Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 18

Axton

One minute I'm asleep, the next, I wake up in the worst pain I have ever felt in my life. I can't breathe. I can't think past the pain ripping through my chest. Khan howls in agony, making my head feel like it's split in two before my claws slip out and start ripping my chest apart as if he alone could rip our heart out just to stop the pain.

Then, I feel nothing. Everything goes black, time escapes me, and I can hear their screams and feel Khan's rage as I fight for control, but he shoves me further back until I stop fighting at all. The pain is too much. I have lost control and I am too pained to fight him, so I let him loose, knowing it is pointless to try.

However, when I come to, and control is suddenly given back to me, I relish the pain of my bones snapping and realigning, anything to stop the pain that burns through my chest and sears my soul.

That relief lasts only moments. When I come back to my surroundings, I am drenched in blood and surrounded by patrols with guns raised. Now I realize why I was given control suddenly: because of tranquilizers. My world is spinning as I see the concrete drenched in blood rush toward my face. I stare at the body of one of my men next to me when everything goes black once again.

Khan feels dead inside, numb. Even his rage is gone, and I am left with this hollow void in my chest and head at her betrayal. Flickers or glimpses of Khan's fragmented memories filter through my head when I remember all the blood, so much blood. I lurch upright in panic, praying it's some sick nightmare and not my reality. The pain is gone, but I am no longer on the ground when I open my eyes. No, I am in a hospital bed.

Frantically, my eyes scan my surroundings to find Eli sitting in a chair across the room by the door, his head in his hands.

"Eli?" I ask, petrified, praying he would tell me I didn't kill them all. That Khan didn't kill them.

Eli looks up at me and leans back in his chair. He folds his arms across his chest. "I took care of it."

My heart races in my chest, yet tears stain his face as he stares out the window. It is still dark outside, and my head turns to look at the window before looking back at my best friend.

"I'm sorry. I didn't see him until it was too late. He got too close," Khan murmurs, and my stomach sinks.

See who? Who did he kill?

Eli turns his head back to me, his eyes all bloodshot, and I shake my head when I see his lip quiver as if he's barely holding himself together. There is only one person Eli would cry over: the man who practically raised us both.

"No!" I choke on the word, and it becomes more of a whimper. Eli swallows, but I shake my head. No, Khan wouldn't. He loved him just as much.

"After you killed Samson and Timothy. You went after Alpha Derrick, wanting to breach his borders. We would have been banished from the city," Eli says, and my heart sinks hearing my pack members' names.

I killed them. My own people, and I killed them.

"I panicked. I couldn't stop him. And I couldn't let Khan off pack territory," Eli says, and I look down at his clothes, finally noticing how torn they are. Gashes sliced his chest, and he's drenched in blood. "I used the mind link to get everyone to help subdue him." Eli breaks down, dropping his head in his hands.

"I didn't think he would come. I told him to get back," he chokes.

My heart beats faster, thumping erratically in my chest. He has always been able to calm Khan. Khan has never hurt him. He never could. The man helped me take down my father, his own son, to save the pack from him.

"He's gone, Axton. We couldn't stop the bleeding. He bled out."

I blink at him, and coldness seeps through me at his words.

"It's not your fault," Eli whispers, getting out of his seat.

I hold my hand up, knowing if he touches me, I will snap. "This is my fault," I tell him, knowing I should have fought harder. But it hurts, hurts so much, and I can't breathe. I just want the pain to stop.

"Did he suffer?" I ask, and Eli looks away.

"You don't want that answer."

I blink at him but nod almost robotically. Her infidelity made me lose control of my wolf and kill my grandfather. The one person who loved me, and I killed him because of her. And that I will never forgive her for.

She wants to run and not return because if she does, she will suffer the same fate once my children are born. I clench my jaw, letting my anger consume me; it's better than grief.

"We need to find her, and once we do, she will regret ever betraying me," I tell Eli, before getting up and storming out of the room. My hands ball into fists at my sides, and I growl furiously. She will pay for what she has done. I will make sure of it.

"Axton! She isn't to blame for this," Eli tells me, and I freeze, turning on my heel to face him.

"Khan is antsy because she left. We knew it was coming."

"That's not why I lost control of him, Eli. I lost control because she was fucking someone else."

He gapes at me before staggering backward. "She did what?"

"Elena betrayed the bond. That is why I lost control of Khan. We felt it!" I yell at him, and he flinches. "I need to go home."

"Go. I will take care of everything else."