

Chapter 40

Nicola's POV

My mind is racing as I try to figure out where the hell Locke went. One minute he was here beside me and the next I watched as he ran in the direction of the pack house. I told him over and over it was too dangerous for him to go out there but he wouldn't listen, and I'm in no shape to run after or stop him.

When I finally hear him coming back up the ladder, I turn around to see his black hair, damp with sweat, covering sad eyes that have seen way too much for such a young age. He doesn't say anything as he sits next to me but I can feel the emotions coming off of him in waves. His head falls against my shoulder as the damn breaks and sobs escape his throat. My hand cradles the back of his head softly as I hold him tight.

"I don't know what to do." He mumbles through the tears.

Neither do I.

"You're not expected to do anything, Locke, you're just a kid." I say softly.

"But I'm expected to be a leader one day."

There's determination in his face that makes me smile.

"I'm sure you'll be great at it."

His face falls at my words.

"Dad says that I'm soft, that I have to toughen up first." He looks towards the tree line and his demeanor shifts as a scowl crosses his face. "But I don't want to be like my father. People are afraid of him."

"Then don't." I say.

He remains quiet as he stares off into space, his eyes red and tired. When his gaze shifts to behind me, I can feel my wolf begin to stir,

letting me know Zander is near. I quickly turn around but I'm unable to make him out clearly as I watch four figures approach. Looking through the scope, I see two men push my mate along as another walks in front. It doesn't take a rocket science to tell that what's going on.

Rand has found Zander..

"No." I whisper to myself.

My heart is beating frantically as I watch them shove him with each step and make their way towards the training building. They're still nearly a mile from the door but between my enhanced sight from my wolf and looking through the scope, I can see the pain and worry etched across his face.

"Please no." I start to whimper.

"What's wrong?" I feel a small hand wrap around my arm.

I look up to see uneasiness in the boy's face. He stares at me expectantly but I can't find the words to tell him what's happening. That his so called king has captured the one thing I love more than anything and is going to end his life.

"There's-" My voices begins to crack.

I snap my mouth shut and close my eyes tightly to prevent any more tears from spilling. I'm trying to convincing myself to stay strong in front of the child so I don't scare him but I'm already failing miserably. He's way too young to be thrown into this world of chaos and violence, yet here he is.

"What is it?" He sounds more worried this time.

"My mate." I swallow the lump forming in my throat. "He has my mate."

"Who?" He jumps to his feet.

"The Fae King." I glance away and look towards the direction Zander is in.

Silence hangs in the air for a long moment and when I turn back around

my brows furrow in confusion. There's so much anger and rage in his little face that it makes me concerned about what he's thinking. He looks like he's seconds away from exploding and running away, but I don't want him go down there again.

"Locke?" I reach out to him but he doesn't move a muscle. "Locke."

"Why would he do that to him? He promised me! He promised he wasn't going to kill anymore." He yells.

"Because he's the Alpha King." I say softly.

His eyes widen as if he's realizing something for the first time. "But that make you the- the Queen?"

"Uh... no. I don't know, maybe?" I hadn't really thought about it like that and I definitely don't have the time to stop and ponder my position right now.

"But-" he stutters in disbelief.

This time I don't move to comfort him. I can tell by the look on his face that he's having an internal battle and I'm afraid I might just cause him to bolt.

"Will you kill me?" He asks and I rear back as if he slapped me.

"What, no! Why would you ask that?"

"Even if you knew who my dad was?" His voice is quiet.

"Locke, you're a child. I don't care who your parents are, I'm going to keep you safe." I'm starting to put the pieces together of who this kid really is, but that still changes nothing.

"Rand is my dad." He looks up at me as if he's decided what he's going to do. "I'm going to fix this." He says before jumping up and running to the ladder.

"No Locke, please! It's not safe!" I yell after him but he's already made his way down to the floor below.

Fucking kid is already starting to give me grey hair and he isn't even mine.

I slowly make my way over to the edge and grab my gun again. A few mins later I see the boy approach the man he calls his father and there's an ache in my chest when I think about what his life must be like. To have such a cold and heartless man be your dad, the person you're supposed to look up to.

Then I watch in utter shock as Rand smacks Locke hard across the face. I want to run out and hold him so bad. I want to kiss his head as I squeeze him tight and tell him it's all going to okay, even if it isn't. The whole thing tugs at my soul as I think about having a little one of my own and how they'll grow up. I promise myself it won't be like this if Zander and I ever make it out of here alive.

I begin to feel fear and worry that's not my own and it causes my heart to race. I place a hand over my chest and close my eyes to feel the bond I have with Zander. His emotions are strong, almost knocking the breath out of me and I try to mind link him but I'm unable to get through. It feels like there's a wall up in his head and his emotions have clouded any connection.

As I look through the my gun, everything seems to freeze around me as I watch Rand wave a pistol around in his palm. My hands shake nervously on the grip as I set my cross hairs on his temple, fear of the distance and if I can even make the shot echoing in my head. It has to be almost half a mile away away, and though I've practiced from further and have been successful at the range, real life is a different story.

There's so much ground to cover, I know that if I'm off by even a little bit, I might miss or even hit someone else. And that someone has a high chance of being Zander or even Locke. My hands won't stay steady and I curse myself at being a nervous wreck.

I can't do it.

My heart ceases when I see Rand cock the gun and point the barrel directly at my mate. Freya whines at the thought of losing him and the world around me seems to stop. Zander looks peaceful, too peaceful,

as he closes his eyes, almost as if he's accepting his fate. My soul feels completely tethered to his at the moment and my body tingles as I see him mouth the words "I love you".

A calmness washes over me as I instantly find my rhythm and steady my finger on the trigger.

Deep breath in, slow breath out.

I pull back and see the Fae King's body drop to the ground, along with Zander.

Oh fates, what have I done?

Chapter Comments



 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers