

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 46

Axton

My head is spinning as my eyes flutter open to stare at the ceiling. My hand reaches across the bed, feeling for Elena; I vaguely remember her coming to sleep here last night. Yet, where I thought she would be is bare, the space is cold. Rubbing my eyes, I sit up, glancing toward the bathroom door, wondering if she went to take a shower.

My mouth is dry, my eyes throbbing, and my head pulsates.

“Elena?” I call out, rubbing my temples before eyeing the bottle of water on the bedside table. Relief floods me, and I snatch it, twisting the cap and downing the entire thing. I drank far too much last night, so much so I barely remember the dinner itself. Last night is hazy, yet my desire for her is strong.

Setting the bottle down, I wander to the bathroom, feeling Khan awaken. I have barely felt his energy over the last week, and I feel relief at having him press forward as I take a leak. I feel empty without my wolf, like a piece of me is missing, a piece I finally have back.

I wash my face with my hands at the sink. Cupping my hands and swallowing more water, my mouth is so dry. I never get this hungover. Maybe it's because I haven't had Khan for the past week; my immune system is lacking.

Washing my face again, I reach for the hand towel and dry my face, feeling better.

“Are you going to lock me away?” Khan asks hesitantly as I grab some shorts from the dresser, the pill bottle of sedateves sitting on top.

I glance at the pill bottle, but I shake my head.

“And Elena?” he asks, his worry biting into me.

“She is fine, even slept in here. She is probably eating breakfast or went back to her own room,” I assure him as I slip my shorts on.

“The dinner party?” Khan asks.

“Went well. She is a natural.”

He seems happy, chuffed even, at the thought, and I move toward the door.

“I am going to see if she wants to go out to lunch with me.”

“What?!” he asks, a little shocked.

I knew he would get slivers of what had been going on, but other than that, he had been completely blocked out, unable to filter through my cognitive thoughts.

“I need to make it up to her if we want to give this a real shot,” I tell him, finally coming to terms with the idea.

Nothing feels better than having her by my side last night. She will make a good Luna and, no doubt, a good mother. Eli has been preaching to me for ages to fix things, yet one thing that stuck out the most was when he mentioned my father. The look of disappointment on his face, the disgust.

Something I never thought I would receive from Eli. He was right; I couldn't see past my own jealousy, my own ego, to know it all started because of me. I was the one that set things in motion, causing a domino effect, the pieces falling randomly and ruining everything I have spent so long to build. I ruined her. And the look on her face the day I told her she was gone once our twins were born has haunted me ever since.

Checking her room, I don't find her, so I wander to the kitchen and stop in my tracks. Dishes are still in the sink, wine glasses on the bench. One thing she does almost religiously is clean the kitchen. My eyes roam around the living room as I walk into it before falling on the picture frame leaning against the wall. My brows furrow, thinking it odd as I glance at the wall where it should be. The hangover makes me sluggish, and my responses are slow.

With a shake of my head, I move toward it, intending to set the picture back.

“Elena?” I sing out, picking it up and staring at the picture. Again, silence. When my brain seems to catch on, the frame slips from my fingertips, the glass shattering at my feet when I notice it is unlocked. I rip the safe door open, to find it completely empty except for a piece of paper. My hands shake as I pick it up and glance at it.

“Consider your child support paid!”

I blink at the paper, and Khan presses forward as I look to the hall. My feet are moving before I realize what I am doing as I start searching every room. She is gone. My heart races at the thought, and I burst through the barrier to the mind link, forcing myself into every pack member’s head.

“Find her!” I snarl.

Eli is the first to reply. “Find whom?”

“Who do you think? Fucking Elena, find her!” I roar, marching through my office into my bedroom. I start ripping clothes off the hangers, getting changed quickly, and reach for my belt.

The moment I do, I head for the door, a cold sweat breaking out as panic settles. I reach for the door handle and fling the door open, only to stop. My stomach cramps, the pain so intense I nearly double over, my belly gurgling, and I clutch the frame. What in the actual fuck! I move into the hall only for it to intensify. Sweat beads on my head, and my eyes widen. Backtracking, I run for the toilet.