

Chapter 678

She was too afraid to disobey him, surprised to realise that he had nicked a cut on his thumb and it was his blood she was swallowing. He was healing her.

"You shouldn't be so far from the pack, Thereasa. You have no inkling of the dangers that are out here." His said the words conversationally, though there was weight behind them.

He was warning her against himself but that was at odds with his current actions. "Why did you help me?" Now that he didn't appear to be ready to kill her too, her curiosity was breaking through her fear.

Kothi cocked his head to the side, as if he too, was trying to figure that one out. "I owed Liam," he finally answered, nodding his head as he spoke. "I hurt him when we sparred. I needed to atone for that."

When she didn't respond, he reached up and took off his glasses, and speared her with a gaze that was a kaleidoscope of red and silver swirls. "Tell no one what you witnessed here today, and I will tell no one that you tried to run. You won't make that mistake again...will you, Thereasa?"

There was no escaping the implied threat in his voice and it sent a shiver down her spine. She tried to answer him but no words would come out so she settled with nodding her head. Her compliance appeared to please him because he rose and the air shimmered around him. When it cleared he was impeccably dressed in black T-shirt and jeans, no trace of blood to be seen. He placed a fresh pair of sunglasses over his eyes and then motioned to her right.

"I guessed your size but those should fit. Stay away from the corpse and get changed. I will be in those trees while you do."

He strode away as her gaze turned where he pointed, shock rocking through her as she saw a complete duplicate set of her clothes folded neatly in the dirt to her right. How the hell...? Reasa shivered and swung her gaze back to where Kothari had vanished. Someone had to warn the pack about him but she couldn't say anything without giving herself away. Perhaps she could tell Liam. Perhaps he would understand why she'd done what she had.

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Stripping off quickly, she wiped away a couple of small specks of blood from her shoulder and dressed in the clothes the Vârcolac had provided. They were a perfect fit and for some reason she found that even creepier than anything else she'd just witnessed. She didn't want Kothari to know her that well.

A sound intruded as she went to rise after slipping on her sneakers. For a moment she couldn't work out what it was and then she realised it was coming from the severed hand still clutching the cell phone...

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Michael had listened to everything that had happened. Each scream had sent a shiver down his spine and he'd known he would have to tell the Master about it. The hybrids were more dangerous than they had first thought, but with enough warning, his Master would be able to neutralise them.

He whispered into the phone when it became apparent the hybrid had moved some distance away, trying to attract Thereasa's attention. He repeated the words endlessly until it got his desired result.

"Do not say anything, Thereasa, merely breathe twice into the mouthpiece..."

After whispering for almost five minutes, he heard two breaths ring in his ear. Hatred washed through him, but Dante's words were still rattling around in his brain. It was now apparent that his former coven member was too well protected at the pack compound so he would have to get to her another way. If it had just been a case of killing her, he would have risked a pack attack, however maybe Dante was right and there was intelligence to be learned from her?

The wolf had said she scented as human...that would be something his Master would be interested in and he'd only be able to learn what had happened if he talked to Thereasa before she died. "Do not speak, just breathe once for no and twice for yes. If you alert your companion that anything untoward is happening, I swear to you a thousand vampires will die. Do you understand, Thereasa?"

Two breaths resounded once more, and a smile slowly spread over his face. He had the bitch now, and one way or another she would pay for her betrayal. "I have Louis' best soldiers with me and they're spread out all over this city. Some are even scattered throughout other cities where vampires make their home. Each one of them has enough Amort to kill hundreds of our kind. One word from me and the killing starts, and I know how much you wouldn't want that to happen, Thereasa. Would you?"

One breath, as he had expected. Sentimentality towards other vampires had always been her weak spot, though she had counted it as a strength. He had known that one day it would play into his hands..."Then listen very carefully...this is what you need to do to prevent that from happening..."

Kothari returned to the clearing, his bloodlust abated by the slaughter of the wolf. He found Reasa standing beside one of the tall oak trees, her expression wan despite her bronzed complexion. For a moment he felt a tinge of pity for the girl. How she remained sane after all she had been through was beyond him. Then the moment passed, and he slipped back into the coldness of his soul.

Checking that there was no visible signs of what she'd endured he stepped back and let his gaze run over the clearing. He would fix the mess when she had gone. No one would ever know what had transpired here this day.

"Go back to the pack, Thereasa, and stay there. You are Liam's mate and as such, you belong at his side. If you ever do anything to hurt him again, I will make you regret it. Are we clear on this?"

Dumbly she nodded, and he gestured her away. He didn't watch her leave, instead he waited ten minutes and scented the air. She was far from the area when he took off his glasses and narrowed his gaze on the wolf's corpse. White fire bled from his eyes, incinerating the body and all the other evidence in the clearing...

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