

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 3

My head is pounding as I groggily wake up to the sound of clicking, fragmented memories from last night's return, the way his hands touched and caressed my skin, his lips everywhere, tasting and devouring me.

Heat rushes to my face, and I roll over on the hotel bed, praying I haven't just screwed my father's enemy, yet I clearly have by the throbbing ache between my thighs. I stare up at the ceiling. My mouth feels dry as the events of the night before come back to me. Instantly, I regret the stupid decision and poor choice I made.

Click. Click. Click.

That noise again. Rolling over, I find my mate standing in nothing but his boxer shorts. My eyes trail down his abs to the deep V-line before looking up at him. My wolf stirs, waking inside me, and she nudges forward with me, eye-fucking our mate.

Axton smirks, and I know he can sense her, just as I could feel his wolf coming forward last night. He walks over to the bed, stopping at the edge with his phone in his hand, and I eye it suspiciously. Did he just take photos of me naked?

"What are you doing?" I groan while sitting up before falling back down, making my headache ten times worse. Every part of me hurts, especially between my legs. With effort, I force myself to sit up and look around, vigilant.

"What's your wolf's name?" he asks, and she perks up at his interest in wanting to know. I growl at him.

"None of your business."

He bristles at my tone as I look around, finding my clothes scattered on the floor, when another thought occurs.

“Did you use protection?” I ask, glancing over at him.

“No, you said you were on the pill.” He shrugs, uncaring as I try to recall that memory.

“You better not have given me some disease,” I snap at him, furious at him and myself for being so careless.

“Whoa, chill out. I’m clean,” the Alpha says, falling onto the edge of the bed with his phone in his hand.

He crawls up the bed toward the headboard. He tugs me toward him, making me shriek when I crash against his hard chest. His phone takes a photo of us together while I push off his chest.

“What are you doing? Give me that!” I snarl, reaching for his phone.

He pulls it away from me and raises an eyebrow at me.

“Delete it and the others I heard you taking,” I demand.

Axton growls at me, but I growl back, straddling his waist to snatch the phone from his hand as he tries to hold it out of my reach. I jab the screen with my finger, only to find he has locked it.

“Tell me the password. Now, Axton!” I panic. If that photo gets out, my father will murder me.

“It’s a bit early in the relationship to be checking my phone, don’t you think? Doesn’t the whole psycho girlfriend thing start after at least a few months in?” He laughs.

“Password. Now,” I repeat.

Axton sighs and holds up his index finger, and I stare at him for a few seconds before looking at the back of the phone to find it has a fingerprint passcode.

I press the phone to his finger while he watches me with a smirk. I scroll through his camera roll, deleting them, and growl when I find he has been taking photos of me while I slept naked.

“Why are you getting so upset? I’m your mate,” he purrs, walking his fingers up my thigh.

I slap his hand, but he just laughs, gripping my hips and sliding me lower so I am sitting directly over his crotch.

“Do you have any idea who I am?” I ask him.

He scratches his chin, appearing thoughtful for a second before he smiles.

“Yes, Elena Hale. I know exactly whose daughter you are,” he answers.

“And you don’t have a problem with that?” I ask, a little shocked.

“Nope, but I can’t wait to see the look on your father’s face when he learns I fucked his daughter until she was screaming my name and begging for more,” he taunts.

My hand connects with his face, and the impact stings my hand. He rubs his cheek, a taunting smile on his lips.

“You dare mention last night to anyone, and you’ll live to regret it, Axton.”

He laughs, reaching for me. He sits up before I can climb off him, then rolls, forcing me beneath him, and rocks his hips against me.

“That sounds more like a challenge, Elena. Yet I don’t think fucking you will ever be a regret. And your father? He has no say in what I do with my mate,” he says, rocking his hips against me.

I turn my face away from him as he leans down to kiss me, instead focusing back on the phone in my hand. I quickly delete the photos, double-checking I got rid of them while trying to ignore how hot and tingly my body is getting from him being pressed between my thighs.

“No one can fight the mate bond, so why are you pretending you aren’t affected by it?” he asks, dipping his face into my neck. He inhales my scent and groans lewdly. My wolf purrs loudly like a damn chainsaw in my head.

I drop his phone onto the bed, tucking my chin so he can’t reach my unmarked flesh. I push on his chest.

“Off, now. Before I make you,” I warn him.

He doesn’t budge, and I try to shove him off, but he catches both of my wrists in his hands, shoving them above my head before holding them in one of his. His other hand squeezes my breast before he brushes his thumb over my nipple, making it harden. I grit my teeth and glare at him.

“Fight it all you want, Elena. It won’t change that I am your mate. It certainly won’t stop me from claiming you,” he says, leaning down and covering my mouth with his.

I thrash beneath him, which only makes him chuckle against my lips. Giving up on that, I bite his lip hard enough that it draws blood. He hisses, jerking back, and I sit up, shoving him off. I climb off the bed and start looking for my clothes, snatching them up, tugging the dress over my head, and stepping into my heels.

“Where are you going?” he snaps, and I glance at him to find him looking at his thumb—the same one he’s just brushed across his lips. His thumb is smeared in blood, and some dribbles down his chin.

“Home!” I tell him.

“You want to tell your father already?” he asks in a mocking voice that has me glancing over at him.

I think I must have imagined the tone as he sweeps his fingers through his hair, looking like some Greek god of perfection. I watch as he stands, his silver eyes watching me move around the room while I look for my clutch. Finding it, I snatch it off the nightstand.

“Elena!” Axton calls out just as I reach for the door handle in my rush to get out of there.

“You leave, and my wolf will hunt you down, Elena,” he says, passing me my phone that I forgot to grab.

I take it, turning to face him and pointing my finger at him. My wolf howls in my head, knowing what I intend to do, but I ignore her, knowing nothing good will come of being mated to this man.

“No, you won’t because I, Elena Hale, reject you, Alpha Axton Levin of the Nightfall pack,” I snap at him.

He growls furiously, snatching my wrist and yanking me toward him. “You just made a big mistake,” he snarls, and his eyes flicker as I feel the tether binding me to him dissolve.

“The only mistake I made was last night,” I snarl back.

He laughs and shakes his head. “You will come crawling back to me. I will make sure of it, Elena. Because I reject your rejection,” he snarls before shoving me back.

“You can’t reject my rejection! I felt the bond sever,” I snap while my wolf’s cries for her mate echo in my head.

“Severed for you, not me. You don’t want to accept it, but you will. You will accept me, Elena, if you know what’s good for you.” His eyes flicker black, and his wolf comes forward, his canines slipping out between his parted lips as he presses me against the door with his arms caging me in.

“You will come back to me, little mate,” his wolf growls, his voice harsher and colder than Axton’s. I wondered what his wolf’s name was, but refused to give him the satisfaction of asking. Instead, when he speaks over me, I glare at him, about to tell him to fuck off.

“Don’t make me hunt you down. Come back, and I may forgive you. You make me chase you, and I will make sure you never run from me again,” he growls before shoving off the door.

I swallow, reaching for the handle.

“You have two weeks. After that, I will come for you,” his wolf tells me.

“Ask for forgiveness, Elena. Please don’t do this,” my wolf begs, but I ignore her.

With a huff, I turn, opening the door and slamming it behind me. Fucking Alphas!

I catch a taxi home before trying to sneak into the house like a thief in the night. However, nothing escapes my father, and the moment I step through the door and into the foyer, I spot him sitting in an armchair in the living room, glaring at me.

“Where were you?” he demands, and I cringe at the rough sound of his voice grating through my head.

“Out!” I answer while rubbing my temples, about to walk off when he rises from his chair. I gasp, attempting to pick up my pace but am not quick enough. His huge hand seizes my arm, twirling me around to face him.

“I asked, where were you?” he growls before sniffing me. “Whose scent is that?” His grip tightens on my arm.

“Nobody’s. Alisha and I went out,” I tell him.

“Why can I smell a male scent on you? Who did you spend the night with?” he snaps, and I gulp, thinking of the first name that pops into my head.

“Jake’s. We went to a club,” I lie.

He sniffs me again, his nose almost in my hair, and I pray to the moon goddess that he doesn’t recognize the scent of Alpha Axton.

“That isn’t a human scent,” he snaps.

Jake is human—my father knows that—and gay. Despite his disgust for humans, Jake is the only man my father lets me be around because he is safe and not a threat. Every boyfriend or man that steps near me, Dad will scare off, eventually.

“You’re lying. I know Jake’s scent. Who were you with?” he growls, his claws slipping out and into my arm.

I hiss and try to jerk my arm out of his grasp.

“It’s probably someone from the club. I was wearing Alisha’s jumper earlier,” I tell him, knowing that, if put on the spot, she will lie for me as she has done in the past.

He lets go, eyeing me suspiciously. “You don’t miss pack meetings. You are an Alpha’s daughter.”

“Yet never to be an Alpha,” I retort. “Therefore, fuck your meetings. Take Luke with you. Apparently, being the eldest and rightful heir means nothing. He is the one you chose in my place. Make him attend and do your job for you!”

Not that I want that for Luke, but I am hungover, angry, and my wolf has not stopped howling since rejecting Axton.

Dad raises his hand as if to slap me, but I harden my glare when Mom walks out in her robe and slippers, her blonde hair a mess.

“Everything alright?” she asks.

Dad looks over at her. His eyes soften, and his shoulders drop slightly. “Everything is fine, love,” he tells her, walking over to her.

Mom looks at me with worry, and Dad shoots me a glare. I watch them leave before heading to my room.