

Chapter 44: Franklin

Yara

I wasn't joking when I called our bedroom a greenhouse. When I opened the door, I could barely take a step inside. There are flowers EVERYWHERE! Vases of flowers, potted flowering plants, on every surface, covering the floor, every damn where!

Warren, not surprisingly, was smug about it. But then he had to tell me he loved me and kiss me in a way that has my entire body responding to him. I completely forgot that we were right in the middle of the pack dining hall, right in the middle of dinnertime until he pulled back, that smug look still on his face.

"Did you want me to get some warriors to help you move them out?" he asks.

Then I look around and realize that the entire pack was watching us. My skin heats to an uncomfortable temperature and Warren leans in, running his nose over my blush and kissing my cheek softly.

"Yes," I grumble.

"What exactly are you saying yes to," he murmurs as he moves to kiss my neck.

"Not that! Not here! Not now!" I say, jumping back.

His eyes are dark and he doesn't seem to care that his entire pack is watching our interaction and that he's being extremely seductive with me. His warm eyes twinkle as he smiles a very sexy smile at me.

"Later then," he says, his voice still soft. My mouth is dry so I can only nod at him which makes that damn sexy smile get even bigger.

He steps up to me, kissing my forehead. "Come on, let's go make some space in our bedroom."

He wraps an arm around me, leading me out of the dining hall and gesturing for others to join us. Charlie falls into step behind us as do several others.

"I've never known a woman to complain about getting flowers, Luna," he says.

"Have you known many women that have gotten flowers, Beta?" I ask him. I wouldn't be surprised if he was part of this.

"No, but I'm taking notes so I know what to do and not to do with Noelle," he says.

When we get to our room, Charlie changes his tune. He whistles low as do several of the other warriors. "That might have been a little excessive, Alpha," he says, stepping in and looking around.

"Nothing is ever too much for my mate. I'm just glad they were able to finally get delivered," Warren says proudly.

I start directing them, telling them which ones I want taken downstairs. It takes about 30 minutes with a steady flow of warriors that increases as the others go downstairs and probably tell them that they need help.

Eventually, I'm left with four vases of flowers which still seems

excessive, but it's a lot better than it was before. Two of them are vases of wildflowers which reminds me of the first group of flowers that Warren got me.

"Go get showered. I'll call Alpha Harold and let him know we're on our way."

When I get back downstairs, I can see that the plants have been set around the inside and outside of the packhouse.

"Ready?" Warren says, looking around at the warriors assembling to go with us, back in work mode. I take a moment, walking up to him, watching him jolt when he realizes that my entire focus is on him.

"What?" he asks softly.

"You did good, Alpha," I say, and he stops, looking around as if he's just now paying attention to the plants all over the packhouse.

"It is nice, isn't it?" he asks, wrapping his arms around me and kissing the top of my head as we take a moment to enjoy the difference that the plants make in our packhouse. The whole packhouse feels warmer, more inviting.

"It is nice," I agree before taking a deep breath and stepping back. "Okay, let's go fix Alpha Harold and his pack," I say.

He takes my hand and leads me to a van, letting me get in before him before stepping in to sit beside me. I notice that he's by the door, ready to be the first in the fight if necessary.

"Alpha Harold said they weren't currently under attack and I hope it

stays that way. But if not, we need to be prepared to fight," he tells the warriors in the van.

We're bringing two vans, partly because Warren wanted to bring extra warriors, just in case there's a fight, but also because we don't know what medical supplies Alpha Harold's pack will have. Without a doctor, they're probably just getting by with the basics and if they're suffering from some of the injuries from Alpha Brady's booby traps, then they'll need more than bandages and stitches, so we're bringing a bunch of medical supplies with us too.

As we pull up to the gates at the border, Warren calls Alpha Harold.

"Alpha Harold, we've just arrived at your gates," he says. I can feel the tension in the van as Warren and the warriors prepare for a battle, in case this is a trap.

The guard waves us through but the tension in the air only intensifies as the warriors roll down the windows and everyone's noses go up in the air.

"Oh, they're a mess," I murmur, closing my eyes and smelling infection from every direction.

"Why do you say that?" Warren asks me.

"What?" I ask, then realize I've spoken out loud again. "I can smell the infection, it's everywhere."

That seems to make Warren relax and when we pull up to the packhouse, Warren jumps out, greeting Alpha Harold.

"I've got most of my warriors at the pack hospital. Did you want to start there?" he asks. I start to step out of the van, smelling infection on the Alpha now too, but another man comes rushing out of the packhouse, his nose in the air.

Instantly, Warren is in front of me, his claws out, ready to fight.

"Franklin! What are you doing?" Harold asks.

"Where is she?" he growls, his nose still sniffing the air. I hear the door to the other van open and I turn seeing Savannah stepping out, her eyes wide.

Franklin begins purring loudly. "Mate!"

Savannah looks at me, then back at the man. "Mate."

Warren stands up, relaxing, but leaving his claws out. Harold scrubs his hands down his face. The man looks absolutely exhausted.

"Young lady, what is your name?" Harold asks Savannah.

"Savannah, Alpha."

"Savannah, this is my Beta, Franklin. Franklin, this is Savannah who, I'm assuming, is here to assist with our medical needs?" Harold asks, looking at Warren.

"That is correct. After Yara, she's our best medical practitioner."

Something passes between the two of them that I don't quite understand. I'm guessing it has to do with one of them losing an

important person in their pack, either a Beta or a medical person if these two agree to become mates.

"I'm sure the two of you would like to get to know each other, but right now, Alpha Warren has generously brought his team here to help us, Franklin. You need to set this aside for now."

Franklin looks at his Alpha incredulously, as if the last thing he wants to do is wait to mark his mate.

"I do need to help Luna Yara," Savannah says, but I can feel her own resistance at having to put her mate bond on hold.

"Of course. I can show you to the pack hospital," Beta Franklin says, walking down the stairs and straight to Savannah. I'm not sure if they both expected it, or if it just happened, but he doesn't stop until his mouth is on hers and her arms are wrapped around him.

Alpha Harold sighs. "Come on, I'll take you," he says.

As we start to follow him, the warriors getting our medical supplies out of the back, I turn.

"Savannah, I'm going to need you. I'm sorry," I say to her.

She pulls back, looking shocked that she got lost in the mate bond. I'm not, I know what it feels like when Warren is kissing me.

"I'm sorry, Luna. I'm coming."

"Sorry, Alpha," Franklin says, going to help with the supplies, then taking Savannah's hand as we walk.

"Alpha, why don't you tell me about some of these injuries, starting with your own," I say.

He turns and looks at me. "What makes you think that I'm injured?"

"I can smell the infection on you," I tell him.

"I'm fine. My warriors are in worse shape than I am."

"That may be, but the body can't live without the head. The Alpha is the head of the pack, so your health is just as important as theirs."

He turns, looking from me to Warren, who shrugs.

"If I were you, Alpha, I'd plan to give Yara complete control over the hospital. It's what I've done in my pack and we're thriving because of it."

"Well, I'm guessing that your pack wasn't in the terrible shape that mine's in," he says.

"I was caught in a bear trap just over a week ago," Warren tells him. Alpha Harold stops, turning to look at Warren's legs.

"How are you walking?"

"Yara. She's that good. Trust me, you and your warriors will be thankful that you did."

He looks at me again, then nods before we start walking again.

"So, where is your infection, Alpha?" I ask, although I'm already pretty sure I know. He's limping. He's trying to hide it, but it looks like it's on

his right side.

"Hip," he says simply.

"Savannah and I will triage your injured and I'll treat them in the order of severity and significance of the wound. In Warren's pack, I've also put warriors on rest when their wolves were silent. I know it makes things a bit rough for a few days, but without their wolves, they can't fight and you'll lose good warriors. They'll be stronger faster if you agree to letting me put them on the injured reserve list," I tell him.

He looks at Warren. "This is why I say she's in charge of the hospital. What she says goes and she hasn't let me down yet."

"And I never will," I say to him as we walk in.

"No doubt about that," he says, smiling at me.

As soon as we walk in, my smile fades. This pack is a mess.



Cooper  Author

"I know many were hoping or anticipating that Harold and Savannah would be mates, but after thinking it through, I've come up with another plan for Alpha Harold..."

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