

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 42

Axton

The moment the words leave my lips, Khan growls as he sees the broken look on her face. Despite the bond being gone, I still want to take the words back. Yes, I have been looking at nannies but haven't picked one. I don't think I truly would have. I just liked seeing her face when I brought them into the house, needing to see the pain I had felt for months in her eyes, too.

"Tell her you didn't mean it. Take it back, Axton," Khan roars angrily in my head.

She looks down at the crib, her hand sweeping over her giant belly, as her lip quivers and her eyes turn glassy with tears. She sets the teddy back in the crib and looks at me. The look she gives me says more than any words could.

Khan whimpers in my head, seeing her pain reflected back at us. "Axton, take it back. Tell her you didn't mean it."

My lips part, yet I am choked by the raw emotion that is so easily seen on her face. Khan's fury is like an erupting volcano about to spill out and decimate everything.

"Elena," I stammer out, grabbing her arm as she walks toward me. She stops, and I let out a breath of relief.

She turns to face me, and I am about to apologize, but she rushes past.

"I sho—" My words are cut off by the force of her hand connecting with my face, my face turning from the impact as heat rushes up the side of my face. Every finger I can feel branded into my skin, and the taste of copper fills my mouth as my teeth bite into my cheek.

Instinctively, my hand goes to my face where she's slapped me, the skin welting, and I know that must have hurt her hand because, fuck, my face is stinging. Shocked, it takes me a few seconds to recover, and by the time I do, she is already walking out of my room. Khan growls, the noise ripping from my chest as I go to stalk after her.

"I swear, if you touch her, I will throw us off the fucking roof," Khan snarls at me, making me stop.

"She fucking hit me!" I snap back at him.

"And by the look on her face from your stupidity, it would have hurt less if you'd punched her," he retorts.

Gritting my teeth, I move toward the door when I feel Khan shove forward. It becomes a battle of wills as we both fight for control. However, I have no choice but to sit down at the end of the bed. Eventually, my anger recedes, and I have no idea how much time has passed. I am too busy trying to block Khan out when I hear her door open, making me sit up.

Khan also stirs as I get to my feet and crack the door open. I hear her move toward the kitchen and expect to hear her open the fridge or flick the lights on, but she doesn't, which has me stepping into the hall. Quietly, I go see what she is doing. Only she isn't in the kitchen. My eyes scan the large open space when I see her next to the phone. I flick the light on, and she jumps.

"What are you doing?" I ask her, seeing the broken handset in her hands. "Elena?" I ask when she says nothing.

Instead, she sets the handset and base down back where they were and goes to walk past me when I step into her path. She smacks into my chest, a shrill shriek leaves her lips, and I grab her arm to steady her. My eyes roam over her nightie and robe. Her belly brushes my stomach, and I fight the urge to reach out and smooth my hands over it.

She jerks away from me. "Let me pass."

I look at her face to find her glaring at me. "Why were you playing with the phone?" I ask her, but she just presses her lips in a line, refusing to answer me. I growl at her, and she finally meets my gaze.

“I asked you to move,” she says, coldly.

“Axton!” Khan snaps at me, forcing me to step aside, yet as she moves past me, I see the end of a cord peeking out of her robe pocket. I grab her arm, stopping her and pulling it from her pocket. She growls at me and tries to snatch it.

“Who gave you this?” I demand.

“I fucking did. Now let her go!” Khan snarls in my head.

Elena reaches for it again, but I pull back from her.

“I have done everything you have fucking asked for months, and you deprive me of everything. I just wanted to speak to my mother!”

“Deprive you? I give you everything you could possibly need, Elena, and the first chance you got, you left!”

“Because you wouldn’t let me see her! I have lost everything because of you, everything!” she screams, shoving me. Her hands smack into my chest, and she snatches the cord off me and turns to walk back to her room.

My arms wrap around her chest when I grab her, and she freezes.

“Don’t blame me. You ran off with that bastard. You rejected me. Was I supposed to welcome you back with fucking open arms? Now, give me the cord,” I growl at her.

Khan tries to force control before stopping, realizing his fighting me has my grip tightening on her chest. She whimpers, and he backs off instantly as she struggles against me.

Elena’s entire body trembles, and I am about to let her go when she holds her hand up, the cord shaking in her grip.

“Take it then,” she chokes out, and I let her go, stepping away from her.

“You fucking hurt her!” Khan snarls.

“I did no such thing,” I snap back at him. I am damn done with his commentary. I know the bastard has been up to something with how tired I have been waking up. The smell of blood reaches my nose, and Elena turns. Only then do I see he is

right. Her chest is bleeding, and my lips part. My claws have slipped out. I gasp and reach for her when she takes a step back and tosses the cord at me. It hits me in the face, and I snatch it out of the air before it falls to the ground.

“Elena, wait, let me check on you,” I call out, chasing after her.

She doesn’t stop, instead shutting her door in my face.

“Fuck! You didn’t have to intervene. I wasn’t going to hurt her,” I snarl at Khan.

“How was I supposed to know? All you’ve done is hurt her!”

Growling, I move back to my room and open the bedside drawer. When he sees me pull the sedatives out, Khan instantly tries to fight me. “Wait, Axton, I—”

“No, you lied to me. I knew you were sneaking around while I slept. I can’t even trust my own wolf,” I tell him while popping the cap and swallowing the pills. I gag. Khan once again tries to fight me for control when I manage to swallow them down.

“Axton, you idiot...”

“I can’t trust you,” I tell him, waiting for the pills to kick in. His voice grows fainter, and so does his presence, until I eventually can’t feel him at all. Sighing, I get up and walk out to the kitchen to get a drink, the powder-coated pills leaving a foul taste in my mouth. I grab a can of Coke from the fridge and am about to cut the cord when I stop.

My eyes dart to the telephone. Despite Khan being suppressed, I know he will be bitching at me about it being just a phone. Looking at the cord, I drop the scissors and clench my teeth. Instead, I plug the cord into the wall and handset base. I set the phone back on the dock and hurry back to my room before I change my mind.

“It’s just a phone,” I mutter to myself.