps back from me shrugging.

“Well, now you can have all the dessert you want.”

“I think if I eat it as much as I want I will gain so much weight. I have to work extremely hard to stay in shape. Sadly I’m not the type of person who can eat everything and stay slim.” She grabs a dagger and tucks it into the waistband of jeans.

“Well, we can work out together,” I say smirking. She looks up a little shocked and her cheeks go pink.

“I was referring to actual workouts in the training center, get your head out of the gutter Warrior. I’m saving myself for my mate.” I wink at her and laugh.

“Ugh. I have to wait for you to be ready. How annoying.” she jokes.

She stuffs a second blade down the front of her shirt, into her bra, and I raise a brow at her.

“We going to war again?”

“Force of habit,” she says sheepishly.

She fixes her sweater and walks over to me, looking over my outfit. The jeans are the right fit but my shirt is a touch too small leaving nothing to the imagination. Not even my injuries placement can be questioned. The blue fabric stretches across my chest and I open my arms awaiting her assessment.

“Thoughts?”

“If anyone looks at you lustfully they get a dagger in their eyes.” She says striding to the door.

“What if it’s a committee member?” I ask, getting far too excited about her potential jealousy.

“They are men and old women.”

“What’s your point?” I say chasing her out the door and down the hall.

“Maybe I shouldn’t kill a committee member. But I will growl. Would that make you feel better?” she teases.

“Oh definitely,” I say reaching out and taking her hand in mine as we head to the meeting.

Nick’s office has been completely changed since we were in it just mere hours ago. His large wooden desk is pushed against the wall and a larger, longer table now sits in the middle of the room surrounded by plush armchairs. Snacks and water bottles sit in the center of the table and note pads have been placed at every spot with a pen.

“I think he is taking his new position very seriously,” Ali says leaning over to me.

“No way they will say no now.”

“Hey!” Nick says sauntering over to us looking pleased.

“It looks great Nick,” I say, smirking at him.

“I wanted to make a good first impression,” he explains.

“It’s great,” I say slapping him on the shoulder.

“It looks like they are here,” Nick says smoothing his shirt.

“Should you go greet them or should I?” I ask him

“We should take our seats and wait for them to come to us,” Ali says, pulling out a chair and sitting down.

“That seems a little rude...”

“I have weapons on me that I don’t intend to give up. If we go out there and greet them their guardians will search us and try to take them from me.”

“Why do you need weapons?” Nick asks

“The last time I was supposed to have a meeting with the committee they broke their word and I ended up being tortured,” she answers

“I thought you were caught breaking out a prisoner,” Nick says, sounding mildly confused. I try to motion for him to stop talking but he misses the hint.

“It was a committee member who tortured me, then backstabbed my mate by creating a division in packs and then attacked and tried to kill everyone. I’m keeping my daggers, Alpha Nick.” Ali says calmly reaching out and grabbing herself her usual apple snack.

“Right, well. Daggers sound swell” he answers giving me a concerned look then taking a seat one over from Ali, leaving me a spot.

I heave a sigh and walk to my chair, plopping down and pulling my pad and pen closer. There is a knock on the door before Amy peeks her head in.

“The Committee members are here.” She says. Nick nods to her and she opens the door widely showing them the way in.

An older woman with white hair saunters in with an air of importance and grace. She exudes power and judging by the slicked-back tight bun on the top of her head I can only assume she demands excellence from everyone. She floats to a chair, her eyes trained on Ali. A large man in all black and a tactical vest follows her in and stands directly behind her. He offers Ali a nod which she returns.

The next to come in are two men who are laughing in mid-conversation, both are dressed in suits that cost more than my pack probably has to its name. One wears a burgundy suit from top to bottom with a paisley tan and burgundy vest, while the other wears a modern navy suit with a thin tie. The moment they see me they quiet down and nod out of respect. They move into the room, their guardians hot on their heels. Both men startle when they notice a smirking Ali sitting across from them.

“Did Edward and Mary decide this wasn’t an important meeting?” Ali asks. I glance at her and her normal stoic guardian face is back in place.

The woman looks over to Ali ignoring her question and then looks back to me and Alpha Nick.

“Guardians do not belong at the table.” She says in an accent I can’t quite place.

“She is no longer a guardian.” Alpha Nick responds.

“Then she is not of any importance and may leave.”

“She is my mate and Luna. As far as I am concerned there is no one else of greater importance. Especially after such a betrayal by the committee.” I answer not even bothering to hide my own annoyance at her distaste for Ali.