He began to cry. He didn't want to die without seeing her and the children one last time. But the pain was getting worse.

He pleaded for someone to help.
Then, suddenly, he felt it: a rupturing explosion in his shoulder, and everything went blank.
A thick rain fell as the laughing voices neared and circled slowly, looking at what they had done.
The body had been ripped and shredded and oily blood splashed everywhere, dyeing everything it touched.
As they worked, joking among themselves, they didn't notice her watching.

With the children there beside her, she saw them haul her mate upward and began to weep. Then, moaning a cry of loss, which sprang to the depths, she and the children plunged their great bodies back into the bloody sea.
As they fled, seeking the safety of deeper waters, the echoes of their cries were answered by the haunted, faraway responses of the few who remained.