

Chapter 658

His words brought tears to Cassia's eyes, which poured down her cheeks. Inhaling sharply Pietro wanted to scream at the universe. It wasn't fair that he'd been placed in such a position. He should never have touched Cassia. He had known at the time that it was wrong, and yet, he had taken what he wanted. Now he was hurting the one person who had done the most to help him since the fiasco of Europe.

"I'm sorry, Niña. I never meant for you to be hurt by our time together. One day you will find your mate and what we shared will be but a distant memory...hold onto that fact."

Was he listening to what he was saying? Trying to hold back sobs, Cassia stared at her vampire as if he'd just grown two heads. The idiot had no idea! He had no inkling that the reason she was fighting so hard for him was because he was her mate. Of all the stubborn, idiotic males she could have fallen for she had to pick the one with a skull as thick as a brick wall. She opened her mouth to tell him when a new scent suddenly appeared, causing both their heads to turn in the direction of the doorway.

Fox's wolf growled the instant Cassia turned around to face them. Her cheeks were wet with tears, her expression so full of anguish his beast reared up, glaring at the vampire behind her. What had he done to her? Why was she crying?

"Fox?"

"Who the fuck are you?"

They both spoke at the same time, Cassia clearly remembering him from before, the vampire adopting an aggressive stance.

"What did you do to her?" His response came out directed at the vampire, his body automatically adopting a fighting stance. Where he was from vampires had only one use for wolves, and that was to see them dead on the spot. They were only two wolves and this vampire was older than most he'd come across, but that didn't mean they couldn't go down fighting. It didn't cross his mind to wonder at why he was willing to die to defend Cassia. It was purely instinctual. It was his job to protect his people and he would do so against this vampire no matter what the cost.

Cassia saw the other wolf about to spring a split second before he did. Her shocked brain couldn't understand what was happening, but she moved as Fox did, placing herself in front of Pietro.

"Stop!"

"Get out of the way, Cassia!" She was suddenly spinning away in the opposite direction, picked up and thrown over the bar by Pietro as his talons came out and he surged forward towards the threat.

"No! Stop! What are you doing?!"

Fox shifted, a huge black wolf replacing his human body as he barrelled into the feral vampire. They crashed backwards, spinning into tables with a resounding thud.

Pietro kicked out as he rolled, his feet tossing the wolf clear across the room as he sprang agilely upwards, flowing like a black shadow towards his prey.

"Pietro! Fox! Stop it this instant!" Cassia had no idea what the hell was happening. She just knew that the two males were fighting for no good reason. She had to stop it before it escalated any further, and she didn't know how to. What the hell was wrong with them? They didn't even know each other. Why the hell were they fighting?

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They couldn't be fighting over her...could they? The instant the thought materialised she knew it was the truth. Fox must have seen her come inside and come to investigate. She could only guess at what he had envisioned was happening when he entered. He was a wolf and a European one at that. To him, all vampires were the enemy. He must have thought Pietro was hurting her in some way, and he was trying to protect her.

Oh, for the love of all that was holy! How could she be surrounded by such idiotic males? Fox's wolf was circling Pietro, trying to find a weak area to attack. Her vampire was matching his movements, seeking his own best point of attack. There was so much hate and pain in Pietro's soul, Cassia wasn't sure if he would be able to see that this was just a misunderstanding. If he bit Fox...he would kill the wolf instantly.

Fox sprang; his wide jaw sinking into Pietro's left shoulder as they crashed to the ground. He howled and released the other male as sharp talons sliced into his sides. He knew he had made a fatal mistake the instant he did. His throat was now bared to the dripping incisors of the vampire. All it would take was one bite...the bite the vampire was moving forward to inflict...

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Ice! Freezing cold sugared water and ice...it drenched them both, shocking them out of the feral grip they were caught up in. Fox shifted back to human form, groaning and spluttering as he rolled away from the vampire, clutching at his injured side. His infuriated gaze swung upwards to see the blonde wolf standing above them, an ice bucket in hand.

Pietro coughed and pulled himself upright, wiping the sticky substance from his face. His eyes met Cassia's and for a moment he could only stare at her in surprise. Oh no...she did not just pull Loretta's shit on him! Did she really think she would get away with her aunt's antics? His name wasn't Andrei, and this fight wasn't about a wolf claiming her mate. If she thought he was going to put up with this kind of humiliation, especially in front of a strange wolf...

"Now that I have both of your attention would one of you kindly like to explain to me why you're in the process of not only trying to wreck this bar but also kill each other?"

"Cassia..." Pietro growled, and she held up a hand to halt him.

"On second thoughts, I don't want to hear what you have to say right at this moment, Pietro de la Rios. You've caused enough trouble today." Cassia knelt down beside Fox to check his injured side.

The wolf batted at her hands, his gaze still fixated on Pietro. "I am fine."

"You're bleeding onto the floor and I'm a medic. So be quiet and let me look at your injury." She waved towards her pack, which she had left close to the door when she'd arrived earlier. "Pietro, bring me my pack. I have a medicine case in it."

The vampire opened his mouth to say something, and then closed it again, stomping over to the pack and placing it gently beside her. He was clearly still incensed, but made an effort not to break any of the delicate things tucked inside.

"Hold still...this may hurt." Cassia cleaned out Fox's wound, relieved to see that it wasn't too bad. His enhanced healing abilities would have it mending within a couple of days. She could have given him some of her blood to speed up the healing time, but she wanted him to have a reminder of what an idiot he was.ŴŴŴ.(n)OvElworm.com

"I thought he was hurting you," Fox said through gritted teeth, as he allowed her to minister to him.

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"Pietro would never hurt me," she answered intent on cleaning him up. "My dad and uncle are his two best friends. He may have a bit of a thick skull and say stupid things, but I don't hold that against him."

"I am still here," Pietro growled.

"Oh, I know. I can feel you breathing down my neck," she replied with a weary sigh. "Why don't you start clearing up some of the mess you made? I don't need your assistance here."

"He's the wolf from before, isn't he? What's he doing here? Why the fuck did he come into my place and attack me? What the fuck is there between you two?" Pietro knew he sounded petulant, but he couldn't stand to see Cassia's hands touching the other male. Now that the cloud of rage was lifting, he was as perplexed as she was about what the hell had just happened, and why the European wolf had felt the need to protect Cassia.