

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 23

For a week, I have been chained to this bed, enduring Jake's torments and his degrading acts as I seek to build his trust. I am glad to say that it seems to be working because, last night, he took off the chains and used his glamor to make me submit and not escape.

However, Lexa is losing hope with each passing day, and so am I. We need to get out of here as soon as possible; we have less than three months until our babies are due, and I can't imagine having them here because I know they will not survive. And neither will I if something happens to them.

At the small dining table, I am trying to cut my food with a fork while wondering if Alisha has eaten anything. The man refuses to let me speak with or see her. I am not even sure she is alive anymore. I worry because last night he came back reeking of her scent.

I remain chained to the bed as he goes to work, only for him to return; when he does return, my nightmares come true.

"Maybe I could help in the cafe?" I offer, looking down at my plate.

"You know why you can't, pet," he tells me, sipping his coffee.

I despise the nickname he's given me. It makes me feel like a dog, makes me feel small.

Even Lexa has left me, unable to handle watching my torment. Receding into the back of my mind, she blames herself for not picking up what he is. But how could we know when we had never met a vampire before?

Not only that, he smells like her every day. He feeds on Alisha, and I am beginning to realize why he always reeks of the rogue women at the settlement. He is feeding on them. I asked why he smelled of Alisha, and he told me it was because he'd fed on her. That vampires smell like their victims. Which explains why he smells like a human; Mary was human.

"You'll be with me. I just want to help. You work so hard," I tell him, reaching for his hand.

I cringe at the words leaving my lips. Yet I've realized over the past week that he thrives on me submitting to him and engaging in this sadistic game of housewife he has me playing.

"I'll think about it," he says, taking my plate and cutting the bacon I've been trying to cut with the fork.

He holds a piece out, pinched between two fingers. "Open."

Robotically, I do as I am told. He spends the rest of breakfast feeding me like that, and I try not to cringe whenever I accept a piece from him.

When he is finished, he gets dressed, and I follow him around like an obedient pet when he starts setting out some of my clothes, something he never lets me wear. I have been naked for an entire week now, and I almost cry at the thought of wearing something other than my birthday suit.

"Cafe only, and you don't leave it," he says, facing me.

I nod, already plotting ways to escape when he grabs my face.

"I mean it," he whispers.

My head suddenly becomes foggy when I feel this strange shudder run up my spine, his words floating in my head.

"You will not speak of what I am or anything about Alisha in the basement. You will not speak of anything that goes on up here or in this building, and you will not leave this building."

I repeat everything, yet my voice is robotic, commanding, and not my own.

“Good girl,” he says, kissing me and forcing his tongue into my mouth. “Now, get dressed.”

I scramble to put clothes on.

“What’s going on?” Lexa asks, rushing forward.

“We are leaving the apartment,” I tell her.

“Alisha?”

“We’ll see. Now we work on a plan to get help.”



Jake is watching my every move The whole day while I am working in the kitchen. Even when I serve customers, he is directly behind me, and I am beginning to lose hope. I know if I try to slip them anything, I will be caught. He will punish me and probably kill the person I’ve tried to inform.

So, instead, I work on building trust and a plan to get down to see Alisha. I am just cleaning the benches when I hear the doorbell signaling someone has entered. I wait for Jake to greet them, but when I hear a feminine voice sing out, I know he must have wandered off somewhere.

Sticking my head out of the kitchen door, I see it is an old couple. They are regulars here and love Jake’s burgers. They also own the bakery down the end of the street where Jake buys most of his cakes and bread from.

“Hey, Sondra. Lloyd,” I greet them, seeing Lloyd stagger toward one of the round steel tables. I rush out and grab his arm, helping him into his seat.

“Elena, dear. I haven’t seen you in a while. I thought you left. Where is the other girl? Is she still here, the one with the purple hair?” Sondra asks.

Before I can answer, I feel a hand slide across my shoulders.

“She quit. Went to college to become a pathologist,” Jake answers.

“Shame. I liked her, too. Just the usual Jake, please, and can I get Lloyd some water?” Sondra asks him.

“Of course. El, grab him a bottle from the fridge,” Jake tells me, and I wander off to retrieve it.

Grabbing an ice-cold bottle, I unscrew the cap for her when I return to the table before handing it to her. Sondra helps her husband drink from it. His gray hair is sparse on top of his head, his skin gray and lips blue. He looks sickly, but I can tell he adores Sondra and their daily outing here.

“Oh, I’ll have to bring you some lemon meringue pies tomorrow. Whipping up a new batch,” Sondra sings out as she helps her husband drink from the bottle.

I pass her some napkins when he dribbles some out, and she thanks me before taking her seat.

“El, come help,” Jake calls to me, and I press my lips in a line, preferring to be in their company than his.