

Chapter 140

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We were on the other side of the mountain from where we were meeting up with my father. We were still about an hour away because the storm was making visibility a real bitch.

Dion and a few other men were traveling in the cars behind us as we tried to get to my father. When the mind link opened up, Marcus came through. Stupidly, I opened it, allowing Tatum in on the link, not expecting the news we got.

"How far away are you?"

"About an hour away still, this storm is bloody terrible," I tell him. My windscreen wipers were going a hundred miles an hour, and the road was barely visible, even to my enhanced eyesight. We were going to have a hell of a time finding anything out there if it didn't blow over soon.

"Your father and John have headed in," Marcus tells us.

"They were supposed to wait for us," I growled, annoyed they would be so reckless and enter forsaken territory without backup. My father at least should know better. I know John isn't in the right headspace at the moment because of Claire, but even he should know better than to be this reckless.

"Yeah, well, your father found Carter's car and apparently some dried blood not far from it and decided he was sick of waiting," Marcus says.

"That was the last contact I had with him via the mind link, but I can feel them through the tether, but it's as if they are both ignoring me now."

"Pull over," Tatum snarls. I glanced at him out of the corner of my eyes, ignoring him.

"Okay, have they got their phones?" I ask Marcus.

"Yep, but there is some sort of interference. After ten minutes, I lost them on the app," Marcus says.

"Valen, pull over!" Tatum snarls, punching my dash when I ignore him. We were still an hour away. What use would pulling over be right now?

"Settle down. We are nearly there," I tell Tatum, shoving him out of the mind link so I can focus on what Marcus is trying to say to me. I knew he was scared for Macey, but I never expected his next reaction when I didn't do as he asked.

“Let me out! It’s quicker to go over the damn mountain than around it. Pull the car over, Valen,” Tatum yelled at me.

“Send ...” my words are cut off when Tatum tosses his door open beside me, B>\jloPQI jam both feet on the brake and rip the hand brake up. The car locks up, and I grit my teeth, trying to hang onto the steering wheel when he tosses himself out of the car. Horror washes over me at the speed I was going. I had barely slowed down much when he threw himself out. The screeching of the tires on the wet road is loud as I try not to slide out and into a ditch. My eyes go to the rear vision mirror to see those behind us slamming on their brakes while Tatum’s body skidded and rolled across the road. One of them had to swerve to miss him, and I thought he was a goner for a few heartbeats. My heart raced in my chest as the car came to a stop, and I tossed my door open when he stopped. Climbing out, I hear him groan and get to his hands and knees. “Tatum!” I yelled, running toward him, and all I could smell was burnt rubber from my tires. My warriors pulled off the road when he stood and staggered toward the opposite side of the road. Blood drenched him from where he all but skinned himself alive, his clothes torn from his body before he snarled, and my eyes widened in horror when I saw he was about to try to shift.

Though if he managed it, it would either help him heal or kill him, I wasn’t sure, but his leg! “Tatum!” I yelled, about to command him, when I heard his bones snapping, and he screamed. Each pop and crunch of bone was loud even over the raging storm as my men started jumping out of their cars to try to stop him.

His skin was replaced with bloody fur, hands turned to claws as he tried to run, only to collapse to his knees as he forced the shift. I felt bile rise up my throat when he roared in furious anger as his body tried to refuse him, his bad leg not cooperating, and his claws raked across the wet road as he dropped his head and snarled. He was going to rip off his own leg. His leg dragged, and it was the oddest, most gruesome thing I had ever seen in my life! Every part of him shifted slowly except for his leg. Moments passed, which felt like hours when I saw his knee bend the wrong way before his shin snapped and fur ran along his busted leg. His scream of agony made me want to throw up when his femur finally snapped, and his leg twisted and shifted with him just as Dion and I reached him. 1

Dion and I reached him at the same time, and I went to tackle him but instead, I hit the hard wet ground with a thud when he took off running for the forest surrounding the mountain. Dion grabs my arm, yanking me up, and I curse, looking at the forest to see Tatum disappear into the long grass and trees.

“Shit!” I curse.

“What do you wanna do, Alpha?” Dion asks.

“Get back in your cars. I won’t risk anyone else,” I tell him. I hated it, but Tatum was on his own out there. This place was full of forsaken, and I had to look out for my men.

Marcus said the other side had been scoped out pretty well, and they hadn’t seen any Forsaken. On this side, however, we had no idea what was out there.

We race back to our cars, and I shake my head, cursing myself for being so stupid and allowing him in the mind-link. Yet I never expected him to jump from a moving car either.