

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 74

Elena

Axton has been impossible all afternoon. We have done nothing but argue over my pack's security, and I can see the women are becoming antsy. His aura radiating out of him has them shaken.

"You need to do something, Elena. The women are too frightened to come eat with us," my mother mind links me, which makes me press my lips in a line.

His aura may not affect me, my mother, Luke, or our sons, but these women are Omegas, and I am tiring of reminding him to tone it down.

Sondra looks like she is about to blow his damn head off any second. My mother has been keeping her distracted. Glancing out the window where we usually set up for dinner together each night with our little pack, the place is completely bare.

"Axton, you need to calm down. I am letting you stay," I remind him for the hundredth time.

"No, all this time, you have had them unprotected, and now you expect me to leave them out here with you. My men can't be out here until Monday, so until then, either I stay or you can come back to the city with me!"

I press my lips in a line; he knows I can't do that. These women have been away from pack societies for years. They won't follow, and I can't abandon them out here.

"I agreed to let you do border patrols. I am giving you what you want," I tell him.

“Yeah, why don’t we just roll over and show him our belly, Elena? Having to walk on eggshells in our own pack. This is bullshit,” Lexa growls at me.

“Exactly what do you want me to do?” I retort.

“Not lie down and fucking take it. We said we were done being anyone’s bitch. I won’t do this again, mate or not. I won’t sit by and accept it like we did with JAKE!” she screams at me.

My stomach sinks as I glance at Axton, who is furiously typing on his phone, his entire body roiling with his anger.

“You promised me. We are Alpha! This is our pack! We agreed to his demands, but I won’t agree for our pack to be terrified! I’m done running. I’m not bowing down to any fucking Alpha! So until he starts acting like a mate, I don’t want him or Khan!” she snarls at me.

Yeah, well, that won’t be happening anytime soon. That much is clear. We are letting him see the boys; we are letting him send border patrols, but still, it’s not enough to please him. Kyan starts crying, and I move to the crib, only to be nudged out of the way by him.

“Go make his bottle. I am not going back down there to deal with that old witch,” Axton snaps at me.

My brows escape into my hairline. I scoff, seeing Lexa is right, and I click my tongue and move toward the door furiously. He will never change because he believes I am no match for him.

Mom’s words return to me, Dad’s promise to make me Alpha. Her father promised her the title. I may have sons, but I will not be the submissive Luna he wants. Mom came to me because I have a backbone. Maybe now is the time I remind myself of that. Walking out, Lexa settles, sensing my defiance against him. Walking down the steps, I see Sondra sitting at the huge wooden table, arms folded as she watches me. Mom is making her a cup of tea.

“Elena?” Sondra says, her tone clipped, and I smirk.

“Yes, Alpha?” I chuckle, glancing at her.

“Do I need to remind you who you are?” she questions as I open the freezer and pull out a bag of breast milk.

“Nope! I know exactly who I am,” I tell her.

“Are you sure?”

“Yep, and he is about to find out,” I reply, giving her a pointed look.

“Put value in yourself, and expect nothing less. Validate yourself and you’ll never need a man to tell you,” she adds.

“I know.”

“Mom, I need your phone,” I mind link, unsure if Axton is listening upstairs.

Mine is sitting on the bedside table, and I am not stupid. Axton will be all over me if I pick it up. She slides it over to me while I warm the milk and make a bottle.

“What’s your value, Elena? Can’t preach it to these women if you don’t believe it yourself,” Sondra questions.

Nearly all these women came from domestic violence situations or controlling abusive Alphas, and here I am, as their Alpha, showing them my mate can walk all over me.

“Not anymore!” Lexa states.

“Not anymore,” I reply in return.

“Infinite, unfathomable, I am capable because I’m still breathing. I control my destiny because I’m the one living it, and I bow to no one,” I huff, picking up the phone.

“So, why are you giving him a discount on your value? Or did you just temporarily forget?” Sondra questions, and I hold up the phone.

“I’m not!”

“Good girl.” She nods as my mother sits her tea in front of her.

I hear footsteps above us, and I point to the ceiling, knowing he is moving around up there since my room is directly above. Opening her phone, I search for Marco's number, sending him a message that Axton breached the anonymity clauses.

Setting the phone down, my mother stops on the other side of the kitchen island. "What did you do?" she whispers, though I can see the smirk on her face.

"Reminding him," I tell her, and the phone buzzes.

"I hoped he wouldn't be stupid enough. Give me an hour," Marco replies.

Axton may have the council in his pocket, but he'll never own Marco. Marco is family to our pack, and now Axton will learn that not all council members can be bought, and neither can I with his empty threats.