

# Luna on The Run I Stole the Alphas Son

Chapter 57

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## Chapter 57

My heart didn't stop racing until I reached the city limits, then a new fear rolled over me. Axton! I was risking so much coming back here, and I wasn't naive enough to believe would skip over the border unnoticed. That assumption was correct the moment

I am met with border patrol, and I am forced to stop. Bright lights shone down on me as I approached the barricade.

Why such extremes? I wondered. This was a crazy amount of security for Nightfall City. One of the men on patrol walks over to

my window and taps it, wanting me to roll it down.

Lexa growls in my head. "I don't like this. I don't like this at all." She panics. If

we reverse out, they will chase us. We don't roll down the damn window. They will attack us.

"Elena, we need to...fuck!" Lexa curses, knowing that if we run now. We may be too late to help mom. Yet we stay. I have a

strange feeling it is going to be hell getting back out of this

City

My hands shake on the steering wheel, and I suck in a breath as I crack the window just enough to see his eyes.

“Pack and name?” the man demands before he sniffs the air. He could smell I was rogue, fuck! “Ma’am, I need you to step out of the car,”

“I’m visiting family,” I tell him.

“Until we verify that, I need you to step out of the car,” he tells me when I see more patrols come over as back up. I grit my teeth and grip the gear stick, about to throw the car in reverse when I spot none other than Eli. Axton’s Beta walking over.

“Issue, Malik?” he asks before glancing in the window before

staggering back. “Elena?” I keep my eyes ahead.

Eli grabs the door handle to rip the door open, but I had locked it. “Elena, unlock the door and get out of the car.” | glance at him.

“I’m not here to see Axton, tell your patrols to stand down.” I tell him.

“Axton has been looking for you everywhere, are the boys in there with you?” he asks, trying to peer through the blacked out windows.

“Elena, we haven’t got time for this,” Lexa reminds me.

“Eli-“|| turn to look at him. “Grant my access and let me into the city,” I tell him.

“Elena, get out of the car,” I growl, my hands gripping the steering wheel tighter. “Get the Alpha.” I just hear Eli tell the man who originally pulled me up.

The man scampers off and I hit the gas. Men shout and scream and Eli grips the door handle, but I don’t stop making him fall over, and making the rest of them jump out of the way as I plow straight through their barriers.

“Hope you have sharpened those claws Lexa, we are going to need them to get out of this shit,” I tell her, speeding down the main street headed toward my father’s pack territory. The moment I hit the first exit to the first pack, cops started chasing me.

I watched them in the mirrors, light flashing and sirens blaring, but I don’t stop, knowing if I can cross the border into my father’s

pack, I was officially his problem. No longer on neutral territory.

However, up ahead, I was cut off by police cars blocking the road ahead, so I jump the island into oncoming traffic. Thankfully it was the dead of the night, no cars at this hour. I quickly go around them and pull back onto the correct side of the road, seeing my father's territory coming closer.

I press my foot on the gas hard, what is usually a forty-five minute drive from one end of the city to the other was done in a quarter of that and the car becomes airborne at the ditch just before boom gates entering into my father's territory.

His warriors wave their hands before giving chase as I smash straight through the boom gate, sending the wood splintering to pieces and cracking the windshield. Glancing in the mirror, I see the six men on patrol shift and start chasing the car.

It takes another five minutes before I pull up at the pack house and my father is waiting, prepared for the intruder as pull up into the driveway, running over his mailbox that was a mini replica of the two story pack house. His manicured lawns ruined as the

tires tear up the grass. My father stands all imposing on the top steps, unperturbed by my entrance into his pack.

Partly because I think he believes it is another pack Alpha or council member. Yet, his arms drop and his face takes on a mask of shock when I toss the door of the car open and climb out. Lexa presses beneath my skin, ready to try to take on his Aura that I know he will use to make me submit. So this element of surprise was my only chance. I am still rogue, but I am still of Alpha Blood.

“Where is she!” I scream at him, storming toward him. He shakes himself as his warriors skid across his lawn, coming up behind me. I glance over my shoulder as they close in, and my father’s shock transforms to anger.

“Who the fuck do you think you are coming here and demanding anything of me. How did you even get into the city?” he demands, casually walking down the stairs. The front screen of the door opens and bangs shut.

“Elena?” Luke’s whimper escapes out. And my father spins around to face him. “Get inside, boy, you’re in enough trouble.”

Yet that glimpse of him is enough to set rage through me when I notice the bruise on his cheek, and his face stained with tears

as he rushes back into the house. I stalk toward my father and shove past him.

His eyes were still on the door, making sure Luke went inside. As soon as I pass him, he grabs my hair, but Lexa was expecting

that and so was I | pivoted on my heel. My claws slip from my fingertips and slash down his face.

He lets go, clutching his face, my claws slashing clean across his face from brow to chin. The moment they do, he stumbles

backward down the steps and his warriors growl. But I growl back.

“You dare challenge me,” he sneers as blood drenches his shirt and drips off his face, the wounds already slowly healing. “I’m

not some frightened little girl, daddy. Nor am I defenseless now.” I tell him, letting my claws extend more. My eyes flash as Lexa presses forward, and he smirks.

“That may be so, but you are rogue.” he taunts.

“But still Alpha blood,” I tell him, turning on my heel to look for

my mother. “Stop!” my father barks, and my body freezes, if only temporarily. I was much too angry. Adrenaline coursed through me. Lexa grunts as his aura washes over us, and as painful as it is, I force myself to keep walking, fighting the urge to pass out.

“Kill her!” my father growls as I rip the door open. I turn just in time to find his men charging at me, and Lexa shoves forward, taking control and forcing the shift.

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