

Chapter 34

“So, they’re watching?” I ask.

“Nope, my hacker just locked them out. Do what you need to do while I work out who Osiris’ puppet is.”

“Well, you want to work on the two council court officials standing in front of me? They’re refusing to let me leave! Elena needs me. Get them to stand down.”

“I’m working on it. Elena sent in the appeal earlier tonight, but someone else rejected it before I could get my hands on it. It appears to have come from higher up; I am looking into it.”

“Who?”

“That’s what I’m trying to find out. Someone is pulling on strings within the council. I’ve been temporarily locked out of the database. Once I know who, I will sort it out. Until then, I am working with what I got to cover your damn ass,” Marco tells me, and I grit my teeth, glaring at Osiris over my shoulder.

“And if I breach?”

“They’ll shoot you, but we both know that’s not enough to stop Khan. Let them; get to your mate, and I will handle the consequences.” Marco tells me. I turn my gaze to the officers’ dart guns and growl.

“Are your men on their way to help? Order your pack to get to her if you can’t get through.” Marco says, and I can hear him running through security checks at the council, the buzzers going off, and him yelling orders at the guards to let him through as he identifies himself with his council ID numbers.

“They can try to stop me, but they won’t stop Khan,” I tell him.

“Are you really foolish enough to risk the fines, the immobilization of your pack over a family gathering?” Osiris asks.

“I will handle the damage control and find out who’s in Osiris’s pocket! I can get you off on compassionate grounds. This is a family matter! Do what you gotta do!” Marco tells me, hanging up.

“You and I both know Derrick has not gone to her pack for a fucking friendly chat, Osiris. Call them off, or you can deal with the consequences,” I snarl at him.

“And what consequences would that be?” he asks, sauntering over, and Khan presses forward. “Me!” Khan snarls at him, and Osiris stops.

“Are you challenging me, Alpha?” Osiris laughs.

“No, because you aren’t a fucking challenge. That would imply you actually have the ability to stand against me!” I tell him.

“You think you can take me on?” He looks over his shoulder at his men, and I smirk when I see them back up quickly as my warriors come from all directions, their wolves filling the street.

I glance back at the two council members behind me who are playing witness for Osiris.

“Are you sure you don’t have somewhere else to be?” I ask them, and they glance at each nervously.

“Marco can’t wait to find out who sent you here!” I tell them.

“Osiris said there will be a breach. We are merely observers!” one of them tells me. I cock my head to the side.

“No, you are in my way, stopping me from getting to my mate and sons!” I snarl at them. They glance at each other.

“We are observers,” he repeats.

“Then observe this!” I snarl, handing the reins to Khan, who instantly shifts and turns back to Osiris. He growls, his suit tearing as he shifts, the fabric falling to the ground in tatters.

Khan snaps his jaws and charges at him at the same time my men charge at him, and the street quickly becomes a bloodbath as Khan tears through his men. The streets are coated in blood; Alpha Thomas flees the moment the fight breaks out, and so do his men, leaving Osiris to deal with the backlash like the coward he is.

Khan is covered in wolfsbane darts, and he turns his head, grabbing the one in his rump with his teeth, ripping it out as the poison burns through his system, making him stagger. He's been pelted with darts, but adrenaline has him still standing for now. Just as the last of Osiris's officers are taken out by Eli. The gun smacked the ground.

Osiris, realizing his pack stands no chance, growls. Seven of his men are now dead. One of mine has been lost; blood covers the roads and spills down the drains. Khan is drenched in blood, fur, and chunks of flesh torn off him, and Osiris is barely standing when I feel Elena's pain ripple through us.

Khan tenses and growls furiously. Stalking toward the Alpha, who shakes out his fur, spraying blood everywhere, Osiris' wolf snaps its jaws and whimpers as its jaw clicks, and one ear is torn up badly. Yet his wolf is weakening, and he is no match against Khan. Osiris shifts back, his form crouched on the ground before Khan. He growls, eyes narrowing as he bares his teeth at us.

He glances at his fallen men before he grits his teeth. "Stand down!" he orders his men.

Khan shifts back, and I start pulling darts from my flesh. "Little advice Osiris. Thomas always runs at the first sign of trouble." I laugh, and he gets to his feet; the moment he does, a dart flies past my shoulder, the feather grazing it.

Osiris grunts, and I look over my shoulder to see Eli with one of the court enforcers' guns in his hands. The dart hits Osiris in the center of the chest, and he gasps, ripping it out, but not before the blue liquid in the vial is expelled. He growls and staggers. Eli picks up another gun and pulls the dart from it, tossing it to me. I catch it and wander over to Osiris, who is as pale as a ghost.

He sways, and I grab him. "You need to build a tolerance, Osiris, as I have. Next time, do your research. Had you done this, you would know better than to come after me with pathetic wolfsbane darts. Wolfsbane has little effect on me. Maybe next time you'll remember that before picking a fight, you can't win!" I snarl, jamming the dart into his side.