

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 6

The following night

Sitting on the floor in the living room, we are waiting for Dad's game to finish so we can have our usual Friday movie night. Luke and I are both arguing over which movie to watch.

"Quiet, you two," Dad snaps.

I roll my eyes at him, and Luke chuckles at the face I make, mimicking Dad. I poke him in the ribs, and he giggles before Dad sends us a glare, making him fall quiet.

"I'll go make popcorn," I whisper to him.

"And grab the chocolate," he whispers and winks at me.

"We are out. I forgot to grab more today," Mom tells him, and he pouts.

I roll my eyes and poke him in the ribs as I get up off the floor where I am lying next to him. He giggles and rolls onto his back, looking up at me with a cheeky smile.

"Chocolate stash in the shoebox under my bed," I tell him, and he jumps up, taking off for the door. I chuckle as he races up the hallway in his Avenger pajamas.

"Really, Elena? You know how hyper he gets," Mom groans while brushing her fingers through Dad's hair as he sits on the lounge, staring at the TV.

"Grab me a beer, El," he calls, and I roll my eyes but move toward the kitchen.

I place the popcorn in the microwave before rummaging through the fridge and grabbing him a beer. I walk back out and hand it to him, and he thanks me, popping the top and swigging from it.

Shaking my head, I hear the microwave beep and walk back to the kitchen just as Luke comes tearing past me with my chocolate stash tucked under his arms. He slides along the tiled floor in his red socks, skidding and giving a war cry that turns into an oomph when he slides straight into the wall with a thud. I snicker, and he sticks his tongue out at me.

“No running in the halls!” Dad yells out, and Luke’s shoulders straighten as he heads back into the living room.

While in the kitchen, I use my father’s charger and plug my phone in to charge, leaving it on the counter before retrieving a bowl, pouring the freshly popped popcorn into it, and adding extra salt.

Popping some into my mouth, I wander back down the hall when I hear the news break come on. Then, I hear Dad telling Luke he can put his movie on, only for him to grunt.

“Wait, Luke, I want to hear this news on Alpha Axton,” Dad tells him, and my brows pinch together.

“Love, turn that up!” he snaps, and I hear the TV volume rise as I reach the entryway.

I glance at the TV screen for a second when my phone starts ringing. I groan, turning back to retrieve it when I hear my name mentioned, and I pause in the hallway, turning back to the living room.

“What?” I gasp, stepping into the living room. I stop beside the couch when I see what’s on, and the bowl of popcorn slips out of my hands. The glass bowl shatters on the floor at my feet, glass splinters cut my legs, and my mother gasps, covering my brother’s eyes, as a video from the hotel room where I spent the night plays.

My mother looks at me in horror, and my blood runs cold. My heartbeat thumps loudly in my ears while my stomach drops somewhere dark and cold inside me at what is playing for the entire city to see. Some parts of us are blurred out, too rude

to show, yet my face is easy to see. He filmed us together. That startling realization rips through my chest, and I hear Lexa whimper at what our mate has done to us.

Horror washes through me. When the brief film clip finishes, it only gets worse when the naked photos of me cover the screen, and I shriek, racing toward the TV to rip it from the wall. Then, my father stands, and I freeze. His entire body ripples with tension, and I look at Mom, who stares wide-eyed at him before her terrified gaze falls on me.

He turns toward me, and I back up, petrified by the murderous look on his face.

“Dad, I am sorry... I...” I am gasping for air, looking for a good enough explanation, but I have none.

His canines slip out and his claws slide out of his fingertips as he snarls at me.

Mom shrieks, jumping to her feet, and my eyes dart to her fleetingly to see the panic in her eyes when my father’s fist connects with the side of my face. I stumble back, clutching my face. My vision goes black when I feel my cheek and eye swell. I look up only to his fist flying toward my face again, connecting with my nose. Blood gushes out of my nose when he grabs my hair, flinging me down the hallway. I roll across the tiled floor.

I can hear my mother yelling in the distance and Luke’s wailing screams, telling him to stop when his foot kicks me, making my back arch. Yet I can’t see a thing as my eyes swell shut, and the moment I get some recognition back, I am kicked again, the brutal hit stealing the air from my lungs.

“You fucking slut! I will kill you!” my father roars when he stumbles over the top of me.

I blink, gasping for air, and the floor is slick with my blood as I try to get up, wondering why Lexa won’t let me shift and help me.

“Derrick! No, no!” Mom shrieks.

I realize it must have been her that pushed him, her voice closer than before. I look desperately for her.

“Lexa?” I mumble, my hands slipping on my blood as she screams in my head.

“Protect your stomach!” Lexa screams at me.

“Shift,” I gasp at her, choking on my own blood.

“We can’t,” she whimpers, just as Dad’s foot connects with my face, and everything goes black.