

Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

Chapter 73 Lost to His Madness

Kane POV

Looking through Rolo's golden eyes, desperate to see Lottie being swept off to safety by my mother, I felt panic rip me apart as my eyes instead settled on my father as he hurtled back to the floor, shock and fury twisting his features. My heart plummeted, catching him and the unknown male fighting; whoever it was, I had never seen him before, so he had to be one of the visiting pack members.

Thanks to Havoc's explosion, any number of them could have seized the opportunity to attack my father and try to grasp what was his. I relaxed as Havoc finally moved, giving me a better view of my father. Pride swelled in my chest at seeing him advance with strength and unrivalled force that I hadn't seen him use in years. I could see that whoever my father was fighting was losing against his speed and kick-ass moves. Calming, I allowed them to continue, confident that although they were tearing chunks out of each other, my father would come out the victor.

The snarls and growls filled the air as the ballroom erupted into unimaginable chaos! Whatever madness had infected Havoc had clearly gotten to anyone who approached, as friend quickly became foe.

The only ones seemingly untouched by the insanity were the women and I, which made no sense! I tried to quickly replay the night's events in my head, but Havoc set his gaze on me. Being the only wolf in the room to have

managed to shift, I knew I needed to subdue him before he caused irreparable damage.

“Rolo, I need you to give me control!” I breathed, taking a chance that my brother, my twin and closest friend in this world, would not harm me.

“Not fucking likely!” He roared as Havoc charged us; Rolo’s feet desperately tried to remain planted to the floor as we slid along the ballroom floor, cursing my mother inwardly for just having them waxed. With no warning, I felt teeth sink into my side, my ribs shattering on my left side, causing the simple act of breathing to become painful, like what one might imagine swallowing battery acid to feel like.

“Knox!” I screamed through our brotherly connection, but I knew it fell upon deaf ears when the same brutal pain ripped through my leg. With a shriek, I slowly shifted back into my human form, unable to hold the change any longer; beyond the point of healing, I needed my wolf’s strength to heal me, not fight my wayward brother and his possessed wolf. Havoc’s snarl echoed around the hall as he picked me up in his enormous jaws and threw me across the room like I weighed nothing before he ran off in the same direction as my father and Sebastian.

“Rolo?” Hearing the panic lining my voice, I froze. Rolo replied by howling inside my head, pain ripping him apart at what I could guess was from having lost his twin and the bond he shared with Havoc. I understood it was worse than any physical pain I was enduring. Gripping my side as blood oozed through my fingers, I knew that he had punctured my lung, and given the way my heart was racing from the pain soaring through my chest every time I breathed, I knew it would take Rolo a while to recover from Havoc’s attack.

Tilting my head to the side to find Havoc, my eyes paused as they fell on Charlotte’s beautiful face. Her eyes filled with horror as she looked over to where I could hear chaos erupting. Following her line of sight, I felt my body tense, seeing the lifeless body of my father.

“Rolo!” I uttered, my body shaking from the shock. “Is he...” I paused, unable to say it, but suddenly, I understood Rolo’s pain from a moment ago.

“Dead!” He snarled, his eyes focusing in on Havoc as he tore through anyone who was left fighting. Abruptly, he paused, and I knew before I followed his stare that he was looking at Charlotte as she rushed across the room to me.

“Kitty!” He purred like a damn cat, not the wild beast who had single handedly just snuffed out countless lives. Including our fathers! Forcing myself to my feet, despite the pain taking my breath away, I compelled my feet to move towards my girl until I had her in my arms, snaking them around her protectively. The feeling of her in my arms allowed me a moment of comfort before I cupped her chin and forced her to look at me. Wishing just once she would do as she was told!

“I told you to leave!” I groaned through the pain, my eyes trailing over her face, seeing blood splatter on her once—pristine cheeks.

“I told you I can help!” She snapped back, opening my mouth to scold her. I snapped it closed, seeing black fur heading this way; dread licked up my spine. Acting on impulse, I threw her behind me to what I hoped was safety and braced myself for whatever was about to happen.

Havoc approached me with such force and fury he sent me hurtling back, my back slamming to the floor, compelling what little air I had left in my lungs to turn to acid and burn me from the inside out. His eyes swirled with red fire. He was lost to his madness! There was no reaching him! And as much as I wanted to be scared for myself and try to fight to get away, I felt compelled to look for my mate. Gasping painfully, seeing her on the floor behind me, her eyes closed.

Clutching at the wooden floor to pull myself towards her, needing to know that she was ok, I felt relief wash over me at the sight of her chest rising and falling in an unconscious daze.

“Perhaps it’s best she is out cold; I can’t bear for her last memory of me to be the vision of our mate, and my twin ripping me apart like I am nothing!” I mused to Rolo, who was lost to his grief.

Havoc’s paw landed on my throat, crushing it and causing all air to evacuate my lungs. Adding pressure, I looked up at Havoc, not too ashamed to beg for my life if I needed to! Even depleted from trying to heal, Rolo somehow still found the strength to sink his teeth into his thigh- regretting it instantly as his other foot slammed into the side of my head, almost knocking me out cold.

“STOP TRYING TO FIGHT HIM, BROTHER!” He hissed into my mind, not the gruff, moody tone of Havoc, but instead, Knox’s voice bounced around my skull, rendering me speechless.

“He won’t hurt her!” Knox promised, his eyes locked on mine; the fierce red of his wolf now swam with the golden glow of hope.

“If Knox has fought for control, maybe there is some way to save him after all.” I announced to Rolo as Havoc’s paw loosened on my throat. Despite the apparent truce, I would be damned if I allowed the beast alone with my mate.

“I don’t want to kill you, Kane! But if you keep fighting.. Havoc will kill you!!”

“Maybe not, then!” Rolo growled in reply to me, realization dawning on me that maybe we wouldn’t both survive this after all.