

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 41

Claire's P.ON"

I opened my eyes and cringed against the bright light

I was seriously getting tired of getting hurt, knocked out or passing out.

I knew I was in the hospital when the smell of cleaner and sanitizer filled my nose. Something was stuck in my wrist initiating

my veins.

My first reaction was to rip the obstruction away and frantically search for Killian. I was a little upset seeing that he wasn't here,

but I knew it had to be something important that took him away. "Luna." Someone off to the side called out to me. I ignored them and picked at the IV taped onto my wrist.

"Luna, leave that alone!" An older man's voice called out. His hand grasped my own gently and peeled it away.

I looked into the eyes of the man, and had no clue who he was.

"I'm the pack doctor, Luna." The man said, reading the confusion on my face.

My entire body felt sore, My torso radiated pain that cascaded down my limbs, making my fingers feel numb.

I closed my eyes to fight against the headache that was beginning to form. The white walls and floor reflected the light and

made my surroundings nearly blinding. "Luna, you've been unconscious for a few days. I'm going to administer something through your IV that will help your strength

return." The pack doctor informed me, and I nodded with my eyes closed.

I couldn't care less what he was giving me. As long as it wasn't another attempt on my damn life.

The memories flashed through my head, reminding me how | ended up here in the first place.

Maria. I couldn't begin to fathom what had happened, what | had seen with my own eyes. One of my closest friends shoved a dagger

into me. Maria had tried to take my life.

I remembered Damien saying something about having a sister, That couldn't possibly be Maria though, right?

She was the one who followed me into the forest when Damien and Blake were tormenting me. She had a mate. How could

Does she betray the mate bond?

Even in the beginning, | couldn't have betrayed Killan if | had tried.

Nothing made sense, and yet | knew what saw.

I could feel the doctor injecting something into the IV and almost instantaneously | felt a rush of strength.

"This should also help your wolf wake up." The pack doctor added.

I could feel Sierra stir in the back of my mind. She was groggy and trying to block out the events that landed us in the hospital.

"What the h**l happened to us Sierra groaned.

I shook my head, I don't think you want to know."

"Maria, That b**h." Sierra growled.

I sighed at her, but in all honesty | felt the same. "Get it out of your system, she's probably long gone by now."

"Stupid, two faced, no good human b**h." Sierra muttered a string of curses, most of which | blocked out. Somehow, | found the strength to open my eyes. | blinked back the tears that formed as my eyes adjusted to the blinding

hospital room.

The pack doctor stood off to the side, writing something down on his clipboard.

"50 Doc, am | gonna make it?" | let out a half hearted chuckle.

The Doctor looked up at me and raised his eyebrow, a small smile played on his lips. "I'm pleased to let you know, you will in

fact make it

I tried to laugh at his comment, but a sharp pain radiated down my torso. The doctor noticed me flinch and scowled.

"That was a nasty wound when you first got here. Your healing has sped up exponentially, especially since the Alpha sat with

You for two days." The pack doctor nodded, and I felt Sierra's ears perk up at the mention of our mate.

"He sat with me?" I tilted my head. I desperately missed Kiian, and everything within me wanted to jump from this bed and

hunt him down.

The doctor nodded, "He's the one who found you. Just in time, I might add."

"Did he- Did he find Maria?" I found myself asking, even though I already knew the answer.

The doctor frowned and shook his head, "I'm afraid she escaped before he arrived."

I scowled at his words. I was so sure I heard the bedroom door slam open right after I was stabbed. If it wasn't Killan, then who

was it? "She's probably long gone by now." I muttered.

"Alpha will find her eventually. She will be on the run for the rest of her life." The doctor said simply, but the respect for his

Alpha was clear in his voice.

A small smile formed on my face as I pictured Kilian, "You're right about that."

"Now back to your wound. The doctor smiled, "With minimal movement, you should be fully healed within two days."

"The last thing I want is bed rest. I sighed, shaking my head.

"Now, Luna." The Doctor smiled, "You've almost lost your life 3 couple times now, I think a day or two of bed rest will do you

e

"I don't know about you but I want bed rest with Kilian." Siera smirked, and my eyes widened.

"We almost do and you're thinking about that?" I sighed.

Sierra rolled her eyes, "Don't act like you weren't thinking the same thing."

I ignored Siera and gave the doctor a reluctant smile. "Where's Kilian, anyhow?"

The Doctor frowned and for a moment my heart leaped, "Don't want to worry you, Luna."

"Where is Killian?" My voice came out firm and strong, completely taking me off guard. I sounded exactly like a pissed-off Luna.

The doctor sighed, "The Hunters have been spotted in the forest. Alpha has some warriors leading them to the northern part

of town. There's going to be a battle, and that's where it takes place." My breath caught in my throat at the thought of Killian fighting those Hunters. Rumors of Killian fighting sils were all I had

to go on. I was seconds away from jumping off the hospital bed when the Doctor placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Luna, he's the best fighter any of us have seen. The Doctor reassured me. "He will come back to you.

I let out a shaky sigh. I felt it'd be better, but my place was by Killian's side. I should be with him, helping the pack instead of

taking up 3 hospital beds.

"I have another patient to check up on, but I'll be back shortly." The Doctor gave me one last smile and left the room.

I sighed and leaned my head against the pillow. The sterile smell of the hospital was only adding to my anxiety. I felt

uncomfortable and antsy.

"Killian?" I couldn't help but try and reach out to him.

After a few seconds, his voice rang out.

“Claie, baby. You’re awake!” He sounded so relieved it made my heart jump.

“I am.” | smiled, instantly relaxed at the sound of his soothing voice.

I wish | could be there with you. Killian sounded sad, and | could feel quitlingering within him.

Ifrowned, “Killan, its not your fault Maria betrayed us all”

“If | wouldve gotten there sooner, you’d be in my arms and not in the hospital” Killan growled. I closed my eyes and used the mate- bond to try and sooth some of his guilt. “You can’t think about what you could ve done.

Im alive because of you.”

“I miss you, lttle mate. Killian sighed.

I smiled, relishing the sound of his husky voice. *| miss you too, Killan.”

Al of 3 sudden, something strange happened. | could hear the sounds of guns firing, wolves growling and feet hitting the wet

carth through the mind-link.

“Killan?” | was starting to become frantic. Killian, what’s going on?”

“The Hunter’s are here, baby.” His voice called out and | finched as | heard the sound of tearing flesh. ° have to go, lll come to

‘you when this is all over. | love you, Claire.”

My throat constricted and tears rushed to my eyes, *love you too, Killian”

‘The mate-link ended with an audible click, sounding like a telephone that had just hung up.

I knew what Killian was capable of, but the thought of him fighting against the Hunter’ filled me with constant panic.

I found myself sitting stil on the hospital bed, straining my ears to see if | could make out what was happening. All | heard was

the sound of the hospital staff chattering, and the sounds of patients moving about. | was too far away to hear what was going

My mind continued to race and I thought about Kira and her friend. "Kira?" Again, I sounded almost frantic.

Kira's voice exploded through my head, her excitement and relief were almost tangible. "Oh my goddess, Claire!"

"I'm alive" I blurted out, "Are you alright? Is Sabrina alive?" "We're both alive."

Kira confirmed, and I felt relieved.

I frowned, knowing she felt guilty. I didn't have access to Kira's emotions, but knew her well enough. "This isn't your fault, Kira."

None of us were expecting her to do this"

"She's just human." Kira's voice sounded sad and small. "We should have been fast enough."

"She was standing right in front of me, Kira. We may be werewolves, but there are some things even we can't do." I sighed.

"Hopefully Killian finds her." Kira growled, "There's at least five Lycans who want her dead."

"Are you- Are you fighting too?" I frowned, not entirely wanting an answer.

"No, Killian made me, Travis and Sabrina stay behind at the pack house." Kira sighed, obviously not happy with his decision.

I felt even more relief, "Thank goodness. It's bad enough Killian's risking his life."

"I don't know either" Kira sighed.

I frowned, an errant thought running through my head. "Hey, do you know how Maria got away? She couldn't have been fast

enough to outrun two Lycans." "She didn't, I tried to tell Killian but our connection cut out. Someone barged through the-

The mind-link was cut when someone entered my hospital room.

It wasn't the Pack Doctor.

"Hello again, Claire."

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Chapter 42

My breath caught in my throat as the last person I wanted to see came into my

hospital room.

“Maria.” I choked out. My eyes were peeled on her every movement as she sauntered into the room.

She wasn’t alone.

She had a guy with her. someone I hadn’t seen before. I glanced at him wearily and she caught my gaze.

“That’s my mate. The one I told you about.” A small but cruel smile formed on her face. I ran my eyes over her so-called mate. He was most definitely a werewolf. His build was large and muscular like mine, and he

had the scent of a werewolf.

“What the hell, Maria?” I growled, my eyes flickering between her and her mate.

Maria did the last thing I would have expected, she giggled.

“Surprised?” She snickered. You and your kind deserve what’s coming.

“Keep her talking, Claire” Sierra snapped. “Killan’s out there fighting and Kira won’t get here in time. We’re on our own.”

I wasn’t hard to keep her talking. I had too many questions of my own. “How can you hate werewolves?” My eyes flickered between her and her mate, “You’re mated to one.”

A grimace came over her face and my heart jumped, “He’s half beast. He never had a choice and he hates your kind as much as

the others.”

“Keep going. Distract her for as long as you can. You can take on Maria, but not with her mate here.” Sierra warned me.

“You stopped me from getting killed.” I frowned, thinking back to last summer. Keeping my eyes on Maria, I sipped the IV from my wrist.

Maria scoffed and flipped her hair behind her shoulder. "As if. My idiot of a brother was just supposed to kill you, not try to

kill you." She snapped. "You should've been dead by the time I came back there. Lucky for my idiot brother, I'm smart. I knew

to find you sooner or later. And you led us to something even better, the Blood Moon Pack."

"You used me." It wasn't a question. I couldn't process her betrayal at the moment.

She was there from the very beginning, and the entire time she was out for my life.

"You almost did the job for us when you tried to kill yourself" Maria smirked, "Shame you couldn't just finish the job."

"You came and visited me afterwards. You told me not to let them affect me like that. I frowned.

I could feel Sierra pacing around in my head. She was waiting for the doctor to return. She needed someone, anyone to come

in and distract Maria's mate so we could lunge at her.

Sierra had no intention of running or escaping. She wanted this fight, but she wanted Maria's mate out of the way.

"I needed a way in" Maria roared her eyes, "And here we come, full circle. To think, you somehow managed to survive a silver

dagger only to die in your hospital bed." She snickered.

Two things happened at once. Maria pulled another dagger from her pants, and someone walked into the room.

I felt my jaw drop. It wasn't the doctor.

Brandon walked into the room, his eyes locked on my own. It was almost humorous how everything seemed to happen in slow

motion. "What the hell is he doing here?" Sierra sounded just as confused as me.

Brandon read the panic on my face, glanced at Maria's mate and then finally locked eyes with the silver dagger in her hand.

Brandon lunged forward, but Maria's mate intercepted him. They both tumbled out of the room, growls and snarling echoed in

the hallway.

Maria wasted no time. She gripped the dagger so tightly her knuckles turned white and charged at me.

I could feel Sierra's strength flow through me as I shoved the blankets off my body and rolled off the opposite side of the bed.

Maria glared at me from the other side of the bed, "Don't make this harder than it needs to be, Claire"

I could feel Sierra force herself forward, "You failed the first time, and there won't be a second."

And with those words, I could feel Sierra and I share complete control over myself as we launched my body over the bed and

onto Maria.

My torso erupted in pain at the impact, but the adrenaline pushed the pain to the side.

Maria wasn't getting away this time.

Maria had some decent strength for a human. She managed to shove me off of her and stagger to her feet. She tried to lunge

at me while I was on the floor, so I brought my foot up and kicked with as much strength as I could.

Maria stumbled back, crashing into a side table and sending the flower vase on top to the floor.

I could feel Sierra give a cruel smile as fear finally registered in Maria's eyes. Absolute rage flooded through me when Maria forced herself to her feet and made a run for the door.

"Not this time." Sierra snarled.

Sierra took control this time, forcing me to my feet and at Maria faster than I thought possible.

She growled happily when Maria's long hair came into contact with our fingers. Let my fingers twist in her silky hair before

yanked her backwards to the floor.

The silver dagger hit the floor and slid off to the side.

Sierra refocused in Maria's fear clouded eyes. She knew her life was ending, and that it would end at my hands.

My canines extended in my mouth and lips looked down at Maria.

I could hear her garbled screams as my teeth sunk into her neck, tearing out her throat. Warm coppery blood flooded my

mouth.

Maria laid against the hospital floor, her lifeblood a stark contrast as it ran from her opened throat.

A strangled garble erupted from her lips along with a spatter of blood.

Her terrified eyes watched me the entire time, and I refused to look away.

I only turned my head when the light that had once been present in her eyes, slowly faded away.

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Chapter 43

I didn't have the time I needed to process what just happened.

Sierra pushed me forward, keeping my legs from collapsing out from under me.

That just killed someone. Someone who tried to kill me, but that didn't change the fact that I had taken a life.

I peeled off the hospital gown in haste, and grabbed a random set of scrubs sitting in a basket. The scrubs were baggy on me,

but that didn't matter. It was better than running into a fight in a hospital gown.

I stumbled out of the hospital room and down the hall, everything around me feeling like a haze. “You need to snap out of it Sierra barked, and I cringed at her hostile tone, “We need to find Killen.” I

That was one thing we agreed on. I dedicate I there was war going on I needed to find him and make sure he wouldn't

become one of the casualties. I

I followed the trail of blood that began just outside of my hospital room. My stomach twisted and turned in my stomach when

Brandon's face flashed in my head I

I could only hope he somehow managed to find Maris's mate. I

A sigh of relief tore through my chest when I locked eyes with a wounded Brandon. I

His wound was bad, just a claw swipe for the shoulder I His wound definitely didn't match all of the blood trailing down the hallway. I tried to find the source of the blood and paled

when I nearly stumbled over Maria's mate's dead body.

His throat was also torn out, a look of perpetual terror etched onto his lifeless face.

“What the hell are you doing here?” I gasped, falling to the floor next to Brandon.

Brandon had definitely seen better days. His face was turned down in a grimace from the pain of his bloody shoulder, while

small beads of sweat clung to his head. Brandon let out a pain-filled chuckle.

“Rachel and I just came back to visit her family. Had no clue war was going on.” Brandon shook his head, “Of all the luck”

“Hey it wasn't for you, I'd be dead. I frowned at him.

Brandon chuckled again, “At least one good thing came out of this.”

“Where is Rachel?” My stomach twisted when I asked the question. I hoped she hadn't stumbled onto the Northern side of town

and into the fight.

Brandon shook his head, “She's at the packhouse”

Another sigh of relief, "Make sure she stays there"

I stood from the floor and flagged down one of the pack doctors.

"Yes, Luna?" An older woman followed me to Brandon's wounded body.

"Claire, where are you going?" Brandon called out as I turned to leave.

"I'm going to find Killian- I pursed my lips as I watched him wince under the doctor's touch.

Brandon shook his head, "He's out there fighting, Claire. You're already wounded and almost died, again."

I need to make sure Killian's alright. I set my jaw with my own stubborn look. "You'd do the same for Rachel"

"At least let me come with you." Brandon sighed, ready to pull himself from the floor. I shook my head and placed my hand on his good shoulder, "No, you're going to get fixed up and go directly back to the packhouse. Let them know Maria's dead." My voice sounded stronger than I had ever heard it. The fear and mess of emotions I was

feeling inside didn't show through my words.

A strange emotion flashed over Brandon's eyes as he regarded me differently.

"This pack has changed you, Claire," Brandon noted, but there was no malice in his words.

I shook my head, "No, becoming Luna has changed me."

With those last words to my old friend, I left the hospital.

I ignored the doctor's wishes on me staying put. The pain in my torso had faded, but I knew the wound was still there.

I peeled back the bandages and looked down, relieved that none of the stitches had been ripped in my fight with Maria.

I left the hospital and headed on foot to the Northern side of town.

Killian was smart to lead them to the Northern side. There were less houses and businesses on this side of town. There was also

a large open field that sat next to a daycare center. If I were him, that's where I'd lead the Hunters.

"Then lets go find our mate." Sierra pushed me forward.

Mearia's d***h continued to play in my head, but Sierra was right. We had plenty of time after thi fight to think about Maria.

Right now, Kilian was our prority.

ALuna and Alpha always fight with the pack, no matter what, It felt wrong that | wasn't there to defend the pack ith him.

The town was completely desolate as | jogged down the sidewalk. Somewhere in the distance a breeze would blow scattering a paper or two. It looked like 3 ghost town, and the thought made

me uncomfortable.

My be feet slapped against the sidewalk as | tumed a corner and headed straight again.

After a few more minutes of running, and another comer, | could make out the fight.

Ihid behind one of the older houses and crept forward. | wanted a better look at what was going on.

I7an around to the backyard of one of the houses and crept through a couple of yards.

'The pain in my torso was 3 dull throb, reminding me that | was already injured.

1had to have only been teen feet away from the fight, and my eyes flickered from human to werewolf trying to take everything

in.

'There weren't many Hunter's left many of the littered the ground fike b****y rag dolls

What seemed most prominent were the rogues. Rogues naturally smelled putrid and looked much dirter and shagger than

those who belong to a pack.

My eyes locked on one wolf in particular and | knew without a doubt it was Killian. Killan's wolf was easil the biggest one |

had ever seen. It fur was a pure silver color, the same shade s his piercing eyes.

Killan's wolf fought with a ferocity that amazed me. His wolf was strangely agile for being so large.

His wolf sunk its teeth into one of the rogues' necks and rolled, avoiding the lunge of a different rogue. After he ripped one of

the rogue's throat out, he turned his sight on the second one. I crouched further behind the house when his wolf-black gaze almost caught me.

The fight was much larger than I anticipated. Snars, growls, and gunshots rang out into the town.

While I felt anxious for Killan, I also worried for everyone else in the pack. Was it unrealistic to hope no one on our side died?

"Their warriors, Clire, as bad as it sounds, they chose to give their lives for the pack." Siera reminded me, and I sighed.

"I know, but I wish it didn't have to be like this," I frowned.

"You and me both- Siera grimaced, "Once this fight is over, the Hunters will catter. Killan will make sure they never try to

hurt our pack again."

Her words made me feel somewhat better, but that feeling went away when my eyes found Killian's wolf again.

He was fighting off four rogues, somehow managing to stay standing.

That wasn't the part that concerned me the most

What concerned and terrified me, was the Hunter who had his eyes locked on Killan's back. His gun was aimed at Killian's wolf

was distracted.

Siera didn't even need to tell me what to do next. We were both in silent agreement.

A ferocious growl tore through my entire body, making it feel as though it were vibrating.

I felt my body lurch forward, the dull pain in my abdomen was non-existent for the time being.

The Hunter turned and locked eyes with me, fear flitting across his gaze. The compassionate part of me noticed he was just an older man, no match for the werewolves he had come to kill. But the

Side of me that had been named Luna couldr' careless. He was going to k"l our Mate, and he would pay with his fife.

I barreled into him, a dull throb tickling my abdomen. The second my body made impact with his own, I sunk my claws into his

back, and my teeth into his neck.

While I had never held a gun before, I had seen plenty of movies and hoped those would get me through this war.

My thumb ficked small switch on the side of the gun, and I prayed it was the safety. The handgun felt oddly cold in my

hands, and I sat on the dewy earth as the rogue charged at me.

'The gun was raised and aimed on the rogues head, and I let him come closer.

I could feel my sight sharpen as Sierra did all that she could to help me. I could hear the other's fighting in the background,

and I hoped Killian was watching my back as best he could.

'The rogue was ten feet away..five feet..

I pulled the trigger once the smell of rotted flesh and old blood filled my nose.

'The sound of the bullet leaving the gun was deafening.

If we weren't in the middle of a war, my mouth would have dropped the minute the rogue fel to the ground. A large bullet

hole peeled back the furry flesh of his head, and he looked at me with d" d eyes.

I wiped the splattered blood from my face and turned back to Killian.

A couple more rogues laid 4" d on the ground around him, and he was busy fighting three other.

I aimed the gun at one of the rogues and stilled my frantic nerves. I couldn't shoot the one closest to Killian, isking hitting him

wasn't an option.

I pulled the trigger once, and then twice. I could see the change in the rogue as the two bullets made impact. It fell lifelessly to

the ground.

Killan tore the throat out of the second rogue, and used his claws to rip the throat from the third. Killan's wolf turned to me, its eyes bright as it looked me over.

"This was the first time I was meeting Killan's wolf, but it felt like Sierra and I had known him forever.

I twisted my fingers in his soft fur and smiled up at the huge wolf. He nudged my stomach with his nose and a whine came

from his mouth. The sounds of fighting still filled the air around us, but we were in our own world. We stood like that for only a

few moments, a second of intimacy in a hour of d***h.

I shook my head, "That doesn't matter. What matters is I'm here to help."

Killan's wolf huffed, obviously not happy, but his eyes shined with unspoken pride. Killan turned just in time to k™ another

rogue that set its eyes on us, and turned back to me.

My eyes were locked on my own target.

Damien stood twenty feet away, his face a mask of fear as he tried to fight off one of Killan's warriors.

"He's mine." I growled, glaring at Damien. He hadn't noticed me yet, but I wanted the element of surprise.

I nearly snickered when another rogue saved him from being k™*d, and I watched as Damien fled into the forest.

"I'm getting him, Killian" I ran my fingers through his fur one last time and charged towards where Damien was standing.

Killan had my flank as I darted around armed Hunter's and snarling wolves. Most of them didn't notice the small girl, but the

few that did lost their lives to Killian.

I barreled into the brush of the forest, snapping twigs and crunching leaves under my b™e feet. I was too full of adrenaline to feel the sharp stones grazing the pads of my feet, or the whip-like twigs gliding across my arms.

and face.

My hearing sharpened and I could hear Damien stumbling clumsily through the forest.

“Fr****g coward” Sierra snarled, “Leaving his own people behind to finish a war he started”

“He won’t start any more wars after this.” The ferocity in my tone matched Sierra’s perfectly.

Up ahead we could hear Damien trip over something, and I quickened my pace.

The smell of blood and running water filled my nose as I finally caught up to Damien.

He sat against a large rock, his chest heaving as he caught his breath. The bone in his arm was protruding, making his arm stick

out at an unnatural angle.

His eyes met my own and widened. I watched as he tried to cover his fear with a cold smirk.

“Your sisters died. I tore her throat out.” Those were the first words to leave my lips.

Sierra growled in anticipation when anger contorted Damien’s features.

“Don’t be mad.” I soothed, stepping towards him. “You’ll see her soon.”

“F**k you, mutt” He spat, his face contorted in rage. I watched in silence as he reached for something on the ground.

A glinting gun sat in his other hand, aimed at my face.

“The only one d****g here is you” He spat, and pulled the trigger.

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Last Chapter 44

“The only one d****g here is you.” He spat, and pulled the trigger.

Everything felt as though it were moving in slow motion. I could see the bullet heading for my face, spiraling as it planned my d****h.

“He’s never going to hurt us again.” Sierra’s voice was clear as a bell. I could feel Sierra take the reigns as lobo ducked to the side. I could feel the air part around the bullet as it missed me by inches.

A look of fury formed on Damien’s face as he raised the gun, his aim once again on me. Damien’s miscalculation was thinking he was faster than a werewolf. That miscalculation would cost him his life. Just as the small explosion emerged from the gun, I ducked towards the ground and rolled towards him.

Damien didn’t move in time, and he struggled to stand. Before he could lift his bottom from the ground, a single one of my elongated nails grazed his throat. Not enough to tear it out, but enough to nick his artery.

The array of emotions that crossed his face were captivating. The first emotion was fury. The thought of a little werewolf wounding him sent him boiling with rage.

Second was shock. Shock that the same little werewolf fatally wounded him. And last was fear.

Fear because his life was going to end slowly and painfully. Damien staying sitting against the cool earth, a wound in his neck the size of a quarter spurted blood. His eyes were locked on me, playing out his innermost emotions.

I crouched down in front of him and kicked the gun away. His hand lifted towards his bleeding throat, but I flattened it against the earth. Unspoken words were caught in his throat, garbling as he spat out blood. It took a few minutes, but I knew it was over when his quivering lips stilled and the emotion drained from his eyes. I wasn’t sure how long I sat in front of Damien’s lifeless corpse.

In a lifetime of peace, I had taken two lives today. It wasn’t something I was proud of, but I never wanted to forget it. It was Sierra’s words that encouraged me to leave. “Let’s go find Killian.” Her voice was soft as she tried to understand the qualms a human would have with taking a life. Her remaining strength fueled me, and I pulled myself up from the ground. The hospital scrubs I wore were coated in drying blood.

I trudged through the woods, following the direction I had come from. – One Week Later
“Once were finished at the funerals, I want to go somewhere. Just the two of us.” Killian smiled down at me, and I tightened my arms around his neck.

I had lasted a total of thirty minutes once Killian left for his office. I hastily skipped from the house all the way to his office, and I had been here for the last two hours. While I was certain I kept him from getting work done, I don’t think he minded too much. I sat on his lap, facing him as he rested in his office chair. Whether it was due to luck or his incredible fighting skills, Killian had remained unharmed during the battle.

We had lost a handful of werewolves to the hunters. That fact stirred relief along with sadness throughout the entire pack. "I think we could use some alone time." I gave him a sly smile, hoping he would catch the hidden meaning to my words.

His eyebrow lifted, sending those comforting butterflies swarming in my stomach. "Are you trying to seduce me little mate?" I could feel my face heat up, but I kept a look of mock offense on my face. "I would never!" Killian smirked, his silver eyes lighting up with the emotion.

"Really, because were alone right now." His smirk turned into a devious grin and a yelp of surprise left my lips when Killian stood from his chair, his arms nestled under my bottom. A breathless giggle left my lips as he scattered the papers on his desk and sat me down.

"I think I've kept you from work long enough." I teased, a smirk playing on my own lips. Killian grinned down at me, placing a soft kiss on my lips. I giggled as the sparks tickled my lips, and had no intentions of leaving him to work. "But this is much more fun, little mate." Killian chuckled, his large chest rumbling. His lips met my own and I felt my self control unraveling like twine under his touch.

Ten Years Later- "Mommy!" The little blue eye'd boy called out, "Asher won't share his truck!" The blue eye'd boy pouted, showing a missing front tooth. "Asher!" I yelled. I locked eyes with the guilty silver eye'd boy, a huff escaping from his lips. His eyebrow lifted, sending those comforting butterflies swarming in my stomach. "Are you trying to seduce me little mate?" I could feel my face heat up, but I kept a look of mock offense on my face.

"I would never!" Killian smirked, his silver eyes lighting up with the emotion. "Really, because were alone right now." His smirk turned into a devious grin and a yelp of surprise left my lips when Killian stood from his chair, his arms nestled under my bottom. A breathless giggle left my lips as he scattered the papers on his desk and sat me down. "I think I've kept you from work long enough."

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Asher huffed, seeming much too old for his young age. His brows furrowed and for a second, he was the spitting image of his Dad. "I won't!" His little brother Brandon, grinned up at him. Brandon was at that tender age where his one and only hero was his big brother. Asher despised that fact, yet he seemed to have a soft spot for the kid. "Fighting already?" The familiar voice I had heard over the years brought a smile to my face.

Kira's grin covered half of her face as she gazed down at her nephews adoringly. "Auntie Kira!" Brandon cheered, rushing as fast as he could on his short legs. Even the stoic Asher grinned, "Hey Uncle Travis." Travis grinned down at his nephew and looked over at me, "Looking more and more like Killian everyday." I let out a huff and smirked, "You don't know the half of it."

Brandon acted much like myself, cheerful and oblivious to the horrors the world held. Asher was much like his Dad, stoic and calm with a pretty heft temper at times. Asher's grins were much more infrequent, but that only made us appreciate them more. Kira wobbled over to me, the large bulge protruding from her stomach seemed to throw her off kilter. "I'm ready for this one to come out already."

Kira huffed, plopping down on the bench next to me. "Settle on a name yet?" I glanced between the two of them. Kira huffed and gave Travis a look, but was quickly cut off by another voice. "I think Killian would be a great fit." My dazzling mate exited the house, headed to the backyard where we sat. Even after the many years, his voice alone brought a smile to my face.

The sparks had yet to fade even in the slightest. A smirk was carved into his chiseled face as his silver eyes were locked onto my own. "Funny, Killian. I don't think it would suit your niece!" Kira snapped, and I giggled at the two of them. There were times when Killian and Kira reminded me of Asher and Brandon. The boys shouted a chorus of, "Dad!" and rushed to meet Killian. Killian gave each of the boys a hug and a kiss on the head. After sending them off to play, my mate approached me and took me into his arms.

His sweet yet husky scent continued to be the most delectable thing I had ever smelled. The light kisses he left along my lips and jaw made me giggle, my cheeks flushing as Kira watched with a dramatic grimace. "Uh, I think we better get out of here." Kira snickered, "Their about to make me another niece or nephew and I don't want to be here to witness that."

Killian rolled his eyes at Kira and pulled me in for a deep kiss, his rough hands pulling me closer to him. Killian was working as hard as ever, but never missed a chance to spend time with me and the boys.

The light in his eyes when he looked at the three of us was enthralling. After the battle things were quick to settle down. We mourned for the pack members we had lost, yet cheered for the brief lives they had lived. Each year Kira and I would spend a few hours

to ourselves, mourning Maria. It had taken us both quite some time to forgive Maria for what she had done.

While we understood she was a traitor, we mourned for the close friend she had once been. The nightmares had tormented me for quite some time, but with the help of my mate they no longer had any hold on me. If there was one thing I had learned since I met Killian, it was this: Alone, your mate could only fix so much. But together, you could heal the broken pieces within each other.

End