

The Alpha's Guardian Chapter 75

"Why are you here?" I whisper angrily, stalking over in his direction. I place my hand on his firm chest and push him back under the cover of the forest canopy.

"I needed to see you." He says, sounding broken.

"Well, I don't need to see you. You need to leave or I will have to kill you." I seethe.

"There is nothing you could do that would hurt me more than what I just witnessed," he says looking me in the eyes. For the first time I look him over and I see just how rough he looks. He is covered in dirt and dried blood. The left side of his face has a gruesome cut that looks puffy and infected.

"Liam, You need to leave," I repeat softening my tone slightly.

"You want me gone?" he asks. I can see the hope in his eyes. He is begging me to change my mind, to accept him and fix the bond that I know is now gone. I sigh heavily.

"Yes, Liam. I want you gone. Wade is my mate and the one I love. I am sorry for how things turned out." I say honestly.

"I could have killed him, you know," he says, growing angry. "I could have killed Wade and you and ended this fvcking ache inside of me."

"Then why didn't you?" I ask growing impatient

"I couldn't do it. I tried to kill him, I wanted to but then all I could see was you withering away and the thought gutted me. I wanted to make him feel the pain I was feeling."

"So you tried to kill his beta? My friend?"

"I want you both to hurt! I want you to feel the ache of someone missing the way I have to feel it every day."

"It isn't our fault Liam! It was Samuel! It was always Samuel."

"You are a grown-a-ss woman. And you chose him, you had the chance to fix this bond but you chose him," he growls at me.

"The moment the bond was recognized there was no going back and you know it!" I shout back at him.

"Would you have?"

“‘Would I have’ what?”

“Gone back if you had not recognized the bond with him? Would you have come back to me?”

I pause for a moment, trying to figure out how to tell him the truth. Tell him that there is no doubt in my mind that I would have chosen Wade even if he hadn’t been my second chance mate. That Wade makes me a better person, that what we have transcends the mate bond. We have a love that was established before we knew we were destined for each other and that even if our destinies had been another path I would have altered mine to be with Wade.

I exhale deeply. I know that my answer will destroy Liam, and though I want to hate him, a part of me can’t help but sympathize with him. He has never been the person who receives no as an answer. He gets what he wants because people fear him. But I’m not afraid of him, I’m not programmed to give in to what people want to save their feelings.

“No Liam. Even without the bond, I would have still chosen Wade.”

He chuckles menacingly and paces away, turning on his heels. He stalks over to me in a fury but I stand my ground and he stops right before me. He reaches out and grabs hold of the back of my neck and roughly yanks me to him, stooping down for a k!ss. I fight against his hold and push him off.

“You loved me once.” He spits, his face grows red with anger at my rejection.

“And then I grew as a person. I am not the same teenage star-struck girl I was when you met me. I am a grown woman, with a mind of my own and the strength to prove it. Don’t you dare try to touch me like that again or I will kill you. It is only out of respect for the bond we once had that I don’t kill you right now.”

I try to remain calm when speaking to him. To show that I am not afraid of him, that I will at a moment’s notice finish him off. But I can feel the panic within me at the thought of having to kill him. I’m not all that sure that I could kill him if I had to. Not like this, not right now when he is injured and professing his heartache over me. I’m beginning to feel like the bond is equally a blessing and a curse.

“Then kill me. Please.” He begs. His anger is replaced by desolation and I look at him lost for words. He steps towards me roughly again and I step back my hands up at the ready. He stops and drops to his knees.

“Watching you with him. Watching you love him when it should be me. Every look, every laugh that should have been mine.” tears spill from his eyes. “Those should be mine. Those moments, those tender loving k!sses. They were destined for me. They were supposed to be my salvation, not my damnation.”

“Liam...” I say trailing off.

I have nothing left to say to him. There are no words I can offer to ease his heartache. I alone am the cause of it and the only cure is the acceptance of our dead bond which I have no desire to accept. The only thing I can do is apologize for something that I didn't cause, and I have no plans to apologize.

“You should go,” I whisper.

He stands, his gaze focused on the ground between us. He takes a few steps back, further into the darkness of the woods.

“Goodbye Ali,” he whispers as he turns and walks away leaving me alone in the trees.

I wrap my arms tight around my body feeling conflicted and sad. Saying goodbye to a part of your past is never easy, especially when it comes to love and mate bonds. I hope he is lucky enough to find a second chance mate, to understand just how it feels to really truly be loved. But I also know that I shouldn't be holding my breath. Liam was a hard person to get along with and love, even when I wanted to be that person for him,

I find myself walking towards the packhouse slowly, trying to wrap my head around everything that has happened. Life has been a wild ride, that is for sure but maybe for once, things would calm down enough for me to enjoy where I'm at, instead of speeding off to the next destination. I catch a glimpse of Wade talking with Nick and James and I change course heading in their direction. The moment Wade sees me his eyes light up and all the bad feelings and confusion melt away.

This is exactly what I've been craving my whole life. That person who makes the world and its problems melt away with just one simple look. He waits patiently for me to arrive and then wraps his hand around mine pulling me close to him. He looks down at me and then reaches out with his free hand and pulls a leaf from my hair, raising a brow of question.

“Well, I have to get my wound dressing changed.” He says to Jame and Nick. “I will catch up with you two later”

“Alright, well have fun you two,” Nick says suggestively. James offers me a head nod and then Wade ushers me upstairs.

The moment we are behind closed doors he spins to me with a frown on his face.

“What did Liam have to say?”

“You could smell him on me couldn't you?”

“Yeah,” he says calmly.

“You’re not mad?”

“Would you have told me?”

“Yes,” I answer honestly.

“Then I’m not mad.” He grabs the hem of his shirt and lifts it over his head. I move to the desk where his medical supplies are and carry them over. Gently I grab the scissors and cut up the side of his wrapping. I slowly begin to peel it away.

“So what did he have to say?” Wade asks.

“Basically that he didn’t kill you because he knew it would kill me and that he still cares for me and wanted to know if you and I weren’t second chance mates if I would have fixed the bond between me and him.”

“And what did you tell him?” he asks, stopping me as I peel the last wrap from his torso.

“The truth. That I still would have chosen you. That I will always choose you” I look up and into his gentle eyes. He strokes my cheeks.

“That must have been hard for you to tell him,” he says sympathetically.

I nod slightly, unshed tears clinging to my eyes. His understanding, his gentleness only furthers my love for him.

“How did he handle it?”

“Well... he cried.” I say “Then he cursed the bond and called it his damnation and then I didn’t know how to respond so he left.”

“No threats?” he asks.

I uncap the salve for his stitches and very tenderly rub it on his wound so the gauze won’t stick.

“None.”

Wade says nothing as I finish wrapping the white gauze around his torso and pin it closed. I look up to him and smile when I find him watching me intently.

“What?”

“I’m just making sure you are ok.” He says k!ssing me lightly on the lips. “I would think it was hard being honest with him knowing you would cause him pain.”

“Thank you,” I whisper. “For understanding and not getting angry.”

“I trust you and your judgment, Ali. I think we have been through more than enough for us to have established a base of trust” he says smirking.

“Yeah, I would think so too.” I smile back.