

The Beast And The Blessed by Ashley Breanne Chapter 4

Four: Killian

Killian's P.O.V

My lip curled at the weak wolf in front of me as he shook with fear at the border of the Red Moon pack. They used to be an impressive group for their kind, but over time they grew complacent. Their need to become stronger, bigger, and better vanished, and with it did my respect.

I resented that I had to come to this weak little pack, but it was where I would find her. My mate.

Even thinking the word had me on edge, and I growled as the werewolf before me stood in my way, making my blood boil. He was stalling, trying to give his Alpha time to show himself to cover for the disrespectful lack of welcome we had received thus far.

His eyes traveled over me, his body vibrating even harder in terror at what he saw. We had run in our Lycan form, as we preferred. Shifting into our beast was saved for special circumstances. We were blessed by the Goddess with the ability to half-shift and stand on two legs.

The sad excuse of a dog before me was wasting my time, and that was something I did not allow.

“Run along, little wolfie.” Joselin’s voice rang out as she transported before him. Her long, pure white hair blew away from her face, exposing her glossy empty white eyes, and the black etchings along her skin.

The wolf jumped back, bracing itself with his tail between his legs as he stared at her with wide eyes. The smell of urine made me lose any faith that I had in this pack if this was one of their warriors. They would need to be trained. At this point, I had the feeling one little Fae could obliterate them.

“Boo!” She whispered, and the wolf took off, running back toward its pack, leaving the border defenseless. Joselin grabbed a strand of her hair, twirling it as she glanced over her shoulder with feigned innocence. “I don’t think he liked me.”

I rolled my eyes at her before she dipped her head in respect, and I walked past her, leading my pack of men onto the pack land.

Joselin was the only reason I was here. Her vision demanded that I find and protect my mate. It was a vision of my death, and that was not something that I would let happen. According to my witch, it was something that my mate wouldn't let happen either. She would be the only one who could save me in the upcoming battle, and it was the only reason why I was here today.

The trees thinned as we reached the pack, and Alpha Dalton jogged up to greet me with his head dipped in submission. It was too late for him. He was lucky I didn't rip his throat out immediately.

The loud gasps were quickly joined by the sobs of several women as they were forced to their knees in a line, their yells of protest getting louder as they witnessed my men emerging from the forest in their Lycan form.

I took a deep breath as I walked past their Alpha, not bothering to acknowledge the man who had already insulted me once.

We were here for one reason and one reason only.

"Tsk, bad puppy!" Joselin hissed behind me as she walked past Dalton.

A young man stepped forward from the collection of pack members, and I could feel the Alpha blood pumping in his veins. The heir.

"Welcome," He said as he bowed. The woman standing at his side stared down at him, disgusted that he would submit to another. I could feel the way she demanded power but leaked toxicity from every pore. I snorted in disdain at the couple as I glared at her before she too, lowered to show her respect.

The rest of the pack was not far behind, and I glanced over their people with disinterest. It was a little late for pleasantries.

Their lack of preparation only added to the insult that they had not been ready for us, even with advanced notice of our arrival.

But there was a sweet scent in the air, tied to the couple before me, that made my beast want to tear down every wolf and building in the pack until I found the

source. My mouth watered, and I knew it was her. She was here, and I would find her.

As the last girl joined the line, I let out a low growl. The loud sobbing and begging ceased, leaving only the obnoxious sniffing of the crying women. They had nothing to fear if they showed the respect we had fought for, earned, and now demanded.

My men shifted on their feet, anxious to find their mate but knowing that they would need to wait until I had gone through the line first. One by one, I stood before each female, taking in their scent carefully as they cowered away from my large form.

Only one stood out from the others, and it was the look of confidence as she sat on her heels with her back straight. Her chin was lifted, but she was smart enough not to look me in the eye and challenge me.

By the end of the first row, I turned to look at Joselin who stood with her eyebrows pinched together. I could see on her face that she was as confused as I was.

“Where are the rest?” I asked, my deep voice causing several of the scared women to flinch.

Alpha Dalton’s eyes widened as he looked from me back to the unmated females on their knees before me. “This is all of them.”

The way his head shook subtly back in forth in confusion, silently pleading for me to believe him only fed my rage. I lunged forward, my Lycan form towered over the wolves in their skins as I wrapped my hand around his throat, lifting the weak Alpha from the ground. “Do not lie to me. You are already on thin ice.”

My men started releasing low growls of encouragement. Their excitement and need for bloodshed filled me with pride.

“That’s all of them, I swear!” His desperate plea made him look weaker than I had originally thought. His warm blood dripped down over my fingertip as I sank my nails into his throat.

I stared into his eyes.

I wanted to watch as he met his end. I wanted to see the light fade from his eyes and the soul leave his body as he was returned to the Goddess.

“Wrong answer.” Joselin sang from where she stood with my pack. The glee in her voice was joined by a howling of excitement as I ripped his throat out, and he crumbled to the ground. The wolves all gasped and cried in shock and despair as their Alpha fell.

I lifted my hand, aware of the blood running down my forearm as I addressed my men. “Find her.”

The dropping of the flesh and tendons acted like a flag, and my pack took off, ready to tear down every house or person who tried to prevent them from finding their queen.

