

## His Mate and His Mistress 2 Rise of a Luna

### Chapter 31- "Raging Battle"

\*Third Person's pnt. Of view\*

The packs stared on to each other, eyes blazing, hearts pumping with excitement, while adrenaline ran through their veins.

Demitrey's eyes were on Darrell's, and Adelina seem to have caught Aimee's eyes because their eyes didn't blink from each other.

While the warriors prepped themselves, Cilia and Anila rounded up the elderly and children, sheltering them up in the castle.

"Give it up Darrell, you've already lost. The second you attacked a member of my pack, you already knew you weren't going to make it out alive, and I told you, you're not going to live this down. Unlike my father I'm not giving you the chance to walk away, but I'm giving you the chance to surrender now, and you won't suffer when you die. Refuse my offer, and well, die an untimely death." Warned Demitrey, his every spoken word coated in venom, his eyes ablaze with an angry fire.

Darrell sucked his teeth then said, "bring it on."

"Let's do it!" Announced Demitrey.

At the alphas' words everyone made eye contact with an opponent.

Demitrey threw the first punch, and all hell broke loose.

\*Adelina's pnt. Of view\*

Aimee sent her fist flying towards my head, and I blocked it, quickly knocking my elbow into her stomach, she doubled back, and let out a sharp breath, but before I knew it, her leg came flying, causing her toes to come into sharp contact with my jaw.

I felt my neck crack, as my head flew back, and stars began to dance in my vision.

Dang that girl could kick.

I quickly recovered as she came at me, she ran onto me, but I blocked her swing, placing my hands on her shoulder, and knocking my knee into her stomach repeatedly.

She managed to slip from my hold, but I didn't let her get far.

She made a run for me, and I did a quick turn, causing my heel to knock into her cheek.

Blood spurred from her cut skin, as she spit out blood, and possibly some teeth.

She used her super speed, and body slammed me to the ground, the air leaving my lungs at an unnatural speed.

I felt the sharp pain of my ribs breaking, as Aimee grabbed onto my shoulders, and slammed me back on the harsh ground repeatedly, while my hands desperately grasped for a weapon.

She continued her onslaught and missed my sand-filled fist that erupted into her vision.

She lost her balance, and I quickly gained control.

I straddled her, gripped her shirt with my left hand, and let my right fist do the talking, as I beat it repeatedly into her face.

Not caring that I hardly felt remorse for my actions.

She tried to pull the same trick on me, as she attempted to blind me with the sand, but my right hand held her jaw, as my left wrapped around her neck as I twisted them simultaneously, and in a split second, Aimee was numb.

I didn't even have time to catch a breath, for yet another female tackled me.

We rolled around, until I shoved her off me.

We both quickly got to our feet, and of course, her leg went flying, but it met halfway with mine.

The second our limbs encountered each other, another sharp pain ran from my leg, causing me to stagger back in surprise, but since the enemy was vulnerable, I couldn't let my pain slow me down.

The chick also seemed affected by our kick meet, and she also staggered back, struggling to regain her balance.

Evil to say, but I took advantage of her vulnerability.

I sent my other leg around, and it knocked into her right temple causing her to stumble to her knee, and with one flying punch, she twisted around, and fell cold to the harsh ground.

I looked around me, and I began seeing the bodies of the opposing pack littering the floor.

Demitrey and Darrell were in deep combat, each taking measured swings at their opponents. They moved so gracefully, yet their motives were deadly.

I was so caught up in a trance from watching the alphas battle it out, that had Aden not warn me, I would've had a knife plunged into my back.

The attacker came from behind, but I turned a second early, grabbed onto his armed hand, twisted him around, while guiding his hand to run across his neck.

The knife ate away at his skin, and he also fell cold to the ground.

Another female warrior made a run for me, but it was like a trance, I plunged my claws into her chest and ripped out her heart, with only a gasp she dropped to the floor, bathing the dry sand with her blood.

Wolves were growling, humans were grunting, and people were dying.

I felt a sharp pain to my side, but I wasn't the one attacked, it was Demitrey.

He was getting ambushed by Darrell's men, and both Kade and

James were currently fighting their own demons.

Demitrey quickly transformed into Trey, throwing the feebly humans off his massive form.

Darrell snarled, as he also transformed into his wolf.

Now the two humongous creatures began to circle each other.

Darrell made a run for Demitrey, and Demitrey met him halfway.

The two alphas balanced themselves on their hind legs, while the front ones scratched away at their opponent.

\*Third Person's pnt. Of view\*

Both Demitrey and Darrell were powerful in wolf form. Both a spitting image of the other.

Darrell seemed to be fighting with anger, and Adelina couldn't help but feel the urge to help her mate.

"Aden, do you remember that movie, where the guy transformed into his wolf mid-air?" Asked Adelina, her eyes attentively watching the two main wolves.

"Yeah... You want to try it don't you?" Replied Aden with a knowing tone.

"We have to help him somehow!" Urged Adelina.

"Okay, but how do you know which one to Take down?" Asked Aden.

Their wolves were practically identical to each other.

"Demitrey has a scar on his side. Darrell doesn't. The scar in wolf form is a patch of missing fur, in the shape of the jagged scar"  
Answered Adelina after making a quick observation.

"Okay, let's do it." Agreed Aden.

Adelina took in a deep breath as she turned and looked around her.

Her eyes widened in horror, as realization hit her hard.

People shouldn't have died this way.

Families shouldn't have been separated in such a painful manner. Mates shouldn't have been taken away from their significant others in a war.

For the rest that remained, she had to give them a chance to live again, to go home, and see their families.

All it would take is one more death.

Darrell's death.

As Adelina came to that resolution, a man came running towards her, and her earlier thoughts were forgotten, as she felt herself get caught in a trance.

She set her feet, extended her claws, and just as the man was at arm's length, Adelina plunged her fingers into his neck, and

swung him around, slamming him to the ground, then she looked into the man's eyes and pressed her fingers into his neck, suffocating him, and causing him to choke on his own blood.

Adelina didn't have time to contemplate what she had become.

She'd cry for those who died by her hand, and by the hands of her pack later, but for now, she had to be the Luna she was destined to be.

One more death.

That's what she promised herself.

Adelina backed up and placed some distance between her and the alphas who had yet to relent on their attack. She got a running head start, jumped into the air, and felt her body morph into Aden.

As she transformed, Adelina made sure to keep her eyes on Darrell, and when she landed, she made sure her teeth enclosed around Darrell's neck.

\*Adelina's pnt. Of view\*

He yelped and rolled over, and I lost my grip on him, he rose on his hind legs, and I mirrored his actions, our paws scratching at each other, and as we began to lose our balance, I tucked my teeth into his throat.

Darrell tried to fight off, but I kept my grip on him. The more he moved, the more my teeth sunk into him. He tried to pry me off, but his efforts became weak, until he had no living strength left.

Darrell stopped moving, and everything stopped.

All around me, wolves along with humans, they all froze.

No one moved, nor did anyone make a sound. It was as though time itself stopped moving.