

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 15

Jake had to walk out of town to the silos two days ago, after Alisha left, to retrieve his car. She left the keys on the back tire for when she returned. Once it was clear she wasn't returning, Jake walked out there to retrieve it and bring it back to his apartment.

It didn't take him long to get there and back. He is in shape, and I've noticed he goes jogging every morning and afternoon. Having returned from his morning run, I hear him walk into the bedroom.

"Jake? Is that you?" I call out from the shower.

He pushes the door open and wiggles his eyebrows at me. His scent is strong, his shirt drenched in sweat from his morning run.

"Jake!" I snap at him, trying to close the shower curtain, but he yanks it open.

He pulls his shirt off and drops his pants, and I look away, turning my back on him.

"You should be used to nudity being a shifter," Jake tells me, stepping into the shower behind me and readjusting the head.

"I am. It is your nudity I am not used to," I admit. Not that it bothers me. The man looks like he is carved from marble—as if the Goddess have carved him to perfection.

"I could get used to his nudity. Damn, he is mighty fine for a human," Lexa purrs in my head, urging me to take a peek at him when I feel the heat of his chest pressing against my back as he reaches for the soap from the niche.

I shuffle forward, closer to the wall.

“What’s wrong, Elena? Does my proximity make you nervous?” he laughs, pressing his lips to my shoulder.

“No, it’s just different. I’m not used to you being so touchy. Especially now that I know you were lying about being gay.”

I would be lying if I said I wasn’t attracted to him.

“I never lied. You made up your own assumptions about me,” Jake tells me before I feel his hands on my back as he washes me.

“Jake!” I hiss at him and his roaming hands. I glance at him over my shoulder when he grabs my hips, spinning me around to face him. His eyes trail over me, looking over every inch of me with no shame at all.

“I don’t get why it’s so shocking that I want you. And you can get used to it. Now that I have you all to myself, I no longer need to hide how badly I want you,” he tells me, crowding closer.

“I am a werewolf. You’re human, Jake,” I whisper as he presses himself against me.

“So? It doesn’t change how I have always felt about you.”

“We can’t, and you are confusing my wolf.”

“Lexa will come around to it. To the idea of me,” he tells me.

“She has no issues with you. She is a hussy, damn horny wolf. But we can’t, Jake,” I tell him.

“Why can’t we? I want you, and you said it yourself, Lexa doesn’t mind me,” he says, pressing closer, and Lexa purrs in my head at his closeness.

“Jake, I am pregnant with my mate’s children.”

He shrugs, not caring about that detail.

“Ex-mate. You rejected him. And we can raise them together. I don’t care that you’re pregnant, Elena,” he tells me.

My eyes flutter closed when I feel his lips trail up my neck. My body tenses as desire courses through me as his hands trail gently over my skin.

“Just let me get used to the idea of you not being gay before I jump in bed with you,” I tell him, coming back to my senses and pushing him away.

He shakes his head, pecking my cheek. “But that isn’t a no?” he adds, cheekily.

“It isn’t a yes either.”

“Fine, I will back off for now,” he adds before reaching for the shampoo. “Turn around.”

Jake washes my hair while I finish cleaning the rest of myself. He seems different, and I can see how easy it would be to be with Jake. Uncomplicated. He doesn’t care I am pregnant, doesn’t care for werewolf politics, and I wish it was that simple and easy for me to wrap my head around.

Yet as we finish showering, he doesn’t push for more. Although, I do find Jake’s closeness comforting, so much different from Axton’s. Jake is good. Axton is toxic, and I could never forgive him for what he did. And I know Lexa feels the same way. She feels betrayed by him and is now glad I rejected him.

After finishing our shower, Jake hops out and hands me a towel. My eyes roam over him, and my face heats as I sneak a peek between his legs. He is very well endowed. Who am I kidding? I do find Jake attractive and always have since we met.

For so long, I have thought of him as off-limits because I assumed he was gay. Maybe it will work out. Yet some nagging feeling tells me it’s wrong to want him, so I turn my attention to finding clothes. Jake has gone and bought me some clothes since the few things Alisha left here for me weren’t exactly comfortable or the sort of clothes I would normally wear.

After drying off and getting dressed, we make our way downstairs. His store is directly underneath his apartment. Moving down the back entrance, we come out inside his storefront.

Jake walks through the place, flicking the lights on. Walking along the shelves, he starts placing groceries on the counter by the register.

“Need any help?” I ask him, and he peers over at me.

“Nah, I just gotta grab a box to put it in,” he tells me.

I nod, looking for a box to start stacking the supplies for the rogue settlement.

“Where are the boxes?”

“I will grab them. They are down in the basement.”

I move toward the door, not wanting to be useless. “It’s okay. I don’t mind,” I tell him, reaching for the door handle. Opening the door, I flick the basement light on and walk down the stairs when Jake grabs my arm.

“No, I will get a box. You head back upstairs. The basement is a mess. I don’t want you getting hurt by tripping over something. You have been through enough and are just healing up.”

“It’s fine. I don’t mind,” I tell him, moving down another step.

Jake tugs me back to him, pressing his lips to my cheek. “You haven’t eaten. Go grab something to eat while I find a box.”

I roll my eyes at him as Jake steps past me, giving me a nudge to go back upstairs. I head back up and grab an apple from the small fruit section and a bottle of juice from the fridge.

Jake returns moments later with a box and loads it full of the supplies stacked on the counter.

“Ready?” he asks.

I hop off the stool before following him to the back of the store, where his car is parked. Jake places the box in the trunk while I nervously glance around, worried about running into somebody.

“Elena, you’re fine. Get in the car,” he tells me, and I sigh before realizing I am being silly.

No one comes back here, and Jake’s windows are heavily tinted. Even if someone does see me, I doubt they know who I am.