

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

by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 32

Elena

Sniffling, I wipe my nose on the back of my sleeve; the tears haven't stopped since he killed her, and my teeth chatter from the shock. My shaking is uncontrollable. Jake has allowed me to keep my clothes for once. Not that I care about anything right now. I have known Alisha all my life; she has always been a permanent fixture. Lexa has done nothing but wail in my head, in her grief. And I just want it to end, wishing he would just kill me and get it over with.

After he killed her, Jake led me upstairs. My ass and back burn furiously from his belt as I sit in the chair at the dining table. He spent a good hour fixing the door I broke the locks off of, and he is now cooking me lunch. I am not hungry. Jake sets the plate down on the table in front of me. His entire demeanor has changed. It is almost as if I have imagined it all. And if I couldn't still feel the welts tarnishing my skin, I may have believed him as he sings and moves about the kitchen in a cheery mood. Lost in despair, I don't come back to my surroundings until he comes to sit by me.

I don't move or even look at the food he's placed in front of me. I just stare blankly, coming to terms with my fate and that of my babies. We are all going to die. No one will ever know what happened to me or Alisha. It will be like we never existed. None of this would have happened if I'd never gone with Axton to his hotel room. I should have rejected him the moment those elevator doors opened.

"I made your favorite. Sunny side up," he tells me, nudging my plate closer as he takes his seat.

I don't know where he got that idea about eggs being my favorite, nor do I care because I won't be eating them. Alisha's death just keeps replaying on a permanent

loop inside my head. How I failed her, and I have no way of letting her mother, Julie, know.

“Eat, pet. I made it specially for you,” he tells me while sipping his coffee. “How about you eat that all up, and I will run you a bath? Then, we can watch movies and spend the day resting together.”

I glare at him. Jake is a sick fuck, cruel, and a fucking monster. It sickens me that we’ve been friends with him for years and had no idea we were just lambs to the slaughter.

Nothing they ever taught us could have prepared me for it. No one knew they could compel you or command you to do as they pleased. We had always been taught they couldn’t compel us because of our wolves, yet in our human form, that was clearly wrong. If they did, I don’t know if it would have made a difference, seeing as I couldn’t shift; I was basically human while pregnant, unable to fight his compulsions. He is so much faster and stronger than they’d taught us. Probably from drinking werewolf blood. As old as my father is, even he couldn’t tell the monster hidden behind the facade Jake had put on. And Alisha couldn’t even escape his charms. All that trying got her was a slow, torturous death.

“Go fuck yourself,” I tell him.

Jake tilts his head to the side. His eyebrows raise, and Lexa whimpers in my head at my words. She doesn’t want me putting our babies at risk, but they already are, and he will eventually kill us. I would rather it be before they were born than after, not knowing what would happen to them.

I don’t even know if they are okay from all the beatings he has given me over the past few weeks, although I can still feel them moving. He hasn’t taken me back to that doctor friend of his for a checkup since my ultrasound. It is better that I die now while they are still in my body. Death is better than him hurting them to get me to do what he wants. He lost his leverage the moment he killed Alisha.

“Would you like to reword what you said? I am feeling lenient today; although, if you keep that attitude, I may need to get my belt again,” he says, reaching to grab my face.

I jerk my head away, and he clicks his tongue.

“You just need to kill me. I’d rather die than be used for your sick torture. Take all my blood, and once I am gone, you’ll no longer have your pet to torment. Then, I can finally rest in peace, knowing I will never have to see your face again.”

“Why would I do that, silly goose? You are of no use to me dead. I know you are hormonal. Would you like something else?” he says, grabbing my plate.

I say nothing, choosing to ignore him. Jake waits for me to answer him, but I refuse to give him one. He walks into the kitchen before returning and grabbing my arm in his vise-like grip, hauling me away from the table to the living room. He flicks the TV on, picks a movie before grabbing a blanket and pillow, and motions for me to sit beside him.

I stand there frozen at his insanity. As if I will just continue to play his perverted game of house. When I don’t move, Jake forcefully yanks me down next to him. I snatch my arm away as he raises his hand to strike me. When I don’t flinch, awaiting the hit, he drops his hand. Jake is slowly realizing he has lost this battle with me. There is nothing left to live for; there is no hope left.

I can see him scrambling to come up with something to gain back his control.

“Maybe I’ll take you to see my friend and get you another ultrasound. How does that sound?”

He can’t be serious. Why would I even want to see my children, knowing they were as good as dead the moment they took their first breaths? I just blink and don’t even bother nodding or using words. I continue to stare at him like he’s grown another head.