

Chapter 44

Elena

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 fills the room, ruining my stare off with the ceiling, that I roll. 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 don'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'm going to go shower and get ready to head into the city. Are you going anywhere this morning?" Marco asks me, and I glance at him over my shoulder as I scoop up the

twins from the bed. I quickly shake my head, cradling the boys who stretch in my arms before snuggling against each other and going back to sleep.

“Good; I need to talk to you when I get out. Put the kettle on,” he tells me, turning for the door.

“Talk to me about what?” I ask him.

“Your father.”

“My father? What did he do now?” I ask as I set the boys in their crib so I can make coffee.

“He escaped. We’ll talk about it when I get out 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 it.”

“Wait, have you told my mother yet?” I ask him while quickly shutting the door and following him down the hall.

“No, 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 no pack to back him now. Marco disappears into Sondra’s room, and I stare at him.

“Did he just go into Sondra’s room?” Lexa asks, just as perplexed as me.

“Ew, gross, she is like a hundred years old.” Lexa shudders, and I roll my eyes at my wolf.

“You don’t think they... you know? --”

“Damn it, Lexa, why would you say that? That is not an image I want in 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 putting those thoughts in my head!

Walking down the steps, I make my way into the kitchen. Sondra is sitting at the dining table in her floral gown and her fluffy slippers, her hair in rollers still while sipping her tea.

“Morning,” I murmur, and she holds up her tea.

“Morning dear, did you get any rest?” She asks, and I shake my head.

“Barely any,” I tell her while filling up the kettle. I flick it on, wondering what the commotion outside is that has everyone looking at the far paddock behind the massive garages and the house. I peer out the window, seeing the women coming out of their homes bundled up in their gowns and slippers as they move to the side of the house.

I try to see where they’re going but only manage to headbutt the window, forgetting it’s closed. Sondra laughs as I rub my head.

“You definitely need coffee.” She chuckles when we hear beeping and machinery. My brows furrow, and Sondra looks over her shoulder at the double door leading outside.

“What’s that noise?” She asks, and I peer out the window, now seeing women running up the side of the house toward the garages, when I notice Eli frantically dialing a number or texting on his phone while sending nervous glances up the side of the house where the women just ran to.

“What is going on?” I mutter, turning and heading for the front door, when I hear metal on metal. I stop, staring at the door, and Sondra gets up, also looking at the door.

Rushing to the door, I toss it open and step outside into the frosty morning air. The sun is far too bright for my bleary eyes. I hold my hand up to shield them from the morning sun and turn, heading up the side when Eli waves his arms frantically.

“Elena, wait! I’m taking care of it!” Eli rushes out, racing over to me when I stop dead in my tracks, and my mouth falls open in shock to see a huge digger knocking down the garages. Michelle is yelling at the crew of men to stop what they’re doing, her hands waving frantically in the air while the other women talk in hushed murmurs.