

Chapter 69: Unprotected

Yasmin

There was only one place for Quirin and I to go. Back to our pack. There's no one there now, my son is the Alpha of nothing thanks to his greedy father, but that's okay. We'll find a way. I'll find a way to bring my son back to the position he was born for. The only reason I accepted Quinton as my chosen mate was so that my son could be an Alpha. Quinton was fine as a mate, he never forced himself on me, but there was never any love there. It was always an understanding. I give him what he wants and he takes care of me for the rest of my life.

I held up my end of the bargain, but he's completely fallen short on his. He can't take care of me if he's dead. And now, I'm weak and I have to protect my young son.

It takes us nearly a day to get back to the pack at the slow pace we have to go because my wolf is silent. I can only walk so far before I need to stop and rest. Quirin is quiet and since there's nothing that I can say to make losing his father better, I stay quiet too.

I breathe a sigh of relief when we get to the pack lands. They aren't protected any longer, there's no one here to watch the borders, but it still feels safer than being out in the woods with me weakened and my son too young and immature to fight off any warriors that may come along.

We walk through the pack lands, the smell of death and bodies beginning to rot is everywhere. When we walk into the packhouse,

it's eerily quiet. Usually, the packhouse is bustling with energy and activity, but there's no one here. At least, there are no dead bodies in here.

"Let's get something to eat, Quirin," I say.

"I'm not hungry."

"You need to eat."

"I'm not hungry!" he growls. He'd been helping me to walk, but he releases me and rushes upstairs. The sound of his door slamming echoes in the empty packhouse.

I hobble into the kitchen. I never learned how to cook, having been born into a Beta family, so I look around and see what there is that's easy to make. I find some hard-boiled eggs and some bread. I look around and not seeing a toaster, I just pull off chunks of the bread, making a plate for Quirin while I eat. I'll need to figure out how to make food, or we'll have to find another pack to join.

The thought makes me ill. We can't join Alpha Warren's pack. Quirin will never accept it and he and Quinton were enemies anyway. Alpha Thomas is dead and I heard that Alpha Brady had attacked Alpha Warren, but retreated. Maybe his pack is an option. I don't think he's found a mate. Maybe he would take me as his mate. I'm still young enough that I could bear him a son. He needs an heir for his pack. It would keep me and Quirin safe until he was old enough and then he could potentially fight Brady and take over his pack. 2

I need to come up with a plan, we need to burn the bodies before scavengers begin hunting for them, but before I do that, I need to

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rest. I need to get my strength back so I can figure out what to do and I can protect my son. The one good thing about Quinton is that he loved our son with everything in him. I wasn't surprised that he was willing to give his life for Quirin. I knew he loved him that much.

I knock on Quirin's door, but when there isn't an answer, I leave the plate by his door.

"There's food here when you're ready," I tell him.

Then I go back to my room. It smells like Quinton. I stand inside my room breathing in his scent. It now smells like false security to me. He will die and I have nothing and no one to help me protect my son. I wonder if we could live here, off the radar. Eventually, the electricity will be shut off and the water too, unless I can find a stash of money or the bank books. But if they aren't in mine or Quirin's name, we're screwed. Hopefully, Quinton was smart enough to leave everything to his son.

I lay down, thinking that this will be the first thing I do when I wake up. Well, that and check on Quirin. Then, based on what I find, I'll come up with a plan. Maybe there's enough money that we can put up security fences or something.

It's the last thought I have before I fall asleep.

When I wake, the room is dark. I look at the clock and see that it's the middle of the night. I've been asleep for hours. I reach out to Sasha, my wolf, but she's still too weak to respond.

I get up, wanting to check on Quirin. When I step into the hallway, it's dark. The hairs on my arms go up with the complete silence

surrounding me. I never thought of this packhouse as feeling creepy, but it does. I almost feel like an intruder in my own home.

The plate in front of Quirin's room is gone. That's a good sign. I quietly open his door and look inside. His bed is unmade. I step in, looking around.

"Quirin?"

I flip on the lights and see a note on the bed. I feel like my heart stops beating as I rush to the bed and pick it up.

'Mother,

I have to go after him. I at least have to try to save him. I'll be back soon.

Quirin'

Oh no! Fear and dread rush through me. Quirin has his wolf. He'd have been able to run much more quickly than I'll be able to get to Alpha Warren's pack. If they catch him...

I turn, racing down the stairs then stop, hearing a clanging in the kitchen.

I race in, hoping to catch him before he leaves, only to see a stranger in my kitchen.

"Who the hell are you?" I ask him.

He turns and smiles at me, a sickening smile.

"Who are you?" he asks me instead.

"I'm Luna Yasmin. This is my pack. You are an intruder here!" I say, standing my ground.

The man arrogantly looks around. He's definitely an Alpha. He's built like one, and he acts like one. What the hell is a strange Alpha doing here?

"Luna of nothing, it appears. You have dead warriors outside, no omegas inside, empty safe rooms...Where's your mate? Where's Alpha Quinton?" he asks.

I lift my chin. "He's out fighting a war. How is it that you're here, Alpha, with no warriors of your own."

"Ahhh, an interesting question," he says looking around. "Much like you, I don't have a pack left either. I'm guessing this is Alpha Warren's work?"

When I don't say anything, he returns his focus to me. "So, I'm an Alpha without a pack or a mate, and you're a Luna without a pack or a mate. How convenient."

I growl, but without Sasha, it's weak and this arrogant Alpha grins at me.

"Where is your son?" he asks.

"What son?" I ask him. I have no idea what he may or may not know about Quirin.

"Quinton's son. If you're his Luna, I'm guessing it's your son too. Although Quinton may have taken a mistress if you couldn't bear him a child."

"You haven't told me your name, Alpha," I growl again, ignoring his question. He ignores mine just as easily.

"If your son is here, I'd like to speak with him. If your pack is gone, that means that Quinton is either captured or dead. Since you don't seem to have a wolf, I'm going to go with dead, although you don't seem as impacted as I've been lead to believe mates are when one dies..."

He stands there studying me. Then he looks around again. "Or perhaps, your son was captured, and Quinton gave himself up for his son," he says, his gaze returning to me. "Yes, that sounds right. That's why all the omegas are gone too." His eyes narrow on me. "So, you rejected him before Warren killed him, is that it? That would weaken your wolf but it wouldn't kill you. Yes, I think that's it. I think Alpha Quinton gave his life for his son and then you rejected him so that you could care for the boy. So where is he?"

"He's not here," I say.

"Tsk, tsk, Luna. Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying. He's not here." Now I'm grateful that he isn't, but I still need to get to Warren's pack before he gets caught.

"So, the boy's like his father? Going to try and rescue the only person he loves, leaving you here, alone? Unprotected and wolfless," he says,

taking a step toward me.

I turn, rushing to get away. I don't get far before he grabs my hair and yanks me back to him.

"Get off of me! Get off of me!" I scream at him.

"Settle down, Luna, or I'll fucking mark you," he snarls in my ear.

I'm no match for his strength without my wolf, so I calm down, trying to think of a way out of this. He begins stroking my hair, still holding me against his body with his free arm.

"Now, as it turns out, I just lost the woman I intended to make MY Luna. The woman who was going to give me my heir. But since I've got you now, I think we both know that you're more than capable of carrying an Alpha heir, aren't you?"

"Fuck you!" I growl at him.

"Oh, you're going to, don't worry and you're going to do it willingly or when your son gets back, I'll kill him. I'm going to let you go and you're going to be a good little Luna and take your clothes off, bend over that couch and I'm going to fuck you until I put a pup in you. Then we're going to figure out how to keep the electric and water on here until I have my male heir and he's old enough for me to take away from here. Then, and only then, will you be free to go. Do you understand?" he asks.

When I don't answer, he yanks my head back by the hair. "Do you understand," he growls in my ear.

"Yes. Yes, I understand."

"Remember, your son's life is at stake," he says tapping my cheek hard before releasing me. "Now, turn around and strip for me."

I take a step away from him, willing myself not to cry. I can't help the fear that I know he must smell and is obviously getting aroused by if the bulge in his pants is any indication.

I turn around and from the corner of my eye, I see movement. I've been a Luna long enough to have learned how to keep my features schooled. I don't look, even though I'm desperate to know if it's Quirin. However, I don't smell my son.

"Do I at least get the name of the man who's pup I'm going to bear?"

"Simon, but you can call me Alpha."

Suddenly there's a flurry of activity and I'm slammed against a wall. The group of warriors takes Simon down to the ground and a large man comes sauntering over.

"Luna Yasmin, are you hurt?" he asks, looking over at me.

"No," I say, recognizing some of these warriors as Alpha Warren's.

"Is your son alright?" the female warrior in front of me asks.

"Yes," I say. I have no intention of telling them that he's gone after his father.

"Alpha Simon," the big man says, looking at my would-be rapist. "

Alpha Warren wants to have a word with you. He isn't happy with the bruises you put on our Luna," he snarls and almost as one, the warriors begin kicking the Alpha until he's a bloody mess.

"Let's drag his ass out of here," the big guy says and the woman in front of me tosses him some rope. They tie Simon's hands behind his back, then tie his legs together leaving two long pieces of rope. I have no idea what they're doing until two of the warriors shift and the ends of the ropes are tied around their necks.

"Let's get him home," the big guy says and the wolves take off, literally dragging Alpha Simon behind them.

When the big guy turns and looks at me, I try to press myself tighter against the wall.

"Luna Yasmin, we're not here for you. As long as you and your son stay away, we won't bother you. And rest assured, Alpha Simon won't be bothering you again either."

I nod.

The man looks at the woman in front of me. "Let's go Laney."

She nods at me, and then the two of them shift and take off.

I give them a twenty minute head start before I begin following them. I need to get to my son before he does something stupid!