

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 24

Moving out to the kitchen, Jake is about to say something when we hear the delivery truck beeping. He curses and comes over to me.

“You won't speak to Sondra or Lloyd while I am gone, and you will not go near them,” he says, using his vampire charms on me before rushing to greet the truck.

“What are we going to do, Elena? I can't take much more of this,” Lexa whines at me as I reach for the spatula, only to notice he's forgotten to take the basement keys, yet the key to her cage is around his neck. Snatching them up, I glance toward the rear doors.

“Elena, don't.”

“I need to know if she is alive,” I tell my wolf.

I grab some cooked meat patties and water bottles before checking to make sure Jake is still out the back. Snatching up a paper bag, I drop as much food in as possible and rush to the basement door.

“Elena, dear?” Sondra calls.

I turn, but I can't move toward her or speak.

“Can you bring some more napkins out when you come back?”

I nod to her since I can't talk and she goes back to fussing over her husband while I fiddle with the lock and keys. My heart races the entire time, every second feeling like an hour. Sweat beading on the back of my neck, I exhale when the lock clicks

and the door opens. Rushing inside, I know I don't have long before he comes back, but I need to ensure she is alive.

Running down the steps, I miss some in my haste and have to catch myself on the railing. Once down the bottom, I make my way to the back of the basement when I hear her.

"Elena?" she sobs, crawling forward and gripping the bars, and I run to her.

I clutch her fingers. "I'm here. I'm right here."

"Where is he?" she says, looking around frantically.

I can see the bite marks on her neck. She is littered with them, and covered in bruises, her cheeks hollow and skin dull.

"Upstairs. I can't be caught down here, but I brought you food."

"The key is around his neck," she sobs.

I nod, already knowing that. "I'll find a way to get you out. Quick, take this," I tell her, passing the bottled water through the bars before trying to push the bag of food.

Alisha snatches the bag and bites into the meat patty that I know is sizzling hot. Tears stream down my face seeing her in such a state, and I want to get her out.

"No, Elena, we haven't got time," Lexa warns, and I stand.

"I'll come back soon," I tell her. I am about to turn around when a hand grips the back of my neck, and I freeze.

"Pet!" Jake sneers in my ear.

My hands shake as I clutch the empty paper bag. Alisha whimpers, moving to the back of her cage with her food.

"I just wanted to see her," I whimper as his fingers dig in.

"Did I say you could?"

I shake my head.

“Please, she is pregnant,” Alisha sobs, clutching the bars.

Jake steps closer and rubs his other hand down my belly. “Yes, she is. But she disobeyed me.”

“Jake, she is my best friend. She was yours once, too,” I whisper.

“Go back to the apartment and wait for me in the bedroom,” he snarls and lets go.

My feet automatically move despite not wanting to leave her.

Sitting on the bed, I feel nothing but panic. I struggle to breathe as I wait for him, my entire body shaking with fear. I know what his punishments entail, and I try to avoid them at all costs. They are degrading and humiliating. Yet no matter how much I want to leave the room, I can't go against his order, not without being able to shift. And if I shift, I will kill my sons.

Hearing the door open, I flinch, listening to his footsteps on the floor get closer. My heart rate picks up, and I am sure it will jump out of my chest as I turn to face the door. Jake steps in, and his scent is menacing.

“Alisha?” I blurt in panic.

“I would worry less about her and more about the situation you're in. You disobeyed me,” he snaps at me, his fangs protruding. His face twists in anger as he starts removing his belt.

My eyes widen, and I jump up from where I am sitting, backing away from him as he snaps his belt loudly.

“Jake?” I plead as he stalks toward me, letting the belt hang from his hand

The next minute, he hits me with it. Lightning slices through my side and arm as he whips me, and I gasp before dropping to the floor to cover my stomach, each lashing hurting more than the last as he whips my back, legs, and arms while I lie on my side trying to protect my babies. With each blow, Lexa snarls, and fur sprouts up my arms as she comes forward, only for him to start whipping me harder, beating her back and, along with it, any hope I have left that we will ever get out of here.