

OH FOR MATES SAKE

Chapter 75 Remember

Our bodies moved like raging bulls, muscles straining with each powerful thrust. I dug my claws into the ground, desperately seeking firm ground as a lifeline. My fate hung in the balance - one misstep and I'd lose the fight.

We pushed off from each other and I bared my teeth at him, letting out a menacing growl. I watched as his ears twitched and it seemed like he was checking on Denny's condition. I couldn't help but wonder what he was thinking. Was he concerned for Denny's well-being, or was he merely assessing whether the job was done? I didn't know how this man felt anymore. Hell, obviously I never knew anything about him.

Despite his feelings towards me, I am still stunned to the core at how he viciously attacked his own son. Was this the same man? Or had the insidious power

of the demon filled him with an unquenchable thirst for blood? Denny was his son, his beloved only child and heir.

My claws dug into the mud as a murderous intent seized me. How could he?! This man didn't deserve to live. How could he cause so much pain? And for what? Was it really for revenge or was it something deeper? I looked over and caught Denny's wolf's eyes with mine. At one point, I was going to be sworn in to protect him. Seeing him like this now... I will never forgive Scott for this. There was so much concern in Denny's eyes for me and I felt guilty that I couldn't protect him.

With a savagery I didn't know existed in me, I dashed at Scott. I jumped out of the way of his gnashing teeth and sank my fangs into his side. His blood splattered on the ground beneath him as a sweet painful yelp escaped his throat. The cry soon turned into a

murderous growl as he turned to me.

Scott lunged towards me, his hulking frame pushing against mine with the force of a charging rhinoceros. I moved with the blow, my reflexes on fire as I used his strength against him. But he was prepared for this...

All the years I lived in the Sulfur pack I have never seen Alpha Scott take part in our training. He trained separately, but he was always there watching us... watching me. He knew how I fought, and I didn't know anything about him. He knew that I would use his own strength against him.

Suddenly, our fight halted, and he rolled beneath me. Before I had time to react, I felt his sharp fangs sinking into my hind leg, and I let out a howl of surprise and pain. The dirt drank up my blood, turning the ground into a muddy mixture.

I twisted and growled to get out of his grip, as Scott's fangs ripped into my flesh. I couldn't let him win. I wouldn't! Sheena wasn't at full strength, but I knew we were stronger. I dug my claws into the ground, ready to pull myself forward even if it meant I would injure myself more.

With a violent thrash, I managed to break free. My blood spilled into a steady stream as it mixed with the mud. I was going to have to face him head on and with a lame leg. Scott wasn't going to give me a moment to recover. He was a killer and knew now was the time to take me down. Relentlessly, he dove back into me at full speed with his jaws agape.

My heart raced and rage surged through my veins as I reared back to lunge at his throat. All I wanted was a fraction of a second to grab the vulnerable flesh to sink my jaws around it like a vice. Once I got a hold of the weak soft tissue, I wouldn't let go until his body

quit moving. I knew I couldn't move fast enough to escape the blow he would inflict on me, but hopefully, I could take him out with me...

Right before his teeth were to sink into me, a body leaped into his jaws. The sickening c***k of bones and painful yelps had me frozen. In shock, Scott released the gray wolf who fell down at my feet. Another wolf dove at Scott and they tumbled away from me as I scrambled to Denny's side.

Denny! I screamed and nuzzled his muzzle gently. The noise around me seemed to vanish as I focused on Denny. I watched as his eyes opened to look at mine. Blood was oozing from his mouth and his chest heaved with labored breaths.

Clover, are you okay?

Thanks to you. Denny, please don't go... please. I

pleaded with him as I shifted back to my human form. I cradled his head in my lap and watched as the werewolf transformation wore off from Denny's body. I gripped his hand tightly as tears streamed down my face.

"It's okay Clover. I'm just happy it wasn't you." His words were forced out as he coughed on the blood filling his lungs.

"Den... you'll be okay. Everything is fine. It is going to be just fine." I lied to the both of us. He offered me a bloody smile and I could see he knew better.

"A moment of truth..." Denny whispered out. "I love you, Clover. Even without Andrea...I couldn't take you as my mate because I view you as my sister. My sweet feisty sister who makes the best chocolate chip pancakes... that I wish I could taste again."

“You will, Denny. I’ll make them for you. You are going to make it. Please... please don’t go. Please... I’ll do anything. Just don’t leave me.” My voice was a strangled whisper as I wiped the blood from his mouth with my hand. I tried to put on a brave face, but my voice cracked with a sob as I begged him not to leave. I ran my hand over his cheek, trying to keep him in the moment, and pleaded with him to stay. “You can make it Denny. I’ll do anything for you to live. Just don’t leave. Please...I love you too, Den...” Despite my best efforts, I felt my emotions running wild and my heart shattering as I realized that he was going to die.

“Live Clover... live for us both.” Denny whispered as his eyes closed shut. I took in a shattering breath as his body began to convulse as the life left him. I held him tight against my chest, my arms wrapped around his neck and body. Tears rolled down my cheeks, mixing with Denny’s blood, spilling onto the ground

that drank it greedily.

His body stilled; his beautiful eyes stared up at the sky as his body went limp. I leaned down and kissed his forehead, gently holding him close. My arms were shaking as my vision blurred. He was gone. The man I loved like a brother was gone. The first family I had... a piece of me died with him at that moment. I would never be the same again. A mighty scar formed over my heart.

I was dazed as I stared at Denny's lifeless body. My mind was numb, and I couldn't make my thoughts process. I wanted him to come back. I wanted Denny to jump up and tell me it was a joke. That everything was just fine. It wasn't.

I tried to swallow back the lump that was forming but couldn't. I let my tears freely fall as I clenched my teeth furiously. Scott. All of this was because of that

damn bastard. He killed his son?! Anger surged through my veins and boiled to the surface. I was injured and needed more power.

Black wisps began to form around me as my body shook, demanding vengeance. Somehow, subconsciously, I was tapping into Sion's powers and flowing them with my own. It helped refuel my sheya powers that had been depleted.

"I'm so sorry Den. It wasn't supposed to be like this." I whispered as I laid his lifeless body on the ground. I squeezed my hands into angry fists as I snapped my head in the direction of Scott.

Pure fury blinded me as I screamed out in pain and power. His wolf flew into a tree as the black wisps of energy encircled him. A thundering boom cracked in the air around us as the earth shook under my feet. Pink and black energy wisps frenzied out of me,

wrapping around Scott's wolf.

I watched in perverse delight as his body writhed in agony, his fur peeling off like molten wax. He screamed in pain, a deafening soundtrack to the macabre show. The fur that remained on his body was now drenched in his own blood, charred, and blackened by the energy wisps.

"You killed him..." I heard myself say in a voice I didn't recognize. "You killed my brother! You killed your own son!" I shrieked, my body trembling with fury and anguish. His eyes met mine and in them I saw an eternity of sorrow and regret. Yet, it was as if these emotions bounced off of me. I didn't care. Regret? How dare he have regret.

I didn't mean to kill him... Scott's voice reached my mind as my body shook with the exploding anger inside.

“You didn’t mean to kill him? You didn’t mean to kill your only son?” My voice was a hoarse shout that reverberated my anger and grief.

I didn’t mean to kill him. It was supposed to be you! It was always supposed to be you who died! He growled in my mind. His eyes narrowed on me, clearly blaming me for this incident. Blaming me for him killing Denny.

My body moved on its own volition and a primal desire took over. It was as if something imploded from inside of me and it all unleashed upon Scott. The sound of his bones cracking filled the air as his body distorted. Howls of agony ripped from his throat. The wisps of black and pink energy raced around him in a frenzy and suddenly his wolf exploded. A mass of flesh and fur flew in all directions. Blood splattered everywhere, globs of teeth, muscles, and his organs

littered the ground where he once was.

I was hoping I would find some sort of internal relief. I didn't. Instead, I wanted to curl up and cry. I wanted to puke. I wanted anything but this. I wanted Kai to be okay. I wanted Jude back. I wanted Denny back.

I turned and took a few staggering steps back to Denny and fell to my knees. I cradled him in my arms. His body was cold and limp. My body shook violently as my tears spilled down my cheeks.

"Den..." I whispered. "I'm... I'm sorry."

I felt a hand land on my shoulder, and I looked up to see gentle hazel eyes staring down at me with worry.

"Sion..." My voice cracked as he knelt down behind me, scooping me in his arms. "Kai..."

“Logan took him away from the battle...” His voice trailed off and I bit my quivering lip. “He is in bad shape...” I turned my head to look at Denny’s body.

“He died protecting me. This is my fault.”

“Shh...” Sion gently cooed into my ear. “This isn’t your fault. This is Alpha Scott’s fault... and this is Breanna Snyder’s fault.” The sound of that woman’s name lit a fire inside of my heart. I lifted my gaze from his chest and stared at him.

“Where is she?” I growled.

“She ran away after I defeated the hellhound.” Sion’s warm hands were holding me delicately as if I was about to break.

“Then it’s time to finish this.” I growled as he nodded his head slowly. I watched as he lifted his gaze from

me, and I turned to see Conner laying Jude's body down next to Denny's. Sion gripped my waist tightly and I went to say something, but then my breath caught in my chest.

The colors of the world changed and then I could see them. Through Sion's power I could see Denny and Jude's souls. They were standing there with a faint smile on their lips, watching me.

The living world vanished as I rose to my feet. I took a small step away from Sion and then I ran into Denny's arms. Jude's hand came to rest on top of my head as I began to sob uncontrollably.

"What are these tears for?" Jude chuckled as Denny held me tight against his chest.

"Clover... it's okay. Don't cry." Denny said, and I lifted up to look at his face. Then I looked over at Jude.

“It’s not fair.” I hiccupped as I wiped my tears from my face. I watched as Reapus appeared behind them and I shook my head. “It isn’t fair.”

“Clover... life isn’t fair. You know this better than anyone.” Denny rested his hand on my shoulder and gave me a reassuring smile. “We are reentering the life pool. We are going to give this living thing another shot.”

“Maybe this time I’ll be born with powers that are able to shred a soul...” Jude chuckled and I looked at him clearly missing something. “Alpha Scott... you uhm... shredded both his living body and his soul.” My lips parted in shock.

“Even his soul was corrupt, Clover. It is hard for me to grasp, but at some point, my father changed. He chose to take in demon power. The power didn’t

change him though, this was the person he was. I just didn't realize it until it was too late." Denny gave me a small smile and leaned his head down to look into my eyes. "You are okay. Everything is okay. You have a new pack and a mate who will love and treasure you. You have a family now. You don't need me anymore."

"I still need you, Denny. I still need you both." Warm tears trickled down my face.

"No, you don't need us. We needed you." Jude said as he placed his arm around my back. "Keep an eye on Joey for me."

"Tell Joey to take over as the Alpha of the Sulfur pack. He will be a great leader and the Sulfur pack needs a new face. Tell him this was the final order from his Alpha." Denny glanced up at Sion. "Maybe help guide him..."

“We will.” Sion said as I hugged Denny and Jude in one last embrace.

“I wish I could keep you both with me.” I sniffled as I felt my heart being torn apart.

“We will always be with you Clover...” Denny said as he tapped my forehead. “We are in your memories, and we are with you whenever you think of us.”

“So, remember all my cool moments. Don’t replay any of the dumb ones.” Jude said, roughing up my hair as he stepped away.

“Tell Andrea she will be okay and, when she is ready, find a new mate. To live her life to the fullest. You too, Clover...If there's anyone that deserves happiness, it's you... little sister.”

“It’s time... I’ll escort you to the life stream.” Reapus

said, and Denny stepped away from me. At the same time, I felt the heat of Sion's chest on my back. There was nothing I could do. I wanted to reach out and stop him, but knew I had no choice. Hot tears trickled down my face as I looked between Denny and Jude.

"Don't cry Clover. This was the way it was meant to be." Denny gave me a crooked smile. "I'll see you in my next life...take care."

"I love you both." I whispered as I watched them fade away with Reapus. It was both a blessing and a curse being able to say goodbye. It was not long enough... it would never be long enough. Who was ever ready to say goodbye forever?

A lump formed in my throat as I realized that this was the last goodbye. The tears came hard and fast as I fell into Sion's arms. I wanted nothing more than to let go of my pain and allow the sorrow to finally overtake

me, but I knew I had to push it down for now. There was a battle that still needed to be won and no time for mourning. I knew time was of the essence, but I needed this tiny moment to release some of my pain.

In spite of the agony, I had to move forward. We had a fight to finish.

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