

Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 264 Twisting the Knife

3rd Person

“Now!” Kieran shouts, just as the knife starts to draw Sinclair’s blood, just as he was instructed to do. The blood, after all, would throw Damon’s guards into a frenzy, giving Kieran and his men the slight advantage they will need to pull this off.

At his word, every single one of his guards goes into action, turning on the royal guard closest to him and engaging in battle. Damon was no fool, of course – Kieran had been allowed to bring only a few guards, not so many that they outnumbered Damon’s. It was a risk, engaging the enemy when outnumbered, but it one they had to take.

As Kieran too whips a knife from its hiding place in his boot, Sinclair whips his body away from Damon, sheering the skin of his neck across the length of the blade but avoiding any true wounds. Rolling away from the prince, Sinclair roars, ripping his gag away with the force of his jaw, twisting his wrists and wrenching his handcuffs apart at the weakened center chain that his men had placed there just for this moment. Sinclair then makes quick work of the chains wrapped around his shoulders placed there for show, rather than for restraint – and turns on Damon.

The glow still burns in Sinclair’s eyes, but now a deep and hungry grin spreads across his face as well. The prince goes pale. “Mine,” Sinclair growls. “You are mine, and it is your blood that I will lick from my teeth when this is finished.”

Barely a moment passes before the prince responds, throwing himself as far from Sinclair’s grasp as he can as Sinclair takes a mighty swipe at him, the claws growing from the edges of his fingertips as he moves. A chase begins, with the Prince moving away from Sinclair as quickly as he can and shifting as he goes. Sinclair gives chase like lightening, taking his own gigantic wolf form to face the prince’s.

The prince and the alpha ignore the other battle across the room, though Kieran glances their way when he can. The gambit seems to have paid off the prince’s guards, distracted by the scent of blood in the air, were not expecting the assault. Prepared for the blood, Kieran’s guards press their advantage, slaughtering as quickly as they can, dispatching the prince’s forces until they are even. Sinclair’s teeth pull back from his slavering jaws as he stalks slowly towards the prince, backing him into a corner. One huge paw slams on the ground after another, coming ever closer to his prey, his hackles high, his nose wrinkled and tense with his rage, his fury, his need to kill.

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How dare Damon – on top of everything he had done – how dare he threaten Ella, his perfect mate. The thought of Damon with her blood on his hands, licking it from his paws Sinclair with a fury that lights his own blood on fire. He will see this wolf in pieces today, torn it fills apart with his own jaws.

Damon doges back and forth in the corner, his tail low between his legs but his ears pinned back in a snarl. He knows he is at the disadvantage – that there’s no way he can take on Sinclair’s gigantic wolf alone. But still he is not without his own advantages – Damon is clever, ruthless, and fast. And has nothing to lose, whereas Sinclair has everything.

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As Sinclair draws close enough to strike, Damon feints left and then dashes right, squirming past Damon’s snapping jaws and darting under the table, seeking to get to his men, to hide behind their safety and regroup –

Just as his forelegs disappear under the table, though, a great crack sounds through the air and a horrible howl. Even the guards across the room, caught in their own battle, pause at the sound, twisting to see Sinclair hauling Damon out from beneath the table, the prince’s twisted back leg held tight in his jaws.

With all of his might, Sinclair hauls the other wolf into the air, slamming his body onto the table. The wolf yelps, the sound echoing through the room over the noise of his cracking bones. Kieran is the first to recover from his shock and horror, yelling “move!” to his forces, who press their attack, taking advantage of the distraction to cut the throats of some of the prince’s guards, to trap and tie others, rending them useless.

As they work, Sinclair leaps onto the table, which shudders under his weight. He crawls over top of the smaller wolf’s shuddering, whimpering form, his face still curled in a wolf’s rage, his jaws slavering with his hunger for vengeance.

Beneath him, there is a flash, and then, in the blink of an eye, the wolf transforms back into its human form. The prince is so tiny below the gigantic wolf above him, his leg twisted unnaturally beneath him, his ribcage oddly flat in places it should not be.

“Please,” the prince pants, looking up at the alpha above him with rage and fear in his eyes. Mercy

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The wolf above the prince snarls dreadfully at the sound of the word, placing a paw on the center of his chest and pressing down, causing the prince to cry out in pain. Sinclair lowers his face until his fangs are just inches from the man’s face, their eyes level. His fierce green gaze speaks his intention: he wants to let the man look one more time into the eyes of the wolf who will kill him. To know who, precisely, took his life. And why.

The prince’s face twists, the fear turning into a nasty, pain-filled sneer as he spits up at Sinclair, the spittle missing its mark and flying back to smack onto the prince’s on cheek. “You pathetic excuse for an Alpha,” he hisses, “you will never lead them – you will never –”

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But his final words are lost to history as Sinclair raises his head to roar mightily to the sky and then snaps his head down, sinking his jaws deep into the prince’s throat, and ripping it out. Blood pours from the man’s neck as the light dies from his eyes and, slowly, Sinclair turns to look at Kieran, at his men, at the prince’s guards either dead or incapacitated on the floor. Blood and gore drips from his maw and his piercing eyes are lit with an unearthly green light.

Slowly, a little awed, Kieran sinks to one knee. The surviving men they brought with them quickly follow suit, bowing their heads to Sinclair, who still stands as a wolf on the table, heaving heavy breaths.

“My King,” Kieran murmurs.

There’s a bright flash of light and suddenly the giant black wolf is gone, replaced with the Alpha who would be King. He stands on the table, looking down at his people, ignoring the corpse at his feet. Then, he raises his arm to wipe the blood from his face, licking the blood slowly from his teeth. Savoring it

“Come,” Sinclair says to his men. “We have work to do.”

Kieran and the men stand to attention as Sinclair steps down from the table, striding quickly past them out the door. This part, at least the killing of the prince had gone according to plan. But the rest

They walk to the front of the palace, out onto a third– floor balcony where they can see the war raging within the city itself.

“Release a statement to the press, photos,” Sinclair orders, his voice low. “I want the prince’s corpse on every news channel. Unlike our side, the prince truly was the head of the snake.” He snaps his gaze over to Kieran. “With him gone, the wolves he led will fall in line under my control.”

Kieran nods, agreeing, though his face is still worried. “Sir…”

“I know,” Sinclar interrupts, his voice snapping as he turns his face back to the city. “That only ends half a war. What the hell was that man thinking, revealing our secret to the humans?”

“He underestimated them,” Kieran suggests, sinking his hands into his pockets and looking out at the smoke rising over the city. “Humans are not wolves, but they are not sheep either. They will fight for their freedom.”

“Now, our job is to convince them that we have no intention of taking it away,” Sinclair thinks aloud. “But how the hell can we do that?”