

## On The Run 69

### Chapter 69

#### Later That Night

After celebrations and dinner, I got the boys finally settled and back in their cribs. Tucking the blanket tight over them, I turn to see my mother waiting by the door. She inclines her head to the side, wanting me to follow her. Leaving my room, I follow her downstairs and through the giant living room.

The front screen door creaks as she opens it and we step outside into the cool, fresh air. Sondra was sitting in her rocking chair and we take our seats beside her on the other two. It was peaceful out here. The sky always seemed clearer. It was tranquil, and I could see why Sondra favored her rocking chair. The view was spectacular, and you could make out the city lights from the front verandah.

Forest lined one side of the property with rolling mountains. The city was to the right, and barely a stone's throw away. If only Axton knew how close I truly was. Sondra's property was nearly directly at the back of his pack. On the other side of the ranch was all open land for as far as I could see.

"I may have done something," my mother tells me, making me tear my gaze away from the city. My mother chews her lip and sits back in her chair, watching me. Her lips tug up in the corners.

"You know, when I married your father and allowed him to mark me, I didn't think much of it. What I was losing-what I was gaining." Michelle opens the door, coming out with a tray with mugs. She sets the tray down and hands me one. I find it is hot chocolate. She smiles and moves to sit on the top step with her own mug.

"Bardot's owned the city, and we founded it. Amongst our

no secret that the pack was run by

side, anyway. That has always remained a mystery. Same as my father's. He always said never to dwell the lines; he named your father his successor. Just like you, I trained all my life for a position that was never going to be mine. My mother raised me as the next Alpha, just like me she was also denied her birthright." She tells me and I shift in my seat, keen to hear a little of her

Much like you did here with these women, she banded with rogues and built her own pack. She couldn't handle her mate's cheating, so she rejected him and he kicked her out. He also took her daughter, so she built an army, a pack made out of rogue women. Women who were also wronged by their mates. Together she took

has been female white wolves, Arctic wolves. It was the only trait we got to keep. Every firstborn generation has been female, and

first to give birth to boys." my mother sighs, sips her hot chocolate before tracing her finger around the rim of

has had many names, but never its rightful one. My father promised my mother he would hand the pack back through me. He let me believe I would be next in line, promised my mother. And then your father marked me, swept the rug out from under my feet when the announcement was

with it. Let me stand by the podium as I waited for my father to name me the next Alpha. I was going to be the first ever female Alpha in history. We were supposed to change history, rewrite the stereotypes. I even picked out my Beta. You know her daughter.” My mother tells me with a

Her words make me think back to what Tieriny said in the kitchen the night Axton held the dinner. How she said my mother would have made a great Alpha. Now

was to be the first female Alpha and she would be the first female Beta. Then my father called yours forward. He was just like the rest of them.

shakes her head.

father helped me write was never for me, but for him. He knew all along and that cut me up the most. It was humiliating, and I felt foolish. Once again he changed the name of the Pack, it’s why in our ancestry our pack looks brand new, each generation the pack renamed, pushing us further from our roots, our history, the history of Arctic Moon light Warriors.” my stomach sinks for her, knowing all too well that feeling of betrayal. Yet mine wasn’t public like that, not in front of the pack

then when he kicked you out, that was my tipping point. History would not repeat itself. I did not watch you slave

on my mother’s face the day your father was named, I promised myself I would not let history repeat. So before I rejected your father, I changed the titles, Elena.” my mother tells

see my name on