

Chapter 630

She was there right in front of him. So close he could taste the warmth of her blood in his mouth, could feel her soft flesh parting in jagged tears as his talons shredded her body. So close, and yet, denied to him by the assembled group of wolves who protected her. Pietro hissed out in fury, his eyes darting quickly from one face to the next, cataloguing each position, as he worked out what sequence he would take to circumnavigate everyone to get to his target.

Liam he would leave until last. He would take down Rafe first, he was Alpha and the others would go to his aid without thinking about it. Elina would hang back to protect her cousin, so she would be next, leaving Liam in a moment's confusion over who to protect first. If he went to Elina's aid then good, Thereasa would be his for the taking. If not... he would have to deal with the huge Vârcolac before he could satisfy his bloodlust.

The thoughts took barely a moment to careen through his mind before he was moving, ignoring the warning voices, his eyes black pools of rage as he flowed towards the Alpha. Sounds clamoured on the air, growls and voices, his name being yelled repeatedly, but he was blind and deaf to all. Instinct drove him, fury and vengeance blazing through his feral mind. She had to die and she had to die now!

Pietro swiped out a hand, batting away the two males who dived in front of their father. They crashed to the ground, instantly forgotten as he focused on the now dark brown wolf as the Alpha shifted to animal form.*Www.No(v)ëLwOrM.cøm*

"No! Pietro, no!"

The voice screamed at him, fought to be heard through the feral snarls growling from his lips. He knew that voice, had heard it whisper husky words of need and passion, but he ruthlessly pushed it aside. He would not be denied his kill.

The Alpha charged and Pietro lashed out, catching the huge beast in his arms and tossing it backwards. It was on its feet in a fraction of a second, coiling to spring again as he readied his talons to cut into flesh. The venom dripped from his fangs and he had the briefest moment of lucidity. He mustn't bite... he mustn't bite...*Www.nøv©ŁWorM.cømm*

The wolf jumped, surrounded by a cacophony of sound, and Pietro struck out with his talons.

Pale blonde hair filled his vision, exquisite blue eyes filled with such fear. The wolf was behind her, shoved out of the way as she flowed into his vision, her stance defensive. His talons passed by her cheekbone by the barest of fractions, one nicking ever so lightly, causing the smallest of marks that instantly healed.

Cassia threw herself into his arms, holding him in a crushing embrace, so strong that he couldn't push her away. She wasn't fighting him, she was merely holding onto him, her words whispering in his ears. "Don't do this, Pietro. Please, please don't do this."

The urge to rid himself of the thing preventing his kill ran so deep it took everything in him not to plunge his talons into the soft, warm body embracing him. He wanted to... he needed to... but she was Cassia, and he could never do anything to physically hurt her.

"Pietro, be calm. Please be calm. Think about what you're trying to do."

As suddenly as the rage had overwhelmed him it died in the face of her words. Reason began to surface, and with that reason, he felt something else inside him die. He had been promised sanctuary with the pack. He had been promised so much, but when it came down to what he truly needed, he was very much on his own.

The one person he had come to rely on to understand him, was the very person who had stood in his way, using his attachment to her to thwart him. Cassia had to have known he could never hurt her. She had to have known that of everyone in the pack she was the only one he would have listened to in his feral state. She had known and she had used that knowledge against him!

"Release me, Cassia. I am once again in control of my actions." The words sounded dull to his ears and from the way she stiffened against him, he knew they did to her too. She held on a moment longer, long enough to whisper for his ears only.

"I'm so sorry... "

It didn't matter. No words she said could ever remove the feeling of betrayal he felt inside at knowing she had deliberately used his feelings for her against him. It was a hot knife in his gut, a pain so intense it eclipsed even the worst pain he could remember from Europe. Cassia had sided with the pack against him. She had betrayed him.

Pietro stepped back when she released him, avoiding looking at her beautiful face. He didn't want to look at her. He didn't want to see the remorse he knew would be there because that was who she was, someone who cared so much she would bleed inside at ever hurting someone she cared about. He didn't have anything left in him at that moment to forgive her. All he had was the knowledge that he was alone, as he had always been alone.

His gaze swept over the surrounding pack. The centre of the compound was now full of wolves, all looking at him, waiting for him to go feral again. Rafe was checking over his sons, reassuring himself they weren't harmed. Pietro hadn't meant to hurt them, just remove them from the fight. He knew they would recover quickly from any bumps and scrapes they may have taken.

There was no sign of Thereasa. From the ring surrounding one of the jeeps, he could take a guess that she was safely ensconced inside the vehicle. Nors was there as was Alexei, arms folded with disapproving frowns on their faces. They left him in no doubt that he would have to go through both of them to get to woman, and he had no illusions that they would hurt him badly if he tried.

Even Andrei was glaring at him from his left side, fury dancing in his friend's eyes. They were all condemning him, his friends of hundreds of years turning against him as Cassia had. With a long, loud hiss, Pietro spun on his heel, walking back into the home he had shared with his friends. He knew what he had to do.

"Pietro, wait... "

"Go away, Cassia. I have nothing to say to you."

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"You have to understand... we couldn't allow you to hurt Reasa. We just couldn't. I know she hurt you, Pietro. I understand your need for vengeance but it would kill Liam for anything to happen to her, and she's changing. She truly is changing, Pietro."©Ŵ(ø).novøTWØRm.cøM

He wanted to shut out her voice. He wanted to ignore the plea that rang from every word she spoke. He wanted her to just be gone but this was her pack so that wasn't likely to happen. Spinning around, he impaled her with a look that contained all of his rage, all of his feelings of betrayal.

"I understand, Cassia. The pack will always come first with you, as it is what defines you. I am not pack though. I will never be pack or understand that group mentality. Thereasa ruined my life. She turned me into this thing I am now. I will never be happy until she is dead. Today you chose, Cassia. You chose pack over me and while I can understand that on a rational level, I can't on an emotional one. You betrayed me."