

Chapter 631

www.OvelWORM.coM

Pietro wanted to reach for her even as he said the words that he knew would cut her to the quick. Seeing the tears in her eyes filled him with so much misery that for a moment it almost overcame his feelings of betrayal. But those feelings were too ingrained in his heart and mind. He had trusted in her, he had let down his defences and let her close, and in that moment when he needed her to understand; she had turned against him.

"Tell Rafe I will be off pack lands within the hour. I don't want to spend another second longer here than I have to." Pietro turned away, hardening his heart to the pained whimper that came from the beautiful blonde wolf that had begun to mean so much to him.

"Please don't do this. Please, Pietro. Give yourself time to calm down. We can talk again once you've had a little time... "

"I don't want to see you ever again, Cassia. What we had is over." Misery overwhelmed him at his words and at the tortured sound that escaped her lips, but Pietro forced himself to keep walking up the stairs away from her. Though it hurt him to say it, he knew he wouldn't change his mind. What they had was truly over, whether he wept at the thought or not.

******www.novelwor(m).com*

Pietro was leaving her!

Her mate was refusing her, denying her the only chance she had at happiness. Cassia tried to speak, tried to make him listen, but her tears were flowing too fast, the ball of pain inside so intense it felt as if it was choking her.

He had to understand... he couldn't mean what he was saying. She'd had to stop him from hurting her Alpha, from hurting Thereasa and in doing so, her pack. Why couldn't he understand? Why couldn't he just stay and listen to her?

"Pietro... " the word strangled out on a sob, her voice pleading for him to listen but he continued to walk away, never once looking back.

"Cassia, come on, honey. Come home." Dara was at her side, her sister feeling her pain and reaching out to enclose her in an embrace, to soothe her with her wolf's touch.

"Dara... Dara... oh God Dara... "

Cassia's wolf howled its grief inside her mind and she gave herself over to the animal, unable to bear talking any further. She shifted to wolf form, spinning around and racing through the open door out into the forest.

The wolf howled; the woman screamed internally. They raced through the trees, mindless of where they were going, heedless of any who followed. She crashed into trees, tumbling head over heels and then picking herself up to race off in another direction. All the while she howled her anguish, cried out against the torture that was her mate's rejection.

Cassia ran and ran and ran until she fell to the forest floor exhausted, panting and heaving as she whimpered out her distress. Soft hands stroked over her fur, a loving touch holding her shaking wolf form, whispering words tripping over themselves as they rushed out.*www.NovelWorm.coM*

"It will be okay, Cass. I know it will. Pietro just needs some time. It will all work out, you'll see. Please don't weep so, honey. Please. You are strong and I am with you. I will always be with you."

Dara was crying with her, holding her wolf and rocking her back and forth. She could feel her sister's pain echoing down their familial bond, knew she ached for her grief as much as she did. Dara, who had always been there for her, always been that second part of her from the moment she had been born and they'd first touched minds.

"It hurts so badly, Dara. It hurts so badly."

"I know, sweetheart, but you're strong enough to cope. Lean on me, honey. I've got you and I'll never let go."

Cassia surrendered to the grief of losing her mate, throwing her head back and letting out one long, anguish-filled mournful howl as her sister kept her word, holding her and never letting her go.

Pietro's head shot up and his gaze turned to the forest through his window, the awful howl ringing on the air for all to hear. He knew it was Cassia who was hurting so badly and he wanted to go to her but his feet wouldn't move. Instead, he turned back to his packing, throwing the last of his clothes haphazardly into his case.

"Are you proud of yourself?" Andrei growled from the doorway.

Pietro turned to look at his friend, seeing the signs in his body language that Andrei was barely in control of himself. "I take no pleasure from hurting Cassia." He snapped the suitcase closed.

"What the fuck were you thinking, Pietro?" His friend stepped into the room, fist clenched in an effort to hold back his feral side. "The pack took you in, gave you a sanctuary and this is how you repay them?"

"Some sanctuary," Pietro snarled back, his aggression levels escalating to match Andrei's. "You let the instrument of my torture live and breathe, Andrei. I can remember a day when you of all people would have ripped someone to pieces for much less but now you roll over and do whatever the wolves ask of you. And you ask me what the fuck I was thinking? What the fuck where you and Alexei thinking?"

The other male paused, taking a deep breath before relaxing his clenched fists. "It's not that cut and dried and you know it, Pietro." Andrei sighed deeply and ran a hand through his hair. "The pack is our family now and we have to consider the bigger picture. Believe me, I understand your need for vengeance. We all do, my friend. You have to meet us half way though; you have to understand that we're doing the best we can here."

"I can't!" Pietro hissed, turning away to grab his case. When he turned back, he'd wiped all expression from his face. "All I see is the people who always had my back are now protecting someone who is the cause of my disfigurement. All I see is those I call friend have aligned themselves against me."*worm(n)ov(e)l@Rm.cOm*

"That's fucking bullshit and you know it! Where the fuck are you, Pietro? The man I know wouldn't wallow in self-pity and pitch a hissy-fit because things aren't going his way. And what the fuck did you do to my niece? Why are you breaking her heart? I should be kicking the shit out of you for that reason alone."

His reference to Cassia was too much, and Pietro dropped the case, hissing at his friend. "Then why the fuck aren't you? Go ahead... kick the shit out of me! Do it!"

Andrei's expression turned cold, the warmth dying from his eyes. "If I touched you right now, I would most likely take your head, Pietro. It's for that reason alone I'm ensuring that I retain a modicum of control. You're too weak to fend me off. It would be like slaughtering a Youngling."

Pietro glared at him a moment longer, before he reached for the case once more and stepped past his friend. "Thanks for the reminder of why we're all in this fucked up position in the first place. I never meant to hurt Cassia, Andrei, I truly didn't. She hurt me first though, but I guess that will always be a moot point with you and Alexei when it comes to one of your own. That I can understand."