

# Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 68

Elena

The next day

The relief I feel upon getting home is immense today. The women are all waiting out front of the house when I return from the registry after filling out the paperwork for each pack member last night. They've already set up preparing for dinner. Tables are set up and chairs placed out already. As I walk up the steps, Sondra is sitting in her rocking chair.

"Nope." She points back to the women waiting. She refuses to let me enter the house until I let them submit to me, and I have fed them my blood.

They wanted to do it last night when I returned home, but I only cared about getting home to the boys.

When I am done, I am about to put the goblet down on the table when I turn to find my mother. She grabs my hands in hers, and Luke comes to stand beside her.

"Mom?"

"You were always born to lead, Elena. And I would be honored to stand by your side to watch you go further than I ever could have imagined for myself, further than I imagined for you. You earned this. This is your birthright. Now take it," she tells me.

"But Dad, he is your mate..."

“He stopped being my mate the day he kicked you out of the pack. Mates don’t hurt mates. And he hurt me when he took you from me. Never again. For everything I have done in the past, know it was for you kids. Even when I chose wrong, it was all for you. Just like this is. You deserve this, Elena. You are not just an Alpha by blood, but by your persistence to not give up when everything around you is trying to break you.”

My mother lets go of my hands and drops to her knees alongside Luke.

“I, Luna Louise Bardot, submit to you, Elena Bardot of the Elysian Fortuna Moonlight Pack,” she murmurs, baring her neck to me.

Luke does the same, and my eyes burn with tears as I look at Sondra, who nods once. My eyes lift to the sky as my aura slips out.

“Submit!” I choke on the words as I force my mother and brother into the dirt under my aura.

They drop to the ground, and I hold it over them as they both fight the instinct to submit to me before baring their necks and answering the call. “Yes, Alpha.”

My hands shake as I give them both the goblet, and I know my father would have felt his links to my mother and Luke sever. They are my pack members now. He no longer has that control over them, nor will he ever again.

They didn’t have to submit. I’ve never expected that from my mother. Especially knowing my father is her mate. It would have nearly been impossible to break that tie to him and officially reject her position as his Luna.

Once the pack and my mother and brother get to their feet, I am about to check on the boys, who went down for their nap before I left. But apparently, having the woman submit and make everything official is not enough for Sondra.

“Come on, let’s make this official,” Sondra tells me, standing up from her chair, and I raise an eyebrow at her. She laughs, motioning for me to follow her.

My shoulders sag. “But...”

Sondra shoots me a look that says to not test her, and I chuckle, following her around the back of the house.

She leads us to the back, where the chop shop is. I am nervous but feeling the women's excitement, I find it contagious.

Now, as a fully-fledged pack, we even share a pack link. And the thrumming through my body hasn't relented since they submitted. I can feel every single one of the women as if they are an extension of me.

Upon entering the chop shop, there is a small furnace, and I glance around as the women start removing their shirts. Sondra moves toward the bonfire and pulls a huge branding iron out of the flames.

"You're up first, Alpha." She smiles.

I look at the brand, knowing it must have been custom-made. It is a crescent moon rising above a blooming lotus.

I take my shirt off, earning some whistles from the other women, making me laugh.

"Today is the awakening and birth of Alpha Elena Bardot. This brand represents the birth and rising of your pack," Sondra tells me, and I stare at the glowing metal and suck in a breath.

"Now, where do you want it, Alpha?" Sondra asks, and I nod, knowing the women are waiting for me to go first. Michelle and Noleen come over and grab my arms as I give her my back.

Seconds later, I feel blistering heat sear through my shoulder blade, making me scream. The pain is horrendous, and I sag when she removes it. The skin is raw and still burns fiercely even once I find my feet while the stench of burning skin lingers in the air.

Yet the women love the idea, and honestly, so do I. Even Sondra becomes an honorary member of our pack by getting one as well. But none of the children are branded. As we go to leave the huge garage, Luke growls at me.

"Where's mine?"

Mom and I both shake our heads.

“Luke, no!” Mom tells him, but he ignores her, grabbing the smoldering brand out of the drum.

“Luke, you just watched a few of the women pass out getting theirs,” I remind him.

But still, he shakes his head.

“Let him. The little Alpha knows what he wants,” Sondra says with a shrug.

“He’s a child,” I snap at her, and she shrugs.

“He wants it.”

I look at my mother, who chews her lip. She growls but gives in to him, while I want to throw up at the thought of burning my eleven-year-old brother. We spend ten minutes trying to talk him out of it.

Cursing, I know he won’t give up.

“Remember, you asked for this.” I tell him pointedly.

He nods eagerly. I shake my head when my mother mind links.

“Just touch him and pull it back. Don’t hold it,” she tells me.

I was planning to do that anyway because I don’t want to do it all.

“Please, Elena. I don’t want to be a Hale. I want to be a Bardot, too,” Luke pleads.

“You are, though. You already submitted. We have changed your name,” I tell him.

Luke shakes his head. “I want Dad to know, for him to see it and know that no matter what he does, even if he tries to take us back, I’ll always belong to this pack. That nobody else is worthy of being my Alpha but you.”

I chew my lip, still reluctant.

“You came back. You didn’t have to, but you came back for us, knowing exactly what you were risking. You risked your life for us. I couldn’t help you or Mom, but I can show him whose side I will always take. I want him to have that constant

reminder when he looks at me, that I would risk everything for my new Alpha,” Luke tells me.

I swallow and meet my mother’s eyes.

“Do it,” she tells me.

I sigh as she helps him remove his shirt.

She kneels in front of him, gripping his arms. “Are you ready?”

Luke nods, and my mother nods to me. Lining the small branding tool on his shoulder blade, I press it against his skin and count to five before I remove it. Luke doesn’t utter a single word, no pained noises, and I know that is for my and our mother’s benefit. One day he will make a good Alpha. Until then, I will show him what it means to be one.