

Chapter 35

Osiris grunts and falls against me heavily, and I look over his shoulder at his men, who stand around warily, waiting to see if I will kill their Alpha.

“Get your Alpha to the hospital!” I order them, and two rush over. I hand their Alpha over to them, feeling Khan’s anxiousness to get to our mate.

Looking over my shoulder, Eli is already taking over and nods to me, so I give control back to Khan. Too impatient to wait for the cars to move, he takes off, jumping over the barricades, tearing out of the city, and heading to our mate.

Elena’s burning anger pushed us faster, and what should have taken us half an hour, we managed in twenty minutes. The ranch came into view, when we stopped at the front gates smelling blood.

We find Noleen first. Her throat is ripped out, and she is covered in cuts and grazes, blood drenching her hands, and I could tell she put up a fight. Her vacant eyes peered up at the night sky, her skin pale and cold.

Khan growls, sniffing the air and picking up another scent. He races up the driveway before spotting a younger she-wolf. This one lies in the middle of the road, and tire tracks are etched into her skin like she was run over first, and a knife is embedded in the side of her neck. Her skin is covered in blood, and her blond hair is drenched, obscuring most of her face.

Khan sniffs her and shakes his head, growling when he turns his attention to the ranch; I can smell Derrick’s pack and see them circling around the packhouse. Fighting reaches our ears, and Elena is in a bad way but still fighting when Khan groans, pain slivering up his hind leg from her, and he takes off up the driveway, flicking up gravel as he pushes faster.

As we approach the front of the packhouse, I notice Louise trying to hold back Luke on the porch, who is thrashing, trying to escape his mother’s grip; Sondra’s head is bleeding as she sits on the step. Elena’s pack is visibly shaken. Khan growls, and

Derrick's pack and Elena's pack turn to look at him, and they quickly part, allowing him through.

Derrick's wolf is tearing into Lexa, her white fur covered in blood, but he is in worse condition than her, some part of his skin hanging off his side in a giant flap, and she wastes no time ripping on it every chance she gets.

Derrick's malted brown and black wolf bites into the side of her face. Lexa yelps, shaking her head to get him to let go, and Khan snarls and moves closer, about to jump in.

Lexa freezes. She turns, growling back at him and stalking toward Khan, a clear warning to back off. Yet the moment she turns her back, Derrick's wolf pounces on her back and starts ripping into the back of her neck. Lexa rears back on two legs and twists, her skin pulling from his mouth and spraying us in her blood when she attacks him with new vigor.

"She's worried we'll take over and strip her title," Khan tells me. Yet that fear has adrenaline shooting through her, and Derrick is barely holding on. Lexa is a savage, and Elena is clearly an alpha's daughter, her wolf lethal like any other alpha I've met. You can tell she trained all her life for the position. Lexa is savage but slightly smaller, she is quick and lithe on her feet. She maneuvers effortlessly and seems to know Derrick's next move before he takes it.

Her eyes zone in on the flap of skin hanging off his wolf's side that goes from his shoulder down his ribs, exposed muscle and tendons on display, blood pouring from the wound as his wolf tries to heal it but isn't quick enough before she gets a hold of it again.

Derrick's wolf whimpers as Lexa mauls him, his legs go making him fall on his side, but before he can get up, Lexa has his neck between her jaws, her front paws digging into the gaping wound, making his wolf whimper.

He thrashes beneath her, trying to get out from under her. Still, she digs her claws in harder, ripping on his neck and shaking her head viciously, his legs kicking and claws tearing apart her stomach, but she growls, ripping harder. Khan watches her blood spill onto the ground, coating the grass anxiously, not liking how much she is bleeding; she's losing too much blood.

"Wait, Khan, she's almost got him," I warn him, knowing if we stepped in before she backed off, she wouldn't forgive us. Khan snarls when she whimpers, but she doesn't let go but moves to get a better grip on his wolf. He nearly bucks out from under her,

but Lexa expecting it is quick to retake the advantage, sinking teeth and claws into him when he whimpers loudly.

“She has three seconds, Axton. She’s gonna drop if he doesn’t submit!” Khan warns me, and he’s right. Lexa is growing tired now. Her blood loss becoming too much. However, she is too stubborn to let him win, just as he is too stubborn to submit to her.

Derrick’s pack, I notice, is cheering for Elena, urging her not to give in along with her own pack. So, I know something major has gone down because his pack has always been loyal, he’s done something to anger them. Turning our gaze back to Lexa, Derrick’s wolf yelps, going slack and panting while Lexa holds his neck when Derrick shifts beneath her. She loosens her grip, allowing the wounds to heal when Derrick taps the ground.

“Enough, you win!” he growls, giving in, and Lexa lets go of him, swaying on her feet when Derrick growls. Clamping his hands over the gaping wound, pushing the flap of skin back in place before baring his neck to her.