

Chapter 62: Trade

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Charlie

After checking on Noelle and leaving the hospital, I called Harold to tell him about Yara being taken and Brady running home. He told me he'd send Franklin and his warriors after Brady and asked if we needed Savannah.

"Honestly, I don't think she'll make it on time. Yara's guard was shot with silver. If Noelle can't save him, he won't live long enough for Savannah to get here," I told him.

'Beta, we have Alpha Quinton and his warriors trapped in the cell block,' Haynes says in the mind link.

'Hold them there, I'm on my way.'

"Let me know if you need anything. Should we send a search party for your Luna?" Harold asks.

"Alpha Warren is out hunting Simon down now. If we need help, I'll let you know. Thank you, Alpha."

"It's what allies do, Beta. I'm glad to know that we can help."

I hang up as I get to the cells, walking down the stairs and hearing the crying of the omegas, pups and other prisoners. I also hear the sound of their warrior mates trying to soothe them. The smell of fear is mixed with burning flesh which lets me know the warriors have tried to reach through the cells to touch their mates and pups.

Warren and I didn't talk about it, but he told these people that they weren't prisoners. What's left of Quinton's pack will be weak, especially without their Alpha. As I go down the stairs to the cells, I make a decision that I hope Warren will agree with.

When I get to the bottom of the stairs, I look, seeing warriors pressed as close as the silver bars will allow them to be, some having taken off their shirts and wrapping them around their arms so they can touch their scared mates or pups.

At the end of the cellblock is Quinton, standing tall outside the cell with his son and Luna. While the son is standing as close to his father as possible, the Luna remains seated away from both of them.

I look at Quinton. "What's it going to be?"

"A trade. My son is a pup. Me for him," Quinton says immediately.

"No dad!" Quirin says.

"Hush, son," Quinton says, his eyes never leaving mine.

"Your son? Not your son and your Luna?"

He glances at his Luna sitting in the cell. She doesn't look surprised.

"No, of course not, because you wanted our Luna, right?" I say, making my warriors growl angrily. The scent of fear in the cells spikes and pups and omegas begin to whimper.

"What I wanted or didn't want no longer matters, does it, Beta?" he asks.

"No, I guess it doesn't."

I look at the warriors watching me carefully. "If any of you ever come after anyone in this pack again, we will kill you, your mates, AND your pups. You're lucky my Alpha isn't like yours or your families would already be dead," I snarl. "For now, you're free to go."

I turn to my warriors. "Let them go. If they make any move to fight, kill them all," I say. I know it's against what Warren and I believe, but I won't risk our pack.

As each cell is opened, the warriors pull their loved ones to them, wrapping them in a protective embrace as best they can before quickly leading them out of the cells.

The entire time, I stay focused on Quinton, knowing my warriors will take care of the rest. If he attacks, I need to be ready to take him out. When all the cells are empty except the one with his son and mate, I walk forward.

"Step back," I say to him. He does as I say and Luna Yasim stands, stepping forward.

"If you make any move against my warriors, I will kill your son," I tell him. He nods and I gesture for my warrior to open the cell.

The moment the door is open, Quirin rushes into his father's arms. Quinton wraps his arms around him, hugging him tightly. "Go with your mother. Always remember that I love you more than anything."

"Dad! DAD!" he yells as Yasmin wraps an arm around her son and

begins pulling him away.

"Son. You're an Alpha. Remember that Alphas always act like Alphas. Stand on your own two feet and walk out of here with your head held high," Quinton says.

Yasmin puts her son down and he stands up straight, glaring at me as he passes. When Yasmin goes to pass me, I put a hand on her arm, feeling her jerk. I'm sure she's wondering if I'm going to kill her, or worse. I'm sure the other Alphas would have let their warriors take turns on a captured Luna. But that's not how we operate in this pack.

"Into the cell, Quinton," I say.

He looks at his mate, then his son and does as I ask. I nod for my warrior to lock him in then I turn my attention to Yasmin.

"You should reject your mate. I don't know what my Alpha will do with him when he returns, that's up to him. But I expect that he will kill him for his role in what's happened to our Luna. If he does, it could kill you too."

I hear Quirin begin to sob as quietly as a young pup can who knows he's going to lose his father and maybe his mother.

Yasmin nods, turning back to Quinton.

"I, Luna Yasmin Harris, reject you, Alpha Quinton Harris as my mate and Alpha," she says, watching him.

He looks at his son, then his mate. "Protect him. Guard him with your life," he says.

"You know I will," she says.

He nods too. "I accept your rejection."

I watch as both of them hunch over, clutching their hearts.

"DAD!" Quirin yells.

"Get him out of here!" he growls at his mate.

She wraps an arm around her son and begins moving out of the cells.

I watch her go then turn back to Quinton. "Get comfortable Alpha. You have some time before my Alpha returns."

'Beta, we need you upstairs,' one of my warriors says. I turn and head upstairs. When I get there, I see the warriors and their families standing by.

"I said you're free to go," I tell them.

They all look at each other, then at Alpha Quirin, who is technically their Alpha now. His arm is around his mother who is still hunched over, dealing with the pain of the rejected mate bond.

"Beta, we have no where to go, no pack to return to, and no offense young Alpha, but most of us aren't comfortable swearing our allegiance to an Alpha as young as you," one of the warriors says before turning to me. "We want stay. We want to join your pack."

I'm shocked and I have to think quickly.

"That's not for me to decide. You'll have to wait for my Alpha to

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return and make that decision. However, as long as you agree to abide by the rules of this pack we'll find rooms for you to stay. Just know that if you do make any sort of aggressive moves to anyone in our pack we'll kill you."

"Yes, Beta," they all say.

"Come on, Quirin. Let's go," Luna Yasmin says, guiding her son away. I watch him as he turns to leave, staring at his father's pack members as if he can't believe they've just rejected him as their Alpha. Personally, I would do the same. In a time of war like what we're in, you need a strong Alpha, and he might have gotten there one day, but he's not there yet.

"Let Luna Yasmin and Alpha Quirin leave the pack. They are not allowed to return without speaking to me or Alpha Warren. Everyone else, follow me. Let's find you some rooms."



Cooper



Author

"This chapter was longer than I expected, so Yara's POV will have to wait."

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