

The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 73

Ali POV

Wade releases me from his death grip hug and turns walking down the hall, my hand firmly in his. He walks me straight to the kitchen, pulls out the stool at the breakfast counter, and pushes me onto it.

"I am going to make you that steak now."

"But the rest of the committee is still waiting for you to come back." I remind him.

"Right. Well, I will go say my goodbyes and be right back."

He steps into me, leaning down, and captures my lips in a heated kiss. I move to meet his fervor as his mouth rivals mine. Desire spreads through me at the same speed as the sparks that flutter over my body with his touch. He runs his tongue along my bottom lip gently in a soft caress before pulling back and moving for the hallway, stalking towards Alpha Nick's office.

I sit stunned on my stool trying to bring my head back down from the heavens it seems to be floating in. I clear my throat looking around the kitchen and see a grinning Robin. I jump slightly and cover my chest with my hand.

"Damn it, Robin!" I breathe.

"Sorry. I was going to announce my presence when Alpha Wade stopped talking but he uh...well, he just dived right in there didn't he?"

"Have you seen your brother yet?" I ask her, changing the subject.

"Yes!" She beams coming over and taking a seat on the stool next to me. "I knew he was alive. I'm just waiting for Mason to return my phone call so I can tell him 'I told you so!'. He is going to be so surprised."

"I bet."

"He has a wolf too!" Robin says with excitement.

"Yes, I noticed that. Did he say anything about that?" I ask, trying to hopefully get more answers out of her.

"I haven't had the chance to ask him. I've been trying to explain the whole 'I found my mate at age 16' thing. He is currently having a very serious conversation with Isaac."

“Oh yeah? I wonder how that is going.”

“Isaac can hold his own” Robin smirks. “Plus, for us, the bond is more of a friendship bond. Alpha Wade explained that the bond won’t fully develop in a romantic sense until I’m old enough to recognize it fully.”

“Huh. So you don’t have any romantic feelings?” I ask, trying to understand.

“Oh no, we do. I have feelings for him. But the bond isn’t forcing us towards each other physically. If that makes sense. It’s almost like, I have this undying need to know him better on an emotional level? I don’t know how to explain it.” She frowns slightly.

“I get it, I think. It was like he was instantly your best friend, and now you get to develop that further because you know you get along and now you get to learn about each other at the same time.”

“Exactly! He hates reading real books” she says, making a grossed-out face.

“What are you two talking about?” Wade says walking back in and dropping a kiss on the top of my head. He moves straight for the fridge, making himself right at home in Alpha Nick’s kitchen.

“Her and Isaac’s mate bond,” I answer, completely engrossed in watching him rummage about looking for the things he needs.

I’ve never really paid much attention to when people cook food before or found it attractive when a man would cook dinner. But I have to admit that Wade standing there pulling a skillet out of the cupboard is doing something to me. He places it down on the stovetop, then pulls a head of garlic from the pantry along with some other herbs and spices. A hand lands on my shoulder as Robin pulls my attention back to her.

“I think I’m going to go check on my brother and Isaac,” she says giggling looking over at Wade, and then prances out.

“Her brother?” Wade asks, turning to face me.

“Yeah, Jacob...”

“Oh yes. I think we need to have a conversation with him too...”

“About how an omega born leaves an omega and comes back as a solid white wolf?”

“Exactly, but he wasn’t solid white,” Wade says crossing over to me. “He had this rusty spot on his side, I almost thought it was an injury”

“Huh. Have you ever heard of an omega getting their wolf back?” I ask as he chops the top off the head of his garlic and moves to sprinkle salt on two steaks.

“Not anything that seemed remotely real,” he says, walking over to me and handing me a knife. “Chop this” He hands me a stick with tiny green leaves and I frown.

“I thought we weren’t eating from the meadow.” He laughs softly.

“It’s rosemary and thyme sprigs. They are herbs for flavor, Ali. Not a weed, I promise.”

I look at him skeptically but do as I’m told.

“When I was a kid my parents would tell us old folklore. Stories about things in the woods that would steal our wolves if we were naughty, but one that always stood out was the stories of what was called an Ultima.”

“Wow. How scary.” I say sarcastically and chuckle.

“Hey now! As alpha it IS scary. The ultima is supposedly this cursed scary wolf with eyes that glow red. Every blue moon after their 18th birthday they have an undying urge to bite a human. When they do, the human transforms and becomes a werewolf.”

“That is the least scary story I have ever heard.”

“The scary part is that this ultima if they wanted to, could create their army of werewolves. New wolves are supposedly dangerous and volatile. They spend their whole lives as civilized humans and then BAM the desire to kill is suddenly there. Their fight to maintain their humanity vs their newfound animal side would be difficult I would imagine.”

“So it’s scary bc if the ultima is bad then you have a fresh werewolf army that wants to kill people?”

“That’s the legend,” He says, shrugging and taking the chopped herbs from me. “I’m not saying that this is what happened to Jacob, or that the stories are true.” he shrugs.

“It is an interesting thought though, and it would help you in your desire to turn the omegas who were stripped of their wolves back into full-fledged werewolves.”

Wade freezes and turns to look at me, his eyes wide in excitement.

“I was kidding Wade.”

“What if there is an ultima...” Wade says.

“You just said it was folklore.” I remind him.

“Yes, but as you once so sweetly pointed out to me. We, as werewolves, are also lore.” He smirks at me.

“I have the feeling you and I will be doing some serious folklore research,” I say

“Well, think of it this way, we will have lots of stories to scare our children with at night.”