

## Chapter 138 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

### Chapter 66

All night, it played on my mind. Even when I woke up, I suffered from the lingering effects of the dreams this knowledge caused. I had dreamt so many possible scenarios, my dreams plagued with nightmares of each one. I needed to figure out how everything links because I am positive there is a connection in some way.

Axton believes it doesn't link with what is happening now, but I think it somehow does. Some incessant nagging voice in my head that for once wasn't Lexa telling me we were missing something. Something vital. Just seems like too much of a coincidence that all alphas are linked to Stiles, whose missing. And those same alphas are out to stop Axton? And now me...

Axton passes me a thermal cup full of steaming hot coffee. He had meetings today and is debating whether to cancel them. My mother and I still have a fair bit of packing up to do, having not finished everything yet. We still had to drag out the last of Sondra's stuff from her room that survived Marco from the other day, we would chuck everything in storage to be sorted later.

"Are you sure you'll be fine?" Axton asks me for the hundredth time. It's almost like he believes I can't survive without him holding my hand.

"Yes, it won't take long. We'll follow the truck back," I tell him.

"If I finish early, I will come out and help," he says, leaning inside the car and pecking my cheek while I start the car. I place my thermal cup in the cup holder while he pulls his jacket on. I watch him climb in his car before reversing and heading to the borderline to pick up my mother and Luke.

This morning its particularly chilly; the rains coming, and a storm was brewing silently; I could feel it, that strange, bizarre instinct to take cover settling over me, and the faint scent of moisture in the air, the dampening smell lingering in the breeze.

I chuckle, watching Luke climb over the front seats to squeeze between the car seats, his shoulders rubbing the seats. He doesn't seem to mind as he coos at his nephews while clicking in his seatbelt. My mother climbs in with a clothes basket of cleaning products.

“We are supposed to be emptying the place, not filling it with more junk,” I tell her as she shuts the door.

“I want to leave the place clean,” she tells me.

“Axton organized cleaners to go out there Thursday,” I remind her.

“I know, but I don’t want the cleaners to think we live like pigs,” she snaps, and I raise my eyebrows at her and chuckle. Mom was one of those people you take on holidays, and she brought a bag of cleaning products to clean the hotel room before we left. She used to be the same back home. The house would be spotless before the cleaner came, and the poor girl would scratch her head, wondering what to do. I used to tell her to make it look like she was busy, or she would usually spend time re- stacking the attic or basement to kill time.

When we reach the house, Luke helps me drag the bouncers and playpen inside to set the boys up while we get to work. Checking each room is empty while my mother frantically cleans every inch of the house. Heaven forbid the cleaners actually had to clean.

Dragging the last box from the basement, I find my mother using the broom to sweep the cobwebs from the banisters. I set the box by the front door before stopping to drink some of my now lukewarm coffee. “Did Dad ever say anything about Elder Stiles to you?” Mom stops what she is doing and glances at me, her brows furrowing in confusion.

“Not really until your father found out I owned the pack. Stiles came to me and said he believed the pack was safest in my hands; I was trying to find something to use against your father anyway,” she tells me with a shrug.

“So you didn’t know Stiles was going to report dad?” she looks at me.

Clearly, this is news to her too.

“What?”

“Yeah, Stiles and Dad were arguing. That is why Stiles wanted to give you the pack.”

“No-” Mom’s brows furrow, and I can tell she is genuinely confused.

“No, I told Stiles I wanted a divorce. He said your father wouldn’t let me leave and that I needed leverage, so he overrode the system so I could send off the change of titles. I never put it in my name; I sent it off for it to be placed in your name. Your father didn’t know until after I left, he only knew about the divorce. Stiles signed the paperwork for it.” she tells me.

“Stiles signed those papers?” mom nods her head.

“Yeah, said soon your father would come under fire, that he was glad because he was worried about what would happen to the pack, so he offered to help me forge the documents, kept them

sealed from the other council members, or tried to, but somehow he found out. So I rejected him, and well, all hell broke loose,” she sighs, glancing toward the living room to look at Luke. She smiles sadly, and I can see talking about my father is upsetting her, so I drop the subject, instead returning back to the tasks while wondering who told my father about the forged divorce papers.

Hearing one of the boys cry out, Luke sings out to tell me I’ve run out of nappies in the bag. I groan, and mom chuckles, scrubbing the stove top; who would have thought three measly stairs on the porch could make your legs burn so badly? I’ve trudged up them that much this morning. I’m surprised I haven’t run tracks into them. Walking back out to the car, my phone rings, and I pull it from my back pocket. Axton.

“Yes?” I answer while propping the phone on one ear and shoulder as I start rummaging for the nappies I swore were left in the back pocket of the seats.

“I’m heading out to you now; only Soyer, Osiris, and Marco showed up We finished early,” Axton tells me, and I smile, digging under the seat.

“Great, I will see you soon,” I tell him before hissing when I jam my thumb under something beneath the seat. I suck on it.

“What’s wrong?”

“Looking for the spare nappies,” I tell him.

I rummage through the car, looking for the spares I always keep.

“I chucked them in the trunk,” Axton tells me, and I groan before shutting the door, popping the trunk, and finding where Axton placed them.

“I should be around twenty minutes. Do you want me to bring anything?”

“Coffee,” I chuckle.

He laughs. “Okay, love you, see you soon,” he tells me before hanging up. Shaking my head, I move back toward the house when I hear glass break, I jog up the steps assuming mom dropped something.

“Everything alright.” I sing out, closing the front door when my nose picks up a strange scent, my brows furrow, wondering where I’ve smelt it before. Shaking it off to the amount of cleaning chemicals mom has used. I move past the kitchen to notice mom is no longer there.

“Elena?” Luke croaks through the mind-link just as I round the corner into the living room. My mother has her hands out in some placating gesture, tears trekking down her cheeks. Luke clutches Kyan, who

is wailing loudly in his arms, while my mother shields them with her body. My heart nearly stops when I see my father holding Bane.

Read Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son TODAY

Chapter 142

## Chapter 139 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Chapter 67

“Derrick, Please, give me our grandson,” mom sobs, holding her hands out for him, her steps slow as she approaches him. Luke has a gash down the side of his face, and I can tell he has met my father’s claws.

“No, you’re coming with me,” he tells her. I have never seen my father look so...so...feral. He looked like a rogue, every part of it; he was dirty and shaking, insane. That is what happens to rogues when they’ve been on their own for too long, but my father hasn’t been missing long for it to have this effect.

“Just let me take him. You’re scaring him, please,” Mom pleads, while my heart races as I figure out what to do.

“Luke, I need you to take Kyan out to the car and call Axton,” I mind-link him, and he looks over his shoulder at me. The moment he does, my father’s eyes dart to me, and he clutches Bane tighter.

“I’m taking her. She is my mate! You have taken everything from me, but you won’t take her!” he says, rushing up the steps as he snarls at me, and I hold my hands up in surrender. Nodding my head.

“No one’s taking her, but you need to give me my son, dad,” I tell him. Mom nods her head.

“Please, Derrick, I’ll come. Just hand him over, please,” she begs and sobs.

“Luke, go!” I snap at him when I see he is paralyzed by his fear. He jumps and races from the room and runs outside.

“You don’t want to hurt him? He’s just a baby,” mom pleads from the bottom of the steps. Only then do I notice the slash marks down the side of dad’s ribs when he twists slightly. My eyes dart

to my mother's fingers, which are coated in blood before they dart back to my father holding my son like he is a football and not a baby.

"Stand down, Lexa!" I snap at her, knowing we risk hurting our son if she shifts right now. The hairs on my arms rise as she presses against my skin, making it ripple..

"Dad..." I call out to him, stepping closer when Bane screams when dad moves too quickly, his eyes calculating my every move as I try to move closer.

"Come any closer, and I will drop him," Dad threatens, moving his arm over the banister. My heart nearly stops, and my breath hitches.

My mother shrieks, racing to the side to catch him, but dad just holds him out in the air.

"I'll give him back, but she leaves with me," Dad says, eyes trained on me.

"Luke...Luke. We can give him to Luke. Then we can leave," she tells him, and dad's eyes dart to her.

"I just want you back. I want everything back." Dad breaks down, huge hiccuping sobs wracking his body as he drops onto the step clutching Bane to his chest.

My entire body is trembling, and Lexa is filling in Axton while my mother climbs the stairs, and I can see the violent shaking of her hands as she reaches out for him. The moment she does, he latches onto her, and she has to grab the banister to stop him from crushing my son. I shriek in panic when I hear my mother murmuring. Consoling my father, trying to calm him down.

I hold my breath the entire time until she gets Dad to stand, and I find Bane is still in his arms. He snuffles and smiles. I can't hear what my mother is saying over the pounding of my heart in my ears. Yet whatever she says seems to work as he comes down the stairs.

I back up with my hands in the air and walk backward toward the front door, which is where my mother seems to be leading him when he breaks down again, only this time, she convinces him to give her my

son. The moment I see him in her hands, I suck in a breath, finally able to breathe when I get the scent of gas in the air, making me confused.

"Love, I have to give him to El, so she can change him. He needs his mother."

My mother talks to him like she is talking to a child that she is trying to calm down when he clutches onto her, drops to his knees and hugs her. Hesitantly, she holds Bane out to me, and I shakily step forward before snatching him from her.

“Axton is on his way. I will be back...” I tell her through the mindlink, and she smiles sadly, tilting her head while my father rambles. She gives me a brief nod turning her gaze back to my father and sucking in a shaking breath, her bottom lip quivering as tears trek down her face.

She runs her fingers through his hair, trying to calm him, and I back up, turning for the door when the waves in the air catch my gaze, the same potent stench reaching my nose, making me turn my gaze to the stove where my mother was cleaning to see the knobs turned on.

It’s gas.

My father roars, becoming angry, and I know I need to get my son out first, so I can come back for her. I race to the door and open it, the door slamming shut behind me, then I run to the car where Luke stands outside, peering in through the huge bay windows that line the porch. where I can see my mother trying to calm him back down.

“Luke, get in the car and lock the doors,” I tell him, but his grief-stricken face is on our mother when I hear a car racing up the driveway. Turning my head, I see the dust and know it’s Axton. We just need to bide time.

“He came out of nowhere. I...I went to get the bottle and returned, and he had him. He came out of nowhere,” Luke sobs. I try to console him, but I have to get inside to help mom.

“Luke, I need you to listen to me,” I tell him, shaking him gently. “Axton is on his way, but you need to watch the boys until he gets here,” I tell him when I hear the mind link open.

“He will never stop, Elena,” my mother says, and I pivot looking at the house, my eyes going wide when I see her pull the long stove lighter from her pants pocket.

“Take care of your brother for me,” she tells me.

“No!” I gasp, stumbling toward the house, hearing the mindlink open further.

“Be good for your sister, Luke. I love you both,” she tells us, and Luke screams, also catching onto what she means. He cries a blood-curdling scream while I race toward the house, and I can see her standing in the living room, seeing my father clutching onto her when she looks at me.

“Love you, sweetie,” she says, clicking the lighter when I am a meter out from the porch steps. The spark turns to flame before the air inside the house ignites instantly, making it so bright my eyes burn when the house explodes. The shock wave throws me backward, knocking the air out of my lungs as I hit the dirt. The sound of the car windows bursting in the distance rings out loudly, along with Luke’s broken scream

I barely get to my hands and knees when I see him rushing toward the raging inferno. I scream for him, racing to stop him when Axton snatches. him, catching him around the middle. I didn’t even hear him pull up, but the frantic look on his face told me he had witnessed everything. Luke wails and thrashes in his grip, and I clutch my ears, unable to listen to him scream for her.

“She’s gone, buddy. You can’t save them.” I just hear Axton tell him while my heart breaks for them. She sacrificed everything for us, and now she sacrificed her life.

Update of Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Luna On The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Sons Chapter 143

## Chapter 140 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Chapter 68

Axton POV

I watch in a panic as the house explodes and instinctively snatch Luke just before he reaches the threshold of the smoke-filled porch. The explosion was deafening, enveloping the packhouse in flames and smoke so thick that it makes breathing next to impossible.

Everything happens too fast for anyone to really comprehend and it was the last thing I was expecting when Luke mind-linked me to tell me they were in trouble and Derrick had shown up.

However, amidst all the chaos of screams and burning debris, adrenaline surged through as I pulled up, and I only just got to Luke in time when I raced forward to snatch him up. He had been standing so near to the entrance of the house before it burst forth with destruction. Tossing us back once again when the gas cylinders alongside the packhouse exploded a second time.

Grasping him tightly, his entire body trembles, and tears pour down his face as he stares in anguish at his now-destroyed home. Turning my head, I look for my mate. Elena stares motionlessly. Her blank expression makes my heart sink as she stares at the house, and I can feel her mind racing to take it all in she seems unable to connect the sight in front of her to reality.

—

Our sons screaming in the background makes me glance at the cars to see the front windows have burst, but lucky, the angle of the car prevented the back ones from erupting.

It feels surreal.

Luke continues to scream, and I choke back a whimper at what he just witnessed, unsure how to comfort him while trying to figure out where everything went so wrong. My arms remain tightly wrapped

around him

to protect him from the sharp debris and the heat from flames cascading

around us.

Despite being held securely against my body. Luke wails for his mother and father, who I know have perished in their burning home.

Glancing at Elena, she stares expressionless from where she sits on the grass nearby, stunned into silence as she is confronted with the ruins that were once her home, all that is left behind are pieces of smoldering wood and a cloud of ash that seems to go on forever.

Her emotions through the bond are tumultuous, grief, anger but also this strange sense of numbness like she can't comprehend what's happened as she keeps flicking between emotions. Lost.

"We can't stay here," Khan murmurs in my head as he comes forward, his despair also potent. His worry for our sons and mate, and his desire to protect them, is far stronger, keeping him level-headed when, just like me, he wants to break something and hurt someone for the anger of what just happened. We were too late, a few minutes earlier, and we may have been able to prevent this. If only I had canceled my appointments today, we would have been here.

Covered in soot and scraps from the blast, I stand, hauling Luke with me as I get up, and I cast one last glance at the burning wreckage, with Luke still sobbing softly in my arms.

I move toward Elena and offer her my hand. She stares at me, blinking back tears, a look on her face so heartbreaking it twists knots in my stomach. Her face is blotchy, her lips quivering, and she has a cut on her cheek.

"We need to go, Love," I whisper to her and reluctantly, she places her hand in mine. When she stands, her gaze is distant and empty. We make our way to her car. The windows in the front are blown out, and the boys scream inside, which seems to set her in motion as she rushes to pull them out, hugging them close.

The fear I felt from her when Luke mind-linked me, was so potent I nearly swerved off the road. It was stomach-turning.

We finally get the boys' car seats out and put them in my car.

In the distance, I can hear the sirens blaring loudly on their way to us. Mindlinking Eli, I tell him to get Marco so they can handle it because my mind is on one task and one task alone, and that is to get them away from here. Silently we begin our journey home. Along the way, I try to piece together what had happened and why our lives were suddenly upside down.



We drive in silence, just the sound of the car engine humming low and soft. I can feel a seismic shift within us as we make our way home. I feel helpless against this tragedy that has befallen us. As hard as I try, there is no way to undo this damage. But I can focus on the present and make sure they are safe from further harm.

When we finally arrive home, I hug them tightly, my arms trembling with relief as I lead Elena inside with the boys tucked in her arms.

“Luke?” she panics, whirling around, and I lift my hand, showing I have him. She exhales with relief while glancing down at Luke. He looks lost.

“It’s okay, buddy,” she whispers softly to him. Elena looks up at me, and I know that her strength will eventually get us through this. We are family, united together in love, and nothing can break that bond. As long as we have each other, we can survive anything.

She will get through this.

“They’re gone,” Luke murmurs. I watch as Elena swallows down her grief, her eyes turning glassy and her lips quivering.

She takes a deep breath before gathering her courage and nodding resolutely

“Yes, they are gone,” she whispers back, her voice thick with emotion.

“But we still have each other.”

“But what will happen to me? Where will I go without mom?” Luke asks, and I blink down at him.

“With us, Luke,” I murmur. “You’ll always have a home with us,” I tell him, and he nods sadly.

I wrap my arm around Elena and pull her close. We will weather this storm together, no matter what comes our way. The pain we feel now will eventually pass, but the love that binds us will last forever.

We can survive anything as long as we have each other, and so can Luke with us by his side.

“I’ll settle the boys. I need to change them. Can you?” Her eyes move to Luke.

“I’ll remain with him,” I tell her, and she nods, yet I can tell she was trying to remain strong for him, even when her heart was breaking

I pull Luke close, and he buries his head in my chest. I hug him tightly while Elena turns away to take care of the boys.

## Chapter 141 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

### Chapter 69

I’ve barely caught any sleep. Worry for Elena keeps me awake at night, knowing she is not coping with the loss of her mother. All week she has done nothing but work, leaving before I wake and coming home only to crawl into bed. I miss her terribly, and so do the boys, but I know all too well what this sort of loss feels like, so I let her go. Although Khan wants me to step in, he doesn’t like how much she is working. It has almost become an addiction to her. I just hope after today, things can go back to normal. Today is their funeral, and when I feel her move and roll out of bed, I reach for her before sighing when my hands only manage to grab air.

“We have to be at the funeral home by ten. Service is at 1030,” Elena reminds me like she is reminding me to grab milk on the way home. Sighing, I climb out of bed.

I help her pack the few items she needs for today and take a deep breath. We drive in silence to the funeral home, none of us are ready for this, yet it is something that must be done, and because Sondra’s funeral was supposed to be the day after the explosion, we have decided to join them. So today, we lay two to rest, though one I don’t know how to feel about. Derrick had done so many wrongs, yet he was still her father and Luke’s. I could feel Elena wanted to hate him, wanted to be angry, but no matter the things he had done, she still loved him.

Reaching over, I try to grab her hand, but she is quick to move it away. “Elena?” I murmur, pulling into the car park.

“I know what you’re doing and don’t. Tears won’t bring them back,” she says, staring vacantly out the window.

“There is nothing wrong with being emotional, Elena. You don’t need to be strong for everyone” I tell her looking in the mirror, I peer at Luke, his headphones in as he stares vacantly out the window. Kyan is banging his rattle against the side of his car seat trying to get his attention.

“Strong is all I got left right now, Axton. My pack has had their entire

lives turned upside down, and they don't need another crying pack member. They need an alpha," Elena snaps before shoving the door open and climbing out of the car.

Elena moves to the trunk to pull out the stroller, and I move to help her before getting the boys out. Mic helle pulls up beside us and instantly jumps out to help, and takes the stroller.

However, Luke doesn't climb out of the car, and Elena looks around for him to find him sitting between the two car seats staring out the window. Elena leans in and waves him forward, and he climbs over the seats, falling into the passenger seat, but still, he refuses to climb out. Elena looks at me, and I step forward, trying to coax him out of the car. When he still refuses to get out, Elena crouches beside him, fixing his tie and buttoning up his suit jacket.

"We can't stay out here with you, Luke. I have to go in

"I will just wait in the car," Luke says, and Elena glances at me over her shoulder. I shrug, not understanding why he doesn't want to go in, and she sighs heavily, turning back to face him.

"Don't you want to say goodbye? If you don't want to go in, I won't force you, but I think you'll regret it if you don't," she tells him.

"It's not that I don't want to say goodbye. It's that everyone will have nice things to say about Mom, but what about Dad? I don't want to

listen to them speak badly about him. He wasn't perfect, but he was still ours," Luke says, breaking down. Watching Elena, her lip quivers, and she nods, rubbing his back in understanding.

"Nobody will speak badly about him, I promise," Elena assures. Luke looks up at her. His eyes are puffy with the surrounding rings from crying.

"I won't let them, okay," she tells him.

"You promise?" Luke asks her, and she nods, leaning forward and

pressing her lips to his head. When she stands, she offers him her hand, and Luke reluctantly takes it, allowing her to pull him to his feet. Locking the car, I place my hand on Elena's back as we walk

atmosphere is somber, yet there is a sense of peace in the room. We are welcomed by familiar faces of the funeral service people, and I can tell Elena is trying to take comfort in that as they discuss the service, a

I swallow, watching as the woman in charge of the service appears confused before understanding the link, I open it to our pack while blocking out Luke's link, warning them if they haven't got anything nice to

Knowing this, I used to wonder sometimes if my funeral one day would match my father's, or if people would doubt now that'll make up for my failures because no failure is bigger for me than not being there for Elena. I can live with everything else bad I've done because her opinion of me is the only

While we wait for everyone to arrive, I watch Elena as she stands alone next to the casket, her eyes dark

Luke makes his way over to her, and I notice her eyes flick down toward him, tears threatening to spill, but I know she won't let them. She is strong-headed and will not let her emotions show, even though she is in immense pain. She is trying to stay composed

Luke, and is showing the courage it takes to do so.

Read Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alpha's Son Luna On The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Sons Chapter 144 TODAY

Luna On The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Sons Chapter 145

## Chapter 142 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alpha's Son

Chapter 70

Even when her brother breaks down and sobs, Elena remains standing tall and dignified. Her hand grasps his shoulder as she tugs him closer. She turns, leading him to his seat. Elena's face is expressionless. Her face is a mask of stoicism as she kept her emotions in check. Despite the tears threatening to spill, her jaw is set in determination, and her gaze is distant, as if she is looking far away from the present moment.

I know what she is doing. She is placing her own emotions on the back burner in order to remain present for her family and pack. She remains composed and gives her brother the support he needs at this time while neglecting that she needs it herself.

It is almost impossible to believe that it has already been a week since the explosion. As I look around the room filling with our packs and friends, the sadness of who everyone has lost begins to sink in a little deeper. Even though they're gone, their memory lives on in all our hearts— a reminder of what Louise had done for her children. Even in death, she still managed to bless us with her love, leaving behind her daughter and my son, whom I will cherish forever.

I take a deep breath and try my best to compose myself as more family and friends arrive. Everyone is quiet in reflection as they embrace Elena, offering their condolences.

Just like the past week, she slips effortlessly into a facade of being okay, when I know she is anything but. I notice how her hands shake, and how she tries her best to steady them when someone speaks, telling those present to switch their phones off and take a seat or stand where they're out of the way in aisles.

The service begins, and I can feel my heart break as I watch Elena struggle with her emotions. There is no doubt that this loss has changed our lives forever

I step forward and wrap my arms around her in a tight embrace, feeling the tremors of emotion that ripple through her body as the last of our guests enter

The service is a solemn reminder of how fragile life can be, and how quickly it can all change. With tear-filled eyes, we say goodbye to an amazing woman who will remain in our hearts forever. Louise sacrificed her life to save her kids and grandkids. And lastly, Derrick, who caused a mix of emotions amongst everyone by the looks on their faces, yet no one stood up and gave a speech for him when the woman waits with the microphone in her hand, looking expectantly at the crowd.

When I see Elena's head turn to look for someone with a friendly face for Derrick, I watch her swallow and glance at Luke. No one rises to give a eulogy for Derrick, and I know Elena didn't have one planned, so I am surprised when once again Elena rises. Murmurs break out as they wait for her anger or heart ache, but Elena is a pillar of strength as she takes the podium and speaks for the one man no one dared to.

"I know most of you expect me to get up here and condemn my father for his actions, condemn him for being a terrible Alpha. But I can't do that and I won't. Despite his flaws, he was still my dad. So I won't speak of his mistakes because we've all made those. We just haven't carried them to our graves yet, we still have time to redeem ourselves for our failures. He wasn't given that. So, I will not speak of the man, but I will speak for my father."

Luke lifts his head beside me, staring at his sister, waiting to hear what she has to say. Leaning over a little I squeeze his shoulder.

"Growing up, he was a good father, at least to Luke and me, for the most part. Growing up as the Alpha's daughter came with great responsibility, but it also came with great pride. The love and care he showed us can never be taken away or erased.

So today, I will honor my father and his legacy. He may have been a sinner in the eyes of some, but in mine. He'll always be the man I grew up believing was bigger than life, someone to look up to and who loved his kids and his pack.

He was the one who taught me how to hunt and how to survive without modern conveniences. My father made sure I understood our pack laws, our rituals, and traditions before I could walk. He taught me leadership skills from a young age.

He taught me how to ride a bike, how to drive, fight and hunt, and he made me into an alpha despite never giving me the title. I had to fight for it. That's what he taught me. He brought me up in his image, and although his character has not, as of recently, been painted in a good light, he'll always be an Alpha, that is a title no one can take from him, yet the least important title he held. His greatest title will be that he was once a great father and that I will always be daddy's little girl. And Luke will always be daddy's little Alpha."

I look at Luke, who has tears in his eyes, and know that he is thinking about all their memories together with their father. I know she did it for Luke, but I also know she believed the words she spoke.

As the service ends, I squeeze Elena's shoulder and offer her a small smile; she nods once and after the coffins are walked out, I take Elena's hand as we walk out of the funeral home with Luke when I spot Michelle with the stroller; the boys tucked inside.

"Did you get it?" Elena asks Michelle and my brows furrow.

"Elena, we should-" Elena dismisses her with a wave of her hand, and Michelle reluctantly looks beneath the stroller, pulling out some folders. I peer over Elena's shoulder as she takes them, flipping them open.

"What's this?" I ask.

"Pack lists. I need to organize housing. There still isn't enough room at your apartment building." I almost

"Elena, I'm sure that can wait," I tell her, but she shakes her head and walks off. I sigh, looking at Michelle.

I follow her as she reaches the car, opening the trunk and back doors to put the boys in. I grip her shoulder.

"Are you okay?" I whisper, looking into her eyes, yet her jaw clenches, and she swallows, pulling her gaze from mine.

"I'm here for you if you need anything." I whisper softly as Elena slowly turns to face me. She nods, her

"I'm fine," is all she says, but I know she's not. Despite Khan's protests, I don't press the matter. Instead,

“You need to do something!” Khan snarls angrily at me, and I am beginning to think he is right  
She keep

Update Luna On The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Sons Chapter 145 of Luna On The Run - I Stole  
The Alphas Son