

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 20

Later that night, I am lying in bed when Jake rolls over and props his chin on his hand. We have spent all afternoon putting the cradles together that Jake bought.

“Why didn’t you tell me what Selia said to you?” he asks, brushing my hair behind my ear and looking down at me.

“I didn’t think much of it. We had the fight in the car, and I didn’t want to upset you.”

“We had a fight?” Jake laughs, cocking an eyebrow at me. “Me? Fight with you? Never.” He chuckles, leaning down to kiss me.

So, it’s all in my head? I feel like I am getting whiplash with his sudden change in moods today, or maybe it’s the pregnancy hormones making me crazy. I have been temperamental lately, even snapping at poor Alisha the other day over the washing.

Jake deepens the kiss, pushing my legs apart with his knee before his hand moves beneath my shirt and caresses my belly. His fingers fiddle with the waistband of my pants as he tugs them down, and I roll toward him, only for him to push me onto my back and climb between them. His lips move down my neck, and he keeps his weight from crushing me.

“I didn’t mean to upset you. That wasn’t my intention. I was stressed about the store, is all,” he says between nipping and licking at my skin. “I don’t understand why you got upset. I didn’t mean to rush into the car,” he tells me, making me confused.

Are we talking about the same thing? Shaking the thoughts off, I grip his hair, tugging his lips back to mine. His tongue plunges into my mouth, tangling with mine as it fights mine for dominance. When he pulls away, his lips travel lower before he sits up between my legs and grips my underwear, peeling them the rest of the way off and tossing them aside before settling between my legs again. I sit up when his hands trail

down my hip to the back of my knee, making me bend it as he moves lower. He kisses my knees, then trails his tongue down the inside of my thigh before his warm breath sweeps over my lower lips, and I moan softly at his teasing as he runs his tongue up the inside of my other thigh, pushing my leg higher and draping it over his shoulder.

“Jake,” I whine, becoming impatient as he teases me.

He initiated it, and I am done with his teasing. Jake chuckles before his entire mouth covers me, tasting and licking every seam, crease, and fold, devouring me and making me cry out. I moan, and he slips his hand under my ass and squeezes.

His tongue leaves no part of me untouched before he spreads my lower lips with his fingers and kisses my most sensitive places. I feel a kiss on my clit, and I moan, my walls quivering. He holds me in place, devouring me.

His tongue starts moving over me, teasing and playing with me. Every movement of his tongue makes me shudder and moan.

It feels like I am an instrument and that he has been practicing his skill for years. And he knows exactly how to draw beautiful music from me. My cries echo loudly off the walls, filling the air with just how much he is driving me crazy.

Reaching down, I run my fingers through his hair. I feel my whole body shuddering as I grip his hair and hold it tightly. My hips move against his lips, chasing the climax I know he is bringing me to. I can't contain the shudders and spasms.

All I can do is give in to it. And give in I do as he brings me to my precipice. And I crumble and fall apart with a final flick of his tongue, and my entire world explodes. I tumble blindly, free, falling into bliss as I ride out each wave.

Gradually, he slows the pace, his tongue lapping up the juices that have just spilled from me. Jake sits up, and I take this to mean we are moving on. I feel my body tense slightly as I think about his hard cock sheathed inside me. After the way he had me screaming out, I am excited for more, so I reach for him, then shove him on his back before straddling his waist.



The following morning I wake up to Jake climbing out of bed. I grip his forearm as he climbs over me.

“Where are you going?” I groan, not wanting to get up.

“To unlock the store. Go back to sleep,” he whispers, pecking my lips.

I roll on my side while he gets ready for work. Yet once he climbs out, the bed feels empty, and I mumble, annoyed, not wanting to get up but also knowing I won’t be able to go back to sleep. Reluctantly, I toss the blanket back and climb out of bed to go make coffee. When Alisha wakes up and gets changed, we head down to the store to help Jake, knowing he has to go to the settlement and will need someone to watch over the store.

As we come down, he is walking out of the basement. He shuts the door, and I move to double-check the supplies in the box while Alisha chucks on an apron to serve the customer that’s just come into the shop.

“What time are you heading out there?” I ask him.

“In twenty minutes.”

“I might come with you. I feel bad that I hardly go out there.”

He comes over and wraps his arms around my waist, his hands moving over my belly before stopping at my sides.

“No, it’s supposed to rain, and I don’t want you getting sick. Maybe next time.” He pecks my cheek before grabbing the list from my hand and also checking he has everything.

I move to retrieve an apron. I honestly have no idea how Jake runs this place by himself. The lunch hours are crazy busy with workers from the industrial area coming here. After the lunch dash and once everyone clears out, Alisha and I start cleaning the tables.

“Ah, damn it. We are out of dish soap,” Alisha curses, holding up the empty bottle.

“Basement?” I ask her, and she sighs, wandering over to it.

She yanks on the door, but it doesn’t open. “And he always forgets to leave the key for it. Too bad if we needed supplies urgently,” she says, yanking on the door in frustration before I hear a clang.

“Fuck! I broke it,” she says as I glance over to find her holding a piece of the door handle.

“Well, hopefully, there is a screwdriver down there,” I laugh just as the bells sound.

Alisha groans before rushing to the counter as a customer enters.

“I will go find the dish soap, and now, a screwdriver,” I tell her, and she waves me off.

Flicking the light on as I walk down the steps, the draft is cold down here. Rummaging around, I find the dishwashing liquid. This place is packed to the roof with boxes of supplies and freezers sitting off to one corner, moving toward the shelves by the desk. I reach for the little toolbox on a shelf when I hear a noise. I jump, looking at the stairs.

“Alisha?” I call out when I hear her voice upstairs. The hairs on my arms rise, but I shake the feeling off when I hear the same moans, making me drop the toolbox. It smashes onto the ground, sending tools everywhere.

“Shit,” I curse, picking them up when the same noise, now louder, reaches my ears. I look to the back of the basement, where it’s darkest.

“Maybe it’s a cat or something?” Lexa says.

Instinctively, I sniff the air, but the dust down here and chemical cleaning scent are potent. Grabbing a screwdriver, I move toward the back.

“Alisha!” I call out, but I get no answer.

Looking to the stairs, I am about to go get her when I hear the noise again before a loud banging sound like someone is tapping on a pipe. Pushing the boxes aside, I gasp when I find a cage, and inside, a woman. Her hands and ankles are cuffed, and a gag is in her mouth. My eyes widen, and I stumble back, not expecting to find someone down here. An animal, yes, but a person, definitely not.

“Help her! Get her out!” Lexa snaps at me.

“Wait, why... How is she down here?” I panic, moving to open the cage.

“Alisha!” I scream out in panic when I can’t open it.

I yank on the small door, and the woman inside starts thrashing before pointing behind me. Fear slivers up my spine as I watch her tear-filled eyes widen, and I spin around to find Jake. His hand is wrapped around Alisha’s throat.

“You shouldn’t have come down here, El,” Jake says. “You just had to ruin everything.” He clicks his tongue, shaking his head. Yet my eyes are on Alisha as he lifts her with one hand, her face turning purple from the lack of oxygen.

“Now, I have to punish you. I didn’t want to, but you have left me no choice.” He growls, his face twisting in anger, and he bares his fangs at me, making me gasp.

Vampire!