

Chapter 10

Saint's POV

Even seeing Endymion in person didn't convince Bronx that he's wrong about our mate. Wait until that cute little kid grows up and finds out what Bronx did to his baby girl. I don't know about you, but I can't wait to see the demigod grandson of the Titan Perses go one-on-one with the first Alpha. Place your bets now, folks. It's gonna be a grisly one. 

I probably won't get to see it, though. Knowing Bronx, tonight's my last night of freedom before he blocks me. It's a shitty way to end my spirit's journey. Hopefully, the Moon Goddess has answers for me before she lets me rest.

The dark sky reminds me of my mate, Elexis. Lex has silky black fur and beautiful violet eyes. We've been in love forever. I wish she was here. I guess I'll never see her again.

Whatever her reason for letting Lenora die, it had to be worth risking everything. Hopefully, Milo and Reggie have an answer that will convince Bronx to clear her name. She still won't be our mate, but at least she'll be able to live out her last life in peace and not locked away like an animal in the dungeon. 

After wandering around most of the night, enjoying my last few hours, I stop at the guard gate to the Blood River pack territory. The guards put the light near my eyeball. Bronx says it is for security. If it's going to help keep the pack safe, then I'll deal with it. I wait patiently until they're satisfied and let me pass. I go where the Blood River is calm and creates a small swimming hole.

The water is mixed with chunks of red ice. Iron deposits under the water

make the river look like blood. In the winter, the iron concentrates and the mud turns red too. I stand on the bank and let my paws sink into the frosty crimson muck. Oh, yeah. This gives me an idea.

In an hour, Bronx is going to decide whether to believe Milo's story. Whatever he has to say decides Kas and Lex's fate. Mine too, probably. I always thought my spirit's journey would end in a flash of blood and teeth. Maybe even some fire, like a true warrior. Not locked in a black box in the back of this tool's brain. 1

Just the thought of it makes my heart hurt. I throw my head back, giving a low, mournful howl. In the distance, other pack members and a few natural wolves join my song. I listen as the echoes of the other wolves die out until the world is still.

I wade into the water until it penetrates my undercoat and bites at my skin. It reminds me of the time I almost died in this river. That death would have been worth it, but I don't have time to tell you about it right now.

I walk toward the center of the pool where my feet don't touch the bottom and let my body sink until just my nose is sticking out. I wait until I feel my paws turning numb, then paddle as hard as I can to the bank. It looks like blood sprayed across the snow.

Instead of finding a lockbox so Bronx can put clothes on, I roll in the icy mud of the Blood River. The rusty iron stains my thick white fur and it cakes itself into red icicles on my wet coat. I shimmy on my back to really grind it in and slide on my stomach, then roll back and forth to make sure I get it into my sides. Before I walk away, I bury my face all the way in until the frozen ground stops me. I give a hard snort to make sure it's not up my nose.

"Alpha, sir. Is everything okay?" The packhouse guard looks shocked at my appearance. I huff at him and sit down while he looks me over. He looks me over until he's sure I'm not injured, then puts his hands on his hips. "Sorry, Saint. No wolves in the packhouse. Alpha's rule, not mine."

I look through the window behind him at the clock. It's ten minutes until eight. I don't have time for this shit. I turn my head and growl. The ground rumbles with the sound, making him jump back with a stutter step so I can approach the door. He doesn't open it for me, which pisses me off. I lower my head and glare at him. My growl shakes the windows, changing his mind about the stupid rule. He swings the door open and lets me in.

People gasp when they see me, but bow and let me pass. I'm sure it doesn't help that I look like I'm covered in mud that looks like blood, but that's kind of the point. The tile floors are slippery under my paws, so I dig my claws in, leaving gouges with each step and make my way up to the fifth floor.

Well, shit. I'm making quite the mess, aren't I. Do I feel bad... nah, not really.

At the top of the landing, I don't even bother looking to see if Milo and Reggie are waiting outside Bronx's office. I turn toward the suite where my babies are and walk down the hall toward Tyree and the nurses.

"Alpha! What are you doing?" Tyree takes a defensive stance in front of Kas's door. His eyes turn black and his claws extend out as Slayer takes control, but our pups are in there. Behind us, I hear my Beta and Gamma approaching. "Get back, Saint."

"I just want to see them, Slayer. Just for a minute." I lay on the floor to show I'm not a threat and mindlink his wolf Slayer. "I won't let my human out. Please. Let me see my pups."

"Saint! What happened? Are you okay?" Milo rushes over and kneels on

the ground. I'm gonna miss this guy. He's stupid, loyal, and one of the few people able to keep Bronx in line. I lay my head on his knee and look up at him. He runs his hands over me and realizes I'm not hurt, just muddy. "Dude, what is up with you and mud puddles? You look like you were in a literal bloodbath."

"Slayer says he wants to see the pups." Tyree looks at them. "He won't let the Alpha out."

Milo wipes his hands on his pants and looks at me, then at the nurse. "He can only go in if the Luna is asleep. She doesn't want to see Bronx, and the doctor said not to stress her out anymore. I don't know what would happen if she knows Saint is near her pups."

The nurse goes in, then comes back, quietly waving us in. She puts her finger to her lips as Milo leads the way. "We gave her a sedative after what happened yesterday, so she isn't waking up anytime soon."

I wait just inside the door, since everyone seems on edge with my presence. My sweet little mate is sleeping with her back turned to us. I want so badly to go to her, but I know I can't. 

Milo and Reggie bring the tiny babies to me and kneel so I can see them. My son looks sick, but he's not. I know it. I can hear his heartbeat. It's as strong as any wolf in the pack. He'll grow up to be a powerful Alpha. I don't care what the stupid papers say. He smells like the forest.

Maya looks like Bronx. She always does until her wolf, Basa, wakes up. She smells like lavender. I bury my nose in her blanket to ingrain the scent in my memory.

"Saint, that's enough. You're getting her blanket dirty." Reggie whispers and nudges my face with his elbow. "Come on, time to go."

I give her one last nuzzle, then put my nose against Andreas's blanket and take a deep breath of his scent. I didn't know when Bronx asked me if I wanted to be a dad a few years ago that it would come true. If I had

known it was only going to be for a few days, I still would have said yes.

I love Lex. I always have and I always will. This feels like love too, but a different kind of love.

I turn away and scratch lightly at the door so Kas doesn't wake up. Tyree opens it and lets me out into the hallway.

"Saint, why do you feel sad?" Slayer comes forward gives me a worried look. "What's going on?"

I turn on my heels and walk down the hall. I'm an Alpha wolf. Slayer is my friend, but I don't need to answer to him. What the fuck am I gonna say, anyway? Just making my last rounds until my human spirit blocks me. No big deal.

I get to the office door; I lay down on the loveseat in the sitting area and stretch out to wait for Milo and Reggie to open the door for me. I lay my head on the armrest and let my mind wander to my pups. Lex will keep them safe. I have to trust that she will.

"Bro, you're getting mud all over the place! Ashley paid a lot of money for this loveseat!" Reggie comes over and puts his hands on his hips. "This is why Bronx has a no wolf rule in the packhouse, Saint. Let him shift so he can get a shower. We're supposed to have a meeting with him."

Reggie needs to quit riding my ass. I sigh and get up, taking my time, letting the mud drip onto the floor. I give a big stretch, leaning back to get my front legs, then forward to get the back legs. I stand tall and shake my fur out hard to spread as much red mud around the hallway and furniture as caninely possible. I look around at my handy work, and stand in front of the office door, waiting for Reggie to open it. 

"Saint, what are you doing? Go to Bronx's apartment!"

He's clearly missing the point here, and it's pissing me off. I lower my head and let a low growl roll through the hallway.

"Fine. Have it your way." Reggie turns the handle and lets the door swing open.



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