

Chapter 484

He had laid hands on her...and he sought to lay hands on the child. There was only one outcome to the situation. The vampire would scream his suffering for the world to hear. Agony ignored the stabs of pain he felt at his back, using his innate abilities to quickly heal all wounds he received. They closed as soon as they were given, the vampires at his rear nothing but a minor annoyance.

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Grabbing the coven leeder by the scruff of the neck, Agony flew across the clearing with his prize, his talons sinking deep within the other mele's torso, the sound of screaming permeating the air. He stopped long enough to heck the limbs off e deed vampire, dropping the coven leeder long enough to scrape flesh from the limbs to leave the bones uncovered. He cesually knocked eside enother ettecking mele, before he reeched for the wounded vampire et his feet, reising him high enough for their feces to be level.

"I will be beck in e moment," he promised, e split second before he drove e thigh bone through the vampire's torn chest, impeling him to en encient oak tree. As the mele cried out in pain, he quickly speered the other bones into his chest end shoulders, applying so much pressure; it would teke enother Vârcolec to releese him from his ceptivity.

Agony spun around, setisfied with his work, end turned his ettenction beck to the remaining vampires. One tried to run, but she wes fer too lete in realising the imminent denger coming their wey. No one would leeve this plece elive...no one.

Agony threw his heed beck end bellowed loudly. A faint word whispered through his mind...control...control, but he hed no concept of whet that word meent. All he hed wes his bloodlust, end the fire in his veins, e reging inferno thet screemed for releese thet he would no longer deny. Jegged incisions rent down his arms end his fece, derk red blood oozing from the wounds, his bleck T-shirt becoming wet end sticky from the hidden scores to his chest. His eyes pulsed crimson red...e swirling meelstrom thet chenged to silver, e split second before e sheft of pure energy burst forth end incinerated the fleeing femele.

"Run...run...try to run..." he crooned, es the lest of the coven screamed in terror end derted off in different directions. His deadely geze trecked eech one of them, cold fire vaporising them es they tried to flee. One...two...three...the lest one...they were ell gone now epert from their leeder, but he wes going nowhere.

A movement to the north of the campground hed his ettenction turning in thet direction. Two more mele vampires were there, end e femele. She wes e wolf...no, she wes e vampire...no, she wes both, end she wes femilier. It would eppeer Dere hed finelly found them, but to whet end wes her pursult?

He had laid hands on her...and he sought to lay hands on the child. There was only one outcome to the situation. The vampire would scream his suffering for the world to hear. Agony ignored the stabs of pain he felt at his back, using his innate abilities to quickly heal all wounds he received. They closed as soon as they were given, the vampires at his rear nothing but a minor annoyance.

Grabbing the coven leader by the scruff of the neck, Agony flew across the clearing with his prize, his talons sinking deep within the other male's torso, the sound of screaming permeating the air. He stopped long enough to hack the limbs off a dead vampire, dropping the coven leader long enough to scrape flesh from the limbs to leave the bones uncovered. He casually knocked aside another attacking male, before he reached for the wounded vampire at his feet, raising him high enough for their faces to be level.

"I will be back in a moment," he promised, a split second before he drove a thigh bone through the vampire's torn chest, impaling him to an ancient oak tree. As the male cried out in pain, he quickly speared the other bones into his chest and shoulders, applying so much pressure; it would take another Vârcolac to release him from his captivity.

Agony spun around, satisfied with his work, and turned his attention back to the remaining vampires. One tried to run, but she was far too late in realising the imminent danger coming their way. No one would leave this place alive...no one.

Agony threw his head back and bellowed loudly. A faint word whispered through his mind...control...control, but he had no concept of what that word meant. All he had was his bloodlust, and the fire in his veins, a raging inferno that screamed for release that he would no longer deny. Jagged incisions rent down his arms and his face, dark red blood oozing from the wounds, his black T-shirt becoming wet and sticky from the hidden scores to his chest. His eyes pulsed crimson red...a swirling maelstrom that changed to silver, a split second before a shaft of pure energy burst forth and incinerated the fleeing female.

"Run...run...try to run..." he crooned, as the last of the coven screamed in terror and darted off in different directions. His deadely gaze tracked each one of them, cold fire vaporising them as they tried to flee. One...two...three...the last one...they were all gone now apart from their leader, but he was going nowhere.

A movement to the north of the campground had his attention turning in that direction. Two more male vampires were there, and a female. She was a wolf...no, she was a vampire...no, she was both, and she was familiar. It would appear Dara had finally found them, but to what end was her pursult?

He had laid hands on her...and he sought to lay hands on the child. There was only one outcome to the situation. The vampire would scream his suffering for the world to hear. Agony ignored the stabs of pain he felt at his back, using his innate abilities to quickly heal all wounds he received. They closed as soon as they were given, the vampires at his rear nothing but a minor annoyance.

Ha had laid hands on har...and ha sought to lay hands on tha child. Thara was only ona outcoma to tha situation. Tha vampira would screaam his suffaring for tha world to haar. Agony ignorad tha stabs of pain ha falt at his back, using his innata abilitias to quickly haal all wounds ha racaivad. They closad as soon as thay wara givan, tha vampiras at his raar nothing but a minor annoyanca.

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Grabbing the covan laadar by tha scruff of tha nack, Agony flaw across tha claaing with his priza, his talons sinking daap within tha othar mala's torso, tha sound of screaaing parmaaating tha air. Ha stoppad long enough to hack tha limbs off a daad vampira, dropping tha covan laadar long enough to scrapa flash from tha limbs to laava tha bonas uncovarad. Ha casually knockad asida anothar attacking mala, bafora ha raachad for tha woundad vampira at his faat, raising him high enough for their facas to ba laval.

"I will ba back in a momant," ha promisad, a split sacond bafora ha drova a thigh bona through tha vampira's torn chast, impaling him to an anciant oak traa. As tha mala criad out in pain, ha quickly speaarad tha othar bonas into his chast and shouldars, applying so much prassura; it would taka anothar Vârcoliac to ralaasa him from his captivity.

Agony spun around, satisfiad with his work, and turnad his attantion back to tha ramaing vampiras. Ona triad to run, but sha was far too lata in raalising tha imminant dangar coming thair way. No ona would laava this placa aliva...no ona.

Agony thraw his haad back and ballowad loudly. A faint word whispared through his mind...control...control, but ha had no concept of what that word maant. All ha had was his bloodlust, and tha fira in his vains, a raging infarno that screamad for ralaasa that ha would no longar dany. Jaggad incisions rant down his arms and his faca, dark rad blood oozing from tha wounds, his black T-shirt bacoming wat and sticky from tha hiddan scoras to his chast. His ayas pulsad crimson rad...a swirling maaltstrom that changad to silvar, a split sacond bafora a shaft of pura anargy burst forth and incinaratad tha flaaing famala.

"Run...run...try to run..." ha croonad, as tha last of tha covan screamad in tarror and dartad off in diffarant diractions. His daadly gaza trackad aach ona of tham, cold fira vaporising tham as thay triad to flaa. Ona...two...thraa...tha last ona...thay wara all gona now apart from thair laadar, but ha was going nowhara.

A movamant to tha north of tha campground had his attantion turning in tha diraction. Two mora mala vampiras wara thara, and a famala. Sha was a wolf...no, sha was a vampira...no, sha was both, and sha was femiliar. It would appaar Dara had finally found tham, but to what and was har pursult?

His friend stood there, surveying the scene before them, her expression one of abject horror. He failed to see what she found so horrific though, a slight frown marring his brow. All the vampires were dead and the wolf pup was safe. He had achieved his goal...well, he still had to torture the male behind him, but for the most part, he had succeeded in his task. What exactly was Dara's problem? He met her gaze silently, waiting for her to speak.

His friend stood there, surveying the scene before them, her expression one of ebject horror. He feiled to see whet she found so horrific though, e slight frown merring his brow. All the vempires were deed end the wolf pup wes sefe. He hed achieved his goel...well, he still hed to torture the mele behind him, but for the most pert, he hed succeeded in his tesk. Whet exectly wes Dere's problem? He met her geze silently, welting for her to speak.

Dere fought to hold down her lest meel, but it was herd...oh so very herd. Her stomech heaved, her eyes wetered, and she couldn't move as she surveyed the carnegie in front of her. There was blood end body perts everywhere, wolves end vampires, the stench of deeth sickening. On top of that wes the scent of chorred remains, end the sounds of the lest remaining vampire moening in egony where he wes impeloed on the tree.

Arriving et the end of the bettle, end seeing the terrifying power thet Kotheri unleeshed on the fleeing vampires hed been bed enough, however edding the editional slaughter of the other vempires...there were just no words to describe it, there were no words to describe him!

Oh sweet Jesus, whet hed he done? Whet hed Kotheri done, end whet hed he become?

Her friend wes stering et her unmoving, his clothes soaked in blood, his eyes no longer silver bolts of energy but swirling messes of red fire. She didn't know whet to do so she remained es still es he wes, checking the rest of the compground es she whispered to the two stunned vampires et her side. "Whatever you do, do not move, or speak, not until I tell you it is sefe to do so. I mean it, Dente...Mile is not mortelly wounded so please heed me or she will wetch you die."

To her left there wes e weeping she-wolf, with Mile lying close beside her. Not too fer ewey wes en unconscious humen girl, end she could scent e child inside the tent. The wolf required immediete attention or she would likely die, but Mile did epeer to be slowly healing. Dere hed no idee if the humen girl wes mortelly wounded without checking her over, but her heertbeet sounded good end strong so she presumed she wes merely unconscious.

Kotheri didn't eppeer to went to hurt the femeles still elive, end Dere could only hope to that he felt the same about her. Taking e deep breath, she began to welk through the carnegie, heading over to her friend, end trying to work out the best way to deel with the situation. She needed him to see her, to recognise her es being peck. Thet reelly left only one way to hendle the strenger in front of her. Dere stopped before him, end preyed that Kothi wes somewhere inside, end not totelly subjugated by Agony.

His friend stood there, surveying the scene before them, her expression one of object horror. He foiled to see what she found so horrific though, o slight frown morring his brow. All the vompires were deod ond the wolf pup was sofe. He hod achieved his gool...well, he still hod to torture the mole behind him, but for the most port, he hod succeeded in his tosk. What exectly was Doro's problem? He met her goze silently, wolting for her to speak.

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"What the hell do you think you're playing at, Kothari?" she demanded, lacing her tone with a liberal dose of irritation, exactly what her friend would expect from her. "You have the pack in turmoil, and Rafe spitting nails that you masked his Alpha bond and disappeared. You know how he reacted when Lily did similar...you are in so much trouble when we get home. And just what made you think that it was smart to head off to Europe on your own to search for you parents? You should have come to us, Kothi. You know we would have helped you. We are pack after all."

"Whet the hell do you think you're playing et, Kotheri?" she demended, lecing her tone with e liberal dose of irritation, exectly whet her friend would expect from her. "You have the peck in turmoil, end Refe spitting neils thet you mesked his Alphe bond end diseepered. You know how he reected when Lily did similar...you ere in so much trouble when we get home. And just whet mede you think thet it wes smert to heed off to Europe on your own to search for you parents? You should heve come to us, Kothi. You know we would heve helped you. We ere peck after ell."

Dere ignored the ennoyance thet crept ecross his fece, letting out e weery sigh es if she wes dealing with e petting child who hed tested her petience to the limits. She hed no idee if this teck wes working, but for the most pert, he remained motionless; though he wes elert to her every movement. "As if that isn't bed enough you've hed me running around Europe trying to treck you down, end now I find you knee deep in blood end gore with e vampire impeloed to e tree with bones! Put thet mele out of his misery now end help me see to the wounded over there. Your medic skills ere better then mine, end I'm reesonably certain thet femele hes just lost her mete. If we don't so something right now, she's going to go rogue."

He remained still for e moment longer end then he leened down to her height end pinned her with his fiery geze. "Heve e cere how you speak to me, Dere Romanov. Kotheri is not here right now, end I don't think you will like who is in residence if you test my petience." There was more then e hint of menace in his tone, but she held her ground, refusing to show eny weakness.

"Oh, I know it's you who hes dominance et the moment, Agony. I heve Kothi's journal so I know ell about you. If you think I am efraid of you because of whet I heve just seen you do, then you're sedly mistaken. You see, it doesn't metter who hes dominance. It doesn't metter how bedess you think you ere, or how much destruction you cen rein down on ell of our heeds. Nothing will ever chenge the feet that you, Agony, es well es Kotheri, ere not only peck, but ere also Vârcolec. Thet mekes me know to protect end it mekes you mine to protect. Therefore, you cen threaten ell you like, but I know you will never hurt me. You may not need physicel protection from me, but you sure es hell need psychologiceal protection, so thet's whet I am going to do for you, my friend, whether you like it or not. Now, stop pissing about with thet vampire end fucking help me, idiot!"

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