

Chapter 47: Henry

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Warren

I didn't know an Alpha could begin losing his wolf and still shift.

'Strong Alphas can, or ones who used to be strong. You would be able to if I started dying. I'd make sure of it. I'm sure his wolf is doing the same,' Arric says.

'So, once Yara is done with him, he'll be strong again?' I ask him.

'Look how much stronger we are and not just because she healed us. We're stronger because our pack is stronger. He will be too.'

When Harold's son walks in, he looks at us cautiously.

"Henry, come here, son," Harold says warmly.

The young Alpha walks over to his father's bedside, still watching me and Yara warily.

"Henry, this is Alpha Warren. He and his Luna doctor, Yara, are helping to heal me and Luna Yara is the one that has been healing our pack members."

"We have Rebecca," he says sharply, as if Yara and I are trying to secretly infiltrate his father's pack.

"Henry," Harold says a bit sharply, "these two are basically saving our pack. Show some respect."

"It's okay. I bet you're worried that we're trying to find a way to take this pack from your father and you," I say.

"Are you?" Henry asks, challenging me. He's still young, but Arric can feel his wolf. Even at a young age, he has a strong wolf, which means Arric is right about Harold's strength.

'Of course I am,' Arric says smugly.

I step up to Yara, putting my arm around her waist. "No, I'm not. I'm tired of fighting and losing my pack members because of others' greed. I've returned some of your pack members that were taken by Alpha Thomas," I say.

"Why would you do that? Aren't you supposed to be the strongest Alpha in this part of the country?" he asks, his tone still sharp.

"HENRY!" Harold barks.

"It's okay, Alpha Harold. In five years, Henry will become Alpha. I think it's important for the Alpha heir to know why I want an alliance with his father so that when the time comes, we can create an alliance between us," I continue. "And, if anything were to happen to your father, it would be important for you, Henry, to know that you can turn to me."

"What are you doing to him?" Henry asks, turning to Yara.

"I'm helping his body to heal so that his wolf can regain his strength. If you are as strong as Annika, my wolf, says you are, then you know that your father's wolf is dying," she says in the confident, gentle,

direct way that she has. "Or, he was, until I arrived. Now, I'm forcing your father to rest so that we can help him get his wolf back."

I watch as Henry fights the strong emotions rolling through him. He knew his father was dying and he's been trying to prepare himself to become an Alpha when he's much too young to do so. At sixteen, he might have had a chance. At thirteen? No way. And he'd be lucky if the person who overpowered him didn't kill him to make a point and ensure that he never came back to challenge him again.

"So, why are you doing this?" he asks again, his tone more moderated. He steps closer to the bed and Alpha Harold puts a hand on his shoulder. Henry doesn't look at his father, but he does reach up and cover his father's hand with his own. It makes me yearn to have my own son, to have a child with Yara.

"I'm tired of fighting. I'm tired of losing good pack members for senseless reasons. I have enough land, I have enough strength. I don't need more, nor do I want it. What I want now is to end the greediness of the Alphas who continue to fight me to take what is mine. I want to settle down with my mate and start a family."

Yara turns, smiling up at me. I know that trying to find a way to end the wars will make her happy and I can feel her pride through our bond. Pride in me. Pride in being my mate.

I smile back at her, leaning in to kiss her nose before turning back to Henry.

"Spend the night here with your father. Yara hasn't released him to return to the packhouse."

"I'm going to unknowingly drug him unconscious so that he can tell his warriors that he had no intention of staying the night in the hospital," Yara tells him.

"Nonsense. If I'm staying in the hospital then I can be honest with my warriors that I made that choice. I'm guessing most of them know that I've been getting weaker anyway," Harold says.

"Well that changes now," Yara says, pulling away from me and looking over the machines that are attached to him. "Starting now, Alpha Harold, you will be getting stronger. I insist on it. Don't make me look bad," she says, making him smile at her.

"Anymore like you back home?" he asks her.

"I'm one of a kind, Alpha," she says, smiling warmly at the older Alpha. If I hadn't heard her tell me over and over that she loved me in the last several hours, I might have growled at their sweet interaction. But, my mate doesn't give her love easily and I can feel that she's given it to me.

"Are you done now, Yara? You need to rest," I tell her.

"One more. The female warrior," she says.

"What was wrong with her?" Alpha Harold asks.

"Gangrene. I could smell the rotting flesh on her."

"I cannot thank you enough, both of you, for what you have done for me and my pack," he says earnestly.



"You can thank me by entering into that alliance we discussed," I say.

"As soon as your Luna gives me the go ahead and I'm out of here, I'll be happy to do it," he says.

I look at Henry. "If your father agrees, you should sit in. I'm hoping that this alliance lasts for generations to come. I don't have a pup yet, so you and I will eventually be the ones entering into the alliance. I'd like for that relationship to start sooner rather than later."

Henry looks at his father, then turns back to me. "I'd like that."

"Good. Come on, Yara. Let's let Alpha Harold rest. You need to finish too, because you've been going at this for much too long," I say to her.

"How long?" she asks me.

"Nearly twenty-four hours," I tell her.

"Well, that explains why I'm so tired."

I lead Yara out of Harold's hospital room and see that only the one warrior is left and she's looking very sullen.

"Can I go now?" she snaps at Yara.

"If you want to die, help yourself. But don't come back in here when you're desperate for assistance again because no one dies in my hospital and you are going to die unless you let me treat you."

I'm not sure if she's just tired, or if she doesn't like being challenged

the way this warrior just challenged her, but Yara is snaps at her in a way that's more harsh than normal for her.

I step up to my mate and put my arm around her. It's been a very long day for her.

"Your Alpha told you that you were to listen to what Yara has to say. If you choose to walk out that door, it will be against her wishes and his. However, that's your decision to make. We're here to help, not fight you to help keep you alive," I say to her.

It's very subtle, but Yara leans into me and I know the fatigue is starting to get to her.

When the warrior doesn't respond, it's my turn to get harsh. "My mate needs sleep. Make up your mind and do it now. I'm not going to risk her ability to take care of MY pack because of some sullen warrior who can't get her head out of her ass."

The Alpha tone has her snapping to attention.

"Fine. I'll get treated," she says.

"Come with me," Yara says and I nod to Bradley to follow her. My warriors are tired too. Some of them are sleeping in the waiting room.

Just then, Beta Franklin walks in. "Alpha Warren, Alpha Harold said that I'm in charge of the pack. I wanted to find out if there's anything I need to take care of here."

"Is there a place where my warriors can get some sleep? Yara isn't done yet but even after she's done, I know she won't want to leave

until she's able to speak with Savannah and make sure that the ones she treated today are healing."

"Absolutely. I'll get a room for you and Luna Yara as well."

"And one more warrior who's in the room with her," I say.

He nods, then looks at my warriors. "Follow me."

He's back before Yara is done.

"So, Alpha Harold?" he says, sitting beside me as I wait for her to finish.

"Is healing. Henry is with him, just so you know."

"Good."

"And Savannah?" I ask, happy to see that he isn't wearing her mark. It means he realized that she was exhausted and needed sleep.

"Sound asleep in my bed," he says smugly.

When Yara walks out, I stand, seeing and feeling her utter exhaustion.

I walk up to her and scoop her up in my arms.

"I love you," I say as she curls into me. I turn, following Franklin and Bradley out of the hospital.

"I love you too," she murmurs.

I will never get tired of hearing that.