

Chapter 83

Axton

“How is she?” Marco asks, jolting me from my thoughts as I stare at Elena in the hospital bed. A breathing tube is down her throat, her skin is deathly pale. Marco's blood barely kept her alive long enough to get her to the hospital. Doctors have been trying to figure out why she hasn't woken up and isn't healing entirely. Leaning back in the stiff blue chair, I peer up at Marco and shake my head.

“No change, it's been hours, and she still can't breathe on her own. Her lung has healed, no punctures, and the bleeding around her heart stopped. They said she'd be dead if you hadn't given her your blood. The screwdriver was the only thing stopping her from bleeding out before we got to her,” I tell him.

“Lab results haven't returned yet?” Marco asks, and I sigh, shaking my head.

“No, they said a couple of hours.” Marco taps my shoulder and nods toward the door. “Come on then. There's no point sitting here. Besides, we are about to raid Cane's pack. Maybe you can get Soyer to join us?” he hasn't left Amy since they got here either.

“I'm not leaving her.”

“She won't be alone,” Michelle says, making me lean back to peer around Marco. She has the boys in a stroller. Eli battered and bruised beside her, but he is otherwise okay. Luke steps into the room, his eyes widening when he sees his sister before rushing toward her. Jumping to my feet, I grab him before he reaches her, locking my arms around his shoulders.

“She's okay. She's alive,” I whisper, kissing his temple. He nods his head slowly, his eyes locked on his sister.

“I can't lose her, too,” Luke whispers.

“I know, and you won't. She'll be fine once they figure out what's keeping her in this state,” I promise him, though I just hope I don't have to break that promise.

“I need you to watch over her for me until I return. I have to help Marco.” Luke stares up at me.

“You're not leaving me?” I shake my head.

“Never, I'll be back,” I tell him, and he sighs but nods, so I quickly let him go. Giving the boys a quick kiss, I leave with Marco, stopping in the room next door. Amy is also unconscious, but Marco said she is in transition. She died on the way to the hospital, luckily, she had Marco's blood in her system. Stepping inside the room, Soyer lifts his head from the bed at her side.

Amy's hands are cuffed to the frame; apparently, when she wakes, she could turn rabid or suicidal. Evidently, the transition from werewolf to vampire is different from human to vampire. With instinct telling them they were an abomination, I couldn't imagine being one thing before becoming another, one you were raised believing is your mortal enemy.

“Get up, stop moping. She'll be fine. You two are depressing me!” Marco tells Soyer.

“What if she wakes?” Soyer questions.

“Then we will head back, but for now, both of you need to leave this hospital. Supernatural law says raids need to be approved by three council members and overseen. Unfortunately, Osiris can't sign himself, Cane is dead, Elena is knocked out, and Thomas is all that is left.”

“Can't he override it? He works for the government!” Soyer asks.

“Human government, and currently, I'm suspended for attacking a court officer.”

Soyer reluctantly gets up, and I know he only does it because he is driven by the need to pay back Osiris. Osiris was an enemy who turned out actually to be an ally. He didn't need to help, and I honestly thought he wouldn't. But he showed up anyway without hesitation.

We all leave the hospital, climbing into Marco's car. The trip is silent, all of us consumed with our thoughts and worries until we arrive at the front of the Cane's pack borders. Osiris is waiting, leaning against his car, a cigarette between his lips. He tosses it when we pull up beside him.

Climbing out, he throws his hands up. “Fuckers won't let my men pass. Despite feeling that the pack link is broken. They said I needed a warrant!” Osiris snarls.

“Which is why we're here,” I tell him just as Thomas pulls up. He quickly jumps out of the car, warily eyeing Osiris, making me wonder what happened between them.

“Sign the fucking documents, and I will tell the council you are innocent!” Thomas glanced at us, then at Marco, like he expected to be arrested at any given second.

“He threatened my mate. What did you expect me to do? Derrick dumped the debt on my hands when he dropped that laundromat on me!”

“Sign the papers. My father is in there!” Osiris roars at him.

“Are you sure? Your pack said they felt the pack link crumble that day?” Soyer questions.

“I know, I felt it too, but it's him, I know it's him, I know what my father looks like.”

Soyer nods, moving toward his car, and Osiris pulls the paper from his pocket. Soyer quickly signs it, and so do I and Thomas. When done, Osiris stomps over to the main guard, slamming the paper against his chest.

As we crossed the pack borders, it was clear the pack was in disarray. The houses were boarded up, the lawns unkempt, and the people seemed fearful. There is an uneasy silence as we drive to the packhouse, and the tension is palpable. The windows on the passing houses are boarded up, and the doors. People are wary of anyone they don't recognize. The pack has been through a lot, and they are clearly still dealing with the aftermath, making me wonder how Cane kept all this from us.

When we pulled up to the packhouse, it was clear the house had seen better days. The windows were boarded up, and the door was locked. We had to break the door down to get in, and the stench of the place hit us immediately. Inside, we found people locked in cages, and dead bodies piled up in the corner, the stench of death and decay was overpowering. “No wonder his pack is so terrified,” Marco comments.

We quickly make our way to the basement, where we find a tunnel that has been dug out, leading to the city tunnels. It is clear that Cane used the tunnels to smuggle people in and out of the pack. There are more cages down here and more dead bodies, the place has an eerie feeling to it.

We unlock the cages, and I can hear someone has called for ambulances when I hear Osiris. “Dad!” he screams, racing past me to a cage in the far corner. He clutches the mesh before peering over at us.

“Get me something now!” he yells. Marco rushes over, and so do I. Peering into the cage, I find Stiles. The elder stares blankly at his son for a second before he gasps, clutching his son's fingers through the mesh.