

## Chapter 84

We were running hard and fast and closing in the gap on Dexter. I could even smell his fear as we closed in on him. I was thriving on it, using it to help power Charlotte and myself through the wild run up the mountain and back down it. When running downhill, it was when I really gained speed. So much so, I began to pull away from the rest of the pack behind us.

"Babe, slow down," Everest called.

I ignored him and his commands, only because I knew I was getting close, I could feel it inside of me. His scent was strong, powerful. He must have scraped himself pretty well, seeing how I was coming across traces of blood. Charlotte growled when she caught a glimpse of him crossing the top of the mountain.

"Charlotte, stop." Everest came across our mind, trying to order us to stop. We couldn't let him get away, not this time. I could feel our adrenaline coursing through our veins, filling our bloodstream with power and strength. We pushed to our max, as we sprinted forwards. I topped the mountain and lunged from the peak of the mountain. From here I could hear the squealing sounds of tires hugging around the curves, making their way to intercept him at their meeting point.

I had him in my sight when he came to a halt, turning around and facing me. He couldn't help himself. He let out a growl and, surprisingly, Charlotte's growl sounded more dangerous. We crashed into him, our bodies colliding together, tumbling the rest of the way down the mountain side. We hit rocks, broke trees, fought and clawed one another as we toppled together, fighting for dominance over one another. He was strong but he seemed to have weakened over the last few weeks. Being alone, without family, love, support, and loyalty from others would do it to you.

We reached the bottom of the hill as I was now on top of him. He crashed into a huge boulder, his head connected with the rock. The sound of his skull cracking. He let out a howl as I went to clamp around his neck. When I bit into flesh, it wasn't the soft tender flesh of his neck, rather his arm and paw. He was shoving me off of him. I used my free hand to slam into his chest, my claws digging into him. He snapped and bit my arm. I let out a painful howl.

"Get off of him you b\*\*\*h!" A growl from a woman came from behind me.

I ignored her, Dexter's eyes going wide, looking behind me. I heard the pounding of paws against the earth, getting louder the closer they got. As Dexter was distracted, I bit him again, this time my teeth sinking into his neck and shoulder. A scream of horror sounded behind me as blood began pouring out of Dexter. He was still putting up a fight, but he was weak now. He locked his mouth around my arm and though it hurt, I kept my jaws locked onto his neck.

I shook my head viciously, ripping a huge hunk of meat and fur away from his body. Blood spurted out of him as he was forced to shift to his human form. He was dying, blood was pouring out faster than he could heal. I stood over him, my legs on either side of his weak and dying body, dropping his flesh next to his face, watching him closely.

I felt small fangs rip at my back and I reached behind me and saw the little red and white wolf from earlier. Fear and anger were in her eyes. I took her and in one swift motion separated her head from the rest of her body.

"Avalynn!" I heard my mate's voice from behind. I turned around, still in my Lycan form, and looked at him. He was angry, nearly seething, but fear lingered behind that anger. He was worried. I understood. I knew I was in trouble, but I didn't care. I had ended it. Well, it almost ended. He was almost dead. I turned away from my mate and leaned in towards Dexter's bloodied body, whispering to him. "We warned you, several times. Why do they want you?" I questioned him.

He gasped for air, "What?" He gurgled as blood was filling his lungs.

"Why were you helping the witches council?" I asked through gritted teeth.

"They... They..." He coughed, blood spurting from his mouth as he turned his head, looking away. He was now looking at Miranda and Brent before he looked back up at me. "They promised me everything I wanted. You, the world. Every mystical being under my command."

With that I had heard enough, reached down and with one claw slid it across his neck, deepening the wound. I waited for his heart to stop beating. It was then that I slammed my fist through his chest, my claws digging into his warm and dead flesh. I ripped his heart away from his body. I held the warm muscle in my hand, looking at it.

"Avalynn.." Everest called behind me.

I ignored him for only a moment before I turned and threw it as hard as I could away from us all. I turned to look back at my mate and everyone who stood behind him. His eyes were dark as he was watching me. I shifted back to my human form and sighed. I slipped into his mind and found worry and anger. He was worried I would die before he reached us. Scared that he wouldn't have enough time to help me if I needed it. He wanted to be able to protect me and have my back in case of an ambush. His eyes narrowed at me and I held my head high.

"I know." I simply told him.

"You know? What do you know Avalynn?" He yelled at me, his hands were balled fists at his side.

"I know you were worried and now angry with me. I know that what I did was dangerous. I couldn't let him get away again. Not this time. He had to die." I told him flatly.

"Do you realize how much danger you put yourself in!? What if there was an ambush? What if he overpowered you?" He took a step forward. My eyes glanced back at our people and back to him.

"I do know, but I was faster. I was able to catch up with him. He would have gotten away if I hadn't done what I did!" I let out an annoyed sigh.

"You disobeyed an order. You simply pushed it aside and ignored me!" He growled.

"Please. I am your mate and, yes, you may be my King, but me being your mate comes first. I am the only one in our entire Kingdom who can ignore your orders. Especially if I think it is best," I told him.

He stomped over to me and took my face between his hands and kissed me roughly, pulling my body to his. He broke the kiss and looked me up and down. "When I tell you something it is for a reason. I did not give a damn if he was able to get away. My worry was about my mate and keeping you safe. You have to understand that. I know you are skillful and powerful, but you are still delicate, my love." He kissed my now bruised lips softly.

I pulled back from him and only nodded. He looked hurt that I moved away from his arms. I looked over and Brent was kneeling down by his brother's corpse. He mumbled something and then fire engulfed his brother's body. "We should make sure our friends are okay." I looked back up to him and he nodded his head.

We made our way over to Brent and Miranda. We stopped just behind him as Brent stood up, stepping back away from his brother's body.

"Did he say anything to you?" Miranda asked me.

"Only that he was working with the witches council because they promised him me and to be commanding over all mystical beings. They obviously left him to fend for himself." I looked into the flames that danced. "Why did you burn him?" I asked, looking between the two of them.

"Yes why? I know he has done some horrible things but we would allow you to transport his body back home. That way he could have a proper burial. Even if he did not deserve it," Everest commented.

Miranda spoke then, "We did this so if there were any witches around they would not be able to do a resurrecting spell on him. They could not bring him back to life. It is safer for all involved here if his body is burned and gone."

"Yup, I wouldn't want him lying next to my brother, mother, or my father anyway. He was a traitorous bastard who deserved this, if not more." Brent's eyes looked glossy and though I knew he was saddened by the loss of his brother, I knew both of our Kingdoms were better off with him gone.

"I am sorry for your loss, Brent." I told him simply. He looked over at me with a saddened smile.

"Though he is gone today, he was really gone a long time ago. What he did was unforgiveable. Between our famines and the others he has hurt, I could not, with a guilt-free conscious, let him go free. If could not forgive him and I could not allow him to continue to roam this Earth any longer. I do fear though, his mind was plagued by a witch's spell. That he was just a pawn in their game. I do hope that is not the case. Even if it was, I fear that this still would have been the only option." He sighed as his eyes looked back at his brother's body.

We all stood there in silence the remainder of the time. We would stay here until there was nothing left of Dexter except the ashes he would soon become. His body burned down to nothing but ash and we stepped away, walking back together talking.

Miranda let out a worried sounding sigh, "I fear we may have awakened the beast. I fear that the council is regrouping and planning something more horrendous than anyone could ever imagine. I do not have a great feeling about the future. I fear more death is awaiting us. When though is the question?"

No one said anything. We knew she was right. The Witches Council would not give up so easily. We would have to make sure we were all ready for a fight. For now, though, we will wait for them to show their ugly faces and train our people for what is to come.

"We will be ready for them," I said in all seriousness.

"Yes, we will be. I will be." Miranda said as she turned to look at Brent, who was smiling down at her.

If Miranda could survive the transition, I knew she would make a kickass and powerful Lycan.