

Chapter 55: Yasmin

Warren

"Charlie," I say, prompting him to report.

"I took half the warriors, as you know, and we ran quietly to Quinton's pack. His Beta was there, but they were having a party, not paying attention and even the patrols were haphazard. We got in, killed the patrols, the Beta, and several other warriors who were partying in the back of the packhouse before anyone even raised the alarm. The omegas and pups never even made it to the safe rooms, making it easier to get of there quickly. The only order I didn't follow was killing Quirin," he says.

I raise an eyebrow. "We don't kill pups."

"I know, but you also said to kill anyone who raised a fist, and he attacked me, as did his mother."

"What'd you think of the son?" I ask, curious.

"The son is as expected for a young Alpha. It's the Luna that has me curious," he says.

"How so?" I ask as we begin walking to the cells.

"She's protective of her son, no doubt, but there doesn't seem to be any love between her and Quinton. She didn't say that, it's just my impression."

"Your instincts are usually dead on, Beta."

I turn and look at Haynes following us.

"Oh, I can leave if you don't want me here," he says.

"No, stick around. That way I can get Charlie's impressions of you later," I say, making Charlie snort and Haynes look nervous.

When we walk into the cells, I can see that Charlie has put several individuals together in each of the cells, especially the omegas who are hugging each other in fear. The smell of it is nearly overwhelming. However, my Beta made sure to keep pups with their parents, if the number of pups clinging to adults is any indication.

"Attention!" I say loudly, making the basement room go quiet. "Is anyone here injured?"

No one responds. I look at Charlie, who shrugs.

"If they are injured, they won't tell you for fear that you'll kill them," a woman's strong voice says from the end of the cellblock.

I walk slowly toward her, lifting my nose and recognizing her as Quinton's Luna.

"Well, Luna, you can tell your pack that I'm nothing like your mate. I don't kill innocents."

"My father is a good man," the young teenage Alpha says, trying to rush toward me, only to be held back by his mother.

"Your father is a murderer, young Alpha," I say, making him growl.

"Tell me, Luna, why is it that your mate wants my mate when he already has you?" I ask her, leaning against the wall. It's meant to make it look like I don't have a care in the world, but I very much want the answer to this question. He'd never be able to keep Yara unless he marked her, which won't be an option for him or Simon very soon.

"Is she your mate, Alpha? My understanding is that your mark isn't on her neck. And hers obviously isn't on yours," she says defiantly.

"Because my pack is continually attacked. But that's changing now. Thomas and his pack are dead, your pack is half gone, and Brady's pack is still recovering," I say, answering snark with snark.

"My father will kill you for what you did," the young Alpha says vehemently.

"He can try," I say, watching him. He's around the same age as Henry, but the differences are obvious. This young man hasn't had to face the idea of taking over his pack at a young age. He still seems to have the innocence of youth and youthful adoration of his father.

I look back at the Luna. "What's your name, Luna?"

"Why, considering a Luna trade?" she says, still snarky.

"Nope. My mate is everything I want in this world," I say and I see the flicker in her eyes as she looks away. Interesting. "So, I'm guessing you must not be everything that Quinton wants in this world if he's looking to replace you," I say, trying to anger her to see what she might tell me.

"I gave him what he wanted," she says, glaring at me.

"Yes, a son. An heir. And now, what? You're useless to him?"

"Don't pretend like you don't know that your mate is making your pack stronger. There's no Alpha on the planet that doesn't want that," she snaps.

I push off the wall and look at her, holding her angry gaze. "The difference is, I want her because I love her and she's mine. I don't give a fuck about how strong she's making my pack. She could be an omega and she'd still be mine. The fact that the Moon Goddess blessed me with one hell of a doctor, someone who IS making my pack stronger than any other, says a lot about what she thinks I deserve in this life," I say. "Rest assured, NO ONE will take Yara from me."

'Warren?' Yara's sweet voice comes into my mind, as if my words brought her forward.

'Yes, baby?'

'I'm done. I'm back in our room. Are you able to join me?' she asks.

'On my way.'

"If anyone is injured, we will provide you with medical care. I am aware that your Alpha and your mates will come for you. That's why you're here and not in the packhouse. You are prisoners for now, but that doesn't mean that me and my pack will mistreat you. You will have food, bedding, and medical care. My Luna takes great offense to

anyone dying in her pack, so if you are injured, please let my warriors know. We will have someone look after you." 1

I look at Quinton's Luna and son again before turning to walk out.

"Check them. Make sure no one is injured. I don't want to face Yara's wrath if someone dies on our watch," I say to Charlie and Haynes.

"Yes, Alpha."

"And Charlie, I'm going down for a few hours. Do NOT bother me unless we're under attack," I say, jogging up the stairs. 1

When he doesn't answer, I turn and see him and every warrior guarding the cells smiling.

"Go get your Luna, Alpha," Charlie says.

"I intend to," I say, jogging back into the packhouse, excited that I can finally, finally make Yara mine. Goddess, please don't let her be asleep.

When I get to our door, I listen and hear nothing. I steel myself that she might be asleep and if so, our marking and mating will have to be put off for another day. I refuse to wake her if she's too tired for this.

I open the door and look at the bed, finding it empty. Instead, my mate is standing naked in the middle of our room.

"Time to make me yours, Alpha."