

Chapter 60

Elena

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 was, she deserved so much more than the hand she was dealt. Everyone makes mistakes, 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, setting 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’s 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, each breath she takes, there is a longer pause between, 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 grab 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.