

Chapter 66

All night, it played on my mind. Even when I woke up, I suffered from the lingering effects of the dreams this knowledge caused. I had dreamt so many possible scenarios, my dreams plagued with nightmares of each one. I needed to figure out how everything links because I am positive there is a connection in some way.

Axton believes it doesn't link with what is happening now, but I think it somehow does. Some incessant nagging voice in my head that for once wasn't Lexa telling me we were missing something. Something vital. Just seems like too much of a coincidence that all Alphas are linked to Stiles, who's missing. And those same Alphas are out to stop Axton? And now me...

Axton passes me a travel cup full of steaming hot coffee. He had meetings today and is debating whether to cancel them. My mother and I still have a fair bit of packing up to do, having not finished everything yet. We still had to drag out the last of Sondra's stuff from her room that survived Marco from the other day; we would toss everything in storage to be sorted later.

"Are you sure you'll be fine?" Axton asks me for the hundredth time. It's almost like he believes I can't survive without him holding my hand.

"Yes, it won't take long. We'll follow the truck back," I tell him.

"If I finish early, I will come out and help," he says, leaning inside the car and pecking my cheek while I start the car. I place my cup in the cup holder while he pulls his jacket on. I watch him climb in his car before reversing and heading to the borderline to pick up my mother and Luke.

This morning its particularly chilly; the rains coming, and a storm was brewing silently; I could feel it, that strange, bizarre instinct to take cover settling over me, and the faint scent of moisture in the air, the dampening smell lingering in the breeze.

I chuckle, watching Luke climb over the front seats to squeeze between the car seats, his shoulders rubbing the seats. He doesn't seem to mind as he coos at his nephews

while clicking in his seatbelt. My mother climbs in with a laundry basket of cleaning products.

“We are supposed to be emptying the place, not filling it with more junk,” I tell her as she shuts the door.

“I want to leave the place clean,” she tells me.

“Axton organized cleaners to go out there Thursday,” I remind her.

“I know, but I don’t want the cleaners to think we live like pigs,” she snaps, and I raise my eyebrows at her and chuckle. Mom was one of those people you take on holidays, and she brought a bag of cleaning products to clean the hotel room before we left. She used to be the same back home. The house would be spotless before the cleaner came, and the poor girl would scratch her head, wondering what to do. I used to tell her to make it look like she was busy, or she would usually spend time re-stacking the attic or basement to kill time.

When we reach the house, Luke helps me drag the bouncers and playpen inside to set the boys up while we get to work. Checking each room is empty while my mother frantically cleans every inch of the house. Heaven forbid the cleaners actually had to clean.

Dragging the last box from the basement, I find my mother using the broom to sweep the cobwebs from the banisters. I set the box by the front door before stopping to drink some of my now lukewarm coffee. “Did Dad ever say anything about Elder Stiles to you?” Mom stops what she is doing and glances at me, her brows furrowing in confusion.

“Not really until your father found out I owned the pack. Stiles came to me and said he believed the pack was safest in my hands; I was trying to find something to use against your father anyway,” she tells me with a shrug.

“So you didn’t know Stiles was going to report dad?” she looks at me. Clearly, this is news to her too.

“What?”

“Yeah, Stiles and Dad were arguing. That is why Stiles wanted to give you the pack.”

“No—” Mom’s brows furrow, and I can tell she is genuinely confused.

“No, I told Stiles I wanted a divorce. He said your father wouldn’t let me leave and that I needed leverage, so he overrode the system so I could send off the change of titles. I never put it in my name; I sent it off for it to be placed in your name. Your father didn’t know until after I left, he only knew about the divorce. Stiles signed the paperwork for it.” she tells me.

“Stiles signed those papers?” Mom nods her head.

“Yeah, said soon your father would come under fire, that he was glad because he was worried about what would happen to the pack, so he offered to help me forge the documents, kept them sealed from the other council members, or tried to, but somehow he found out. So I rejected him, and well, all hell broke loose,” she sighs, glancing toward the living room to look at Luke. She smiles sadly, and I can see talking about my father is upsetting her, so I drop the subject, instead returning back to the tasks while wondering who told my father about the forged divorce papers.

Hearing one of the boys cry out, Luke sings out to tell me I’ve run out of diapers in the bag. I groan, and mom chuckles, scrubbing the stove top; who would have thought three measly stairs on the porch could make your legs burn so badly? I’ve trudged up them that much this morning. I’m surprised I haven’t run tracks into them. Walking back out to the car, my phone rings, and I pull it from my back pocket. Axton.

“Yes?” I answer while propping the phone on one ear and shoulder as I start rummaging for the diapers I swore were left in the back pocket of the seats.

“I’m heading out to you now; only Soyer, Osiris, and Marco showed up. We finished early,” Axton tells me, and I smile, digging under the seat.

“Great, I will see you soon,” I tell him before hissing when I jam my thumb under something beneath the seat. I suck on it.

“What’s wrong?”

“Looking for spare diapers,” I tell him.

I rummage through the car, looking for the spares I always keep.

“I put them in the trunk,” Axton tells me, and I groan before shutting the door, popping the trunk, and finding where Axton placed them.

“I should be around twenty minutes. Do you want me to bring anything?”

“Coffee,” I chuckle.

He laughs. “Okay, love you, see you soon,” he tells me before hanging up. Shaking my head, I move back toward the house when I hear glass break. I jog up the steps assuming mom dropped something.

“Everything alright,” I sing out, closing the front door when my nose picks up a strange scent, my brows furrow, wondering where I’ve smelt it before. Shaking it off to the amount of cleaning chemicals mom has used. I move past the kitchen to notice mom is no longer there.

“Elena?” Luke croaks through the mind-link just as I round the corner into the living room. My mother has her hands out in some placating gesture, tears trekking down her cheeks. Luke clutches Kyan, who is wailing loudly in his arms, while my mother shields them with her body. My heart nearly stops when I see my father holding Bane.