

Chapter Eighty-Three: Battle in the Shadows

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Phera POV:

Rex lunged at me, his massive form barreling through the air with terrifying speed. I dodged to the side, barely avoiding his snapping jaws. The force of his attack sent leaves and dirt flying, and the ground trembled beneath his weight.

I retaliated, launching myself at him with a ferocity that matched his own. My claws slashed across his side, tearing through fur and flesh. He howled in pain, but it only seemed to fuel his rage. He turned on me, his eyes glowing with fury, and swiped at me with a paw as large as my head.

The impact sent me sprawling, my vision momentarily darkening as I hit the ground. Pain radiates through my body, but I forced myself to get up. I couldn't afford to show weakness. Not now. Not ever. Not after everything this asshole had put me through.

Rex charged again, his jaws snapping inches from my throat. I twisted away, my claws finding purchase on his flank once more. Blood sprayed, painting the forest floor with a dark, crimson hue. He snarled and whipped around, his teeth sinking into my shoulder. Agony seared through me, and I howled, the sound echoing through the trees.

With a mighty effort, I wrenched myself free, feeling the flesh tear beneath his grip. Blood poured from the wound, but I pushed the pain aside, focusing on the battle. I lunged at him, my teeth finding his neck, and bit down hard. He thrashed wildly, trying to dislodge me, but I held on, my jaw locked in a death grip.

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lunged at him, my teeth finding his neck, and bit down hard. He thrashed wildly, trying to dislodge me, but I held on, my jaw locked in a death grip.

Rex finally managed to throw me off, and I landed hard on my side, gasping for breath. He pounced on me, his weight crushing, and I could feel his hot breath on my face. I slashed at him with my claws, ripping at his underbelly, and he howled in pain, rearing back. That's right motherfucker, this for every slash you gave me.

I scrambled to my feet, blood streaming from my wounds, and faced him once more. We circled each other, both of us battered and bleeding. His eyes were wild with rage, and I knew he was just as determined to end this as I was.

Rex lunged again, and this time, I met him head-on. Our bodies collided with a sickening thud, and we went down in a tangle of fur and claws. I bit and scratched, my vision red with fury. He tore at me with equal ferocity, and I could feel my strength waning with each passing second.

We rolled across the ground, snapping and snarling, each of us trying to gain the upper hand. I managed to get on top of him, my jaws closing around his throat, but he threw me off with a powerful kick. I landed hard, my body screaming in protest, but I forced myself to get up once more. I couldn't loose not this time, not ever. My pack needed me, my mates needed me.

Rex was on me in an instant, his teeth sinking into my hind leg. I yelped in pain, kicking out with all my might. I felt a satisfying crack as my paw connected with his jaw, and he released me, staggering back.

I limped towards him, my vision swimming, but my determination unwavering. This had to end. Now. I

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launched myself at him with a final burst of strength, my claws raking across his face. He howled in agony, and I seized the moment, biting down on his neck once more.

This time, I didn't let go. I bit down harder, feeling the bones crack beneath my teeth. He thrashed and struggled, but I held on, my jaw locked in a vice-like grip. Slowly, his movements grew weaker, and finally, he went limp beneath me.

I released him, panting heavily, and stumbled back. My body was a mass of pain, my vision blurred by blood and sweat. I watched as Rex lay there, his chest heaving with laboured breaths. He was still alive, but barely.

I stood over him, my chest heaving, and let out a long, victorious howl. The fight was over, but the war was far from won. As I looked down at my fallen enemy, I knew that this was just the beginning. There were still battles to be fought, and I would face them all. For my pack. For my mates. For myself. But just as I was about to link my mates my vision turned hazy and I fell limp into a pair of strong arms and everything went dark.

Damon POV:

I caught a glimpse of Phera darting into the woods, her movements swift and determined. My heart lurched, a mixture of pride and dread filling me. Just as I was about to mind-link her to stay close, a figure emerged from the shadows, blocking my path. Erickson. His eyes gleamed with malice, and a twisted smile spread across his face.

"Going somewhere, Alpha?" he sneered, his voice dripping with venom.

Rage surged through me, and I felt Zane and Axel tense

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beside me. "You're going to pay for everything, Erickson," I growled, my voice low and dangerous.

He laughed, a harsh, grating sound that made my skin crawl. "You think you can stop me? You and your slut mate are nothing but weaklings," he spat, his words like poison.

That was the last straw. With a roar of fury, I lunged at him, my fists connecting with his jaw in a bone-crushing punch. The force sent him stumbling back, but he quickly regained his footing and retaliated, landing a blow to my ribs that knocked the wind out of me.

Zane was on him in an instant, his fists flying in a flurry of brutal punches. Erickson fought back with equal ferocity, his blows landing with sickening thuds. Blood sprayed from both of them, painting the ground red.

Axel joined the fray, his movements swift and deadly. He landed a powerful kick to Erickson's chest, sending him sprawling to the ground. But Erickson was relentless. He sprang back up, his eyes blazing with hatred, and charged at us.

"You think you can defeat me? You and your bitch mate will die!" Erickson screamed, his voice filled with madness.

"Shut up, you bastard!" Zane snarled, his voice thick with rage. He landed a vicious punch to Erickson's face, breaking his nose with a sickening crunch.

Erickson howled in pain, but he didn't back down. He lashed out with a knife, slashing at Axel's arm, drawing blood. Axel gritted his teeth, ignoring the pain, and tackled Erickson to the ground. They rolled across the dirt, a

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tangle of limbs and fury.

I joined the fight, my fists pummeling Erickson's body with unrelenting force. He fought back with all his might, but we were too strong, too determined. Together, we rained blows upon him, each strike fueled by our love for Phera and our thirst for vengeance.

Erickson managed to break free, his face a bloody mess, and scrambled to his feet. He looked at us with wild eyes, his chest heaving. "You can't win. I'll kill you all, and your whore will watch!" he screamed, his voice cracking with hysteria.

"Over our dead bodies," Axel spat, his eyes blazing with fury.

With a roar, we charged at him one last time. Zane tackled him to the ground, his hands wrapping around Erickson's throat. Erickson struggled, his hands clawing at Zane's grip, but it was no use. Zane's grip tightened, and with a final, savage twist, he snapped Erickson's neck, ripping his head fully off his body.

The sound was deafening, a sickening crack that echoed through the forest. Erickson's body went limp, his eyes staring lifelessly up at the sky as he threw his head like the trash it was. Zane stood over him, his chest heaving, his hands stained with blood.

"It's over," he said, his voice low and filled with grim satisfaction.

But there was no time to celebrate. A gut-wrenching howl echoed through the forest, and we all turned, our hearts pounding with dread. "Phera!" I shouted, my voice raw with fear.

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We ran towards the sound, our feet pounding the earth. The sight that met us was horrifying. Phera lay on the ground, her body battered and bruised, blood streaming from numerous wounds. Rex's body was nearby, equally bloodied and broken, but it was Phera who held our focus.

"Sweetheart!" Axel shouted, his voice breaking with emotion. He was the first to reach her, dropping to his knees and gathering her into his arms just before she collapsed. Her eyes fluttered open, a weak smile forming on her lips.

"We did it," she whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Yes, love. We did," I said, my voice choked with emotion. I ran my fingers through her hair, trying to hold back the tears that threatened to spill.

"We need to get her to the infirmary," Zane said urgently, his face pale with worry.

Axel nodded, carefully lifting Phera into his arms. "Stay with us, sweetheart. We'll get you help," he murmured, his voice filled with tenderness.

As we made our way back to the packhouse, the weight of what had just happened settled over us. Erickson and Rex were dead, but the scars they left behind would take time to heal. For now, we had Phera safe in our arms, and that was all that mattered.