

Chapter 0642

I take a deep breath in and I can feel the blue magic swirl around us, bolstering my confidence. Everything feels so much better with the three of them close like this. The flow of magic is less muddy. It's a fine wisp swirling between the four of us, playful and happy even in this situation. Their fur is crackling with the magic they possess.

We move forward as a unit, she is throwing blast after blast of magic at us. So far nothing has hit us, but I think that is more Gentry and Elena than us. I know they can only help us for a short period of time, but I will take all that we can get right now. I am finding that my magic is speaking to me, guiding me as my arms start to move of their own accord. I am sending out all sorts of different colors from my fingers and hands. I can recognize what is an attack spell and what is a protection spell at least. Some are aimed at Adrielle and others are towards rogue wolves attacking near us.

"Aaagghh!" Frustrated, Adrielle screams and this time the surge of power she sends knocks me back into Dakota's wolf behind me. That little stumble was the invitation she needed. She jumps forward, dodging Cam's wolf and swipes at my face with her nails. No, not nails, claws. What the f*ck?

"Where the hell did she get claws from?" I ask my mates still dodging swings and countering with my own. My mates are snapping at her with their massive jaws, but her magic is more advanced than ours and she's keeping them far enough away that they can't harm her. I can feel

warm liquid run down my cheek and can only hope that the wound heals properly. She's trying to separate us, but they are staying close, something she can't seem to counter with her powers. The closeness works for the magic, but not for the fighting.

She finally lands a kick to Oliver's side knocking him away from me. I am able to get in a full swing that she doesn't anticipate though. The force I put behind it after she harmed Oliver was enough to send her flying back ten feet and landing on her ass. I'm sure he was barely phased by the hit, but watching him take any kind of hit set my wolf off. She doesn't stay down for more than a minute though.

As she barrels back to us she is throwing spells from each hand. To her right she is keeping Oliver busy and to her left Cam, while still sending shots towards Dakota and I. I start towards her too, hoping to distract her from my mates and maybe they can come at her from behind. I'm not as fast as normal though and the sluggishness is pissing me off.

I can still hear the grunting and groaning of the fight around us. I can't tell who is winning, but I haven't felt any of our pack member's link break. That has to be a good sign. Then I hear humming in my ears. Adrielle starts to invoke a spell. It sounds beautiful and calming, but the earth begins to shake as chunks of dirt begin to rise from the ground around us, vibrating with her words the dirt is suspended in the air. Her movements are slow and methodical.

Before I can ask what she's doing. The small shards shoot randomly through the air, parallel to the ground like small daggers. We dodge them easily, but it hits me what she's doing when one of our warrior's wolves howls in

pain and drops to the ground. He is surrounded by crimson almost immediately.

"NO!" Oliver shouts over the link. He runs to the warrior, shifting to human mid stride. Another of our warriors joins them. Standing over the fallen warrior Oliver starts waving his arms and the clods of dirt heading in his direction fall to the ground. His magic is scattered with his emotions. Similar to mine with the storm. The warrior tends to our fallen and I try to think of how to fix this.

The storm! I can use the storm, my storm. I have to get Oliver on track. I've never seen him this emotional, ever. 1

"Oliver! He's weak, but alive for now. Help me trap her. The storm is mine. We need to use it to capture her. Dakota, can you help Oliver with the dirt?"

Oliver moves back to me schooling his face and rounding up the flying particles as he goes. They follow him like a magnet. I can feel his anger radiating off of him. He is angry that he didn't protect a pack member, a warrior that is under his protection. Adrielle keeps throwing the dirt shards our way, but nothing touches us. Dakota has shifted and is moving his hands causing the dirt surrounding Oliver to swirl back towards Adrielle. Her look of shock is something I will never forget. 2

She begins throwing more and more earth at us. Rocks now join the debris, but Oliver is a force of his own right now stopping the motion and putting the projectiles in Dakota's path to circle back to her. They are trapping her in the tornado of her own design.

Cam shifts next to me and directs the rain from my storm into the chaos we are creating around Adrielle. She has her hands up protectively, keeping the shards from

harming her, but that is all she can do. Her eyes are wild with fear and determination. I wonder if she's ever had a real opponent? The water is mixing with the dirt and the mud is beginning to splatter through her barrier, soaking every part of her. The ornate dress is becoming heavy with water and mud and weighing her down causing her to stumble. Her arrogance is part of her downfall.

The guys add more and more until all that can be seen is a deep brown sphere surrounding her. I step forward and let my fire consume me. Welcoming the protection and safety it provides my pack, my mates and I. Cam stops the rain and stands behind me. His strong hands on my waist, lending me his energy. Dakota and Oliver close the sphere in as tight to her as it can go and I encase the whole thing in fire. The sphere heats to a bright orange, like clay in a kiln, but I don't stop there. I want to guarantee she can't hurt anyone else ever again. She can go back to her goddess and be dealt with. Oliver and Dakota each touch a shoulder and I can feel their energy blending with mine. The flame coming off of us is white hot. Then the sphere bursts into millions of tiny little pieces.

I wonder for only a brief second if we actually got rid of her or if she somehow escaped in the moments we couldn't see her, until rogue wolves started dropping left and right. The dead ones stayed dead now. My mates and I immediately shift and jump in to fight those rogues that still think they have a chance. These assholes chose to fight with her for power and they are not leaving here alive tonight. 1