

Alpha on the Hunt: My Luna Stole My Sons

By Jessica Hall

Chapter 1

Elena

Never before in my life have, I derived such pleasure from watching someone squirm. Throughout the entire meeting, I could feel Axton's eyes on me. He must be wondering how I managed to obtain those photos. However, there are a few things I discovered while living with him. Axton meticulously documents and keeps everything. Unfortunately for him, he has a flaw. A flaw that I'm certain will change now. He uses the same password for everything, including his computer and Google Drive. The same password that he also used for his safe. I couldn't believe my luck when I accessed his email using that very password.

I was certain he would have made alterations or chosen an alternative, but once I obtained his email, logging in became effortless. Not only that, but I saved and forwarded all his files to my email address. Subsequently, I modified his password and included my phone number, ensuring he cannot change it without verifying through the code that will be sent to my phone.

Thank you, Khan, for telling me the password to that safe. And because I am feeling rather petty, I changed all his passwords on everything. Including the ones to his TV apps, and added him to some girlie subscriptions, so he should be expecting his first magazines any day now.

His new reading material includes Woman's Day, Women's Health, and A Woman's Revolution Magazine. I've replaced his newspapers, men's catalogs, and car subscriptions. I also updated his app preferences to chick flicks and added parental controls last night. He can't watch anything above PG without my permission. Fixing it will be an added headache for him, and I intend to be the biggest fucking migraine he's ever received.

Additionally, I enrolled him in online anger management classes, so he'll receive daily emails on controlling his man-baby tantrums.

However, sitting in this meeting, I notice a few things have changed. Titles have been altered, packs passed down, and a few fresh faces sit at the oval table of alpha douchebags. Among them is an overly flirtatious Alpha Cane, who I discovered is one of the smaller pack alphas, whose numbers have grown just enough to enter the council. Alpha Thomas and Alpha Soyer are also present; I am quite familiar with Alpha Soyer and Thomas, but not so much with Alpha Cane, although they are the only ones I recognize.

Which I find odd because this city comprises four major packs. The smaller ones are never worth mentioning and aren't classed as packs within the city; they are that small. But now, there are eight alphas, not including myself here. The tables have turned and Axton's rule has allowed new entrants into this rat race for the city throne.

Now we have two extra Alphas that seem to hold some power here, no doubt in Axton's pocket because they seem to agree with everything he has to say. And lastly, a new face I don't recognize who seems to want to challenge Axton at every turn.

"Which packs handle city borders?" I ask, trying to figure out how much power Alpha Cane and Alpha Osiris have in the city. Alpha Osiris, however, doesn't seem to get on well with Axton, almost as if they are competing against each other. I try to rack my brain where I have heard that name before.

"He is Elder Stiles' estranged son," Lexa reminds me. Oh, that is right, Elder Stiles, the old fossil has three sons, but none have lived here for as long as I remember, making me wonder why he is here now and also where his father is. Did he take over his father's pack?

"Nightfall, and Crident," Axton answers, pointing to Alpha Osiris, and I raise an eyebrow at him. He didn't seem to be happy with that, so I know the tension I feel between these two, is real. Yet, it is clear power-wise Axton holds all power in the city, or did until I walked through these doors.

Glancing at Alpha Osiris, he nods once. "My pack has just reached limits to be considered council-worthy. I can't risk any of my men at the moment, or I risk my seat," Alpha Cane tells me, and I nod. So that means he is paying the city for protection then.

"I want to pitch in, but- "Alpha Soyer looks over at Axton. "Tension in the city is high. We want everyone accounted for, and too many running the border patrols are difficult to track," Alpha Soyer adds.

More like Axton doesn't trust anyone. So, Osiris seems to have something over Axton, or Axton just doesn't want to deal with him. Either way, clearly something has happened between them two.

"Well, let's end this meeting until next Friday. Undoubtedly, I will have to deal with Derrick now," Axton tells everyone, dismissing them and cutting me off from asking about how my father's old pack fits into all this. Needing to get back home to bring the boys back to the city, I reluctantly start packing up the documents I brought with me when Alpha Cane clears his throat across the table from me.

"Out of curiosity." I glance at him. Alpha Thomas shakes his head at Alpha Cane and leaves talking to Soyer, while Osiris, I notice, lingers with Alpha Cane.

"Are you going to finish the sentence Alpha or am I to guess what it is you're curious about?" I reply. Alpha Osiris snickers and clamps a hand on Cane's shoulder.

"They're mates!" Alpha Osiris hisses at Cane.

"Well, obviously. But they don't seem very-" His words are cut off by a feral growl from Axton.

"Yes, we are mates," I answer the question that Alpha Cane couldn't seem to spit out.

"But are you together?" He seems genuinely curious. I suppose it isn't like it is a secret. We are both on opposing sides, and we have done nothing but argue throughout the entire meeting.

“Our relationship is none of your business, Cane. You’ve been dismissed. Now leave. I need to speak to my mate!” Axton snaps before I can answer.

“Sorry, I was just curious,” he mutters, quickly gathering his papers. Alpha Osiris smirks and follows him out, and I notice Eli and Marco all but run from the room with them. I watch them leave while feeling the deadly aura threatening to suffocate me. It radiates off Axton like a brewing storm getting ready to unleash havoc. I jam the documents back in the folder when I see him rise from his chair out of the corner of my eye. Mentally cursing I didn’t run the moment everyone was dismissed; I brace for the argument I know will happen.