

Alpha Maximus The last lycan Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Hope

The lycan is berserk, snarling and growling, saliva flying out his mouth. Sam reaches for the knife in his belt.

No! I scream, while he thrusts the knife in and out of his stomach.

'Slow down! I want him to watch this before he dies,' Alpha Tate says, moving my hair from my neck, and nuzzling the spot where he will mark me. I'm crying my eyes out. Leant against the bars, Sam grins while watching Alpha Tate, and the lycan bleed out.

About to die any moment, the lycan's eyes roll back in his head. I spot a syringe in Sam's belt. Without knowing what's in it, it's my only chance of helping the lycan. I squirm from Alpha Tate's protruding teeth, grazing my neck. Just as I grab it, a few men I don't recognise run downstairs.

Shit! Sam says, pouncing at them in his wolf form.

Six different wolves from two different packs maul each other. I hold the syringe firmly, and jab Alpha Tate's leg, and he strikes me across the face, before swaying, and falling to the ground. He collapses on top of me; he is so heavy I'm struggling to breath.

The wolves are still mauling each other, except for two who have been ripped apart. There is blood and limbs everywhere. The lycan's breathing is worse now; his head slowly falls back and blood pools underneath him.

I free myself from underneath Alpha Tate, who groans groggily. I stand, grab the keys, and run into the next cell,

unlocking the chains on one of his wrists, and then the chains around his ankles.

'Mate,' he whispers, barely conscious. I take his free hand and place it on my face. His thumb weakly pats my cheek. Sparks explode with our touch. I feel like I'm about to explode into stardust. The feeling is something I've never felt before. I'm roughly pulled by back someone.

'Get away from him!' The man yells, and I cover my face with my arms, afraid he is going to hit me. The lycan growls at him.

'Mine!' He says, weakly, trying to reach for me.

'Alpha Max, is this your mate?' He asks, staring at me in shock for a moment. Sam's barely conscious, and the others are dead. Alpha Tate is still out, in the cell next to us. Nathan unlocks the cuff on the wrist that I couldn't reach. The man helps Alpha Max gently stand, before placing his hands over some of the stab wounds.

'Shit. This is bad. Our warriors are dead. I don't know if you'll heal quick enough. There are at least ten wounds,' he says.

'Mate,' Alpha Max whispers, and the man nods for me to go to him. I crawl over to Alpha Max and take his hand.

'I don't think he is going to make it,' the man tells me. I can heal him. Reluctantly, I let go of his hand, even though he doesn't want to let go. I place my hands on his chest and silently concentrate.

'What are you doing?' The man asks, and I ignore him, trying to focus. My hair flows upward, and my skin glows and my eyes turn silver. His wounds start healing slowly, and the man gasps in shock and awe at the magic he is witnessing. Feeling dizzy, I know I can't stop just yet if I want him to survive. I close my eyes and concentrate, trying to heal him quickly, until I exhale, and collapse into darkness on his chest.

Alpha Max/Chaos

The pain has disappeared, the wounds are gone, and I look down in shock at my little, frail mate who has just saved my life. She is bruised and weakened with dehydration and hunger. She is out like a light. I wrap my furry arms around her and pull her into me tightly.

'Mine!' I growl as Chaos, Nathan stands and backs away.

'Okay, okay. I get it. She's yours,' he says, not wanting to piss me off.

Nathan drags Sam into Alpha Tate's cell and locks the iron door so they can't get out.

'I've never seen anything like that. She healed you with her bare hands. I don't understand how,' Nathan confesses, utterly

confused

I can't keep my eyes off her. The memory of her glowing is an image that will be imprinted in my mind forever. It was like staring at an angel who had fallen from the heavens. Nathan sits down.

'We can either stay here till morning so you can shift back, or we can get the hell out of here now. But I'm worried you'll kill the rest of the Blackwood pack.'

Angry, I growl. I want to destroy the whole Blackwood pack. I want them to pay dearly for this treachery, and for what they have done to my precious mate. Looking at the state of her, my anger builds, and she whimpers. I'm unintentionally digging my claws into her skin.

Quickly and gently, I release her, before my anger takes over, and she wakes and sits up, rubbing her eyes.

She looks at me, confused, before cowering in fear as she realises I'm trying to contain my anger.

Nathan gently pushes her behind him, and backs away slowly.

'Chaos, it's over. You need to calm down. You went through a lot, but you're okay. You have your mate now. I need you to stay here until you shift so no one else gets hurt!' Nathan explains.

I try to fight Chaos for control but he has only one thing on his mind. Revenge for almost being killed, and the unknown horrors our mate has been through.

He lets out a loud ferocious howl and runs out of the cell on a murderous rampage killing Blackwood pack members. Our mate tries to follow me but Nathan holds her back. I'm scared I'll hurt her in this form; Nathan is too.

The moon wanes, and the sun starts to rise, and I shift back into my human form. At least a few dozen pack warriors are dead.

Shit! Chaos! What have you done? I yell at him.

Revenge. He responds.

You should not have killed them! I yell.

They hurt mate! They kill us! He yells. I let out a sigh, knowing what is done is done. The rest of the Blackwood pack members are hiding in their house.

The odd face sneaks a peek, probably to see if I'm still on my killing spree. I run back to the cell to get Nathan and my mate.

'Nathan,' I shout, running down the steps. 'We need to go now!' I shout. My mate is hiding behind Nathan and clinging to the back of his shirt. Nathan takes her hand and they walk towards me, she gasps, and her cheeks flush red. She covers her eyes with her hands.

I'm completely naked, but that usually doesn't bother anyone in the werewolf community.

It's kind of cute she is shy and startled by my nudity. Keeping eye contact, she looks up at me a little confused.

'It's okay. I'm your mate. I'm going to get you out of here,' I say, softly.

She looks at Nathan who smiles, nods, and reassures her. I stretch my hand out for her to walk to me and take my hand.