

Chapter 690

The pain was excruciating but it wasn't half as terrifying as seeing blood spurt all over her and chunks of flesh being ripped from Pietro's body. He was outnumbered and outmatched. There was no way he could fight them all off though he was able to inflict some damage. She prayed he had listened and got a call out to Cassia, because it was only a matter of seconds before they were both done for.

"Enough!" Michael roared, and the vampires peeled away to leave them lying bleeding on the ground.

Reasa spared a glance at Pietro, tears falling as she saw the damage to his body. His arms and legs were mangled, and it looked like his spine had been crushed. He would never heal in time; the damage was far too great. She had tried to protect him, tried to atone for her past sins and now she was taking him to her grave.

"I'm so sorry," she wept, dizziness threatening as the blood pumped too quickly from her leg wound. Her human body was letting her down, and if her last words were to be to this wounded warrior, then she wanted him to know that she was sorry for all the harm she had ever done to him.

Puzzled, pain filled eyes met hers, confusion warring with his hatred. Pietro stared up at her, willing his body to heal, frowning as he saw her vision blur as tears fell down her cheeks. "Thereasa?"

"Oh, how touching." Michael's tone was bored as well as amused his expression a twisted, ugly mask of sincerity. "Let's end this, shall we?" He picked up one of the fallen guns, smiling as he pointed it at them. "Stay with me a little longer, Thereasa. There is enough Amort on these bullets to eat Pietro alive in a matter of minutes. It will be such fun to witness."

The gun cocked, and time seemed to stand still. There was no question in her mind, no second-guessing of what she must do. It felt as if she had waited for this moment to come, so that she might buy him some extra time and she might find some peace in the afterlife. "Forgive me," Thereasa whispered, throwing her body forward as the bullet fired.

"NO!" Pietro screamed, his arms coming up to catch her as she fell forward onto his chest, the bullet striking her squarely in the back. Hot, wet, sticky blood coated his hands, Reasa's breath rushing out as her head fell against his neck. Pietro screamed again, and then again, his voice joining with the screams surrounding him.

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Breath brushed his neck weakly; a heart beat against his chest slowly. He could hear his name being called. He could hear frantic cries for Reasa, but all he could do was lay there, as a heart slowed with each beat and a breath caught with each gasp. "No," he whispered, tears blurring his vision. "Stay with me, Reasa, please stay with me. I forgive you. I forgive you..."

Cassia flew out of bed, terror filling her soul. "Pietro! Where are you?"

"East quadrant, beside the road. Two dozen vampires...Reasa is here. Am hurt. Hurry!"

"Mom! Dad!" Cassia ran from her room tears running down her face. "Pietro and Reasa are being attacked!"
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Her parents were already grabbing clothes as she ran from the house hurrying to Rafe's. She was so distraught she didn't even noticed there were lights on or question why Caleb and Annie were there. "Pietro...Reasa...the east quadrant. Vampire attack!" She gasped the words out, stumbling as she swung around and fled back outside.

"Aaron, lock down the pack now!" Rafe roared, flying from the house with his sister and her mate beside him. He shifted to wolf form as he leapt down the stairs running at full speed towards the attack. He didn't stop to see what the rest of the pack was up to. They were well trained and knew what to do in the face of an attack. Instead, he ran, fury filling his soul that someone would dare harm his pack.

The scene was carnage when he arrived, body pieces everywhere, Andrei and Alexei reigning death down on all they could reach. Wolves were hacking at fallen vampires, working in concert to take heads while avoiding being bitten. Off to the right he could hear more vampires arriving, the Vârcolac and Praetorians were on their way.

"Reasa! Reasa!" Liam's anguished scream cut through the night and his head swung to the right so see figures lying on the ground.

The pack appeared to have the vampires under control, so he shifted back to his human form, kneeling down beside Liam. "Oh God, no," he breathed out, sorrow filling his soul as he stared at the woman cradled in Liam's arms. "Liam...Liam...she's gone, son. She's gone."

"NO!" Liam screamed, holding her close, rocking her body against his as tears rolled down his face. His anguish was transmitting to everyone present, his grief causing tears to fall down everyone's faces. "She's not gone, Rafe. She's not gone. She can't be. She can't be!"

Frantic eyes searched wildly, finding the one person he sought. "Help her, Annie. Help her. Make her wake up again...please."
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The redhead knelt beside him, gently pushing the Alpha to the side. "Oh, Liam...I wish I could, sweetheart. I truly do..."

"She's there, Annie, I can feel her still there," he wept, his eyes pleading with her. "I can feel her in there, she isn't gone."

"Let me through," Mallen ordered, the doctor pulling open his bag as he joined the group. "If Liam says she's there then I'm not going to argue with him, not after he just brought six seemingly dead vampires back to life. So, I'll work on the physical side and you can do your mental shit. Come on, people, we don't have a lot of time here." His stoic pragmatism seemed to shake off some of the stunned grief they were experiencing and the group parted to give them room.

"Clear up this mess and then do a sweep to make sure we got them all."

Pietro gently disentangled himself from the bear hug Cassia had wrapped him in since she'd found him among the melee of body parts. Keeping a hold of her hand as he sat up gingerly, his body protested the movement but he had to see the bodies. "There's no sign of Michael," he hissed out, fury invading him that the main instigator had gotten away.

"Fan out, do a full search of the area," Rafe ordered. His gaze fell on Mac who was staring down at Reasa's body. "Mac, can the Praetorians run a sweep of the city? I don't want any of the pack away from our borders until we're certain the coast is clear."

"We're on it," the Praetorian leader answered, glancing down at his mate.

"I want to stay with Liam," Lily said quietly, scrubbing at her wet cheeks.

"Is that wise?"
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"He just made us cry a little," she sighed, leaning in to give him a hug. "Liam's in control, Mac. Nothing bad will happen."

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Her mate wasn't so sure of that but he had to go with what she wanted. Her pack needed her right now, so this was her place to be. "Stay here until I come get you." He kissed her lightly and then turned to gather his people. If this Michael was anywhere in the city to find, then they would find him.

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