## Chapter 689

She was almost at the road when she heard another noise. This time it didn't fade when she stopped, and her heart sank as she spun around to see who was pursuing her.

"There is some satisfaction in being proven right though I admit in this instance I wish I had been proven wrong for Liam's sake," Pietro hissed, fury dancing in his mismatched eyes.

Reasa's heart leapt in her chest, dismay overwhelming her as she gazed at the scarred vampire. "No! You can't be here. Go back, Pietro. Now!"

His face twisted into a grimace, his scar stretching as his eyes bled black. "And let you get away?" he sneered, loathing dripping from every word. "It's a shame Liam has to learn what a treacherous bitch you are, Thereasa. He deserves so much better than you. Fate has truly fucked with his life."

She had to make him leave but she didn't know how. If he was here when Michael arrived, there was no telling what would happen. "Please, Pietro. Please. For Cassia, for Liam and the rest of the pack. You must go back. You must let me go."

"The only place you're going is back to the pack, so get used to that. Now move, Thereasa."

"No...you don't understand!" She tried again, urgency making her words tumble over each other. "You're in danger, Pietro. You have to leave here right now. Please...before it's too late." $\mathcal{W}w$ w.(n)ove $\bigcirc w$ orm.coM

## "How touching..."

Michael's cold words echoed around them, and Pietro spun around, talons at the ready. They were completely encircled by close to two dozen elder vampires, the blond vampire lounging against a large tree trunk.

Reasa moaned in fear, her gaze flickering frantically around them for some avenue of escape. There was none, and no matter how good Pietro was, there was no way in hell he could take on all of the vampires and win.

"I didn't tell you to bring a friend, Thereasa."

She moved to Pietro's side, her gaze locking with her former coven member. "He followed me. He isn't supposed to be here. Forget about him, Michael. I'm the one you want."

The blond vampire moved forward, amusement shining from his eyes. "You still try to protect this vampire? I never understood why you were so intent on protecting him in Europe and here you are doing the very same thing. Are you fucking him?"

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Pietro hissed revulsion crossing his face. "I am mated," he growled, appearing more incensed at being linked with Reasa than being surrounded by so many enemies.

"Our mission wasn't to kill him," Reasa spat out, ignoring Pietro's outburst. "It was information gathering only. You broke Louis' command. You should have been punished as Bruce was. I was weak to leave you alive."

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"No, you were too busy following your own agenda and betraying your coven," Michael hissed back, venom in every word. "You've gone from hero to zero, Thereasa. Louis has sanctioned your death." He laughed at her expression, glee blazing from his eyes. "Yes, you no longer have his protection. You're mine to do with as I please."

Reasa swallowed down her fear, keeping Michael focused on her and away from Pietro. "So be it," she answered, her voice calm despite the fear threatening to overwhelm her. "You know how Louis feels about his coven members taking the law into their own hands. My own situation is testament to that. If you harm this vampire beside me and bring his friends to Louis' door, your death will be a

certainty."

She could see that had him thinking so she pressed on. "Think about it, Michael. You know what I say is true. Let Pietro go and you can do whatever you want with me." She could feel a subtle tensing of the vampire beside her, and knew without looking that he had glanced down at her. She had to keep Michael engaged though, so she stared straight ahead.

She thought she had him for a moment and then his expression hardened. "Do you think me stupid, Thereasa? Do you think I am gullible enough to allow him to leave and bring the rest of his pack down on my head? No, he chose to follow you so he will meet your fate. He should have died in Europe anyway. It's obscene to know one scarred such as he sullies our people."

"Michael...Michael, please don't do this. I'm begging you. You don't want to do this." Reasa knew it would appeal to him to have her beg. It would buy her a little time...time enough to try to save Pietro. As she spoke she pulled on her newly learned dream walking skills. She slid into the mind of the vampire standing at her side, whispering a mental apology that she was once more invading his soul.

"Pietro...we have little time. Forgive me for doing this..."

"NO!" he roared, pushing at her psychic form, trying to dislodge her from his mind.

"I'm sorry...I'm so sorry but you must call to Cassia. I am too far from Liam to reach him but you have the mate link now with Cassia. Call to her, Pietro. Warn her of this danger, and then try to fight your way through them. I will do my best to keep Michael occupied." She slipped from his mind before he could answer, praying he would do as she asked.

Michael was laughing loudly, his confidence so high he didn't consider that possibly there could be wolves close by to hear. "Oh, you beg so sweetly. I find I like hearing you beg, Thereasa. Are you sure you're not fucking Pietro because you plead for his life as if you were." His laughter cut off, cruelty replacing his amusement. "I think we shall kill him first...seeing as you're so partial to him."

He signalled to his men, and a handful of them raised their arms. Reasa stared mutely at them for a second, her terrified mind trying to register what they held in their hands.

"I came prepared with Amort." Michael's smile was nothing short of insane. "I really liked watching the flesh putrefy on Pietro's body. I want to see it again."

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Pietro moved then, a bellow of utter rage dragged from the depths of his soul. At supernatural speed he incapacitated two vampires, throwing hacked off arms at a third and decapitating the fourth.

Michael sprang out of his reach, roaring at his men. "Kill him!"

Three vampires flew at Pietro, knocking him to the ground. Reasa jumped on one of their backs, holding on as he tried to shake her off. He shook her so hard her teeth rattled but she held on like grim death, trying to buy Pietro some time to defend himself. Sharp talons sliced her thigh and she screamed in pain, releasing her hold and rolling to the forest floor.

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