

Chapter 552

She reached up as she had with her brother, brushing his lips first, then his eyes, his cheeks and finally his ear. Her lips trembled infinitesimally and for a moment, he thought he heard the words of a spell; but then she was kissing him once more, hard and passionately as if it would be the last time their lips would ever touch.*Www.novelwórm.Co®*

"We must buy Gard time, Callain. He must be far away before he feels the first blow."

"Ana?" Fear flowed through him at her words and at the tears that slowly dripped down her cheeks.

"I used the last of my magic creating the illusion, my mate. There was never going to be enough to do everything that needed to be done. Forgive me, my love. I saved the few that I could, and I knew you would never leave me."

The fear grew, turning into a deep dread. All around them were voices and the sounds of booted feet coming ever closer. In that moment he understood; his love for his Queen blazed so brightly, his amber eyes shone. His knuckles caressed her soft cheek as the sounds came ever closer. "No, I would never leave you, my heart. I love you, Anakatrine, heart of my heart, breath of my breath, forever and always."

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Another tear fell, her smile shining radiantly as they turned together to face the first vampires flying down the long tunnel. "I will hold you to that, my most glorious mate. Death will never keep us apart."

Callain spared one last moment to glance quizzically at her, but she was already moving forward, fangs bared, talons clicking loudly as she cut a swathe through the first unfortunate wave of vampires to encounter her wrath. He was beside her in an instant, protecting her as he cut down vampire after vampire. No one would harm a hair on her head, not as long as he lived...

Caleb cried out, twisting on the bed. His fist crashed out as he rolled over, his body drenched in sweat. The wood headboard split as he thumped it hard. He was neither aware of the noise nor the brief pain in his hand; instead, he was swirling under, drowning in the memories of the man he used to be...

***** Pain lanced down Callain's side and his talons lashed out, decapitating the Elder vampire who was trying to rip out his lung. He back-handed the corpse, ignoring the gaping hole in his side as he turned to face his next attacker, ensuring Anakatrine was always in sight.

His Queen was a remarkable sight, her auburn curls spilling wildly around her, her lavender eyes glowing with power as she despatched two vampires then spun out of the way of a third who was trying to take her head. She fainted left, and then swiftly reversed her movement, catching the third vampire off-guard as she seemed to vanish, and then reappear where she wasn't expected. A casual flick of her hand and she was free to seek her next target, her opponent falling dead at her feet.

Anakatrine was unrivalled in her beauty and wisdom, but also deadly when it came to defending those she loved. Callain knew they were up against overwhelming odds; that the only reason they hadn't been overrun by sheer numbers was due to the cramped tunnel they were in. Though they had kept themselves mostly unharmed, it would be only a matter of time before their strength gave out, and then... The thought of what would happen sparked his fury and his next attack on their assailants was more violent, bloodier. He was drenched in thick red fluid by the time he'd finished dismembering another four vampires.

Despite his ferocity, he was tiring and had taken a few vicious wounds. They had healed almost immediately, but he had lost blood and that added to his fatigue. Vampires were starting to slip past them and he spun around to protect his mate but he realised they were not attacking from behind; instead, they continued on down the tunnel.

For a moment he paused, confused by their behaviour. Then he had to move swiftly to take out a vampire that was sneaking up behind Anakatrine as she was occupied with two others. It was only when he heard the screams coming from behind them that he realised what was happening. By then it was already too late.*wWw.noVeLwórm.com*

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Sara's shrill screams filled the tunnel, her voice hysterical. "Not my baby! Please not my baby! Leave her alone! Give her back to me!"

The illusion of a child crying filled the air for the briefest of moments and then Sara's scream shattered around them. Gaston was screaming too, pain and fury mixed together as the sounds of frantic fighting erupted. They should have been safe from the vampires but it was clear those that had slipped past had been furnished with the key to the cell.

The doomed couple didn't stand a chance against their assailants and the sounds of fighting didn't last long. Callain had one moment to acknowledge their passing, pride flowing through him at the convincing display they had put up. Their child would be safe. No one would doubt the vampires had murdered a living being instead of an illusion. Callain shuddered as he acknowledged the fact that they now had enemies at their back.

"Ana, behind us!"

His mate took two running steps and sailed gracefully through the air, coming to land with her back to his. Callain slashed out at the oncoming onslaught of vampires, ripping off limbs and ripping out throats as his mate took care of the ones behind him. He could feel his fatigue increasing, his movements beginning to slow as he lost yet more blood from the penetrating blows. He wasn't replenishing the lost blood and it was only a matter of time before he was finally overrun.

"Ana." He used their telepathic link, calling to his heart.

"I know, love, I know. There was never an alternative for us, we both knew that."

Her sad words crushed his heart as three Ancients reached him and he couldn't react fast enough to keep them at bay. He roared in pain as his arm was ripped from his shoulder, talons driving hard into his chest. He heard Anakatrine screaming as he fell first to his knees and then onto his side.

Callain watched Anakatrine being surrounded, blood pooling fast as she lost her balance and fell close to him. Her cries of agony were all he could hear. Her lavender eyes, dulled with pain, were all he could see as their people clawed into her body. "Ana!"

"I love you, Callain." The weak mental words resounded in his head as he wept unashamedly. For a second he heard more words but they weren't directed at him and were so weak in nature that he used the last of his strength to aid his Queen.

"Run, Gard! Run!"

Talons rasped at Callain's throat, his vision beginning to blur as pain throbbed through his neck, and he knew they had run out of time. "Ana, I love y..." *****