

## Chapter 128 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

### Chapter 56

Axton groans against my lips and tugs me closer so my body is flush against his. He rolls, shoving me on my back, and I wrap my legs around his waist when he pulls away. He looks down at me, and I move my hips against him, smiling devious-

“Please, I think you rubbed the skin off it. It’s basically raw meat at the moment,” he whines, and I wiggle my hips beneath him again. He grunts, dropping his head on my shoulder.

“Fine. I’m starting to wonder if you only marked me so you can take advantage of me,” Axton breathes out before chuckling.

I laugh. “That is only half the reason,” I tell him.

“Hmm, what’s the other half?” he asks.

“You are nice to look at too, and we make cute babies together,” I shrug.

“Is that right?” he huffs, and I laugh. His breath fans against my neck, making me shiver when he collapses on top of me. The air in my lungs rushes out in a wheeze.

“Axton!” I rasp under his weight as I’m crushed into the bed; I try to shove him off.

“I am not just some fucktoy, Luna. I will not tolerate being spoken about in such a derogatory way,” he snickers. I jam my fingers in my ribs, only to learn the man is not ticklish.

“Axton! Off!” I growl, and he laughs.

“Nope, pretty fucktoy is broken; I need new batteries.

How about an IOU, though I’m pretty sure you do owe me a new cock since you broke mine.” he chuckles, but he lifts his weight slightly off me. He peers down at me with a coy smile on his lips.

“Quite the predicament you have found yourself in, Luna,” he purrs, nipping at my jaw.

“Yes, it appears I am being crushed but an alpha-hole, now off!” I taunt, and he purrs, running his nose across my cheek to my ear. He inhales my scent. Our scents are now mingled from me

marking him, and the bond is complete. His lips travel down my neck when Lexa comes forward sluggish- ly.

“We need to get the boys and speak with the packs. Now we’ve marked him, we need won’t be able to handle being away from him for long,” Lexa yawns, and I sigh. As much as I want to laze about with my mate, I need to get up and check on our sons and my pack.

“The boys?” I ask him, and he groans.

“Ten minutes, please,” he groans, rolling on his back and pulling me on top of him. His free hand trails up my spine. I close my eyes, enjoying the sound of his heart beating beneath my ear. This is how it should have been from the start. Yet our stubbornness and pride got in the way, as well as our anger and rivalry.

Lifting my head, I prop my chin on his chest, staring at the mark that now lies etched into his neck. “You’re regretting it already?” he asks, but I shake my head, trailing my fingertips over it. Axton shudders beneath me, and his cock twitches against my thigh. Sparks rush over every inch of me where our skin is in contact.

“No, I was just thinking this is how it should have been,” I tell him; that thought makes me a little sad. We’ve wasted so much time hating each other that we forgot we are supposed to love each other.

Exhausted so much energy on why we shouldn’t be together, forgetting we were destined to be. Axton nods his head slowly and bites down on his lip.

“No reason it can’t be now,” he finally whispers.

“You could always move back to the city, Elena. We could organize-”

“Yeah, I suppose it’s time; I can’t manage two packs on my own,” I sigh, yet he is still rambling on, giving me every reason he can conjure as to why I should move back to the city, having not realized I just agreed.

“I’m even willing to let Sondra move into the-” he glances down at me, and I raise an eyebrow at him, a silly smile on my face.

“Wait, you said yes?” I nod again.

“Really?” he asks, his brows pinching.

“Well, that is a waste of my night; I had this entire speech ready. Me and Khan worked on it between fuck breaks,” he muses.

“Well, in that case, I better hear it, then. Depending on what you say, I may need to change my mind,” I chuckle.

He tilts his head to the side, watching me, his fingers skating down my face, and he tucks my hair behind my ear. Turning my face, I kiss his palm, and he smiles.

“Who would have thought I only had to fuck your brains out to make you move in with me?” he laughs. I roll my eyes at him when his arm snakes around my waist, hoisting me higher so he can kiss me. His lips are soft and warm against mine, gentle as he licks across the seam of my lips. Smiling, I kiss him back, my tongue tangling with his.

Suddenly I feel like I found my new favorite thing, kissing Axton. His fingers tangle in my hair as he deepens the kiss, tongue fighting with mine when he sucks my lip into his mouth, nibbling on it and

teasing the swollen flesh. Eventually, he lets go, and I pull away and catch my breath.

“We should get the boys and head out to the pack; I need to tell the women to start packing.” I groan, knowing how much of a task this will be.

“Wait, what... Now... as in right now?” Axton blurts.

“Is that a problem, Alpha?” I taunt, and he clamps his lips shut and makes a strange, strangled humming noise.

“Nope, not an issue. We can have it done. I thought you would say a week. What’s a day?” he quips a little too fast.

I raise an eyebrow at him. “To pack Axton, not move. I’m good, but I’m not that good that I can move an entire pack in a day,” I laugh. He sighs, looking relieved.

“Thank god, because I was thinking I was going to have a house full of women because I still need to clear out a few floors on the hotel.” he chuckles. I peck his lips, moving to climb off him when I remember the handcuffs. Axton reaches over and retrieves the key, unlocking them. I rub my wrist.

Getting up, I wander into the bathroom to wash the sweat and remnants from last night off. A few moments pass and Axton enters the bathroom, sliding the shower door open and stepping in behind me. His hands instantly go to my hips, and he presses his lips to my shoulder when his phone starts ringing. He lets it ring out, only for it to begin ringing again immediately.

“Maybe you should get it?” I tell him, and he growls but slides the door open, stepping out. He wraps a towel around his waist, then moves into the bedroom, leaving the door open.

“Hey Marcus,” I hear Axton answer. Silence follows for a few moments, and I shut the shower off.

“Why, where are you?” Axton asks, and in his tone of voice, I shut the water off. Grabbing a towel and wrapping it around me, Axton is already moving around the room, snatching clothes

and tossing them at me. My heart beats quicker when I feel the mind link opens up. My mother's teth- er tugging, and the next second, her voice is in my head.

"She's gone, Elena. She's gone. I can't find her!" she sobs hysterically.

"What's happened?" I ask, ripping my towel off and tug- ging on the clothes Axton tosses at me.

"We're on our way. What's the address?" Axton says, snatching a piece of paper. "We'll check the bakery while you check the old rogue commune," I hear Axton tell Marcus.

"Mom?" I order, and Axton hangs up the phone, turning to face me.

"Sondra, we all woke up, and she was gone, her car was gone, and she hasn't returned. Marcus is out looking for her with the pack," my mother tells me, and my blood runs cold as I try to take in her words.

"We'll find her, Lena," Axton tells me, but I shake my head, snatching his keys off the dresser, and run for the door.

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## Chapter 132

# Chapter 129 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

## Chapter 57

### Axton POV

We left the boys with Eli and Michelle, knowing having to get them will only slow us down. Elena is a nervous wreck beside me, and all she has done is panic, conjuring up the worst-case scenario. What if the strigoi got Sondra? Or her father came back for revenge, or what if Osiris is behind it?

Yet I have a feeling Sondra is missing because she chose to go missing; the strong old bat takes shit from nobody, so I doubt if someone came after her, she would go quietly.

"She may have ducked into town," I tell Elena, and she nods, staring off vacantly out the window. Her bottom lip quivers, and she presses her top teeth against it.

“Elena, we’ll find her. Marco has gone to check the commune. We can check in town; she is probably at the bakery, eating all the cupcakes,” I try to reassure her, and she turns her head to look at

“She’s dying, Axton,” she answers, and I swallow. Yeah, Marco had said something about taking care of her, but she looked okay the last time I saw her.

“We’ll find her,” I answer. We have to; I don’t think Elena will cope not knowing.

“Don’t go to the bakery. Go to Mary’s cafe,” Elena whispers, and I glance at her. I nod my head, taking the next turn to head down the main street of the small derelict town.

Pulling up along the curb, I don’t see her car anywhere or any sign of her. Elena gets out to check the old cafe, letting herself in with a

Dividing into pages now

set of keys. She pauses at the door, and I stop on my way to the bakery to watch her. Her hands shake as she tries to get the key in the lock. Fear slivers through the bond, yet she is determined to find Sondra also. Forgetting the bakery, I walk over to her and grab the key from her hand. She glances over her shoulder at me, and I brush my lips against her cheek and unlock the door.

“You don’t have to go in there. I will check it out,” I tell her. Elena, however, shakes her head.

Pushing the door open, Elena sucks in a deep breath. “How do you have a key,” I ask her, and she sighs, glancing at me.

“Sondra bought this place for Mary, turns out Jake never bought it, so once her death certificate was in the place, it was handed back to Sondra, who in turn gave it to me.”

“And you kept it?” I ask, a little shocked. She sighs, stepping inside further, and my stomach drops, feeling her anguish. “Have you been back here... you know, since?” I stop myself, only now realizing how much this place torments her.

“No, it’s why Sondra gave it to me, she wanted me to burn it down, yet I couldn’t bring myself to step inside it,” she whispers while looking up at the ceiling of the apartment above.

The place is pretty much empty, though the fridges are full of old fizzy drinks and outdated milk. Other than that, my men had cleaned the place pretty good.

Elena stops near the basement door that is ajar and glances at me. “Want me to check?” I ask, and she nods her head. Nodding once, I quickly rush down the stairs to the pitch-black basement, my vision adjusting as Khan steps forward. We peer around the place, and I walk to the back, calling out for Sondra but don’t find her. However, I do find the cage that Mary and Alisha were both kept in. Turning around, I head back upstairs to find Elena, only she is no longer in the shop, yet I can feel she is close by, so I pull on the bond, using it to find her.

Climbing the stairs out in the back area, I see the apartment door open and rush up to find her. Stepping inside, it feels like déjà vu when I spot her. She holds the same look on her face. Back then, I thought she was petrified of me finding her shackled up with another man. Now seeing the same expression, I recognize it for what it is. This place, her prison for so long. Something I used time and time again against her.

It is exactly the same as all those months ago, and I kind of regret not getting my men to clear it out. As I wander over to her, she is staring at the bed. I slip my arms around her waist, tugging her back against me.

“She’s not here,” Elena says, and I nod against her shoulder. Noticing the chains and cuffs on the bed, I swallow guiltily. Khan had tried to tell me, but I was angry; I only believed what I wanted to believe and chose her father’s words over my mates.

Instead of helping her, I hurt her more. “Sondra once said that some things she wanted to take to her grave,” Elena murmurs.

I turn my head on her shoulder. “This is one of mine,” she whispers.

“Well, you know the saying, two can keep a secret if one is dead. Jake is dead, Elena,” I tell her, but she shakes her head.

“No, he’s not because he is seared into my memories. He got the easy way out. He took it to the grave while I live with it,” she murmurs.

“But you get to live, Elena. He hurt you, but-”

“He did more than hurt me, Axton. He broke me.” she croaks. Her lips quiver and the bond feels as broken as the words sounded leaving her lips.

“Then I’ll rebuild you, help put you back together again. It’s my fault you were here anyway. You wouldn’t have run if I hadn’t leaked that video.”

“You were angry I rejected you,” she tells me with a sigh.

“That’s still no excuse for hurting someone I claim to love; I should have listened to Khan; I was just so focused on my plans to take down your father, too focused on my dreams, I forgot you would have them too,” I tell her. She nods her head but adds nothing, and she doesn’t need to.

I know she’s forgiven me. I can feel it; I just hope she can forgive herself. Because right now, all I feel is her guilt. She feels guilty because she ran, but what option did she truly have? Guilt over Alisha, but how was she supposed to know her best friend was a vamp? Guilt for allowing it and not fighting back, all those things. play on her mind, yet now sensing her thoughts so clearly. I realize she was doing the best she could with the hand she was dealt.

Unfortunately, that meant allowing some things to protect others, and now I see why she didn't try to run, the risk to Alisha and our sons outweighed the risk to herself. Her sanity, her body, and her heart was a sacrifice she could live with. Losing them, she couldn't. So she played along and... prayed I would come to save her. Instead, I broke her all over again.

"Come on, we should find Sondra," she breathes out, turning and walking out of the apartment. I follow, closing the door behind me when cigarette smoke wafts at me. Elena looks back at me before rushing down the steps to the back of the cafe. Following her, she steps out the back of the store, and I spot Sondra sitting in a green

Dividing into dates now.

weathered plastic chair. She has a smoke between her lips. Yet she is deathly pale, her skin clammy, and sweat glistens on her neck and forehead.

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## Chapter 133

# Chapter 130 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

## Chapter 58

"Sondra," Elena breathes, and Sondra looks up. She smiles, but it doesn't look right; it's forced, and I can tell she is in pain.

"I see you found me," she murmurs before coughing and choking on her cigarette. Elena instantly rushes over to her and rubs her back. Reaching for the glass of water on the table, I pass it to her when Elena snatches it and sniffs it. She scrunches her face up, passing it back to me. I sniff it, finding it is vodka, not water like it appears to be.

"Grab a glass of water from inside," Elena tells me. Sondra continues to cough but holds up her hand, it shakes terribly, but she snatches the glass off me. Elena watches her worriedly and glances at me.

"Call an ambulance," Elena tells me.

"You'll do no such thing. Can't a woman die in peace?" Sondra snaps at her.

"I don't want you to die at all." Elena retorts.

“Well, it is not up to you; I want to die and die, I shall. Not even the gods will stop me croaking this time, the grim reaper is knocking, and he wants an accomplice; I have volunteered,” she says, only to wheeze and start coughing again.

“I feel a hospital would be far more comfortable than this plastic chair. If you insist on dying, wouldn’t you rather die in comfort?” Elena asks her. It’s funny watching them two, they have their own love language, and it comes out in short replies and sarcastic words thrown at each other.

Sondra sighs, her fingers white as she grips the table, and she leans back. Blood dribbles from between her lips, and she shakily wipes her mouth on the back of her hand.

“Why here, of all places?” Elena demands.

“You know why, Elena. Let’s not play pretend. Besides, I didn’t want to drop dead next to Marco. Only when I got here did I find this whole dying ordeal is taking a little longer than predicted, I kind of believed I would croak going over the bridge, but seems Floyd is trying to torture me more by dragging this shit out. You hear me, you old bastard, I am coming for you. Not even death will save you from me!” she yells at the sky, shaking her fist. I raise my eyebrows at her.

“Oh, stop looking at me like that! Now be a love and fetch me

another glass of vodka. If I am going to hell, I am going drunk!” she huffs. Elena presses her lips in a line but nods for me to do as she asks. Walking over to Sondra’s car, I grab the bottle, only to hear the chair scrape across the ground. Glancing back, I see Elena helping her to stand, but Sondra smacks her hands away, making Elena toss hers in the air.

“I’m coming, I’m coming, just hold your damn horses,” Sondra mutters.

She stands upright and wobbles on her feet. “I’m driving!” Sondra declares.

“Like hell you are. You may want to visit the grim-reaper, but I sure as hell don’t!” Elena scolds, snatching her keys before Sondra can off the table.

“Oi muscles, get here and help carry a legless old woman to the car,” she snaps, clicking her fingers at me.

Chuckling, I walk over to her and scoop her up while Elena grabs the door.

“Now, now, stop that. Why so handsy!” she snaps at me.

“Exactly how am I supposed to grab you if I can’t touch you?” I ask her. She seems to think for a second.



“He has a point,” Sondra babbles to Elena. I set her in the seat of her car, but when I go to close her door, she clicks her tongue.

“Weren’t you getting me a vodka?” she asks, and I glance at Elena over the roof of the car. She sighs but nods, and I quickly grab the bottle and her glass.

“Life’s too short to wait for you to pour me a glass. Just give it here, and I’ll show you how real women drink!” she tsk’s. She swigs from the bottle and nestles back in her seat, pulling a cigarette from her packet. Elena climbs in the driver’s seat and starts Sondra’s car. On the drive home, I ring Marco, and the relief in his voice is evident.

He tells me he will meet us back at the packhouse, yet the longer we drive, the more Elena keeps glancing in the mirror at Sondra. Peering over my shoulder, Sondra is leaning to one side, head slumped forward, bloody drool seeping from her lips, and her unlit smoke has fallen into her lap.

Sondra mumbles to herself in her half-drunk stupor, and I turn back to the front. However, just before we arrive, the bumpy dirt road must wake her because she speaks.

“I always hated this place,” she speaks, and Elena’s eyes dart to her in the mirror. We say nothing, instead listening to her ramble.

“It was never home, not to me. It was a prison.”

“So, where was home, Sondra?” I ask, peering over to look at her. She laughs and shakes her head.

“Not here, wasn’t there either. The closest to home I ever got was my shitty apartment next to Marco. Every other place was a prison, Dividing into pages flow just a little shinier than the last.” she murmurs, looking out at the fields. Elena stops the car halfway up the driveway. She swivels in her seat, looking back at Sondra, and I can tell she is barely holding it together.

“So, where do you wanna go?” Elena asks her, and Sondra smiles sadly.

“Home, but it doesn’t exist anymore, not for me,” Sondra says.

“We made this place a home. The women here love you like family,” Elena tells her, and Sondra nods.

“Home is where your heart belongs, some piece of mine is here, but it’s not my home. Those women are pack, family. But home to me isn’t a place. It’s someone. Someone I could never have.”

“Marco?” Elena asks her, and she sniffles and nods. Elena looks at me, and I nod, letting her know Marco is on his way.

Elena keeps driving until Sondra tells her to stop. Women have gathered outside the packhouse. We sit in the car for a second when Sondra points to the old willow tree on the hill.

“That looks like a nice place to croak; I can see the shit hole for what is up there. What do you say muscles think you can carry me up that hill?” she asks me.

“Depends if I can touch you?” I ask her.

She slaps my arm. “How would you carry me if you can’t touch me?” she scoffs, and I open my door and climb out of the car.

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## Chapter 134

# Chapter 131 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

## Chapter 59

Moving to the rear of the car, the women crowd around, and I hear Elena trying to regather herself. Trying to slip a facade she has worn for too long back on. Clearing her throat, she moves to take one of the blankets her mother rushes out with.

Opening the rear door, Sondra grabs her vodka bottle, and I pick her up, moving to the front of the car. Only when I do, Elena’s entire pack is on their knees, baring their necks to Sondra. Sondra smiles and then shivers, Elena moves to wrap the blanket around her, and I start climbing the hill.

However, when we reach the top, Sondra speaks. “I was wrong about you,” she tells me, making me glance down at her.

“Now I know you’re dying. You just admitted you’re wrong about something,” I tell her, and she chuckles softly. I sit on the ground, and I prop Sondra between my legs so she can lean against me. Elena sitting beside me.

“You’re nothing like your father, I used to think you would be just like him, having grown up in his image, but now I see you were just another of his victims,” Sondra tells me, and I swallow.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't save her; I couldn't save any of them. If only I had the courage to do what I did to Floyd back then, we may be having a different conversation. Maybe none at all." She muses.

"You couldn't have predicted the outcome of being with your mate, Sondra," Elena whispers.

"You're right, but I could have stopped it before he took more lives. I had plenty of opportunities. I just didn't take them. Same as your fathers, I could have ended them, but I didn't. Instead, I convinced myself I would be the same as them if I did. Instead, I was the same because I sat back and did nothing." she sighs. Elena shakes her head, but Sondra reaches out and grips her hand.

"But you two are different. You're both who you are in spite of your father's. Defeated them, conquered the trauma instead of passing it down to the next generation."

Elena laughs. "That is yet to be seen," she chuckles.

"No, I've seen it," Sondra tells her, and Elena looks at her.

"You left despite loving him because he was toxic. You didn't use your boys as an excuse to stay. You used them as your excuse to leave. So I know you will do the right thing by them if you're willing to break your own heart for them." Sondra tells her.

Sondra looks over her shoulder at me. "I mean no offense by that. I'm not just referencing you, but her father, she could have gone back and asked for forgiveness, but she didn't."

"Yes, you did, but it's okay," I chuckle.

"Yeah, I did. But it's the same for you, son. You overrode your ego and are trying to make up for your mistakes. That is more than your father ever cared to do. No, he would just beat her down until there was nothing left but a compliant shell of a woman. Therefore you are not the same. Elena is not beneath you. She is your equal. That is people's biggest mistake in life, heart, and ego. Sometimes, they follow their heart and stay, not realizing they're giving them the power to keep breaking it. In turn, they raise their children. broken. Others can't see past their ego to know their flaws, so they can't work on fixing them. Neither of you are those people, neither of you are your fathers,"

"My childhood was good, Sondra," Elena tells hers. "It was only when I grew older that dad turned into that?" Elena sighs.

"But not for your mother. Do you think she would hold the same answers, dear? She put all her time and energy into you kids, hoping you didn't make the same mistakes, hoping he would be the man he

said he was. It was only when he didn't keep his end of the deal that she realized she was lying to herself. Just like me with Floyd," Sondra tells her. She lifts the bottle to her lips.

“Gosh, who would have thought you were so depressing drunk? Give me that.” Elena tells her, taking the bottle and swigging from it. Elena chokes, coughing and spluttering.

“Geez, what is that, Jet fuel?”

“Almost. I once fired my tractor up with this shit,” Sondra tells her, taking the bottle back.

“You two promise me you won’t ever sacrifice life for love,” Sondra says. Elena’s brows furrow, and so do mine.

“It sounds funny now, but that is what I did. I sacrificed life for a love that wasn’t really love, just some twisted version of what I perceived as love. You two will be different because both of you want the best for each other.”

“It wasn’t until I was old that I suddenly found myself comfortable in my own misery. It took me killing Floyd to realize I hated the person I also loved—years of living a step behind him, becoming and morphing into his shadow while mine faded away. So caught up in everything to do with him that I forgot what I wanted. Forgot who I am and who I truly loved.” Sondra sighs.

“Instead, I became what he wanted me to be, just like your mothers did for your fathers. They sacrificed themselves until nothing was left, and now yours is trying to rebuild her life, just as I had to. And yours, Axton, is dead because it took me too long to realize I could have stopped it.”

Elena drops her chin on her knees, watching the sunset. Sondra lifts her hand, brushing it down her hair before her hand falls limply to my leg, and she clears her throat.

“I’m not saying this to hurt you, either of you. I’m trying to explain. I’m not saying your mother was wrong, Elena, she did what she thought was right at the time, just as I did, but it was because I was blinded by the mate bond, as she was. You become comfortably familiar in it. You spend so long with someone you eventually lose yourself within them. They slowly break the pieces off that you thought you could live without. Just like me, your mother lost herself, and it took her leaving to find it again.”

“We aren’t the same,” I tell Sondra, and she nods.

“Resentment and sacrifice are the two things that anchor us, pull us down, and slowly drown us. Resentment that he didn’t see how much he was breaking me. Sacrifice was that I allowed him to do it, sacrificing my own happiness and allowing him to decide when I received it because my ego got in the way of noticing my own toxic traits. I convinced myself that love was holding me here, but it wasn’t. It was fear of losing everything that I sacrificed for, in the end, what I thought I was gaining was nothing. Instead, I lost everything.”

Hearing a car, I glance over my shoulder to see headlights as Marco races to the packhouse.

“You two are different, I know, because I have seen it, you work well together but fight for each other even when fighting against each other. Floyd never fought for me. It was always one-sided.” I tug the blankets higher, noticing the goosebumps lacing her skin.

“Floyd would have let me burn in the flames if it meant saving his own skin,” she looks over her shoulder at me and inclines her head. “But he’d walk through them and burn with you while trying to save you rather than leave you behind,” Sondra tells her..

“Like Marco?” I ask her, and she nods.

“He tried to save me so many times, but unfortunately, I was too stubborn to realize. I thought he was on his brother’s side, not realizing the only reason he stuck around was that I was with his brother.” she sighs, sipping from her drink before coughing, blood spilling from her lips. And Elena rubs her back.

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## Chapter 135

# Chapter 132 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

## Chapter 60

### Elena POV

Hearing a car door, Axton glances over his shoulder, and so do I, only to see Marco climb out of his car, looking rather disheveled. “Marco will be here soon. He’s on his way.” I tell Sondra, but she shakes her head.

“He doesn’t need to watch me die. The woman he fell in love with died when she married Floyd. He needs to hang on to her, not this withered broken body that has suffered too much and lived longer than it deserved.” Sondra murmurs between sucking in deep breaths. If only she knew how wrong she is, she deserved so much more than the hand she was dealt. Everyone makes mistakes, and learning from them is redemption, and she learned from her the same as I learned from mine.

“How about you let me decide which version of you I love because last I checked, there wasn’t a version I didn’t,” Marco says, suddenly appearing next to me. Sondra looks up at him, and so do I. He nods for me to move, and I take that as my cue to get up, allowing him to take my place, and he takes Sondra from Axton, settling her between his legs.

“You shouldn’t be here; I don’t want you to see me like this,” she snaps at him.

“Shush. Fine, I am not here for you; I am here for me, to see a stubborn old brat off,” he tells her while wrapping his arms around her tiny frail body. Sondra sighs, leaning back against him.

Getting up, I move toward Axton, and we both move to leave to give them some privacy.

“Where are you going?” Sondra asks, and I look at Marco, who pats the ground beside him.

“Can’t leave me here with this leech. What if he drains me dry?” Sondra snips at me, and I chuckle.

“Your blood is so old it would be like powdered milk running through those veins; I wouldn’t want to catch wrinkles,” Marco tells her as I sit between Axton’s legs.

Sondra laughs, and Marco kisses her temple before propping his chin on top of her head. We sit in silence for what feels like forever, listening to her breathe. With each breath she takes, there is a longer pause between, and that leaves me holding mine.

I can see my pack sitting and standing along the porch, waiting, watching in silence.

“It should have been us,” Sondra rasps.

“It should have been,” Marco replies, turning his head slightly and resting his cheek on the back of her head while rocking her back and forth. Tears stream down his face as he closes his eyes, his lips quivering as he rocks her.

“In another life,” he tells her, and she tries to speak, but it comes out in a wheeze, blood spewing from her lips. Her death draws on, and I feel like walking off. Yet she asked me to stay, so I remain. Each second that passes, I wish her next breath is her last, just so I don’t have to listen, just so she isn’t suffering anymore.

“It’s time to go, old girl. What are you hanging around for? It better not be for me?” Marco asks her, his voice shaky as he gets the words out. Her hand twitches and she grabs him, her body convulsing as she tries to suck in a breath. Each wheeze grows louder than the last, her panic screaming back at me when she opens her watery eyes. Marco breaks down and nods his head.

“I’m here, I’m here,” he tells her, and I look away, unable to watch her suffer. I press my face into Axton’s chest, and he grips my hair, his hands covering both my ears just in time before I witness Marco break her neck. But I still hear the faint crack, closing my eyes, I suck in a deep breath as silence falls and Axton moves his hands and kisses the top of my head.

Besides my own breathing and the sound of Axton’s heart against my ear, I hear nothing for ten beats. Then I hear Marco wail, the sound so heartbreaking I never want to hear the sound again. It screamed how much he loved her, how much it hurt to lose her. It screamed his torment. A few seconds later, the howls of my pack ring through the air as they screamed theirs.

Screamed for a woman that didn't realize she saved all of us, instead, she believed she failed us, but she never did, no she taught us who we are. I was never the alpha of this pack; Sondra was. She created it and handed it down to me. Sondra was the true alpha of

'Elysian Fortuna Moonlight Pack' She had created our piece of Paradise, and Fortuna is a second chance, and she gave that to all of us. Only now do I realize we were also hers, a second chance at finding herself.

Update of Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son