

Chapter 143 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Chapter 71

Axton POV

Elena hid in my office the moment we got home and has been in there for three hours now with the door closed. I can hear her on the phone organizing housing for her pack members.

Looking for an excuse to go in there, I make her a coffee. Popping my head into the living room, Luke is watching TV with the boys. He glances at me before turning his attention back to the TV.

“I wouldn’t. She’ll bite your head off,” he warns, knowing his sister too well. Walking into MY office, she is on the phone, staring out the window as she talks to someone on the phone. Elena glances at me, and I hold up the mug, and she points to my desk as if I don’t know where it is.

Setting it down, I sit in my chair across from her. She’s so focused on the conversation that she doesn’t even blink when I focus all my attention on her.

“Just find them. There has to be a record somewhere,” Elena says into the phone before hanging up. She turns to me, and I can see the exhaustion written all over her face.

“If you’re here to lecture me more about working—”

I hold my hand up, stopping her. “Just checking on you,” I admit, and she sighs, reaching for a box of paperwork I recognize to belong to her father. She and Luke went home the other day to rummage through her old house and came home with mountain loads of paperwork. Luke returned with a few of his old belongings, too.

“How is the housing situation going?” I ask her, watching as she digs through the box.

“Sorted now,” she tells me, opening up a folder and flicking through the sleeves.

“So, who were you on the phone to then?” I question, and I can feel her annoyance at me distracting her.

“The supernatural council. I am looking for records on Osiris,” she tells me, and my brows furrow in confusion.

“Why?” I ask, a little shocked. Elena sets the folder down, shrugging off her blazer and tossing it on the brown leather couch.

“Because after the other night, I’ve been doing some digging about my father’s debt. So we know he was stealing money from the council, and he got into some gambling debts. Stiles found out and confronted him. Then he ends up dead, but where has Osiris been this entire time?” she asks me, and I shrug.

“Well, after going through my father’s files, I found something interesting. Once a month, money was coming into a separate bank account that my father held. I linked that bank account to Osiris. I checked Thomas’ old accounting files, which I could rummage up, and after my father sold the laundromat to Thomas, I noticed Thomas started receiving money monthly into the laundromat account, which was how I caught Thomas in the first place was through these deposits he couldn’t explain, but before that, it was going into a secret account my father had, as soon as my father sold the laundromats to Thomas he started receiving the same monthly figures. My father and Thomas were working with Osiris.”

My mouth opens in shock, and I can feel my heart beating out of my chest. “Do you think Osiris was the one who killed his father?” I ask her, and she chews her lip, a thoughtful expression slipping onto her face.

“Possibly, but I know he is linked to it somehow,” she says, not looking sure herself.

“Would Elder Stiles report Osiris, though, since he is his son?” she asks.

“I know they had a falling out. That is all I know.”

Elena sighs. “So what we know is my father was working with Thomas and Osiris. He stole money from the council to pay back a gambling debt which was from before he sold the laundromats to Thomas,” she says thoughtfully.

“Without the extra money coming in from the laundromat, he couldn’t afford to pay the debt, so he stole the money from the council,” I tell her, and she nods.

“Still doesn’t explain where Stiles is,” I tell her.

“What if Stiles found out about Osiris being linked to the laundromats?” she questions.

“If I have had to guess, I’d say Osiris killed his father,” Elena tells me, which is why I requested all documents on every alpha in the city.”

“Am I under suspicion?” I chuckle.

“No, of course not. I never requested your files, just Soyer’s, Osiris’, Thomas’, and Cane’s.”

“Why, Cane’s?” I ask curiously.

“I know he’s a friend of yours, but something about the accident doesn’t add up.”

“Like what?”

“The fact he lied about where he was the day of the accident, but that isn’t all. Did you know Cane was the product of an affair?” she asks me, and I blink at her.

“Excuse me?” Elena shrugs.

“There is a reason he was never made Alpha. It had nothing to do with not wanting to take the position.”

“What do you mean?” I ask, leaning forward and bracing my arms on the desk.

“The day of the accident, his father picked him up from an insane asylum. Yet the reports say he was never in the car.”

“So? Just means his father dropped him home before he headed back here, he did have a home in the town he lived in, and not surprising, I told you he spent time in one,” I tell her.

“The address he had listed was for an old lady, his biological grandmother on his mother’s side.”

“Biological grandmother? Cane is adopted?” I ask, and Elena shakes her head.

“So, Alpha Lyle had an affair,”

“Yep!” Elena tells me, but that makes no sense to me.

“Then what Alpha Lyle stole him from his bio mother?” I ask, trying to piece together what she is telling me.

“No, she died giving birth to him. Alpha Lyle’s Luna.” She tries to explain, but I cut her off, getting confused about the story.

“Luna Grace?” I question.

“Yes, Luna Grace made out Cane was her son to cover up the fact Alpha Lyle had cheated on her with a woman named Dana. That is why Pete, despite his record, was to be the next alpha. Apparently, the entire pack petitioned against Pete taking over; it’s why the title was never handed down to him.” she explains.

“Yes, I heard rumors of that. It’s why his pack is so small and was no longer council worthy or recognized for a seat in the council. Those that opposed Pete taking over, Lyle banished or killed, which dropped their numbers.” I tell her. She nods, sliding a piece of paper over to me, and I find it is Cane’s original birth certificate.

“See, Cane is an illegitimate child of Alpha Lyle; and a She-wolf named Dana. Pete is only his half- brother, and if you check his birth certificate, you’ll see, Luna Grace is not listed as his mother.”

“Well, that explains why his brother always hated him growing up,” Khan tells me, and I have to agree.

Both Lyle and Pete were exceptionally cruel to Cane. Come to think of it. It makes sense that I never saw Luna Grace ever step in at the pits, she never threw in the towel for Cane, yet I had witnessed several times she did for Pete. And there were plenty of times Cane was nearly killed in those pits.

“But that isn’t the most shocking part. There is no information about his bio mother, Dana, at all, and his grandmother died two months ago,” she tells me and I sigh-another dead end.

“Well, how about we figure it out once the supernatural council sends the paperwork? For now, come have a break,” I tell her, praying she listens, and this doesn’t turn into another argument. There is no point combing over all these documents until we have those documents. So best just to wait, though I could probably get Marco to get them quicker. But I need Elena to have a break.

Unsurprisingly, she shakes her head and opens her mouth to speak, but I cut her off.

“Now, Elena!” I snap at her, sick of her burying herself in ridiculous amounts of work that can wait. The look she gives me is one of shock, and I don’t want to pull rank over her, but she is leaving me with no choice.

“Excuse me?” she growls angrily.

“You’re done for the day. Now up, you can come and spend time with the boys. You know your family!”

“No, I have to—”

“It wasn’t a choice,” I tell her. Elena’s eyebrows raise, and she sits back in her chair, folding her arms across her chest. But I know if I don’t get her to slow down or stop for a while, Khan will come forward, and as much as I don’t want to order her, I will. She needs sleep!

Shaking my head, I pinch the bridge of my nose and exhale. “I don’t want to order you, but Khan—”

“Don’t put the blame on me, asshole,” Khan grumbles as if he wasn’t the one who threatened to make her submit yesterday if she didn’t slow down. Then today, he told me to do something about her working so much.

“Khan, what? Will make me submit?” she snarls, and I grit my teeth.

“No, but I will. You need rest. So either you come willingly, or I order you to take the next week off. Eli and Michelle can handle pack business. It’s why they’re our Betas.” I tell her, standing up when Elena goes to argue, and I curse at her stubbornness.

“1...” I count, and she snarls.

“You did not just count like I am a damn

“2... Elena. What’s it going to be?” I tell her. She curses and shakes her head.

“Fine, commanding you it is then... 3,” I tell her, moving toward her.

“Fuck! Fine, I am getting up.” She snarls before I reach her as she jumps up from her seat. She storms out of my office, shoulder- barging me as she does.

I exhale, heading out after her and finding her rummaging through the linen cupboard for a towel. She glares at me when she spots me before stalking off up the stairs to take a shower.

Great...

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Chapter 147

Chapter 144 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Chapter 72

Elena POV

Grabbing a towel from the linen cupboard, I almost groan when I notice Axton coming up the hallway after me. Quickly shutting the door, I rush toward the stairs trying to escape him. The shower is calling my name, just as I climb a few steps, I hear the boys cry out. Glancing over my

shoulder Axton stops mid-stride. He presses his lips in a line, giving me a look that says our little tiff is not over.

Yet his hovering lately is driving me insane. Everywhere I turn, he's there! Breathing down my neck like he thinks I am about to have a nervous breakdown. I'm not. I'm just focused. Walking down the hall toward our room, I hear the boys fall quiet. Why son, why? Just cry for five more minutes so I can shower in peace....

I know Axton is just worried about me, but it's not helping. I feel suffocated and frustrated, like my every move is being scrutinized. I take a deep breath and remind myself that he's only trying to help.

Stepping into the bedroom, I am flooded with light. I squint, moving around the spacious bedroom to the windows to close the curtains.

"What do you expect? You've been in that dark-ass room most of the day," Lexa snaps at me.

"It wasn't dark."

"You had a lamp on, which indicated to me that it was dark." Lexa argues.

"I had the blinds open," I retort quickly shutting the windows on the next set and then the curtains. Although I am relieved she is talking to me, she has been quiet the last few days, leaving me in peace without her incessant whining.

"You know I can hear your thoughts, right? Incessant whining, your bitch ass whines more than me," she huffs, and I snicker then curse when I stub my little toe on the corner of the huge plush king-sized bed taking up the center of the damn room. A loud gasping groan leaves my lips at the pain and my bent toenail as I hop on one foot clutching my toe while trying to breath through the pain.

"Serve you right, for thinking I'm annoying!" adds Lexa's annoying commentary while I hop on the other foot, a towel over my shoulder while clutching my toe.

"Oh, stop being a baby. You shift and break bones all the time," Lexa continues.

"That doesn't mean it doesn't hurt any less!" Lexa rolls her eyes at me. I suddenly want to kick the bed, but after what it did to my toe, I think it would win that one too so think twice about punishing it. Regathering myself, I wiggle my toes and then head into the bathroom.

Moving to the double vanity, I set my towel aside and remove my earrings and necklace, placing them on the counter. I undress quickly, hanging my clothes on a hook on the wall near the bathtub that runs along the window. Once I'm done, I start the shower and step in, letting the scalding water cascade over my body.

His scent fills the steamy air and makes me groan as I hear the bathroom door creak open. See, I can't even shower in peace.

"Did you think you could escape me?" Axton chuckles. I turn around to face him. "I did once...." I remind him, not that I have any intention of escaping him again even if he has been extremely clingy lately.

As I turn around, his eyes run the entire length of me. He's leaning against the vanity, his eyes smoldering with intensity when they finally lift to mine with a devious smile on his lips. "As if you would ever escape me again," he growls, folding his arms across his chest.

"If I wanted to go, I'd go. You would never find me or catch me," I tell him, raising my eyebrows in challenge. He takes a step forward, his eyes flashing with amusement. "You're already caught," he purrs, and I can't help but shiver in response. "Oh, really?" I mock him with a playful smirk.

His eyes flash with amusement, and he pushes off the vanity. "Don't deny it," he says, his voice low and deep. I swallow hard, my heart racing. He reaches for the hem of his shirt, his eyes never leaving mine as he slowly peels it off. His muscular body is toned, and sculpted, with firm and full pecs, defined abs, and strong arms that are covered in intricate tattoos. His biceps are also decorated with intricate designs, winding around his arms and ending at his wrists. I could admire this man all day and not get bored.

My cheeks flush as I take in his impressive physique. His broad shoulders, perfectly chiseled jawline, and toned chest send my pulse racing. He looks powerful, and every part of him screams Alpha.

"More like you'll be screaming Alpha," Lexa mutters as she drools over our mate like he is a piece of meat to be devoured.

My eyes follow his hands to his pants. In one quick motion, he unzips his jeans, letting them fall to the floor before stepping out of them. "I thought you were escaping?" he taunts as he grips the shower door handle.

I reach for it, but he rips it open, invading my shower. His eyes flicker as he steps in. Water cascades over his body, steam billowing and fogging the glass. He looks down at me, meeting my gaze, and I take a step back, my back pressing against the wall. He takes a step closer, and all I can do is watch, mesmerized, as he moves closer. "You won't ever escape me again," he purrs as he presses his hard chest against mine, his hand gripping my hip as he presses closer.

The mate bond goes berserk with need. While his hand trails over my hip and skates across my ribs when he suddenly cups my neck in his hand, his fingers grazing along his mark on my neck. I shiver,

which makes him smile.

“Not with this,” he murmurs.

He takes my hand in his and kisses my palm. “You’re mine,” he murmurs, and I can feel all of my resolve melting away. The steamy air wraps around us, and the electricity between us makes my earlier anger fade to the back of my mind.

Yeah, I’m definitely caught, I think to myself when his lips crash down on mine. His hands are rough but gentle against my skin. His touch ignites a fire inside me, and my heart starts beating faster. All too soon, he pulls away, breaking the kiss.

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

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Chapter 145 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Chapter 73

“Well, you seem to be in a better mood now.” He chuckles.

“I was until you stopped,” I growl, wrapping my arms around his neck.

“I thought you wanted to escape me?” he laughs.

It is still irking me, but it is mostly forgotten. “You ordered me,” I tell him, still a little annoyed.

“I don’t want to order you, Lena. But you need to slow down. I don’t want to be your Alpha. I want to be your mate, but I won’t watch you run yourself into the ground with exhaustion either,”

“Well, unfortunately, you’ll always be able to pull rank over me now that you’ve marked me,” I tell him. He frowns slightly and I let him go. Mates are supposedly equal yet everything in our nature says otherwise. It’s a little disappointing that no matter what I’ll always be at a disadvantage compared to him.

“But that is what trust is for,” Lexa tells me and I sigh, knowing she is right.

Axton and I shower quickly so we can organize dinner and bathing the kids. Hopping out of the shower, I put my pajamas on, and head down stairs with Axton right behind me.

"I'll start dinner if you want to grab the boys?" I tell him when we reach the bottom. We part ways and I head for the kitchen, I start rummaging through the pantry and then the fridge grabbing ingredients out when I hear my phone ring. Looking over at the microwave, I see Axton must have put it on charge before he came upstairs to invade my shower. Wiping my hands on a tea towel. I into pages NOW. pick it up and notice it is Marco.

I quickly answer it. "Hey, what's up?" I ask him, turning back to the frypan where I was cooking my mince and onion for my spaghetti.

"I have the files you requested from the courts," he tells me.

"Huh? I only just ordered them today?" I tell him.

"Well, one of the supernatural court's officer's delivered them personally because the council hasn't been able to get a hold of me."

"Right. So why are they looking for you?" Marco sighs.

"What is it?" I ask him when I hear someone in the background talking.

"Who are you with?" I ask him.

"Soyer, I needed him to let me into the council chambers here, I didn't have my keys. I was at the club across the road when the officer showed up to escort me back to the courts. I put your documents in your filing box for you." Marco explains.

"Okay-what aren't you telling me? Why are you being escorted?" I ask him just as Axton comes out setting Kyan in his high chair, and Luke follows with Bane doing the same. Axton straps the boys in then comes over bumping me out of the way to take over.

"We are all under suspicion, I guess you and will be next. But that is not all, the human governments might be getting involved with the entire strigoi situation," Axton glances at me overhearing him and he gives me a questioning look.

"Wait, you're under suspicion for being strigoi and me?" I ask him.

"No, no that is a different matter."

"I'm not following," I tell him now becoming confused.

"They want to interview me about your parents, with everything going on with your father they are wondering-"

"They think I killed my parents?" I ask gobsmacked they would think that.

“Yes, and they think I covered it up. I have to go but I’ll fill you in when I-” I hear the jiggling of keys and a door shut when Marco speaks again. “Why is Cane here?”

“What?” I hear Soyer ask in the background.

“Probably parked here and went to the club. I’ll find him so I can lock the gates. Go, I’ll find him and ask him to move his car.” I hear Soyer tell him.

“Right.. Elena, your documents are in your filing box, I will let you know what is going when I know,”

“Fine, but stay in touch.” I tell him. We hang up and I turn to look at Axton.

“Marco will handle it. Don’t stress over it.” I nod my head, taking over dinner again. Axton wanders off while I set the pasta in the boiling water, he soon returns with his laptop and sits at the table and opens it.

Luke is playing his video game while the boys munch on their rusks in their highchairs while waiting for me to finish cooking. “What are you working on?” I ask Axton.

“Payrolls,” he answers and I nod my head. Ten minutes later dinner is cooked and Axton pushes his laptop aside and gets up to help me set dinner out. Yet my mind is on those files, knowing they hold the answers I need so I barely remember dinner at all. Until Axton is clearing the table which makes me look up.

“Sorry,” I mutter knowing I zoned out.

“Come on, help me get the boys bathed so we can have an early night,” he tells me and I stand up. Luke is stacking the dishwasher and I move to grab Bane. His face covered in spaghetti sauce. I chuckle wiping his face with his bib before following Axton to the hall. Stopping I peer back at Luke. “You ok?” I ask him and he looks over at me, dish in hand. He gives me a thumbs up and I nod watching as he turns back to his task.

The night seems to end in the same routine except now I am staring at the ceiling twiddling my thumbs bored.

“Why don’t you pick a movie to watch or something?” Axton suggests and I look over at him. He has spent the last few hours checking his laptop every five damn minutes.

“What are you waiting on?” I ask him.

“The notification for the quarterly taxes?”

“It’s nearly midnight. Check it in the morning,” I tell him.

“Supernatural courts don’t sleep. It’s twenty four hours. And Marcol put a urgent request on it.” Axton says and I see him refresh his portal again. Shaking my head I lean over him to steal the remote when I hear his laptop make its notification jingle. Falling back against my pillow I start flicking through the many apps on the TV when he groans.

“What?”

“My laptop is about to die,” he curses and I sigh.

“Can I email it to yours?” he asks.

“Can’t it wait until morning?” I ask him, becoming annoyed that he told me I can’t work but he’s done nothing but work all damn night.

“I need to send it off, its past due,” I groan. Just as I got comfy. Getting up, and tossing the blanket back Axton jumps to his feet.

“I’ll grab it,” he tells me quickly leaving to head to his office to retrieve it. “Why do these apps have so many movies, how are you supposed to pick?” I ask Lexa, when nothing catches my attention. Axton returns and hands me my laptop. I unlock it.

“Password is your name.”

“That’s it?” Axton asks and I nod.

“That is the shittiest password, anyone could guess that.”

“I have two factor authentication. Why, what is yours?” I ask him.

“Your date of birth.”

“And you think my password is shitty, and I know you don’t have two factor authentication,” I tell him as he unlocks my computer. My phone bings and I approve it being unlocked while he takes a seat.

“Yeah, good point,” Axton mumbles sitting beside me. He finds whatever he sent to my email before tapping his chest and I raise an eyebrow at him. He pats his chest again.

“Elena, now,” he growls and I roll my eyes and move closer only for him to jerk me so I am half laying on him.

“Frig sake, I can’t see the TV now!” I whine.

“Because I want to show you something.” Axton purrs burying his face in my neck. He taps my laptop screen and I glance at it. My brows furrow, confused at what I am looking at because it has nothing to do with taxes or what he claimed he was doing. Instead its the title for his pack.

“What?” I ask him peering up at him.

“I don’t want to be your alpha, Lena,” Axton murmurs. “I want to be your mate,”

“You’re alpha,” I remind him.

“Not on paper,” he tells me and my head jerks back to the screen. My eyes widen when I see his name is gone and mine in its place as the alpha. I blink at the screen. He gave me his pack...

“Axton, I don’t want your pack. I have two,”

“Now three, I may be alpha, but I will never be your Alpha. Now we are equal,” he whispers as I stare at the screen. “I rather be your Lupha,” he chuckles, and I look at him.

“Lupha?” I chuckle,

“You can tell Michelle, I said thanks for the honorary title, I thought she had speech impediment until I kept hearing your pack call me it,” he laughs and I smile.

Axton grabs the laptop setting it aside before turning back to me. A devious smile on his lips as he leans down, pressing his lips to mine. “I love you, Alpha,” he mumbles against my lips, and I chuckle.

“Love you too, Lupha.”

“Is it weird that I don’t actually hate it, I can get used to it,” he chuckles.

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Chapter 149

Chapter 146 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Elena POV

Axton and I spent the night watching movies. Or I did because he fell asleep about twenty minutes in, and I have been listening to him snore quietly ever since. Flipping my pillow over, I try to get comfy. However, my mind is on what Marco had said earlier about us being under suspicion for my parents’ murder when in fact, it was a murder-suicide. One done out of my

mother's love for us, but I now wonder if it was also to put herself out of her own misery of living with a broken mate bond. I couldn't imagine that torture.

My mind didn't want to switch off, conjuring up every scenario from the past couple of days, how rapidly our lives have changed. I can't remember how we got here. How did our lives get to this point? It seems more like I am thinking of someone else's memories, not mine. Or maybe I am still in shock and grief that is making me feel like an outsider in my own life. I wanted to find a way to make sense of the chaos, but it felt like I was grasping at straws. I felt like I had been living in a parallel universe with no control over my life. I just wanted to go back to the way things were. The way things were when our lives weren't so broken. So once again, in the dead of night, sleep eludes me.

My mind keeps churning, working in overdrive, and my body refuses to rest. I can't shake the feeling of restlessness that has kept me awake, and I know I need to find something to occupy myself.

My mind fixates on the files Marco had left for me at the council chambers. It is almost as if they hold the answers to all of our problems, and I need to find a way to access them. I know I won't be able to rest until I have those files. As I sit up in bed, my eyes adjusting to the darkness, I know I need to go get them.

So, I slipped out of bed, being extra mindful not to wake Axton, who always seemed to have a way of sensing when I was up to something.

The only problem was they were sitting untouched in my filing box. at the council chambers. So, with a sense of guilt, I get dressed as quietly as possible, not wanting to wake Axton. He stirs but rolls over, blissfully unaware of my escape. I tiptoe to the closet and grab some clothes. I grab a pair of dark jeans, a black sweater, and a pair of black sneakers. Glancing over my shoulder toward the bed, I quickly dress and grab my keys from the bedside table before heading out the door.

Guilt washes over me as I snuck out of the house, but my need for answers outweighed everything else. The night air is cool and crisp as I step out of the house, the moon casting its pale light over the world around me, and I gently pull the door closed and rush to my car. Putting the car in neutral, I let the car roll down the driveway and onto the street. With one last parting glance at the house, I start the car. He won't even realize I left, and it is like a ten-minute drive.

I moved quietly through familiar streets. The city streets are eerily still and silent, the darkness only illuminated by the occasional streetlight. I can feel the tension in the air, and I feel a chill run down my spine as I drive. The streets are coated in a thick layer of fog. I can barely see the white lines on the road and the outlines of the buildings around me.

The quietness of the place is unnerving, making my senses on high alert as I near my destination.

“It’s the curfew, remember? The entire city has a curfew now. You’re freaking out for nothing,” Lexa reminds me, and I exhale, having forgotten all about the city being on lockdown during the night. A guilty feeling nags at me, knowing I am sneaking around

at this hour, knowing I am violating my mate’s rules for the city, but my curiosity got the best of me.

Pulling up at the council chambers, the gates are open. “Crap, Soyer must have forgotten to close them,” I curse, and Lexa grumbles in my head, but it saves me from unlocking them. Upon pulling into the parking lot, I find it deserted. No cars in sight. I switch the car off and reach into my handbag, which

I left in the car. I rummage through it, looking for my keys and passcard for the security doors inside. Finding them, I shove my door open and climb out.

The council chambers at night are hauntingly eerie. The only sound is the occasional wind gust through the deserted parking lot. The darkness of the night is only broken by the pale moonlight. The fog seems to add to the sense of dread as I look up at the huge building cast in shadow by the skyscrapers surrounding it. As I approach the council chambers, the shadows in the windows seem to come alive. I know it is just my paranoia, and Lexa has a fun time making fun of me as I make my way to the huge doors.

I place my key in the panel, and the sliding doors open. I rush inside to the alarms and flip open the box to turn the alarms off; however, when I look at the panel, I notice they already are off.

“Geez, I know Marco was in a rush, but damn, this is just plain careless,” Lexa mutters to me.

Closing the alarm panel, I move to the next set of doors and unlock them with my card. I push through the turnstiles and head toward the filing room, turning lights on as I pass.

Once again, I use my card to open the door and flick the lights on. They flicker and buzz before turning on and illuminating the place. Rows of hardwired cabinets line this room. Each pack has its own row. Mine is at the back by the far window, covered in steel bars I wander toward the back, where my filing cabinet and postal box are.

I set my bag on the desk in the far corner near my filing cabinet. I slide my card through the swipe code, and it turns green and opens the door for me to slide out and rummage through. I find the envelope sitting at the top and grab it out. Shutting it with my hip, the cabinet bings telling me it’s locked, and I wander to the desk to check everything is here when suddenly the lights go out.

The room is plunged into darkness, and I stare at the ceiling and instantly reach for the lamp on the desk. It doesn’t turn on. “Well, duh. The power is out!” Lexa tells me, and I groan at my stupidity.

“Just grab it and let’s go,” Lexa tells me. My eyes adjust to the darkness, and I move back to my handbag, cramming the file into it. I pull the strap over my hip when I notice the parking lot lights are still on. “Aren’t the city lights on a different grid?” Lexa asks. “Maybe,” I offer when I notice two cars in the rear parking lot through the steel bars.

“Wait, isn’t that Soyer’s and Cane’s car?” Lexa asks as I peer out into the eerie foggy parking lot. I lean closer, peering out the window. “Maybe they walked to the club across the road and caught a taxi home,” I mumble to myself. Shaking my head, I turn around, head down, rummaging at the bottom of my bag for my keys. However, I walk into a wall. I stagger back when a set of hands grip my arms. A growl tears out of me, and I lift my gaze finding Alpha Cane. I exhale a breath of relief.

“Geez, Cane. I slap his arm trying to catch my breath after the fright he just gave me. “You nearly gave me a heart attack.” I laughed aloud. He stares at me, and I wonder if he is drunk.

“Did you come to collect your car? Is Soyer with you? Make sure you lock the gates on your way out,” I remind him about to step

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past him when he steps in my path. I look up at the man. He watches me with cold eyes that seem vastly different. It takes me a second to figure out why, the whites of his eyes are red. I squint at him. “Cane, are you alright?” I ask him. While Lexa presses anxiously against my skin, a shiver runs down my spine, and dread pools in my stomach. His aura feels off. Different.

“I actually liked you,” Cane tells me, speaking slowly.

“Pardon?” I ask, confused.

“But you just had to snoop, couldn’t leave things be.” He snarls. The next minute I see his fist fly toward my face. Everything happens so fast that I didn’t expect it. His fist connects with the side of my head so hard I see literal stars. With more force than that of any werewolf, I’ve encountered.

Darkness swallows me seconds before I hit the ground, my ears ring loudly, and my head seems to have developed its own heartbeat as it throbs violently. Footsteps barely reach my ears, and I try to remember what is going on. Am I dreaming?

“It didn’t have to be this way; I never asked for this. But you forced my hand!” Comes an angry voice when suddenly I feel, hear, and see nothing.

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Chapter 75

Axton POV

I jerk awake, my heart pounding in my chest and drenched in sweat. Peering up at the ceiling, I try to figure out what woke me. Was it just a nightmare? I can't remember the dream if it was. Something feels wrong. My body is on alert, my senses heightened, and I'm overcome with a sense of fear and dread. I can feel the adrenaline pumping through my veins.

The room is dark and silent, broken only by my panting breaths.

"Elena..." I mumble, feeling her side of the bed. As I feel around for her body sleeping next to me, I find her side cold as if she hadn't been there at all.

Fear creeps through my veins, and I sit up, looking toward the bathroom, but no lights are on either. I slowly sit up in bed, taking care not to make any sudden movements. I strain my ears, listening for any sound that might indicate the cause of my unease. I can hear my own heart beating in my chest and my breathing rhythm, but nothing else. I reach for my lamp and switch it on. My eyes dart around the room. I jump out of bed, looking frantically around the room for any sign of her while feeling for her through the bond. As I tug on the bond, Khan awakens.

"What is it?" Khan asks me. It takes a second for him to realize we can't feel Elena. It's almost like she is asleep, but we can usually feel her, sense her dreams, something. But we got nothing.

"Why can't I feel her or Lexa?" Khan panics.

"Maybe she is asleep in the boys' room?" I offer.

Stumbling blindly towards the boys' bedroom door, I poke my head

in to find them both sleeping soundly. When I turn around, my eyes are drawn to the bedroom door. Seeing it open, I knew it was closed when we headed to bed. Fear courses through every fiber of my being, and I grab whatever clothes are closest and rush out of the room, heading toward Luke's room. Shoving his door open, he jerks awake and rubs his eyes.

"What?" he grumbles while my eyes scan his room for any sign of her. My heart sinks when I realize that she's not there, and I look back at him in despair.

“Axton?” Luke mumbles, staring at me. Luke’s face was filled with confusion, his eyes still heavy with sleep. He is wearing a pair of bright blue pajamas, and his hair was ruffled from the sudden awakening.

“It’s probably nothing. Go back to sleep,” I tell him before shutting his door.

Racing out of the house, I’m hit with cold air that feels like a slap in the face. I look for her in every direction, but nothing-no trace of her. As I step around the side of the house, the heavy air with dense fog made it difficult to see more than a few feet ahead. The fog dampened the sound of my breathing. Even the moon shone weakly through the haze, casting an eerie glow on the front yard. I stand still, listening carefully for any sound that may indicate where Elena is when I notice her car is gone.

Panic builds within me; all I can think about is finding her. Pulling on our bond, I concentrate on reaching out to her. I search for any sign that will tell me where she went.

But even as my bond stretches, it reaches the end of its tether. Khan also feels for any sense of direction. He reaches farther than ever before, but there’s still nothing to be found. She’s gone, and deep down. I know I have to find her before it’s too late....

As I open the mind-link, I feel for Ell. Forcing myself into his head. He groans, waking up.

“What is it, Alpha?” He groans, half asleep.

“Have you seen or heard from Elena?” I ask him, which has him suddenly wide awake.

“What, no... Why?”

“She’s missing, and I can’t feel her.” Send Michelle to watch the boys and Luke. I need to find her. Something is wrong; I can feel it.” I tell him, and I hear him opening the mind-link to our warriors to send out a search party while I race back inside.

Grabbing the house phone, I dial her number, but it goes straight to voicemail.

I try not to panic as I wait for Michelle to arrive, running through scenarios in my head of what could have happened and why she is gone. But no matter how much I think, nothing is coming to me, only white noise in my mind. Finally, Michelle comes bursting through the door. The moment she does, I snatch my keys and phone off the table and run for my car. I race down the steps, and only when I reach the final step do I suddenly feel her. My mind- link opens quickly, and I reach out to her.

“Elena?” I call out to her.

“Axton,” she murmurs, her voice barely audible.

“Where are you, babe?” I ask, knowing something is wrong. The pain hits me like a tidal wave, my head throbbing to its own beat; I can feel her disorientation and confusion as if it were my own.

“Elena, stay awake. Where are you?” I ask firmer. Khan presses beneath my skin. “She’s east of us,” Khan tells me.

“It’s Cane...

“What’s Cane?” I ask her, trying to keep her awake so I can feel. which direction she is in.

“He’s the Strigoi..... He.....” she mumbles through the link, and my brows pinch when I feel her fading again. I lose focus on the bond when pain courses through the front of my face and the side of my head.

“Listen to my voice, Elena,” I command her. “Keep your eyes open and stay awake.”

Knowing we don’t have any more time, I rush to the car, throw my door open and start it up. The engine roars to life under me as I push hard on the accelerator and take off. I reverse into the mailbox as I pull out of the driveway.

“Elena?!” I yell when I get one word before she cuts out completely. “L chambers.”

“Elena?”

I call out to her, trying to focus on the road and the mind-link.

“Elena?” The bond dies once again, and I lose her, but we have one direction.

“Chambers?” I mutter under my breath.

“Marco sent the papers she filed for to her filing box,” Khan tells

“The council chambers,” I gasp, forcing the mind-link open before telling my warriors to head to the council chambers. Pressing the button on my phone, I ring Marco telling him to get back here before I hear fighting, and I know he will kill anyone in his way to get back to us.

Hanging up, trusting he’ll find a way to get back here, I ring the one person I don’t want to, Osiris.

“This wanna be important to wake me at such an ungodly fucking hour!” he answers after a few rings.

“I need your help. He took Elena.” I hear movement as I race through the streets, taking a corner far too sharp, and the car slides out, the back end smashing into a telephone pole.

“Who has her?” he asks.

“Cane...Cane is the Strigoi!”

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