

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 30

A week later

The first night after giving Noleen the phone number, I stayed awake all night, under the false hope that my father would kick down the door any moment to come to our rescue.

The second day, I spent all day by the windows, waiting, watching, only for the night to come, and that hope dissolved. By day three, Noleen came into the shop and told me she had delivered the message, and I knew he wasn't coming for me. I knew that any hope that my father would come to save us was gone. He didn't care; I was no longer his daughter. It also meant the only chance of escape was for us to find a way on our own, which was unlikely. Or so I thought, until Jake told me he had to go to the rogue settlement.

"This is our chance. We have to do it now," Lexa urged.

Noleen had come in and said they couldn't fix the pipes, and Jake was going out to fix them and no doubt feed on them.



I stand by the window, the chain attached to the bed heavy on my ankle. As his car disappears around the corner, I race toward the bed and dig my hand under the dresser to retrieve the butter knife I stole from the kitchen before prying up the floorboard. The last couple of times I had gone to work downstairs in the cafe, I had managed to smuggle a butter knife and a broken meat tenderizer. I pry the floorboard up, grabbing the chunky piece of metal. Although the handle snapped off, it is the only thing I have in the way of a hammer.

I begin smacking the lock on the chain, repeatedly hitting and trying to break it. The metal dents from the repeated blows, and I smash my fingers a couple of times when suddenly the padlock clicks and pops, the lock opening. I blink down at it, shocked it worked. So many times I have tried to break that lock, and it never worked.

“Quick, quick,” Lexa urges.

I dig through the dresser for clothes, pulling on one of Jake’s shirts before racing to the door to work on the locks. They are harder to get through, but we manage. After much banging, the wood on the door dents, and we bust the door handle clean off.

I hesitate as I stare out the now-open door. Fear washes over me at the thought of being caught, some part of me warning me of the consequences and freezing me in place.

“El. El. You need to move,” Lexa urges, pressing beneath my skin as I try not to panic.

Hesitantly, I step out, listening for movement downstairs. What if he is back? What if he knows of our plans? So many thoughts run rampant in my head.

Yet, with Lexa’s encouragement, I start running down the steps and through the back of the cafe. I run for the basement, reaching for the spare key. I discovered that Jake had been hiding it behind the frame next to the basement door. It was by sheer luck I heard him curse when he left the key in the car. I pretended not to notice as I fixed the register, watching him out of the corner of my eye as he glanced at me before moving the photo frame, taking a key off the back, and unlocking the basement door.

Hitting the light switch, I run down the stairs to the basement, my feet making the wooden stairs creak. It is dark down here, cold from the draft.

My eyes scan the shelves for anything to break the lock on the cage, and I find a metal bar. Snatching it off the shelf, I move to the back of the basement.

“Elena?” Alisha says, crawling forward in her cage.

“Move back,” I warn her before lifting the bar, adrenaline surging through me.

I bring it down once, twice, thrice on the lock when the metal bends and the door creaks open. Alisha chokes on her sob, shoving it open before rushing out. Her legs wobble as she gets to her feet, and I clutch her as I take most of her weight. She is weak on her feet.

Alisha sobs. As we make our way to the stairs, she grips the railing tight, and I brace her other side. Slowly, we make our way up the stairs, every step Lexa is telling us to hurry, but Alisha can hardly walk. My heart thumps hard against my ribcage as we climb the stairs, fear slivering up my spine and making the dread in my stomach worse as we get closer to the open door.

“We’re going home,” Alisha chokes.

I nod, trying not to fall back as we climb the last step. Pushing the door wider, we step out into the cafe.

“Watch your step,” I tell her when we hear someone clear their throat.

We both freeze, and I lift my head to find Jake sitting in a chair, facing the door, his legs crossed and arms folded. Jake clicks his tongue and shakes his head.

“Elena, Elena, Elena. What am I going to do with you?” he says.

Alisha starts crying, her legs giving out from under her.

“No!” Lexa chokes.

Alisha is in no condition to shift, and I know I can’t fight him off.

“And here I thought you were coming around to us,” Jake says, rising from the chair.

“Wait, I was just...” I stop, trying to think of any excuse, but there is no hiding our escape attempt.

“You were what, Elena?” Jake says, slowly walking toward us.

Alisha grabs my hand, trying to pull herself up.

“Here, let me help you,” Jake tells her, moving with a speed that my eyes barely catch.

I scream when he grabs her by the throat, lifting her off the ground, and I attack him. My claws push from my fingertips, and I slash him, only for him to punch me with his free hand. I see black for a few seconds as I stagger backward, catching myself on the ice cream freezer. Just as my vision clears and I find my feet, I watch, then scream as he breaks Alisha’s neck and tosses her back down the basement stairs.