

# The Pack's Nemesis (Quirin's Story)

## Chapter 12-15

Kennedy

When I get downstairs, I don't miss the looks from the pack members. Even in jeans, I stand out with my bright yellow top. Oh well, this is who I am.

"Hello," I say, as I pass the pack members.

"Hello, Luna," they murmur.

I don't see Quirin, but I'm sure he's got a lot going on. Yesterday was a very busy day for him, between the attack on his pack and finding his mate. He said he'd find me and since he hasn't, I know he's busy.

When I walk into the kitchen, I see one of the pack members talking to an omega. I can smell her fear as he towers over her.

"Hello," I say, making my presence known. "Is there a problem?" ask, walking to stand next to the omega. The man is obviously a warrior, strong and tall. He has multiple scars on his face and neck, and what I can see of his arms, reminding me that my new pack is made up entirely of rogues who have had to scrape and fight to get what they want.

The man looks me over, sneering at my attire.

"No problem, Luna," he says, stepping back. "I'll see you later, Christy," he says, before turning on his heel and walking out.

I wait until he's gone before turning to the woman. "Are you okay?"

"Yes. Thank you, Luna. I appreciate you standing up for me."

"Of course. I won't tolerate any aggression in this pack, especially against omegas."

"Thanks, Luna. Is there something I get you?" she asks me.

"I missed breakfast. I was hoping to get something to eat. Is there anything readily available?" I ask her.

"I can make you something," she says, looking past me and thinking about what she might be able to make me. She unconsciously lifts her hand to push her hair out of her face and I can see that she's shaking.

I reach out and take her hands in mine. "If you're ever afraid, find me. I won't let anyone hurt you. I can talk to Quirin..."

"No! No, please don't Luna. It's fine. Arlo can just be overbearing from time to time. All of us rogues had a hard time of it, but some are more rough around the edges than others. I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it."

"Whether he did or didn't, I don't want my pack members to fear each other. If he continues to bother you, please let me know."

"Okay, Luna," she says, finally making eye contact before looking away.

"Okay. Now, what's easy since we're in between meals?"

I stay long enough to eat the quick sandwich she made for me and to make sure that Arlo doesn't return. Once I feel comfortable that he's not coming back and I start getting in the way of lunch preparations, I step out of the kitchen before turning back.

"Hey, Christy? Where's the pack hospital?" I ask her.

She gives me directions and head over to the hospital, wanting to see how they run things in this pack.

When I step in, the place looks dark and deserted.

"Hello?" I call out and a woman comes out of a back room.

"Oh, Lama. Are you alright. Do you need medical treatment?" she asks me.

"No. I just wanted to see how this hospital runs compared to how my mother runs hers," I say.

"Well, I've heard of your mother and how she runs her hospital. can tell you that we don't have anything like that here. We don't even have a real doctor. We're all rogues. We learned to provide field dressings a long time ago."

"What about injuries from sparring, dislocations, things like that?" I ask, appalled.

"Well, we just sort of yank the arm back into place and let our wolves do the rest. Same with broken bones. We set them as best we can and let our wolves heal us. We're a pretty strong pack and our wolves are used to healing us."

I'm just about to ask if I can look around to see what supplies they have when I feel Quirin open the mind link.

'KENNEDYR

I physically jump at the urgency in his tone.

'What Quirin?'

'Where are you? You're not in our room,' he barks.

'I'm in the pack hospital. Why, what's wrong?'

"The hospital? Oh my goddess, are you still bleeding? Are you injured? I shouldn't have left you alone this morning.

'Quirin...' I begin just as he rushes into the hospital.

He rushes up to me, taking me by the arms and looking me over as if I have some terrible injury that he didn't know about.

"Quirin!"

When he doesn't look at me, I take his face in my hands.

"I'm fine. I just wanted to see the hospital."

"You're..." he huffs out a breath and pulls me to him, wrapping his arms tightly around me.

"I'm fine," I say, feeling the relief inside of him as he holds me to him.

"I was worried when I couldn't find you," he says. "I went to our bedroom and everything was gone. I thought..."

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"I put everything away, Quirin. I thought you'd like to return to a clean room and not have all my things lying around. Did even look in the closet?"

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He shakes his head, taking a deep breath. "No, but I guess I should have."

He steps back looking me over.

"I'm not injured, Quirin," I say to him.

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"You were still bleeding this morning when I left you. I can still smell the hint of blood on you now, Little Pup."

Ugh! I hate that name.

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"What are you doing here if you aren't injured?" he asks.

"I wanted to see how you run your hospital compared to Mom's

"Well, there is no comparison. You're looking at it."

"Do you mind if I do some work over here? You know I've helped my Mom..."

He shrugs. "Do what you want. If you need anything, let me know."

"Thanks, Quirin."

He looks at me with a hint of a smile before it fades away. "Have you eaten?"

"I did, just before I came over here."

"Okay, I need to get back to work. Deborah can help you with anything that you need," he says, looking over at the woman who was talking to him before he came in. I notice that she's stepped away giving us some privacy.

"Please come get me for dinner and then, if you'd like, I'll take you on a tour of the pack lands."

"I'd love that," I say, smiling up at him.

He looks at me a moment before leaning down and pressing his lips to mine. "I'll see you later."

"Yes, you will," I say, watching him walk away. When he's gone, I turn back to Deborah.

"Alright Deborah, why don't you give me a tour of the pack hospital."

## The Pack's Nemesis (Quirin's Story)

Quirin

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I had a lot of clean up to do after the battle, making sure that the dead from Jasper's pack were buried and that Kier had taken care of any hostages. We haven't learned anything new, just that Jasper wants this pack because we're wealthy.

So it had been nearly lunch time when I'd finally told my Beta that I needed to check on my mate.

"How is everything? I mean, I don't want to pry..." he begins.

"Then don't," I say to him. I will never share any intimate moments that I have with Kennedy with anyone. Those are mine. She's never been with another man and no man will ever know. How fucking fantastic it is to be with her. Only I will ever get to experience that.

"I'm just ... that was a lot of blood, Alpha. You know this pack is made up of rogues, but she's not and never has been one. I get that she's an Alpha female, but she's not tough like we've had to be. She's your mate, that makes her my Luna, so I want to make sure that she's okay."

"Maybe it's time I go check on her then," I say, standing up. I stop on my way to the door. "I know not everyone will want to accept her because she's Warren Hill's daughter. I know many of our pack members came from packs where he killed their Alphas, ranked members, and warriors. And I've never been quiet about my distaste for my mate's father. So, I'm sure some pack members will test her. But anyone who doesn't accept her as their Luna can leave."

"Understood."

I leave my Beta and jog up to our room, ready to check on Kennedy. I've waited about as long as I can stand it and Raif has been making me more and more antsy the longer I've waited.

The moment I step into our bedroom, my heart sinks.

She's gone. She left me. I feel like my entire world just collapsed on top of me. I haven't even had her in my life for 24 hours and I feel devastated that she's gone. I feel like I can't breathe.

She'll have gone home, to her father who will take her in with no questions asked. He can't have her. She's mine. I will tear that pack apart to get her back if I have to.

'KENNEDY!' I scream in my head.

'What Quirin?' her startled response shocks me. She's nearby.

I race from our room and down the stairs.

'Where are you? You're not in our room!'

I catch her scent, realizing she went outside. I begin running. I need to see her, to know that she's still here. Raif is ready to pull the shift so we can get to her faster if needed.

When she says she's in the pack hospital, I feel even worse. I left her this morning and I didn't even check her. Is she still bleeding? Is she sick? First, I tear her apart, then I leave her injured?

She's barely responded to me when I burst through the doors of the pack hospital, looking her over quickly.

When she finally gets through to me that she's not injured, I pull her to me, finally feeling like I can breathe again. She didn't

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leave me. She didn't run from me. I breathe in her sweet citrus and mint scent, letting it calm both me and Raif.

"Why are you here?" I don't really care why she's here as long as 's not because I hurt her.

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When she tells me she wanted to see how this pack hospital runs compared to her mother's I nearly laugh out loud. There is no comparison, but if it makes her happy to make changes to the hospital, then she can do whatever the hell she wants. She can knock the whole damn building down and start over for all care. If it makes her happy and it keeps her here with me, I don't care what she does.

I doubt anyone in the pack will come to see her. She's still young and she's not a doctor, but it will take time for her to rebuild the hospital after it's basically gone unused for years. This is the one building I never renovated after I returned to my pack. I never had a doctor and the rogués are used to taking care of their own injuries, so I never saw the need. I honestly don't even know what we have and what we don't have in this building.

After hearing that she's eaten and realizing that I once again didn't take care my mate, I make plans for us to have dinner together. Then, because I want her to be happy here, I offer to show her around the pack. I can take her to the overhang. It's pretty there, she'll like that.

'Maybe Echo would like to go for a run tonight. I'd like to spend time with my mate too,' Raif says.

'Fine, but no mating her.'

He whines in my head at that. 'I haven't gotten to mark her yet?

I stop, thinking about that. He's right. He needs to claim Echo and she needs to claim him. I sigh.

'You will NOT lose control again.'

'No, I won't. Neither of us will, ever again,' he says determinedly. I'm not sure if I believe him. I don't know if it will be the same when he mates Echo, but if we get that same explosion of pleasure, I don't think either of us can control ourselves.

When I walk back into the packhouse, I head straight to the kitchen to get some food.

"Arlo, leave the omegas alone. It's lunch time. Do you need more work to do? If lunch is late because of you, I'll put you on non-stop patrols," I say, walking in and seeing him talking to one of my omegas.

"Sorry, Alpha. I was just asking what we're having for dessert tonight," he says, looking at Christy.

"When they put it out, you'll know. Go find something to do before I find something for you to do," I say. I glare at him until he walks out.

"Is lunch going to be on time?" I ask, turning back to the group.

"Yes, Alpha," they say.

"Who helped my mate get something to eat earlier?" I ask, wanting to make sure she ate enough. I'm unused to looking after someone like this, but she's my mate and I obviously need to do better if I'm going to keep her happy and keep her here.

"I did, Alpha. I hope that was okay," Christy says.

"Of course. What did she eat?"

"I made her a sandwich."

"Good. Thank you for that," I say, watching her relax. It's a strange response. I'm not an overbearing Alpha, so I'm surprised

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that she looks uptight.

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"She's your Luna. She can have whatever she wants whenever she wants it. I'll talk to her about taking over ordering the food. Then you can go directly to her if you need anything in the kitchens."

"Yes, Alpha."

"Would you bring me a plate when you're done making lunch?" ask.

"You can have this one, Alpha," one of my other omegas says.

## I look at the **The Pack's Nemesis (Quirin's Story)**

Quirin

When I get back to the hallway with where we have our offices, walk into Kier's office.

"Looks like you have an admirer," I say, putting the plate down front of him. He smiles but doesn't comment

"How's our Luna?" he asks instead,

"Good. I told her she could do whatever she wants to the pack hospital, just so you know. If for some reason I'm not here ..."

"I'll make sure she knows that anything she wants to do is okay?" he asks, making sure he understands the level of autonomy I'm giving her.

"She can level the building and start over if she choo

to do so

He looks at me a moment. "You know our warrio

will nev

go there."

I shrug. "Maybe she can look after the pups when they scrape their knees or get splinters in the feet. I don't care what she does over there, I just want her to be happy."

"Free rein. Got it. Also, the last of our hostages perished during interrogation while you were checking on Luna Kennedy."



"You?" I ask, wondering if he lost control and killed our last remaining hostage. I was hoping to get more information out of him.

"No, Arlo. Apparently, he went a bit too hard on him."

Arlo is one of the rogues that is more aggressive than the others. He's one that I have to keep in line which is why I told him to get out of the kitchen earlier. He's a fantastic fighter, but that's partly because he likes to hurt people. I understand that, since I'm the same. But Arlo doesn't show the same restraint that I do. During sparring matches, most of the injuries to the other warriors come from him. If he had more control of his anger, I'd make him my Lead Warrior, but he's just shy of feeling like a loose cannon, and I don't trust him completely to lead my warriors.

"No more interrogations by Arlo until I approve it."

"Well, we're out of hostages, so until we have more, it's a moot point."

I head back to my office and look over the pack's finances, making sure that we're still making plenty of money. Since the pack doesn't spend money frivolously, we have plenty, enough for me to build a new pack hospital, throw an incredible Luna party, and still have money to spare.

Since I'm thinking of it, I call Luna Farrah.

"Quirin, I hope everything is okay?" she answers.

"Yes and no. I need your help."

I can almost hear her eyebrow raising through the phone line. "You've never asked for my help before. What could be so important that you need my help now?"

Before I can answer, she interrupts. "Oh wait. That's right. You have a sweet new Luna. How is Alpha Kennedy?"

"Luna Kennedy," I say, stressing the title, "is doing well. She's evaluating our crappy pack hospital as we speak."

"And she's wearing your mark?"

"Of course."

"And you're wearing hers?"

"She's an Alpha female, Farrah. There's no way she wasn't going to mark me."

"Good. What can I do for you, Quirin?"

"I need to plan a Luna ceremony. I don't know the first fucking thing about having a Luna ceremony."

"Do you want one that is suited to your utilitarian pack, or one that is suited to her?"

"It's her ceremony, it should be reflective of her."

"You know the pack may not like that," she says.

"I don't give a fuck if they like it. I've already told my Beta that anyone who doesn't accept her, can leave."

"Alpha Quirin, you make me proud," she says, and I can hear the pride in her voice. I feel my throat tighten. Farrah is one of a handful of people whose opinion of me matters. No one's matters more than Kennedy's, but Farrah and Henry are close seconds. Her saying that she's proud of me means everything to me. "Thank you, Luna."

"Now, what do you need, and when do you plan to have this party?"

I spend the next couple of hours talking about the party planning before I finally

tell her that I don't care what she does as long as Kennedy will like it. She can come paint my pack pink with little puppies and kittens all over the walls if that's what will make Kennedy happy.

"How much money do I have to spend, Quirin?" she asks.

"Whatever it takes," I tell her.

She chuckles. "Luckily for you, I won't take advantage of that, but I will be putting together a party unlike anything you've ever seen before."

"Thanks, Farrah."

"You can thank me by being the kind of mate that girl deserves," she says,

"I'm working on it," I tell her.

We say goodbye and then it's time for me to go find Kennedy.

This time when I open the mind link, I can feel the wheels in her mind working overtime.

Are you about ready for dinner, mate?' I ask her.

'Oh! Yes. I have so much to talk to you about, Quirin.'

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Okay, I'll come get you.'

'I'll meet you there, she says,

"Are you smiling?" Kier asks, walking into my office.

"You know I don't smile," I grumble.

"That looked awfully close to a smile."

"Hey, how do you think the pack will respond to Kennedy's Luna ceremony?" I ask him.

He frowns. "What kind of ceremony?"

"The kind she would want," I say, watching him.

He whistles low. "I don't know, Alpha. We're not really a pack who enjoys frivolous parties."

I nod, knowing he's right. "Well, we're going to have one. Farrah is going to put it together. If you hear any grumblings about it, shut that shit down."

"Yes, Alpha."

"I'm going to have dinner with Kennedy. You're welcome to join us if you'd like to get to know your Luna. Then, I'm going to show her around the pack and Raif wants to run with Echo.",

"Echo? That's a pretty name."

I growl, feeling extremely possessive of my mate.

Kier raises his hands. "I was just making a comment, Alpha. I'm not after your mate."

"That's good because she's wearing MY mark and I'll kill anyone who tries to take her from me."

"As you said, she's wearing your mark. Before you go, Alpha. One more question."

"What's that?"

"Are you expecting that Alpha Warren will be coming for Luna Kennedy's Luna ceremony?"

I scrub my hands over my face. "Yes. I'll have to make an announcement. Anyone who wants to be away during her Luna ceremony will have to accept her as their Luna before they leave. Otherwise, they're not welcome to return."

He blows out a breath. "I hope she's worth it Alpha."

This time it's Raif who growls and Kier's wolf, Rowd, lifts his neck in submission.

"Never doubt for a minute that she's worth it."

"Yes, Alpha," he says. Raif holds him there long enough to make his point before releasing him.

Then I walk out, ready to go

## The Pack's Nemesis (Quirin's Story)

Kennedy

"How long has it been since anyone has ordered supplies?" I ask Deborah. Everything in this hospital is outdated. I'm not even sure I would know how to use the x-ray machine. It looks like it's older than I am.

"We order the basics that we need for pups; bandages, antiseptic occasionally some sutures, but that's about it," Deborah tells me.

"Okay, I know you said the pack basically lets their wolves heal them, but what about labor and delivery? Ultrasound machines, baby heart monitors, that sort of thing?" I ask.

"Well, it's like I said before. We're all used to getting by, so when we're pregnant, we just deliver our babies."

"And no one has ever gotten an infection? No one has lost a child because it was a breech birth?"

"Well, I didn't say that. We have lost a couple of mothers and pups over the years due to a difficult birth, but mostly, if we lose a pup during pregnancy or delivery, we assume they weren't strong enough to survive," she tells me.

That might be the most archaic thing I've ever heard.

"I'm going to talk to Quirin, see about getting some supplies. I mean, what if someone gets really injured in an attack? We have nothing here to treat them with."

"We have antiseptic and sutures," she says, shrugging. I look at the barren shelves of the storage room. Well, it's barren except for the hundreds of cobwebs in here and the one shelf that has the most basic medical supplies on it. There's nothing for a triage kit, nothing for a crash kit. There's nothing.

She then walks me around the rooms. Even the beds and gurneys look rusted and old, like they'll collapse if someone lays on them. I'd be afraid to even put a pup on one of these.

I begin making a mental list of everything we'd need to bring this hospital up to speed. The amount of money it will take will be astronomical. I have no idea how much money Quirin has or is willing to put toward the hospital, but I intend to ask him.

I feel him open the mind link between us and ask if I'm about ready for dinner. I look at my watch and realize I've been going through the hospital all afternoon. Rather than have him walk over here just to walk back, I tell him I'll meet him there.

I tell Deborah that I'll see her tomorrow and then begin walking back to the packhouse. I'm excited for Quirin to show me around the pack lands. Just from the short walk between the packhouse and the pack hospital, I can tell that that pack lands are gorgeous.

When I step back inside the packhouse, the difference between what's been done here and what's been done at the pack hospital is night and day. Everything here is upgraded. While it is decorated simply, the furniture, paint, and hardware around the packhouse are obviously all newer. Even the kitchen has been upgraded.

I can hear the sounds of the pack and the smell of food coming from the dining hall, so I make my way there. When I step into the room, looking for Quirin, the entire room goes silent as everyone turns to stare at me.

"Hello," I say suddenly feeling very self-conscious. If I didn't know better, I'd say I forgot to put clothes on today, or that I

was covered in blood.

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No one answers, so I look around. "I was looking for Quirin."

"I'm right here, Kennedy. Did you get any food?" he asks, walking up behind me. "Uh, no. I just got here."

Quirin looks at the room frowning. "What's everyone staring at If you didn't hear me last night, this Kennedy Hill, and your Luna."

"Yes, Alpha," they murmur before going back to their meals.

I sigh and head over to where the food is. "This looks delicious, say to the omegas who are bringing out the food.

"Thank you, Luna."

my mate

"What do we have tonight?" I ask, as Quirin grabs a plate, handing one to me. He looks surprised that I'm asking, but I know from experience that omegas feel empowered and happy when you recognize and acknowledge them.

Quirin stands by while I listen to the omegas tell me what they put out for dinner and then I ask who made what so I can make sure to tell them later what a great job they did.

When they finally go back into the kitchen, I step up, planning to try a little bit of everything.

"What was that about?" Quirin asks me.

"Hmmm? Oh, just making sure that we keep our omegas happy, I say, starting to take a little of everything. I look up to see him frowning in the direction that the omegas went.

"What's the matter?" I ask him, following his gaze.

"Nothing," he says, then turns back to me and looking at my plate. "Are you hungry?"

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"Yes, but I want to try everything so I can tell them what a great job they're doing,"

I say, continuing to take a little of everything.

"What if you don't like it?" he asks.

"I'll find something positive to say about it. Like this, I don't particularly care for pork loin, but they did a lovely job of making it look appetizing," I tell him, taking a slice of the pork. And you never know, I might like it."

He gets quiet while I finish putting food on my plate. "Where do you normally sit?" I ask him.

He shrugs. "Wherever there's a spot."

I look around, not seeing anywhere that has two places.

"Maybe we can sit outside," I say. He frowns, looking around. "No, we can sit here," he says and leads me to a table where he tells the group to scoot down. The table falls quiet as I sit down and Quirin sits beside me.

"How is everyone today?" I ask them.

They all mumble that they're fine. I force myself to continue smiling. I knew this pack would be different than mine back home, but eventually they'll come around to me. I'm sure they will.

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"What do all of you do in this pack?" I ask, taking a bite of food and making note that it's delicious. "Mmm, Quirin, you have to try this," I say, taking my fork and getting a bite for him.

I hold it out for him, watching him frown as he leans forward to make the bite.

Then I watch as his face registers surprise. "Hmm, that is good."

"Susie made that," I tell him, turning back to the table.

"We run patrols, Luna. We keep the pack safe," one of the warriors says as if this is obvious.

"All of you do?" I ask.

"That's right," another warrior says.

"What did you say about my mate, Luna?" another warrior farther down the table asks me.

"Who's your mate?" I ask, looking from him to Quirin.

"Susie is Kelvin's mate," Quirin says.

"Oh, I said this beef wellington is fantastic. Maybe the best I've ever had," I say, watching as he smiles proudly.

"My Susie knows how make some good food. I'll let her know you said so," he says.

"Oh, I'll tell her myself," I say, trying a different bite of food.

"So, what did you think of the pack hospital, Kennedy?" Quirin asks me. I feel the warrior's eyes come back to me.

"Well, it's obvious that you haven't updated it like you did the packhouse when you took over here. I'd like to get some things..."

"Get whatever you want, whatever you think you'll need."

I look at him a moment. "Some of the equipment is pretty expensive, Quirin..." I begin again.

"Just get it if you think we need it," he says, cutting me off again,

I decide to hold that discussion for later when we're not amongst the others in the pack.

"I'm going to get some of that beef wellington. That was really good," Quirin says and goes to get some.

"So, you're fixing up the pack hospital?" a warrior asks me.

"Well, just stocking it I guess," I say.

"Why?" another warrior asks.

"Well, Deborah told me that your wolves are all really strong and can heal themselves, but sometimes, a little help goes a long way to healing you faster."

"But, you're not a doctor, are you?"

"Well, no. But I've been assisting my mom in the hospital for years and I intend to start going to medical school."

"Does Alpha know that?" one of the warriors asks me.



"We haven't really talked about it."

"What haven't we talked about?" Quirin asks, sitting back down again.

"Me going to medical school."

He shrugs. "You can if you want. As long as you take online classes. I don't want you going away to college. Oh, and I told the kitchen omegas that I'd talk to you about doing the ordering for the kitchens. Do you know how to do that?"

"Of course I do," I say. I'm the oldest of my mother's daughters. She's the Luna of our pack. My mother may run the pack hospital, but she also handles her Luna duties. I've helped her with that for years as well.

"Excellent. Mmm, and make sure Susie puts this on the menu at least once a week. I can't believe I've never tried it before."

"Stick with me, Alpha. I'll teach you things," I say, smiling at my mate. He gives me his usual arrogant eyebrow raise with the barest hint of a smile.

"Are you ready for your tour, Luna?"

"I am," I say, turning to the group. "Thank you all for letting us join you for dinner this evening."

"Bye," they say.

follow Quirin out the back of the packhouse. He seems distracted as the pack nods or says hello, so I make sure to acknowledge them as we pass.

"Little Pup, I thought we'd start with seeing the pack lands, let our food digest a bit and then Raif would really like to run with Echo.

'YES!!!' Echo practically screams in my head.

Quirin looks at me, that sexy eyebrow raised again. "Even I heard that."

"She's as excited to spend time with her mate as I am," I tell him, reaching out to

hold his hand. He gives me the Quirin equivalent of a smile and brings our joined hands to his mouth, kissing the back of my hand.

He takes me around the pack lands and I was right, they are gorgeous, truly beautiful.

'I will definitely be happy here,' Echo says. I couldn't agree more.

When he brings us to the overhang, I gasp at how beautiful it is. The sun is setting and it's like a painter painted the valley below in oranges, yellows, and reds.

"Oh Quirin, it's stunning," I say.

"Yes, you are," he says, and I turn, seeing him watching me. I blush, thinking of how fantastic last night was and wondering if maybe he'll want to do that again tonight.

"Are you ready for Echo and Raif have their time?" he asks.

I nod and begin stripping down, still shy about being naked in front of any mate. I shift and look up at Quirin who hasn't yet shifted. He kneels down, running his hands through Echo's fur, making her purr.

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"You are as beautiful as your human Echo," he says, and she leans against him.

He kisses the top of her head then leans over to her ear. "But Raif wants to hunt his mate. You'd better run, Little Pup," he growls.

Echo yips excitedly and takes off. A moment later, we hear Raif's growl and hear his large paws hit the earth. Echo turns and we see Raif running after us. He lifts his head to the sky and howls the howl of the hunt.

Echo lifts her head and howls her challenge back to her mate before pushing herself hard and fast. Raif hunts us for a good hour before he finally captures

Echo. When he does, he wastes no time in mating her, sinking his teeth into her neck.

Echo howls happily, proud to be marked by her mate and loving the feel of their mating as much as I did. Raif growls possessively, his body jerking with his release before he releases Echo and she takes off again.

It's hours later when we finally make our way back to the overhang. Echo is exhausted and sated and rubs herself against Raif, purring loudly. We lie down at the cliff's edge, looking out at the lights of the city below and before I know it, I've

fallen fast asleep.

AD

No Ads

time. "Has any food gone out to the warriors yet?"

"We're just about to start taking it out to the dining hall, Alpha. We're still making food knowing how our warriors eat and knowing that many are still healing after the battle yesterday."

"Okay, do you have two? Beta Kier will be hungry as well."

"I made this one for him," one of my omegas says. I raise an eyebrow at her and

she blushes but doesn't say anymore.

I take the plates just as the omegas start piling the food onto trays to carry out to the dining hall.