

Chapter 23

Emily's POV

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The beeping sound of the heart monitor was driving me insane, and Alex had been unconscious for almost eighteen hours. I was pacing up and down like a mad woman, worried that something serious was wrong with Alex.

"How is he?" Luke asked, entering the infirmary room. He was running the pack in Alex's absence.

It spread like wildfire that Alex was in the hospital, and before long, his room spilled over with flowers and getwellsoon cards.

The pack members loved him, and it made me so proud, but that didn't calm my nerves. He lay way too still for my liking on the hospital bed, and even his scent had lost its intoxication.

"The doctor says that Alex will wake up soon," I replied, yet I didn't believe a word I had just uttered. "His body is just taking the needed rest to heal himself."

"Mmm," Luke said, pulling a sour face. "Alpha hasn't slept much the last couple of weeks. It is expected that he will take the needed rest."

I flinched upon hearing the hidden messages behind Luke's words.

"This all happened because of me," I asked, feeling guilty.

Luke sighed.

"Don't beat yourself up about it," he said, squeezing my shoulder. "Alpha has always been like that when he worries about something or someone. He isn't much of a sleeper."

Did this happen before?

A painful pinch crossed my heart, and tears welled up in my eyes. I

never thought seeing Alex like this would stir up feelings in me. I thought I would be able to ignore the mate bond between us, but now it seems like I was fighting a losing battle.

"How did you know?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

I wanted to know more about Alex—the boy I knew from afar had grown into a man, one that I didn't necessarily know anymore, but I didn't want to make it obvious.

Luke looked at me all confused, not knowing what I was asking.

"Know what exactly, Luna?" He asked.

"That I was the one who crossed the border?" I asked, ignoring the title he used to address me.

"I'm a Lycan myself," he said proudly. "I have special gifts, too."

"Gifts," I said, feeling the word roll off my tongue.

Only fullblooded Lycans were blessed with abilities, and I was surprised to find out that there were more than originally recorded. How many are still alive? How many were hiding in plain sight?

Was it possible that Xavier didn't have all the facts and that the Lycans hid among the packs to try and save our species?

Something about that thought bothered me, yet I just couldn't put my finger on it.

"What kind of special gifts do you possess?" I asked.

"For starters, my senses are more heightened than the rest," Luke said, smiling. "I can see shadows, smell the faintest scent, and pick up vibrations that normal wolves cannot."

"I guess you can read between the lines as well?" I asked, finding Luke's gaze.

"If you are referring to matters of the heart," he said. "I can't, but I am trained to read a person and pick up on their emotions and mood changes."

"How did you know what the warrior said wasn't true?" I asked. "You could have easily taken his side. I have intruded after all."

"Sam linked me," he said. "He told me that he had found an unknown female who looked familiar in the Alpha's office."

Luke shifted his head to the side.

"I had already picked up your scent and knew you kept your promise to visit," Luke said, and a cocky smile formed on his lips. "I tried to send everyone on a wild goose chase, giving you two time to talk."

My face warmed. We never got to talk.

"That doesn't mean I didn't come to assassinate your Alpha," I said.

Luke sighed and brushed his hand through his blond hair.

"Luna," he said, seriously, as he pinned my gaze. "You might be a badass shewolf in your pack, but you are not a coldblooded killer. Except for that, you were more concerned about Alpha Alex's wellbeing than trying to complete the assassination."

"What will you do with the warrior?" I asked, the bruises on my wrists already vanishing.

I was so concerned about what was happening to Alex that the thought of extending my aura or extracting my claws didn't cross my mind. I could have easily taken both the warriors down, yet I haven't. I wasn't sure if it was a good or bad thing, yet Luke believed it was a good thing. Now he had proof to get rid of the warrior.

"I will have the Alpha decide the warrior's fate," Luke said. "You are his mate, and it only seems reasonable that he decides on the punishment. I have already asked the council to investigate the said warrior and bring me more proof."

Luke had asked me what the warrior said to me; he only heard part of the conversation when he came down the hall, which is why he was so angry when he entered.

"Do you think there are other girls?" I asked. I wasn't able to say the

words, but Luke seemed to understand.

"I don't doubt that," he said.

I nodded in understanding.

"Your parents wish to see you," Luke said after a moment of silence.

"I'm not ready to face them," I said. "Why did you inform them of my arrival?"

"I haven't," Luke said. "Sam did; he recognized you."

"Sam? Sam Ranger?" I asked.

Luke nodded.

Sam was part of my group of friends; he was also the first one to turn his back on me when I didn't shift on time.

"Sam became a warrior when you disappeared," he said.

Yet again, there was a hidden message in Luke's words, and I turned my head to look at him, finding his gaze.

"Things weren't easy when you disappeared," Luke said, going toward the window. "Alpha Alex investigated your disappearance. He didn't take your absence well."

"What does it have to do with Sam?" I asked.

"Sam and the group you and Mila moved with were part of the investigation," Luke said, looking out the window. "Alpha Cole informed Alpha Alex on his return that you hadn't shifted and how the pack was treating you. He was outraged about that even before he found out you were mates."

"Did Alex blame them for my disappearance?" I asked.

"No," Luke said, shaking his head. "Alpha Alex has always been a fair alpha. He would work through reports and differentiate between fact and fiction before drawing a conclusion or making a decision. He couldn't find any foul play, yet as punishment for treating his mate badly, he gave the group a choice: leave his pack or join the warrior


program. All of them decided to join the warrior program and defend those who were weaker than them.”

My gaze moved back to Alex. He looked so peaceful sleeping. It seemed that he hadn't changed much; he was still strong and fair, like a true Alpha.

Should I take a leap of faith and give Alex a chance?

Chapter Comments



 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers

Chapter 24

Alexander POV

"Urgh!" I moaned under my breath. The smell of disinfectant burned my nose.

My head was pounding uncontrollably, and my eyelids felt heavy and welded shut.

Where the hell was I?

What the f*ck happened?

Why does everything smell like the infirmary?

I tried to lift my hand to my face, yet I noticed that something warm was preventing me from lifting my hand.

I slowly forced my eyes open, blinking a couple of times against the bright white light, before I could get my eyes to focus.

I moved my confused gaze, confirming that I was in the infirmary, and then down, seeing a girl sleeping and holding my hand.

What the f*ck? How dare she!

"Morning, Alpha." Luke's voice rang in my ears, cutting my wrath short.

"Morning?" I answered, narrowing my eyes. I was pretty sure it was just after midnight.

Luke got closer to the bed, careful not to disturb the sleeping girl. He gave her one small glance, and a soft smile followed on his lips.

What the hell is going on?

Why isn't Luke removing the girl from my room?

Who the hell is she?

"What time is it?" I growled, annoyed.

"Five a.m., Sunday morning," Luke said.

My eyes widened, and then I frowned. I was unable to process what Luke was saying.

It should be Saturday morning at the latest!

Did I lose a day? Or is Luke playing the fool with me?

"How are you feeling?" Luke asked, keeping his voice as low as possible.

Was he trying not to wake the girl?

Does he know her?

"Fine," I hissed, annoyed at his lack of duties. "Why would you ask that? And why am I in the infirmary? Who is that?"

"You can't remember?" Luke asked, and worry crossed his eyes.

"Remember what exactly?" I snapped, staring down at the girl holding my hand. She had her face turned away from me, and I couldn't make out her features.

"Friday night? Rogue attack? You, slipping on a puddle of water in your office?" Luke said.

"I slipped?" I asked, startled. That might explain why I have a headache!

My hand reached the back of my head, feeling the huge, tender bump under my fingertips.

"Yeah," Luke said, and a teasing smile followed on his lips. "You forgot to take your towel again."

"Towel..." I repeated the simple word, but as soon as the word escaped my lips, memories of that night flashed before my eyes.

"F*ck," I muttered to myself. "How f*cking embarrassing!"

Luke usually came to my rescue when I forgot to take one, saving me from embarrassment, yet I kept on forgetting to take the damn thing. It serves me right. Hopefully, I will remember to take one from now on.

"I assume you can now recall the occurrence of that night," Luke asked,

and his smile broadened at the corner of his lips.

"Yes," I growled, feeling embarrassed. "That was my one and only opportunity to be able to claim Emily as mine. Now I have screwed it up! F*ck!"

"You haven't completely screwed it up," Luke said, chuckling. "Luna has been by your side, ever since you passed out."

"Luna?" I asked, bewildered. "Are you referring to the girl?"

"Yes," Luke said, gesturing to the girl. "She hasn't left your side. She seems to care about you more than you have bargained for!"

My eyes widened in disbelief while my heart leaped out of my chest and warmed.

"Emily stayed?" I muttered in disbelief. "She didn't leave?"

"She barely left the room," Luke said. "Maybe you will have a shot with Emily after all."

My gaze landed on Emily, and a smile tickled at the corners of my lips. I need to find ways to court my mate into staying.

I need her by my side; she must become my Luna. I need her to take her rightful place by my side.

It is her destiny! We belong together!

"Alpha," Luke linked, and I narrowed my eyes at him—usually he wouldn't link me when we were alone. I guess he wanted to discuss something that's been bothering him.

"Yes?" I replied.

"We had a little situation on our hands while you were, uh, sleeping," Luke linked.

Something in the way Luke said those words sent a cold chill down my spine, and my gaze snapped toward him.

"What kind of situation?" I growled. "Does it involve Emily?"

Luke nodded, and my heart started to race.

"What happened?" I roared over the link, extending my claws.

Luke's eyes widened, and he gestured to Emily.

"Calm down, Alpha," Luke said, looking at my hands. "You are going to wake up or maybe even hurt your mate."

I took a deep breath and retracted my claws, then sought Luke's gaze.

"You better tell me," I ordered. "Or else"

"Everything is already arranged."

"What is arranged?" I cut him off.

Luke sighed.

"Maybe I should have waited until you were out of the infirmary."

"Luke," I said, giving him a warning glare. He knew very well that I didn't like secrets. "You had better tell me what the f*ck is going on, or I will rearrange the infirmary room while she is sleeping!"

"Very well," Luke said, taking a step away from the bed, ensuring there was some distance between us. "Two warriors saw Luna with you."

"So?" I snapped.

"Uhm." Luke hesitated, and it was starting to work on my last nerve. He never hesitated—except.

Did the warriors threaten Emily?

"Which two?" I barked.

"Sam and"

Luke hesitated, and my right eye started twitching—whatever's name Luke was about to say would leave me pissed.

"Michael..."

Michael's name caught me off guard—he was the youngest wolf to obtain senior warrior status, and was well respected by the pack.

Why did he do it to piss Luke off?

"Did he hurt Emily?" I asked, and my gaze shifted back to her.

I will certainly rip him apart if he dares touch her.

Luke swallowed hard and shifted his weight between his legs, then pulled his hand through his blond hair. Before he looked at me, he certainly looked uncomfortable.

"Luna has bruises on her arms," Luke admitted, yet he could read in his body language that there were more. Luke's gaze shifted toward the window, trying hard to ignore my gaze.

"Why are you investigating him?" I asked, and silence followed. Whatever had happened must have upset Luke a lot.

I knew my beta and best friend well. Luke and I grew up together; I have known him my whole life. We were born on the same day, at the same time, in the same hospital, and our mothers happened to be best friends. We did everything together, and we were inseparable from the age of three. If it wasn't for our looks, we might have passed as twins.


"He threatened Luna," Luke said, waiting for me to lose control.

"Threatened how?" I growled darkly.

What happened next gave me the breakthrough I so desperately wanted.

Chapter Comments



 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers

Chapter 25

Emily's POV

I couldn't help but stare at Alex's peaceful face while he was sleeping. He was so handsome under the dim hospital light.

My gaze started to trace every line of his handsome features, memorizing every line of his perfectly crafted face.

My gaze landed on his full, kissable lips, and my hand unwillingly moved to my own, feeling my face heat as I recalled how his mouth made love to me.

"What's wrong with me?" I suddenly growled under my breath. "I can't do this!"

Yet I couldn't drag my gaze away from his sleeping features.

Everything inside me called me toward him, and my body happily complied with the silent call.

I closed my eyes just for a bare second, yet memories flashed before my eyes, reminding me of his tender and warm touch.

Alex was so careful

Was it wrong of me to want to spend some time with my fated mate?

Would I hurt him if I learned to know him and then left?

Will that make me a bad person?

I had this need, deep inside me, to touch him, even when my mind screamed at me not to.

I sighed, lifting my hand to my lips, and walked to the window.

The pull toward Alex had become unbearable. The mate bond was slowly making it impossible to stay away.

I now had the constant need to stay by his side. Feelings of excitement

and longing bubbled up inside me, leaving me angry, sad, and confused.

I shook my head, turning to look out the window at the crescent moon.

"Mother Moon," I whispered. "Why did my life take such a curve? Why can't I just have a normal life and family?"

The moon rose in silence, not leaving me a clue.

My gaze wandered outside, seeking something to distract me, and I settled on pack members starting off to the clearing. They will be going out on the hunt soon.

On nights like these, I would be the first to be down in the clearing, preparing myself for the thrill of the hunt. Tonight, I had no desire to be outside or get soaked in blood.

"Will my life ever be normal?" I asked, dropping my gaze to my hands. A small smile followed at the corners of my lips as I noticed the small red flame appearing on my fingertips.

"It is still unbelievably magical," I whispered to myself, as I allowed the flame to dance and move between my fingers.

My life was quiet and perfect. I wasn't ashamed of it. I couldn't just pack up and leave, not after all the work I had put into it.

Yet my gaze moved to Alex, silently lying on the bed.

"Can't we just have both worlds?" Willow whimpered. "I know you care for Alex."

"Willow," I said, feeling my heart pinch. "You know we can't stay here; we have a duty to fulfill."

"I know," Willow said. "But he is our mate! Can't we just"

"Our destiny is much more important than staying with our mate!" I said. "We need to find out why..."

"Just stop!" Willow yelled out in frustration. "Alex will help us. I know he will. He is our mate, and he will do anything for us. Just give him a chance. Give us a chance!"

"And what if he is part of the rogue attacks?" I growled, making her silent. "How would I explain that to King Alpha Xavier?"

Willow pulled her ears against her head, unable to argue. She knew I was right.

"I can't allow my feelings for Alex to come in the way of duty," I said. "I must help save the werewolf species; I will not allow the mate bond to influence my mind."

"Emily." Alex moaned my name in his sleep, breaking my wrath, and my gaze snapped toward him. "No, no, no! Don't leave me! No!"

"Is he awake?" Willow asked.

"Not sure," I said, going closer to the bed.

Alex's eyes were moving under his closed eyelids, his hands twitched, and his body became restless.

"Please, Emily," he murmured. "Please don't leave me again! I beg of you!"

A cold shiver ran down my heart, and in the heat of the moment, I took Alex's hand in mine.

Spark erupted where our skin touched, and Alex became calmer.

"See," Willow mused. "Alex needs you just as much as we need him."

"We can't, Willow," I said.

I sat down on the cold, hard hospital chair, and my thoughts wandered off while listening to Alex's soft snoring.

Somewhere during the early hours of the night, I drifted off, dreaming of Alex and our first night together.

I woke up with the sun kissing my left cheek, and I moaned under my breath.

My hand moved over the bed linen, and I froze, noticing the bed was empty—Alex was gone!

What the f*ck? Did something happen to him?

My mind went into overdrive, thinking of the worstcase scenarios. I wasn't ready to say goodbye!

"Good morning, sleepy head." Alex's husky voice filled the air, and my gaze automatically snapped, bewildered, toward the sound of his voice.

"Alex, you are awake!" I gasped, jumped to my feet, and leaped into his arms. "I was so worried!"

Alex chuckled, amused, and my body froze the second I realized what I had done.

That didn't stop Alex; he wrapped his arms around me, pulled me closer to his rockhard chest, and buried his head in my nape, taking a deep whiff of my scent.

Was he about to mark me?

"I" I gasped, panicking.

Alex lifted his gaze, seemingly confused, and searched mine—his eyes a beautiful light silver color.

"I have missed you," he muttered, closing his eyes. "I thought you had left me again."

Alex looked so relaxed and happy, yet I couldn't help noticing the worry behind those last words.

He didn't want me to leave. He wants me to stay!

I wasn't sure if I should yell out of joy or just flee the room.

"I" I started, swallowing hard at the lump that had formed in my throat.

"What's wrong?" He asked, his eyes darkening—he must have noticed the shift in my mood.

"Alex," I said, my voice barely a murmur. "I can't do this. I'll need to leave."

For a moment, Alex just stared down at me, not saying a single word. I was sure he was weighing his options; maybe he was even thinking of

giving in and rejecting me.

A sad smile followed on Alex's lips, yet there was no trace of anger in his eyes.

"Okay," he said, letting go of me, and I took an unwilling step back.

Just 'okay'?

I was stunned—Alex wasn't going to force me to stay. Was he going to reject me then?

"But you can't leave for the White Moon pack on an empty stomach," he said. "What will the king think of me if he finds out I have not fed one of his warriors?"

Alex wants to have breakfast with me. Does he want to share a meal with me?

The thought caught me off guard.

"No, no!" I said. "I'm fine. I'll get something to eat on the road."

"I insist," Alex said, holding out his hand to me and smiling.

My heart leaped out of my chest; his smile was so powerful that it would melt any iccold heart.

I just couldn't resist; I wouldn't mind spending a few more minutes with my mate.

"Very well," I said, accepting his offer. "But I have one condition: we need to work through the pack reports!"

Alex nodded, smiling, taking my hand, and kissing the top of my fingers.

"You wouldn't regret it for one minute," he said.

Oh, Goddess, this was going to be a long, uncomfortable, and unforgettable breakfast.

Will I be able to control my urges while being alone with Alex?
