

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 5

Elena

Pulling into the driveway after finishing work, my little brother is playing on the grass with his soccer ball. I am supposed to be meeting Alisha for training but am now considering canceling because I have felt terribly ill all day.

Usually, after training, we head out of town to meet up with Jake, so I sigh, wanting to see him because I haven't seen him in a week. I have been struck down with some violent stomach bug that has had me racing for the toilet for the last couple of days to upturn my stomach.

Climbing out of the car, Luke rushes over to me, wrapping his arms around my waist. I mess his hair, and he unwraps his little arms from around my waist, looking up at me.

"Come play with me, Elena," he whines, grabbing my hand and tugging me toward the grass.

"I have to get ready to go meet Alisha. And I don't feel too good."

"Please, please, twenty minutes," he pouts, and I roll my eyes before sighing.

"Fine. Twenty minutes, and that's it," I tell him, tossing my handbag on the step. I kick my heels off and am about to follow him when the front door bursts open.

"Elena!" my father bellows, making me jump.

I peer over my shoulder at him.

"My office. Now!" he growls before stalking off into the house.

I look back at Luke, holding his soccer ball. He drops it, and I frown at his disappointment.

“I’m sorry, buddy. I’ll be right back,” I tell him, but it’s clear he doesn’t believe me.

Usually, when Dad calls for me, I am stuck at his side for fucking hours. Leaning down, I grab my heels and handbag before walking up the porch steps of the packhouse. I slip inside, shutting the screen door behind me.

I place my keys in the bowl on the hall stand, my handbag next to it, and put my shoes by the door. With a sigh, I make my way to the back of the house toward his office, wondering how long this will take because I promised to meet Alisha and Jake. He is our best friend and human, a pleasant change from the assholes I have to deal with in the packs daily.

Unfortunately for me, he is also gay because, damn, that man is fine. We are meeting him at the store he owns just outside the city before heading to the movies. Since my father declared I would never be handed the pack, I have avoided him at all costs except for dinner.

Pushing the heavy door open, I find my father sitting at his enormous oak desk. He has been glaring at the door before I even walked in, with his arms folded across his chest.

Great, what have I done now?

“Shut the door,” he snarls, and I do before taking a seat at his desk.

The moment I sit down, he slides my phone across the desk to me. I grab it, relief flooding me. I’ve spent all morning looking for the thing before work.

“Where did you find it?” I ask him, unlocking the screen.

“Doesn’t matter. What I want to know is why Alpha Axton is calling you,” he says, and my blood runs cold.

I glance at him, only to avert my gaze when he growls at me.

“Had an interesting chat with him. He claims you are his mate. Is that true?”

I swallow before opening my mouth, only to snap it closed when his aura washes over me.

“Don’t lie to me. Is he your mate?” he demands, and I grit my teeth, glaring daggers at him.

“Yes, he is.”

My father drops his aura and goes to say something, but I hold my hand up.

“He was probably calling because I rejected him. I don’t think he was too happy about that,” I tell him, and my father lets out a breath.

“Thank god you have some wits about you,” he says, looking relieved while I just stare at him.

“Okay, well, if you have already taken care of it, I don’t have to then,” he says.

I nod, getting out of my seat when he speaks again, making me pause.

“Where did you meet him, anyway? I have never taken you to any of his functions.”

“The night of the pack meeting,” I answer, knowing I am caught now.

“He’s the reason you didn’t show up. I thought you were with Alisha?” he snaps, and I shake my head.

“No, I was angry with you, so I went out with Alisha and saw him at the club we went to.”

My father growls, his eyes glowing fluorescent. He presses his lips in a line and looks away.

“Women are not Alphas,” he says.

“My blood says otherwise,” I tell him before storming off toward the door.

“You don’t leave pack territory. You’re grounded until I say otherwise. I can’t believe you would miss an important meeting for that prick,” he says, and I stop before laughing.

“I am twenty years old. You can’t ground me. I am not some disobedient child, Father.”

“I just did. I won’t have you gallivanting around the city like some whore, making our pack look bad, especially with the likes of him,” Dad snarls.

Did he not hear a word I said? I fucking rejected him, and my wolf has been giving me the silent treatment for weeks now because of it. She won’t even let me shift! I rejected my mate for him, and he dares call me a whore!

“Wow, really, Dad? A whore? I have done everything you asked of me. Everything!” I scream at him furiously.

“Watch your tone with me. I will not tolerate it,” he snarls.

“And I won’t tolerate you treating me like a fucking child!”

“You know where the door is. If you want to go, go. But if you remain under my roof, it will be on my terms. Now, get out of my sight,” he sneers.

Tears prick my eyes, and I stop myself from making things worse by closing my mouth and leaving.

I won’t get anywhere with this man, and I am done trying, so I walk out, shutting the door behind me.

I make it halfway down the hall before my walk turns into a run, and I race toward my bathroom, feeling my stomach turn. Dropping to my knees, I throw up. Maybe it won’t be so bad getting grounded, after all. I haul myself to my feet and rinse my mouth.

I glance at my pale reflection in the mirror. I look like crap. My hair is flat on my head, and I am sweating. With a groan, I peel off my clothes. I need to clean myself up. The last thing I need is to give Dad any more reason to be angry at me.