

Chapter 719

"Find the pack and then call me when you do," he said, brushing a quick kiss against her forehead once more. "Do not engage them without me by your side, Mila."

"I will call you," she sighed, a resigned smile on her face. "Now go do what you need to do and let me get on with my tracking."

Dante watched his heart move away, her long dark hair flowing in the wind as she sailed through the trees with barely a pause. To anyone watching, they would have no inkling that she had no conventional sight, but to him, he could detect the slightest of pauses as she waited for the wind to rustle the leaves in the treetops so she could see her route.

Mila was magnificent as only one who had truly suffered could be. She had managed to retain her soul and her independence despite what life had thrown at her, and he envied that sometimes. Perhaps one day he would find his true soul again, but until then, he would bask in the love and compassion this amazing woman gave to him so freely. With a sigh, he turned in the other direction, and headed back to Louis' coven and the oncoming storm.

"She's here," whispered through his mind, and he stopped in the shadows of a thick copse deep in the heart of the jungle. Agony closed his eyes and scented the air...allowing himself a moment's respite on his journey.

"Dara...yes, I can feel her close by. I should not concede this to you. She will try to stop us and I cannot allow that."

Deep within, Kothari tried to rise...tried to pull himself out of the darkness that imprisoned him. "My angel."

"My angel...my angel...do you know how fucking pathetic you sound, Kothari? You've been chanting that endlessly the entire way here, and yet you are too stupid to see the truth of the matter. I am weary of listening to you, so let's have this out once and for all."

Agony took off his dark glasses, running a hand through the lock of dark hair falling across his brow. Dark brown contact lenses hid the crimson red of his eyes, and he reached up to remove them, tired of the pretence. "Let's discuss your Angel, Kothi. Explain to me just exactly what makes Dara Romanov this mystical creature you've spent your entire life coveting?"

Silence greeted his words, the voice in his head refusing to answer, which only served to irritate him. "Oh, so now you want to be silent? Think again, other half. I have our parents to find and I cannot do that with your whining about your fucking Angel. Speak! Answer my question!"

"She is our mate though we don't deserve her."

Agony threw his head back and laughed, a cold, humourless sound echoing through the trees.

"Bullshit!"

Again, silence greeted his words, but he could feel the attentiveness from the trapped boy in the depths of his mind. "Do you seriously believe that I would EVER allow another man to lay hands on our mate, Kothari? Are you truly that delusional?"

Agony laughed again, enjoying the feel of his other half squirming inside, trying to deny the truth that had been blatantly obvious for a long time.

"How many years have you patted yourself on the back, exulting in how magnanimous you have been in allowing Dara to be free to follow her wolf side and rut with pack members? Why do you think you have been able to stand knowing that she lay with other men? Not because of any iron will you possess, stupid boy...but because I allowed it! Because I knew she was not our mate."

"No! " Kothari moaned the word out...trying to rip control from Agony to no avail. "You're lying! She is our Angel!"

"There is no denying that she is attractive...that you wanted to lie with her, to feel her warmth bathing your soul in carnal pleasure. She was never our mate though, Kothari. I never wanted to lie with her, to own her, to give over my soul to her as you did. Our mate must call to both of us, boy. She must reach in and capture both our souls for us to ever be complete. Stop denying the truth of it. You know denial is futile."

It couldn't be true...Dara had been the one thing keeping him sane his entire adult life. If what Agony said was true...if his angel wasn't his soul mate then he would be lost forever and Agony would win. Kothari would die for eternity.

Moreover, if it were true, and now the words were out there in the open the rightness of them were starting to seep into Kothi's thoughts...dear God what would he do? What would happen when Dara caught up with them? "Agony...don't hurt her. We need Dara...you need her."

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Sighing loudly, Agony put his sunglasses back on, weary of the conversation and wishing he hadn't started it, but if it stopped Kothari's whimpering it would be worth it. He knew he had to give his other half time to process the thought, to come to see the truth of it. He didn't want Kothi to start whining on in a different direction.

"Of course, I would never hurt Dara. She is our family; she is part of our pack. I am merely pointing out that she is not our mate so you will stop whining on about her. It's getting in the way of our mission and nothing should interfere with that. We must find our parents and for that, I need to be in full control. Agreed?"

There was a long pause, the boy within slowly turning over his words in his head. Finally, a resigned sigh echoed in their mind and Agony smiled slowly, enjoying the surrender that pervaded him.

"Agreed."**ww***w*.Ño(v)E()wôrm.**C***e*m

"Good...now let's go hunt some vampires. I'm hungry..."(w)(w)w.n(s)v_el©©**R**m.CôM

Agony turned to the right, scenting the air as he moved, smelling the rot of death and decadence that both tantalised and repulsed him. Kothari would be silent for a little while, and he hadn't been lying, he was famished. It was time to hunt...time to bathe himself in blood.

He had scented something earlier, a couple of wolves in the vicinity. They had not been what he had been looking for so he had ignored them though kept a loose note on the direction they were heading. Now he scented something else, death, and vampires. He headed in that direction, calling on his inner magic to skilfully bend light around himself, masking his scent at the same time as he shadowed and became invisible.

He found what he was looking for easily, pausing to survey the scene before him. Two males stood laughing in a small clearing, one of them batting idly at a small wolf pup who was growling every time he came near. The pup was standing before the carcasses of two adult wolves, both of them clearly dead. There was something noble about the little pup, valiantly trying to protect its dead parents.

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