

On The Run 114

Chapter 114

Alpha On The Hunt Chapter 39

Axton POV

As I leave the packhouse, I immediately notice Eli. He is waiting downstairs on the front porch, his hands hidden in his pockets.

As soon as he hears me step out of the building, his eyes snap to me, and an odd look crosses his face.

“Woo—woo, Alpha,” he pulls his hands out of his pockets, raises them, and takes a step back. There’s a mischievous glint in his eyes, which I’m sure is proof of what’s coming out of his mouth next. “I’m loving the purple. It really makes your eye pop. And those cheekbones, man, you sure you’re not a model?” Eli snickers, staring at Elena’s unicorn pajamas I’m wearing. Yeah, I should’ve seen this coming.

I sigh and pinch the bridge of my nose. At this point, my jaw is so tight that if I don’t relax soon, I’ll sport the worst headache known in history.

I don’t want to leave. My entire being is screaming at me to turn around and go back inside the packhouse. All I really want to do is, close that massive door behind me and hide away, if only for a bit longer with Elena and the boys. But alas, Marco is already covering for me, and I don’t think he would appreciate me demanding more of him when his job is hard enough.

Eli nudges my side, so I look up at him. I expect another snide remark or a shit-eating grin, but instead, I meet a serious facial expression. “They’ll be fine. I will be here, and Marco is coming back. Derrick is in the cells. No one is getting near them,” he assures me.

A loud, heavy breath leaves my lips as I glance at Marco. At that very moment, he nods in the direction of his car. “I’ll be heading

you off,” he assures me, and I press my lips in a line, looking

raging, but I’m sure it’s not nearly close to the full power of destruction it holds above our heads. My eyes scan the area, and soon, I notice that most of my men are stationed under the porches of the woman’s houses. They’re standing just inside the open barn doors,

release a monsoon. My mind is somewhat overtaken by nothing and everything at the same time until I’m snapped back to reality by Marco, who hits the button on his key fob, making the lights blink on

I give

speed and attempts to avoid the rain don't help much in our case. In

we step

Marco instantly reaches over into the backseat of his Mustang and retrieves a tank top. He tosses it at me,

least try to take you seriously with those damn

and tug on the navy

the long driveway toward the highway,

Allon into pages now

car, and the rain pelts the window as Marco tries to navigate

for the air conditioning button. I raise an eyebrow

at him. "Sorry, forgot you're not human." He chuckles, leaving it

sense of what is considered hot or cold. He can't tell the difference between temperatures as everythin
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before me. Who was important enough to sit in this seat and, most importantly,