

## Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Sons Chapter 10

### Chapter 10

Jake took *me* back to his place. He lived out the back of a small store he *owned* in a town that neighbored the city. As we stepped inside, he *raced* around, trying to clean up, picking up clothes off the back of the sofa and cups that lay scattered around the place.

“Jake, it’s fine. Stop,” I tell him. I knew Jake lived on his own, and sure. It was the messiest; I had seen his place. Yet I didn’t care about the state of the place; he could live in a cardboard box for all I cared. He was my friend and a good one at that.

“Sorry, I left as soon as I heard what happened. I didn’t have time to clean up,” he tells me with an armful of clothes. I move toward the blue suede couch and fall into it heavily before reaching for the remote that Alisha and I usually fought over when here.

“Are you hungry, thirsty? I can run you a bath?” he offers, and I peer over the back of the couch at him. “Why are you being weird? I am fine, Jake,” I tell him, and he lets out a breath but nods his head.

It was a little awkward at first. I usually came here with Alisha, and for the first time, I realized how much of the talking she did when we fell into semi-comfortable silence.

“So what have you got planned? Your next move?” he asks, and I sigh, resting my head back on the couch and peering over at him. “I was kinda hoping I could stay here for a while. I can help with your shop until I figure out what to do next?” Jake smiles

and nods his head.

“Be nice to have company here,” he tells me before plucking the remote from my fingers.

“But I am not watching this garbage,” he chuckles, and I wiggle up the couch before placing my feet over his legs.

He turns some game on, and my brows furrow, having never seen him interested in sports. Usually, we watched chick flicks and did facials while here or girly stuff. Well, mainly, Alisha forced us to do girly stuff, and we became her personal dolls.

"Since when do you like football?" I ask him.

"Since always," he laughs. "Why?" he asks, and I shrug, turning my attention back to the game playing.

It took a couple of hours, but eventually, Alisha arrived, letting herself in with her spare keys, a bag tossed over her shoulder.

"I bought Pizza because I am a good best friend," she calls, dumping the duffle bag on Jake's lap, making him grunt.

"I will take your bag, I guess," he groans, clutching his balls.

"Her bag, I can't stay. It will draw too much attention,"

"You're not staying?" I ask her, and she smiles sadly.

"No, but I will be here every day until the heat dies down,"

"Heat?" I ask her.

"Yeah, Axton shut the borders down; I had to bloody run here," she tells me, pulling twigs from her hair. "Caught a taxi from Stroud, real bitch carrying that while running," she tells me, and I cringe.

"Don't say sorry," she snaps, pointing at me, and I flinch because I was about to say sorry for troubling her.

"You should have rung; I would have come and got you," Jake tells her, placing my bag she carried here in his room.

"Currently, they are looking out the other side of the city. We can't draw attention to this side for now. Not until you work out what you are going to do," Alisha says, looking at me pointedly.

"And why are they looking at the other side of the city?" I ask her.

"I may have paid a rogue \$500 to wear your clothes from the hospital and jump on a train. Some little birdie called it in an anonymous tip," she says, handing me a pizza box. I chuckle.

"Yeah, it means I can't stay here long. Dad would no doubt tell him where I am eventually," I tell her with a sigh, knowing I would have to move on faster than I thought.

"Yeah, that isn't happening," She tells me, dropping onto the couch behind me. I lean against her. At the same time, Jake opens the pizza box in my lap and takes a slice.

“Why do you say that?” I ask her, wondering what could possibly be happening in the city since I left.

“Your father was kicked from the council, and Axton’s wolf lost it when he confronted your father. Your father was rushed in for surgery,” I sat up.

“He what?”

“Axton challenged your father and kicked his damn ass. I damn near snorted when I saw your father get his ass handed to him on the news,” Alisha tells me while pulling her phone from her pocket. She flicks through her socials before pulling up the video and handing it to me.

Despite what my father did, it was stomach–turning to watch, especially when I saw my father go down and my mother screaming frantically for Axton to stop as he continued to tear into my father during a council hearing. Blood and fur were everywhere before I recognized Axton’s Beta ripped him off my father before he tore into his neck.

“Anyway, Axton holds control over the vast majority of the city now that he bought out the last council sanctions. But now it’s on hold for 21 days, so he can’t take the head council title

because he attacked your father on neutral territory,” Alisha tells me. I don’t know what was worse, seeing my father nearly get killed or knowing Axton was now the one running the city.

The place could not be in worse hands, and I could only imagine the ridiculous laws he would put in place. “Maybe it is a good thing we left?” Lexa tells me, also peering out and watching with me. I had to agree because god knows what would have become of me if I had stayed there under his rule, especially now that I was rogue. It was no secret that Axton had fought to have them kicked out of the city.

“That’s not all, though, Elena,” Alisha tells me. I groan and turn my head to look at her.

“Your medical files were leaked; Axton knows you’re pregnant. Your face was plastered over every news channel.”

“Fuck!” | curse.

“Yeah, and Axton now has his entire pack looking for you, especially since you stole his twins,”

“We don’t know they are his?” I tell her, and her eyebrows raise.

“Really, because when I saw that ultrasound, they looked like pups to me, not batteries or a vibrator,” she laughs. Jake snorts.

“What it’s true we all know she isn’t getting laid. It is why she is

such a

bitch. And sorry to tell you, but if it goes to court over the paternity, Purcellville, your purple plastic penis shall not be dubbed the father” Alisha laughs, and I elbow her.