

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 45

Elena

Alpha Thomas pisses me off, so I feel nothing as I slip what Tieriny calls her poop juice into his wine. For the rest of the night, Thomas remains quiet; I speak with the other Lunas, not wanting to piss Axton off. And I am surprised he doesn't rip me to pieces over what I've said to Alpha Thomas.

"Are you alright, Tom?" Alpha Soyer asks, making me glance across the table at him.

Everyone turns their attention to him. He dabs at his brow with a napkin. He is sweating profusely, his other hand on his stomach. I watch as he sips from his glass of wine.

"Maybe some water, dear," his mate tells him, offering her glass to him.

He slaps her hand away, spilling the water down her dress.

"Leave me. I must be coming down with something," he snarls at her.

I hope my arguing with him earlier doesn't make things worse for her. I notice how quiet she's remained most of the night.

Axton leans back in his chair, draping his arm across my shoulders, his fingers absentmindedly playing with my hair. I tense automatically, only to feel his fingers move to my nape, his fingers running through my hair as he massages softly. I don't know what to think of his affections tonight. I just have to keep reminding myself it is all for show.

“If you’ll excuse me, I think I might call it a night,” Alpha Thomas states, rising from his chair. His stomach gurgles loudly, and he clutches the edge of the table, his wife hurrying out of her seat. His face changes to a deep shade of red, sweat running down the sides of his face.

“Very well, the council would like to speak with you on Monday about your finances, Alpha. Be sure not to be late,” Axton tells him. His tone is ice cold.

Alpha Thomas tenses, and I know why. I’ve searched for months, trying to find out where the money was coming from via his laundromats. I managed to link his dealing with the human banks, yet I had a feeling Alpha Thomas was dealing in trafficking, although I could never prove it, and neither could the council. It was there; we knew he had underground dealings with the vamps. Proving it was another matter.

Once Alpha Thomas leaves, the atmosphere changes, and I can tell that Axton is good friends with those who stay. I watch as he downs his last drink, the one I dissolved three sleeping pills into. His words begin to slur, and he shakes himself.

After a couple more hours, most of the Alphas are blind drunk, including Axton; their Lunas are clearly driving.

“I see you to the door,” Axton says, stumbling from the couch, his whiskey in hand, as I walk Doreen to the door.

I like her; she reminds me a lot of my mother, and I know they’ve been friends for a while.

Axton stumbles, and I grab his arm to steady him. His hand goes to my belly, rubbing like I am a Buddha.

“So good to hear you two are trying to set things right after the whole leaked video incident,” Doreen comments.

I try not to snort. She has no idea I am playing along because I don’t feel like dealing with my ex-mate’s raging god complex. We are far from being a happy couple. Axton drunkenly leans against me, his hand moving over my belly.

“Have you thought of any names yet?” Doreen asks.

“I want to name one after my grandfather. Elena can pick the other,” Axton says before shocking me by kissing my cheek.

Doreen smiles softly. In contrast, Lexa seethes in my head. We aren’t buying his stupid act for a second, or his affections. We know what will become of us once the twins are born.

We say our goodbyes, and I notice the guard eating the lava cake Tieriny had made. Shutting the door, Axton lets out a breath and lets me go before stumbling.

“I think you poured my drinks a little strong,” he laughs as I grab his arm to stop him from faceplanting to the ground.

“Come, I will help you to bed,” I tell him, leading him down the hall. I push his bedroom door open, and he staggers, falling face-first onto the bed, and I move to remove his shoes when he grabs my arm.

“Lie with me,” he mumbles.

“I’ll pass. You’re drunk, and I can imagine the hell you would raise if you woke up beside me,” I tell him, shaking his hand off before tugging off his shoes.

“You did good tonight. I expected you to try to embarrass me.”

“And what purpose would that serve me?” I ask, and he yawns.

“Lie down,” he mutters, patting the bed, and I roll my eyes, watching as he reaches his hand out. “Elena!”

“At least he isn’t an asshole when drunk,” Lexa says.

“Yeah, but sober, he is a jerk,” I remind her, when I feel him grip my wrist and tug me down onto the bed.

“Axton, I am not to blame if you wake up beside me.”

“I have wanted you in my bed from the moment I got you back. Shh, and let me hug you,” he mumbles.

“Could have fooled me, must have imagined the hell he has raised. Don’t buy it, Elena. I won’t risk losing our babies,” Lexa says, as if I’ve lost track of our plans.

He keeps muttering nonsense, and I listen to him ramble while fighting the urge to sleep myself since I am now lying down.

“I’m sorry, Elena,” he whispers, his hand moving over my bump.

I say nothing, knowing it changes nothing. He could apologize all he wants, but the damage is done, and he will realize that when he wakes in the morning, and I am no longer here. I am not foolish enough to risk my boys.

I wait a bit, thinking he is asleep, before sliding out from under his arm. If only things were like this when I came back. I was willing to give him a chance then since I had nothing left to lose, but now I know him. I know this is just a facade, another version of him. I won’t be tricked again.

“Where are you going?” he mumbles, gripping the back of my dress. He groans, pulling his keys from his pocket, dumping them on the bedside table, and fumbling with the buttons on his shirt before becoming frustrated and yanking on it.

“Wait, I will help you,” I tell him, climbing back onto the bed. I undo them, helping him remove his clothes until he is just in his boxer shorts.

“Are you coming back?” he mutters as I climb off the bed. “Stay with me; I know I don’t deserve it, but please.”

I chew my lip. “I’m just getting out of this dress,” I lie.

“Just take it off,” he says, rolling and reaching for me.

I step away from him, and he sighs.

“I’ll come back. I just need to get out of this dress.”

I walk to the door when he speaks again. “Can you bring me a drink of water and some Advil when you come back?” he mutters, rolling onto his stomach.

I nod and walk out quickly, slipping pajamas on in case he is awake when I bring him his water. Going into the kitchen, I grab a bottle of water from the fridge before noticing the vial I hid in the crisper earlier. Lexa laughs in my head as I grab it.

“Payback is a bitch,” she cackles.

“That it is,” I tell her. I pour the clear liquid into the bottle, shake it, and pop the cap on. Slipping back into the room, I find Axton snoring.

“Damn, I was hoping he would drink it,” she sulks.

I sit it on the bedside table next to his keys before double-checking he is asleep. I grab his shoulder, giving it a shake, but he continues snoring. Carefully, I steal his keys before slipping out of the room. Then, I move toward my room, chucking Axton’s hoodie on—I never returned it—before packing what I can into a bag Tieriny’s left here. Moving toward the kitchen, I stop by the main door and listen for the guard.

“We need money,” Lexa hisses at me, and I chew my lip, looking at the safe hidden by a painting.

“He probably changed the lock combination.”

“Only one way to find out,” she tells me, and I sigh.

I can still hear the guard groaning, so I know I can’t leave yet, so there is no harm in checking. I listen for movement in the apartment as I carefully lower the painting and open the panel. I cringe with each sound the buttons make, expecting him to come rushing out. Putting the last digit in, it unlocks. Lexa bounces happily in my head. Even I am shocked he didn’t change it. I grab all the money out, stuffing it in the bag before going to close the door when I stop.

“What are you doing?” she hisses at me as I make my way to the phone and grab the notepad and paper.

“Leaving him a note,” I tell her.

She shakes her head at me before laughing at what I write. I stick it in the safe, closing the door, but I leave the painting off. Making my way back to the door, I hear the guard. He groans before I hear him running off.

“Bingo.” Lexa laughs in my head, and I quickly unlock the door. I crack it open, peeking out. The guard is running, holding his ass as he races toward the elevators. I snicker and slip out the door before using the fire exit to get to the underground parking lot.

My heart races as I make my way down the stairs waiting for alarms to go off, waiting for chaos, but it never comes, until eventually, I find myself in the parking lot. A giddy feeling rises in my chest as I press the button after finding his car and slip into the driver's seat. The engine roars to life, and I smile, my fingers gliding over the steering wheel.

"Let's get out of here," Lexa laughs as I navigate my way out of the parking lot.

Not one guard stops me, unable to see through the windows, and I laugh as I pull onto the road before I press my foot on the gas. The tires screech, and we are finally free, finally escaping the clutches of our mate.