

Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Sons Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Elena POV

The music was loud in the club, and my blood was buzzing with the copious amounts of alcohol running through my system. I was going to regret drinking that many amaretto sours in the morning, but for now, I was going to let the booze dull my pain and loosen my body up enough so that I could enjoy the night. I was dressed to kill in a skin-tight bodycon dress that left little to the imagination and showed off all my curves.

My best friend let out a giggle as I grabbed her hips, pulling her body flush against mine and swaying my hips to the beat. Alisha’s ass grinding against me, and I laughed. I hardly went out, but after my father declared he was not standing down and handing the pack over to me, I decided to give dad a big fuck you by missing the pack meeting and instead escaping to the club. Possibly to hook up with some random stranger.

I was going to make sure that he heard all about it. I wanted him just as mad as I was, so I knew his wrath would make it worth it.

I was fuming and wanted to get back at him, which I had now done by directly defying him and going clubbing. I knew it would get me in trouble, and he would claim I had caused him shame. Knowing he would struggle at the meeting without me managing presentations would be worth the punishment.

He had every excuse for not allowing me to take over the pack for the past two years.

It was the same argument today when I brought it up. However, he told me why this time. “You’re a woman, not an Alpha,” I had just blinked at him.

All my life, I trained and was a model daughter. I did everything asked of me, and it was all for nothing. So when he told me not to be late for the pack meeting, I boycotted it to go dancing instead.

Yet, despite the liquor consumed, I felt like I was being watched; that odd sensation of having eyes on me had me glancing around the club to see whose attention I had stolen. My eyes scanned the room where bodies were mashed together, bobbing, and moving to the beat, yet I found no one directly staring at me.

Not until I stared at the landing above the dancefloor. Silver eyes peered back at me by a man leaning against the railing. He watched me for a few seconds and took a sip of his drink. Then turned away, shrinking back into the shadows, and I shrugged, thinking it was nothing. Yet why did something tug deep inside me, causing me to keep peering up at the landing? I couldn't explain it, but something about the man had me nervous.

"Are you alright, babe?" Alisha turned to me, brushing her lavender-colored hair out of her eyes before leaning closer. She called out next to my ear, her voice barely audible over the loud

music. I nodded, returning my attention back to her, her tan face flushed and glistening with sweat from the heat of us jammed close on the dancefloor under the strobing lights. For some strange reason, my eyes returned to the landing after only a few moments, but I could no longer see the mysterious man.

After about another hour, I had finished my drink, and my feet were killing me when I tapped Alisha on the shoulder.

"I need to get a drink," I call out to her over the loud music, and she mouths 'what?' to me. I nod toward the bar area, and she gives me a thumbs up, yet as I turn around to weave out of the bodies crowding me in, I slam against a chest. Strong hands grip my hips, and his scent invades my nose, making my entire body tense when I feel his breath sweep over my neck.

"Found you, little mate," he purrs next to my ear. I swallow, pulling back to see who he is, only to meet the eyes belonging to the stranger from the balcony. Only down here, I realize he : wasn't any stranger at all but Alpha Elias from the Nightfall pack. I had seen plenty of stories and articles on the man in the media, but I had never met him in person. Dad kept me far from

this monster of a man. I gasped, stepping away from him. And. for a good reason, he was one of my father's enemies.

He flew into the city and bought out half of it. He has been trying to get my father kicked off the council now for months, so he could buy out the only quarter left that was unclaimed, giving him half the city. When he didn't get his way, he played dirty and reigned hell on them until they gave in or suddenly went

missing. The city has lived in fear ever since he arrived here.

"Don't touch me," I snap at him. Tears prick my eyes at the outrage of him being my mate while my stupid wolf was trying to come forward, excited to see this mon

ster. Of all the people who could be my fated one, it had to be this asshole. My father would kill me if he found out. No one wants to be associated with the man who destroyed our peaceful city and turned it into sanctioned sections because the packs living here suddenly could no longer get along.

They blamed each other because of this prick in front of me. Alpha Axton swept into the city and divided packs with his lies and almost cost my father his pack, my pack! Yet as soon as I thought of the words, I cringed. Dad made it very clear that I was born the wrong gender and that he would never give me my birthright. Instead, he was holding off on retiring until my little brother, who is ten! Came of age. It's insulting.

"Now, don't be like that. You don't want to piss me off, not when everyone is having so much fun," he says, glancing around. I do, too, knowing the lives that are at stake if I made a scene. Alpha Axton grabs my hips. I shove his hands off and look around for Alisha. Only to find her curled around some man as they make out in the middle of the dancefloor.

"Your friend is a little distracted with my Beta." he purrs, burying his face in my neck.

"Get off me," I snap at him, and he spins me around, pressing:

his chest against my back. His breath sweeps over my neck, and I suck in a breath, fighting back a moan as sparks rush over my skin when he presses his teeth against my neck, his hands gripping my hips and holding me against him.

"Don't tempt me, or I will mark you where you stand if you cause a scene," he purrs, and I feel his lips move against my skin that was heating under his touch.

"Now behave. I had other intentions of being here tonight, and finding my mate wasn't one of them, yet my wolf insists on keeping you. So you will come willingly, or I will toss you over my shoulder and drag you out," he growls. A shiver runs up my spine, and his grip on my hips tightens, and Lexa, my horny Hussey of a wolf, urges me to do as he says.

"What will it be? Am I dragging you out kicking and screaming or?" I turn in his grip to face him.

After the scolding I received from my father today, I needed to burn off some of this fury boiling in my veins, so what would it matter if I fooled around with the Alpha? Tomorrow I would just reject him and be done with him, and no one here has to die because I refused him.

No one has to know, and despite my better judgment, I wanted to get back at my father more than I wanted to escape this man. I wasted my entire life training for a position that would never be mine. So what better way to say fuck you than screw his most prominent rival?

"You will do no such thing; he is ours," Lexa growls in my head at the mere thought of me rejecting him.

Alpha Axton leans into me, and instead of cringing away, I enjoy the sparks that rush across my skin, wrapping my arms around his neck and pressing closer to him.

"I knew you couldn't resist the pull," he purrs, dipping his face closer.

His lips brush mine, and for a second, I am overwhelmed by his scent; my entire body clenches

as he pulls me flush against him, his tongue delving between my lips as he grinds himself against me. Time stops, and I fight the urge to tug him back to me when he finally pulls away. Stupid bond! I curse at myself.

"Let's get out of here?" He says, squeezing my ass. His fingers slip under the hem of the short dress I am wearing. It was so short my father would have choked on his spit if he saw the scandalous outfit I wore. I grab his hand from off my backside before his fingers explore further, and I hold his hand; his eyes flicker dangerously to his wolf at the notion.

"Come on then, I have a room upstairs," he tells me, and I chew my lip, yet the pull to follow my mate, no matter how much I knew I should run from this man, is too overwhelming. My wolf wanted him, even if I didn't. Her hunger for her mate urges me

to keep following him.

She was frenzied and wild with the need to claim and mark him. Whining in my head loudly and trying to force control. My skin

itches with her need to be set free, and it appears he is struggling with his own wolf because the moment we step into the elevator and the doors close, his hands are on me.

Alpha Axton pushes me against the cool metal wall, his lips crashing hard and hungrily against mine. A breathy moan escapes me as his tongue delves between my lips, tasting every inch of my mouth as if he was trying to possess me.

His fingers tangle in my hair, tugging it hard, forcing my head back as his lips nip and lick down my neck, his canines grazing my skin, causing my skin to prickle with heat, stopping at the base of my neck. He sucks on the spot where his mark should

lay.

“Axton,” I breathe, my voice coming out more of a whiny moan than a demand for him not to sink his teeth into my tender flesh. He ignores me, laving his tongue across the spot, and I grip his hair, tugging his face away only to see his wolf’s dark, demonic, cold eyes staring back at me.

Axton smirks, his tongue poking out between his perfect teeth as his eyes return to their normal glowing silver. He smiles seductively, leaning closer and pressing his entire body flush against mine.

“You can’t mark me,” I whisper, trying to fight my wolf from coming forward. She wasn’t having it. Lexa wanted her mate, and she didn’t care who he was; she certainly didn’t care that father would kill us for such a betrayal.

Axton growls. “I’m not scared of your father, Elena. I will be claiming you. You’re mine.” he purrs, pressing closer until there is no room left between us, nowhere for me to escape.

His hand moves from my hip up to my throat. His fingers grip my jaw, turning my face to the side. He runs his tongue across my skin.

“You will be mine, and mine only,” he whispers, nipping at my neck.

“Mine in every way. No one would dare take you from me, not even your father, and I will kill them if they try,” he growls before sucking on the spot he so desperately wanted to sink his teeth into.

Yet telling him no would do me no good. He clearly didn’t care who my father was, and I knew my wolf would allow it. So, instead, I ran my hands up his broad chest beneath his shirt. Marveling at the feel of the hard lines of muscle, my fingertips trace. He purrs, licking my skin, and I pray the elevator hurries up. My prayer was answered when the elevator bings and the doors opened.

Axton groans, annoyed, looking at the doors before looking back at me, his eyes sparkling with mischief as he tugs me out toward his hotel room.