

Chapter 10

I cut off another piece of steak, chewing slowly, wondering if he will answer about Khan saving him.

“Is it really bothering you that much?” Axton asks, and I look at him.

“About how I killed my father?”

“I never asked that?”

“Yet I can feel your curiosity over it,” he says, grabbing his plate.

“You said you were seventeen. But we don’t get our wolves until 18.”

“Once my grandfather was back, my mother agreed to sign everything over to him. We were eating dinner; Eli was staying the night and I remember dad was in a great mood because he was drunk. I just assumed it was because we bought this place and were moving soon.” Axton pauses, staring down at his plate, his hand fisting around the knife.

“This packhouse?” I ask him. Axton nods.

“Yeah, mom was excited; she said this place would be a fresh start. Mom purchased it two weeks before we were moving the pack here.”

“And that’s why you lived in the apartment, not here because it was your mother’s?” Axton nods sadly.

“So, what happened?” I ask curiously.

“Dad was living away. He was living here for a bit to sort out things here. Mom and dad were constantly fighting, so it was a good break for her. Anyway, he came home. He handed her the paperwork. Mom asked if she could sign after we finished eating dinner. When we finished eating, he slid the paperwork over to her. Mom signed it and gave it back to him. My grandfather was talking to me. I had another fight in the

pits, and my hand was broken, so we were discussing my opponent.” I open my mouth to ask how he broke it, but he shakes his head.

“Anyway, mom made this strange noise, which made me look at her to see my dad had stabbed her in the throat with a steak knife. I was in shock and just stared at her. It happened so quickly and abruptly, and dad was in a good mood, so I didn’t think he would do something like that.” Axton stares at the knife in his hand, his eyes flickering for a second.

“He just kept stabbing her. My grandfather shifted and Eli ran for help. My grandfather tried to protect her. She was still alive, bleeding everywhere, but her wolf was a quick healer. She had to be living with my father as her mate,” he tells me, looking lost in some haunting memory.

“I tried to stop her bleeding and dad almost killed my grandfather when he shifted. That’s when I got Khan. His voice suddenly appeared in my head and screamed at me to drop the barrier between us. I didn’t know how; I tried. My father’s wolf ripped her to pieces in front of me. He broke both my legs and my arm when I tried to stop him. I was bleeding out; my grandfather was also hurt badly. He went to finish my grandfather and Khan smashed through the barrier and I shifted.”

“So, you killed him?” Axton shakes his head.

“No, I tried, but my father’s wolf was a monster, and Khan was brought on by my fear. Khan attacked him and ripped into him, but we were still no match for him. If it wasn’t for Eli, I would be dead.”

“What did Eli do?”

“Got my father’s gun and shot him. It didn’t kill him, but distracted him long enough for my grandfather to shift once my father turned on Eli. My grandfather knocked him out. Forced him to shift back.”

“So, when did you kill him?”

“A few weeks later, he tried to cover up my mother’s death. People were asking questions. So, I contacted Marco. But Marco’s hands were tied. Pack business is handled within the pack. Still is. Dad tried to get my grandfather to take my name off everything, but he refused.”

“So, you challenged him?” Axton shakes his head.

“How I killed him is not something I will tell you.”

“Why?”

“Because Alpha titles are handed down or challenged for, or given to the oldest child when a parent dies.”

“I don’t understand. The title would have been yours unless you killed him in cold blood?” Axton says nothing.

“You did, didn’t you? That is why there is so much media speculation about how you became alpha?”

“Marco helped cover it up. He told the council he witnessed the challenge in the pits.”

“Why would he do that?”

“Because my mother was Marco’s niece.” I nearly choke on my food at his words. I shake my head, knowing Sondra had no children.

“Sondra had no kids.”

“Yes, but Floyd had a daughter. That I am certain of,” Axton states.

“Floyd died. He was human? I met him.”

“Floyd wasn’t human. He was a werewolf like Marco before he was changed.”

“Wait, when was Marco changed?” I ask.

“I don’t know. I know he is a lot older than Floyd, decades older.”

“But wouldn’t that make Marco your uncle?”

“Yes, but also no. My mother was estranged from her father. She hated him, and Marco tried to convince her many times to leave my father, but she was his mate and she eventually had me. So, by blood we are no relation technically.”

“What do you mean?”

“Marco and Floyd weren’t blood brothers, but they were both raised by the same people. Both were orphaned in rogue attacks. When the foster carers were killed, Floyd was only a child. Marco used to work for my father. Until he died, luckily, he

had vampire blood in his system, so he came back a vampire. Not long after, Marco and Floyd's foster parents died. Marco raised his foster brother and became a council member, wanting to look for those responsible for killing them."

"No, we have to be talking about someone else." I tell him, this seems so far-fetched, I am struggling to keep up. Axton only shrugs.

"Marco from the council?" he asks. I nod my head.

"Well, that is the only Marco I know, unless you know another? Yet, I never knew Sondra, so maybe Marco has another brother?" Axton offers.

"Another brother called Floyd?"

Axton laughs. "I'm just telling you what I know. Your guess is as good as mine."

"We'll question Sondra when we get home," Lexa tells me. Yes, we would definitely sit down to have a chat about this.