

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

by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 21

Jake's grip on Alisha's throat tightens, and her feet leave the ground as he lifts her from the ground.

"Jake! It's Alisha," I sputter out, lifting my hands and reaching for her. Jake tilts his head to the side, watching me tremble while my hand in the air reaches for her.

"Please, we saw nothing!" I whisper, and he starts laughing but tosses her to the ground.

Alisha coughs, clawing at the ground as she crawls over to me, and when she lifts her head, I see her eyes glow amber.

"Why do people always say that in movies? Then, the bad guy lets them go, and they run. Yeah, I am not a fool, Elena."

"No," I mouth to Alisha. She shakes her head as her claws slip from her fingertips, and her face twists. Her canines slip free, and before I can grab her, she turns and lunges at Jake, who intercepts her easily.

She doesn't even have a chance to shift fully when he grabs her by her hair.

"Stupid girl. And I actually liked you. Not as much as El, but—" He shakes his head, then sinks his fangs into her neck.

My scream is blood-curdling as I get to my feet, only to be backhanded; I am sent flying, not expecting the power behind the blow. The air is knocked from my lungs as I collide with the shelving lining the rear of the basement. Instinctively, I toss my hands out to brace for my fall, only to scream when the meat hook falling from the shelf goes straight through my hand.

I gasp, staring at my hand, when I hear his footsteps approaching me. Peering up, Jake looks back at me and stops. He clicks his tongue, and I drop my head, noticing Alisha on the ground surrounded by a pool of her own blood, and a whimper escapes me. Knowing we are next, Lexa wails when Jake crouches in front of me. He grips my face in his hands, tilting it up to meet his red eyes.

I jerk my face away and push him. “How could you?” I croak, looking at Alisha behind him.

Jake grips my chin in a punishing grip before brushing his nose across my cheek and inhaling deeply.

“She isn’t dead! Not yet, anyway. I am letting you decide that, my love,” he says, kissing the side of my mouth.

I fight the urge to cringe. Who the fuck is this man?

He reaches for my hand, yanking the curved hook out, and I scream when he grabs my face and spins me, clamping his hand over my mouth. He drags the meat hook over my belly, and I blink back tears.

“Shh, nobody else has to die,” he whispers, removing his hand from my mouth.

My heart races in my chest as he lifts my bleeding hand. Using his thumb, he opens it, examining my palm, the meat hook digging painfully into my round stomach, where my babies squirm within me.

“You said no one else has to die,” I murmured as I watched him lift my hand to his lips.

He groans, running his tongue over my palm before sucking on the wound, making me hiss.

“Alisha... You said she was alive,” I whimper, and he slowly nods, lapping at my blood with his tongue.

“Yes, she is, for now. That decision rests with you,” he tells me, holding my palm out to show me. The hole from the meat hook piercing through it is now closed.

“Every day, you taste sweeter, more addictive, just like that first day I found you,” he groans, sweeping his lips across my cheek before gripping my throat and tilting my head back.

Lexa revolts and fights against the barrier that is blocking us from shifting when he kisses me. She wants to tear him apart, and tears prick my eyes as his tongue invades my mouth, tasting every inch. Goosebumps rise on my skin when he pulls away, leaving me gasping for breath.

He lets me go, and I move away from him quickly. “Now, that won’t do, pet. Come here, come to your master.”

Lexa’s anger bleeds into me, making me glare at him.

“Stop, Lexa, stop,” I warn her, not wanting to anger him. We need to find a way out of this, not have him kill us before we even stand a chance.

“Come here, Elena,” Jake says, his tone ice-cold and sending a shiver down my spine. I go to stand, and he growls at me. The noise is so startling it makes me freeze.

“Crawl to me, like a good girl.”

I grit my teeth still half-crouched on the ground.

“I would rather fucking die!” Lexa snaps at me.

“Yeah? And what about Alisha?” I snarl back at her, placing my hands back on the ground.

Gritting my teeth, I glare at the ground, tears burning my eyes and dripping on the floor. The cold concrete hurts my knees as I do as he asks, only stopping when I reach his shiny black shoes. His fingers slide through my hair, and I focus on Alisha behind him, trying not to jerk away from his touch.

“Good girl, such a good little pet. For so long, I have waited to see you begging on your knees for me,” Jake purrs, gripping my hair and jerking my head back. The sharp points of his fangs I have never noticed before jut out from beneath his bottom and top lip.

“Now, beg. Beg for her life, and I may consider letting her keep it,” he says as tears stream down my face.

Lexa growls furiously in my head. Then, the woman in the cage whimpers, and my eyes dart to her.

“And you’ll let her go, too?”

“I said no one else has to die today; I have yet to kill anyone. That is where your choice comes in, pet. Beg for Alisha’s life over hers.”

He smiles sadistically, and the woman chokes on her sob. I shake my head when Jake runs his finger down my cheek.

“So, who will it be? Alisha or Mary?” he purrs, and my eyes dart between Alisha and the woman.

“I’m sorry,” I choke out to her.

She breaks down, wailing, and Jake kicks her cage. She quiets while I try to figure out how I’ve never noticed he is a monster. Vampires are our mortal enemies, blood-sucking demons. We are taught about them in school, but I have never met one, and to find out I have been best friends with one for years and am now living with him sickens me.

Jake runs his thumb across my lips, tugging at the bottom one and exposing my teeth. “Now beg!”