

## Chapter 85: Tormenting Simon

Warren

I lead Yara over to where Harold, Farrah, and Henry are standing.

"That was..." Harold begins. "I don't even have words. I'm not part of your pack but I can feel their overwhelming joy and happiness."

"Their excitement is exhilarating. I don't know how you can stand it," Farrah says, looking around the pack in awe.

"Intoxicating was the word that came to my mind. And if I'm going to get drunk, I'll gladly get drunk on my pack's happiness." I say.

"Could you create something like this in our pack?" Farrah asks Harold, looking around at the merriment in my pack.

"Not by myself," he says to her. I watch as she realizes what he's saying. I can see her desire to have this kind of happiness in their pack. Maybe that will be enough for her to decide that she's willing to take him as a mate. Time will tell.

We walk around, talking to our pack members, laughing and joking with them, eating with them, and just enjoying our time with them.

As the party winds down, I pull Yara to me. "I want to kill Simon tomorrow, but tonight, I want to flaunt what we have in front of him. I want him to know that he's lost everything."

Almost as if my words conjured him, Bradley steps up to me.

"Excuse me, Alpha. I don't mean to interrupt, and I don't want to put a damper on the festivities tonight, but I'm assuming now that our Luna is pregnant, that you'll be killing Simon?"

"That's correct. I'm planning his execution for tomorrow."

"I want my pound of flesh, Alpha," he growls.

I turn and look at him, seeing Trena standing just behind him.

"You have a lot of reasons to hate him, as do I. Do you want your pound of flesh, or do you want to give the killing blow tomorrow?" I ask him.

He looks shocked for a moment that I would offer that to him, but he and Trena have suffered nearly as much as Yara and I have.

"Thank you, Alpha. I think you should deliver the killing blow. He's hurt more than just me and Trena. He's hurt others in our pack. So, I think it should be you, Alpha."

"I just wanted to give you the option. I was just about to take your Luna down to the cells and let Simon know he's lost. Depending on what you have planned, make sure you have someone to cauterize his wounds. He doesn't get to die until tomorrow," I tell Bradley.

"Yes, Alpha," he says, smiling a vicious smile. Yeah, Simon's last night will be a miserable one.

I take Yara's hand and lead her to the cells. She's unusually quiet, so before we go down to the cells, I turn to her.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to," I say, stroking her cheek.

"That's not why I'm being quiet."

"Why are you quiet then? You're not even mumbling."

"My ways of torturing are different than yours and the pack's, but they are just as effective, I think," she says.

"More so, in some instances," I say to her.

She nods. "I think I know how to hurt Simon more than anything that Bradley will do to him later."

I smile, shaking my head at my mate. "You are scary in your calm retribution. Most people get revenge when they are angry, but not you. You plan, you're thoughtful about it, and that makes it so much more vicious."

She smiles at me. "Let's get this over with. I'm ready to celebrate privately with my mate."

I kiss her, then take her hand, walking her down the stairs to the cells. The smell is awful. There's urine, feces, blood, scorched flesh, and fear all rolled into one disgusting scent.

Simon barely looks up as we walk in, that is until he sees Yara. Then he growls.

"Simon, I wanted you to know that I've taken my place as Warren's Luna. I am his, and I will always be his," she says, turning to look at

me. I let her lead, knowing that she's right about this. Anything she does to Simon will hurt him much more than anything that I can do to him.

She reaches up, stroking her fingers over my face and into my hair. It's a soft, gentle touch, completely out of the element of what's around us.

"Something that you never understood, Simon, is that when a man is worthy of the love of a woman, the love of his mate, she will give herself to him, willingly and freely," she says, before lifting her chin and submitting to me.

My possessive growl is instant, and I pull her to me, leaning in to kiss her throat, nipping at her, accepting her submission and loving her for it. I had no idea what she was planning, but this, more than anything, will hurt Simon, watching as the woman he wanted openly and willingly submits to me in front of him.

She continues talking, and I continue to lick, kiss, and suck on her throat.

"Warren is the kind of man that a woman, a woman like me, would gladly give herself to. He's the kind of man that will always respect me, always appreciate the woman that I am, always protect me, and always love me, every part of me. He will never try to make me less than the woman that I am. He will never be intimidated by my strength, because he knows his own strength and power, and he knows that my strength adds to his. He's the kind of man who has scars all over his body, proving just how strong and powerful he is. But he's also the kind of man who picks wildflowers for his mate,

because he knows I like them. That is the man who deserves my submission. That is the man who I choose to spend the rest of my life with," she says, gently pulling away from me and turning in my arms to face him.

I stand behind her, wrapping my arms around her, letting her lead. I see that while I've been focused on Yara's throat and her words, Simon has moved to the bars of the cell. He's panting with his anger and frustration at not having my mate. He looks nearly crazed with jealousy.

"And he is the kind of man who I will happily give a pup, one that is already growing in my belly. The first of many," she says, tilting her chin so I can kiss her neck again as Simon snarls angrily.

"And tonight, I will celebrate with my mate, his body deep inside of mine, all night long. Because that's the kind of man Warren is. He's the kind of man who takes his time, making me scream and moan in pleasure, finding new ways to make my body respond to him, before finding his own release and then falling asleep with me wrapped up in his arms."

She turns to look at me over her shoulder. "Are you ready to begin our celebration, my love?"

"I can't wait," I growl, kissing her again before looking at Simon. "Sweet dreams," I say, taking Yara's hand and leading her away. We pass Bradley as we go.

"He's all yours," I say before taking my mate to bed, and doing everything that she told Simon that I would do to her.

