

Chapter 150

All clear I hear my brother say through the link.

“Robbie says it’s clear,” I say to Michael quietly, and he nods once, walking over to Toby to discuss the plan to move me to the clinic.

We’ve been down here for hours. The pains I could feel from Seth stopped after about an hour. He linked me quickly to tell me he was safe and that he would be here soon, but nothing else. I’ve been a nervous wreck since, not knowing what was going on. My mate was injured, and then there was an attack on Lunar Falls, which points to someone trying to get to both of us.

“We need to move quickly,” Michael says to me and I stand, walking towards the door with Sofia. “You’ll be right next to me, Toby in front, Brian will follow behind. Do not stop.”

I nod and look up at him, seeing how clearly uneasy he is about moving me to the clinic. “I understand,” I whisper and he places his large hand around my upper arm as Toby opens the door.

Sofia runs ahead. I assume it’s to assess the damage to the pack as quickly as she can as we move upstairs and towards the door. It’s so quiet right now, and the packhouse is nearly empty, which is such a rare sight.

Are you alright? I link my mom, holding my breath and hoping for an answer.

Yes, I’m with the children. Your dad is OK as well.

Relief floods through me and I release the breath I was holding. Sofia is going to do an ultrasound to check on the pups if you want to join me.

I’m sorry, I need to stay with the children right now. Some of them have lost parents.

Tears immediately form in my eyes and I can feel my lip quiver. People died. I knew it was likely, but it hurts to hear it confirmed.

“If anything happens,” Michael say, stopping at the front door, “you are to stay with me. Do you understand this?”

I nod, feeling my eyes widen at how serious he is saying this to me. “Yes, I understand.”

He steps out, still holding onto my arm and begins to walk quickly to the clinic. The three men are all quite a bit taller than me and I find I am having trouble keeping up with them, but I don’t want to complain and I try my best to keep up. I can see people sitting on the sidewalk, holding themselves in pain as their wolves work to heal them. There are some broken benches along the way, flower pots strewn about, things just out of place and a mess.

I look around and see a lifeless body near a building and stop, but Michael tugs on my arm, urging me on. I can feel my heartbeat quicken, guilt beginning to overwhelm me as he pulls me along. We are nearing the clinic when I see another body on the ground, but this time, I can see the person’s face and the realization stops me in my tracks.

“Ronnie,” I say, tears falling down my face as I stop in shock.

“Princess,” Michael says, pulling my arm, but I’m too stunned to continue moving.

“No, no…” I say breathlessly, feeling overwhelmed, like the world is closing in on me. “This is my fault.”

“Princess, we need to keep moving,” he says, gently tugging on my arm. “It’s not safe out here.”

“No,” I say, looking up to him, finally pulling my eyes away. “He was my friend. He has a mate, and a little boy.”

Michael just looks at me, clearly torn on what to do as I stand in the street crying at the sight of my friend lying there, dead. His mate is alone now. His son lost a father. Suddenly, I feel myself being lifted from the ground and I realize that Michael has picked me up to keep moving.

“I’m sorry, Princess,” he says, apologetically. “It’s not safe. I’ve got to get you inside. I am sorry about your friend, though.”

Toby quickly opens the door to the clinic, closing it behind us and locking it. He stays there, keeping guard at the door. Sofia leads us back to the room where Brian stands outside the door as Michael sits me on the table.

“I need to stay inside the room,” he tells me, straightening his jacket. “I will turn around, though.”

I can’t help the sad smile that tugs at my lips. For a guy I really didn’t like yesterday, he’s been pretty great today. “It’s fine. It’s just my stomach.”

“Alright,” Sofia says, sitting down at the machine and turning the screen on. “It’s got to be a quick check. They’re going to bring people here in just a moment.”

I nod, not knowing what to say as she puts the wand on my belly, clicking on the keyboard and then turning the screen. “They appear to be fine. Growing steadily. Everything looks to be right and their heartbeats are both steady,” she tells me and stops, switching off the machine.

“Thank you,” I say softly, wiping my stomach off and sitting up. “We’ll get out now.”

I stand and Michael immediately takes my arm. “Are you alright to walk?” he asks me.

I nod, chewing on my lip. “I’m sorry,” I whisper, looking down at my feet. “I won’t stop this time. It’s just… It’s…”

“He was a friend,” he finished for me and I nod and snifle. “It’s alright. We just want to make sure to keep you safe. We are going back to the packhouse and up to your home. Hopefully, we can avoid the safe room for the rest of the evening.”

Quickly, we move back to the packhouse and this time, I keep my eyes firmly fixated on the ground in front of me. If there are more bodies, I don’t see them this time. I breathe out a sigh of relief once we enter the pack house that feels so safe. When we arrive upstairs, all three men enter my home this time, locking the door behind them.

“Thank you,” I say nervously. “I think I’m going to go lie down if that’s alright.”

“Of course,” Toby tells me, a sad smile on his face.

I’m about to walk into the bedroom when I hear Michael behind me. “Princess, would it be OK if I spoke out of turn?”

“There’s no speaking out of turn,” I tell him with a smile. “You can say anything to me.”

“The conversation you were having with the Alpha earlier,” he says, and he appears to be quite nervous. “Perhaps instead of hiring a journalist, you should write your story yourself. You clearly care about the kingdom, people will be able to tell just that.”

I nod at him, surprised at his suggestion. “Thank you, Michael. I appreciate the suggestion. I will think about it..”

I go into the bedroom, closing the door behind me and ripping off my clothes as I move to the shower. I climb in, letting the hot water spray across my body, collapsing to the floor of the shower in a mess of tears. I sob, letting the water wash away the entire day- the pain, the fear, the loss, the unknown. It has been terrible, but it has been far worse for so many others.

I don’t know how long I’ve been there, just crying on the floor of the shower when I smell my mate and hear the door crack open. He climbs into the shower behind me, gently moving me over so he can sit down and pulls me to him, holding me close to his chest.

I pull back and look at him, inspecting his body for any sign of harm. He looks alright except for a very deep bruise on the bicep of his right arm. I bring my hand up, gently running my fingers across it in concern.

“It’s alright,” he says, his voice raspy and I meet his eyes, realizing he, too has been crying. “I’m pretty sure the bone broke, but Altair is healing it. Everything else has healed already. Michael said that the babies and you are all alright?”

“Yeah,” I whisper, placing my hand over the growing pups. “Sofia said they looked just fine. Growing steadily, no cause for concern.”

“Good,” he says with a smile and I can’t help but return it. “I’ve missed you, Love.”

I lean back into his chest, inhaling his scent deeply. “I’ve missed you. What happened?”

“Lucas attacked,” he tells me and his jaw tightens. “When we realized how badly you could feel my pain we started back, but his pack attacked again on the road, and then Lunar Falls.”

“People died,” I whisper, my voice breaking with emotion. “I don’t know how many, but it was too many. Just to protect me.”

He pulls me tight against him and rests his chin on top of my head. “I’m so sorry, Love. It’s all my fault.”

“What exactly happened?” I ask and he sighs, but he releases me.

“I’ll tell you once we’re in bed.”

I nod and stand up, moving to give him space to stand as well. He helps me wash, gently washing my hair and body. I reach up to help him, but he shakes his head and helps me out, washing himself quickly.

I pull on some shorts and a tank top and go back to the bathroom to dry my hair as he turns off the water and dries himself. He throws on a pair of pajama pants and stands with me, waiting for my hair to dry before helping me into bed. He climbs in next to me, pulling me against his bare chest and I sigh contentedly as I gently play with the hair on his chest. I’ve missed him so much. We lay there for some time, his fingers gently grazing the bare skin of my back that is showing above my shirt.

“I should have listened to you, Love,” Seth says softly. “I was angry, and I wanted information. I gave her the wolfsbane.”

“I know,” I tell him, rubbing my hand on his chest. “It will be alright.”

He shakes his head and I can feel the anxiety begin to rise in him again. “I should have smelled it, but I was so angry and I wasn’t thinking clearly. I just wasn’t paying attention. Molly, she was pregnant.”