

Chapter 46: Harold's Secret

Yara

I have no idea how long I've been fixing broken bones, stitching up bleeding wounds, and generally putting the parts of these people back together. This pack truly was a mess, and I steel myself as I walk out of the last surgery room for the rest of what's to come. I can feel the fatigue trying to push its way in, but I can't allow that. Not yet. Not until this pack is at least back to a place where they can start to heal.

"Yara," Warren says, and just his voice soothes something deep inside me. He wraps his arms around me and I take a moment to just breathe in his scent, drawing from the strength that I know he's pushing into me. 1

When I step back, he lets me go. "Where's Savannah?" I ask him.

"She got everyone here stabilized so I sent her to get some sleep and get to know her mate," he says, smirking.

"So...no sleep then," I say.

"Probably not. Although, if he's a good mate, he'll recognize how exhausted she is and let her sleep."

"A good mate like you, you mean?" I say, smiling up at him. I know it's beyond frustrating for him that his mark isn't on me yet. I've actually started to get annoyed with it myself. I'm ready for this man to be mine. I realize that in a very short time, he's shown me that he's

exactly the kind of man that I want to bind myself to for the rest of my life. 1

"Well, not everyone is as perfect as I am, but..." he says, making me laugh, which I know was his plan.

"So, what..." I begin and stop. I lift my nose in the air, smelling infection.

"I thought you said Savannah stabilized everyone?" I say, frowning as I step forward.

"Don't say I didn't warn you," Warren says, stepping back. I look at him, but he's not looking at me.

I turn, seeing Alpha Harold standing on the other side of the room. I begin sniffing and making my way toward him. I notice that all of my warriors take a step back, getting out of my way. The action doesn't go unnoticed by Alpha Harold and his frown deepens as I get closer. 1

"Why the hell hasn't your infection been cleaned out, Alpha?" I demand.

"Because my pack needed to be treated, Luna," he says, aggravation tainting his tone.

I turn making a point of looking around the room. At least half, maybe more of the warriors have been sent back to the packhouse. Savannah did a good job.

"Which members of your pack are still taking precedence over your treatment Alpha?" I ask, my own tone indicating my aggravation with



him.

"They weren't released yet," he grumbles.

"They no longer smell like decaying flesh," I say, turning to one woman. "Except you. You'll be staying here overnight."

"What? No, Luna!" she cries.

I turn and look at Alpha Harold.

He presses his lips together. "I told you that you will follow Luna Yara's orders in this hospital or you'll answer to her."

I frown, looking at Warren. 'Answer to me?' I ask him in the mind link.

'Our warriors were very clear about how...insistent you are in getting them healthy,' he says and I can see his lips twitching. I roll my eyes and turn back.

"Fine, Luna. What do you want me to do?" the warrior asks.

"Sit tight. Since your Alpha is in agreement, then I'm sure he'll be listening to my orders as well, won't you Alpha?" I say, giving him a fake smile and not waiting for his response. "Follow me."

I hear Warren snort but no one gets in my way.

I'm wondering if there's a reason that Alpha Harold is hiding his wound. Maybe it's worse than others know, or it's gotten deeper than he wants others to realize, potentially making him look weak to the pack.

When I get to the room, I hold the door open for him, surprised when Warren comes up behind him.

"I'm not leaving you alone in a room with another Alpha, Yara. And since he is an Alpha, I'll give him the courtesy of being your guard instead of having Bradley in here," he says.

"It's your right hip, correct?" I ask Alpha Harold as I begin pulling out what I need to look over his wound and hopefully stitch it up.

"How did you know?" he asks, pulling off his shorts and getting on the table. I see him give Warren a look, like he's expecting to be attacked if I touch him.

"The way you were limping earlier," I reply before turning to Warren.

"Arric," I say, waiting for Warren's wolf to push forward.

"Yes, little mate," he purrs at me. I point my finger at him.

"I have to touch Alpha Harold to see what's wrong with him and to heal him. No snarling, no growling, no attacking. Do you hear me?"

"If I'm a good wolf, do I get rewarded later?" he purrs seductively.

"Shameless wolf," I murmur.

"A wolf who loves you," he says, and Annika begins purring at him.

"Save it, you two," I grumble, turning back to the table.

"So, is that a yes, little mate? I need some encouragement to behave. He is an Alpha, after all, and you are unmarked," Arric continues.

I narrow my eyes at him. "Fine. But only if you behave."

"Oh, I promise, I can be a very good wolf," he says, his voice still seductive.

When I turn back to Harold's hip, all teasing leaves me.

What the hell! How long has this injury been like this? It looks like it started small and then grew over time, the infection spreading. Does he have no sense of self-preservation? Is he so arrogant that he thinks he could survive something like this? Doesn't he have a young son? You'd think he'd want to stay alive long enough to make sure his son can take over the pack.

"Easy, Alpha. She doesn't realize she's speaking out loud," Warren says. My head snaps up and I look from Warren to Harold, who looks furious.

"It's true, Alpha. She's been doing it ever since we started working on the warriors. After you get used to it, it's actually kind of funny to listen to," Rebecca says, smiling shyly before looking away.

Harold isn't convinced. He looks at me. "Yes, I have a son. He's thirteen. I have no intention of dying. His mother is gone and if I died today, someone else would challenge him and win the position of Alpha, I have no doubt. Perhaps I am arrogant, but I'm an Alpha. It comes with the territory."

"Well, Alpha. Let me explain something to you," I say, flushing out some of the infection in his hip and washing away the dirt and grime. I hear Rebecca suck in air as she sees what I was smelling.

"Do you see these red lines and red areas?" I ask him.

"Yeah, they're just tender areas that haven't healed yet," he says, looking from Rebecca to me.

"Wrong. That's blood poisoning. You've had your infection so long that it's gotten into your blood stream which means it's traveling throughout your body infecting your organs. Do you feel exhausted and run down all the time, Alpha?"

"Yeah, but we're always at war," he says, looking away from me. I stare at him a moment.

"Rebecca, can you step out for a minute please?" I say, watching Alpha Harold. He turns and looks at me and I see his lips press together. He knows that I know.

Rebecca looks between us and then moves to step out. "Rebecca, can you check the warriors who have been stitched up. If they look good, they can go."

"Yes, Luna."

When she's gone, I look back at Harold.

"How's your wolf, Alpha?"

He growls. "He's fine."

"I'd like to hear him say that," I tell him.

He refuses to look at me. "I can shift," he insists.

"That doesn't mean your wolf isn't dying, Alpha. And once your wolf can no longer keep this infection at bay, you'll die too, leaving your young son alone in this world. Is that really what you want?" I ask him gently.

"Of course not," he says, and I can feel his embarrassment at what he perceives as weakness.

"Then, let's get you healthy, and in the future, don't let your infection get this bad," I say gently but sternly.

I look at Warren. "Can you bring me the bag of antibiotics, please."

"Absolutely," he says, stepping out.

"I didn't have a choice. We don't have someone like you around here," Harold says quietly to me.

"You didn't before, but you'll have Savannah now, I'm sure. She's wonderful. But don't give her a hard time or you will answer to me, Alpha," I say seriously.

"Yes, ma'am," he says, smiling as Warren walks back in.

"All settled then?" Warren asks.

"Yes, I think Alpha Harold and I have reached an understanding," I say, smiling at the Alpha as I continue cleaning out the infection. When Rebecca returns, I have her start an IV drip of strong antibiotics.

"Where's your son, Alpha?" I ask him.

"He's actually in the waiting room. I just met him. He's worried about you," Warren says.

"Can he come in here?" Harold asks.

"Once I'm done. Then, I'd like for you to stay the night here, too, Alpha. You can tell your warriors that I drugged you without your knowledge if that helps. But I want these antibiotics to have a chance to take effect," I say.


"My Beta won't be happy about that," he says, smiling.

"Your Beta can get in line. I've been waiting over a week to mark my mate," Warren says.


I turn and smile at him.

Soon. Hopefully very soon I'll be wearing his mark.



Cooper  Author

"Luckily for Harold, he got Yara's assistance when he did."

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