

Chapter 0628

I hear a whimper to my left, it's Lil and she doesn't whimper. I risk a look, she'll tell me she's fine even with a bone completely in the wrong direction.

"LIL! Talk to me."

That was all it took for Vincent to get a good left hook in and send me flying across the open space and into the side of one of the large buildings. Motherf*cker! That sucked. It's been a long time since someone got the drop on me like that and knocked the wind out. I have been a little preoccupied and clearly I'm being reminded that even mates are not a good enough reason to skip training. This vantage point does give me the chance to scan the area though as Vincent has to wade through the groups of wolves surrounding and fighting my teammates.

"Why don't you talk to us Alpha. How was that toss?" Sassy b*tch.

"Such an asshole, Jena. Everyone still good? Kill these fuckers, I don't know if any of them are alive enough to save even if we kill Vincent."

"Ooooh! You rebel, calling him by his name not his title. You should do that out loud and see how hard he tries to hit you then."

***"Lillian! Stop giving her stupid ideas!" Oliver shouts through the link. "Bitty, you good? My

whole face hurts."*** 1

"Yeah, I'm fine, he got a lucky shot after Lil got hit. He's got them possessed, I don't think we can save them. They are still fighting even when logic and injury shouldn't let them. Send them back to the Goddess." I screech as I dodge a punch from Vincent. He hits the side of the building and doesn't even flinch. "We need to draw Vincent out of this protective circle. I don't know if he's stronger here, but we aren't getting anywhere. Any ideas?"***

"We are coming to you Tiny. Don't argue, the fight here has basically died out since you went to them."

"Almost clear on our end, Alphas." One of our warriors calls out.

No argument from me. I don't know how I can beat him on my own. I can hear the scuffling around me, but my focus is solely on the puffed up man in front of me.

"I wonder if his wolf is just as jacked up as he is? He's clearly using magic to enhance his size. Can you get him to shift?" My wolf asks me. "He's not using magic either. I don't think he can. Maybe send something small his way and see if he will counter."

At this point I will try anything. Dodging his fists isn't getting me anywhere and she's right, he hasn't done much but try to hit me. Either he can't

or he thinks very highly of his fighting skills and is 'trying not to hurt me.' I keep rolling and dodging, moving around the platform, trying to keep track of my team who is doing a fantastic job of taking out the wolves here. There are still so many, but the numbers are quickly going down. I just need to hold out a little longer and I will have help.

I tell my wolf to start summoning my magic, while I focus on not dying. I will take anything that is willing to step forward right now. Fire, earth, water, wind, anything. I breathe out as I dip forward while Vincent tries to grab me. I'm so glad he can't actually close his arms. His muscles have been my saving grace. I roll through his legs and take a deep breath in and then let it out. As I let the breath go a fierce wind whips up around us and takes out the legs of all the wolves in my line of sight. Jena breaks one's neck with her massive jaw, while Sierra stops another one from jumping on her back.

I move to intercept another as my whole head is ripped back by my ponytail and I land hard on my ass. "Oh, sh*t! What the f*ck?" I groan looking at the swollen face above me.

The closer I get to him the more he looks bloated, not muscular. "I want my son you little b*tch, where is he?"

"I told you, I took him out." I grunt trying to loosen his grip. "He threatened my family and pissed me off in general."

"I want his body!" He growls close to my ear, a little of his spit hitting my face.

"Why, so you can bring him back to life like the rest of these zombies? Well. You can't have it." I twist and try to stand, he rips me onto my back again. I stare into his eyes and smile my best innocent smile. "We burned his worthless, sorry excuse for a wolf. I sent him to the Goddess for judgment. Let's see what she thinks about your sorry excuse for a son and your constant attack on her females."

"Aaaarrrrrrrgggggghhhhhhhhh!!!!!" He roars at me. I can see his skin ripple. I almost have him. "NNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOO!" He raises his fist, it is aimed for my face, but his grip in my hair won't let me move. I refuse to close my eyes, he won't see me cower at all.

"ABSOLUTELY F*CKING NOT!!" Lil comes out of nowhere, shifting midair and blasts into his side. The force and surprise cause him to loosen his grip on my hair enough for me to move and I can feel the surge of power in my arm right before I blast him with a fireball.

He doesn't go down easy, but I get a small break. He comes back full of pure rage and his claws are out, but still in his human form. He swipes at me again and again, sometimes making contact, other hits missing wildly. He's out of control and a complete danger to anyone in the vicinity.

"Shift you f*cker." I mumble under my breath

Chapter 0628

ducking under another hit and making contact with his ribs with my own fist. His body jerks, like his wolf wants to come out, but still nothing.

***"What if he can't anymore? He's not using magic and he's not using his wolf. The two things he prizes most in this world and he's using neither."

*** Sierra calls out to me.

"Baby, where are you? We've crossed onto the mainland."

"You are going to have to trust your instincts and follow your pull to me, we're a little busy."

I groan at Oliver. I think Sierra's right, but that doesn't make him less formidable. His pouches and kicks are still painful and too many will be lethal. And his focus is one hundred percent on me. 3

x

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