

Chapter 31

Gasps break out from my father's pack surrounding me, and I move to help her, only for them to close in, pressing closer.

"Elena, please." Ben, one of my father's warriors, pleads with me to not interfere.

"Stand down!" I snarl at them. But they just move closer, yet cast nervous glances at my mother and father when I hear her whimper. Casting my eyes back to them, my father has her white wolf by the scruff of her neck, holding her head to the ground.

My mother thrashes, yet she is weaker, no match for him. Luke is frantically kicking the door when I hear the glass shatter, and he tries to climb out the window.

"Submit!" my father screams at her, and I shake my head at Luke, telling him not to interfere.

"Derrick?" My father's gamma looks at him, unsure. "You're hurting your Luna." The man stammers, taking a step toward her. My father snarls in return when my mother twists her head, her eyes locking with mine.

"You know what she did! Know your place, or I'll banish you!" He growls, his aura smashing his gamma, forcing him to bare his neck and submit to him.

"Axton?" my mother asks through the mind link, and my stomach drops. My tiny pack is no match for my father's, and I'm no match to take them on, even being an alpha. We are vastly outnumbered, and with so many children present, it could quickly become a tragedy.

"He'll get here," I reply, glancing around at the women and opening the link.

"We need these children gone!" Lexa tells me.

"The moment I move, get the children out of here. They'll come for me. Get them out."

"But he's ordered them to--" the woman argues.

“I know — get them clear. Axton will come! We just need to hold him off.” I tell them. Glancing around, I see a few of the women nod their heads, sizing up the wolves surrounding them, yet their eyes are on me like my father ordered. However, their eyes go to my brother when he suddenly screams.

“Let her go!” Luke screams, jumping from the car and thumping his back with his fist when my father backhands him. His little body goes flying toward the car, causing a dent in the door as he hits the ground, and my father’s pack gasps in horror at what he did.

My breathing becomes shorter, witnessing his tiny body be flung away like trash. Luke crawls to his hands and knees, blood dripping from his head where he hit it on the side mirror. My father’s gamma tries to go to him but is still on his knees; Ben whimpers, and the others try to fight against my father’s command to go to him, but it proves futile.

However, that split second of distraction is my opening, and Lexa takes it as she shifts and lunges at him. Lexa tackles him, slamming him into the side of the car and tearing into him. He’s forced to let go of my mother, and chaos ensues as the women run their kids to safety.

Claws rake down my back, and teeth rip into my side as my father punches Lexa in the ribs, trying to get her off, while she tears into his shoulder on the opposite side.

Luke’s scream is blood-curdling, and so are my packs when my father’s command to kill me if I move has taken over his pack, and they start ripping us apart.

Lexa’s teeth tear into his shoulder, and she refuses to let go despite his men ripping into her when my pack members jump into the fray, trying to pull them off her as she mauls him.

Lexa is flung backward by two wolves, and we are tossed back and off my father. His arm is barely attached to his body, and his wolf is quick to heal him when he rises to his feet. Blood drips off his fingers, and he staggers briefly when we watch him heal.

Lexa shakes her head, then rips into the wolf on top of her. Standing up, she shakes out her fur, spraying blood everywhere, when I see teeth coming straight at us, followed by a loud boom.

The wolf falls on its side just before it tears into us, and Lexa turns her head to see Sondra is the one to shoot it. She points the gun at my father.

My father's pack backs up, shielding him from her as she walks down the steps, yet my father barges through them toward her.

"Sondra?" He growls, and she cocks the gun, aiming it at his face.

"Get off my property!" She sneers. He raises his hands and smirks.

"I thought when I saw Noleen, it was a coincidence; I should have known you were fucking behind it! Though I'm surprised you are still alive!" My father snaps at her.

"Call your pack off. And submit to your daughter, now!" She glares at him, poking him in the chest with the barrel. My mother staggers to her feet, looking confused.

"You know each other?" My mother blurts. Her skin is drenched in blood, but besides being slightly banged up, she is alright. Luke tugs on her hand as she steps closer, while my pack and his look on in confusion.

"Call them off!" Sondra screams at him, and he smiles, backing up.

"Stand down! No one touches Elena." He orders his pack, yet his eyes remain on Sondra, whose hands are visibly shaking when one-woman steps forward.

"You!" she snarls, and I see it is one of the older women in my pack, she is around Noleen's age. She points an accusing finger at him. "I recognize you..." she says, her finger shaking as she looks at me when I see Michelle and a few others finally reach us from their patrol areas. Relief hits me seeing Michelle; she must have swapped places with Lacey because she should have been at the front gate with Noleen.

"As you should. Derrick's responsible for trafficking a few of you here! It's why his father banished him from his pack when the women started going missing!" Sondra snarls, and whispers break out between my pack and his.

"It was you, wasn't it? You were the one who tipped him off! Just like you helped Bane shut down the fight clubs!"

"Of course, it was me, and you knew it, but you feared Floyd too much to even bother trying to do anything about it," she screams at him.

"And where is your bastard husband?" he snarls, looking at the house.