

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 52

Axton

Three weeks later

Khan has all but abandoned me. I haven't felt his presence in ages. It is almost as if I no longer have a wolf, and to make things worse, we have no leads on Elena. None whatsoever.

"A package came for you," Eli tells me, dropping a box on my desk.

I pick up the package and turn the thin cardboard between my fingers. It kind of looks like a package you would put a photo in, but whatever is inside, it has a little too much weight.

Giving it a shake, I can hear the contents jingling around like it is metal. Grabbing my mail file, I slice down the edge of the cardboard envelope. The contents spill onto the table just as we hear a truck beeping loudly outside my house.

Recently, I moved back to my father's old place. I can't stand staying in the empty apartment. The ghost of Elena haunts me, laughs and mocks me every time I set foot in that place. Eli wanders over to the window.

A picture sliding out is the first thing I notice as I pick it up. It is in a protective film. The contents, along with it, have been forgotten as I stare at the photo of my sons. I blink and try not to choke on emotion. In this photo, they both have their eyes open, one with the ghost of a smile on his lips, which is probably just wind. But nonetheless, he looks like he is smiling back at me. The other, his lips are pursed as if he is thinking hard. Turning it over, I see writing on the back.

“Did you order something?” Eli asks me, and I shake my head.

“Two trucks just pulled up. Security is helping them unload,” he says, still peering down at the driveway from the window.

Yet I am staring at her neat handwriting on the back, tears brimming in my eyes. Khan forces forward. His presence, coming back, nearly tips me over the edge as he presses forward to see.

Bane and Kyan are happy and healthy.

But to keep your mind occupied, I sent you a gift.

P.S. Tell Khan I miss him. You, not so much. x

I snort at the last part, shaking my head. She likes my alter-ego wolf, which everyone is petrified of, yet despises me. Khan seems pretty pleased about the message on the back, urging me to turn the picture over, wanting to see them again. He beams inside me before sadness bleeds through when he realizes it is just our sons and not her in the picture.

“I’ll find her,” I tell Khan, and he nods, slinking away back to the shadows of my mind, and I set the photo aside, reaching for my coffee. I glance at Eli, who is muttering under his breath. My brows furrow as I take a sip of the steaming hot brew. Turning my attention back to the contents of the envelope, coffee sprays out my lips and my nose, burning my nostrils as I see my license plate and the badges from my car.

Choking violently, Eli glances over at me. “You sure you didn’t refurnish the house...” His words trail off as he glances at the license plate I am holding between my hands.

“No!” he gasps between a laugh and a sputter.

I stare at the sticky note attached. “Build-A-Car, or is the term Build-Your-Car?”

I drop the license plate, rushing toward the window, peering at my security, hauling everything off the truck. Racing downstairs, I miss some and nearly trip on the hall runner as I rip the front door open.

Running along the footpath to the driveway, my men are haphazardly unloading crap.

“Wait! Don’t fucking drop anything!” I yell at them as two of my men go to drop a box on something that looks oddly like my car door. Racing over to them, I rip off the bubble wrap before my knees go out from under me.

“Oh, Elena, when I find you, I am turning that ass of yours red!” I scream angrily at the sky, while Khan howls with laughter in my head. I stare down at my car door. Silence falls when they realize what they are hauling off the two trucks.

Eli jogs up behind me and I peer up at him. “Is this?” He stops in his tracks.

“My poor car!” My voice sounds like I have been kicked in the balls. I feel like crying as I watch them unload everything in my driveway, when finally, the last truck is ready to leave.

The driver comes over to me with a box in his hands. He grabs the notepad off the top. “So, are you Alpha Axton?”

All I can do is nod. He thrusts the box at me, and I open it to find it is all the nuts and bolts and some smaller items. I blink at the box. The driver clears his throat, wanting me to sign. However, Eli takes it, signing it for him.

“Can you tell me where you picked this up from?” Eli asks him.

I blink. Yes, he may know where she is! I look up hopeful, sniffing the air. I can tell he is human, and he chuckles.

“Yes, Mrs. S.”

My brows furrow in confusion. Who the heck is Mrs. S?

“And where was it you picked this up?” Eli continues questioning.

The big, burly man takes a step back. “Nah, you got the wrong man if you want that information. I am just the driver. I am not getting mixed up in whatever this is.”

I tilt my head, wondering what could scare this poor human more than a supernatural.

“The address?”

“Nope, she will cut my balls off without even blinking. No one fucks with Mrs. S. Not if you know what’s good for you,” the man warns, and I raise an eyebrow.

“Vamp?” Eli asks, and the man shakes his head.

The truck driver strokes his long beard. “Nah, she is human, but I bet she would even make you piss in your boots if you pissed her off.”

Eli looks down at me. “And who is this Mrs. S?”

He huffs as if this should be common knowledge we should know. “If you don’t know, count yourself lucky, then. Lovely lady, but she made me piss my pants once, not even joking, completely filled my work boots,” he says, snatching the notepad out of Eli’s hand.

“You pissed your pants?” Eli asks, and he nods.

“You would too, if you were looking down the barrel of a shotgun,” he says before turning and racing back to his truck.

I look at Eli, wondering what mess Elena has gotten herself into this time.

“I’ll look into it,” Eli assures me, while I cradle the box of nuts and bolts. I look at the expanse of boxes and bubble-wrapped parts.

“On the plus side, Alpha, you found your car,” Nicholas, one of the pack warriors, tells me.

I press my lips in a line, not trusting my voice. Khan laughs in my head, finding this far too hilarious.