

Chapter 82

Grappling a rogue by its neck and snapping it, Liam looked around. Nicole was missing again.

They had destroyed a couple of magic spots, slitting the throats of all the witches who manned them, and he could feel the disgusting dark magic easing up, but where was his mate?

The battlefield raged around Liam, chaos and danger swirling in every direction. His focus wavered as he desperately searched for Nicole amidst the turmoil, his heart pounding in his chest. The urgency to find her consumed him, clouding his judgment and leaving him vulnerable.

"Liam! Get your head in the game!" James' voice boomed, cutting through the cacophony of battle. Startled, Liam turned to James, his eyes narrowing in frustration.

"I'm trying, James. I just... I need to find Nicole. She's out there somewhere," Liam replied, his voice strained with worry.

James gripped Liam's arm firmly, his expression stern. "We will find her, but you can't let your emotions get the best of you. We need you focused on the fight. Stay alive, and protect the pack. Nicole can handle herself."

Liam's jaw tightened, his grip on his weapon tightened as well. He knew James was right, but the fear and love he felt for Nicole threatened to overwhelm him. He took a deep breath, steeling himself against the distraction, and nodded in agreement.

As they fought side by side, the clash of steel against steel and the roar of their adversaries filled the air. The enemy seemed relentless, waves upon waves of rogue werewolves and malevolent witches converging on their position.

With each strike, Liam fought with a renewed determination, the urgency to find Nicole fueling his every move.

He could sense Nicole's presence, her power rippling through the chaotic battlefield. She was using her abilities as the witch bane, a force to be reckoned with.

It both relieved him and worried him. Relieved, because he knew she was capable of defending herself; worried, because he couldn't be by her side, protecting her as his mate.

As the battle waged on, Liam and James became a formidable force, their years of training and unbreakable bond evident in their synchronized movements. They fought with fluidity and precision, each strike calculated to take down their enemies swiftly and efficiently.

Despite their feat, Liam, as he fought, couldn't shake the nagging feeling that something was going wrong. It seemed as though every enemy he took down was swiftly replaced by another—an endless wave that tested the limits of his endurance.

The tides of the fight shifted constantly, a relentless ebb and flow that kept him on his toes. Each blow he delivered was met with an opposing force, the clash of steel and the clash of supernatural abilities resonating through the air.

The scent of sweat and blood mingled, interwoven with the primal sounds of grunts and battle cries.

"Duck Liam!" Garrett called out, deflecting a blow that was aimed at his Alpha. Liam nodded in acknowledgement.

But his mind was still far away. Liam's wolf instincts urged him to search for Nicole to protect her at all costs, but he also knew he had a responsibility to his pack.

If he left his position, he knew certain things would go wrong. His loyalty was torn, caught between the urgency to find Nicole and the need to lead and protect his fellow wolves.

With each adversary they defeated, it seemed like two more took their place. The enemy's

numbers were seemingly endless, and the battle felt like an uphill struggle.

During the chaos, Liam's mind raced, searching for a way to gain the upper hand. The enemy's numbers were overwhelming, and their forces seemed to grow with each passing minute. He needed a strategy, a plan that would turn the tide in their favor.

"James, we can't keep fighting like this. We're outnumbered," Liam said in frustration. "We need to regroup, find a defensive position."

James nodded, his eyes scanning the battlefield.

"You're right. We need to buy our pack some time to recover and rally. Let's fall back and gather everyone near the northern bridge."

"Then we'll implement the plan," Liam added, smirking.

Everything was making sense now. His secret plan had been to lure the enemy into a trap he had spent days setting with James. His trap would help him fish out the witch.

James smirked. "Okay, let's do this. Mind linking the pack members. Let them fall back and behave like they're losing."

Within the chaos, Liam glimpsed flashes of Nicole's power. Waves of energy rippled through the battlefield, signs of her abilities as the witch bane.

It served as a beacon, a reminder of the strength she possessed and the crucial role she played in their fight against the dark forces that sought to destroy them.

With each strike, each parry, Liam's mind raced, contemplating the best course of action. They needed to make sure that the witch was led into a trap. But what he didn't know was how to lure her out of the camp.

He had two options; leave it to Nicole, who knew little of his plan, or find the witch himself. Time was of serious importance as dawn was approaching, and since his pack members weren't fueled

by magic, they were getting tired.

Before he could come to a decision, another group of enemies descended upon him, their combined force threatening to overwhelm him.

Amidst the chaos of the battle, Liam's attention was abruptly drawn to the absence of Garrett. His brows furrowed in confusion as he scanned the battlefield, searching for any sign of his loyal pack member. The realization that Garrett was missing struck him with a sense of unease.

"Garrett!" Liam called out, his voice carrying an undertone of concern. He received no response, only the cacophony of screams and the distant cries of combat. His mind raced, trying to piece

together the puzzle of Garrett's sudden disappearance.

Had Garrett been overwhelmed by the enemy? Liam couldn't fathom the possibility. Garrett was a seasoned warrior, skilled and resilient. He was not one to be easily bested in battle. Liam's instincts told him that something else was at play.