

## OH FOR MATES SAKE

### Chapter 74 Price of War

Stilts moved in front of me and held out his cane protectively. A light flickered from his cane and then another light attacked his. My arms felt frail, but I managed to push myself into a sitting position. Sheena was frantically trying to heal my exhausted body. I couldn't shift, not like this. We were both tired. I couldn't feel any of my sheya magic... I think it was depleted as well. I sat here on my own as Stilts struggled against an unknown force.

Scott's wolf paused for a moment. This was when a small red-skinned creature with horns and tusks came into view. A glow emitted from his fingertips as he stayed locked on Stilts.

"Damn it all... an Imp." Stilts growled through his teeth, glancing back at me nervously. He was in no position to protect me. I struggled to my feet and tried

to back away. Alpha Scott moved around the imp and Stilts, proceeding towards me. I heard the feral growl from Sion rip into the air. I glanced towards the sound of my mate. Briefly, our eyes met. I could see he wanted to get to me but couldn't. In front of him was a monstrous fiery hound, the likes I had never seen before. Was that a hell hound?! I have heard rumors how even guardians have struggled against those creatures. What the hell was all of this? It was as if the gates of hell opened up right here.

Clover! Sion's frantic voice entered my mind as the hell hound blocked his every move.

I'm okay... concentrate on your own fight. Sion didn't know how I was feeling right now. He didn't know I couldn't shift. I didn't need him worrying about me. Especially if that was a hell hound he was fighting against. I'd figure this out. I just needed to stall and buy myself some time.

I couldn't connect to anything. I couldn't shift to Sheena and I couldn't use my powers. Everyone was busy with fights of their own. I watched as Alpha Scott bared his teeth at me as a low growl escaped his throat.

We only need you alive... we don't need you unharmed. His unwanted voice crashed into my mind as his feet shifted. He was now in an attacking stance. I would have to try to dodge his attack if I could. My limbs felt unresponsive, and I knew I was in no shape to even evade him. This was going to hurt...

The massive wolf lunged at me and then a streak of gray clashed into him. My mouth parted as the gray wolf came to stand in front of me protectively.

Denny...

He turned his head slightly and our eyes met.

Are you okay? His eyes searched mine as I nodded my head.

I'm okay. I just exhausted myself, but I'll be ready to fight soon.

Clover... I'm sorry. This man... isn't the father I know. Maybe I never knew him...

Alpha Scott growled angrily and started pacing to the side. More wolves made their way up to us, emitting the strange glow. I didn't know what this color meant, but Scott had it too.

Denny curled around me protectively as the wolves' eyes fixated on me. I knew a conversation was going on between Denny and Scott. I hate that I didn't know what was being said. I could tell by Denny's growl that he wasn't happy. Then more wolves arrived, only they

came next to my side.

Joey, Jude, Andrea... and the other wolf must be Stacey. I wanted to know what happened. I wanted to ask them how they were here now, but suddenly ferocious growls ripped into the air.

Denny charged forward and the other wolves collided with a brutal force. My muscles quivered with rage, aching to join the melee. Yet, I remained still, a powerless witness to this raging inferno as Denny and Scott's wolves toppled down the hill in a wild heap of fur and fury.

The two massive beasts rose like towers of fur and muscle, claws outstretched as they clashed. They bellowed a throaty roar, their duel shaking the ground as they pounded each other with relentless strikes from their deadly talons. Sparks flew in the night air as the two Alphas collided, neither willing to relent

until one was defeated.

Scott's wolf had the advantage of size, but Denny's wolf was quicker. Denny's wolf was in his prime and the stronger wolf. As they exchanged blows, at first it was clear Denny would win. However, Scott's aura began to glow.

"What is that..." I murmured in horror, watching Scott's wolf begin to dominate over Denny.

"Demons, Clover!" I turned my head to see Stilts fighting with several imp-like creatures. "That pup doesn't stand a chance. That is demon power." He grunted as he pushed his cane forward, sending the demon creatures flying back. He panted and glanced back at me. "Some of those wolves have been given demon power. He needs help—" Stilts spun around as a wave of red lightning attacked him. His cane trembled in his hands as he tried to hold off the

incoming attack.

I knew I was overexerting myself when I was freeing the Chance pack members. I was so focused on freeing them that I didn't think about after. Right now, Denny needed my help, and I couldn't do anything. I watched powerlessly as Scott's wolf lunged at Denny, knocking him to the ground.

Out of nowhere, Jude's brown wolf slammed into Scott. Scott's wolf wasn't even dazed as he turned his frenzied assault on Jude. Scott's wolf charged forward, his teeth bared and eyes burning with fury. In an explosive collision, Jude was thrown to the ground and pinned beneath Scott's powerful wolf. Jude fought for his life, but his effort was in vain. With a savage growl, Scott's wolf clamped down on Jude's neck and shook him violently. He then flung his limp body into the side of a tree. The sickening c\*\*\*k of bone echoed in the air as Jude's lifeless body slunk to

the ground.

My eyes watered up as a silent cry reached my throat. My hands trembled as I stared at my dead friend. Denny dove back into his father with maniacal savagery. I can't sit here and wait any longer. I have to fight.

Sheena! I called out to my wolf.

We are good enough to shift, but...

That's all I need. I answered as my fist balled together. I needed my feral form and the rest I would figure out. I could feel my powers starting to stir as they reacted from Jude's death. I clenched my eyes together and tried not to think about it. I didn't want to think about Jude being dead and that Kai was on the verge of death.



Oh gods... my friends... my family. I was losing them. I wanted to crumble to my knees and scream out in agony. I felt like I was being strangled as I tried to bury the pain. I promised them both my chocolate chip pancakes. I could see their smiling faces and I wished this was all a bad dream. I wished this was a nightmare and it would all end. But with the metallic scent of blood in the air; and the loud sounds of fighting, I knew it was real. And this was because of someone I trusted... someone who had betrayed us.

My eyes snapped open, burning with blinding fury as I looked down the hill. There wasn't time to grieve now, but I could take this burning anger out on the one who caused this. This poisonous rage bubbling inside of me demanded to be released. Like molten lava coursing through my veins, this dangerous anger demanded to be unleashed. My fists clenched as I hoped I had enough strength to defeat Scott. Once my alpha... no... he was never my alpha. He was

always a demon in disguise. Even now, he attacks his own son.

I couldn't save Jude... I couldn't save Kai. Pain ripped through my heart like an electric current. I failed them. Now I watched as Denny fought for his life. He was fighting in this battle because of me. He defied his father and took up arms against him for my sake. I couldn't lose him too. Please... I can't lose more of my family.

In a flash, silver fur wrapped over me. Finally, I was able to connect with my wolf. My feet shifted on the ground as I tested my strength. Vengeance was coursing through my veins as I fixated my gaze on Scott. It was time to end him.

As fast as I could, I moved through the chaotic fray of wolves as I made my way towards the one responsible for this pain.

Careful, Clover, we are still tired.

But we have our life, and we are not hurt. We can't sit by and wait any longer.

Clover... this isn't your fault. This is because of evil, so don't put that burden on your shoulders. I understand what Sheena is saying, but this raging storm was brewing out of control inside of me.

I glanced around, looking for the others. Claws, teeth, fur, blood, and bodies were all a blur as demons continued to pool in. There was no sight of anyone familiar besides Scott and Denny. Everyone else was busy fighting their own battles. I knew Sion was capable, but a hell hound was a terrifying monster. They were the gate keepers of hell for a reason. If that was what he was fighting against... was he strong enough?

The air around me seemed to crackle with electricity as I felt his presence, yet I could not see him. I was at a crossroads of indecision until I heard Denny's panicked yelp. His fierce growl resonated through the air as he courageously held his ground against his father. The smell of copper and the sight of his blood dripping on the ground had me refocused on where I was needed.

The air around me seemed to freeze as I gazed into the wild, murderous eyes of Scott's wolf. His own son stood before him, but he was ready to take his life without hesitation. The wolf's fur was standing on end and every muscle in his body tensed as he stepped forward, eyes blazing with an indomitable will to make the kill. His sharp teeth were visible as he snarled, ready to devour his prey. His son.

With a mighty roar, he lunged forward, his eyes never

leaving his prey. The force of his heavy body knocked Denny to the ground. Scott's wolf followed up with a furious attack. I saw Denny's eyes widen in pain, his teeth bared in warning, but he could not fight back. His muscles tensed with desperation as he struggled against the unbridled savagery of his father. He was fighting a losing battle, struggling to stand against the ferocity that was about to take him, but he had already been crippled by his injuries. I could see the blood pooling beneath him and knew he didn't have anything left. Scott stared at his son with a hateful glint in his eye, letting out a menacing growl. No compassion or regret was present in his gaze, and it was obvious who the real monster of this world was. Scott might be a werewolf, but his soul was darker than the blackest depths of hell. His very soul deserved to be eradicated. He lunged forward and clamped his jaws around Denny's neck, piercing his skin with razor sharp fangs. JM Snap. All Rights Reserved.

The ground trembled beneath my feet as I galloped, the force of each step propelling me forward with such ferocity that my body began to hum. A zing of electricity stirred in my feet and sizzled up my legs, the sensation pulsing through me until I was overcome with a burning desire to get to Denny.

I slammed into Scott's wolf with such force that his body soared through the air, only to crash land several feet away. In an instant, he was on his feet, eyes burning with rage as he glared down at me. He viewed me as a mere ant that had wandered in his path. But I was never made to be Denny's Delta. I was born to be a leader. With unshakable confidence and unwavering courage, I stood my ground as his wolf snarled menacingly, preparing to attack.

This is all your fault! His mental link spat out in my mind. I've had to kill my own pack members and

family because of you. You know what... I don't care. I am not keeping you alive. I don't care what the demon king wants. I'm ridding the world of you.

Did he think his words held any value to me? There was nothing he could say. Nothing.

Clover, run! I heard Denny's weak voice enter my mind. My tail wagged slightly as I glanced at him from the corner of my eye. He was laying on the ground in a pool of his own blood. His wolf looked exhausted and weak, yet he was worrying about me.

I won't run. I'm sorry Denny... but I am going to kill you father.

I'm sorry I wasn't strong enough to do it myself.

Shh, rest Den, I've got this. The tip of his tail thudded lightly as he rested his head on the ground. I didn't

like the way his wolf looked. He needed help. He didn't look like he was healing. My chest squeezed as I swallowed the lump forming in my throat. I couldn't lose Denny too. Please let him be alright. I wasn't willing to accept the prospect of losing Denny. Prayer was all that was left to me, so I begged to any higher power for mercy—for Denny's sake. Perhaps it was for my own sake too.

With my eyes trained on Scott, my ears focused on Denny. The sound of him struggling to breathe had my heart shattered. He wasn't just a friend... he was my family.

My eyes narrowed as I focused my gaze on my opponent. My entire body bristled with tension. I was ready to attack, ready to take him down. I released an angry snarl, pushing my wolf to the limit, ready to take down my prey. Scott's wolf growled, saliva flying as his lips curled over his fangs.



In a split second, we both hurled ourselves towards one another. Our formidable creatures collided with a powerful boom that reverberated through the air. The ground shook beneath us with a deafening crash, and the air was filled with the frenzied cries of battle. In a matter of moments, all would be decided, and only one of us would emerge victorious.

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