

## Chapter 0634

"No offense to either of you, but I'm f\*cking over magic."  
Sam mumbles from the crook of Sierra's neck.

Elena side-eyes him. "Well, it's here to stay pup, and you have a direct line to it. I would apologize before your magic decides it is over your wet dog smell and stops working." 1

"You all may want to pray to your Goddess, the winds are shifting." Gentry gets out as a lightning bolt cracks along the sky.

"Get everyone to the tunnels, Sierra, NOW!"

We scramble. There was no time for 'I love you's' and 'see you soon's.' I just hope this wasn't the last time I speak to any of these people.

When we get outside along the main street the air is thick and green, wind is whipping around us in short bursts. The lightning is crawling across the clouds, no start or end point, just the static in constant motion.

"What the f\*ck is that?" Wyatt skids to a halt next to me.

"We're under attack. She's here, I can feel her." I keep my focus forward, I think she's waiting for me to be distracted.

I pull at my fire magic, wanting it to be ready to hit anyone that pops out of the shadows. I am starting to enjoy the way

that my skin crackles just below the surface. The fire is warm and inviting to me, but can be deadly when needed. Two sides of the same coin.

Lightning cracks and Thunder accompanies it in surround sound, swirling around us. We all move into protective circles, as ready as we'll ever be.

"ROAR!"

Several of our warriors are tossed past us from my back, then the volume of grunts and growls raise quickly as we are surrounded by a monsoon of red-eyed wolves from every direction. None of us think, just act.

I shift immediately, not wanting to get injured in my human form, and head straight for the rogues coming at my front. These are faster, more refined in their movements. Vincent and Adrielle saved their top warriors for last.

My wolf ducks and slides under one rogue only to collide with another. Jaws are snapping and biting at every available piece of fur. I sidestep my hind legs as I feel one approach from behind, but the slight movement and distraction was enough for the rogue in front of me to get a decent nip on my fore leg. The poison in their saliva stings, but it's like a bad rash for me, nothing more. That's good to know, my fur can handle it.

With that knowledge, I dive in with a deeper desire to take these guys down. The initial fear is ebbing away to

determination mixed with anger. I thrash at anything that isn't my pack. I don't want any survivors from this hoard. My heart is racing, pounding with adrenaline as we bite and slash through these wolves. It takes more time than usual to take them out since my wolf and I are not aiming for prisoners, but a death toll.

We are grabbed by the scruff of our fur and tossed back. I don't see much as we're flying through the air, but the sweet decay of apples lets me know it's Vincent. My wolf is brilliant and just as agile as I am. She twists so we can land on our feet, but the sight that finds me has my blood running cold.

Vincent is here. I'm not sure how he got in front of me when he's the one who tossed me, but he's here, unscathed. His form hasn't changed, but the energy surrounding him is so much stronger. His red eyes are more wild. He snarls and backhands me before I can observe any other changes about him.

I feel that in my soul. Our whole left side is throbbing with the pulse racing in our veins.

\*\*\*"SKYLAR!"\*\*\* Jena calls my name as we right ourselves. I immediately send my fire into our fur, hoping to the Goddess that we can wound him or slow him down at least.



## Chapter 0635

\*\*\*"Careful, he's worse."\*\*\* I call back to her as we charge him.

I can get more leverage in my wolf form. I don't think there is any way we would survive in human form, but it would be nice to just punch him in the throat, just once. We are fully engaged now, biting and clawing at anything available. He is responding with just as many hits and kicks. The ones that make contact really suck, but our fire is scalding his bare skin when it comes into contact with our fur. So, now we are working on shredding his clothes to gain as much skin contact as possible.

\*\*\*"You are dooming all of your loved ones, just to stay alive. How can you live with yourself being so selfish? Give me what I want and I will set them free."\*\*\* His silky metallic voice coats my thoughts.

\*\*\*"I don't think any of the wolves fighting for you right now would consider themselves free."\*\*\* Don't let him bait me. Don't let him bait me. Don't let him bait me.

\*\*\*"You are the host of powers you are not worthy to wield and don't even understand. You don't deserve to have them. Hand them to me, willingly and your pain will be minimized."\*\*\*

Did he just tell me he would kill me nicely? How is he so

calm and collected when he's talking about killing me while fighting me at the same time? Another backhand to our face tells me this is a trademark move and to be aware of it so it can't happen again.

He is clearly trying not to harm me so badly that he can't use me, but he is a masochist. He has a gleam in his eye every time he strikes me and draws blood. My wolf and I are holding on, but it's just us again, while the rest of our warriors are dealing with the rogues. 2

\*\*\*"Where's your witch, Rogue King? I think you might be getting slower and need a magic reboot."\*\*\* I have to find a tell and weakness. He won't go down any other way. He hates the title. Let's see how much. He charges at me as fast as his bulk will allow and we jump, extending our claws to their fullest lengths. The slash we rip down his side sends him into a screaming fit. Landing behind him we turn so he is never out of our sight.

He reaches back attempting another backhand, but we see it and dodge only to be hit with the other hand following through this time. He's learning as fast as we are. My wolf hits the ground and he jumps, using the momentum to pin us down. His hand on our throat sends me into a panic. My wolf tries to calm me down, but I just can't think, can't breathe, can't move.

We are too weak, he keeps beating us at every turn. It's like Kaley and her meathead minions all over again. I was never

strong enough to stop them either. No matter how hard we train or study or work, it's never enough. I am struggling as hard as I can. My legs flail, arms pulling against the hold his legs have on me. <sup>2</sup>

Wait! What? When did we shift back? I can't be in human form, he'll kill me for sure. Our human form can't handle the amount of torture he's been giving us. <sup>1</sup>

"You will give your powers to me. You should never have been given the gift in the first place, None of you have been worthy to hold and wield the gifts of the Goddess."

I can't respond or even think. My body is growing weaker and weaker, He's going to take my powers and take me from my mates. I just got them and haven't even had the opportunity to appreciate what I have with each of them. I think that is what is holding my hostage, the pain they will feel when he finally takes my last breath.

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