

Chapter 96: Luna's Approval

Yara

The flow of warriors coming into the hospital finally starts to slow down. When we get one warrior with a spike through his foot, he tells us that they've breached the packhouse and the battle is winding down. I've periodically felt Warren's emotions, his pain, but nothing that my mate and his wolf can't handle.

Now that it's settling down, the fatigue of the day and night is starting to set in. But I know I won't be able to sleep until my mate is home and I've checked him over.

I'm still working with the warrior who got the spike through his foot, holding his bones in place while his wolf starts the healing process when I hear a commotion out in the front.

"They're back, Luna," Savannah says, coming into the room.

"Go, Noelle. Go check on Charlie. I'll be out as soon as I'm done here," I tell her. She and Savannah rush out of the room.

"You should go too, Luna," the warrior says.

"I will, once the bones in your foot are back in place," I tell him, putting another one together and holding it while his wolf begins healing. Because this warrior isn't an Alpha, his healing is slower than Warren's. I push down my need to go see my mate, feeling him reaching out as he crosses our borders.

'I'll wait for you to finish,' he says in the mind link, and I relax a bit. I

didn't realize I didn't want anyone else treating my mate. I want to look him over and treat him myself. He's MY mate. Mine to treat, mine to protect, mine to love. He sounds exhausted and I know once we're done here, we'll both need a shower and then some sleep.

When I finally finish setting the bones and stitching the warrior's foot, I tell him he can shower in the hospital shower but he has to keep his foot dry and he has to stay a night in the hospital. He starts to grumble but when I give him a look, he stops.

"Yes, Luna."

"Good man. Katie will be on duty since the rest of us have been working non-stop. Give her any problems and you'll answer to me."

"I won't cause any problems, Luna."

I nod and head out of the room. The noise level in the waiting room is much louder than usual, but the energy is much more positive. I step into the room, looking around at pack members who are helping their mates by pulling splinters out of their bodies, talking and caressing each other, happy to be back together.

I search the room, finding Warren leaning against the wall, watching me intently. There's a hunger in his eyes and I re-evaluate our plans before we go to bed.

"Alpha, it appears to be your turn," I say to him, pointing to a chair near me.

I watch as he strolls toward me, all Alpha, tall and strong and confident. I feel my insides clench with desire for this man and watch

as a smile spreads across his face as he feels my body's reaction to him.

"Something on your mind?" he purrs against my ear as he passes me and turns to sit in front of me.

"Yeah. I'm wondering how one man gets so many pieces of wood stuck in his body. You look like you let Arric roll around in wood chips," I say, beginning to assess which of the splinters that he has are the worst. I can't help my own little smirk at teasing my mate.

He growls in response to my teasing as I carefully run my fingers through his hair, finding some splinters stuck in his scalp.

"I had no idea that the thought of Arric rolling around in wood chips could make you smell this delicious," he says, still purring at me. His hands begin to stroke up and down my hips as he watches me.

"It's good to know that you don't have any serious injuries," I say to him, knowing that he wouldn't be so amorous if he was really injured.

"I have this incredible mate who has made me and my pack stronger. Arric is easily able to heal me because my mate is so amazing."

I look down at him and the hunger in his eyes from before is even more intense. Because I know we're going to be here a while longer and I need him to focus on something other than me so I can treat him without being distracted, I ask him about the battle.

"We have a lot of omegas and some warriors that we brought back with us," he says. "Haynes and Laney are getting them set up in the packhouse."

"Do we have room for them?" I ask, frowning.

"No, but for tonight, they can sleep in sleeping bags or on cots. Tomorrow, Harold and I are going to talk to them about their choices. A couple of warriors chose to go rogue, taking their small children with them," he says, and his voice is now strained.

"You gave them the choice?" I ask him.

He nods. I know he hates the idea of pups especially being vulnerable out in the wild.

"Then there's nothing that you can do, my mate. You didn't kill them. You offered them a pack, a place to live..."

"But we killed their mates," he interrupts me.

"And their mates have killed some of our warrior's and omega's mates too. I don't want to sound callus and you know that I hate death, but that's the price of war. You lose people that you love. Speaking of which, I heard you found Dr. Stephens."

"We did. One guess where he was hiding," he says and this time, there's a hardness in his voice.

"A safe room," I say, knowing I'm right. I was appalled when I'd heard that this is where he spent his time during previous battles.

"That's correct."

When I look at him again, he's watching me. "Did you kill him?"

"No. Not yet. I'm going to let the pack have him," he says, watching me closely.

I step back and frown. "What does that mean?"

He pulls me to him again, holding on to my hips. "He let our pack members die, Yara. He's worse than Brady, Thomas, or Quinton. I'd put him up there with Simon, because he betrayed his own pack. He let friends and family members die when he could have saved them. And he did it intentionally."

I stay quiet, watching him. I can tell that whatever he's planning, I won't like it. But I can also tell through the bond, that he feels very strongly about this. So, whatever he's decided to do with him, I'll have to turn away and let it happen. He's right. Dr. Stephens did betray his pack. I wasn't part of the pack back then, but I am now, and I don't see how he could have done what he did. I love this pack with all of my heart. I could never betray them.

"He's currently in our cells. I'm going to let him out and he'll have the choice to stand by as they tear him apart or run and hope that he can get away."

"He's not strong enough to get away," I say.

"No, he's not. But when you're facing your own horrible death, sometimes you grasp onto the only hope that you have of surviving."

I think about that, think about the pain that Dr. Stephens caused this pack, not just in allowing pack members to die, but also in how he treated or didn't treat the pack members who were injured. He left

their infections untreated, letting them die slow, painful deaths.

"That will be a much slower death for him," I say, knowing how much the pack hates him and how they'll taunt him, possibly even letting him think that he's escaped them before dragging him back and letting him try to run again. It's a cruel death, one that turns my stomach. But I have to remember that someone like Dr. Stephens isn't any better than someone like Simon. I allowed the pack to torment and torture Simon for days.

"I'll find something else to do while they hunt him," I say.

"Thank you," he says, and I look at him.

"I didn't know you were asking me for permission."

"If you were absolutely against it, I would have executed him. But he doesn't deserve an honorable death."

"No, he doesn't."

He runs his hands up and down my hips again. "You're the heart of this pack for a reason, Yara. All of us, every one of us wants to please you, our Luna. So, if you really are against it, they'll understand."

I look up and see my pack and Harold's pack members watching me. It would be hypocritical of me to tell them not to hurt Dr. Stephens when I had no problem with them hurting Simon. Simon hurt me but Dr. Stephens hurt them.

"Let's not get used to torturing prisoners," I say to the group.

"Yes, Luna," they all respond. Warren glances at our pack behind him,

smiling.

I have him move around as I slowly get the splinters out of his body. "What about Brady?"

"Dead," he says.

"So, that's it then? Our enemies have all been defeated?"

"Yes, our enemies have all been defeated. For now. It's always a possibility that others will come and take their place, but for now, I think we can relax and begin to enjoy our lives."

I smile, looking at our pack members again.

"I think we should celebrate, don't you?" I ask.

The group cheers in agreement and after making sure that everyone was treated and safely settled for the night, Warren and I finally had a chance to go to our room.

Our celebration started before we left the shower and continued for several hours after that before both of us fell into an exhausted but happy sleep.



Cooper Author

What do you think of Yara's choice?

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