

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 10

Jake takes me back to his place. He in an apartment above a small store he owns in a town that neighbors the city. As we step inside, he races around, trying to clean up, picking up clothes off the back of the sofa and cups that lie scattered around the place.

“Jake, it’s fine. Stop,” I tell him. I know Jake lives on his own, and sure, it’s the messiest I’ve seen his place. Yet I don’t care about that; he could live in a cardboard box for all I care. He is 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 take a seat before reaching for the remote that Alisha and I usually fight over when we’re 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, taking a seat.

It’s a little awkward. I usually come here with Alisha, and for the first time, I realize how much of the talking she does when we fall into a semi-comfortable silence.

“So, what have you got planned? Your next move?” he asks.

I sigh, resting my head 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. “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 watch chick flicks and do facials while here or girly stuff. Well, mainly, Alisha forces us to do girly stuff, and we become her personal dolls.

“Since when do you like football?” I ask him.

“Since always,” he laughs. “Why?”

I shrug, turning my attention back to the game playing.



It's taken a couple of hours, but eventually Alisha arrives, 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.”

“You should have called. I would have come and got you,” Jake tells her, placing the bag 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 five hundred dollars to wear your bloody clothes you arrived in at the hospital and jump on a train. Some little birdie called it in as an anonymous tip,” she says, handing me a pizza box.

I chuckle. “Yeah, it means I can’t stay here long. Dad will no doubt tell him where I am eventually,” I tell her with a sigh, knowing I will 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.

“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 sit 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’s done, it is stomach-turning to watch. Especially when I see him go down and my mother screaming frantically for Axton to stop as he continues to tear into my father during a council hearing. Blood and fur are everywhere; then I recognize Axton’s Beta rip him off my father before he tears into his neck.

“Anyway, Axton holds control over most of the city now that he’s bought out the last council sanctions. But now it’s on hold for twenty-one 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 is worse: seeing my father nearly get killed or knowing that Axton is now running the city. The place can’t be in worse hands, and I can only imagine the ridiculous laws he will put in place.

“Maybe it’s a good thing we left?” Lexa tells me, also peering out and watching with me.

I have to agree because Goddess knows what would have become of me if I had stayed there under his rule. It is no secret that Axton’s been fighting to have rogues like me 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!”

“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’s 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.