

Chapter 40

I know he blames himself for not preventing what happened to my mother and Petra. It also sucks because he would soon lose Sondra again.

She is an old woman, and despite that, he still loves her even though he could pass as her grandson. It is quite heartbreaking to think about loving someone, then losing them to your brother, only to get them back and having to prepare to lose them all over again.

I push those thoughts aside, knowing Marco does not want my pity. It makes me realize what I could have lost from my own actions.

“So, is there any news on who is working with Osiris?” I ask him, and he exhales loudly.

Marco glances at me, then returns his eyes to the road, looking grateful for the conversation moving away from his dying love life. He slows down as we approach the intersection leading onto the highway. Marco turns the blinker on and stops, waiting for the traffic to pass before he shakes his head.

“No clue, but I will find out. However, if the council questions you, I allow you to leave the city on compassionate grounds after learning your family was attacked by another pack. And the fight at the border between you and Osiris was because he was trying to stop you when you had permission to leave,” he tells me, and I nod my head, then return my gaze to the window in contemplation.

There is hardly anything visible from the car up ahead, only the brake lights of the cars as they slow and try to follow the lines on the road. We are halfway to the city when Marco’s Bluetooth rings loudly through the speakers, and a name comes across the screen in the dash: Officer Flint.

“Great. What does he want?” Marco growls, glaring at the name as if he’s ready to rip out someone’s throat.

“Not friends?” I laugh.

He curses under his breath. “Nah, I can’t stand his whiny ass. He’s a brown noser and can barely follow instructions.” Marco tells me.

Taking the call, Marco mutters something under his breath and presses a button on the steering wheel to answer it.

As soon as Marco hits the brakes once again, he hisses. “What is it?” His voice is low and irritated while the cars in front of him jam on theirs. He curses, shaking his head at the traffic and blasting the horn. “Stupid humans and their crappy eyesight!” He snarls in a hushed voice.

All I can do is snicker at his irritation and behavior. Even I, with way better senses than any human, can barely see anything ahead of us. That fact alone says a lot about how bad the rain from the storm is.

“Flint, are you there?” Marco snaps at the Officer, but all we get in response is silence.

For a minute or so, all we can hear coming from the speaker is static, and some voice crackles, but we can’t understand what he is saying. No matter how enhanced one’s senses are, nobody would be able to take apart what the Officer is trying to say. It sounds like he is talking underwater in a foreign language.

After another agonizing minute of nothing but hearing the sounds of static, the phone cuts out. Marco grows visibly more annoyed and curses when the phone rings through the Bluetooth again.

“Can you hear me now?” Officer Flint asks in a muffled voice. He’s still hard to hear, his voice barely audible, but at least we can understand him this time.

“Yes, what’s up?” Marco asks, tossing his arms in the air when the traffic comes to a complete stop. It looks like there are more than a few cars in front of us, but weather be damned, I can’t tell how many, it looks like a considerable line. I’m startled by another growl from Marco and the vicious blaring of the horn as he holds it on. “This is ridiculous!” He grits out through clenched teeth.

“Darn storm... are you there?” Officer Flint asks, and I sigh.

“Yes, I can hear you. What is wrong?” Marco snaps louder. It looks like no matter what the Officer says or does, even if it’s not in his control, Marco grows more furious and forces his frustration on the unsuspecting fool.

“Ah, I can hear you now,” The Officer says finally, and I roll my eyes. At this point, I get Marco’s frustration because I’m growing just as annoyed as he clearly is.

“We have lost contact with the transport officers that picked up Alpha Derrick.” Officer Flint says quickly in one breath.

My head instantly whips to the side to look at Marco.

“Probably the storm,” Marco replies, and he has a point. Reception is shit out here, and the storm only worsens it.

“No, the last communication was an hour ago. We checked the car’s tracker, and they parked it in a town nearby. It hasn’t moved for an hour either. I sent officers out to check if they’ve broken down, but we can’t reach them on the radio or on their phones.” The Officer stresses. He isn’t as quiet as he was moments ago. In fact, I have a slight feeling this guy might have a panic attack.

“How far out are—” Marco stops mid-sentence when a phone rings in the background.

“Hang on, that is them,” Officer Flint says. We hold our breaths as we listen to the Officer talk quickly on the other phone. A moment later, he yells, probably because they, too, are having issues with reception. We hear something get slammed down while we wait.

“One second, Marco, while I try them on the other phone.” Officer Flint mutters, and we listen to some shuffling around.

Silence follows for a few minutes, and traffic moves again.

“Fucking finally,” Marco states, and I glance at him.

“You’re in a terrible mood this evening.” I laugh.

“Yeah, Sondra didn’t get good news last Friday.” He shrugs before we hear cursing and Officer Flint yelling at his co-workers.

My blood runs cold when the Officer finally picks up the phone again and speaks up again.

“They’re dead, and Derrick is gone. They found the car on its roof just on the town border in a ditch,” Officer Flint states.