

## Chapter 41

Marco grips the steering wheel tightly and growls. “Find him. Put every available resource we have into looking for him!” Marco snaps.

“Yes, Sir. I’m already on it. We’ll find him.” Officer Flint tries to reassure us, but one thing about Derrick is that he is resourceful. He isn’t someone easy to find or capture, especially if the dickhead is on a mission. And so, it appears that he’s on one right now, and I know anything he is up to will only cause a headache for Elena and me.

“Marco, that is not all, though. The officers have their throats ripped out, and their bodies appear to be drained of blood.” My brows furrow, and I look at Marco.

“They are drained of blood?” Marco questions.

“Yes, Sir. It appears we now know who the strigoi is.” Officer Flint states, but that makes absolutely no sense because if he were the strigoi, Elena would not have stood a chance against him during the challenge. Marco seems to think the same thing because he asks the very question I am thinking.

“Who knew Derrick was being moved?” The question leaves his lips in a tone so calm that it sounds ice-cold. I have a feeling he’s boiling inside, ready to jump out of the car and go after Derrick himself, but something’s clearly holding him back. No doubt his need to do his job and return me to the city before he can go hunting for Derrick.

Officer Flint remains silent for a moment and hums. “Only those in the office and a few trusted border patrols from Alpha Axton’s pack.”

“No one else?” Marco questions.

Officer Flint falls quiet for a second, and we hear the shuffling of paperwork and movement. “Get me the log book, Trent!” Officer Flint snaps at another officer.

“Forget it. Just have that logbook ready, and I want the surveillance camera footage. I am about to cross the border. We’ll meet you at the station.” Marco says, hanging up the phone before Officer Flint can reply.

We stop at the barricades. Osiris' men are still on patrol with a few of mine and Alpha Thomas' warriors. Marco rolls down his window when one of Osiris' men taps on it, wanting his ID.

“Are you fucking blind? Can't you see the Council Emblem!” Marco snaps, and the man jumps and backs away from the car.

Marco curses and winds the window up. The boom gates lift, letting us pass, and I smirk at the man's frightened face, only to realize why he freaked out. The fear isn't there because of who Marco is but because his fangs are protruding past his lips, and he looks furious. In fact, right now, Marco looks like he's about to hunt someone down and rip their throats out just because he can.

“Are you alright?” I ask him, and he looks at me.

“Yeah, just sick of everyone being so damn slow. I want to get back to Sondra, but it looks like that won't be happening tonight! Why?”

I point to my mouth. His tongue darts out, running across his fangs, and he groans.

“Fuck! I haven't fed in a few days, which explains my short temper. Sondra even clipped me about it before we left,” he chuckles and shakes his head.

“Should you maybe sort that before we head to the station? They might think you're a strigoi.” I tell him, and Marco laughs.

“Well, unless you're offering a vein, it can wait. They can think what they want,” he states, uncaring. But I know seeing him like this will freak a few people out, given what has been happening recently. We don't need people putting unnecessary attention in the wrong direction.

“Head to the hospital,” I tell him, and he shakes his head.

“I'm not drinking cold blood,” I growl at him before looking around his car and finding a styrofoam coffee cup.

As I peel the lid off the cup, Marco shakes his head, looking all sorts of exasperated. I ignore the stubborn vampire as I allow my canines to extend and then bring my hand to my lips to bite the side of it. I fist my hand to allow my blood to drain into the cup. As soon as the cup is finally full, I let my hand heal and place the lid back on it. If not for the fact that it's filled with my blood, someone might mistake it for a fresh cup of coffee. Well, except for the smell.

As I hand the cup to Marco, he raises an eyebrow at me, but eventually accepts it and takes a sip. “What? It’s fresh blood. Now drink it before you eat, Officer Flint,” I warn him, and Marco laughs at me. He brings the cup to his nose and sniffs it. He can’t be fucking serious.

“You aren’t seriously being picky right now, are you?”

“God knows where you’ve been. Just making sure.” He chuckles and takes another sip of my blood.

Not long after, Marco’s pupils dilate, and he drinks more from the cup. He licks his lips and winks at me. “Fuck, I forgot how much better you guys’ taste compared to humans!” He groans.

I frown at him. “Hey, calm down, Romeo. Don’t be getting any fucking ideas. I am not becoming your personal juice box.” I tell him.

Marco just smirks. “Yeah, I haven’t got time for a blood addiction, but thanks,” he says, holding up the cup. I nod and return my gaze back to the road.

Soon, we pull up at the station, and Marco parks the car in the underground parking lot. Climbing out of the car, I groan, realizing I am still wearing Elena’s pants. Shaking my head, I follow Marco inside, and he walks through the place like he owns it. He might as well since no one is stopping him, even when he sets the buzzers off.

“Where’s Flint?” He asks the officer that is perched at his desk on the phone.

The officer raises his eyes and freezes for a second. Then regains his senses and enough common sense to slowly point a finger to the back.