

Chapter 9: Emlyn

When I walk back into the packhouse, Leana and Lily rush to me.

"Are you okay Emlyn. I'm so sorry. You know how our brothers are."
Leana says, pulling me into a hug.

"I do. And you'd think that they would also know how we are by now."

"What did he say?" Lily asks, pulling us into a private room.

I know they are just concerned about me. They are as much my sisters as Riley is. "Exactly what you'd expect. I'm an Alpha. I don't need you jumping in front of danger for me." I make my voice as deep as I can, mimicking Richie's.

Both Lily and Leana roll their eyes at that. "So, how did he leave it?"

I just found a perfect reason to be in Richie's room, waiting for him. "Well, he needed to go interview the rogues they captured, but he wants me to meet him in his room afterward."

"Ugh! Don't give in to him Emlyn. Richie needs to understand that even though he's now Alpha, we're still Guardians. It's our job as much as it's his job to run this pack." Leana says.

"Don't worry. I have no intention of giving in to him." At least not about being a Guardian, if he demands something else of me, that's another story.

"I'm going to go shower. I jumped in the lake, but I want to use soap and brush my teeth."



"Rogues are so disgusting, aren't they," Lily says.

"I wonder why they attacked," Leana says.

"I know, it's well-known that Guardians are in these three packs. And did you notice that they seemed better trained than normal?" I ask.

They look at each other. "We did. We were discussing that as well," Lily says.

Leana turns to her. "Let's wait for Richie to finish his interrogation and if he doesn't get any good information, let's head to your pack and see if your dad knows anything." Leana turns back to me. "We'll let you know if we hear anything and if you hear anything from your dad, let us know."

"I will." The three of us are the oldest Alpha females in the three packs. Lily only has brothers, and Leana's sisters are much younger. That leaves Riley and while I understand that she's a Guardian, I love my sister and want to keep her as far away from fighting as possible. She's still only fifteen.

When we leave the room, Xander and Cayd snag me. "What happened? Are you okay?" Cayd pulls me into a hug.

"I'm fine." I say into his chest.

"It was no big deal. There was a rogue attack and Em jumped in front of Richie. He flipped out on her." Leana tells her brothers.

Cayd grabs my shoulders and pulls me back. "Are you sure you're okay?"



"Yes, I'm fine." I say as his eyes track over my body looking for injuries.

"No scratches or bites?"

"Cayd, you're as bad as Richie." Lily says to him.

"It's not our fault either. We're Alpha males, it's in our genes to protect, not be protected." Xander says.

"No bites, no scratches and I'm fine. Really." I say to them.

"You'll be happy to know that Richie is still planning to yell at Emlyn. He told her to wait for him in his room." Leana says.

"Where is he?" Xander asks.

"Interrogating the rogues." I tell him.

He turns immediately. "Don't be too hard on him Em. He's an Alpha, the newly instated Alpha of this pack. It's hard to have someone, especially one of our sisters, risk themselves for us." Xander says, heading to the cells.

Cayd turns to follow Xander. "He asked to speak with me, not the other way around." I say to Xander.

"Yeah, but we all know you girls are stubborn and tough as nails." Cayd throws over his shoulder as they leave the room.

I shake my head at them and turn to Lily and Leana. "I'm going to shower. Let me know what you find out."

"Will do."



By the time I shower and get to Richie's room, I'm exhausted. I pull on one of his shirts and crawl into his bed, smelling his scent of warm spice and vanilla. I love this scent and before I know it, I've fallen asleep.

When I wake, I hear the sound of the shower in Richie's bathroom. I sniff the air and can smell the scent of blood and rogue, mingling with the scent of Richie's shampoo and body wash. I hope that means that Richie got some information.

When he comes out, he has a towel wrapped around his waist and he is drying his hair with another towel. I roll completely over so I can watch this gorgeous man. I lift myself up onto my elbow to get a better view. Everything about him is pure Alpha. I watch as a water droplet drips off his hair to his chest, making its way south over his perfectly sculpted abs. I can't help but lick my lips, wishing it was me moving down his body.

"Emlyn Grace." His growling purr makes my body clench. I look back up and see his dark eyes looking back at me. He shakes his head before throwing the towels over the bathroom door and a chair.

I can't help my own purr at the beauty in front of me. Beauty that makes my body sing. As I watch, Richie narrows his eyes at me, but the head below his waistline is starting to stand up and take notice. I bite my lower lip, wanting this man. I can't believe how much I want him even though he was inside me only a couple hours ago.

He crawls into bed behind me, pulling me against him. "I had planned on talking first, but when you look at me like that, I want nothing more than to feel you wrapped around my cock."



After bringing both of us to exquisite pleasure, Richie throws out the condom and comes back, pulling me against him again.

"Emlyn, I know you're a Guardian. I respect and love that about you. But can we agree that you won't put yourself between me and danger? I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if something happened to you while you were trying to protect me." He rubs his nose over my ear. "Can you do that for me, baby girl?"

"I'll try Richie. But it's in my genetics, just like it's in yours to protect your pack and family."

"You're mine now, too, Emlyn. That means I want to protect you as well, and I can't do that if you are putting yourself in front of me."

I roll over, facing him. "What do you propose?"

"My father told me once that he asked my mother to stand beside him in a fight. Not in front of him and not behind him. I don't think I truly understood the importance of what he was asking then, but I do now. I won't try to protect you if you don't try to protect me. We can protect each other. Deal?"

I run my fingers through his messy, still-damp hair. "Deal."

My answer makes him so happy, he has me screaming his name again in no time.