

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 25

Another week later

I have given up. My life is a routine now of Jake and not Jake. Depending on his mood, he hardly lets me leave the apartment. Bruises lace every part of my skin, the belt has caused deep welts, and I haven't slept properly for days; even now, certain positions still hurt where the belt's torn through my skin. Yet he was careful not to mark my face, for the few times he let me out for an hour or so.

Getting up, I cook his breakfast, cringing as I hear him move around and get ready to go open the general store and cafe when I feel his hand wrap around my body. His fingers trace over my belly gently as I flip his egg.

"I will finish cooking. Go get dressed," he tells me, and I look over my shoulder at him and nod.

I slip into the room to find warm tracksuit pants and one of his sweaters. I pull them on while Lexa paces in my head.

"They aren't the usual work attire," she worries, but I don't answer. It's not like we have a choice. Yet still, she paces, her anxious energy making me nervous.

"Pet, come. Food is done," he calls.

I move toward the small dining area and take my seat.

"I have a surprise for you. You can come help me drop supplies off at the settlement," he tells me, and I nod, reaching for my fork. He snatches my wrist in his painful grip before I grab it.

“What do you say?” he growls. “You need to be more appreciative of what I do for you. I didn’t have to take you in,” he snaps. His grip tightens to the point I think he will break it.

“Thank you,” I tell him, and he lets me go.

“Now, eat up,” he says, tapping my plate.



I cradle the box in my lap as we drive out to the settlement. Peering inside, I notice the diapers and formula making me look up at him.

“How many children are out here?”

“Six, I think,” he answers, navigating the rocky terrain.

“Have they always been out here?”

“It’s off-grid, so yes.”

“Why?”

“Why so many questions, Elena?” he snaps, and I drop my gaze.

“I was just curious,” I murmur, looking out the window.

Jake sighs loudly and reaches over, squeezing my hand. “I stumbled across them one night, purely by accident. I saw them go into the cafe and I followed them home. Petra was Mary’s daughter. She was a werewolf.”

“But Mary was a human?”

“Yes. Taboo, but I found out Mary’s daughter was taken from her when her father discovered her. She fled his pack to return to her mother after she killed him, and a few of these women ran with her. Mary hid them out here, so the supernatural authorities wouldn’t find them. All of them are wanted fugitives for various crimes,” Jake tells me.

Now, that surprises me. “Who was Petra’s father?”

“Someone high up in the council. These women helped conspire with her, helped her kill her father so she could escape and they could escape their abusive partners.”

“Why don’t they leave?”

“And go where? They have no packs, no help, are wanted for their crimes, and the humans won’t take them in.”

“So, you are just taking advantage of them?” I ask him, not meaning for that to slip out.

“I help them; they help me. No more questions,” he tells me, reaching over to the back seat. He grabs a bag tossing it in the box. Whatever it is, it’s frozen.

When we pull up, some of the women are out front, tending to their vegetable patches, doing laundry, or playing with the kids. Two women snatch up the kids and run off while another woman warily waits for us to get out.

“Stay close. I would hate to have to kill someone,” Jake warns me, and I grab the box and open the door.

I say hello to a few, who nod but say nothing as Jake leads me inside the huge warehouse. Looking around, it has no power, makeshift beds, and curtained-off sections that create little rooms.

“Petra, love,” Jake says as she makes her way over to us.

The woman warily comes over, and I see the two women who snatched up the kids take them out of the warehouse.

Petra reaches for the box when Jake grips her hand. “Ah, ah, ah. You know what comes first.”

“Last time, you were short on supplies, and you said I could see my mother, that you would bring her here. Who is she?” she growls at him and nods to me. She, then, shrieks when his grip tightens.

“Jake!” I hiss, and he tosses her away when another woman gets to her feet.

“Stand down, Noleen,” Jake warns the woman.

Petra clutches her wrist and stares up at him. “You promised to let me see her, that you would bring her here.”

“I did bring her, silly,” Jake says, and Petra’s eyes light up while I look at Jake.

Petra gets to her feet and moves toward the door. The excitement on her face is evident. She has the same look I had when I laid eyes on Alisha. Jake whistles to her and grabs the bag out of the box. He tosses the frozen food to Petra.

“Let this be a warning for you,” Jake whispers to me as she catches it.

She unravels it, and I gasp, not realizing what I’ve been holding this entire time. Petra screams, dropping her mother’s severed head on the ground.