

## Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Sons Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

The following night.

Sitting on the floor in the living room, we were waiting for the dad’s game that he was watching to finish so we could have our usual Friday night movie night. Luke and I are both arguing over which movie to watch.

“Quiet you two,” dad snaps, and I roll my eyes at him, and Luke chuckles at the face I make, mimicking dad. I poke him in the ribs, and he giggles before dad sends us a glare, making him fall quiet.

“I’ll go make popcorn,” I whisper to him.

“And grab the chocolate,” he whispers and winks at me.

“We are out. I forgot to grab more today,” Mum tells him, and he pouts. I roll my eyes and poke him in the ribs as I get up off the floor where I was lying next to him. He giggles and rolls onto his back, looking up at me with a cheeky smile on his face.

“Chocolate stash in the shoebox under my bed,” I tell him, and he jumps up, taking off for the door. I chuckle as he races up the hallway in his avenger pajamas.

“Really, Elena, you know how hypo he gets,” mum groans while brushing her fingers through Dad’s hair as he sits on the lounge

staring at the TV.

“Grab me a beer, EL,” He calls, and I roll my eyes but move toward the kitchen to retrieve him one.

I place the popcorn in the microwave before rummaging through the fridge and grabbing him a beer. I walk back out and hand it to him, and he thanks me, popping the lid and swigging from it.

Shaking my head, I hear the microwave beep and walk back to the kitchen just as Luke comes tearing past me with my chocolate stash tucked under his arms. He slides along the tiled floor in his red socks, skidding and giving a war cry that turns into an oomph when he slides straight into the wall with a thud. I snicker, and he sticks his tongue out at me.

“No running in the halls,” Dad yells out, and Luke’s shoulders straighten as he heads back into the living

room. While in the kitchen, I used my father's charger and placed my phone on charge, leaving it on the counter before retrieving a bowl, pouring the freshly cooked popcorn into it, and adding extra

salt.

Popping some in my mouth, I wander back down the hall when I hear the news break come on. Then I hear dad telling Luke he can put his movie on, only for him to grunt. "Wait, Luke, I want to hear this news on Alpha Axton," dad tells him, and my brows pinch together.

"Love, turn that up," he snaps, and I hear the TV volume rise as I reach the entryway. I glance at the TV screen for a second when my phone starts ringing.

groan, turning back to retrieve it when I hear my name mentioned, and I pause in the hallway, turning back to the living room.

"What?" I gasped, stepping a few steps into the living room. I step through the entryway and stop beside the couch. Only to stop when I see what is playing and the bowl of popcorn slips out of my hands. The glass bowl shatters on the floor at my feet, glass splinters cut my legs, and my mother gasps, covering my brother's eyes as a video from the hotel room we spent the night plays.

My mother looks at me in horror, and my blood runs colder than ice in my veins.

My heartbeat thumped loudly in my ears while my stomach dropped somewhere dark and cold inside me at what was playing for the entire city to see. Some parts of us are blurred out, too rude to show, yet my face was easy to see. He filmed us together. That startling realization rips through my chest, and I hear Lexa whimper at what our mate had done to us,

Horror washes through me. When the brief film clip finishes, it only gets worse when the naked photos of me cover the screen, and I shriek, racing toward the TV to rip it from the wall when my father stands, and I freeze. His entire body ripples with

tension, and I look to mum, who stares wide-eyed at him before her terrified gaze falls on me.

He turns toward me, and I back up, petrified by the murderous look on his face.

"Dad, I am sorry... I..." I was grasping air, looking for a good enough explanation, but I had none. His canines slipped out, and his claws slid out of his fingertips as he snarled at me.

Mum shrieks, jumping to her feet, and my eyes dart to her fleetingly to see the panic in her eyes when my father's fist connects with the side of my face. I stumble back, clutching my face. My vision goes black when I feel my cheek and eye swell. I looked up only to see his fist flying toward my face again, connecting with my nose. Blood gushes out of my nose when he grabs my hair, flinging me down the hallway. I roll across the tiled floor.

I can hear my mother's yelling in the distance and Luke's wailing screams telling him to stop when his foot kicks me in the back, making my back arch. Yet I couldn't see a thing as my eyes swelled shut, and the moment I got some recognition back, was kicked again, the brutal hit stealing the air from my lungs, and I gasped.

"You fucking slut!

I will kill you," my father roars when he stumbles over the top of me. I blink, gasping for air, and the floor is slick with my blood as I try to get up, wondering why Lexa won't let me shift and help me.

"Derrick, no, no," Mum shrieks, and I realize it must have been her that pushed him, her voice closer than it was before. I look desperately for her. .

"Lexa?" I mumble, my hands slipping on my blood as she screams in my head.

"Protect your stomach," Lexa screams at me.

"Shift," I gasp at her, choking on my own blood.

"We can't," she whimpers just as dad's foot connects with my face, and everything goes black.