

The King's Tainted Mate Chapter 89 - Tips

The smell of battle had never felt this exciting and enticing. I should have gotten my fill after all the wolves I'd slain, but my wolf and I were only getting started. And now that our mate was here, the thirst to spill blood had been mixed with a desire to protect and impress as tension twined with pride.

"You don't deserve it. Any of this! And I'm going to take it all away!" Myrna, who'd barely stopped bleeding from the wound inflicted by Shyla, growled in warning and only my mate's previous warning for me to stay away stopped me from acting on my ex queen's threat.

Shyla, on the other hand, merely stood over her sister. Eyes steady. Her alpha aura that I was sure would have knocked me out too if I didn't share a part of her gift, blanketed the air, sending every other wolf, whether friend or foe, to their knees. The grounds of the mansion that had a moment ago been covered by dead bodies only, had once again filled up with more wolves. Many had been drawn out by Myrna's growls. Guards who were Evarius' allies within the castle and my army had emerged with the intent to come to their queen's aid, but the presence of my mate had left them with no choice but to take a knee and bow to a greater queen.

The Aldeans who'd been back at my side, ready to follow my lead had followed suit too. So had those who'd marched with Rakon from the palace once he'd determined the place was no longer Evarius' immediate target.

The sight was awe inspiring. As she tormented her prey with nothing but her mere silver gaze, my mate embodied everything scary under the realm's suns. She was fear and she was terror. And she was mine!

I watched with pride as she sucked up every bit of confidence her sister once possessed and I couldn't help but marvel at how far she had come. From the maiden who'd sat helplessly in that tiny house in the forgotten village. How far they had both come. Myrna, once a proud queen, now lay cowering before her sister. It was not a sight Shyla would've have preferred once before. Of this I was sure. But everything had changed, as had she.

"I won't let you have any of it!" Myrna thinking this was anything she could keep Shyla from having was quite laughable. And I couldn't decide whether it was her own greed or stupidity that kept her from realizing that even her tongue stayed in her mouth simply because her sister was not her.

"I thought you'd be long gone by now." Shyla finally spoke, her voice still, but carrying with it the heaviness of the gift that now resided in her.

"Then the gods really did waste their efforts choosing you." Myrna spat and I wished for nothing than to punish her for insulting my mate. Shyla, however, remained unfazed, much to her sister's annoyance.

"It's funny that you mention the gods." My mate craned her neck to the side, looking for nothing in particular. Or so I thought. "They too had a lot to say about you, dear sister. What did they call you again?" Shyla seemed to think for a moment while I merely stared, wondering when and how she'd have had that conversation. "The unsatisfied one? Yes, that's sounds about right."

Myrna glared. "I refuse to live a mundane life like you. You were always so content with everything ridiculous while I...I deserve the best the realms have to offer."

Shyla chuckled, but nothing about that sound spoke of amusement. "Funny how you say that as though you will be seeing the dawn of another day."

"Let.her.go!" A possessive growl ripped through the grounds, making Shyla's attention turn fully to Evarius who seemed to have come out of nowhere and caught me off guard too. I would have marvelled at how he finally behaved as a true mate would too, but I was furiously growling at him for taking that tone with Shyla. That and the sight that greeted me with his presence.

"What the hell?!" I mentally cursed as my eyes took in the reason the bastard had been bold enough to assume that tone. Allies! Is that where he'd disappeared to? When I couldn't find him after pursuing and tearing apart the wolves who'd dared to stand against me for him, I knew the bastard had escaped my wrath, but would show up eventually to try and reclaim the part of the gift I possessed. Except, I had not expected him to turn up this battle ready.

He had not bothered with any armor, but the multitudes who'd marched in behind him while he led as though he were their king, had. And even though they were all cloaked in armor, it took me mere seconds for recognition and realization that something was wrong to register. The bastard had not stuck to his own kind! He'd saved his best surprise for last!

"How in Gods name did he manage that?" Rakon's guard went up notches when he caught up with Evarius' treachery.

“Definitely not with sorcery. One would still need more than that to get these kinds to assemble in the same room, let alone fight on the same side.”

“Zillah? I thought you were on your way to Carene.”

“My place is by her side. By both your sides.” The woman stated proudly and one more ally to fight with us should have made me think our odds for winning this war had gotten better, but not with the surprising sight before me.

Witches, fairies, dragonfolk and God knew how many more realms had pledged their allegiance to Evarius. I could not even remember the last time it was heard of the different magical creatures standing together as one.

Tension weaved its chords tighter, making my wolf itch to make his appearance. The odds of this war had changed and chosen or not, it was one we could not win. And while I was not one to entertain regret on the battle field, an innocent face with golden eyes made me wish I had gazed on her even for a fleeting moment. I wished I had stayed long enough to gaze on the vision of the beautiful family we had created.

It was that regret that birthed an even stronger desire to maintain the balance of the realms. For my mate and that little piece of us we had created, I would fight to the death.

“Protect your queen!” Deciding to even the odds with a surprise attack, I linked every wolf as I sought to shift. Something, however, or rather someone, held me and every wolf back.

“Not yet love...” Her voice was ever so sweet, but when I beheld her, nothing of that sweetness could be seen on my mate’s face. And even when she had been the one to address everyone of her allies, her gaze still remained on Evarius who appeared extremely pleased with himself.

“Ah, dear uncle, I was beginning to think you wouldn’t come. Thought you had abandoned my dear sister.” Shyla had definitely noted the change in the calibre of the enemy that now surrounded us, but one could marvel at how her demeanour remained unchanged. And instead of giving in to Evarius’ demands, She merely turned to Myrna, a pitiful look on her face.

“He would never abandon me.” Myrna spat and apparently that seemed to be the reaction Shyla was aiming for. “Unlike your dear mate who never even thought twice to reject you.” The truth of her words punched me in the gut,

making me look at my mate. I expected Shyla's expression to be bitter, but it was strangely calm, making me wonder what she was playing at. Was she even playing? I couldn't tell a damn thing. It was as if I did not know her at all.

"What is this?!" Evarius demanded.

"Oh, but wouldn't he?" Shyla ignored her uncle, making Myrna frown at her and honestly so did I. And if she had noted our confusion, Shyla did not acknowledge it. Instead she asked. "Did I ever answer your question about how I had ended up in Elian's room that night back in the forgotten village?" It was an odd question that not only deepened my frown but left me surprised that my mate chose to relieve those painful moments at all. Pain, however, was not what was written on her face when she furnished her sister with an answer. "I had been drunk and merely stumbled into his room."

"You were no saint after all." Myrna scoffed.

"Oh but you did not let me finish-"

"I honestly do not have time to reminisce about your stupidity-"

"The kind of stupidity we both shared even though we were never sisters by blood." Shyla smiled, the edges of it clearly taunting her sister. "Except my stupidity had me walking away with the most precious gift, while yours had you losing the one thing that would have treasured you always."

"You were always the stupid one, Shyla." Myrna stated matter of fact. "And I honestly do not get where you are going with this little speech of yours."

"Did your mate perhaps invite you to celebrate his perceived victory?" Shyla seemed to ask out of nowhere and I wondered where she was going with this. I did not miss the growl from Evarius either. Something that Shyla ignored totally.

"If you must know he did." Myrna said proudly. "And I wasn't stupid enough to indulge in any alcohol. Unlike you."

"That would have even been better for you...and your child." Shyla suddenly turned to Evarius who had become surprisingly quiet. "Would you like to tell her or should I, dear uncle?"

“Tell me what?” Myrna, now seemingly aware to have missed something, shot Evarius a confused look.

The man sighed with annoyance, but faced his mate still. “It was for the best, my love. I couldn’t risk our child binding me to you. We would have tried for another, once I-”

“Wait, I’m not pregnant anymore?” For whatever reason Myrna turned to her sister, eyes begging for what she’d heard not to be true.

“Your k!ss once before bound my mate to you. Didn’t you ever think about what more such sorcery could accomplish?” Myrna did not answer as she reached for her l!ps with one hand and her belly with the other. “No one could blame you for wishing to k!ss your mate after all.”

“My baby...?” I never thought a day would come when Myrna would shed a tear. A real one. Unlike the ones she’d shed many times before me to get me to do her bidding. “You took my baby away from me?!” She lunged for her mate.

“Oh sis, do not be so dramatic.” Kerina appeared, stepping out from among the crowd of Evarius’ allies. “You knew the sacrifices required of each one of us.”

“Sacrifices? And what would you know about sacrifices, you witch?” Myrna roared, her anger making me realize what Shyla had just done and I could only marvel at her flawless execution. She was infact playing. With the only difference being her lack of finding amus.ement in the whole matter. She still did not wish to spill bl00d. At least not more than necessary. It was even more astounding that Evarius’ allies had stood to watch instead of attacking.

“Try posing as a daughter to the man you love, while he beds another each night and carries another in his heart. Try impressing him by giving up your very essence and becoming something you never intended, just so he could look at you even with one ounce of love—

“Enough Kerina!” Evarius roared, before turning to Shyla. “I really hoped we could do this peacefully, my dear.”

“Why?” Kerina hissed before Shyla could answer. If she was ever going to. “Why, my love? Don’t want to hurt your pretty little mate? What about me? Your chosen mate?”

“Your what?” Myrna growled at Evarius, but she was ignored as the man lunged for Kerina.

“I said shut up!”

“Don’t, I carry your child.” Kerina cried out, making Evarius freeze.

“What in God’s name are you talking about?”

“You slept with her?!” Myrna growled, but neither Evarius nor Kerina even glanced her way.

“You can still be a father. Once all this is done, you can have the chosen’s power, but also a family who will willingly love you.” Kerina begged, but her pleas were met with a hearty laugh.

“And what makes you think that that will be you and that bastard you carry? Why would I give up the chosen for you?”

“Wait, you won’t even deny it?” Myrna b.uttred in, but she was ignored.

“Because unlike my sister, you are nothing without me. You can’t get the chosen’s power without me.” Another hearty laugh from Evarius sent Kerina’s confidence wavering and her feet retreating at an unusually fast pace. The events that followed left me begging my mate to let me at Evarius and Myrna screaming out in horror. Kerina’s body, or what was left of it fell with an ugly thud. Whether by sorcery or Evarius’ hands I could not tell. It made me brace for a different type of war.

“See what you made me do.” Evarius feigned regret as he straightened some imaginary creases on his garments with an appalling confidence before turning to my mate. “Now where were we, my dear?” I would have lunged at him then, but my mate’s request still held me in place.

“Proving to your innocent followers what a despicable wolf you are.”

At that Evarius turned to his allies, realizing his mistake too late. “You cowards, what do you think you are doing?” I hadn’t noticed it yet either, but many of his allies had retreated, leaving him panicked. And as always, he masked his emotions before they ran wild.

"This changes nothing, my lord!" Someone growled of those that remained, making Evarius stand even taller.

"And apparently separated the scum of the realms while at it." Shyla let out a menacing growl, the sound instantly lifting whatever limitation she'd placed on me and the other wolves. It was time. Finally!

Fur sprang up in the places where those on our side stood as howls filled the air. She did not need to compel anyone, her growls were enough as battle cries and when she shifted, I shifted too, along with every other wolf, following her lead as she struck down the enemy.

Evarius had run, Myrna by his side, making me wonder if Kerina's words had been true. Was he really nothing without his witch? The coward would let men die for him once again. I wouldn't let him. And I was not the only one.

As she'd declared, my mate's focus remained on her prize and knowing what it was, me and Rakon flanked her sides and watched her back as she fought her way through to claim it.

Evarius' allies got in the way, but with every stretch of muscle, with every one of her movements, Shyla displayed what it meant to be the chosen. A deadly force none could reckon with. If her enemies saw her coming, their dead bodies definitely spoke of them having no chance to proclaim her presence. Hell, she could not give me a moment to marvel at her deadly attacks either before claiming her next victim.

"Finish it!" Myrna's pained growl brought me to a stop and turning to where it came from.

"How?" I blinked at the sight before me. I could have sworn those two were still on their path of escape the last time I checked. Well, their momentary path of escape. Now Myrna's throat was in between Shyla's jaws, making me marvel at how she'd managed that.

"Don't tell me you are still pathetic even when you are the chosen." Myrna baited her, grief coating her voice and speaking of someone who had nothing to live for. And even though one would say my ex mate deserved the inevitable coming to her, the sight still remained a sad one and my heart went out to my mate.

“Shyla, don’t–” My plea came a moment too late. At least for Myrna. The death of his mate had surprisingly brought Evarius charging towards my mate like the beast that he was. All the confidence he’d oozed before had been shredded off and he’d remained but a man who’d lost everything important.

Shyla and her wolf had been ready. Meeting Evarius mid air, before both wolves tumbled to the ground. And even though I knew how capable she was, for a fleeting moment I had thought she’d been hurt when both beasts still stayed on the ground after the crash. But then she’d stood, a big chunk of flesh between her jaws.

“You would shed your own blood so easily?” Evarius, forced to shift back to his human self by his injuries, coughed up blood, a sight of definite defeat.

“Does that really surprise you, dear uncle?” Shyla, having shifted too, chuckled, but her tone betrayed the nerve Evarius had struck. And now that she’d finally stopped, I could see the death of Myrna weighing heavily on her as much as the sight before her.

Reaching for an abandoned sword, I came to her side and pulled her into my arms, shielding her from what I was about to do. She fought me, but I could not let her see, even if I knew she would know the moment the bastard breathed his last.

“Ah your majesty, it must please you to finally pluck out the thorn from your side.” The bastard mind linked me while flashing me his annoying smile, but for once anger was not exactly the thing to inspire my actions. Not when a dying wolf begged me to end his suffering. And despite his treachery, he still remained a noble lord and my mate’s uncle. I could afford him a little dignity.

“I can’t say I will live to regret it.” I linked back, my lips curving in farewell as the blade gleamed in the sun, aiding the man to breathe his last.

“He was not yours to take!” Shyla glared, but I could still see the cracks hidden in the anger.

“I owed the bastard his end-”

“I am the chosen-” Her voice cracked, a total opposite of the fearless warrior who’d just ensured the safety of the realms.

“And I’m your other half, your chosen half.” The truth of that had not hit me until then. “Is that not why you chose me?”

“I did not exactly choose you. I couldn’t even reject you.” She huffed, albeit tearfully.

“Not as your mate, no. But as your chosen half—”

“It’s the same thing.”

“We both know it’s not. And I’m by no means complaining. I’m actually honored that you did. I know I do not deserve it, so I’m glad to have your trust.”

“You don’t think I’m a coward?” Her heart bled through her tears and I could only hold her tighter.

“Heroes are never cowards.” And as if to agree with the sentiments whispered to my mate, the world around us erupted in victorious cries. We’d won. She’d won.