

Chapter 74: Quinton

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Warren

As soon as Haynes walked out of my office to find Laney, I turned to Charlie. "Let's deal with Quinton. I want this done before Yara returns and I want the pack to be able to settle and enjoy the party tonight."

"You know I'm with you, Alpha," he says, as we stand.

I stop, turning to him. He has always been with me. Always.

"You are now and have always been my greatest ally and friend. You, more than anyone, stood beside me when we were in our darkest times. You never betrayed me. You never took advantage of times when I was weakened. If anything, you fought harder to make sure I got stronger so I could continue as this pack's Alpha. Now, as the sun begins to rise on our lives and the darkness is washed away, I want you to know that I will never forget that. You have my trust and my loyalty, always."

"Thank you, Alpha. You've always been the kind of Alpha that I wanted to follow," he says, his voice thick. I wait while he gets hold of his emotions. "Besides, your job sucks. Mine's much better," he says and both of us laugh as we leave my office.

When we get down to the cells, Simon is moaning in his cell, rolling back and forth on the floor. I ignore him and turn to Quinton. He's watching Simon dispassionately.

"You planning to do that to me?" he asks.

"If you had ever gotten your hands on my mate, had left bruises on her, had tried to rape her, yes. Lucky for you, you never got the chance. Your death will be quick. Does it matter to you that my warriors found him trying to rape your mate?" I ask him.

He's on his feet in a flash, his teeth bared. "Did he touch my son?"

"Not to our knowledge. Yasmin told my warrior that he was fine. They didn't see him."

"What the fuck kind of asshole goes around trying to rape Lunas," he growls.

"Want to take a turn at him before I kill you?" I ask him.

His head snaps to mine. "You'd let me?"

"Don't kill him. I'm not done with him yet, but he went after your mate too. You may not love yours the way I love mine, but as an Alpha, I know I'd want to make him hurt."

"Yeah, I'd love the kick that arrogant asshole right in the face," he growls.

"No!" Simon groans.

I stand back as Charlie opens the door to Quinton's cell. He stays behind him as another warrior opens the cell door to Simon's cell.

Quinton stalks into the cell. "You were so fucking arrogant the last we talked. Now look at you. At least I'll die with dignity," he says, smashing his foot onto Simon's hand and smashing the bones in his

hand. Simon screams in pain.

He kicks him hard between the legs. I know he must be sore from being cauterized, but having your dick smashed is going to hurt almost as bad. It must because Simon turns his head to the side and vomits. "That's for touching my mate. I promised to keep her safe and you made me break that promise."

Then he stomps on his knee, snapping it out of joint, probably breaking it. "That's for thinking you could walk into my house like you fucking own it. You don't."

He turns, stepping back out of the cell. "Thank you for that."

I look at him a long moment. "If you were a different kind of person, I think we could have been friends. But you let greed take over your life."

"Don't get melancholy on me now, Alpha. Let's get this done," Quinton says.

"Very well," I say, turning to head outside. I know my warriors are flanking him and Charlie is behind him, so I know he can't attack me.

We walk upstairs and I can see that the first delivery has arrived. I smile as I walk farther away from the packhouse. I don't want any blight on my pack's celebration.

"Having a party?" he asks, his tone annoyed.

"We are actually. I have my Luna, home with me where she belongs, Charlie found his mate, and we've made our choice for Gamma. We



have a lot to celebrate in this pack. My warriors deserve it. We've been at war for much too long."

"Seems like that war is coming to an end," he says, as I stop and turn to him.

"It is. On your knees, Alpha."

Several warriors have come to watch me execute the man who caused our pack so much pain and anguish over the years.

"Alpha Quinton, you have waged war against my pack because of your greed and desire to take my mate from me. My pack members have died because of you. For your sins, I sentence you to death, effective immediately. Do you have any last words?" I ask him.

"Please don't hurt my son."

"If your son leaves me alone, I'll leave him alone. If he comes after me, I will kill him."

He nods, holding his head high as I extend my claws.

"Goodbye, Alpha Quinton," I say, and remove his head in one swipe of my claws.

My warriors lift their head to the sky and howl happily that one of our tormentors is gone. I have no such positive feelings. I take no pleasure in killing, especially an Alpha who had as much promise as Quinton.

"Burn the body," I say, heading back inside. My gloomy mood follows me inside until I see more flowers being delivered.



"Is this all of them?" I ask one of the omegas.

"Oh no, Alpha, we've only gotten two deliveries so far," she says.

As bad as my mood just was, the thought of Yara's response when she walks in helps to lighten it. I walk back to my office, Charlie following me, looking behind him and shaking his head.

"So, is this what our lives are going to be like now? Parties and antagonizing our Luna?" he asks me.

"Goddess, I hope so. But after tonight and after we finalize our ranked members, I want to meet with Harold. Quinton made a good point."

"What was that?" he asks.

"This war needs to end. There's only one Alpha left and we need to take him out."

"He's the worst one, the hardest one to get to."

"I have an idea about that, but let's wait until we meet with Harold. I think I'll invite him and Henry to our pack ceremony, what do you think?" I ask Charlie.

"Why not, that's what allies do, right?"

"I honestly have no idea. We've never had allies before. If he comes, maybe we can talk then."

We talk a bit longer before Charlie goes to work. He and I have had to

restructure our days now that we're not fighting all the time. Before, it was take care of what was most pressing before the next attack. Now, I finally feel like I'm able to start managing our pack like I always should have been.

I've lost track of time when I hear her.

"WARREN! WHAT DID YOU DO?"

The moment I hear her voice, my heart lightens and a smile spreads across my face that is so wide it hurts. I stride from the office, walking out into an explosion of flowers. Holy shit! I had no idea it would look like this. It's like a fucking jungle in here.

It's perfect!

"Hi baby! How was your day?" I ask her as if there's nothing out of the ordinary about having a packhouse full of flowers.

"How was my day? HOW WAS MY DAY? What the hell is this?" 1

"Well, the pack and I," I say, looking around and including all of them in the fun. "We were so glad to have you home that we wanted to celebrate by giving you flowers."

Her mouth falls open and she looks at me like I've lost my mind. It takes every bit of Alpha training I've had for the last 30 years to not laugh out loud. Goddess, I love this woman.

"How many flowers did you buy?" she asks, looking around.

"Umm, Carrie, how many did it end up being?" I ask, not looking away from Yara.

"I believe we decided to buy out five florists, Alpha. The largest we could find," she says.

"Five..." Yara says in amazement.

"Welcome home, my love," I say, walking up to her and pulling her to me.

"Tonight, we're having a celebration! Our Luna is home! Our Beta has found his mate! And our Gamma position has been offered and accepted. Let's party!" I yell, watching my mate's smile spread across her face.

As the pack cheers around us, I take my mate's mouth in a fiery, possessive kiss. Her arms wrap around me and I kiss her until there's nothing but us - no cheering, no scent of flowers, only her, her smell, her taste and her body pressed against mine.

Quirin POV

I watch as my father is brought outside.

"Quirin, no! We need to go!" My mother found me about an hour ago, and she's been trying to get me to leave, but I refuse. If I can't rescue him, I can at least be here to watch him die.

They say words back and forth, Alpha Warren and my father. And then my father raises his head, proud until the end. When Alpha Warren removes his head, my mother looks away, but I don't. I watch as the warriors all howl their dominance over my father.

I watch Alpha Warren walk back to his packhouse. I'd seen the

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flowers coming in this morning. They're going to have a party. They're going to celebrate that my father is dead.

The pain in my heart turns to hatred as I watch him walk inside.

One day. One day I will have my revenge. 3

 Cooper  Author

“Is anyone surprised by Quirin?”

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