

On The Run 119

Chapter 119

Elena POV

The boys fell asleep quickly once Axton left. However, I barely slept at all. All night, I was tossing and turning. The storm outside was horrendous, and every sound had me jumping, thinking we were under attack again.

It wasn't until early morning, when the light started to fill the room, ruining my stare off with the ceiling, that I rolled. Only to nearly roll off the bed, my hands grab the corner of the mattress, and I cling to the edge of the bed, having forgotten I moved to the edge, so the boys didn't wriggle their way to the edge and fall off.

Trying to pull myself up, I lose my grip. A shriek leaves my lips, my hands flail, catching air, and I am again staring at the ceiling. Only this time, I'm on the hardwood floor. I groan, sitting up, and Lexa groggily comes forward.

"Some of us need sleep, you know!" Lexa scolds while I rub the elbow that I landed on. The next second I hear running footsteps, and my bedroom door bursts open. Marco stumbles into the room, looking disheveled and half asleep in just his black boxer shorts. and a white tank top. He exhales loudly, clutching the door.

"Jesus, Elena!" he sighs, walking over and offering me his hand. I take it, letting him pull me to my feet.

"When did you get back?" I ask him, remembering he left with Axton last night; I hadn't heard him return.

"A few hours ago," he scratches the back of his neck awkwardly. then yawns.

"Are you good?" he asks, and I glance at the boys, who are still fast asleep despite the loud thud I made when I hit the floor. I nod my head and lean over the bed. My body is still aching from challenging my father last night, but at least the pain is tolerable now and more of a dull ache.

I glance at him over my shoulder as I scoop up the

I get out. Put the kettle on," he tells me, turning for

about what?" I

"Your father."

do now?" I ask as I set the boys in their crib so I can

of the shower, but for now, coffee, and you need to send in the appeal to have Axton's restrictions lifted so I can approve

my mother yet?" I ask him while quickly

everyone was asleep when I got back." Marco shrugs, and I sigh. Great, this is the last thing we needed, but at least he has not

Lexa asks, just as perplexed as

she is like a hundred years old." Lexa shudders, and I roll my eyes

think they...

want my head!" I snap at her. I shake my head, shoving Lexa away with her vile thoughts about Marco and Sondra. It was far too early for that imagery to be in my head; she could have at least waited until after my morning coffee before

Sondra is sitting at the dining table in her floral gown and

I murmur, and she holds up