

Chapter 36

Lexa waits a few seconds to ensure he is indeed submitting to her before she shifts back. The moment she does, I fight the urge to race over and cover Elena's nudity, but the blood coating her does most of that when she gets to her feet. She is littered with injuries, her skin more black and blue than its usual sun-kissed tan skin.

The moment she rises to her feet, Derrick's pack drops to their knees. Her eyes scan over them, and they bare their necks to her. Michelle moves toward her as Khan shifts back, giving me control, and Michelle backs off when I grab her, helping her stay upright. She flinches when my arm wraps around her waist.

"Restrain him," she orders her new pack. Her breath wheezes, and her chest rises and falls heavily.

"Yes, Alpha!" they speak in unison, moving to do as she asked.

"Marco's on his way!" Sondra sings out from the porch, holding up a phone and shaking it. Elena turns, glancing over her shoulder, and Luke escapes his mother, rushing over and slamming against her. She grunts as his arms wrap around her.

"I'm fine," she tells him. However, she is anything but fine, her wounds taking forever to close, and I'm taking most of her weight.

"Get the door for me, Luke," I order him.

"Don't you dare!" Elena snaps at me, and I press my lips in a line. She doesn't want her pack to see how badly she is struggling to remain standing. My grip tightens on her, but I help her climb the stairs.

Cars in the distance, growing closer, have her look over my shoulder. "It's my pack," I tell her, and she nods.

"I don't have cells here to hold him," she mumbles to me.

“I’ll have Eli take care of him; I’ll make sure they grab Noleen and the other woman,” I assure her, and she nods, stepping inside the door Luke is holding open when I hear our sons cry out.

“I’ll watch the boys.” Michelle races ahead of us and up the stairs to retrieve them. Approaching the stairs, Elena sucks in a breath, and I grit my teeth at her stubbornness. I scoop her legs out from under her, picking her up, and she growls, but I growl back at her.

“It’s not a show of weakness. I’m your damn mate, and no one expects you to remain standing after winning a challenge.” I snarl at her.

Her eyes dart over my shoulder to the front door, where I can hear my men’s cars pulling up.

Opening the mind link, I tug Eli’s. “We found two at the gates.” Eli immediately tells me. “Slater is picking up the bodies,” he assures me.

“Lock Derrick up back in the cells at the police station until Marco can arrive and take him in for questioning.”

“Yeah, I’m already on it,” Eli tells me, and I cut the link to find Elena watching me.

“Everything is being taken care of.” I peck her lips before climbing the stairs, and she finally relaxes against me.

I take her to her bedroom, and Michelle fusses over the boys. Stepping past her, I move to the attached ensuite bathroom and kick the door shut before setting her on the edge of the bathtub.

“You’re injured,” she murmurs, her fingers grazing my ribs as I reach over and turn the taps on. I drop the plug into the hole and grip her hand.

“I’m fine. I’m healing; you’re not!” I tell her. Standing, I move toward the sink, rummaging under it and finding some antibacterial soap. I pop the cap and sniff it, pulling a face at the stench. I quickly pour some into the tub; it will burn, but she doesn’t stop me.

Moving toward the shower, I turn it on before turning back to her. Blood is caked on her skin, drying and congealing.

“Let me rinse you off before you get in,” I tell her, grabbing her and helping her into the shower. I grab the shower head off the hook, and she hisses as I rinse the blood off, prodding some of her wounds to see how deep they are.

“Sorry,” I mutter when she grabs my shoulder as I examine the one on the inside of her thigh. I grit my teeth, knowing if she let me, I could try to heal her with my blood or saliva when Khan reminds me we have wolfsbane still lingering in our system. It may not affect us, but it might affect her.

Standing up, her hand shakes as the adrenaline that runs through her abates. Now leaving her with the pain of it wearing off.

Helping her out of the shower, she moves toward the tub that is filling, and she sits on the edge.

“Everything hurts,” she groans, gripping the side of the tub. I check the water before shutting the taps off and climbing into the tub. Sitting down, I open my legs and then sneak my arm around her waist, pulling her in with me to sit between my legs.

She hisses, the soap stinging her, and she grabs my thighs briefly before letting go and leaning against me.

“You could have taken over my pack if you stepped in,” she mutters.

“We wanted to step in. You are hurt, but I knew you would be angry. Besides, I could tell you had him.” I shrug, grabbing the loofah off the side and wetting it. Gripping her jaw, I turn her face up to mine.

“I’ve told you already, Elena, I want my mate, not your pack,” I whisper, brushing my lips against hers softly.

“I just want my family back,” I tell her, and she relaxes against me, exhaling. I kiss her temple before running the loofah over her.