



Chapter 8: Rich

Emlyn's been in my packhouse for four days. Four glorious days. I've snuck her into my room every night. She's my new favorite addiction and while having her here is distracting, I know that once she's gone, it will be much harder.

We're currently at training. I've always run afternoon training, so it was a simple transition to just add the morning training into my schedule for now. Once Jackson is official, he can run one training and I'll run the other. Today, I have to keep refocusing my attention away from Emlyn.

Every daughter of a Guardian is an amazing warrior. Leana and Lily are no different and while I appreciate their strength and skill, Emlyn is my mate.

'She's incredible.' Finley purrs in my head.

I turn, watching her take out one of my best warriors. Then she helps him up and explains to him how he can better protect against her attack before going at him again.

I'm about to turn away from her again, when suddenly she, Leana and Lily all jerk their heads in the same direction. Their sparring partners immediately go still but I'm already walking toward Emlyn.

"What is it?" I turn and see Lily sniffing the air. She has the best sense of smell. Leana has the best sense of aura and I watch as she closes her eyes to focus. Emlyn has the best sense of hearing and as I turn back to her, her head is tilting to the side. In unison they shout, "Rogues."

The three of them shift as one, rushing toward the forest. I'm only a split second behind them as I howl the warning. My warriors are right behind me and it's only a moment later before the patrols raise a second alarm.

"How many?" I link them.

"A lot Alpha."

"We're on our way."

"I count over fifty Rich." Leana says to me.

Finley pushes himself to keep up with the Guardians. We begin pulling away from the other warriors in the pack and we're fairly far ahead of them as we pass a tree line and break into the space where the rogues are overtaking my patrols.

The four of us jump into the fight, tearing into the rogues. Usually rogues are vicious, but untrained. This group seems to have a bit more training than most and are putting up a decent fight, but they are no match for my pack and warriors. We are cutting through them easily, especially since I have three Guardians fighting with me. The pack could have defeated this group without them but having them makes it much more likely that there won't be casualties on our side.

I'm fighting off two and from the corner of my eye, I see another about to jump me. Just as it leaps at me, a beautiful black wolf jumps in front of me, taking the rogue out. That has to be Morrigan, she looks just like Grace's wolf, Maia. I snarl, Finley sinking his teeth into the stinking rogue in front of us before turning and slicing through the stomach of the second one.

I spin around and realize that the rogues have been taken out quickly. There are two still alive and I shift quickly, telling my pack members not to kill them.

"Jackson." I say, seeing Harlo, his wolf, about to kill another rogue. "Keep him alive. I want to interrogate him."

"Kyle," I turn looking at my Lead Warrior's wolf. "Organize the cleanup of this mess."

I turn making sure there are no fatal or serious injuries before speaking to my warriors. "Anyone who got bit or scratched, get to the packhouse and get it cleaned up. I don't anyone getting an infection." Rogues are nasty, dirty creatures and while werewolves have advanced healing, their bites and scratches can cause infection and delay healing.

Finally, I turn to look at Morrigan. "Emlyn, a word." It comes out more of a snarl than I mean for it to.

She shifts back, standing in front of me in all her beautiful, naked glory. I hate that every wolf here can see her, but I have more important things to discuss right now.

"You jumped in front of me."

Leana and Lily come racing over. "Rich, you know it's not something we can control."

I turn on my sister. "I didn't see you or Lily jumping in front of me."

I see the hurt flash in my sister's eyes. "We didn't see it, or we would have."

I run my hand through my hair, before realizing I've just smeared blood all over my face and hair. "Get back to the packhouse and get cleaned up." I say in a softer tone. "I'll be back later."

As Emlyn tries to pass me, I grab her wrist. "Not you." I say and begin pulling her to the forest.

"Richie..." She starts to say before I wheel around on her.

"Not here." I say and continue pulling her away from the battle. I need to calm down. I'm so angry that my mate jumped in front of me during a fight. What if something had happened to her. I could never forgive myself. It's that fear that has me sounding angrier than I am when I turn on her.

"Let me explain something to you, I'm an Alpha and I don't need your protection. I certainly don't want or need you to jump in front of me in a fight and protect me. Are we clear?"

I watch as her eyes go from wide to narrowing in her anger. "No Richie. Let ME be clear. I'm a Guardian. Protecting the pack, protecting Alphas is what I do." She jabs a finger into my chest. "And guess what, I don't care if you don't like it. It's who I am. And if you think because I'm your girlfriend that you can suddenly..."

I cut her off, pushing her against a tree and taking her mouth in a fiery kiss. We both have the lingering taste of rogue in our mouth, but I don't care. My mate is glorious in her anger. She may submit to me in the bedroom, but as a Guardian, she will always challenge me. And it's so fucking hot I need to be inside her right now.

I pull her leg up, my dick already sliding against her folds. Her wet folds. She's turned on too.

I take her face in my hand. "Submit to me Emlyn."

"No." She grits out. Her challenge is only turning me on even more.

I move my hips against her, sliding my dick through her folds, then shifting so it's rubbing against her clit. I watch as her eyes flutter and she struggles not to succumb to the heat I'm fueling.

"Submit to me Emlyn." My voice is softer, but still demanding.

She stares into my eyes a moment more as I continue to slide against her clit before whimpering and giving me her throat.

I lean in kissing and nipping her neck before burying myself inside her. I capture her mouth with mine and I pound into her. It's dirty and raw and so fucking hot. I capture her screams in my mouth as her body clamps down around mine. It takes everything in me to pull out of her right before I cum, releasing onto her stomach.

I put my forehead against hers as we both catch our breath. "Richie, if that was supposed to be a punishment, you're doing it wrong."

I chuckle before pulling back and taking her hand. "Come on, the lake is nearby. Let's at least rinse the battle and the evidence of our little tryst off before I send you back to the packhouse."

We walk into the water, rinsing off. "You're not coming back to the packhouse?"

"I have to go interview the rogues and find out why they attacked. It might be a while. But I'd love it if you were in my bed when I got back." I tell her as we get out of the lake. I go find a shirt for her and a pair of shorts for myself in one of the places where we stash them. I may not have been able to do anything earlier about her being naked in front of the pack, but I'm certainly not having her walk back into the packhouse naked.


I turn to her after she we've gotten dressed. "Will you be there? When I'm done?"


"Yeah, I'll be there Richie."

I kiss her again before walking hand in hand until we almost out of the tree line. "See you soon, Emlyn Grace."

"See you soon, Richie.

 **Cooper**  author

Another Alpha that doesn't like his mate protecting him. Rich is his father's son. I'm going to try a new update schedule. My plan is to update nine chapters a week for this book. I'll give 

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