

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 7

Axton

I watch as the news plays out across every channel, my wolf snarling in my head at the display. I feel sick knowing everyone can see her in such a vulnerable state, yet I made sure the essential parts were blurred a little.

However, the images leave little to the imagination. I warned her; I messaged her, telling her she had to call me or else. So, she can hardly complain if “or else” happens. She’s been warned, and now she has to pay for the consequences of her actions.

Smug satisfaction washes through me. My mate will be begging at my feet to take her in when she has nowhere else to go, and I’ll handle the issue with her father, too. Her father will kick her out of the pack and remove her titles, forcing her back to me or into going rogue. I scoff at the idea.

His spot on the werewolf council will be removed, and I know I will win the majority vote ruling. Everything is falling into place. Soon, I will have my mate, and soon, I will have acquired over half of the city, giving me ultimate control over all the packs that reside in it.

Eli pats my shoulder triumphantly as I shut the TV off.

“Well, you told him you would find a way to ruin him. I am pretty sure you just did.” He laughs, walking toward the bar.

My phone starts going off. The mind link fills with excited chatter from the pack at our victory. Excited for the future is an understatement. My pack has successfully found its place. This city now belongs to us.

“You’re not the least bit worried about our mate?” Khan asks me as I watch the few pack members who’ve come over to celebrate dance and fool around in the rumpus room.

“No, why would I be? It is only a matter of time before she calls or knocks on our door,” I tell him, and he growls, sauntering off to the back of my mind where I can no longer feel him.

He has been in a terrible mood for the past few hours. He is dampening my excitement. Putting my troubled thoughts about my wolf aside, we continue to celebrate until, eventually, everyone passes out drunk or has gone home.

It isn’t until the early hours of the morning, when I hear laughter and the sounds of voices talking that I wake up on the couch. I can hear the TV playing in the background, and I rub my eyes, staring up at the ceiling. Man, why did I drink so much?

My head develops its own pulse as the headache following last night’s excitement decides to take its place in the forefront of my mind. With a groan, I sit up, putting my head in my hands, when I hear the door leading into the room burst open, making me flinch at the loud noise that’s rattled my already scrambled brain. I feel sick, and Khan snarls in my head angrily, picking up on my agony.

“Everyone out, now!” Eli bellows, and I lift my head to watch my pack members rush out of the room while he storms toward me.

I wonder what has upset him when he stops in front of me.

“You can’t answer your fucking phone?” he snarls, grabbing the remote from beside me and turning the TV up.

“What is it?” I groan, rubbing my temples to ease the throb of my head.

“Your mate!” he snaps, which has my head snapping up at the mention of her.

Khan comes forward, pressing beneath my skin at the mention of her while Eli flicks through the channels, stopping on the news. The title flashes across the screen:

Alpha’s daughter rushed to Nightfall Hospital

I blink, trying to make sense of the heading. It could be any Alpha daughter in the city. Yet when her face pops up on the screen, I am already racing toward the door. Khan comes forward to take control. He forces my legs to move faster as we run toward the garage, and I try to take control back from him. He can control my human form just fine. That doesn't mean I trust him to drive in it, though.

My hands grip the door handle, and I yank the door open, only to nearly break the door handle off when I hear footsteps approaching quickly behind me. The lights beep on my car as my Beta hits the key fob, unlocking the doors. Khan is about to toss my body in the driver's seat when Eli's menacing growl behind me challenges my wolf.

"Khan, passenger seat. You can't drive," he snarls at my wolf.

My body turns sharply to face him at the challenge before reason settles over my wolf.

"Listen to him, Khan. Or give me control back," I snap at my wolf.

Unwilling to relinquish his control, he moves to the passenger side and drops into the seat while my Beta climbs into the driver's seat and starts the car.

"Khan, you need to hand control back to Axton," Eli tells him calmly.

I am anything but calm, I am worried and anxious, wanting to know why she is in the hospital. Yet as we reach the hospital and I get out of the car, I feel Khan recede and hand the reins back to me. I let out a breath as we make our way to reception. I let Eli handle speaking with the woman at the front desk. She makes a few phone calls upstairs. When she hangs up, I glance at the desk before turning my attention back to the doors leading to the wards.

"Sorry. You aren't on her list of visitors, and she doesn't want to see you," the woman says.

I growl and move toward the desk, my hands slapping down on the laminated wood.

"I am her fucking mate," I snap at the elderly woman.

She flinches, and her chair squeaks on the linoleum floor as she sits back further. The only thing separating us is the plexiglass. Lucky for her because Khan wants to rip her to shreds.

“I’m sorry, but unless you—”

Her words cut off when the double doors bang wide open, and a woman about my mate’s age comes storming out in a blaze of fury, her hazel eyes pinned on me as she lifts an accusing finger. I recognize her as the girl from the nightclub. She was with Elena that night, so I know she’s her friend, but for the life of me, I can’t remember her name.

“You fucking bastard! How could you!” she screams at me.

Yet my eyes only see the open doors behind her, and I run for them, barging past her and letting Khan forward to pick up her scent. The only smells I can trace are disinfectants, hand sanitizer, and bleach, so instead, I race up corridors and check rooms as I pass each one while being screamed at to leave or get out. One snarl from Khan has them backing up when they recognize whom they are talking to. He demands to know where she is before a startled doctor points us in the direction.

As we stalk the corridors, unease fills me, and I stop at a blue door. My heart races as I grip the handle and twist it, shoving it open and stepping into the small room. Elena lies on the bed in a hospital gown, IV drips hanging out of her and blood caked in her hair, one side of her face so swollen she can’t even open her eye on that side. Her face is covered in black and purple bruises. From what I can see, the rest of her not covered by the blanket is the same.

Moving to her side, I grip her hand, and she looks at me before recognizing me and jerking her hand from my grip.

“Who did this to you?” I ask, ignoring the pang of hurt when she wiggles over on the bed, trying to get away from me.

“You did!” she snaps, looking away and reaching for the emergency button on the remote.

Just as she does, her friend rushes in behind me. Reaching for her hand again, she jerks away, her eyes going to her friend behind me.

“Get security to get him out here,” she tells her friend.

“Elena, I am your mate,” I whisper when she turns her wounded gaze back to me.

“You are nothing to me. Now, get out!” she growls before wincing.

I press my lips in a line and fist my hands at my sides before hearing the security guards, who no doubt will use tranquilizers if I refuse to leave.

“Tell me who did this. I will make it up to you,” I tell her.

She laughs, shaking her head. “Pack business is dealt with inside the pack. You have done enough. I’m not part of your pack, or any pack now. You knew what leaking that video meant, and still, you did it. Now, get out of my room. You are not my Alpha, and you are definitely not my mate!”

Hearing the footsteps outside the hall, Eli pops his head into the room. “Axton, we gotta go,” he says and nods.

“I’ll make it up to you,” I tell her, turning on my heel before my ass gets shot with wolfsbane darts.

“Did she say who did it?” Eli asks.

“No, but my best guess is her father. No one else would dare touch Alpha Derrick’s daughter,” I tell him, and Khan growls loudly in my head. He wants blood.