

Chapter 727

The vampires came from nowhere. One moment, Mila was frantically trying to keep Dante alive and the next, the male wolves were running back to the camping ground as if all the demons from hell were on their tale, scooping up the female that was just heading out to track them down. The vampires arrived mere seconds after that, at least a dozen of them, their intent plain.

It didn't cross her mind to stay hidden. How could she, when the Justice Seeker's mate was in the campground, as well as children? Mila could only hope that her warning about the attack would spur Kothari to return to protect the wolf pup he'd rescued earlier. Perhaps then, some of them would come out of the attack alive.

Mila jumped from the treetop, landing squarely on her feet and rushing head first into the clearing without pausing. She had barely a moment to survey the area, before one of the attacking vampires turned on her. There was already one dead male wolf, and two females. This was going to be nothing short of a massacre.

She ducked as the male vampire swiped talons in her direction, kicking his legs out from under him and decapitating him as he fell backwards. It was an easy kill, but then the Youngling was barely three decades old. She wasn't under any illusions that the others would be so easy to dispatch.

The remaining wolves were in animal form, snarling in a circle, protecting a single tent. Mila was sure that the girl and the wolf pup were within the tent, that the lone female alive was likely the girl's mother. A male sprang at the circling vampires, howling in agony as talons pierced its side, a second before fangs sank deep within its neck. Vampiric toxin was deadly to wolves. The male died instantly.

"Leave them alone!" she screamed, running towards the tent, and launching herself in the air before she reached the vampires. She sailed over their line, landing in front of the two remaining adult wolves, spinning to face the attackers.*www.NovelWorld.com*

"You cannot have them! Leave now before you all die." Mila didn't expect them to listen to her, but hopefully she could buy some time for reinforcements to arrive. She prayed she had read Kothari right...that he would come to protect the child. If he didn't...well Dante was going to be extremely pissed at her for getting herself killed.

"Stand aside, female. This is none of your business."

The leader of the coven was wearing clothes stained with old blood. Mila could only presume that he'd had something to do with the earlier altercation with the Justice Seeker, at least she hoped he had. "He is coming back," she announced, putting as much conviction in her tone as she could. "You will all die if you are still here when he arrives."

The vampire glared at her, hatred in his eyes, and more than a hint of insanity. "He will be too late," he laughed. "Let him return and see what happens when he fucks with me and mine." He turned to his coven. "This interfering bitch is mine. Kill the rest of them..."

She had hoped to frighten them and make them leave. They evidently had no intention of being thwarted from their task. "Stay behind me," Mila ordered to the wolves, shifting the weight to the balls of her feet as she tried to try to anticipate how the vampires would strike. She had no idea if the wolves would listen to her, it was a wonder they weren't snapping at her as it was. They must have been able to sense that she wasn't a threat to them, however, that seemed a moot point. There was no way in hell she could hold the vampires off for any length of time. They were all doomed, unless the Justice Seeker came.

Agony's fury was like a cold, hard razor scything through his entire body. He had finally found a promising lead to where his parents had gone, and he now had to put it on hold to return to the place he'd left the wolf pup. He had given Pippa his word that the pack would protect her, and that he would return. He kept his word, always, though he hadn't anticipated needing to return so soon.

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Paradoxically, it was Kothari who was the one opposed to this course of action, his other half demanding to be heard though he ignored the faint voice swirling through his mind. The boy wanted their parents and fought him to change course. Agony was well aware of why Kothari nagged at him. They both knew that once their parents were discovered alive and well, there would be no need for Agony to have dominance within their body. Agony refused to be swayed though, continuing on through the trees as the scent of blood and death grew stronger. They would discuss dominance at a later date...for now, he had a wolf pack to protect.

There was no doubt in his mind that the attack came from the vampire he had allowed to live as a warning. Clearly, stupidity was rife in the European covens, or perhaps his own arrogance that the vampire would listen to him was to blame for this turn of events. Either way, Agony would end this little episode as swiftly as possible, and then he would return to his main goal of tracking down his parents.

Bursting into the clearing that held the decimated campground of the wolf pack, Agony quickly took in the scene. A female vampire was dragging herself from the ground, blood pouring from a gash in her head. One arm hung awkwardly, and her left side was a gaping wound right down to the bone, but she surged forward despite her injuries, talons swiping wildly at a male's exposed neck.

Behind her, a male wolf was trying to protect a female, but his efforts were in vain, as one of the attackers slipped passed the line of defence, and drove talons into the female wolf's side. The animal howled in agony, and her mate tried to help her, but another vampire overcame him...the Elder catching him around the throat and sinking toxic fangs sinking into his neck.

Death was instantaneous, the wolf's agonised howl cutting off almost before it started. The she-wolf instantly shifted back to human, her anguished scream renting the air, as she dragged her wounded body over to her dead mate. "Roland!"

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Her cry distracted her vampire protector enough to have her half turning from her target, the move clearly unwise as her attacker gained an advantage in their fight. The male's talons should have removed her head from body, however the female, who could only be the Mila from the phone call, moved the barest of fractions of an inch, and that saved her life. It didn't prevent her from receiving an almost mortal wound to her neck though, and she screamed in agony and fell backwards...leaving clear access to the she-wolf sobbing over her dead mate, and the tent unprotected.*www.NovelWorld.com*