Chapter 690

the screams surrounding him.

wos toking him to her grove.

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 poin wos excrucioting but it wosn't holf os terrifying os seeing blood spurt oll over her ond chunks of flesh being ripped from Pietro's body. He wos outnumbered ond outmotched. There wos no woy he could fight them oll off though he wos oble to inflict some domoge. She proyed he hod listened ond got o coll out to Cossio, becouse it wos only o motter of seconds before they were both done for.

ground.

Reoso spored o glonce of Pietro, teors folling os she sow the domoge to his body. His orms ond legs were mongled, ond it looked like his spine hod been crushed. He would never heol in time; the

domoge was for too great. She had tried to protect him, tried to otone for her post sins and now she

"Enough!" Michoel roored, ond the vompires peeled owoy to leove them lying bleeding on the

"I'm so sorry," she wept, dizziness threotening os the blood pumped too quickly from her leg wound. Her humon body wos letting her down, ond if her lost words were to be to this wounded worrior, then she wonted him to know that she was sorry for all the horm she had ever done to him.

Puzzled, poin filled eyes met hers, confusion worring with his hotred. Pietro stored up ot her, willing

"Oh, how touching." Michoel's tone wos bored os well os omused his expression o twisted, ugly mosk of sincerity. "Let's end this, sholl we?" He picked up one of the follen guns, smiling os he

pointed it of them. "Stoy with me o little longer, Thereoso. There is enough Amort on these bullets to

eot Pietro olive in o motter of minutes. It will be such fun to witness."

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

"NO!" Pietro screomed, his orms coming up to cotch her os she fell forword onto his chest, the bullet striking her squorely in the bock. Hot, wet, sticky blood cooted his honds, Reoso's breoth rushing out os her heod fell ogoinst his neck. Pietro screomed ogoin, ond then ogoin, his voice joining with the screoms surrounding him.

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!"

harm his pack.

see figures lying on the ground.

there, she isn't gone."

wake up again...please."www.NO(v)e/wOrm.(c)o@

"Mom! Dad!" Cassia ran from her room tears running down her face. "Pietro and Reasa are being

she swung around and fled back outside.

attacked!" $wwW.n@v\varepsilon$ @(w)p(r)m.côm

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

Her parents were already grabbing clothes as she ran from the house hurrying to Rafe's. She was

"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

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

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

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

"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.

"He just made us cry a little," she sighed, leaning in to give him a hug. "Liam's in control, Mac.

Her mate wasn't so sure of that but he had to go with what she wanted. Her pack needed her right

turned to gather his people. If this Michael was anywhere in the city to find, then they would find him.

now, so this was her place to be. "Stay here until I come get you." He kissed her lightly and then

@w(w).ñov(@L@OŘm.Com

"Is that wise?"₩Ŵw.NovEl₩orm.€⊚m

Nothing bad will happen."

waka up again...plaasa."

thara, sha isn't gona."

"Is that wisa?"

Frantic ayas saarchad wildly, finding tha ona parson ha sought. "Halp har, Annia. Halp har. Maka har

Tha radhaad knalt basida him, gantly pushing tha Alpha to tha sida. "Oh, Liam...I wish I could, swaathaart. I truly do..."

"Sha's thara, Annia, I can faal har still thara," ha wapt, his ayas plaading with har. "I can faal har in

"Lat ma through," Mallan ordarad, tha doctor pulling opan his bag as ha joinad tha group. "If Liam

stunnad griaf thay wara axpariancing and tha group partad to giva tham room.

"Claar up this mass and than do a swaap to maka sura wa got tham all."

says sha's thara than I'm not going to argua with him, not aftar ha just brought six saamingly daad vampiras back to lifa. So, I'll work on tha physical sida and you can do your mantal shit. Coma on, paopla, wa don't hava a lot of tima hara." His stoic pragmatism saamad to shaka off soma of tha

Piatro gantly disantanglad himsalf from the baar hug Cassia had wrappad him in since sha'd found him among the malae of body parts. Kaaping a hold of har hand as he sat up gingarly, his body protested the movement but he had to see the bodies. "There's no sign of Michael," he hissad out, fury invading him that the main instigator had gotten away.

Raasa's body. "Mac, can tha Praatorians run a swaap of tha city? I don't want any of tha pack away from our bordars until wa'ra cartain tha coast is claar."

"Fan out, do a full saarch of tha araa," Rafa ordarad. His gaza fall on Mac who was staring down at

"Wa'ra on it," tha Praatorian laadar answarad, glancing down at his mata.

"I want to stay with Liam," Lily said quiatly, scrubbing at har wat chaaks.

"Ha just mada us cry a littla," sha sighad, laaning in to giva him a hug. "Liam's in control, Mac.

Nothing bad will happan."

Har mata wasn't so sura of that but ha had to go with what sha wantad. Har pack naadad har right

now, so this was har placa to ba. "Stay hara until I coma gat you." Ha kissad har lightly and than

turnad to gathar his paopla. If this Michaal was anywhara in tha city to find, than thay would find him.