

## Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 41

Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 41 – My mother and I went to the secret Cafe after doing a little bit of shopping in the boutique stores that were also there. It was up a small side street filled with little boutique stores and away from the main areas where we wouldn’t be seen, hence the name the secret Cafe.

We had just finished eating, and my mother was going through the bag of goodies she bought the twins, Luke told me all about school and how much he missed having me home, and mom also told me how dad was struggling without my help.

She told me he didn’t realize how much of the business and pack I ran. I was glad he was feeling my absence even though it probably should have saddened me that the pack was suffering, yet Lexa believed the same thing. He made his bed. He can now sleep in it.

“So how much longer have you got now?” mom asks as the waiter brings out a pot of tea.

“About a month to go,” I tell her, smoothing my hand over my belly. I thank the waiter lifting my head and offering the girl a smile when my eyes go to the rest of them inside, all peering out us in the patio area, my brows pinch. Not thinking much of it, I watch the waiter pour tea into my cup. Her hands tremble when my mother reaches out to grip her hand.

“Are you okay, dear?” she whispers. We were on neutral territory, yes, mum technically snuck into Axton’s part, but we left quickly and weren’t doing anything wrong. Besides, he let me speak with my mother on the phone a few times.

“They are looking for you,” she whispers, barely moving her lips. My mother jerks her hand back and glances around. Luke

also glimpses his surroundings at her words.

“Axton?” I whisper, and she nods subtly. I peer back to see the terror on the other servers’ faces through the tinted glass. “And your father,” she breathes out, pouring my mother’s tea. I swallow, looking at my mother, who drops her head.

“Even if they find the car we parked down the road, they won’t find us here,” my mother whispers, yet I hear the tremble in her voice before a whimper abruptly leaves her lips as she lifts her head. Hands drop onto my shoulders, and I stiffen while Luke’s eyes widen in horror, and I know who it is instantly by his scent. The server races back inside, deserting

My breathing hitches as he leans his head down beside mine. “I wouldn’t bet on that,” Axton whispers, squeezing my shoulders.

"We aren't doing anything wrong," my mother is quick to defend when I hear footsteps coming up the small alleyway. Axton didn't let go, yet I was frozen in fear; I knew I would be caught. Yet some tiny sliver of hope was that he wouldn't notice I was gone and that I could return and no harm done, but I knew this confrontation was unavoidable.

Even Lexa was surprised, though, that he would make a scene, or we thought he would. Instead, though, he remains quiet when the footsteps grow closer, and Luke places his milkshake down, his hand making the glass shake and rattle on the table.

"Now!" one word, but I would know my father's voice anywhere. My mother drops her head only for a second. A look of defeat crosses her features before she almost looks

like she switches off. She straightens herself out, slipping a mask of indifference on her face. She pulls money out of her purse when Axton speaks.

"Leave it; I will handle it," he tells her, and she nods once, standing and chucking her handbag over her shoulder. She holds her hand out to Luke.

"Come, Luke, time to go home," she says, her voice almost monotone as he takes her hand. Worry made me tense as she looks at me. So much and so little was on her face. She was petrified to face my father, yet Axton was not someone she feared by any measure. That was clear by her following words.

"A mother can't be expected just to forget their child," she tells him before clenching her jaw.

"Louise!" my father growls, and I turn my head to find the man standing a little bit away from us, his aura and temper rising the longer she took.

"I have been looking for you," he snarled. "Patrick saw you cross borders!" he bellowed at her reaching forward and grabbing her arm, he jerks her to his side, and Luke whimpers, refusing to let go of her hand when Axton finally spoke.

"Because I asked her too, Derrick," Axton snaps. My father lifts his head, glaring in our direction. "You what?"

"As the head council member, I am allowed to request anyone's presence, even your Luna's. Now let her go. You're scaring your son. She was doing nothing wrong, only what I asked of her,"

"And what is it you asked of her?" my father demands, letting

my mother's arm go..

I chewed my lip, yet Axton lied smoothly as if this was his entire idea. "Elena requested to see her mother and Luke. That is why your wife was on my territory," Axton tells him.

My father glares at him and turns his head, staring at my mother's now retreating figure as she walks back to her car. Axton taps my shoulders, wanting me to get up, and I do, almost robotically. He leans down, grabbing the bags I had at my feet, before chucking money on the table. When I turn, my father is glaring at me.

His eyes drop to my belly, and his top lip curls in disgust. I watch as he walks away when Axton grabs my arm, and we start walking in the opposite direction. I could feel his rage vibrating. Lexa, urging me to remain quiet, so I did.

When we reach the car, he let me go and opens the passenger door. I watch as he moves to the trunk and tosses everything in. "Get in the car Elena," he snaps, his voice almost a furious growl. Lexa moves forward with me, fear coiling inside us as the hairs on the back of my neck rise.

Hesitant, I couldn't seem to get my feet to move when he stopped in front of me. He looks at each end of the street, so many eyes watching us, when he leans closer, wrapping his arms around us and burying his face in my hair. No matter the angle, it would look like two lovers hugging despite my stiff posture.

"You cause a scene, and you won't leave your fucking room," he growls next to my ear. "Now get in the car Elena," he says before pulling back; he presses his lips to my forehead before moving toward the passenger door and motioning for us to

get in.

"I don't like the energy around him," Lexa whimpers, and she is right. Neither did I. It now made sense why he stuck up for my mother. I had some false hope it was for her, but no, it was for appearance purposes only. He can't look bad to the public, but behind closed doors, I knew what sort of monster he masked.

"Don't do it," Lexa begged.

"And what, Lexa? We run; he will drag us back and then be angrier we made a scene in public," I tell her. She whimpers because she knows I am right. "Khan won't let him harm us, and he won't risk his boys,"

"He doesn't have to touch us to hurt us, Elena," she murmurs, wandering off behind the veil.

Axton holds his hand out to me, and I look at it, feeling everyone's eyes boring into us. My hand trembles as I place it in his, knowing Lexa is right. He may not hurt us physically, but I knew there would be hell to pay when I got home. Axton shuts the door

before moving around to the other side of the car and climbing in. He starts the car and pulls away from the curb, and I suck in a breath.

He says nothing, adding to the tension writhing through my body. Even when we arrive, that tension is stronger when I see Eli, his Beta, and nearly every pack warrior in the building.

All were staring, their expressions ranging from pitiful and some glaring. Other's eyes dart away as quickly as they meet mine as he leads me through the apartment complex before taking me to the elevator.

He hits the button, and he stares at the steel doors. Still, he has said nothing. When they open, he grabs my arm, leading me down the hall to where the guard stood by the door, his eyes on the floor.

Axton growls at him as he opens the door, stuffing me into the apartment. He tosses the bags from the car onto the dining table, and I move to rush toward my room, needing to escape his oppressive aura.

"Who paid for this?" he asks, and I stop. I was about to lie and say my mother, but he must have read that on my face as I turned around. "Shelley from the boutique said you had your own money, don't lie to me," he says.

"It's for the boys," I tell him. "I didn't spend anything on myself. Mom was going to pay for lunch," I tell him.

"That is not what I asked; I asked how you got it," he says, rummaging through bags and looking at the receipts.

"Did Khan give it to you?" he asks, and I chew my lip. He curses and shakes his head.

"I fucking knew it," he snarled before grabbing the bags and tossing them in the bin. I shriek, knowing how expensive the comforters are, and reach in to pluck the bag out when he seizes my arm in his tight grip.

"I told you my boys need nothing," he snarled, marching me down the hall toward my room; I waited to be tossed into my room and locked in when he turned to his bedroom and pushed me inside.

He moves toward the walk-in closet, only he stops beside it

and pushes on the bookcase, I hear a lock click, and the door opens to reveal another door. Pulling a key from his pocket, he jams it in the lock, and I squirm, trying to get out of his grip, but he holds tight.

“Axton, please, It was just lunch,” I tell him when he shoves the door open to reveal a nursery. I remember a locked door in the hall next to his room. He always told me it was a gym. Yet looking around, I knew that was a lie.

Two blue cribs were in the room, and the room looked like something out of a baby magazine. The walls even had murals of clouds and airplanes, a safari setting along the bottom of the walls. It was everything and more I would have loved to do for them, figuring I would be lucky if he provided a bassinet.

| gasp, looking in each crib and touching the soft blankets, I poke one of the mobiles with my finger, and it makes a noise as it spins. Lexa also excitedly came forward, relief flooding her that he wasn't lying about them having everything they needed.

“You should have told me; I would have liked to help set this up,” I tell him, peering over at him where he stood at the door. | smile, turning my attention to the crib, tracing the pattern on the blanket, and picking up a plushie.

“Now, why would I ask for your help when you won't be here after they are born?” he asks, and I lift my head to look at him.

“Pardon?” | ask, wondering if I misheard.

“The women I bring every night,”

“Your whores?” I ask him. He shakes his head and laughs.

“No, Elena, they aren't my whores. I have been interviewing them; I am looking for a nanny to help me raise them once you're gone,” he tells me.

“What, gone where?” I ask him, my hands moving to my belly.

“I don't give a fuck where you go, but once they are born, you are no longer needed,” he tells me.

## **Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Son Chapter 42**

Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Son Chapter 42 – Axton POV

The moment the words left my lips, Khan growled as he peered out my eyes at the broken look on her face. Despite the bond now being gone, I wanted to take the words back. Yes, I had been looking at Nannies but hadn't picked one; ! don't think I truly would've. I just liked seeing her face when I brought them into the house, needing to see the pain I had felt for months in her eyes too.

“Tell her you didn't mean it. Take it back, Axton,” Khan roars angrily in my head. She looks down at the crib, her hand sweeping over her giant belly, as her lip quivers and

her eyes turn glassy with tears. She sets the teddy back in the crib and looks at me, the look she gave me said more than any words could at how badly I hurt her.

Khan whimpers in my head seeing her pain reflected at us “Axton, take it back, tell her you didn’t mean it,” Khan urges as she walks toward me. My lips part yet I am choked by the raw emotion that is so easily seen on her face. Khan’s fury was like an erupting volcano about to spill out and decimate every thing. “Elena,” I stammer out, grabbing her arm as she steps past me. She stops and I let out a breath of relief.

She turns to face me, and I am about to apologize, but she moves quicker than I saw it coming. “I sho” my words were cut off by the force of her hand connecting with my face, my face turning from the impact as heat rushed up the side of my

face. Every finger I could feel branded into my skin and the taste of copper filled my mouth as my teeth bit into my cheek.

Instinctively my hand goes to my face where she slapped me, the skin welting, and I know that must have hurt her hand because fuck, my face was stinging. Shocked, it took me a few seconds to recover, and by the time I did, she was already walking out of my room. Khan growls, the noise ripping from my chest as I go to stalk after her.

“I swear you touch her, I will throw us off the fucking roof,” Khan snarls at me, making me stop.

“She fucking hit me,” I snap back at him.

“And by the look on her face from your stupidity, it would, have hurt less if you punched her,” he retorts. Gritting my teeth, I move toward the door when I feel Khan shove forward. It becomes a battle of wills as we both fight for control. However, I have no choice but to sit down on the end of the bed. Eventually, my anger receded, and I had no idea how much time had passed. I was too busy trying to block Khan out when I heard her door open, making me sit up.

Khan also stirs as I get to my feet and I crack my door open, I hear her move towards the kitchen and expect to hear her open the fridge or flick the lights on, but she doesn’t, which has me stepping into the hall. Quietly I go see what she is doing. Only she isn’t in the kitchen. My eyes scan the large open space when I see her next to the phone. I flick the light on, and she jumps. “What are you doing?” I ask her, seeing the

broken handset in her hands.

“Elena?” I ask when she says nothing. Instead, she sets the handset and base down back where they were and goes to walk past me when I step into her path. She smacks into my chest, a shrill shriek leaves her lips, and I grab her arm to steady her. My eyes roam over her nightie, and robe. Her belly brushing my stomach, and I fight the urge to

reach out and smooth my hands over it. She jerks away from me. "Let me pass," she snaps at me. And I look at her to find her glaring at me.

"Why were you playing with the phone?" I ask her, but she just presses her lips in a line, refusing to answer me. I growl at her, and she finally meets my gaze. "I asked you to move," she says coldly.

"Axton!" Khan snaps at me, forcing me to step aside, yet as she moves past me, I see the end of a cord peeking out of her robe pocket. I grab her arm, stopping her and pulling it from her pocket. She growls at me and tries to snatch it.

"Who gave you this?" | demand.

"I fucking did, now let her go!" Khan snarls in my head. Elena reaches for it again, but I pull back from her.

"I have done everything you have fucking asked for months, and you deprive me of everything; I just wanted to speak to my mother!" she yells at me.

"Deprive you? I give you everything you could possibly need, Elena, and the first chance you got, you left!"

"Because you wouldn't let me see her! I have lost every thing because of you, everything!" she screams, shoving me, her hands smack into my chest, and she snatches the cord off me and turns to walk back to her room. My arms wrap around her chest when I grab her, and she freezes.

"Don't put the blame on me. You ran off with that bastard. You rejected me, was I supposed to welcome you back with fucking open arms? Now give me the cord," | growl at her. Khan tries to force control before stopping realizing his fight ing me has my grip tightening on her chest. She whimpers, and he backs off instantly as she struggles against me.

Elena's entire body trembles and I am about to let her go when she holds her hand up, the cord shaking in her grip. "Take it then," she chokes out, and I let her go stepping away from her, "You fucking hurt her!" Khan snarls.

"I did no such thing," | snap back at him. I was damn done with his commentary and I knew the bastard was up to some thing with how tired I have been waking up. The smell of blood reaches my nose and Elena turns. Only then do I see he is right. Her chest is bleeding, and my lips part. It was me strug gling against Khan. I hadn't realized my claws had slipped out. | gasp and reach for her when she takes a step back and toss es the cord at me, it hits me in the face, and I snatch it out of the air before it falls on the ground.

: “Elena, wait, let me check you,” I call out, chasing after her. She doesn’t stop, instead shuts her door in my face. “Fuck! You didn’t have to intervene. I wasn’t going to hurt her,” I snarl at Khan.

“How was supposed to know? All you’ve done is hurt her!” Growling, I move back to my room and open the bedside drawer. When he sees me pull the sedatives out, Khan instantly tries to fight me. “Wait, Axton, 1—”

“No, you lied to me. I knew you were sneaking around while I slept; I can’t even trust my own wolf,” I tell him while popping the cap and swallowing the pills. I gag, Khan once again tries to fight me for control when I manage to swallow them down.

“Axton, you idiot,”

“I can’t trust you,” I tell him, waiting for the pills to kick in. His voice grows fainter, and so does his presence until I eventually can’t feel him at all. Sighing, I get up and walk out to the kitchen to get a drink, the powder-coated pills leaving a foul taste in my mouth. I grabbed a can of coke from the fridge and was about to cut the cord up when I stopped.

My eyes dart to the telephone. Despite Khan being suppressed, I knew he would be bitching at me about it being just a phone. Looking at the cord, I drop the scissors and clench my teeth. Instead, I plug the cord into the wall and handset base. I set the phone back on the dock and quickly moved back to my room before I changed my mind. “It’s just a

phone,” I mutter to myself.

## **Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 43**

Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 43 – Elena POV

A Week Later

I was on the brink of going insane; Axton had hooked up the house phone the night of our argument. We also hadn’t seen Khan since, and we knew he was suppressing his wolf.

A week passed, and I waited expectantly for Khan to return, only he didn’t, and after a few days, I gave up. We could smell the sleeping pills seeping out of his pores.

So for the past two days, we have been plotting our escape. He should have left the house phone cut off because that was his undoing, and I believe the only reason he left it on was so I had no reason to try to escape if I could speak with, my mother freely. More fool on him, I have been speaking with her, and we had been devising my escape daily.

All day I sat by the phone, waiting to hear if she was able to pull it off behind my father's back. He had her on house arrest, too, she never said much of what happened when she returned home, and I could only imagine. I tried to convince her to leave with me, but my father must know something was up because she said Luke never left his side, and she won't go without him. Hearing the phone's musical ringtone, I rush to ward it, snatching it off its holder.

"Hello?"

"We have guests coming for dinner tonight. I left a dress for you on the foot of my bed. Put it on, and make yourself presentable. Tierney will be by to help you cook at five," Axton tells me before hanging up. I stare at the screen as the screen blinks, flashing green and red. "Great, whoever these people are, we now have to play house for appearance purposes. I wonder if he plans to fake our death when the twins are born?" Lexa growls in my head. I go to place the phone down, only for it to ring again. I checked the number and determined not to answer it if it was Axton's number. Seeing it is my mother's, I answer, holding the phone to my ear.

"You're leaving tonight, be ready," my mother says into the phone.

"Mum?"

"Axton has organized a council meeting. Tierney will be by to help you."

"Wait, Tierney from your pack?" I asked her. I recognized the name when Axton said it but didn't think he meant the same person. Having said that, she did own a well-established restaurant with a five-star rating on neutral territory and was the main place the Council used for functions. However, I was shocked Axton would keep her on the council books.

"Yes, I have already spoken to her, we have a plan, and that plan has now been moved to tonight, not next week," my mother says when I hear a door open and shut before hearing my father's voice in the distance.

"You won't believe what that prick has left me out of."

"I gotta go, wait for Tierney," she says, hanging up.

Was this even going to work? I so desperately wanted out of here and away from Axton. My heart stung a little, knowing I would be leaving Khan in the process. I hurry to Axton's room to retrieve the dress. Pulling it out of the garment bag, I was stunned at how gorgeous it was, knowing all the while it was just for show.

I felt like I was spinning out of control till Lexa reigned me in, "Relax and breathe, Elena. You can do this. Get your hair together, put on some make-up and play the part. Fake it till we make it out of here." Lexa's reassurance was enough for me to get myself

together. I only had an hour before Tieriny arrived to get myself “presentable,” as Axton put it.

Digging in the closet for my flats to wear tonight, as I get ready, my mind wanders, and as I stare in the mirror, I can see the scars his claw marks left across my chest. They were faint, so I pulled the dress up slightly to hide them. Khan must have convinced him to allow the phone; just thinking of Khan has me emotional because I can't even say goodbye to him. I hate Axton, but Khan, no, Khan, I don't hate.

Tears began to well up in my eyes, and I don't know if it was from the pregnancy hormones or the weight of every thing that had happened over these five months. I was going to miss Khan. He and these babies were the only good things to come out of all the shit I've endured. I tuck the letter away. I

showered quicker than I ever have in my life, set my flat iron up, bumping my hair in sections and pinning the soft curls in place to style later.

I applied my make-up, put my dressing gown on to meet Tierney in the next ten minutes, and headed to the kitchen to grab the plates to set the table. I hear the door open just as I place the silverware in its proper place. A few pack members come in with boxes of what I assume to be what I am expected to cook for the council meeting. They do not even acknowledge my presence.

Tierney walks in as they walk out with a tray in her hand; I begin pulling the contents of each box out and placing it on the kitchen island. Ten cornish hens, cauliflower, broccoli, a few different kinds of cheese, and veggies were laid out. We began with the hens as they would take the longest to cook. I made a seasoning base in a bowl to marinate the ten hens while Tieriny prepared the trays.

“You look absolutely glowing, and I'm sure even more so in the near future.” Tierney gives me a side hug. “Now, I want you to pay very close attention to the hens.” Tierney lifts a small vial of what I assume is seasoning; I furrow my brows, confused as we had already marinated the hens, “This little special gem I want you to use only for the hen you serve to Thomas. That son of a bitch gave me a bad rating because I turned down his illicit proposal.”

I arched my brow, “as in the...” Tierney answered my unfinished question. “The vile excuse of a wolf had the Gaul to

proposition me like some common whore. These men think they hold all the power, like we will kneel to their every whim, and it is women like us that need to knock them down on their asses. Or, in this case, make them shit their guts out. Make sure you give that imp a nice healthy dose, too, half should do the trick,” Tierney winks at me, placing it in my hand. I couldn't help but let out a giggle.

"I never liked the direction things had been going for a very long time. It is why I kept my business in neutral territory. No one will play tug of war with me, no matter what pack it is. Your mother would have made a superb Alpha had she not been mated to your father."

I was a little confused by what she had just said. "What do you mean? Women aren't Alpha's, only Luna's." Tierney adds nothing further except, "Mmhmm, just as patriarchal wants and needs everyone to believe," she had a point. My father was a perfect example with how without my help the pack was slowly falling apart. He was the head of the pack yet I was the one that did the work and come to think of it, before me it was my mother. That thought has me glancing at Tierney. She smiles and I chuckle, finally getting what she meant. She reaches past me for a tea towel and nods toward the counter.

"The freezer bag on the counter," she says, peering over her shoulder at me. I stop and look at her. She nods to the bag, and I move toward the insulated bag full of different veg

etables.

Si se "Dig to the bottom. It's from your mother," she says, and I

find an envelope. I feel it, and I find it has three oblong pills in

"Sneak three in his drink," she says without looking up from what she is doing. I quickly slip into my dress.

"That doesn't help with the door," I whisper, going back to the hens.

"No, but knock him out. The key is on his car keys,"

"The guard?"

"Will be taken care of; I am slipping him some too, Michael is on tonight, and I brought his favorite dessert, Lava cake!" she says. I glance at her, and she sends me a wink.

"Your mother is going to cause a diversion at the border, slip out the

eastern borders," she tells me.

"And how do I get there?" | asked her, seeing as it was their plan. "Well, once Axton is out, you won't just have the key to the apartment but to his Aston Martin in the parking garage," she laughs.

"Hardly conspicuous," I tell her.

"You don't need to be. They will assume you are him,"

“And what do I do with it once I leave? I won’t be able to use it again, and he will report it missing,”

“The pills will have him out for 24 hours. What better way to say fuck you than burn his most prized possession,” Tierney laughs. I already knew where I would go, that I had figured out, one place he would never look, but also right under his nose.

He wouldn’t expect me to hide in the same town I was in last time, so that is exactly what I was doing. I would drive to the rogue commune. No chance of being snitched on when all the women there can’t risk being caught either.

With my favorite knife, I cut the potatoes into thin circular slices, placing them in the bakeware for potatoes au gratin. A plan formed in my head as I set to work. Doing quick work, I cut the cauliflower and broccoli in a deep pan for a cheddar soup. I lightly stem the baby spinach adding a small amount of bouillon base to give just the right amount of flavor, not to overwhelm the senses as most low-rate chefs do.

I placed the hens at 400 degrees with the oven preheated to give them a nice golden finish while retaining the juiciness. The creme brulee was already set before my arrival, thanks to my handy bain-marie. So the only thing that needed to be done was to caramelize them.

Times slips by, and before we know it, I hear the door. Ax ton comes in and looks me over, gives me a nod of approval, and says a quick hello to Tierney before rushing off to shower and get dressed. She grabs some wine glasses out and the bottle of red wine, popping the cork.

“Better yet, save the poop juice for his wine, serves his last. I don’t want to ruin the taste of the hen,” she says, and I chuckle.

Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 44 – Axton POV

Coming out of my room after showering and dressing, I find Elena putting the last touches on the dining table when the oven alarm goes off. “I take it Tierney has left?” I ask her looking for the oven mitts.

“Yes, while you were showering,” Elena answers, coming over and nudging me aside with her hip as she reaches to the cupboard above the stove to retrieve the oven mitts. My eyes roam over her as she slips a mitt on her hand, her huge baby bump sticking out, and before I can stop myself, I reach out to touch it. She freezes, her entire body turning tense as I run my hand over the silk fabric of the dress, my hand smoothing over where I could just make out her belly button was popping out.

“I should get the hens out,” she says, making me lift my gaze to hers; I clear my throat.

“Sorry.” she steps away, pulling the oven door open, her hair falling over her shoulder, and she flicks it back as she pokes one of the hens with a skewer pulling it out. She grabs the other mitt tucked under her arm to slip it on when I take it from her.

“I’ll get it out. You’ll ruin your dress,” I tell her, taking them from her.

“I’ll fix the wine then,” she says when there is a knock on the door. Without thinking, she walks over to the door and yanks on it before remembering it is locked. And in return I also did not think as I was too wrapped in the memory of feeling her giant baby bump. I dig my hand into my pocket and retrieve the keys tossing them at her. “Blue one,” She catches them and I lean down, retrieving the hens out, only to freeze, realizing I just tossed the keys to her. I set them on the counter in panic as I hear the door open. I quickly race over to her.

“Hi, you must be Elena, the Alpha’s-” Stepping behind Elena, I place my hand on her side, I notice the way she tenses, yet her face gives nothing away. Picture perfect, and I could tell she was more than comfortable with these sorts of situations, natural, even though I could feel the tension in her back from me touching her.

“Mate, Luna Doreen-” I tell the woman, rubbing my hand up the side of Elena’s belly, god I wanted her bump to live in my hands. Elena says nothing at my comment, just smiles though I notice the way her eyes darted to me.

“I thought you rejected your mate?” Luna Doreen says as her husband comes in behind her.

“Things change. We are trying to work things out,” I tell her before greeting the Alpha. Elena neither agreed nor denied it. I worried she would call me out, deny it, or even try to run. Yet her social skills were impeccable. She thrived in this sort of environment which she should she has trained her entire life for a Alpha position she would never get because she was a woman.

However, as the other council members arrived, we all sat down and discussed the vampire situation, the expansion of the city borders, and the neighboring towns that the city was looking into the purchase. Elena made little comment on those matters but always answered flawlessly when a question was directed at her as she spoke with the lunas that lazed about my kitchen sipping wine while she prepared dinner.

“Must have been a kick in the teeth about your father, Elena. He even had me believing you would take over the pack,” Alpha Soyer says, looking in her direction.

“Women aren’t Alphas.” Alpha Thomas laughs. Alpha Soyer shrugs. “Always a first time for everything,” he says, and I see his mate smile softly at his comment.

“Yeah, but what use is she? Women can’t run packs. It’s why we have a hierarchy. And I can’t believe Derrick would be so stupid to start filling women’s heads with such

nonsense; Derrick should have known better,” Thomas scoffs. He had been here only an hour and was already blind drunk.

“And how do you run things?” Elena challenges; I look at her to find her glaring at the man. He chuckles, “I run things well. You are just here to look pretty, not worry about men’s business, just like the rest of our Luna’s.” Elena scoffs, shaking her head.

“You think you can do better?” he asks. I wanted to step in, but I also wanted to see what she would do. Although, if he steps out of line by insulting her once more, he would be meeting Khan. My sedatives were wearing off, and my proximity to Elena was bringing him forward quicker.

“I know I can do better. Your business is sloppy at the best of times, Alpha. Your pack is living off loans and not all legal, might I add. Does the new council know you deal with the human banks? We are to stick to council and supernatural banks, not to mention the money you launder through your shady a\*s businesses. Even with all that, your pack is in the black, and it is only a matter of time before you start liquidating assets.” she says. Thomas’s face turns red, and his hand’s fist on top of the table. Elena, though, keeps her cool as she walks around serving plates out. The other Luna’s helping her.

“Excuse me?” Thomas snaps at her. Elena stops setting my plate in front of me to look at him.

“That is b\*llsh\*t, all lies. Your father has you brainwashed. Did he tell you such nonsense?” he spat, Elder Mathew watched him, and no doubt there would be investigations to be had now. After the way he sneered at her, I would make sure of it.

“Maybe next time you question my competence, Alpha Thomas, you check who your accountant was,” ah that’s right, Derrick used to manage all pack taxes and accounting within the council, now we handle our own, but when it was Derrick running things, it was supposed to all be run via the councils, a reason his control was never questioned within the city.

“So your father spewed these blatant lies?” Elena laughs, moving to the kitchen and retrieving his plate. Alpha Soyer also laughs at him, before sipping his beer and shaking his head. Thomas’s eyes cut sideways to glare at him. “Thomas, stop before you embarrass yourself,” he says.

“No, she’s lying through her damn teeth about me,” “She’s not lying. Elena knows all of our information, taxes, pack-operated businesses, Thomas,” “That is council information, so if her father has been handing out such information, he is.”

“My father hasn’t handled his pack in years. I have been running the pack since I was eighteen. He just refused to handle the title over. There is not a person in this room, well, except Alpha Axton, since he was only new to the city whose income, margins, and pack business I don’t know about. I handled all council work and pack business, not

my father. I was the one that had you served for evading your taxes and also the person who had your shady a\*s laundromats investigated. That was me, not my father. He just signed the paperwork. I was the brains behind it all and the one that did all the work. Now that I am gone, I can only imagine the sh\*t storm he has found himself in and how my mother is probably trying to bail him out of it,” Elena says, setting his plate in front of him.

“Now, Alpha, I may be my father’s daughter, but I no longer hold obligations to any pack; I no longer have obligations to this city, seeing as I am technically rogue, so I feel it would be better to drop such subjects unless you want more of your dirty laundry spilled on this table for everyone to see,” she says without some much as a nervous stammer. Alpha Thomas swallows, and his wife nudges him with a clear warning.

Alpha Thomas clears his throat. “Good idea, Elena-”

“Luna Elena,” I correct, and Elena’s eyes go to mine briefly; I could see the confusion in them, but she holds her shock, not letting it show.

“Right, Luna Elena, not the sort of dinner talk we are hoping for,” he says, reaching for his wine. “Allow me,” Elena says, plucking the wine glass off the table. She wanders back to the

kitchen to refill his glass. “Elena?” I call out, and she peers over her shoulder at me. I hold up my glass, and she nods once. When she returns, she gives Alpha Thomas his wine and hands me another whiskey, and takes her seat beside me.

## **Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 44**

Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 44 – Axton POV

Coming out of my room after showering and dressing, I find Elena putting the last touches on the dining table when the oven alarm goes off. “I take it Tierney has left?” I ask her looking for the oven mitts.

“Yes, while you were showering,” Elena answers, coming over and nudging me aside with her hip as she reaches to the cupboard above the stove to retrieve the oven mitts. My eyes roam over her as she slips a mitt on her hand, her huge baby bump sticking out, and before I can stop myself, I reach out to touch it. She freezes, her entire body turning tense as I run my hand over the silk fabric of the dress, my hand smoothing over where I could just make out her belly button was popping out.

“I should get the hens out,” she says, making me lift my gaze to hers; I clear my throat.

“Sorry.” she steps away, pulling the oven door open, her hair falling over her shoulder, and she flicks it back as she pokes one of the hens with a skewer pulling it out. She grabs the other mitt tucked under her arm to slip it on when I take it from her.

"I'll get it out. You'll ruin your dress," I tell her, taking them from her.

"I'll fix the wine then," she says when there is a knock on the door. Without thinking, she walks over to the door and yanks on it before remembering it is locked. And in return I also did not think as I was too wrapped in the memory of feeling her giant baby bump. I dig my hand into my pocket and retrieve the keys tossing them at her. "Blue one," She catches them and I lean down, retrieving the keys out, only to freeze, realizing I just tossed the keys to her. I set them on the counter in panic as I hear the door open. I quickly race over to her.

"Hi, you must be Elena, the Alpha's-" Stepping behind Elena, I place my hand on her side, I notice the way she tenses, yet her face gives nothing away. Picture perfect, and I could tell she was more than comfortable with these sorts of situations, natural, even though I could feel the tension in her back from me touching her.

"Mate, Luna Doreen-" I tell the woman, rubbing my hand up the side of Elena's belly, god I wanted her bump to live in my hands. Elena says nothing at my comment, just smiles though I notice the way her eyes darted to me.

"I thought you rejected your mate?" Luna Doreen says as her husband comes in behind her.

"Things change. We are trying to work things out," I tell her before greeting the Alpha. Elena neither agreed nor denied it. I worried she would call me out, deny it, or even try to run. Yet her social skills were impeccable. She thrived in this sort of environment which she should she has trained her entire life for a Alpha position she would never get because she was a woman.

However, as the other council members arrived, we all sat down and discussed the vampire situation, the expansion of the city borders, and the neighboring towns that the city was looking into the purchase. Elena made little comment on those matters but always answered flawlessly when a question was directed at her as she spoke with the Lunas that lazed about my kitchen sipping wine while she prepared dinner.

"Must have been a kick in the teeth about your father, Elena. He even had me believing you would take over the pack," Alpha Soyer says, looking in her direction.

"Women aren't Alphas." Alpha Thomas laughs. Alpha Soyer shrugs. "Always a first time for everything," he says, and I see his mate smile softly at his comment.

"Yeah, but what use is she? Women can't run packs. It's why we have a hierarchy. And I can't believe Derrick would be so stupid to start filling women's heads with such nonsense; Derrick should have known better," Thomas scoffs. He had been here only an hour and was already blind drunk.

“And how do you run things?” Elena challenges; I look at her to find her glaring at the man. He chuckles, “I run things well. You are just here to look pretty, not worry about men’s business, just like the rest of our Luna’s.” Elena scoffs, shaking her head.

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## **Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Son Chapter 45**

Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Son Chapter 45 – Elena POV

Alpha Thomas pissed me off, so I felt nothing as I slipped what Tieriny called her poop juice into his wine. For the rest of the night, Thomas remained quiet; I spoke with the other Luna's, not wanting to piss Axton off. And I was surprised he didn't rip me to pieces over what I said to Alpha Thomas.

"Are you alright, Tom?" Alpha Soyer asks, making me glance across the table at him. Everyone turns their attention to him. He dabs at his brow with a napkin. He was sweating profusely, his other hand on his stomach. I watch as he sips from his glass of wine. "Maybe some water, dear," his mate tells him, offering her glass to him. He slaps her hand away, spilling the water down her dress.

"Leave me, I must be coming down with something," he snarls at her. I hoped my arguing with him earlier didn't make things worse for her. I noticed how quiet she remained most of the night.

Axton leans back in his chair, draping his arm across my shoulders; his fingers absentmindedly playing with my hair. I tense automatically, only to feel his fingers move to the nape of my neck, his fingers running through my hair as he messages softly, I

didn't know what to think of his affections tonight; I just have to keep reminding myself it all for show.

"If you'll excuse me, I think I might call it a night," Alpha Thomas states, rising from his chair. His stomach gurgles loudly, and he clutches the edge of the table, his wife hurrying out of her seat. His face changes to a deep shade of red, sweat running down the sides of his face.

"Very well. The council would like to speak with you on Monday about your finances, Alpha. Be sure not to be late," Axton tells him. His tone is ice-cold. Alpha Thomas tensed, and I know why.

I searched for months, trying to find out where the money was coming from that entered via his laundromats. I managed to link his dealing with the human banks, yet I had a feeling Alpha Thomas was dealing in trafficking. Although I could never prove it, and neither could the council, it was there; we knew he had underground dealings with the vamps, proving it was another matter.

Once Alpha Thomas left, the atmosphere changed, and I could tell that those who were remaining, Axton was good friends with. I watched as he downs his last drink, one! dissolved three sleeping pills into Tieriny had given me before she left. His words begin to slur, and he shakes himself.

After a couple more hours, most of the Alphas were blind drunk, including Axton; their Luna's were clearly driving. "I'll see you to the door," Axton says, stumbling from the couch, his whiskey in hand, as I walk Doreen to the door. I liked her, she reminded me a lot of my mother, and I knew they were friends for a time.

Axton stumbles, and I grab his arm to steady him. His hand goes to my belly, rubbing like it I am a Buddha. "So good to hear that you two are trying to set things right after the whole leaked video incident," Doreen comments. I try not to snort. If only she knew I was playing along because I didn't feel like dealing with my ex-mate's raging god complex. We were far from any happy couple. Axton drunkenly leans against me, his hand moving over my belly.

"Have you thought of any names yet?" Doreen asked. "I want to name one after my grandfather. Elena can pick the other," Axton says before shocking me by kissing my cheek. Doreen smiles softly. In contrast, Lexa seethes in my head. We didn't buy his stupid act for a second or his affections. We knew what would become of us once the twins are born.

We said our goodbyes, and I noticed the guard eating the lava cake Tieriny had made for him, a smile tugged at the corners of my lips, and I nodded to him. He gave me a wave with his spoon, digging in. Shutting the door, Axton lets out a breath and lets me go before stumbling, "I think you poured my drinks a little strong," he laughs as I grab his arm to stop him from face-planting to the ground. "Come, I will help you to bed," I tell

him, leading him down the hall. I push his bedroom door open, and he staggers, falling face-first onto the bed, and I move to remove his shoes when he grabs my arm.

“Lay with me,” he mumbles.

“I’ll pass. You’re drunk, and I could imagine the hell you would raise if you woke up beside me,” I tell him, shaking his arm off before tugging his shoes off.

“You did good tonight; I expected you to try to embarrass me,” he says, kicking the other off. “And what purpose would that serve me?” I ask, and he yawns.

“Lay down,” he mutters, patting the bed, and I roll my eyes, watching as he reaches his hand out. “Elena!” he whines.

“At least he isn’t an a\*sh\*le when drunk,” Lexa says.

“Yeah, but sober, he is a jerk,” I remind her; when I feel him grip my wrist, he tugs me down onto the bed. “Axton, I am not to blame if you wake up beside me.”

“I have wanted you in my bed from the moment I got you back, shh, and let me hug you,” he mumbles. “Could have fooled me, must have imagined the hell he has raised, don’t buy it, Elena. I won’t risk losing our babies,” Lexa snaps as if she thought I lost track of what our plans were.

He kept muttering nonsense, and I listened to him ramble while fighting the urge to sleep myself since I was now lying down. “I’m sorry, Elena,” he whispers, his hand moving over my bump. I say nothing, knowing it won’t change my mind. He could apologize all he wanted. The damage is done, and he will realize that when he wakes in the morning, and I am no longer here. I am not foolish enough to risk my boys.

I wait a bit, thinking he is asleep, before sliding out from under his arm. If only things were like this when I came back. I was willing to give him a chance then, since I had nothing left to lose, but now I know him; I know this is just a facade, another version of him. I won’t be tricked again.

“Where are you going?” He mumbles, gripping the back of my dress. He groans, pulling his keys from his pocket, dumping them on the bedside table, and fumbling with the buttons on his shirt before becoming frustrated with it and yanking on it.

“Wait, I will help you,” I tell him, climbing back onto the bed. I undo them, helping him out of his clothes, until he is just in his boxer shorts. “Are you coming back?” he mutters as I climb back off the bed. “Stay with me; I know I don’t deserve it, but please,” he asks, and I chew my lip.

"I'm just getting out of this dress," I lie. "Just take it off," he says, rolling and reaching out to me. He sighs when I step away from him. "I'll come back; I just need to get out of this dress," he nods his head.

I walk to the door when he speaks again. "Can you bring me a drink of water and some Advil when you come back?" he mutters, rolling onto his stomach. I nod and walk out quickly, slipping pajamas on in case he is awake when I bring him his water. Going into the kitchen, I grab a bottle of water out of the fridge before noticing the vial I hid in the vegetable crisper earlier. Lexa laughs in my head as I grab it.

"Payback is a b\*tch," she cackles. "That it is," I tell her. I pour the clear liquid into the bottle, giving it a shake and popping the cap on. Slipping back into the room, I find Axton snoring.

"D\*mn, I was hoping he would drink it." She sulks. I sit it on the bedside table next to his keys before double-checking he is asleep. I grab his shoulder and shake it, but he continues snoring. Carefully and as quietly as possible, I steal his keys before slipping out of the room. Listening carefully, I move toward my room, chucking Axton's hoodie on that I never returned before packing what I could into a bag Tierney left here. Moving toward the kitchen, I stop by the main door and listen for the guard. "We need money." Lexa hisses at me, and I chew my lip, looking at the safe hidden by a painting. "He's probably changed the lock combination."

"Only one way to find out?" she tells me, and I sigh; I could still hear the guard groaning, so I knew I couldn't leave yet, so there was no harm in checking. As I carefully lowered the painting, I open the panel behind it, I listen for the movement in the apartment. I cringe at the buttons' sound, expecting him to come rushing out. Putting the last digit in, it unlocks. Lexa bounces happily in my head. Even I am shocked he didn't change it. I grab all the money out, stuffing it in the bag before going to close the door when I stop.

"What are you doing?" she hisses at me as I make my way to the phone and grab the notepad and paper. "Leaving him a note," I tell her. She shakes her head at me before laughing at what I write. I stick it back in the safe, closing the door, but I leave the painting off. Making my way back to the door, I hear the guard.

He groans before I hear him running off. "Bingo," Lexa laughs in my head, and I quickly unlocked the door. I crack it open, peeking out. The guard was running, holding his a\*s as he raced toward the elevators. I snicker and slip out the door before using the fire exit to get to the underground parking lot.

My heart raced, as I made my way down the stairs waiting for alarms of my break-out to go off, waiting for chaos, but it never came, until eventually, I found myself in the parking lot. A giddy feeling rises in my chest as I press the button on the key fob after finding his car and I slip into the driver's seat. The engine roars to life, and I smile, my fingers gliding over the steering wheel.

"Let's get out of here," Lexa laughs, as I navigate my way out of the parking lot. Not one guard stopped me, unable to see through the windows, and I laughed as I pulled onto the road before I pressed my foot on the gas; the tires screeched, and we were finally free, finally escaping the clutches of our mate.

Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Son Chapter 46 – Axton POV

My head is spinning as my eyes flutter open to stare at the

ceiling. My hand reaches across the bed, feeling for Elena; I vaguely remember her coming to sleep in here last night. Yet, where I thought she would be is bare, the space cold. Rubbing my eyes, I sit up, glancing toward the bathroom door, wondering if she went to take a shower.

My mouth was dry, my eyes throbbing along with the pulsating of my head. "Elena?" I call out, rubbing my temples before eyeing the bottle of water on the bedside table. Relief floods me, and I snatch it, twisting the cap and downing the entire bottle. I drank far too much last night, so much so I barely remember the dinner itself. The night was now hazy, yet my desire for her was strong.

Setting the bottle down, I wander to the bathroom, feeling Khan awaken. His energy I have barely felt over the last week, and I feel relief at having him pressing forward as I take a leak.

I feel empty without my wolf, like a piece of me is missing, a piece I finally have back.

I wash my face in the sink basin, cupping my hands and swallowing more water, my mouth so dry, I never got this hungover. Maybe it was because I hadn't had Khan for the past week, my immune system lacking.

Washing my face, I reach for the hand towel and dry my face, feeling a little better. "Are you going to lock me away?" Khan asks hesitantly as I grab some shorts from the dresser, the pill

bottle sitting on top. I glance at the pill bottle, but I shake my head, and he sighs. "And Elena?" he asks, his worry biting into me.

"She is fine, even slept in here. She is probably eating breakfast or maybe she went back to her own room," I assure him as I slip my pants on. "The dinner party?" Khan asks.

"Went well; she is a natural," he seems happy, chuffed even at the thought, and I move toward the door. "I am going to see if she wants to go out to lunch with me,"

“What?” he asks, a little shocked; I knew he would get slivers of what had been going on, but other than that, he had been completely blocked out, unable to filter through my cognitive thoughts.

“I need to make it up to her if we want to give this a real shot,” I tell him, finally coming to terms with the idea. Nothing felt better than having her by my side last night. She would make a good Luna and, no doubt, a good mother. Eli has been preaching to me for days to fix things, yet one thing that stuck out the most was when he mentioned my father. The look of disappointment on his face, disgust.

Something I never thought I would receive from Eli. He was right; I couldn't see past my jealousy and my ego to know it all started because of me. I was the one that set things in motion, causing a domino effect, the pieces falling randomly and ruining everything I had spent so long to build. I ruined her, and the look on her face since the day I told her she was gone once our twins were born has haunted me ever since.

Checking her room, I don't find her, so I wander to the kitchen and stop in my tracks. Dishes are still in the sink, and wine

glasses are on the bench. One thing she did almost religiously was clean the kitchen; my eyes roam around the living room as I walk into it before falling on the picture frame leaning against the wall. My brows furrow, thinking it odd as I glance at the wall where it should be. The hangover made me sluggish, and my responses were slow.

The safe door is open. With a shake of my head, I move toward it, intending to set the picture back. “Elena?” | sing out, picking it up and staring at the picture. Again, silence when my brain seems to catch on. The frame slips from my fingertips, the glass shattering at my feet as I rip the safe door open, to find it completely empty except for one piece of paper. My hands shake as I pick it up and glance at it.

Consider your child support paid!

I blink down at the paper, and Khan presses forward as I look to the hall. My feet were moving before I realized what I was doing as I started searching every room. She was gone. My heart races at the thought, and I burst through the barrier to the mind link, forcing myself into every pack member's head. “Find her!” | snarl. And Eli is the first to reply.

“Find who?”

“Who do you think? F\*\*king Elena, find her!” | roar, marching through my office into my bedroom; I start ripping clothes off the hangers, getting changed quickly, and reaching for my belt.

The moment I finished dressing, I headed for the door, a cold sweat breaking out on me as panic settled. I reach for the door handle and fling the door open, only to stop; my

stomach cramps, the pain so intense I nearly double over, my belly gurgling, and I clutch the frame. What in the actual f\*\*k! I move into the hall only for it to intensify, sweat beads on my head, and my eyes widen, backtracking I run for the toilet.

#### Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Son Chapter 47 – Elena

Pulling down the long, obscured road that weaved amongst the trees, nerves kicked in. What would the women think of me just showing up unannounced? I wasn't even sure if I was welcome here anymore. I kind of just dropped off the face of the earth and left them with no word. Lexa also feels nervous, we escaped Axton, escaped with our babies, yet this was the only place I could think of, and if they turn us away, I wasn't sure what else to do. This was our only hope.

Slowly driving up the drive away, the sun was just beginning to peek out between the clouds above the huge dilapidated warehouse. It was quiet, the huge warehouse doors closed, but I see movement in the one little window near the door beside the huge roller doors.

Parking the car, I sit back in my seat. "Let them come out first. They'll be wary. Open your door, so they can smell our scent," Lexa suggests. I see Noleen peer out the window before the door opens, and she steps outside. I open my door but don't make any move to get out of the car, knowing I could spook her. Noleen approaches and I watch her sniff the air.

"Elena? Is that you?"

"Yes,"

"Then why are you sitting in the car?" she says, waving for me to hop out, and I let out a breath of relief before smiling and grabbing the duffle bag off the back seat. I hop out and close the car door. "Where did you get the car?" she calls out.

"Yeah, I kind of stole it," I sing out, and she stops. She sticks her fingers in her mouth and whistles, and the roller doors start opening. "Well, don't leave it there, are you trying to get us caught?" she laughs, waving for me to drive into the warehouse.

I chuckle and drive it in, and two of the women pull on the chains, closing the roller door behind me. Noleen points to the far corner, which is empty, and I park it where she tells me to before climbing out of the car. The moment I do, she embraces me in a hug.

A few of the women come over, in their arms are blankets, and one even brings some tea over. I step back, looking at Noleen. "We were wondering if you got out safe," she says, smiling sadly. I nod my head, accepting the tea, not realizing how cold my hands are.

“So what are you doing here?” she asks as another woman drops the itchy blanket over my shoulders which are quite warm. I see a few of the children waking up, their mothers tucking them under blankets to keep them warm.

Sucking in breath, I turn my attention back to Noleen. “I was hoping for a place to stay,” I tell her. “Well, if you want to slum it with us, you’re more than welcome too,” she shrugs before pointing at the car. “But that is going to be an issue,” I turn, looking at the car, and I cringe.

“Any ideas?” I ask and she chuckles.

“None, but we’ll figure it out. So who are you running from?” she asks, and I find more women moving closer wanting to hear why I am here. “Same as all of you, my pack and my mate,” they all nod, some casting their gaze down to the ground.

“Well, then looks like you’ll fit right in here then,” Noleen says, leading the way over to a small setting area where a fire pit is under a huge window, the steel walls black from the heat as the smoke billowed out the window. I chat with Noleen explaining everything and what happened since I was found.

Also, about Axton, about the money I stole, and every thing I thought she should know. When I was finished, she showed me around, and the women helped build me a bed out and found me some clothes that fit better than the ones I had in my bag.

A week Later.

For a week I have been at the rogue settlement, a week of hiding and the woman worked tirelessly hunting and tending to the gardens, making things to sell at the local markets. I tried to offer them the money to help out, but they refused, saying that now that Jake’s shop had shut it would be hard to get supplies with people asking questions, making me realize how much they had relied on his supplies.

“How about I go into town? Most of the locals know me from the café, it wouldn’t be odd for them to see me in town, and none of them picked up what I was when I worked there.” I tell Noleen.

She chews her lip, her eyes moving to my belly. Yet they were out of everything, had been for a while, and relying heavily on their hunting skills. Yet it has now been two days and not much wildlife around, especially not enough to feed everyone, so anything they had managed to catch went to the children.

“It’s not safe,”

“Says who?” I ask her. She chews her lip. “Jake?” I ask her, and she nods, making me realize how much influence he had on these women here.

“Well, Jake is gone. Money is money, it doesn’t matter where it comes from, and I got nothing to use it on, and nothing to lose right now, so we might as well use it. The town people aren’t that bad, I don’t think they care.”

“Yeah but Jake-”

“F\*\*k Jake, you couldn’t trust him when he was alive, no way would I take his word for it, nothing happened to me or Alisha when we were in the café, I don’t even think they realized or if they did, they just didn’t care,” I tell her.

“Please Noleen, we need supplies, she is right. We have been in town a few times, and no one has said anything to us,” Chloe says, while bouncing her daughter on her hip. Noleen’s brows pinch and Chloe’s daughter sneezes.

“She needs something for this cough, it won’t go,” she says, staring at her daughter worriedly.

“I’m going, I will be back, and don’t argue, she is right. We need supplies besides, I am due any day now; I need to get diapers and formula,” I tell Noleen when I see Michelle wave her hand.

“I’ll come with you, better to travel in pairs,” she says, and I look at Noleen. “See, we’ll be back soon,” Noleen sighs and nods.

“But please be careful.” | nod to her, and Michelle loops

her arm through mine and nods toward the car. “Too bad we can’t take that, would save us having to lug all this crap back,”

“Yeah, I really should have thought of something else,” || admit. We start walking in town, the walk takes us over an hour and we both only have the two backpacks. Yet the more I walked, the more pressure seemed to build in my crotch, making me uncomfortable. Having to take a break, I stop by a tree, sitting down.

“Are you okay?” Michelle asks, and I pant, trying to catch my breath. Lexa stirs worriedly but doesn’t press forward. I had noticed she has been quiet all day. Michelle hands me a drink bottle, and I take a sip, before passing it back to her.

“How much further?”

“Next street over is the main,” she says, offering me her hands, she pulls me to my feet, and we continue, sweat beading on my head, and my legs were cramping. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea after all.