

Chapter 50

I snatch my keys off the table and shut my laptop before stalking toward the door, only for Osiris to step in my path.

“You wouldn’t be thinking about breaching your conditions again, would you?” Osiris sneers. He laughs, looking at the other council members.

“You just heard my phone call, Osiris. Don’t pretend you didn’t.” I snap at him and step to the side when he steps in my path again. He blocks me, but I haven’t got time to waste, especially if Elena has been in heat for days, so I let Khan come forward.

“You can’t leave the meeting, Ax–”

Khan punches him, cutting his words off, and Osiris clutches his bleeding face and goes to speak again, only for Khan to kick him in the stomach. He smashes through the door, and I blink in shock, my foot fucking killing with the force he used. Khan then steps out the door and over Osiris’ body.

“You were saying?” Khan snarls at him, and Osiris puts up his hands. Khan shakes my head, giving me back control, and I turn to leave.

“Axton!” Osiris snarls when he grunts; I turn back to look at him to see Soyer standing over him. He dips his head to me, and I smirk, seeing Osiris knocked out on the ground when Cane steps out the door. “Well, he got fucked up!” I snicker and race for my car while trying not to limp.

“I think you broke my foot!” I tell him.

“Get over it. You’ll heal.” Khan snaps at me as I climb into the car. We race toward the borders, and I growl seeing Osiris’ men on the borders, so instead of slowing down, knowing they will just delay me, I speed up, driving straight through the boom gates, wood splinters and smashes, the hood of my car getting scratched to pieces and I see his men rush out of the booths. Turning my attention back to the road.

The drive to Elena's pack is quick since the roads are pretty much empty, Eli alerts the women in Elena's pack to stay off the roads, and I am surprised they listen because when I pull onto the long driveway, they are nowhere to be seen.

"Eli, where are you?" I ask him via the mind link.

"Helping Michelle grab the kid's car seats out of Elena's car."

"Good. Can you bring the boys to the packhouse?"

"Nanny duty?" Eli asks.

"Yep, bring Michelle if you want," I tell him, pulling up out the front. I spot Sondra sitting in her rocking chair, a smoke between her lips, rocking back and forth.

Climbing out of the car, I move toward the stairs.

"She's upstairs with Marco," she tells me.

"Is she conscious?"

"She was last I checked. That's why I am down here. She is angry I called you," she tells me, and I nod, opening the door and walking inside the house. The moment I open the wooden door and step inside, I am slammed with the scent of her heat, I almost choke on its potency, and my pupils dilate. Khan shoves forward, and it takes everything to shove him back and retake control.

I follow her scent, finding her in the bathroom attached to her room. Marco is kneeling beside the bathtub, drenched, and has one arm under her head. Elena is passed out, and Marco looks over his shoulder while I try to remind myself, he is not a threat to her despite him holding my naked mate.

"Thank fucking god," Marco snaps.

"You should have called!" I tell him pushing him aside, he still holds his hand under her head, but now I can see her. Her skin is flush, her body heat so hot, the room's mirrors are foggy, and her scent is sinfully addictive, making me instantly uncomfortable.

"They took my phone, and I couldn't leave her. None of them wanted to call you, not even Sondra at first." I nod, unbuttoning my shirt, knowing my skin will ease some of her pain and lessen her heat until I get her home. Scooping my arms under her body in

the water. I find the water is hot from her heat. The moment I grab her; her eyes fly open.

“Axton?” she murmurs weakly and she can barely hold her head up. Her skin is so hot she is making me sweat. Yet despite her not wanting me near her, she can’t help but to lean into me, seeking out my skin and scent, maneuvering her. I place my hands under her ass and hoist her higher. Her legs wrap around my waist, and she sighs, yet I can feel she is fighting the urge to mark me. Her instincts tell her to, which makes me realize why she didn’t want them to ring me. She knows she will mark me; she won’t be able to help herself.

“You can go back to hating me tomorrow. For now, you fucking need me,” I growl at her when I feel her cognitive mind reawaken and she tries to get out of my arms.

“Forgive me!” I whisper before sinking my teeth into her neck. She thrashes against me, fighting as Khan shoves his intention behind it, forcing her to submit to us. Yet she is fighting a losing battle, especially while she is in heat. Khan would also dominate her in this sense, and it’s a natural instinct for the female to submit while in heat. Despite her being an alpha, she is still female. It doesn’t take her long before she collapses against me falling unconscious. I pull my teeth from her neck; angry she would suffer for days because she is so damn stubborn!

Marco tosses a towel over her body when I turn around. “I’ll drive you,” Marco says, walking out of the bedroom. I follow him. We walk downstairs, and he snatches his keys off the kitchen counter and moves to open the front door.

“Wait, you’re taking her?” Louise says, looking at me nervously.

“Well, I ain’t listening to them go at it like rabbits!” Sondra snaps at her from her rocking chair.

“Sondra! Don’t be crude. That’s my daughter you’re talking about!” Louise scolds her.

“Well, what did you think he was here for? A fucking tea party?” She retorts. Louise rubs her temples and shakes her head, and I follow Marco down the porch steps.

“Chuck a good one into her; it might put her in a better mood.” I raise an eyebrow at Sondra while Louise scolds her for her dirty language.

“At least someone is getting laid around here,” she huffs, and Marco chuckles, opening the back door to his car.