Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 12

Elena

A shiver rushes up my spine from the lack of warmth before someone's hands move underneath me. It makes me jolt awake as Jake picks me up from the couch. The motion of feeling like I am falling has my arms moving quickly to wrap around his neck. Jake tucks me closer into his chest.

"I got you. I won't drop you," Jake chuckles as my eyes fly open in alarm.

"Where is Alisha?" I groan as he starts wandering down the hall toward his room.

"She is in the spare room," he says, nudging his bedroom door open with his hip.

"I was fine on the couch."

"You're not sleeping on the couch," he says before kissing my temple.

My brows furrow, and I glance at him as he sets me down on his bed.

"What's up with him?" Lexa groans, waking up sluggishly and peering out of my eyes as he moves around his room.

He opens a drawer on the mahogany dresser before tugging his shirt off over his head and wandering into the bathroom attached to his room. When he comes out, he is only in his red boxers. Hard-toned muscles line every inch of him; I watch as he tosses his dirty clothes in the hamper by the door before running his fingers through his tousled dark hair.

"Hubba hubba," Lexa chuckles. "Pity," she whines, wandering off, and I roll my eyes at her when he comes over to me with a shirt in his hands.

I yawn, going to take it from him when he grips the hem of my hoodie and tugs it off over my head before unclipping my bra with two fingers, making me shriek.

"Jake!" I hiss at him, my hands moving to cover my breasts.

Jake smirks before tugging his shirt over my head quickly. "I have seen you naked before. Calm down," he tells me, reaching for my pants.

I slap his hands away, and he laughs, walking around to the other side of the bed. He pulls the black duvet back and climbs in.

"Hmm, maybe he wears bras. He got rid of that awfully quickly for a gay man," Lexa says.

My brows furrow, and I can feel her unease. Jake has always been affectionate, but he has never done anything like that.

"It's Jake," I remind Lexa. She growls a whine at me.

"Probably because we are tired," I tell Lexa.

Shaking my head, I slip the jeans off, hissing as I bend from the bruising that is taking forever to heal. Sitting back down, I pull the blanket back.

"I could have shared with Alisha," I tell him, plumping up my pillow and lying down.

Jake tugs the blanket up over me. "Alisha is in a single bed. Here is fine; I like you close," he tells me, and I yawn.

Yet Lexa feels uneasy at his words. Too tired to think much of it, I roll on my side, only for Jake to drape his arm across my waist and tug me closer, the heat of his chest seeping into my back, his scent soothing and familiar.

The following morning

Knock, knock, knock! Quick raps on the bedroom door, and I groan as Alisha bursts into the room, pulling a cami over her huge boobs.

"When did you get your nips pierced?" Jake chuckles as she pulls the cami down.

"She got them done on her birthday," I tell him, and he pulls a face.

"El, I gotta head back. Do you need anything? I can break into the packhouse," she tells me, and I roll my eyes, knowing she would if I asked her to.

She ducks down using Jake's dresser mirror to fix her fading lavender hair, bunching it up and tying it in a bun. She then steals his deodorant after sniffing it and sprays herself.

"No, but check on Luke for me," I tell her, rubbing my eyes only to hiss from the pain at the action. Groaning, I sit up on one elbow. "And why are you going back?"

"More importantly, what happens to your nips when you shift?" Jake asks.

Alisha pops her hip. "I'll leave that to your imagination," she tells him.

I smile as her eyes move back to mine.

"Pack meeting. If I don't show up, it will look odd. Don't worry. I am using the old tunnels under the city; I won't be seen coming and going. I will be back as soon as I can to plan our next move," she tells me, and I nod.

"Or Elena can stay here," Jake tells her, and I glance at him over my shoulder.

"Ah, no, she can't, Jake. She can for a while, but she needs to find another pack. It's the only protection she will have. Axton doesn't hold control over neighboring cities. If she registers her name with the supernatural council, Axton will locate her here straight away."

I nod, knowing unregistered shifters are liable for hefty fines, prison time, and pack punishment. I got off lucky last time with my father's punishment. I doubt I will be so lucky next time, and that isn't a risk I am willing to take, given my condition.

"Then don't register," Jake says, as if it's that easy. He is human and doesn't have to live in the conditions we do.

"And how is she supposed to get maternity care, Jake?" Alisha asks him.

"I can put her on my insurance."

"Again, she would be located by the supernatural council and forced to register. Axton has access to those records. Especially now that he owns the city." Alisha shakes her head. "I gotta go. We can discuss it when I get back. For now, we need to buy time until we think of something," she says, rushing out the door before stopping.

"Keys are on the counter. Park it by the old silos. The car won't be seen there," Jake tells her.

"Love you!" she tells him.

He chuckles, and I lie back down.

"Wait, you know where the tunnels are?" I ask him.

"Ah, yeah, I picked Alisha up from there before," he says, draping his arm across my waist and burying his face in my hair.

"Hmm, you smell like me," he laughs, snuggling closer, his hand sneaking underneath my shirt and caressing my stomach when his alarm goes off. It blares its annoying tune loudly, and he smacks it to shut it off. "Argh, no. I might not open today and stay home with you."

"Go to work. I am fine on my own," I tell him.

"Or you could come with me," he tells me, sitting up and wandering to the bathroom.

"Is he acting strange to you?" Lexa asks me when the bathroom door closes.

I shrug, pulling the blanket back so I can get up and help him at his shop. He seems normal, though he is a bit more touchy-feely than usual.