

Chapter 43: Alpha Harold

Warren

As soon as I kissed Yara goodbye, I'd gone to my office and called Alpha Harold. When I didn't get an answer, I left a message.

'Alpha Harold, this is Alpha Warren. I have something important to speak with you about. Please call me as soon as possible.'

While I'd waited for a return call, I'd tuned in to Yara so I knew about Haynes' and Laney's mate bond.

I'd just about given up hearing back from the older Alpha when my phone rang. When I saw it was him, I answered immediately.

"Alpha Warren," I answer.

"Alpha Warren, this is Alpha Harold. What do you want?" he growls into the phone. He sounds exhausted and worn out. This is why Alphas have pups young. Being an Alpha, especially during times of war like we're in, takes a heavy toll on you. 1

"Alpha Harold, I wasn't sure you'd heard that I attacked Alpha Thomas' pack and killed him and most of his warriors."

"Calling me to let me know you're planning to attack me next?" he growls.

"No. On the contrary, my understanding is that you are not part of the alliance that Quinton, Brady, and Thomas put together."

"What if I'm not? You think that makes me weak? Come see how weak I am, Alpha Warren. I may be older than you, but I have a lot of fight left in me."

"I have no doubt of that, and I have no interest in fighting you, Alpha Harold. It's always been you who has attacked me, not the other way around," I say. He goes quiet for a moment and I hear him sigh heavily.

"What do you want, Alpha Warren?" Rather than being angry, he just sounds worn out.

"When I attacked Alpha Thomas, there were omegas, young mothers, pups..." he begins growling again.

"I don't kill the weak," I snap at him. "So, stop verbally fighting me and listen to what I have to say."

"Fine," he says.

"I brought them to my pack. Many of them are in bad shape. They were forced into mate bonds and while they may not be healthy, they've survived the death of the mates who forced their mark on them. They told me they were from your pack and they want to come home, Alpha Harold."

"How many?" he asks me.

"I don't have an exact count, but I'd say twenty to thirty."

I hear him sit back in his chair and it's quiet a moment. I let him think it through. I know I'd need to if the roles were reversed.

"I want to speak with them," he says.

"I can't do that, they're all in my pack hospital being treated at the moment. But I can tell you that I spoke to a woman named Tanya, and there was another one, Farrah, who had to go into emergency surgery.

"They survived," he says quietly, and there's a new excitement in his voice.

"They were afraid that you wouldn't consider them part of your pack any longer. I told them that if you were the kind of Alpha they told me you were, that you'd always consider them part of your pack."

"Of course they're part of my pack. I never renounced them," he says sharply.

"And they didn't renounce you. From what they said, Alpha Thomas forced them to accept him as their Alpha."

"I'm glad that fucking prick is dead," he growls.

"As am I," I say.

"What do you propose, Alpha Warren."

"You could bring warriors and come get your pack members..." I begin.

"I can't," he says and sighs again. "I'm putting my pack at risk by telling you this, but if you really do have my pack members, I want them back. We've just returned from attacking Alpha Brady. Him and

his fucking booby traps..."

Now it's my turn to sit back. "So your pack is need of medical attention," I say, my eyes drifting in the direction of the pack hospital.

"And I have no doctor," he says.

I think it through for a moment. "I could bring your pack members to you. They mostly need rest and to rebuild their strength. Some have injuries but we'd treat them before we brought them back to you. I would need your assurance that you wouldn't attack me..."

He scoffs. "You underestimate how weakened my pack is right now."

I make a split second decision. I'll still have to talk to Yara about it, but I'm pretty sure I know what she'll want to do.

"I'll make a deal with you Alpha. You stop attacking my pack, recognize that we have the same enemies in Quinton and Brady, and I'll bring my doctor to look over your pack."

"Are you going to leave him here? We need someone full time."

"No, I'm not leaving HER there. She's my mate, but I haven't had a chance to mark her yet. And I'll warn you right now, if you or anyone in your pack tries to hurt her, I won't hesitate to kill you and them."

"Your mate is a doctor? The Moon Goddess has blessed you, hasn't she Alpha?"

"She's not just a doctor, she's the best fucking doctor I've ever seen. She'll get your pack up and running again. You'll be amazed at what she can do in a short period of time."

"When can I expect you? You'll need to be careful. I would anticipate that Brady will be returning the attack soon."

"I'm not so sure about that. He would have been injured from his recent attack on me," I tell him.

"Ahh, so that's why so many of us escaped. Good to know."

"But watch out for Quinton. He's been too quiet lately. Thomas' death may have thrown him for a loop, but he'll be planning some sort of revenge, on me definitely, and now you possibly for attacking Brady. Let me talk to my mate and I'll let you know when to expect us."

"Alright, and Alpha Warren?"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you. I didn't expect to ever see those pack members again. Today is a good day."

"It can only get better from here for you, Alpha Harold, especially if we start working together."

"It sounds like it," he says and when I hang up, I get a mind link from Bradley that the warrior from Thomas' pack is awake.

I hop up and begin making my way to the hospital connecting to Yara's mind again so I can hear what's going on. It definitely sounds like Noelle trusts this guy which goes a long way towards me trusting him. I still haven't had a chance to interview Laney fully, but now maybe I can get intel from both of them.

When I let Yara know I need to speak with her, she tells me she wants to check on Farrah first, then she can talk.

While she does, I take the time to talk to Travis, but I don't learn much more than I already knew. Basically, the other Alphas have noticed our pack's strength and now they want my mate, not only to increase the strength of their pack, but also to weaken me so they can take me down. Not going to happen.

When she's done, I pull Yara into a hug and just hold her a moment. It'll be another night that I won't be able to mark her. If I wasn't worried about Harold getting attacked, I'd hold off until tomorrow morning, but he's definitely at risk and I don't want to lose the only potential ally that I have.

"I talked to Alpha Harold. He's willing to take his pack members back, but his pack is weak. He doesn't have a doctor," I tell her.

She looks up at me and I already know what she's going to say. "I could help them."

"I know. And I was pretty sure that you'd want to help them, so I offered to let you come with me."

I stroke my fingers down her cheek. "I hate that everything seems to be getting in the way of me putting my mark on you," I say, letting my fingers run over her marking spot. I smile as she shivers. "Maybe after this, we can finally have some time to complete our bond. Would you like that?"

She slides her hands up my chest and around my neck. "You think

you can handle me for the rest of your life, Alpha?" she asks, leaning into me.

I wrap my arms around her waist, holding her against me. "I don't think I'd want to live this life without you in it."

Her grey-green eyes are warm and loving and I feel something close to contentment inside me.

"I don't think I want to live this life without you in it either," she says, making my heart soar.

"Good, then we're in agreement. I like it when we're in agreement. Why don't you go shower and get changed while I make arrangements for warriors and vans to take the patients with us. You need an assistant, who do you want to bring with us?"

She looks around, assessing. "If it's as bad as you think it is, I need Savannah, but that leaves us with mostly nurses here."

"We'll make it work. If we're attacked, we'll be rushing home anyway," I tell her.

I lean in and kiss her, savoring her taste and her cinnamon and nutmeg scent as it increases in the air around us. I take my time, needing and wanting to make this woman mine in so many ways. I love that she surrenders to the kiss, giving me everything that I'm wanting from her.

It's much, much too soon when I finally pull back.

"Come on, I'll walk you to the packhouse. I need to start collecting

warriors."

"Are you bringing Charlie with us?" she asks.

"No, I need him here to protect the pack. Plus, he hasn't marked his mate yet either, so he'd be antsy to leave her."

When we get to the packhouse, I send her upstairs while I meet with Charlie and the warriors I want to take with me.

"WARREN!" I hear my mate yell. Gone is the sweet woman from a few moments ago. In her place is an aggravated mate. I hear her stomping down the stairs.

I smile, knowing exactly what she found when she got to our bedroom.

"Where is he?" she demands of someone in the kitchen.

"In the dining hall, Luna," the omega says.

"Alpha, what did you do?" one of the warriors asks me. The last time I did something stupid, they stood up for Yara. I have no doubt that they would again, but this time, I wasn't stupid.

"Nothing bad," I say, unable to stop the huge smile on my face as I wait for her to enter the dining hall. Everyone has gone quiet, watching to see what happens.

When she walks in, her eyes zero in on me.

"Did you need something, baby?" I ask sweetly, watching her eyes narrow.

"YOU!" she says, pointing at me and stomping over to me. "What did you do?"

"What, baby? You said you like flowers," I say, pulling her against me when she's close enough.

"I said I like flowers! Not that I wanted you to make our bedroom to a damn greenhouse!"

I love that she called it OUR bedroom.

"I wasn't able to get you flowers for a couple of days, so I wanted to make it up to you," I say, still smiling.

She huffs. "Warren, what am I supposed to do with all those flowers?"

"Share them with the pack. I'm sure it will make things look much brighter around here."

"Utterly ridiculous," she murmurs.

I take her chin and tilt it up to look at me. "What was that?"

"I said, you're utterly ridiculous!"

I lean in closer to her. "What I am is utterly and ridiculously in love with you," I say, before taking her mouth in a passionate, possessive kiss.