

CHAPTER 96

Kai POV

We're almost there. We're so close I can taste it. I pull up in front of what seems to be an old abandoned church, in the middle of a small town. Winter better be here I think grimly, it's the last co-ordinates that we received before they went missing. I almost leap out of the car, Johnathon doing the same.

"We should just go in" Johnathon mutters, and although I'm tempted, I want to wait for Langdon and Damien. They're not far behind and I'd rather have them as backup. The warriors are a little bit behind them.

I sidle closer to the doors and sniff. My eyes widen, Winter is in there, I can smell her. My heart begins to thud loudly in my chest. Another car pulls up. It's Damien and Langdon, thank God, because I'm having a hell of a time preventing myself from storming inside. I motion for them to follow me. I kick the doors open to the church. The son of a bitch is in there, I'm sure of it and I'm going to kill him.

I pull up at the sight of Winter in a wedding dress, Thomas behind her, wearing a tuxedo of all things. It dawns on me that he's trying to marry her against her will. My fury ignites.

"I object" I growl, the sound filling the otherwise silent church.

There's a priest behind them and he looks petrified. I sniff. He's human. Great the last thing we need to deal with. Thomas just grins at me, cocky little bastard.

He presses his fangs to Winter's neck, they are gleaming in the darkness of the church, threatening to take her blood. I'm helpless, even as the other's shift, ready to take Thomas out in a moment's notice.

There's no mark on Winter's neck anymore. Somehow the asshole has managed to remove it. I'm so angry, I can barely see straight, but I'm holding it together for Winter's sake. She's so pale and I can see a bite mark already on her neck where the bastard has already dug his fangs into her. Winter is giving me a look, her eyes trying to convey something and my eyes turn black. She's going to do something; I can tell and my body tenses in preparation. Whatever she's about to do, I can't afford not to take advantage of it.

I watch in disbelief as she throws her head back into Thomas's and throws herself down. I don't hesitate. She's given me the opening I so badly needed and I shift, throwing myself over her body and sending Thomas flying against the altar. I expect him to give up, after all he's clearly outnumbered but instead, he laughs, getting back up and sending smiles our way. Is he that crazy?

"That was nothing" he sneers and throws himself at me. He's still in his human form, but he's incredibly strong, grabbing hold of me and throwing me across the room, sending pews flying everywhere.

Damien's wolf snarls and leaps, Thomas grabbing him by the tail and sending him flying into Johnathon and Langdon's wolves, sending them crashing to the ground. This fight isn't going to be easier. I spare a glance at Winter. She's still on the ground and I hope she stays down. It's safer at the moment. I notice the priest has made a dash for it. Thomas begins to shift and I watch in astonishment. His wolf is large, larger than my own. Is this because he's a hybrid? More powerful than even an Alpha wolf? Fuck.

I tackle him, his jaws clamping on me as he shakes me back and forth like a rag doll and sends me crashing into the nearby wall. Damien growls, charging him and I watch as Thomas easily dodges and then turns, swiping Damien across the midsection. He gives a howl and backs away. Langdon takes the opportunity to charge and gets thrown into the wall, his back hitting it solidly and his body making a huge thumping noise as he crashes to the floor.

Johnathon leaps, landing on Thomas's back, biting furiously, his jaws clamping down on Thomas. Thomas reaches back and bucks him off, sending him to the floor. At this rate, we're never going to win the fight. I never anticipated that he was this strong. He's holding his own against two alphas for heaven's sake. That in itself is remarkable. Then I hear more snarls coming from the back of me and I know that the warriors have come and shifted. Game on, I think to myself, watching Thomas, you've nowhere to go you bastard. You're dead meat.

For the first time since this fight's began, I see fear in Thomas's eyes. He clearly hadn't expected me to bring so many reinforcements. Or he had been banking on us not being able to track him. He was that arrogant. I snarl. Winter, slowly gets to her feet and moves sideways. I wonder what on earth she's thinking, but thankfully Thomas doesn't appear to notice, all his focus is on me and everyone else. Which means for now, Winter is safe, so long as she doesn't bring any attention to herself.

I leap and he swerves. He jumps and takes out two of my men who were attempting to sneak up behind him. They go skidding into some of the other wolves, upending them off their feet. I jump at the same time as Johnathon, both of us landing on him, our jaws clamping down. He howls, jumping and bucking, as I claw at his sides. He manages to twist enough to get both of us off. But there's something strange. I can clearly see the blood trickling down from his various injuries, but they're healing incredibly fast, right in front of my eyes. No wolf can heal that quick. This

is because of his hybrid blood. Shit. We're going to have to work together and break his neck or something so that he can't heal. Something that is difficult even at the best of times.

Damien and Langdon attack, Damien clamping his jaws on to Thomas's leg and bending it until it makes a sickening crack. He's managed to break it and they both dance away. But within moments the damage is undone. Everyone is panting heavily, but Thomas hasn't broken a sweat at all. He even looks like a rogue with his red glowing eyes, even though he doesn't smell like one.

I can see Winter moving around, behind the altar, digging around as though she's looking for something. I try not to look too hard; I don't want Thomas to swing his head around and stare at her. She could be coming up with some sort of plan. Whatever it is, I hope she keeps herself safe at the same time.

Thomas leaps and meets me in midair- we both kick and claw at the same time, falling to the ground and rolling over and over as everyone else tries to chime in and help. I feel his jaws clamp down on my leg and kick, bucking and writhing until he lets go and backs away. Damien and Langdon are up, but as my eyes swing to them, I can see that both are covered in various injuries and won't be able to continue much longer. My warriors have fared slightly better and they go dashing for Thomas but he sends them flying. I barely dodge in time as a wolf almost careens into me.

Winter is standing now. I eye her. She's brandishing something in her right hand and it's shimmering in the darkness. I have to hone in and when I do, my eyes widen. She's found a knife, a silver one at the altar. It could be our only shot, but it would have to be plunged into his heart and even then, he still had his vampire side to contend with. Throw it, I think to myself, throw it Winter. She raises her arm and throws the dagger, right at me as

I shift back to human form and catch it. Thomas looks at me but seems to be nonplussed, changing back into his own human form.

"You really think that's going to change anything" he growls and moves, fast but not as fast as me. I hold the dagger up and stab him directly into his chest as his eyes open in disbelief.

He lets out a short cry, a gurgled sound and I let him drop to the ground. I push the dagger even harder, making sure it enters his heart. I'm not taking any chances. The other shifters surround me. I drop him to the floor as his eyes blink up at me. Winter sidles closer.

"Fuck you" he breathes and I push the dagger in even more as his eyes widen. Then just as suddenly he stares up at the ceiling, his eyes blank. Winter comes to my side and I place my arm over her shoulder but she shrugs it off. "We have to make sure he's dead" she says sounding slightly hysterical. Before I can stop her, she bends over Thomas's body and grasps hold of the dagger. Before she can pull it out though, his eyes shoot open and his arm raises. He hits her, sending her flying, her head and back hitting the walls of the church as her body slides down to the floor.

"Son of a bitch" I growl and reach down, gripping hold of his neck and his body as he weakly tries to stop me. I twist his head until his neck breaks and then continue, until his head is severed from his body. I drop it to the floor as everyone else shifts back to their human form.

"Clean this up" I say tiredly "and contact the chief of police, he happens to be a shifter. He's going to need to know what went down tonight."

Langdon nods, helping Damien to sit. Johnathon is already clutching at his ribs and breathing heavily, sitting himself down on some pews.

I race over to Winter. She's breathing thank goodness but there's blood matted in her hair at the back of her head, and some along the wall. She hit the wall hard. I'm worried not only about her being concussed but that

the damage might even be worse than that. I need to get her home. I glance over at my shoulder. Johnathon is definitely in no state to be in the passenger seat, he needs to be lying down with those cracked ribs. Good thing the warriors had several cars.

"Langdon" I say, bending down and picking Winter up. Geez, she's light as a feather.

He comes over to me, glancing over his shoulder at Damien. "Yes Alpha Kai."

"I want you to organize transportation and any medical assistance anyone needs. I'm taking Winter back in my car" I explain gruffly "but Johnathon needs to be lying down, he won't be comfortable sitting up in my passenger seat."

Langdon nods his understanding. "Leave it to me, I'll organize everything" he says confidently.

I have no doubts he'll clean this mess up. I gingerly take Winter out to the car, her body flopping limply in my arms like a rag doll. I'm careful to place her in the back of the car, uncaring about the blood that stains the seats. She's far more important. I buckle her in securely and find a blanket to place over her. She's been through something traumatic and any small thing I can do for her, I'll do without hesitation.

I start the car, easing it out onto the road. I'm still naked but I could care less. I can steal some scrubs or something from the hospital when we get there. The drive is long, painfully slow as traffic forces me to a standstill several times. Even this late at night, the roads are busy. When we finally make it back to the pack house, I'm almost ready to shout in relief, pulling up right in front of the hospital and getting Winter carefully out of the car. I walk inside, clutching her tightly to me. Please, God, let her be alright.

