

Chapter 93: Attack

Warren

After dinner, I take her upstairs so we can celebrate properly. I don't spend the hours that I want to with my mate, but when I return, I'll make it up to her.

I'm up before dawn the next morning, Arric and I ready for battle. I shower quickly, letting my mate sleep in. I know that soon enough, she'll be overwhelmed in the hospital.

When I get out of the shower, she's sitting up in bed. The sheet is laying across her lap, but her breasts are bare for my view. Any other morning, I'd be crawling back into bed. But today, my mind stays focused on the battle ahead.

"Why don't you go back to sleep, baby? We'll be sending warriors back to you soon enough," I tell her.

She shakes her head. "I'm coming down to see everyone off. I want our warriors to know that I love them and I'm here if and when they are brought back."

I go to her, kissing her deeply, drawing strength for what I have to do today. I know it's a possibility that we'll lose warriors. I hate it, hate it even more than I used to because our pack has become so close. But this is war, and I've had to mentally brace myself to lose some of the good men and women that are in our pack.

She gets dressed quickly, and we walk downstairs hand-in-hand.

Harold and I decided on taking the trucks loaded with tree stumps. We spent a good portion of yesterday dividing them into the four trucks that will lead the warriors into the battle. With the trucks, we can at least get some of our more injured pack members back quickly so Yara has a chance to save them. But the first line of attack will be us dumping these tree stumps onto Brady's borders to spring his traps and blow his explosives.

Since I'm full of nervous energy, I have a couple warriors get in the truck to drive it. I'm going to let Arric run. We'll have a few minutes to get into place and once all four of us are ready, we'll attack at once.

As I make final preparations, I watch as mates, lovers, and pups who are remaining in the pack say goodbye to their loved ones. Yara, Noelle, Haynes, and Laney are going around talking to all of the warriors, making sure they are ready and giving them a final pep talk. Maybe I'm biased, but Yara's words seem to settle the warriors more than anyone's. 1

Over on Harold's side, I see Savannah, Farrah, and Henry doing much the same. Harold told me that it was too soon to bring Quirin with him, so he left him at home with his Gamma and the warriors protecting the pack.

Henry really wanted to be part of the battle but Harold explained that if anything happened to him, he needed to be ready to take over the pack. Part of me feels good knowing that my mate is growing my heir. If anything happens to me...

'Nothing better happen to you, my mate. Don't think I won't drag your sorry ass out of the Moon Goddess' realm. You don't get to leave me.

Not now, not ever,' my mate's passionate voice commands me through our mind link.

I look up and see her watching me. I smile and nod. She'd do it too, I have no doubt.

'You're damn right I would. And then I'd kick your ass all over these pack lands for thinking you could leave me,' she growls before going back to speaking to our warriors.

"Is your mate threatening you too?" Charlie asks, walking over.

"She sure is," I say, watching her proudly as the warriors begin moving to their assigned trucks.

I look at my Beta, my best friend. "All of us come home, Charlie."

"You know I never want to let you down, Alpha," he says.

"Let's do this," I say and as he jogs back over to the truck of warriors that he's leading, I look over at Harold, and then at Franklin, getting their nods that they're ready. I strip down and shift, suddenly feeling my mate's arms come around Arric's neck.

"I love you, my mate. Your mate and your pups will be here when you get back. Take care of my mates," she whispers in my ear.

Arric turns and licks her face. Her arms tighten before she lets us go, standing up and stepping back with other pack members who are staying behind.

As Arric takes off, he lifts his head to the sky, howling to his mate. Others begin doing the same and soon enough, the forest is filled

with the sounds of mates calling to each other.

We push hard for about an hour before we stop at the identified meeting area. From here, our trucks will divide up to surround Brady's pack.

I shift back and the nervous, excited energy in the group is palpable. I can almost taste it in the air.

"Everyone," I say, raising my hand to get their attention. "We've learned from Thomas and Quinton's packs that not everyone in these packs wants to fight. We don't kill pups, and we don't kill innocents. If they don't fight against us, leave them be. We'll deal with them when the battle is over. If they attack you, kill them."

"Excuse me, Alpha, what if it's a pup that attacks us?" a warrior asks.

"Put them down, but don't kill them. Alpha Harold and I will deal with them."

I answer a few more questions, and Harold does as well. Then we divide into our four groups and head to our locations. This time, I'm in the truck. I have Harold, Charlie, and Franklin on conference call.

We begin to hear Brady's patrols sounding the alarm as they spot us coming in. Good, that will make it easier for us to know who to fight. Hopefully, his omegas and pups will go into the safe rooms and stay there during the battle.

When I'm in position, I let the group know.

"Ready," Franklin says.

"Ready," Charlie says a moment later.

Harold had the farthest to drive, going around the other side of the pack. When he finally says that he's in position, I hang up and get out of the truck. I howl the howl of attack, hearing the sounds go up all around Brady's pack.

Then I leap into the bed of the truck, grab a tree trunk and toss it onto the edge of Brady's pack where I can smell the metallic scent of his traps. The moment the stump hits the ground, it blows, sending slivers of wood chips everywhere.

I duck, feeling some find their way into my body, but nothing that will cause more than discomfort. Then the bombs start going off all around the pack lands. As soon as our truck bed is empty, I shift and howl. 1

Time for Brady to die.



Cooper Author

Let the battle begin.

👍 109