

Chapter 51

Sliding across the seat with Elena on my lap. I notice Eli and Michelle grabbing the boys and placing them in my car. Relief fills me knowing the boys are coming with us and I will have help with them; I can't leave the boys out here, or Elena will fret, and it will make her heat so much worse. Plus, I have no idea how long her heat will last. Marco decides to wait for them while I maneuver Elena's unconscious body to a more comfortable position in my lap. Once Eli and Michelle are following, we leave, heading down the long driveway.

The drive is quiet until we reach the halfway mark, and Elena remains unconscious from marking her again, all while Khan paces anxiously in my head. My skin ripples with the urge to mate her, yet her heat has dimmed a little from my bite and because I'm nearby. I just hope it doesn't flare back up in the car, or things may get a little awkward for Marco.

"Any more attacks?" Marco finally speaks, and I shake my head. I'm still a little annoyed he didn't tell me earlier she was in heat, but grateful he was there to help her, even if it meant he saw her naked.

"No, thankfully, none since Derrick has been gone," I answer. Everyone thinks he is behind it, but Marco and I believe differently.

"It's not Derrick, but whoever it is helped Derrick to escape. It's a setup. They're trying to cover their tracks," Marco states. "He's the perfect person to frame since he is on the run," he adds, and I agree.

"Well, we know it isn't Osiris. He also has petitioned the council to have an election. They want to throw me from my seat." I tell him.

Marco laughs and shakes his head. "They can try. They'll be dead if Osiris holds the seat." I sigh but nod. Checking Elena, she is breathing steadily, her nose buried in my neck, when Marco stops, showing his ID to the border patrols.

"Do I need to take care of this mess when I head back?" Marco asks me, looking at the ruined boom gates when I spot Soyer talking to some of Osiris' men. As Marco's car

passes, Soyer gives him a nod, and he waves Eli through, who is driving my car behind us to keep going.

"No, Soyer will handle it. I am leaving my men on the borders of Elena's pack. I can't leave them unprotected. She'll kill me when her heat finishes if no one is out there." I tell Marco.

"I will be staying out there anyway; the women will be safe. Hopefully, you can convince Elena to move back to the city; I will work on Sondra. If not, I might take time off work to look after her at the ranch." Marco tells me with a heavy sigh.

"At least then I will be closer to help with this entire strigoi situation," Marco adds, and I nod my head.

"Unfortunately, I don't see that happening any time soon, Elena is angry, and she'll be angrier that I took her."

"I don't think so; Elena is smart. She knows it's the safest choice. She also isn't as angry as you think. She looked more hurt that you planned to destroy her land, not angry." Marco adds.

"I can only hope so because this traveling between and constant worry for them out there is driving me crazy." Pulling up at the house, I see Eli pull up behind us. Climbing out, I pull the towel covering Elena's naked body up higher and look at Eli.

"We will stay in the guest house out the back with the boys," Eli tells me.

"I'm not sharing a room with you!" Michelle snaps at him.

"Correct, because you're sharing a bed!" Eli retorts, and I shake my head at them.

"I will be glad to get rid of her for a few days. She and Sondra argue like cats and dogs!" Marco mutters to me.

"I heard that, Marco!" Michelle yells at him.

"I meant the other Michelle!" he calls back.

"Who?" she asks, her brow furrowing.

"You know the other one!" he shrugs. Turning, I peer over between them, and she seems deep in thought for a second. Her face then twists into a scowl. "There is no other Michelle!" she snarls.

"Whoops, my bad, must have got you confused with someone else." Marco laughs, and she flips him a rude finger. I chuckle and quickly say goodbye to Marco before heading inside the house through the garage while listening to Michelle and Eli argue as they go around the side of the house and to the studio out the back with the boys.

"Make sure those shutters remain down! If not, come inside; I can watch them and deal with Elena."

"Yeah, right. Once Elena wakes up, the only thing you'll be able to do is deal with her. They'll be fine, and yes, the shutters will be down!" Eli mind links back.

Walking up to my room, I lay Elena on the bed, wondering how long she would be knocked out. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I watch her for a second and pull the sheet up, covering her so I am not tempted to sink myself inside her while she is asleep.

My cock is painfully hard, her scent driving me to the brink of insanity, so I know she must be slowly coming back to consciousness. From where I am sitting next to her, I can feel her temperature rising, her scent becoming so potent I am struggling to think clearly.

Despite knowing I am the only one that can break her heat, nerves have set in; she is going to be furious. However, it explains why I've felt off for the past few days. She can't expect me to allow her to try to ride out her heat, hoping it breaks; it angers me that she tried. For days she suffered, and her anger for me outweighed her reason.