

Chapter 51

My silver blade sliced through the air. My gaze was locked with Robert's for a moment as I moved. His eyes were glowing with success. It was finally done. His son would be avenged. He looked like a man who had been praying for years and was finally prepared to receive the relief that was long overdue. He was a desert waiting for the cleansing rain and the storm clouds were swirling.

The world moved in slow motion as I progressed, the blade still swinging downwards as I really noticed the men beside me for the first time. Four of them, the strongest men that the pack had to offer. Two fathers and two sons. Our best warriors aside from my father. They all watched on with something nearing delight. Their mission would be accomplished and I was suddenly struck with anger that my own father wasn't here. Didn't he want to support his alpha? Didn't he want to support me in making this awful situation right? God, I longed for him so badly I could almost hear his voice calling my name.

Finally, my gaze landed on the man who had caused all of this. I could've had such a happy care-free life if he hadn't walked into it. I hated his massive black wolf that he shifted into to commit these awful deeds. I loathed his muscular body that allowed him to resist and overpower anyone who stood in his way. I couldn't stand the way he always spoke with such refinement, acting like he had done no wrong. I hated the way he smelled, the way he smiled, the way he laughed, the way he played the piano, the way he drove with one hand on the steering wheel and one hand on my thigh. I hated all of it, right down to those gruesome, bloody irises. a¹

I wanted to look into those eyes when the dagger hit his chest. I wanted to watch the light fade from his eyes as he grew still.

My dagger plunged down, so close to his chest. He let out a hiss at the contact. My attention shot to his face with an awful smirk, wanting to watch him suffer.

But his eyes weren't red. They were the soft amber colour. The same colour that they shone with when he cradled me in his arms. The same colour that I saw when I cooked him an amazing meal or ran my fingers through his hair. a²

And those eyes shone with love. Fear, terror, and anger, but so much love.

Love for me. a³

The awful song in my head faded.

With a choked whimper I flicked my wrists hard. Tears were pouring down my cheeks as I threw the dagger to the side, screaming with the effort it took. I panted like I had just sprinted a mile and my heart hammered away in my chest. a⁴

"Sebastian," I gasped, watching a red stain bloom through his shirt.

"Charlotte!" my father boomed. "Charlotte!" He was really here, it wasn't a figment of my imagination.

I barely had time to lift my head up before I saw the blur of a familiar brown wolf lunge for Robert. My father, the beta, was challenging the alpha. My father had one hard contact with human flesh before my old alpha shifted. Then, it was all snarls and growls. a¹⁰

I didn't care. I felt like I couldn't tear my eyes from Sebastian, from the wound I had caused. Blood was pouring out of his chest, but his eyes were open and he was breathing.

The silver, I needed to get the silver off of him so his wolf could heal him.

"Stay with me," I ordered as I moved to unwind the silver from his wrists first.

But I was stopped by a firm grip on my shoulders. I glanced up at one of the warriors, still seeing pure contempt in his face.

"Alpha's orders," he snarled. "That abomination doesn't leave here alive. And neither do you." a¹

The wolf that I had been keeping just below the surface all day exploded out of me, finally able to conquer my humanity now that I wasn't locked in a trance. In a single instant I went from being fully human to being a wolf. And there was no stopping my wolf from making this situation right.

It was a bloody battle. I had been trained by my father when I was younger. It was grueling work, but it wasn't real. There were rules and refs, safe words and soft mats. There was none of that here. And no word or whistle would be enough to stop me now. I bite and clawed. I tore through clothes and flesh. I dug into weak parts of the body and broke through bones with my powerful jaws. I didn't stop when I tasted blood or heard shouts. I didn't stop when they begged for mercy. I only paused when my father's wolf leapt in to aid me. We would do this. Together. I had badly injured one on my own and he came to fend off the other three as I finished the first off. then we worked in perfect unison, the kind of dance that only came from two people being taught the same way and knowing each other for years. a¹

After what seemed like forever there was only stillness.

I stood panting, waiting for a twitch or a groan that would send me back into action. No one who had wronged me or my mate would leave this creek alive.

But a scream of terror pulled me away. The scream came from a voice I knew almost as well as my own.

"No, please!" the woman begged.

My wolf spun around and I saw my mother, dragging the red headed woman out of the creek by her hair. She released the woman but only for a second so she could grab a thick branch that had fallen off a nearby tree. My mother stood poised with the branch over her head, ready to swing it downward at any given moment. a¹⁸

"What did you do to my daughter?!" my mother wailed.

"No," Sebastian whispered, snagging my attention. His voice was weak and wavering. Each breath he sucked in seemed to take an extraordinary amount of effort. "Robert tortured her. It's not her fault," he whispered. a¹²

Then his eyes shut. a⁶⁰

~~~Distraction Section~~~

Bonus update because we are celebrating the release of The First Queen! I'm so excited to have published a second book. If you would like to support me I have posted the links of my main page but can also direct message you them if you'd like. Thank you all for the love that I have received through this process. a<sup>2</sup>

Question of the Day: What is your favorite mythology story? a<sup>50</sup>