

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 44

Axton

Coming out of my room after showering and dressing, I find Elena putting the last touches on the dining table when the oven alarm goes off.

“I take it Tieriny has left?” I ask her, looking for the oven mitts.

“Yes, while you were showering,” Elena answers, coming over and nudging me aside with her hip as she reaches for the cupboard above the stove to retrieve the oven mitts.

My eyes roam over her as she slips a mitt on her hand, her huge baby bump sticking out. Before I can stop myself, I reach out to touch it. She freezes, her entire body turning tense as I run my hand over the silk fabric of the dress, my hand smoothing over where I can just make out her belly button.

“I should get the hens out,” she says, making me lift my gaze to hers.

I clear my throat. “Sorry.”

She steps away, pulling the oven door open, her hair falling over her shoulder, and she flicks it back as she pokes one of the hens with a skewer, pulling it out. She grabs the other mitt tucked under her arm to slip it on when I take it from her.

“I’ll get it out. You’ll ruin your dress,” I tell her, taking the other mitt from her.

“I’ll fix the wine then,” she says when there is a knock on the door. Without thinking, she walks over to the door and yanks on it before remembering it is locked.

I am too wrapped up in the memory of feeling her giant baby bump to notice at first. Seconds later, I dig my hand into my pocket and retrieve the keys, tossing them at her. “Blue one.”

She catches them, and I crouch to retrieve the keys, only to freeze, realizing I have just tossed the keys to her. I set the food on the counter in a panic as I hear the door open. I quickly race over to her.

“Hi, you must be Elena, the Alpha’s—”

Stepping behind Elena, I place my hand on her side and notice how she tenses, yet her face gives nothing away. Picture perfect, and I can tell she is more than comfortable with these sorts of situations. Natural, even though I can feel the tension in her back from me touching her.

“Mate, Luna Doreen,” I tell the woman, rubbing my hand up the side of Elena’s belly. God, I want her bump to live in my hands.

Elena says nothing at my comment, just smiles, though I notice how her eyes dart to me.

“I thought you had a fight with your mate?” Luna Doreen says as her husband comes in behind her.

“Things change. We are trying to work things out,” I tell her before greeting the Alpha.

Elena neither agrees nor denies it. I worry she will call me out, deny it, or even try to run. Yet her social skills are impeccable. She thrives in this sort of environment, which she should; she has trained her entire life for an Alpha position she will never get because she is a woman.

However, as the other council members arrive, we all sit down and discuss the vampire situation, the expansion of the city borders, and the neighboring towns that the city is looking to purchase. Elena always answers flawlessly when a question is directed at her as she talks to the Lunas that laze about my kitchen, sipping wine, while she prepares dinner.

“Must have been a kick in the teeth with your father, Elena. He even had me believing you would take over the pack,” Alpha Soyer says, looking in her direction.

“Women aren’t Alphas.” Alpha Thomas laughs.

Alpha Soyer shrugs. “Always a first time for everything,” he says, and I see his mate smile softly at his comment.

“Yeah, but what use is she? Women can’t run packs. It’s why we have a hierarchy. And I can’t believe Derrick would be so stupid to fill women’s heads with such nonsense. Derrick should have known better,” Thomas scoffs. He has been here only an hour and is already blind drunk.

“And how do you run things?” Elena challenges.

I look at her to find her glaring at the man.

He chuckles. “I run things well. You are just here to look pretty, not worry about men’s business, just like the rest of our Lunas.”

Elena scoffs, shaking her head.

“You think you can do better?” he asks.

I want to step in, but I also want to see what she will do. Although, if he steps out of line by insulting her once more, he will be meeting Khan. My sedatives are wearing off, and my proximity to Elena is bringing him forward quicker.

“I know I can do better. Your business is sloppy at the best of times, Alpha. Your pack is living off loans and not all legal, I might add. Does the new council know you deal with the human banks? We are to stick to council and supernatural banks, not to mention the money you launder through your shady-ass businesses. Even with all that, your pack is in the red, and it is only a matter of time before you start liquidating assets,” she says.

Thomas’s face turns red, and he slams his fist on the table. Elena, though, keeps her cool as she walks around, serving plates. The other Lunas are helping her.

“Excuse me?” Thomas snaps at her.

Elena stops, setting my plate in front of me to look at him.

“That is bullshit, all lies. Your father has you brainwashed. Did he tell you such nonsense?” he spits. Elder Mathew watches him, and no doubt there will be investigations to be had now. After the way he sneers at her, I will make sure of it.

“Maybe next time you question my competence, Alpha Thomas, you check who your accountant was.”

Ah, that’s right. Derrick used to manage all pack taxes and accounting within the council. Now we handle our own. But when it was Derrick running things, it was supposed to all be run via the council, a reason his control was never questioned within the city.

“So, your father spewed these blatant lies?”

Elena laughs, moving to the kitchen and retrieving his plate. Alpha Soyer also laughs at him before sipping his beer and shaking his head. Thomas’s eyes cut sideways to glare at him.

“Thomas, stop before you embarrass yourself,” he says.

“No, she’s lying through her damn teeth about me.”

“She’s not lying. Elena knows all of our information: taxes, pack-operated businesses, everything, Thomas.”

“That is council information, so if her father has been handing out such information, he is— “

“My father hasn’t handled his pack in years. I have been running the pack since I was eighteen. He just refused to hand the title over. There is not a person in this room, except Alpha Axton, whose income, margins, and pack business I don’t know about. I handled all the council work and pack business, not my father. I was the one who had you served for evading your taxes and also had your shady-ass laundromats investigated. That was me, not my father. He just signed the paperwork. I was the brains behind it all and the one that did all the work. Now that I am gone, I can only imagine the shit storm he has found himself in and how my mother is probably trying to bail him out of it,” Elena says, setting his plate in front of him.

“Now, Alpha, I may be my father’s daughter, but I no longer hold obligations to any pack. I no longer have obligations to this city, seeing as I am technically rogue,

so I feel it would be better to drop such subjects unless you want more of your dirty laundry spilled on this table for everyone to see,” she says without so much as a nervous stammer.

Alpha Thomas swallows, and his wife nudges him in warning.

Alpha Thomas clears his throat. “Good idea, Elena—”

“Luna Elena,” I correct, and Elena’s eyes go to mine briefly.

I can see the confusion in them, but she holds her shock, not letting it show.

“Right, Luna Elena, not the sort of dinner talk we are hoping for,” he says, reaching for his wine.

“Allow me,” Elena says, plucking the wine glass off the table. She wanders back to the kitchen to refill his glass.

“Elena?” I call out, and she peers over her shoulder at me. I hold up my glass, and she nods once. When she returns, she gives Alpha Thomas his wine, hands me another whiskey, and then sits beside me.