

# Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 17

I go back to the apartment at Jake's insistence. Jake says I need to take it easy, reminding me it isn't just me but two little lives I am now carrying. I leave him to it. I, however, will not sit around being useless and taking his kindness for granted. So, I begin to gather all the laundry and strip out my clothes. Alisha only packed one set of pajamas, and I have to borrow one of his shirts until everything is clean.

After doing that, I make his bed and the one Alisha sleeps in. However, I don't stop there. Before I realize it, I have cleaned every inch of Jake's apartment. He still has a few hours left at the shop, and I begin to look for something we can eat for dinner. I find veggies and some chicken that I can make for us. Hopefully, we will hear from Alisha soon. I don't need her getting into trouble because of me, and it has been a day since I last spoke to her.

I leave the chicken to soak in salted buttermilk while I chop up potatoes to mash later. The mixed veggies are done, and I set them to the side on the warmer. The grease is ready, and I begin to batter the chicken, tossing it into the fryer. The chicken is done in no time as I set to the task of mashing up the potatoes. Lost in my task, I don't hear the door open or Jake's return.

Jake is so quiet when he enters I don't even realize he has come up behind me, making me jump. "Something smells delicious. What are you making?"

"Were you trying to give me a heart attack? Don't sneak up on me like that," I say as I pop him on the arm.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. So, tell me, what did you make for us tonight?" he asks, resting his hands on my hips and peering over my shoulder.

Jake has this look in his eyes that is drawing me in as I peek at him over my shoulder. I have to snap myself out of it, only to realize he is flush with my body.

“Don’t you look tempting in my shirt?” he says, running his nose along the column of my neck to behind my ear.

This is going to be rather difficult to get used to. I would be lying to myself if I said I had never wondered what it would be like to be with Jake. He has the most hypnotizing eyes, a handsome face, and a rock-hard body. But I can’t; it feels almost wrong in a sense.

Something is nagging at me. I know I rejected that asshole of an Alpha and an even more of a piss-poor excuse of a mate. I just can’t wrap my head around being with Jake while I carry another man’s children.

However, Lexa has to add her two cents. “Why not look at what we got because of Axton? We lost our pack and almost our lives because of that prick. I’m glad you rejected him. Could you imagine the shit he would have put us through if we had gone back to him? I don’t know about you, but it could have been worse than how we lived with dear old Dad.”

Before I can blink, Jake’s lips trail along my neck and over my shoulder, where his shirt has fallen down, exposing it.

“Jake,” I breathe when he spins me, pushing me against the counter. His lips connect with mine hungrily. I don’t know why, but I part my lips, giving him access until that feeling starts again that this is wrong, and I push him away.

“Jake, we shouldn’t. I shouldn’t be doing this. We should stop.”

Jake steps closer. “Give me one good reason why, Elena. Tell me you don’t want me to,” he says, his lips mere inches away from mine.

Yet my mind can’t seem to conjure up any reason other than the ones I have already given him, which clearly aren’t enough. And I can’t say I don’t want him because I do.

Jake smiles seductively, dipping his head. His lips gently brush mine, and I gasp, and Lexa’s desire for him only enhances mine.

I kiss him back, my arms locking around his neck. Jake, seeing that I am not pushing him away, groans against my lips, his body pressing harder against mine as his hands trail to my hips. He grips my hips and lifts me with strength that should have surprised me. My legs lock around his waist, and I pull my lips from his.

“What about dinner?”

“Fuck dinner. I’d rather eat you instead,” Jake chuckles, reaching for the off switch for the stove. He flicks it off quickly before hoisting me higher. His lips travel down my neck, nipping and licking my skin. My fingers in his hair tug his head back before I crash my lips against his.

Jake groans lewdly, and we don’t even make it back to his room before he rips his shirt off me. I laugh when my back hits the wall, making a photo frame fall off and smash on the floor I’ve just vacuumed. His lips become more demanding as he tastes my skin. His hands are squeezing my ass as he grinds the bulge in his pants against me.

My hands move between us as I fiddle with his belt buckle, tugging it to undo it when he grips the side of my panties. Tearing them and making me hiss as they tear at the side, burning my skin at the force.

My heart is racing with every touch, my skin igniting with each caress of his hands when he grunts into my ear, making the need greater.

“Fuck,” I breathe, managing to tug his belt off.

Jake helps me push his pants over his hips, letting them fall to the ground before stepping out, all the while keeping me pressed against the wall. His cock lines up with my entrance, and I rock my hips, wanting to feel him inside me.

Then he pushes his hips forward. I feel the tip of his cock slip against my wet pussy. Then, forcefully, he shoves inside.

“Yes!” I cry out, feeling that initial shock of pain.

The huge tip of his cock is stretching me out. I can feel it forcing me open.

Grunting, he thrusts forward again, slipping the rest of his impressive length into me. I cry out again, a deep moan, as I feel him fill up my insides until there is no room left. He is at my very limit, as deep as possible from this angle.

My whole body shudders with pleasure as he pulls out and slams back inside. Moaning into my ear and pinning me against the wall, he starts to pump his hips back and forth hard. Each time his huge cock slams into me, I feel my inner walls quiver, and I cry out with pleasure.

As he gets used to the feeling of me, he starts to thrust faster and harder, playing my body like a well-tuned instrument. He pumps himself in and out of me with swift and strong thrusts of his large hips. He is so close to me that I can feel his pelvis rub against my clit with each one. Gripping his hair, I tug his head back, my lips molding around his as I kiss him, rocking my hips as much as I can while his grip on my ass grows tighter, and he thrusts inside me, hitting my G-spot.

“Fuck, you feel good,” he mumbles against my lips before swallowing my moans. He pulls away from the wall slightly, gripping my hips. I arch my back, leaving only my shoulders against the wall as I feel the pleasure overwhelm me when Jake pounds into me.

Seconds later, he slams back against the wall, his hand fisting my hair as he tugs my head back, and his lips travel down my neck, nipping and biting at my skin. It hurts, and I know he broke the skin, but his tongue is quick to soothe over any pain, leaving me a moaning mess again.

The sudden shock of pain makes me cry out when he grips my hair, and I feel my pussy somehow get even tighter around his huge cock. I am squeezing him, convulsing, as I come hard while Jake drives himself into me.

My toes curl, and my eyes roll into the back of my head as my body shudders helplessly against his. He thrusts into me harder and faster, on the brink of pain, but I love every second of his brutal thrusts as he chases his own release, bringing me greater pleasure as I come hard on his cock. Moments later, and after a few more thrusts, he stills inside me; his cock twitches, and my insides warm as he finally finds his own release.

We try to catch our breath when the door opens suddenly, and I shriek as Alisha strolls into the apartment. She stops, her bags slipping from her fingers, hitting the floor, and her mouth agape. Jake and I scramble for our clothes.

“About fucking time,” she says, kicking the door shut before she stops. “Wait, I thought you were gay?”.

“Not gay!” Jake tells her.

“Well, I can see that now since I just found you balls deep in my best friend,” she retorts, and my face heats at her words as I quickly tug my shirt back on before racing to the room to get a pair of pants.