

Chapter 421

Lily knew her concentration was shot after Liam contacted her. The contest between her and Kal had been pretty even up to that point but the moment she knew Mac was in pain, her aggression level began to abate.

Ordinarily that wouldn't have been a bad thing but she'd pushed her brother to the edge of his self-control and that made him deadly. The slice of pain down her left arm was testament to that as the scent of her blood filled the air a second later.

The cut was deep, ripping through the tendons in her wrist and making her drop one of her swords. Lily dived forward into Kal, anticipating he would be expecting her to back off. It worked because his next move was to leap towards her which meant he effectively sailed over her.

She wasn't out of the woods yet though. She rolled to the right, willing her arm to heal quickly as Kal streaked back towards her. His wolf scented blood and was coming for the killing blow. Lily rolled again to avoid him, her arm still useless, her lone Katana halting her brother's blades though only just.

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"Kallum." His name was said softly, the voice one he knew so well. His wolf snarled his denial, refusing to be denied its victory.

"Kallum." Again the lovely voice, a bit firmer this time, the hint of command in the single spoken word.

His Katanas stopped their downward swing and he was stunned to realise that they were aimed at Lily's neck.

Kallum blinked slowly, staring down at his blood and sweat soaked sister at his feet, stunned at how close he'd come to doing something so terrible it would have surely caused him to go insane. Horror filled him as he realised how close he'd come to taking Lily's head. If Lacey hadn't been here, would anyone have been able to stop him?

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He'd lost control, allowed the wolf to dominate completely. Never in his life had he allowed that to happen. He knew how dangerous it was. Dear God, he'd almost killed Lily!

"Lila..." his voice shook as he threw the swords away and dropped to her side. Her left arm was coated in blood, the wound healing but obviously a crippling one to allow him to get so close to hurting her beyond repair. "Oh God, I'm sorry, Lila, so sorry."

Lily breathed out slowly pushing herself up into a sitting position, her eyes intent on her brother's face. She could read the horror and shame in his eyes and automatically reached out to comfort him. Wrapping her arms around him tightly she opened her mind to him, showing her instant forgiveness.w(w)w.ñø-vêLLworm.©Øm

"It's okay, Kal," she whispered. "I'm fine. Healing just nicely as always." She laughed softly as she pulled back and showed him that she still had a blade in her hand. "And you didn't stand a chance of getting anywhere near my neck. I was ready for you."

The lack of concern on his sister's face told him she spoke the truth but he was still shaken by the loss of control and the potential tragedy that could have happened if Lily wasn't as skilled as she was and Lacey hadn't been watching the fight.

"Lila, if anything had happened to you...I can't believe I lost control like that."

Lily switched to their mental communication too as she watched Kal struggle with the fright he'd just received. It was disconcerting to see him so rattled when he was always so much in control.

"Emotions are heightened right now, Kal. There is so much happening, so many threats to those we love. It's understandable our wolves and also our vampires are on increased alert. We are still growing and though we talk about how our friends and families don't know what we're capable of, maybe we don't truly realise that either, brother mine."

It made sense. Since the word of the threat to everyone, Kal's wolf had been more restless and he knew Liam's had too because they'd talked about it. He could feel his friend's wolf in his head at that very moment.

Lily had her own stuff happening which was affecting the Vârcolac on an emotional level because of their empathy. Kal knew that Kothi's aggression levels were heightened too; he could sense it and that concerned him a lot.

Elina had lost control only the other night and even Dara and Cassia were starting to show signs of increased aggression though not as markedly as the rest of them. Maybe Lily was right. If she was, then they would all need to be careful to avoid some disaster happening.

Lacey knelt down beside them, her pale green eyes full of questions. "Are you both okay?"

Lily smiled and inclined her head in respect. "We're fine, Lacey. We just got a little carried away there. What we both need is a long, hot shower to get this blood and sweat off us."

Their Alpha gave them a shrewd look before nodding her head. She knew she could push for more information but wanted to talk with Rafe about what she'd witnessed first so he was fully informed.

The pack was coming to realise they'd underestimated the Vârcolac but not by how much. Watching Lily and Kal spar had been fascinating as well as terrifying. She'd never seen anyone move so fast or with such deadly precision as those two. She stepped back as Kal helped Lily to her feet and they headed off towards the house.

"You look concerned," Karn said as he came to stand beside her, also watching the departing duo.

"That little spectacle didn't concern you?"

"Hell yeah, but it's not my job to figure out what it all means. I'll leave that to you high honchos. It's just my job to keep them alive." With that he walked off, ordering the practice yard to be cleaned up by the watching Praetorians.

Kallum was waiting for Lily as she stepped out of her rooms to head back downstairs. She'd known he would be so she'd showered and changed quickly.

"We need to talk, Lila."

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Sighing, she nodded and followed him downstairs to his room, jumping onto the bed and sitting cross-legged as he closed the door. She smiled as she watched her brother move. He truly was an awesome individual, so strong and handsome. He would make some woman very happy one day.

"What's so amusing?" Kal sat down beside his sister, running his eyes over her to appease himself that she was fully healed. He was still a little shaken by the turn of events but less so than before, now that he'd had time to think about things.

"I was just wondering who your mate is going to be," she answered with a light laugh. "She's going to be one lucky woman."

He quirked an eyebrow at her, his lips twitching in a smile. He hadn't considered mating. There were far too many other pulls on his attention right now, Lily being one of them. It was obvious she was trying to lead the conversation by distraction but he wasn't going to allow that.

"You want to tell me what's going on with Mackenzie?"

He watched her frown and a shadow pass before her eyes. She looked down at the comforter on the bed and started picking at an invisible thread.

"Liliana." His tone was gentle, full of warmth and love as he sensed her inner turmoil.

"Mac doesn't want children," she admitted on a shaky breath. "He lost a child when he was human. It almost destroyed him and he thinks the same thing will happen again."