

# Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 2

Elena

The music is loud in the club, and my blood is buzzing with the copious amount of alcohol running through my system. I am going to regret drinking that many Amaretto Sours in the morning, but for now, I will let the booze dull my pain and loosen my body up enough to enjoy the night. I dressed to kill in a skin-tight bodycon dress that left little to the imagination and shows off all my curves.

My best friend let out a giggle as I grab her hips, pulling her body flush against mine and swaying my hips to the beat. Alisha's ass is grinding against me, and I laugh. I hardly go out, but after my father declared he was not standing down and handing the pack over to me, I decided to give Dad a big "fuck you" by missing the pack meeting and instead escaping to the club. Possibly to hook up with some random stranger.

I am going to make sure that he hears all about it. I want him just as mad as I am, so I know his wrath will make it worth it.

I am fuming and want to get back at him, which I have now done by directly defying him and going clubbing. I know it will get me in trouble, and he will claim I have caused him shame. Knowing he will struggle at the meeting without me managing presentations will be worth the punishment.

He's had every excuse for not allowing me to take over the pack for the past two years.

It was the same argument today when I brought it up. However, he told me why this time: "You're a woman, not an Alpha." I just blinked at him.

All my life, I've trained and been a model daughter. I've done everything asked of me, and it's been all for nothing. So, when he told me not to be late for the pack meeting, I boycotted it to go dancing instead.

Yet, despite the liquor I've consumed, I feel like I am being watched; that odd sensation of having eyes on me has me glancing around the club to see whose attention I have stolen. My eyes scan the room where bodies are mashed together, bobbing, and moving to the beat, yet I find no one directly staring at me.

Not until I look at the landing above the dance floor. Silver eyes peer back at me from a man leaning against the railing. He watches me for a few seconds and takes a sip of his drink. Then he turns away, shrinking back into the shadows, and I shrug, thinking it's nothing. Yet why does something tug deep inside me, causing me to keep peering up at the landing? I can't explain it, but something about the man has me nervous.

"Are you alright, babe?" Alisha turns to me, brushing her lavender-colored hair out of her eyes before leaning closer. She calls out next to my ear, her voice barely audible over the loud music.

I nod, returning my attention to her, her tan face flushed and glistening with sweat from the heat of us jammed close on the dance floor under the strobing lights. For some strange reason, my eyes return to the landing after only a few moments, but I can no longer see the mysterious man.

After about another hour, I finish my drink, and my feet are killing me when I tap Alisha on the shoulder.

"I need to get a drink," I call out to her over the loud music. I nod toward the bar area, and she gives me a thumbs-up, yet as I turn around to weave out of the bodies crowding me in, I slam against a chest. Strong hands grip my hips, and his scent invades my nose, making my entire body tense when I feel his breath sweep over my neck.

"Found you, little mate," he purrs next to my ear.

I swallow, pulling back to see who he is, only to meet the eyes belonging to the stranger from the balcony. Only down here, I realize he isn't any stranger at all but Alpha Axton from the Nightfall pack. I have seen plenty of stories and articles about the man in the media, but I have never met him in person. Dad's kept me far

from this monster of a man. I gasp, stepping away from him. And for a good reason; he is one of my father's enemies.

He flew into the city and bought out half of it. He has been trying to get my father kicked off the council for months, so he can buy out the only quarter left that is unclaimed, giving him control of half the city. When he doesn't get his way, he plays dirty and rains hell on them until they give in or suddenly go missing. The city has lived in fear ever since his arrival.

"Don't touch me!" I snap at him.

Tears prick my eyes at the outrage of him being my mate while my stupid wolf is trying to come forward, excited to see this monster. Of all the people who could be my fated one, it has to be this asshole. My father will kill me if he finds out. No one wants to be associated with the man who destroyed our peaceful city and turned it into sanctioned sections because the packs living here could suddenly no longer get along.

They blamed each other because of this prick in front of me. Alpha Axton swept into the city and divided the packs with his lies and almost cost my father his pack—my pack! Yet as soon as I think the words, I cringe. Dad made it very clear that I was born the wrong gender and that he would never give me my birthright. Instead, he's been holding off on retiring until my little brother—who is ten!—comes of age. It's insulting.

"Now, don't be like that. You don't want to piss me off, not when everyone is having so much fun," he says, glancing around.

I do, too, knowing the lives that are at stake if I make a scene. Alpha Axton grabs my hips. I shove his hands off and look around for Alisha. Only to find her curled around some man as they make out in the middle of the dance floor.

"Your friend is a little distracted with my Beta," he purrs, burying his face in my neck.

"Get off me!" I snap at him, and he spins me around, pressing his chest against my back. His breath sweeps over my neck, and I suck in a breath, fighting back a moan as sparks rush over my skin when he presses his teeth against my neck, his hands gripping my hips and holding me against him.

“Don’t tempt me, or I will mark you where you stand if you cause a scene,” he purrs, and I feel his lips move against my skin, heating under his touch.

“Now, behave. I had other intentions being here tonight, and finding my mate wasn’t one of them, yet my wolf insists on keeping you. So, you will come willingly, or I will toss you over my shoulder and carry you out,” he growls.

A shiver runs up my spine, and his grip on my hips tightens, and Lexa, my horny hussy of a wolf, urges me to do as he says.

“What will it be? Am I carrying you out kicking and screaming?”

I turn in his grip to face him.

After the scolding I received from my father today, I needed to burn off some of this fury boiling in my veins, so what would it matter if I fooled around with the Alpha? Tomorrow I would just reject him and be done with him, and no one here has to die because I refused him.

No one has to know, and despite my better judgment, I want to get back at my father more than I want to escape this man. I’ve wasted my entire life training for a position that will never be mine. So, what better way to say “fuck you” than to screw his most prominent rival?

“You will do no such thing. He is ours,” Lexa growls in my head at the mere thought of me rejecting him.

Alpha Axton leans into me, and instead of cringing away, I enjoy the sparks that rush across my skin, wrapping my arms around his neck and pressing closer to him.

“I knew you couldn’t resist the pull,” he purrs, dipping his face closer.

His lips brush mine, and for a second, I am overwhelmed by his scent; my entire body clenches as he pulls me flush against him, his tongue delving between my lips as he grinds himself against me. Time stops, and I fight the urge to tug him back to me when he finally pulls away.

Stupid bond! I curse at myself.

“Let’s get out of here?” he says, squeezing my ass.

His fingers slip under the hem of the short dress I am wearing. It is so short, my father would choke on his spit if he saw the scandalous outfit I'm wearing. I grab his hand from off my backside before his fingers explore further, and I hold his hand; his eyes flicker dangerously to his wolf at the notion.

"Come on then, I have a room upstairs," he tells me, and I chew my lip, yet the pull to follow my mate, no matter how much I know I should run from this man, is too overwhelming. My wolf wants him, even if I don't. Her hunger for her mate urges me to keep following him.

She is frenzied and wild with the need to claim and mark him. Whining in my head loudly and trying to force control. My skin itches with her need to be set free, and it appears he is struggling with his own wolf because the moment we step into the elevator and the doors close, his hands are on me.

Alpha Axton pushes me against the cool metal wall, his lips crashing hard and hungrily against mine. A breathy moan escapes me as his tongue delves between my lips, tasting every inch of my mouth as if he is trying to possess me.

His fingers tangle in my hair, tugging it hard, forcing my head back as his lips nip and lick down my neck, his canines grazing my skin, causing my skin to prickle with heat, stopping at the base of my neck. He sucks on the spot where his mark should lie.

"Axton," I breathe, my voice coming out more of a whiny moan than a demand for him not to sink his teeth into my tender flesh.

He ignores me, running his tongue across the spot, and I grip his hair, tugging his face away, only to see his wolf's dark, demonic, cold eyes staring back at me.

Axton smirks, his tongue poking out between his perfect teeth as his eyes return to their normal glowing silver. He smiles seductively, leaning closer and pressing his entire body flush against mine.

"You can't mark me," I whisper, trying to fight my wolf from coming forward. She isn't having it. Lexa wants her mate, and she doesn't care who he is; she certainly doesn't care that Father will kill us for such a betrayal.

Axton growls. "I'm not scared of your father, Elena. I will be claiming you. You're mine," he purrs, pressing closer until there is no room left between us, nowhere for me to escape.

His hand moves from my hip up to my throat. His fingers grip my jaw, turning my face to the side. He runs his tongue across my skin.

“You will be mine, and mine only,” he whispers, nipping at my neck. “Mine in every way. No one will dare take you from me, not even your father. And I will kill them if they try.”

Yet telling him no would do me no good. He clearly doesn't care who my father is, and I know my wolf will allow it. So, instead, I run my hands up his broad chest beneath his shirt. Marveling at the feel of the hard lines of muscle my fingertips trace. He purrs, licking my skin, and I pray the elevator hurries up. My prayer is answered when the elevator pings and the doors open.

Axton groans, annoyed, looking at the doors before looking back at me, his eyes sparkling with mischief as he tugs me out toward his hotel room.