

Chapter 21: Adjectives

Warren

Once again, I can't resist this woman. She's incredible. I knew my instincts were right to trust that the Moon Goddess would one day send me the woman that was meant for me, but I had no idea that I would be worthy of such a woman as Yara. She's everything I've ever wanted in a mate and so much more.

I know I'm covered in blood and guts, but in truth, so is she. I don't love that she smells like nearly every warrior in my pack, but I also know why she does. One day, hopefully very, very soon, my scent will be stronger than any of theirs because it will be my mark on her neck.

Tasting her, having her in my arms, smelling her sweet cinnamon and nutmeg scent is relaxing me, calming me, and healing me in ways that nothing else in this world has ever done. When I pull her into my arms, it wasn't conscious. Well, maybe it was for Arric. My wolf is nearly as desperate for our mate as I am. I felt her body tense and then relax as her arms slide around my neck. I let myself get lost in the kiss, knowing that as soon as she regains her thoughts, she'll pull away since my leg is still open and broken on the table behind her.

The kiss doesn't last nearly long enough before reality slams into her, and she quickly pulls away, moving to sit back.

"Careful. You don't want to undo all that hard work," I say softly. I'd suffer the pain for the kiss, but I know she'll be upset with herself if she does hurt me.

"You are incorrigible!" she says.

"Arrogant, insufferable, unbelievable, leonine, incorrigible; what other interesting adjectives do you have for me, my mate?"

I see her glance up at me as she leans back over my leg. I was pretty sure she hadn't realized she'd spoken out loud about me looking like a lion surveying my kingdom. Arric had nearly barked his laugh out loud like some of my warriors did. The woman isn't just healing my pack's bodies, although that is something incredible to see. But she's also healing their minds, giving them something they haven't had in a long time. Hope.

"Stubborn, there's an apt description of you," she says, tugging a bone back into place. "Arric," she says more quietly. I narrow my eyes at her. It hadn't escaped me that she was much more inclined to love up on my wolf than she is with me. 1

"That's because I'm better looking," Arric says, proudly watching our mate put us back together.

I snort and Yara looks up at me, raising an eyebrow.

"Arric says you like him better than me because he's better looking."

"Well, he is magnificent," she says without hesitation and Arric, the bastard, begins purring loudly, making Yara smile.

"So you do like him better than me?" I ask, feeling almost jealous of my wolf. 1

"Wolves are easier, simpler than humans. They love, they mate, they

eat, they fight for their families, they die for their families. They don't waver, they don't judge based on stupid things. They set up a hierarchy in their packs so everyone knows their place and can feel comfortable with their role within that pack. They don't look down on their omegas, they accept their role within the pack and the stronger wolves protect them as they should. Arric accepts Annika for the wolf she is, not just his mate, but as a strong wolf that can help strengthen his pack," she says.

"And you don't think that I accept you as the woman you are?" I ask as she quietly says Arric's name again and he begin healing another bone. 1

She glances up at me. "I think you want more than a mate."

"What do you think I want?" I ask, curious about what's going on in her head. The woman is incredibly intelligent when it comes to the hospital, but I'm beginning to realize that she's ignorant when it comes to relationships, which makes me happy. 1

"You want someone to come home to after you've been fighting, someone to warm your bed and give you pups," she says and then stops, as if all she would be to me is a baby-making machine.

"That's part of it, but that's not all of it," I say to her, making her look up at me again.

"Why don't you tell me what you want from me," she says, and it's almost a challenge, as if she doesn't think that I'd be honest with her about what I want. I may not tell others, but she's my mate, and I want to share everything with her.

"I told you before that I want love. Yes, I want you in my bed every night. EVERY night. Yes, I would love nothing more than to bury myself inside your sweet heat every night. And yes, I want pups, with you, just so we're clear. But I also want a woman who challenges me, someone who can make me laugh, someone who can calm the fury and torment inside me after a battle. Someone I can be completely open and honest with in a way that I can't with anyone else in the pack, not even Charlie. I want someone who leads this pack beside me, someone who earns the respect of the pack and their allegiance, not just because she's their Luna but because she deserves it. I want a woman who loves me as much as I love her, who wants me as much as I want her. I want everything. I want it all. I want your love, your passion, your tears, your children, your ire, your intelligence... everything, Yara. I want every damn thing you have to give me." 3

She's stopped, staring at me while I'm talking.

"The fact that you're a damn fantastic doctor is just the cherry on top for me."

"I think I'll add demanding to the list of adjectives for you," she says, getting back to her work.

"What do you want in a mate, Yara? You said you wanted someone who respects you, who recognizes the value you bring to the pack, but those are things that anyone can give. What do you want from a mate. What do you want from me, besides monogamy, which I've already agreed to."

She frowns, looking back down at my leg. "Love and respect, kindness, compassion, honesty...I don't know. I've never really given

it much thought."

"Think about it. Other than the peace and quiet that I already told you I can't provide, I want to give you everything that you want in a mate and in life. And honesty...that's an interesting one, since you have yet to be honest with me," I say. 1

"What haven't I been honest with you about?" she asks me.

"Why did Alpha Solomon's death upset you so much? Was he your Alpha? Was he your father?" I ask and when she looks up again, I see the sadness in her eyes and right behind it, there's fear.

"Trust is earned, Warren," she says, looking away quickly.

"Have I done something that makes you think I'm not worthy of being trusted, Yara?" I ask.

She sighs a heavy sigh. "No. Well, other than holding me captive in your pack," she says, glancing up at me.

"I'm keeping you safe. Someone is after you, Yara. Five trackers don't lie," I say, watching her closely. "So, if losing Alpha Solomon isn't what scares you, then perhaps having his son, Simon, as Alpha is what has you so nervous." 2

Once again, if I hadn't been watching so closely, I wouldn't have seen her flinch when I said Simon's name. But I was and I did, and now I know who is after my mate.