

Chapter 27: Plan of Attack

Quinton

"What the fuck do you mean he's still alive, Brady?" I yell into the phone. Brady had one job. Eliminate Warren. He swore he had it under control, but now, rather than Warren getting killed, Brady has put his pack out of commission.

"Look, I had the doctor! He was destroying the pack from the inside. But Warren found his mate and she's supposedly some doctor. I'm telling you, Quinton, we attacked him two days in a row. I don't know what the fuck that lady doctor is doing, but his pack was stronger the second day than they were the first. They should have at least been as weak as we were, but they weren't. It was uncanny."

I sit back, thinking. Brady is a good fighter, and he loves his booby traps, but he's not that smart. That's why I'm the strategist.

"His mate, you say?" I ask.

"Yeah, and if she's this good at healing people, I want her in my fucking pack," he growls. "I could use some TLC from a lady doctor." 1

"Was Warren marked?" I ask, ignoring the rest of his comments.

"I don't think so. His scent was the same as it always is."

"Do you know what Simon's doing?" I ask.

"Nah, he's a loose cannon. Although, I'm pretty sure he attacked Warren's pack last night. Do you really think he killed his own

father?" Brady asks.

"Sure do. I don't think Solomon ever intended to give him the pack. Simon's only chance of getting it was to overthrow his father."

"You thinking of bringing him into this group?" he asks. "This group" includes me, Brady, and Thomas. We've been targeting Warren's pack for years trying to bring him down. He's got the largest pack lands that just happen to be situated in an area that makes getting supplies, water, and electricity easy compared to the rest of us. Not to mention it's a gorgeous piece of land. His father was unwilling to give it up to my father, and we've been at war ever since.

Over time, I pulled Brady and Thomas onto my side of the war against Warren's pack. It should have made taking Warren and his pack out easier, but so far, we've been unable to kill off that damn Alpha.

I don't truly need the pack lands now, but I want them. My mate, my chosen mate, gave me an heir and my son deserves to have the largest pack lands in the region. He's getting older, but he's not old enough to take over from me yet. Before I hand the pack off to him, I want Warren gone.

"No. Simon, as you said, is a loose cannon. What we need to do is give Warren time to mark his mate. Then, we can go for her. If she's a doctor, killing her will severely weaken Warren and if what you said is true, it will severely weaken the pack too. Then, we swoop in and take over."

"You sure we can't keep her?" Brady asks. "What if we snatch her out from under his nose and one of us marks her? Then he loses his doctor and his mate and I gain a doctor."

"You?" I ask. Brady has been looking to take a mate, but he doesn't want any of the she-wolves in his pack. Since we're all at war so often, our only option for taking a mate is within our own pack. My own mate is fine, but maybe I want someone younger. If she's Warren's fated mate, she'd be around his age and I'm older than he is.

"Well, yeah. You have a mate and I'm older than Thomas, so she should come to me," he says. And this is why he's not the brains of the operation. Any intelligent Alpha would realize that if this lady doctor is able to strengthen a pack that quickly, every Alpha is going to want her. Even if he already has a mate, like me.

"You really think she's the reason that his pack became strong so quickly?" I ask him.

"Nothing else changed, Quin. The only difference is her."

"The old doctor is a loose end, tie it off," I say, letting Brady know that I want the doctor dead. "I'll send Thomas to attack Warren next. If he agrees with your assessment of his pack's strength, then we'll come up with a plan to get this lady doctor."

"Do it fast. If he has time to mark her, he won't let her go," he says.

"If he marks her, then he's signing her death warrant. Because once his mark is on her, killing her will be the fastest, easiest way to kill him."

Warren POV

I finish bathing my mate, careful to hold her up after she falls asleep

in my arms. Arric's purring turns down to a low rumble once she's asleep, keeping her in the deep sleep she's in. My mate was exhausted and it's obvious that her concern for Piper and the rest of my pack has taken a toll on her.

If she's been in a university for the last seven years, she hasn't been around the fighting that the packs have. For her, this constant level of heightened awareness must be exhausting. Add to that, she's healing my pack faster than anything I've ever seen before, myself included. I'm a bit surprised she didn't ask me about my leg, but that just tells me how exhausted she is.

'The leg is healed,' Arric says, watching as I pull her into my arms and stand. I grab a towel, wrapping it around her and grabbing two more as I walk her into the bedroom. I lay a towel over her pillow before laying her down. Then I quickly dry myself off.

When I'm done, I carefully dry Yara's hair as much as I can before drying off the rest of her body. I was right about her body, it's soft in comparison to every other warrior in my pack. I look over her body, her gentle curves and her perky breasts, then up to her unmarked neck.

Arric growls in my head. 'We need to mark her before Simon comes for her again.'

'Agreed, but not until she's slept and eaten. And let's hope we don't get attacked again. Even for us this is excessive.'

'We need a plan to kill Simon,' he growls.

While Yara had been in surgery, I'd had the patrols take me on the

path that Simon had used to escape my warriors. This time, I'd followed his scent past our pack borders, and I hadn't gone far when I smelled the metallic scent that I'll never forget. After being caught in a trap, you don't forget the scent of one.

So, Simon had a plan to get away with Yara. I had my warriors spring the traps and there had been five of them. He definitely knows she's here and I'm thankful I didn't send my warriors after him without me or Charlie with them. I'd have lost five of them quickly.

'I'd love to go on the attack, but when can we do that? We've barely had a moment to breathe, much less attack. Our mate hasn't eaten in over a day because we've been so busy.'

'Brady attacking twice was probably because he thought you'd still be too injured to win. Simon was after Yara. Both of them suffered quite a few losses in warriors.'

'That still leaves Thomas, Quinton, and Harold. But you're right. We won't see Brady for a while. I'm not so sure about Simon.'

'Agreed. He's too arrogant to wait.'

I set the towels out to dry and pull the blankets out from under Yara, before going around to curl up behind her. I tug her body against mine, feeling the exhaustion of the last three days of fighting and my body healing finally catching up to me now that Yara is safe and in my arms.

'We need to put more warriors on the hospital. We know Simon will be back and if word gets out that Yara is healing our pack and making us stronger...' I begin.



'I will never let anyone take my mate,' Arric snarls.

'They'll try though, Buddy, so we need to be prepared. Three warriors weren't enough. I need Yara focused on healing our pack, not worrying about someone sneaking in through the back of the hospital.'

'Agreed.'

'And Arric?'

'Yes.'

'Thanks for healing me so quickly,' I tell him.

'Our mate deserves most of the credit. Just laying with her like this is re-energizing me. I'll be ready to fight when we're attacked again.'

'That's because you're the best fucking Alpha wolf that ever lived.'

'You got that right,' he says, making me smile before I follow my mate into sleep.



Cooper



Author

You get two today!

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