

Chapter 65

The shuffling of papers wakes me from my slumber, the room dim, the only light coming from the lamp on Axton's side of the bed. Rolling over, Axton has a stack of papers on the bed and scattered across his lap.

"What are you doing?" I yawn while stretching.

"Pack documents, also looking over treaty agreements," he tells me, yet his brows furrow in confusion.

"What is it?" I ask him.

"Elder Stiles from the Crident Pack." He mumbles to himself and I sit up.

"The missing Elder?" I ask and he nods, showing me the paper. I take it, glancing down at it.

"He signed a treaty agreement with my father's pack?" Axton nods.

"Yes, expanding borders, appears your father was in debt to the council. That isn't what I find strange though, or surprising, it's that he signed his pack over to Osiris." I glance at Axton, and he holds up another document.

"But they were estranged?" I tell him.

"Exactly, it also shows here that Elder Stiles dropped the claim for your father's land right here," Axton points out.

"So?" I ask, trying to figure out what he is trying to say. My father was the head council member. It is not uncommon for the council to sweep things under the rug to prevent it getting out.

"The date, he'd been reported missing three days earlier,"

"So, it couldn't have been Stiles," I gasp.

“Exactly, but someone that had access to his portal.”

“Osiris,” I tell him and he scratches the back of his neck.

“But why would Osiris cut a deal with my father?” Axton shrugs.

“That’s what I want to know,” he says, grabbing another document from a box on the floor which I notice is his personal documents, the rest I can tell are from the council. I help him go through all the pack archives before Axton grabs the box, rummaging through it. Picking up the council documents, I find a USB fall out of one of the packages.

“What’s this?” I ask him and he shrugs.

“Where did it fall out of?” he asks.

“No, idea it was sitting on the bed under all...this” I glance at the mess we made.

Axton takes it, looking at it then shrugs. “Wait here, I will grab my laptop.” He tells me wandering off. I start packing up the files we went through already and move his box to the floor when I notice the document on top.

Nightfall pack ownership papers, Axton’s pack. Only it isn’t just about his pack records on its own, Marco’s signature on the bottom ruling the death by challenge, yet when I pick up the envelope under it; Axton suddenly snatches it from my hand with a growl having come back into the room.

I watch him for a second. “What are you hiding, Councilman Axton?”

“Nothing, stay out of it. We aren’t investigating me but everyone else.” he snarls.

I press my lips in a line, offended that he still doesn’t trust me enough to tell me even now I have marked him. He drops it back in the box, then moves to sit on the bed with his laptop.

He plugs the USB in and I watch the screen to see it is a news clip. “Ah, just Alpha Cane’s story that was on the news,” Axton tells me about to pull it out.

I move stopping him, having not seen the news clip. Axton sighs passing it over and the news anchor explains there was a car crash not far from the city. It then shows photos of the wreckage which is nothing more than burned remains, and crumpled metal. It then goes on to question the pack's future and who will take over the pack

before Alpha Cane's picture comes up on the screen. Only the picture seems off to me when I realize why. He's in a hospital gown.

"Was Alpha Cane in the wreckage?" I ask Axton and he shakes his head, glancing at the screen.

"That's an old photo; the man is messed up. He spent a few years in an insane asylum, after his father declared he wasn't in position for the title," Axton explains.

"And that sent him crazy?" I question.

"No, he was never crazy. Rumor was Alpha Cane was going to out his father's underground dealings, so to shut him up, his father had him admitted." Axton tells me.

"Then how did he get out?"

"Marco helped. When I moved here and realized this is the city his family came to, I questioned his whereabouts. It seemed off, so I had Marco look into it. Marco got him out and Cane left to become a mechanic or something, he never returned to the city until his father and brother passed." Axton tells me. I nod feeling terrible for Alpha Cane.

"So back to Elder Stiles and Osiris?" I ask him.

"And Thomas," Axton murmurs and I look at him.

"How I didn't notice before is beyond me."

"Notice what?"

"This... he witnessed Elder Stiles agreement with your father, but Stiles was already missing. None of this makes sense." he whispers the last part.

"Do you know what your father's debt was for?" he questions. I shake my head.

"Maybe ask my mother?" I tell him and he nods. "I will grab the pack files tomorrow once we get back from moving the last of the stuff out." I tell him. He sighs, and places the documents on the bedside table, packing up the papers when he picks up his box. I look away busying myself with a stack in front of me when he sighs. Suddenly the yellow envelope drops next to me. I look at Axton.

"Go on, you'll only snoop later," he growls, walking the box back to the walk-in closet where he has a safe.

“I wasn’t going to snoop!” I tell him.

“No, but you’re angry I won’t tell you.” he calls out as I pick it up. I sit it back on the bedside table now feeling like I’ve forced him to give it to me. Since when did relationships get so crazy?

“When we could suddenly feel him!” Lexa deadpans and I roll my eyes just as he comes out.

He growls, snatching the document. “I gave it to you!”

“But not because you wanted to.” I remind him. He clicks his tongue and shakes his head when I feel embarrassment leak through the bond. He falls onto the bed opening it, grabbing some pictures out and dropping them in my lap. Picking them up he speaks.

“I shouldn’t be Alpha,” he tells me.

“The title would have been handed down to you anyway,”

“But they’re right, the rumors, I never challenged him. I’d be in prison if Macro hadn’t covered it up,” I turn the photos over to find they’re crime scene photos.

Only when I come to one of his father’s body to, I realize what he means. “You shot him?” I ask. No wonder there was so much speculation regarding his death.

“While he was asleep.” Axton admits and nods to the next photo which is vastly different. Instead of it being in the room the body had been moved and looked like it was put through a shredder to imitate a challenge.

“Why would you keep this?” I ask, holding up the one of his fathers, in his bed, blood covering his face from the bullet to the head.

“I didn’t, Marco wasn’t initially at the scene first. That is one of the real crime scene photos that Marco had taken off one of the officers,”

“Which officer?” I ask. Axton shrugs, “Marco took care of him, too,” I chew my lip and nod. Now it makes so much sense why he didn’t want me to know. This information could ruin him and destroy his pack.

“Unfortunately, that photo somehow survived. Marco got it back for me before it was leaked.”

“Someone got hold of the pictures?”

“No, Marco believes it was sent via text before Marco got there,”

“Sent to who?”

“Your father, he went to leak it to the news outlet here. Everything has to be run by the major investors of the station. Marco is one of them,”

“Wait, Sondra’s?” Axton nods his head.

“Yeah, I didn’t know Sondra existed or that she owned it or about Floyd being my mother’s father, not for sure anyway. But I knew Marco handled a lot of this city’s socials and news stations, being this is one of the city’s he maintains through the supernatural council. So, when your father came in with the photo, he thought Marco would be happy to let it out, not realizing my mother was Marco’s niece, and I was like family to him. All your father knew was that Marco hated my father; he just didn’t know why. He also didn’t realize he was leaking a picture to the very man who helped cover it up.”

“Yeah, I could imagine his shock when he learned of Floyd being Marco’s brother and Sondra being the biggest stakeholder in the city since most of that is covered up by the supernatural governments. That explains though, how a human woman could have so much control.” I tell him.

“Control you now have since everything of Sondra’s is now yours,” Axton tells me, and I sigh. Just hearing that sounds daunting and leaves a target on my back.

“So, this is why you were after my father and why you leaked the sex tape?” I ask him. Axton exhales.

“Not the only reason, but part of it, yes. I needed him off the council because he was using that initially to blackmail me. When I refused, he went to take it to the local news station, Marco found it and compelled him to find out if there were any other copies, there weren’t thankfully, but your father was not happy. However, we don’t understand how your father got his hands on that picture or why it was sent to him, as far as we could tell, he had no links to the dead officer,” Axton states.

I chew my lip. That is an issue.