

Chapter Sixty-One: Fenil

I forced a shift, running to throw myself between Travis and Jamison. The copper scent of blood hung heavy in the air. It wasn't my brother, but that didn't make it any easier. It was one of Tillie's mates and I didn't want her to be hurt by this. I didn't want any of them to be hurt.

Jamison bared his teeth, letting out a snarl to which I responded with a growl of my own. My lips pulled back from my teeth, he bit at me, and I dodged out of the way. Travis let out a snarl behind me. The sound would have been terrifying and I was glad that I wasn't on the receiving end of that. His eyes had grown so dark. It looked like he was on the edge of going feral with Jamison. I realized that it was something else. Travis wanted blood. I was just glad I wasn't on the wrong side of him. I knew he wasn't going to attack me. It wasn't just that I had been helping him and Tillie find Gideon.

The more that I was around them, the more afraid to each of them I felt.

Jamison snuggled at me, his teeth clacking loudly together. Gideon let out a whine behind me and I heard Jason and Tillie enter the clearing. His snarl was smooth and I felt the ripple of his power roll over my skin. His command was undisputed but I felt it all the same.

Back down.

Submit or die.

Jason let out a howl and I shook with the need to give into what he wanted. Travis let out a low growl and it was like a switch had flipped in Jamison. He looked over at Gideon and I watched as everything slipped away from him. He had been using my brother to keep from going feral.

His eyes grew darker, bordering on a shade of red that I knew he couldn't control. That control that he'd barely had before was gone. Jamison had gone feral.

He lunged towards Tillie like she was the focus of his rage and she let out a shriek, moving back towards the thick line of trees. Travis started forward, his teeth sinking into Jamison's hind leg. The wolf let out a yelp of pain but didn't stop trying to tear after her. Gideon moved from where he had been, starting in front of Tillie his hackles raised and sharp teeth bared.

A snarl fell from his lips. The sound was something that I had never heard from my brother before. It seemed like finding her had given him a backbone. That was good. It made me feel like he would be okay with them.

Jamison lunged around, snapping at Travis but the wolf had already released his leg and was circling around to the front of him. Jason drew closer, circling around the two siblings at a rapid pace. They moved together, guiding him away from their mates. It was so smooth and seamless that it looked like they had done it thousands of times before.

How many feral wolves had the two of them taken out like this to be able to read each other like this? The way they worked together reminded me of a sleeping herd of its animals. When Jason struck, it was fast and brutal. Travis joining him in the kill. Jamison's redlined eyes locked onto Gideon's and he let out a howl of desperation and pain.

The alpha locked his jaw around the other man's neck and the loud crack filled the clearing. His body fell to the ground with a dull thud and Tillie brought her hand up to cover her mouth. Her blue eyes were wide with horror, her body shook, but only for a moment before she looked over at the fallen black wolf who had yet to stand.

She ran to the wolf, falling to her knees beside him. Her hands rose up and hovered over him like she was afraid of hurting him but I could practically feel her need to touch him. "Ryan."

Gideon shifted, his movements were stiff and I could tell that the hurt had left him worn out. He looked wiped out, his body covered in scratches and I wondered just how much of his time today had been spent running from Jamison. I should have stayed with him and protected him from the other man. He was my brother and I felt like I had failed him.

"He will be okay," Gideon said, crouching down next to Tillie. She looked away from Ryan, her eyes filled with tears.

"This is all my fault." She whispered and he shook his head.

"Tillie, if anyone is to blame, it's me." His face was filled with a pang of sadness as he reached over, taking her hand in his and guiding it down so that she touched the dark fur of the fallen wolf. "Your mate got hurt protecting me, this is my fault. You should touch him, your touch will soothe his beast."

"What if I hurt him?" She asked, biting down on her lower lip as she looked between Gideon and Ryan.

"Tillie, your touch could never hurt him." He said, and she pulled her hand away from his, running it through his fur.

The other two men shifted back into their human form and moved to join the three of them. I flinched away from them, feeling like I was intruding on a private moment, even still itching to join them. I made my way through the trees, heading to the pack house even as my beast raged against me. He wanted to go back to Tillie, Travis, Jason, and, even though I didn't know him, Ryan.

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I wanted to be with them even though I knew that I couldn't.	