

Chapter 77: Possessive

Warren

I wasn't surprised when we had several of our warriors submit requests to battle Haynes. I would have been more surprised if they hadn't. The pack hierarchy is built on strength and leadership. Haynes has shown his ability to lead and to learn what he doesn't know, but now he'll have to prove his strength. I'm not worried. If I didn't think he had the strength to defeat the other warriors, I wouldn't have chosen him as my Gamma, and neither would Charlie.

After waking with my mate lying over top of me, and giving her my best effort to ensure she's carrying my pup, I head downstairs to call Harold.

"Good morning, Alpha Warren," he answers.

"It is a good morning, indeed, Alpha Harold."

"It sounds like it. May I ask what's made you so happy?"

I tell him about our pack's party last night, celebrating our strength and togetherness.

"That sounds...incredible. Perhaps I should consider doing something like that here," he says.

"I honestly didn't realize how much our pack needed it, Harold. If you have the chance, I would suggest doing something like that. The feeling in my pack this morning is just amazing. It's unlike anything I've ever felt before."

"I'm very happy for you. I'll definitely have to think about that and what we could do here. But I'm guessing you didn't call to just tell me that," he says.

"No, I called for two reasons. First, to tell you that I executed Quinton yesterday."

"How are you doing after that? Executing another Alpha is never easy," he says, seeming to understand the emotions I went through yesterday.

"No, it wasn't easy. Maybe it's because I don't consider Simon an Alpha, but torturing him is easy. Killing Quinton...honestly, it sucked. He and I, in a different life, could have been friends."

"The two of you had a lot in common. You were both passionate about your packs, you were strong leaders and great fighters. I think you're right. It just goes to show you how two people who are so similar can go down very different paths. Where is his son?"

"As far as I know, Luna Yasmin moved the two of them back to their pack."

"Perhaps Henry and I will go see him, see if they want to join our pack. Perhaps we can change the direction of the son, so he doesn't end up like his father." 2

"I think a conversation like that would be better coming from you since I'm the one who executed his father," I say.

"I agree. I'll make plans to take a trip over to their pack and talk to

them."

"Which brings me to the second reason I'm calling. I wanted to invite you and Henry to my pack to be witness to our pack ceremony as we bring in all of our new ranked members. I'll be honest, I've never had an ally before, but it feels like the kind of thing you invite your allies to attend. It would also give us a chance to talk in person about the ideas I have for taking Brady out and of course, you'd be closer to Quinton's pack if you were here," I say.

"I would love that. And I think Henry would too. Would it be okay if I brought Farrah. We're still building a relationship, but I think it might be good for her to see what a strong, healthy pack can look like."

"We'd be happy to have your mate. She didn't really spend any time here when she first came in. I think it would be good for her to see what we're building here. Maybe it will help her to see what's possible in your pack now that our war is finally ending."

It's quiet a moment. "I never thought I'd see the end of the war, but you're right. Thomas and Quinton are gone, Simon is out, and that only leaves Brady. Once he's gone..."

"Peace. And that's what I'm striving for."

"That's what WE'RE striving for. We're allies, remember," he says.

"Yeah, we are. And that feels good too. I'll have three rooms made up for you, just in case. If you'd like to come Friday, we'll have the ceremony on Saturday and you can head over to Quinton's old pack on Sunday, if that works for you."



"That'd be great. I'll see you then."

"See you then," I hang up, and mentally reach out to Yara. She's humming with happiness. Goddess the happiness in the pack is making me feel high.

When I step out into the packhouse, I see smiles on the faces of my pack members. People look hopeful, the camaraderie from last night continuing. Some omegas and warriors are talking about where to put the plants that remain in the packhouse.

"Why don't you take some over to the hospital? Your Luna spends a lot of her time there," I suggest.

"Great idea!"

I have work to do, but the feeling coming from the pack feels so good, that I spend my day going around and helping others, spending time with my pack members and getting reacquainted with them, listening to them tell me about their families.

I get involved in helping some warriors who are rebuilding the areas around that pack that have been destroyed in our wars. I'm having such a good time that I completely lose track of time. It's a warm day with the sun shining down, so most of us have stripped down to shorts as we work.

"That sexy as fuck man is all mine. With a body like that, he'll be giving me lots of pups," I hear Yara murmur behind me.

I stand up, looking at my warriors who all try and fail to hide their

smiles and snickers. I don't bother trying to hide mine.

I look behind me. "Did you say something, my love?"

"No," she says. Her arms are crossed over her body and she's leaning against a wall, watching me. Even from here, I can see that her eyes are dark with desire.

"Something on your mind, baby?"

"Did you have them send plants over to the hospital?"

"I did. I thought you'd like to have them over there too," I say, tilting my head as I watch her still looking over my body. The feeling I'm getting from her is very, very possessive. It's not something I'm used to feeling from Yara, but I like it.

Her eyes track back up to mine. "How much longer do you have out here?"

"Not much longer."

"I'll be upstairs," she says, turning and walking back inside.

I turn and look at my warriors.

"We're done here, Alpha."

"Thank the goddess," I say, rushing inside and scooping up my mate. She doesn't seem to care that I'm drenched in sweat. She wraps her arms around my neck and for the first time since I met her, her kiss is more demanding than mine.

I don't release her mouth as I walk us into our room and straight to the showers. I turn on the shower then set her on the sink, moving between her legs as she wraps herself around me.

When I finally pull back, I look at the smug look on her face.

"What's going on in that pretty head of yours?"

She bites her lip and smiles. "I'll tell you after we shower."

I pull her shirt over her head, unhooking her bra and tossing it aside as I kiss her again. I could probably dig around in her head and figure out what's going on, but she seems very proud of herself, so I want let her tell me.

I set her back on the floor and we remove the rest of our clothes before getting into the shower. She makes a point of getting the soap and rubbing it over my body, watching her hands as she does. The possessive feeling I was getting before increases the longer she touches me.

When she looks back up at me, I can see that Annika is forward. "Mine!" she growls.

Arric pushes forward too. "Yes, I am. All yours."

I press her against the shower wall, lifting her leg and sliding inside her.

"Is this what you need?" I ask her, beginning to move inside her.

"I need you," she breathes, kissing my chest and my neck.

She wraps her arms around my neck then lifts herself up to wrap both legs around me. I grab her hair, pulling back to look at her while I thrust inside her. She's never felt this needy before.

I'm about to ask her if she's okay, when her canines slide out. I tilt my head, giving her access and Annika presses her teeth into my neck, causing me to come immediately. I growl, as I thrust harder inside her, Arric letting our canines slide out before sinking them into Yara.

Her body jerks with her release, contracting around me and making me shoot off again. Annika doesn't release me, purring loudly as she pushes her venom into my body.

When she finally lets go, I pull back and look at her.

"What's all this about? Where's all this possessiveness coming from?" I ask her.

Yara smiles, unwrapping her legs from my waist and stepping out of the shower. I quickly finishing washing as she wraps a towel around herself then lifts her pants from the floor, pulling something out of the pocket.

When she turns, she has a plastic stick in her hand.

"What's that, baby?" I ask her, stepping out and grabbing a towel. It must be some medical thing. It has two pink lines in the middle of it. "What am I looking at?"

When I look at her she's smiling and there are tears in her eyes. "It's a pregnancy test."

I stop drying myself, holding my towel as I go still.

"And what do two lines mean?"

"Positive," she says, her voice wavering with emotion.

"Positive? You're pregnant?"



She nods.

I whoop with excitement, grabbing my mate and swinging her around in my arms before taking her mouth in a kiss just as possessive as hers was earlier. I carry her to the bed and lay her down.

"Can we wait to tell the pack during the pack ceremony this weekend?" I ask her.

"That's when I was hoping to tell them. We have so much to celebrate, Warren."

"Yes, we do. We should start right now," I say, sliding back inside her and having our own personal celebration for several more hours.

 Cooper  Author

Yay!!

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