

Chapter 25 Not giving up

Colt's POV

We were running back home the same way we arrived. My mind was occupied with Kate. She was even more beautiful than last night.

I was happy and excited that Kate had agreed to at least give us a chance and to start slowly as friends. I was sure it was a start in the right direction.

We were about to cross the pack boundaries when I suddenly stopped and turned toward Grey.

"Did you ask Alpha Duncan permission to enter the pack regularly?" I asked him.

Grey stopped in his tracks, lowered his head, flattening his ears against his head, and whimpered embarrassedly.

"F*ck, Colt," he said, "I totally forgot. With Kate agreeing to take it slow, my mind has been in overdrive and in a total mess."

All our minds were a mess.

So was my mind, and I could relate.

We were all lusting after Kate. We were all hoping for a future with her. We were all acting like lost puppies, longing to be with her. We didn't want to go home. We wanted to be by her side, making her life as comfortable as possible.

I sighed, not even feeling angry or impatient—just lost.

Ray shook his massive head, seemingly annoyed at Grey. He has always been the responsible brother, the one who always had his (and his brothers') priorities in check.

Ray turned his massive head toward the direction of the pack house.



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If all three of us ran back, it would at least take us half an hour, but if I ran back alone, we could cut the time in half. I was the fastest of the three of us.

Ray looked at my brothers. He knew they wouldn't be pleased, but we still

"No," I said, "I will quickly go back and ask permission. You two can head back so long; I will catch up with you."

Before any of the two could say a word, I shot back toward the pack house.

Ten minutes or so later, I shifted back to human and walked into the pack house unannounced.

I could smell Kate's intoxicated scent coming from the living room, and it piqued my interest in what she was doing.

I wouldn't mind watching her, but when I walked closer, I saw Jimmy lying unconscious on the floor.

"What the f*ck?" I whispered, worried. "What the hell happened? Is the pack under attack?"

"Where's Kate?" Ray asked and whimpered.

I rushed forward, not caring who saw me.

The living room was destroyed, and books were lying all over.

I bent down to see if Jimmy was all right and breathed a sigh of relief when I heard him breathing.

Small choking sounds came from behind me, and I turned around bewildered.

I stared before me in shock, seeing the Beta's hands around my mate's throat.

"What the f*ck is he doing?" Ray asked and scratched to be released.

Tears were running down the side of Kate's face; she had turned blue, and her eyes had rolled over.

I could see that Kate was trying to fight Brian off. Deep, angry scratch marks were across his arms and hands.

She was still holding his wrist tightly, like she was not giving up and would fight to the very end.

"Get to mate!" Ray roared, shaking the walls inside my mind and forcing me to overcome my shock.

Instinct kicked in to protect and save my mate, and before the next choking sound was released from my mate's lips, I was on top of Brian, forcing his hands off her slender neck and throwing him to the side with force.

Brian's head slammed hard into the wall, and his body ended up between the couch and the wall.

I ended up standing between Kate's wheelchair and the couch in a defensive stance, shaking in anger, and ready to break Brian into pieces.

I couldn't move my eyes from him, breathing in and out the air that was burning down my lungs in anger.

I caught a glimpse of Kate giving up the fight and going limp in her wheelchair.

"He hurt mate!" Ray roared inside my head, trying to claw his way out of my mind. He wanted to rip Brian apart.

I gazed at Brian, seeing that he hadn't moved, and turned toward Kate.

I carefully lifted Kate out of her chair and turned toward the exit, but was shoved back hard, hitting my head on the cold white floor while still holding Kate's small frame in my arms.

Anger radiated from me as I got to my feet.

I wrapped my arms protectively around Kate's limp body, refusing to let go of her, taking the beating from Brian as he sank his claws into me and pushed toward the door.

There was no way I would put her down when Brian had gone rabid.

I smelled the blood first before a burning sensation ran down my back. Brian had broken the skin, and it was fueling my insides to kill him.

I pushed forward, not caring about the scars Brian would leave on my back. Ray will see to it that they heal.

Seconds felt like minutes, and Brian huffed and puffed behind me, searching for a way to get his hands on Kate.

He grabbed my legs, bringing me down hard, and I twisted my body, breaking the fall.

"What the f*ck, Colt?" Samuel's voice came from the hallway. "What's taking so long?"

Brian came at me, and I kicked him in the jaw the second Sam and Grey walked in the door.

My brothers gave me one concerned and shocked look before they understood.

In seconds, Sam managed to shift, ripping his clothes to shreds, and pounced on Brian, keeping him down. I have never seen him like this before.

Grey helped me to my feet, nodded, and checked if we were okay before he jumped in and joined the fight against Brian.

