

## Chapter 62

Axton

Later that night.

Unlocking the penthouse apartment, I show Louise around. Luke races up the hall, but I can tell she is nervous about being back in the city.

“You know you and Luke can stay at home with me and Elena until you’re comfortable?” I remind her. She peers around, forcing a smile onto her face.

“Don’t be silly, besides you and Elena need some time to yourselves, and some privacy.” Louise tells me.

Sighing, I start twisting the key off the key ring when I hear Luke sing out. “Can I have this room?” he calls to his mother and I glance down the hall, he is in Elena’s old room. I haven’t been here since the day after she left me the second time. Unable to stay here, her scent was on everything, though I had sent a cleaner to tidy the place.

“No, I changed my mind, I want this one!” Luke sings out a second later, wandering into my old room.

“Pick whichever one you want, just not the main one, that’s your mother’s,” I tell him and he huffs.

“But this one hasn’t got a bathroom.” he whines, wandering back to Elena’s old room. I chuckle and so does Louise as I pass her the keys she’ll need. I also write down the security code.

“Fridge and pantry are stocked. I sent Eli out earlier, and—” I wander down the hall to show her the linen cupboard knowing they’ll need fresh sheets and towels; the others are probably a little stale and dusty.

“Towels, linen. Phone is on, and packhouse number is beside it. Also, the receptionist downstairs has all the pack numbers and you have the mind link!” I tell her. She

smiles and wanders to Elena's old room and I see Luke sitting on the end of the bed opening an envelope.

"What have you got?" Louise asks him and I am about to wander down the hall when I hear her scold, Luke.

"You don't open other people's mail."

"It's not other people's mail, look it's Elena's handwriting," Luke says and I stop. I glance back at the door.

"Exactly Elena's handwriting, meaning it is not yours!" she tsk's and I hear her sigh. Turning back to the room, Louise comes back out with the envelope, holding it out to me.

"It is addressed to you," she says. I take it, turning it over and indeed it is Elena's handwriting.

"That must have been the letter she said she left that we never found," Khan tells me. I nod, putting it in my jacket pocket.

"Aren't you going to read it?" Khan asks.

"Not sure I want to here with Louise, I doubt it has anything good in it," I tell him and he growls, knowing I am right.

"Elena said she'll swing by in the morning to grab you with the boys on the way out of the city, the truck arrives at the packhouse after noon," I tell Louise only for her to growl. She spins around, pointing a finger through the door at Luke.

"No jumping on the bed!" she scolds. I chuckle, shaking my head and wandering off when she sings out.

"Thank you," she says and I stop at the front door. I give her nod, before gripping the handle and walking out, excited to get home to my boys and my mate.

When I reach the bottom, I check security and make sure patrols are run around the building before climbing in my car. Shrugging my jacket off, I toss it on the passenger seat but grab the envelope out. Turning it over, I read the front, recognizing her handwriting easily. The front of the envelope reads.

For the mate I love to hate.... Axton

Opening the envelope, I suck in a breath wondering what she wanted to say back then, yet I also wonder why the cleaning lady never mentioned finding it. Pulling it out, Khan presses forward also wanting to read, well invade my thoughts with his running commentary while I read it.

Axton,

You have probably figured out I am gone by now. So, I wanted to explain. But first things first, I am not coming back, so don't look for me, though I will find a way to contact you to let you know the boys arrived safe. I have picked out the names already, and one might surprise you. I wish it didn't have to be this way, but I don't see this working out when you only see me as property. Though I was willing to try, only this time you weren't.

I never ran off to be with Jake... someone I thought was a friend, turned out to be a monster that will forever haunt me. But not as much as you will. You haunt me for a different reason though. Jake I never wanted. What he did I never asked for or wished for. I never loved Jake. What he did haunts me, his touch repulsed me, and sometimes I can still feel his hands, feel his fingers wrapping around my throat. Feel his breath on my neck. The fear of him haunts me.

But you? I loved you, even though you were hurting me too. And you haunt me for a very different reason.

You have no idea how much I prayed to the moon goddess that you would find us. That my father would. Anyone. But mostly you. I carry your sons, so I knew they'd be safest with you, I thought I would be. I once perceived hope as a fantasy, a conjured-up idea that you would come save us. Believed in it wholly, believed you would come for us and you did.

The relief of seeing you walk through that door was so immense. Finally, I could breathe... Only instead you stole my breath. You rejected me. I just wanted to touch you, know the nightmare I found myself in was over, know our boys were safe, that I was going home. I didn't even care about where home was as long as it was going back with you.

Only instead of being my freedom, you just became my next captor. I went from one cage to another, only this time I actually loved my tormentor.

I'm sorry I ran the first time, and I see what a mistake it was, but can you honestly say you wouldn't have done the same? Stomped down and destroyed by one Alpha, yet I

was expected to run into the arms of another? Another Alpha who decided it was okay to destroy me as long as he got his end game.

To me, you were just as bad as he was, you wanted to enslave a mate, my father wanted to enslave a daughter, then Jake wanted to enslave a blood bag, a toy, something for him to torment and play with. He played with my body, ruined it. But you played with something far more valuable, my heart.

Only you didn't just play with it. You broke it. Showed me how replaceable I am, showed me what it would be like to be loved by you, which is not the happily ever after I dreamt about.

Always pick the lesser of two evils. So, I picked you to place all my hope in, but it turns out you were worse than them all. You were worse because when you found me; I thought I would be given the opportunity to be your mate, equal because mates are supposed to be, only you showed me we're not.

Instead, I just became your breeder, a means for an heir. I thought I could forgive you, and even after everything I truly tried. Yet now stuck in my golden cage, the mirage that was once hope has now dissipated.

I'm done being a prisoner, I'm done being in someone's shadow, but most of all, I am done being disappointed. Everyone expects something of me while I am told not to expect anything in return. I wanted a mate. Even now, I am waiting for you to come home, waiting for you to change your mind, because despite hating you, I still want you, still love you. It may be the bond, it may not be, but you hurt me, as I hurt you, but I won't let you hurt our sons.

I refuse to live like this, I can't. I also won't let you take them from me.

You wanted a child. I guess you got what you wanted, 2 of them in fact, too bad you can't have them without their mother.

I will not apologize for running this time. This time I am not running because I am scared of being with you, this time I wanted you. You just didn't want me. So, this time I am running for our sons and a future I know I don't have with you. I hope you find what you're looking for Axton, I just hope it's not me.

Because if there is anything I know about hope. It's that it's always better conjured up than finding it in reality because once you find it, you realize how easily it is crushed.

Bye Axton.

PS. I'll be stealing your car and raiding your safe.

PPS. Tell Khan I'm sorry, and I love him, but you? I hope you choke on my metaphorical ghost dick!

Also, the laxatives were totally Lexa's idea, she decided to double your dosage, though it was mine to throw out all the toilet paper. Happy shitting!

Love, Elena x

My stomach sinks reading her letter and I fold it back up. Khan is quiet and my guilt nags at me. I knew I was hurting her, it was my intention back then, but not anymore. I fucked up, we both did.

"And now we make it up to her," Khan tells me.

"You mean I have to make it up to her, she said she loved you; she told me to suck her dick!" I tell him.

"Well, then you suck her ghost dick!" Khan orders, and I chuckle.

"Though I must admit the toilet paper was a shitty move," Khan agrees with me as I start the car to drive home.

"You reckon? I had to wipe my ass on a pair of socks!" I tell him and he laughs.