

Chapter 45: Taking Charge

Warren

Even with his 'honesty', Alpha Harold severely understated the state of his pack. My pack was in bad shape, his is on the verge of dying out. I realize immediately that it will take Yara days to care for everyone here.

"What can I do?" I ask her, knowing that she needs more than just Savannah. I step up behind her, putting my hands on her hips and pushing my energy into her. I can feel how overwhelmed she is and knowing that she's the only doctor here, the majority of this will fall onto her.

"Do you have omegas who can sew?" she asks Alpha Harold.

"Yes," he says.

"Get them here," I say to him, looking around.

"You two start triaging, I'll start laying these warriors out for you," I say to Yara, then turn to Harold, waiting for him to finish contacting his omegas. "I would suggest that you let your pack know that what Yara says goes, otherwise she's going to waste valuable time arguing with your warriors."

He makes the announcement, but I can see everyone looking at Yara warily. I stay close to her, assigning two warriors to her like I have at home. One of those is Bradley, who seems to have fallen into a rhythm with her. 1

"I need to get this one into surgery," Yara says.

"This one needs surgery too, Luna," Savannah says.

Yara looks around again, before focusing back on Harold. "Do you have anyone with any medical assistance training at all?"

He looks around. "Rebecca is the one that's been trying to keep us patched up."

"Rebecca, you're with me," Yara says, going over to check on the one that Savannah said needs surgery. "Savannah, I need you to stay out here. Triage and stabilize and I'll send Rebecca to let you know when I'm ready for the next one."

She looks around. "I need a gurney," she calls out. One of our warriors grabs one and then two more lift the warrior onto the gurney.

"If you need help, Yara, let us know," I tell her. She nods, her mind already prepping for the surgery she's about to do.

"I do need some medical supplies. Can you get them laid out so I can send Rebecca out to see get what I need?" she asks. 1

I assign two more warriors to begin prepping the medical supplies. When Yara walks into the hospital room, I look around at the room of people in various stages of injury, partial healing, infection which I can smell now too, and overall despair. This pack knows that they are dying but they've continued to fight.

"What about us?" One of the pack members from Thomas' pack says from the entrance. I'd completely forgotten about them. They'd come

in vans behind us and between Franklin, Harold, and the hideous state of the pack, I hadn't given them a second thought, but they're the primary reason we're here.

I watch as Alpha Harold looks at the group, some of them sitting down because they're still not strong enough to stay standing.

"Look at you," he says softly, gently, and the warriors in the room all begin murmuring. Harold walks over and begins hugging the women and the couple of men that are part of the group. They break down into tears, but I see several of his warriors get up to help get them settled. 1

"What can we do Alpha?" one of my warriors asks me.

"Help me find gurneys and medical supplies. Do whatever Savannah needs help with," I say, assigning one of the warriors to stand with her and take her instructions.

"Alpha Warren, these are my omegas. You can put them to work," he says, gesturing for the four individuals who just walked in, one looks like they're going to throw up.

I remember how Yara was about someone throwing up and I can't imagine adding that smell to the already sickening scent in this room, so I look at the person.

"If you're going to throw up, leave. We don't have time to do more clean up than we already need to do."

The person turns and walks outside. I gesture for the other three to come over to me. "The three of you can sew?"

"Clothes," one says, her eyes as wide as saucers.

"I can help them Alpha. Luna trained our omegas on me," one of my warriors says.

"Okay, do it. Once Savannah says they're ready for stitching, you three will stitch them up."

"Come on, let's get what we need," my warrior says.

When I look over, I see Alpha Harold holding a mini-Alpha ceremony with his pack members, bringing them all back into his pack. He's squatting in front of them, talking softly to them while they cry and accept him as their Alpha again. Beta Franklin is standing behind him, also encouraging the group and helping to calm them.

His pack is still fighting even though they expect to die. They're doing it for him, because they love their Alpha and he's still fighting for them.

I see Rebecca rush out, look at the supplies, then rush back into the room and a few moments later, she comes out again.

"Is anyone ready to stitch for us?" she asks.

"Come on, Little Lady. I'll show you how to do this," my warrior says to the omega. Her eyes go wide but she nods.

When Rebecca sees the omega headed her way, she turns to Savannah. "Savannah, who's next?"

"This one," Savannah says pointing to another unconscious warrior,

barely turning away from the one she's looking at.

"I've got a gurney," one of my warriors says and I walk over, helping to lift the warrior onto the gurney as Rebecca goes back over to the medical supplies and gets more of what she needs.

I take the gurney, pushing it into the room Rebecca tells me to and I get the table set up just as Yara walks in. Her mind is completely focused on her work and she's mumbling to herself about what she's doing and what a mess the pack is.

I walk up to her, kissing the top of her head. "I love you," I whisper before leaving her to her work.

"Love you too," I hear her mumble in between all the other mumbblings she's doing.

When I come back out, I see Franklin standing over Savannah. "What can I do to help?" he asks her.

She smiles up at him a moment before turning back to her work. "We need someone who can clean out infection. Got anyone like that?" she asks.

"What do they need to do?" I ask her.

She stops with her hands not leaving the bloody body of the warrior she's checking over. She looks around and juts her chin at the medical table. "See those bottles of water with the little handle coming out of them?"

"Yeah," Franklin and I say together.

"Grab one of those and start washing out the infection. If you wash it out and its bleeding underneath, let me know," she says, turning back and putting something that looks like a clamp on the arm of the warrior she's looking over.

We get into a rhythm of treating the warriors, cleaning out their wounds and the longer Yara is in surgery, the more warriors that Savannah says can be stitched up.

She's finally takes her last unconscious warrior into surgery. Each time, I've taken the gurney in, kissed her, told her I loved her, and pushed some of my strength into her. But my mate never waivers. I know she'll crash when it's all done, but for now, she continues to push through, so the rest of us do too.

Harold sent his returned pack members back to the packhouse to rest. Savannah tried to get some of the other warriors to go rest as well after they were stitched up, but they refused.

"I'll tell you what my Luna says to my warriors," I say, raising my voice so the entire room can hear me. "If you mess with her nurses, you'll answer to her. You may not know it yet, but you don't want that."

"No, you don't," one of my warriors confirms.

"She threatened to follow our Beta into the Moon Goddess's realm and drag sorry ass back down here," a second warrior says. 1

"Yep, and knowing her like we do, we all agree that she'll do it," another warrior says and my warriors all nod.

"And don't get us started on how she'll make your ears bleed if you disregard her instructions," yet another warrior pipes in, shaking his head.

I look up and see Alpha Harold watching my warriors talk about their Luna.

"Well, you heard them. Apparently, answering to Alpha Warren's Luna is worse than answering to me, so if you act like fools, I'm going to let her treat you like fools. She doesn't sound like the kind of woman who appreciates fools."

"No she doesn't," I say proudly.

I look around, realizing that everyone who had minor injuries is now treated and been released. Savannah has started treating some of the lesser injuries and is helping to stitch up the more injured warriors, explaining what she's doing to the omegas while she does it. Franklin is watching her with a proud, possessive look that I'm very familiar with.

"Alpha Warren," Alpha Harold says, walking up.

"Alpha Harold. You know that you aren't excluded from being dressed down by mate, right?" I ask, noticing that he still hasn't been treated.

He nods, looking around. "I didn't know what to expect when you offered your assistance, but it wasn't this. I thank you, but I'm guessing you want something in return," he says.

I turn and look at him. "You're right, I do."

He presses his lips together. I'm not sure what he thinks I'm going to ask for, his pack maybe, but he's obviously willing to give me what I want for helping his pack members.

"What is it that you want, Alpha?" he asks quietly.

"I want an alliance, Alpha Harold, between you and I. I want the war between us to stop and I want to know that we will help each other, support each other as allies going forward."

He turns, looking at me incredulously. "That's what you want?"

"That's what I want," I confirm.

"Where do I sign?"



Cooper Author

Yay! Warren has an ally!

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