

Chapter 8: Waking up

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Warren

I come awake with the scent of cinnamon and nutmeg flooding my nose. My mind is struggling to remember where I am and what happened and then, all of a sudden, it comes flooding back. I met her, my mate. Yara.

I jolt, ready to sit up quickly, to make sure she's still here, but Arric holds me steady.

'Easy, Warren. You'll wake her up,' he says, practically purring in my mind.

I open my eyes and see her with her head on the edge of my bed, fast asleep. Whether it is Arric or just my instincts, my hand is in her hair, gently rubbing her head while she sleeps.

She's sitting in a chair, leaned over the bed, and she looks terrible uncomfortable. I look down at my leg and realize that she must have finished putting my bones together while I was asleep, having also sewn my leg closed and wrapped it in bandages. 1

'Thanks, Arric. You're the best,' I tell my wolf and it's true. I'd be dead, hundreds of times over, if it wasn't for the strength of my wolf.

'You can thank her this time. Being with my mate is making me stronger. The sooner she allows us to mark her, the better, for both of us. We still have at least three, maybe four Alphas trying to kill us,' he says.

It's true. Brady is only one of several. I also have Quinton and Thomas fighting against me nearly once a week and then there's Simon. Alpha Solomon wasn't the kind of man to fight a war just because he enjoyed fighting and I had never given him a reason to fight. However, his son is a completely different story. Simon's an idiot who has more brawns than brain. He likes to fight and he enjoys the kill. We'll have to be more careful now when we run through the general areas between the pack lands. Simon is one who will set booby-traps, just so he can watch someone die a slow death. He's worse than Brady.

I look down at my mate. At least I have her now. The likelihood of my pack surviving, even in these war-ridden times, just increased. It's another reason I can't let her go. She's too valuable as a doctor, but as my mate, she's irreplaceable.

'Alpha, you're awake. How are you feeling?' my Beta says in the mind link, sounding exhausted.

'Charlie, when's the last time you slept?' I ask him.

'Awhile,' he says.

'You need to get some rest. I'm awake now. I can manage the pack.'

'Thank you, Alpha, but there's something we need to discuss first.'

'What's that?'

'I'd prefer to show you. Is our Luna still asleep?' he asks. So, he knew she was in here with me.

'She is. Was she able to get the other warriors treated?'

'She was. I hope it's okay with you, when she gave an order, even if it was twenty-four hours down, I told the warriors they had to follow her orders.'

I look back at my mate. She seems to have an inherent ability to know what is needed, what will strengthen the pack. Or at least, that's what it seems like to me. Maybe I'm too close to see it clearly.

'Did you agree with her assessments?' I ask.

'Honestly, I think she's seeing more than I am right now. She was able to tell that Carson was too exhausted and was making mistakes. He's one that she put on recovery time for twenty-four. I didn't even realize he hadn't slept in days. It was affecting his performance in battle.'

I look back at my little mate, smiling proudly. Yes, she will make a fine Luna for me.

'Her orders stand,' I tell him. 'What else?'

'It might be better if I show you,' he says. Since I can hear how exhausted he is, it must be important for him to come over to the hospital for me to see it.

'Okay, don't knock, just come in. Yara is still asleep. Do you know when she came in here?' I ask him.

'Only a few hours ago. She went to see every single warrior, Alpha. Every single one in the hospital. She did an assessment of them, put

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some on recovery time, told others if they don't get sleep in the next twenty-four hours, that she'd put them down officially too. She's pretty impressive. Honestly, she makes Dr. Stevens look...well, lazy.'

Yeah, I'd gotten that same feeling before I passed out.

'And uh, at the risk of you getting angry with me, I think I understand why you like her mumbling.'

Arric growls low in his chest. 'Why is that?'

'It's funny. I can't remember the last time I smiled, Alpha, or laughed. She's funny, and witty, and even the warriors were giving her looks like they couldn't believe some of the things she mumbled.'

'They all better know that she's mine,' I say possessively.

'I told them, they're good. But as a Luna...damn, Alpha, she's exactly what this pack has been needing, in more ways than one.'

'I couldn't agree more,' I tell him, just as I feel him outside the door. 'Quietly,' I say, not wanting him to wake my mate.

He steps into the room, looking at Yara and smiling at her. I growl softly at him. He and I share a type when it comes to women. But I have no intention of sharing my mate with anyone and if he ever tried to take her from me, I'd kill him. It doesn't matter how much I like him.

He looks away, knowing that I know he feels a pull to her. He can love her, adore her, appreciate her as his Luna, once my mark is on her. Until then, I'm feeling a bit uncomfortable with my Beta's attention toward my mate.

'You have some things to figure out with her, Alpha,' he says, before laying the trackers on the bed beside me. I carefully pull my fingers from her hair and begin looking over the trackers.

'Where did you find these?' I ask, still talking in the mind link so we don't wake her.

'On her car.'

I stop, looking up at him. 'All of them?'

'Yes. Some inside, although the key was where she told me it would be, and some outside. One in the trunk, two in the motor, one under the driver's seat, and one shoved between the seats in the backseat of the car.'

I stare at the trackers, now deactivated. Five? Who the fuck is so desperate to get to my mate that they put five trackers on her car?

'And her clothes were gone.'

I slowly look up to my Beta.

'Scents?'

'None I recognized. I couldn't figure out which Alpha they worked for, but we could definitely smell wolves. One of the packs did this. Someone is looking for her.'

I look back down at my sleeping mate. She's been in a human university for several years. She could have gone to a werewolf university to study medicine, but she didn't. She's hiding and she's

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been in hiding for a very long time.

'I need you to do one more thing for me before you get some sleep. I need you to assign someone to go to the human medical school north of here. You know which one I mean?'

"Yeah, but isn't she a resident? We need to go to the local hospital or medical center too, right? You want us to find her records and remove her from their system?" he asks.

'Yes. We need to eliminate any trace of her before whoever is looking for her finds her.'

He nods then looks up at me. 'Alpha, if they want her this badly...'

'I know. Eventually, they'll come looking for her. Hopefully when that day comes, she'll be wearing my mark. No one will ever take her from me, I'll kill anyone who tries,' I say.

'The pack would too, once they know that she's our Luna,' he says.

We both get lost in our thoughts for a moment, until I hear her sweet, sleepy voice.

"What are those?" my mate asks, looking at the trackers.