

Chapter 8 - Corinda

Flames shoot from my hands, exploding against the skeet that is flying through the air. We have an automatic skeet trap that I've programmed to throw the little discs at various speeds and heights, giving me something to vent my anger and flames on.

The ground is littered with ash and smoke rings the air around the treetops. The heat has caused sweat to drip between my shoulder blades and down my face. The sound of the flames eating the oxygen between my hands and my target roars in my ears.

It's the sound of my pain. The smell of my anger. The heat of my hate.

My pups.

I thought that after they were all dead that the pain would go away. I had my revenge. I had watched them die. Watched them suffer and burn. All but the pups. And we made sure they found their way to help: fire stations, police stations, hospitals. Even if they were human resources, at least the kids found a home. It was better than nothing. It was better than being raised to become one of them. 1

Why won't the pain go away? 2

I wordlessly scream in frustration, sending flames so hot that they burn white shooting through the clearing into the air, onto the dirt packed ground, and toward my skeet trap, burning it to cinders.

Fuck!

"That's the third one in as many months, Rin," Casen's tired voice

rings through the clearing.

I turn to see both him and Severn walking through the trees towards me. I hadn't heard their footsteps through the dead and drying leaves. The fire was too loud. Too hot. Too encompassing. I could have been set upon by rouges. Killed.

I wish I was.

I push the thought away and brush the tears from my face, passing it off as sweat.

"Sorry," I say with a shrug.

Severn lets out a long sigh and refuses to meet my eyes. It's been like this for I don't know how long. The sex earlier was the first time that we'd actually connected in a long time. Yeah, we've gone through the motions. We've had sex, though more out of routine and habit than a true desire for each other. At least on my part.

A part of me died that day. The biggest part of me. Killing them was supposed to bring it back, but it hasn't. 1

A funnel appears in the clearing, gathering up the ashes on the ground and lifting them into the air, dispersing the smoke and carrying it away. I know that Casen will send it far away, taking away the scent and every last trace of what I had been doing here.

"You both left him in the cave? What if we come back and find out that he's burned down the whole place trying to get out? Or kills himself in an effort to sabotage our plans?" I ask acidly.

"He's having sex with his mates through the mindlink. I'm more concerned about coming home to a mess on the floor than anything

else," Severn says drily.

His sarcasm hits me harder than a slap would have. Severn never speaks to me like this. Ever since we escaped from the Black Night Pack, he's been trying to woo me, bring me back from the edge of the huge chasm of pain and loneliness that the loss of our pups has caused within me. But I knew he'd never stay. He's tired of me. He's done, just like I knew he would be. 2

Just like Casen will be, now that our revenge is complete. I knew that they wouldn't stick around. I saw it in their eyes that night when I told them what had been done to me. What good is an alpha without an heir? Even one that was thrown out of his pack.

We were planning to go back to our pack. To take back what is rightfully Casen's. To become his luna and lune officially.

But who would want a defective luna? Who would follow an alpha whose line would die when they do?

So, I knew that once we had finished with our revenge, our time together would be done. That's why I put distance between us. I thought that it would make it easier when it actually happened. But this? Seeing the cracks starting to form and widen in front of me? It hurts worse than I had ever thought it would.

"So, what? You trust him now?" I ask incredulously.

"He's done nothing for us not to trust him. I think it's more the other way around," Severn mutters.

"What's wrong, Sevy?" I ask, trying to hold back the fear that's clawing its way from the pit of my stomach.

He looks back towards our cave, our home. Severn doesn't speak for some time and I start to get nervous. I look toward Casen, but he's looking at Severn, fear clouding his eyes.

Casen? What's going on? I mindlink him.

"Don't, Rin." Casen makes a motion with his hand, like he's cutting me off. "Don't try to separate us and pit us against each other like you always do. You either speak to both of us or you speak to neither of us." 1

The pain that his tone and hostility cause sears through my chest. Is that what they think I'm doing?

"I wasn't trying to -" I start, but Severn interrupts me.


"Are we done, Rin? Can we be finished now? They're all dead. Every fucking one of them. I just want to be done. I want to move on. Please?" Severn finally turns to look at me and his eyes are pleading with me. "I want to go back to what we were when we first got together."

"What? Vulnerable? Constantly looking over our shoulders? Weak?" I ask, my voice squeaking as it rises in pitch with my anxiety.

"Happy!" he shouts at me.

And that pulls me up short. I gape at him, not sure what to say.

"I want us to be happy again!" Severn rushes towards me, cupping my face in his hands when he reaches me. "I love you. Casen loves you. All we want to do is live the rest of our lives by your side." He peers into my eyes, trying to find something and seeming to fail. He

drops his hands from my face and stands back. "But I don't think you feel the same way anymore." 

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