

# Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Sons Chapter 5

## Chapter 5

### *Elena POV*

Pulling into the driveway after finishing work, my little brother was playing on the grass with his soccer ball. I was supposed to be meeting Alisha for training but was now considering canceling because I had felt terribly ill all day.

Usually, after training, we would head out of town to meet up with Jake, so I sighed, wanting to see him because I hadn’t seen him in a week. I had been struck down with some violent stomach bug that had me racing for the toilet for the last couple of days to upturn my stomach.

Climbing out of the car, my little brother Luke rushes over to me, wrapping his arms around my waist. I mess his hair, and he unwraps his little arms from around my waist, looking up at me.

“Come play with me, Elena,”  
Luke whines, grabbing my hand in both of his and tugging me toward the grass.

“I have to get ready to go meet Alisha. And I don’t feel too good,” I tell him.

“Please, please, twenty minutes,” he pouts, and I roll my eyes before sighing.

“Fine, twenty minutes, and that’s it,” I tell him, tossing my

handbag on the step. I kicked my heels off and was about to follow him when the front door burst open.

“Elena!” my father bellowed, making me jump. I peer over my shoulder at him.

“My office now,” he growls before stalking off into the house. I look back at Luke, holding his soccer ball. He drops it, and I frown at his disappointment.

“I’m sorry, buddy. I’ll be right back,” I tell him, but it was clear he didn’t believe me. Usually, when dad called for me, I was stuck at his side for bloody hours. Leaning down, I grab my heels and handbag before walking up the porch steps of the packhouse. I slip inside, shutting the screen door behind me.

I place my keys in the bowl on the hallstand, my handbag next to it, and put my shoes by the door. With a sigh, I make my way toward the back of the house toward his office, wondering how long this would take because I promised to

meet Alisha and then had to go meet up with Jake. He was our best friend and human, which was a pleasant change from the assholes I had to deal with in the packs daily.

Unfortunately for me, he was also gay because damn, that man was fine. We were meeting him at his store he owned just outside the city in a nearby town before heading to the movies. Since my father declared I would never be handed the pack, I have avoided him at all costs except at dinner.

Pushing the heavy door open, I find my father sitting at his enormous oak desk. He was glaring at the door before I even walked in with his arms folded across his chest. Great, what have I done now?

“Shut the door,” he snarls, and I do before taking a seat at his desk. The moment I sit down, he slides my phone across it to me. I grab it, relief flooding me. I spent all morning looking for the thing before work.

“Where did you find it?” I ask him, unlocking the screen.

“Doesn’t matter. What I want to know is why Alpha Axton is ringing you?” he asks, and my blood runs cold. I glance up at him, only to avert my gaze when he growls at me.

“Had an interesting chat with him. He claims you are his mate. Is that true?” I swallow before opening my mouth, only to snap it closed when his aura washes over me.

“Don’t lie to me. Is he your mate?” he demands, and I grit my teeth, glaring daggers at him using his aura on me.

“Yes, he is.” My father drops his aura and goes to say something, but I hold my hand up.

“He was probably calling because I rejected him. I don’t think he was too happy about that,” I tell him, and my father let out a breath.

“Thank god you have some wits about you,” he says, looking relieved while I just stared at him.

“Okay, well, if you have already taken care of it, I don’t have to then,” he says, and I nod my head, getting out of my seat when he speaks again, making me pause.

“Where did you meet him, anyway? I have never taken you to any of his functions,” my father asks, and I sigh.

“The night of the pack meeting,” I answer, knowing I was caught out now.

"He's the reason you didn't show up; I thought you were with Alisha?" he snaps, and I shake my head.

"No, I was angry with you, so I went out with Alisha and saw him at the club we went to," my father growls, his eyes glowing fluorescent, and he presses his lips in a line and looks away.

"Women are not Alpha's," he says.

"My blood says otherwise," I tell him before storming off toward the door.

"You don't leave pack territory. You're grounded until I say otherwise. I can't believe you would miss an important meeting for that prick," He states, and I stop before laughing.

"I am twenty years old. You can't ground me. I am not some disobedient child, father,"

"I just did. I won't have you gallivanting around the city like some whore making our pack look bad, especially with the likes of him." Dad snarls. Did he not hear a word I said? I fucking rejected him, and my wolf had been giving me the silent treatment for weeks now because of it. She won't even let me shift! I rejected my mate for him, and he dares to call me a whore!

"Wow, really, Dad?"

A whore? I have done everything you asked of me, everything!" I scream at him furiously.

"Watch your tone with me. I will not tolerate it," he snarls.

"And I won't tolerate you treating me like a fucking child!"

"You know where the door is. If you want to go, go. But if you remain under my roof, it will be on my terms. Now get out of my face," he sneers. Tears prick my eyes, and I stop myself from making things worse by closing my mouth and leaving.

I would get nowhere with this man, and I was done trying, so I walked out, shutting the door behind me.

I made it halfway up the hallway before my walk turned into a run, and I raced toward the bathroom, feeling my stomach turn. Dropping to my knees, I throw up. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad

getting grounded after all, I thought dryly after hauling myself to my feet and rinsing my mouth.

I glance at my pale reflection in the mirror. I looked like crap. My hair was flat on my head, and I was sweating. With a groan, I peel my clothes. I need to clean myself up. The last thing I needed was to give dad any more reason to be angry at me.