

Chapter 730

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The male wrenched the baseball bat from the human girl, and backhanded her across the face, sending her crashing to the ground a distance away. Something about that act resonated deep within Agony's soul...something breaking within...the monster he thought he controlled suddenly rearing up with a power that superseded anything he had ever experienced before.

No time! No time left. The bastard had laid hands on her. He had laid his filthy hands on her! Agony took flight, a graceful, deadly leap that took him sailing above the heads of the vampires and directly behind their leader. The male was trying to get inside the unguarded tent, inside where a child wept in terror.

He had laid hands on her...and he sought to lay hands on the child. There was only one outcome to the situation. The vampire would scream his suffering for the world to hear. Agony ignored the stabs of pain he felt at his back, using his innate abilities to quickly heal all wounds he received. They closed as soon as they were given, the vampires at his rear nothing but a minor annoyance.WŴw.n0vℓW0Rm.c0m

Grabbing the coven leader by the scruff of the neck, Agony flew across the clearing with his prize, his talons sinking deep within the other male's torso, the sound of screaming permeating the air. He stopped long enough to hack the limbs off a dead vampire, dropping the coven leader long enough to scrape flesh from the limbs to leave the bones uncovered. He casually knocked aside another attacking male, before he reached for the wounded vampire at his feet, raising him high enough for their faces to be level.

"I will be back in a moment," he promised, a split second before he drove a thigh bone through the vampire's torn chest, impaling him to an ancient oak tree. As the male cried out in pain, he quickly speared the other bones into his chest and shoulders, applying so much pressure; it would take another Vârcolac to release him from his captivity.

Agony spun around, satisfied with his work, and turned his attention back to the remaining vampires. One tried to run, but she was far too late in realising the imminent danger coming their way. No one would leave this place alive...no one.

Agony threw his head back and bellowed loudly. A faint word whispered through his mind...control...control, but he had no concept of what that word meant. All he had was his bloodlust, and the fire in his veins, a raging inferno that screamed for release that he would no longer deny. Jagged incisions rent down his arms and his face, dark red blood oozing from the wounds, his black T-shirt becoming wet and sticky from the hidden scores to his chest. His eyes pulsed crimson red...a swirling maelstrom that changed to silver, a split second before a shaft of pure energy burst forth and incinerated the fleeing female.

"Run...run...try to run..." he crooned, as the last of the coven screamed in terror and darted off in different directions. His deadly gaze tracked each one of them, cold fire vaporising them as they tried to flee. One...two...three...the last one...they were all gone now apart from their leader, but he was going nowhere.

A movement to the north of the campground had his attention turning in that direction. Two more male vampires were there, and a female. She was a wolf...no, she was a vampire...no, she was both, and she was familiar. It would appear Dara had finally found them, but to what end was her pursuit?

His friend stood there, surveying the scene before them, her expression one of abject horror. He failed to see what she found so horrific though, a slight frown marring his brow. All the vampires were dead and the wolf pup was safe. He had achieved his goal...well, he still had to torture the male behind him, but for the most part, he had succeeded in his task. What exactly was Dara's problem? He met her gaze silently, waiting for her to speak.

Dara fought to hold down her last meal, but it was hard...oh so very hard. Her stomach heaved, her eyes watered, and she couldn't move as she surveyed the carnage in front of her. There was blood and body parts everywhere, wolves and vampires, the stench of death sickening. On top of that was the scent of charred remains, and the sounds of the last remaining vampire moaning in agony where he was impaled on the tree.

Arriving at the end of the battle, and seeing the terrifying power that Kothari unleashed on the fleeing vampires had been bad enough, however adding the additional slaughter of the other vampires...there were just no words to describe it, there were no words to describe him!

Oh sweet Jesus, what had he done? What had Kothari done, and what had he become?

Her friend was staring at her unmoving, his clothes soaked in blood, his eyes no longer silver bolts of energy but swirling masses of red fire. She didn't know what to do so she remained as still as he was, checking the rest of the campground as she whispered to the two stunned vampires at her side. "Whatever you do, do not move, or speak, not until I tell you it is safe to do so. I mean it, Dante...Mila is not mortally wounded so please heed me or she will watch you die."(w)Ŵ.W.n0vℓW0Rm.c0M

To her left there was a weeping she-wolf, with Mila lying close beside her. Not too far away was an unconscious human girl, and she could scent a child inside the tent. The wolf required immediate attention or she would likely die, but Mila did appear to be slowly healing. Dara had no idea if the human girl was mortally wounded without checking her over, but her heartbeat sounded good and strong so she presumed she was merely unconscious.

Kothari didn't appear to want to hurt the females still alive, and Dara could only hope to that he felt the same about her. Taking a deep breath, she began to walk through the carnage, heading over to her friend, and trying to work out the best way to deal with the situation. She needed him to see her, to recognise her as being pack. That really left only one way to handle the stranger in front of her. Dara stopped before him, and prayed that Kothi was somewhere inside, and not totally subjugated by Agony.

"What the hell do you think you're playing at, Kothari?" she demanded, lacing her tone with a liberal dose of irritation, exactly what her friend would expect from her. "You have the pack in turmoil, and Rafe spitting nails that you masked his Alpha bond and disappeared. You know how he reacted when Lily did similar...you are in so much trouble when we get home. And just what made you think that it was smart to head off to Europe on your own to search for you parents? You should have come to us, Kothi. You know we would have helped you. We are pack after all."

Dara ignored the annoyance that crept across his face, letting out a weary sigh as if she was dealing with a petulant child who had tested her patience to the limits. She had no idea if this tack was working, but for the most part, he remained motionless; though he was alert to her every movement. "As if that isn't bad enough you've had me running around Europe trying to track you down, and now I find you knee deep in blood and gore with a vampire impaled to a tree with bones! Put that male out of his misery now and help me see to the wounded over there. Your medic skills are better than mine, and I'm reasonably certain that female has just lost her mate. If we don't so something right now, she's going to go rogue."ww(w).n0vℓW0Rm.c0(m)