

Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 46

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; / 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 everything 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.

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