

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

by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 50

Elena

Every day, Sondra's stopped by for a week. Today, it is pouring down with rain when we hear a loud rumbling engine as a car pulls up. Last night, we had quite a scare. Helicopters were flying around the area, and after listening to the busted police scanner, we learned they were looking for a stolen car. We all had no doubt whose. I knew it was just a ploy; Axton knows that if he finds the car, he will find me and the boys.

I watch warily from my bed and see Noleen's posture change from tense to relaxed, and I know it can't be anyone with sinister intentions. She opens the huge doors when I hear a car rev out front. What I am not expecting is to see an old yellow school bus. The paint is faded, and the windows are cracked, some missing, as she pulls it into the huge open space. The women all stand looking at each other, wondering what is going on.

Sondra opens the bus door.

"And where did you get that?" Michelle asks as Sondra steps out.

She points to Axton's car. "The same place Elena got that. I stole it," she says.

Michelle shakes her head. "She owns a ranch. That old junker has probably been sitting in her yard as an ornament." Noleen rolls her eyes at Michelle.

Yeah, it was kind of a stupid question to ask an old woman. She doesn't look like she's shoplifted a pencil in her life, let alone an entire bus.

“Right, pack your shit, or don’t. Either way, get your asses on the bus. You’re leaving,” Sondra says, clapping her hands.

We all look at her as if she’s suddenly sprouted tentacles and a tail.

“Well, come on, come on,” she says, clapping at them.

The women don’t question, just grab their few items and rush toward it, while Sondra strolls over to me. I get up, glancing at the bus before her as she stops at me.

“You were serious?” I ask her. She had said before we could stay at the ranch, but none of us thought she was truly serious.

Sondra raises an eyebrow at me as if to say, “Don’t be ridiculous,” and holds her hands out for my son, a smile dancing on her lips. For someone who has never had kids, I can tell she adores them.

“You picked any names yet?” she asks as I lean down, scooping my other son out of the basket we’ve made into a bed.

“Kyan and Bane, not that it matters, not like I can register them,” I tell her.

She looks at me funny. “Registering them, we can work out. I may be able to help with that.”

I go to ask how, but she shakes her head.

“But why Bane? Not that I don’t like it, but isn’t that the name your mother told you?” she asks.

“Yes, I spoke to my mother the other day. Bane is Axton’s grandfather’s name. I messaged her to see if she could find out for me,” I tell her, stroking his little cheek, his little lips jutting out as he stretches in my arms.

“So you decided to name him after his great-grandfather. I know you were tossing up whether or not you wanted to?” she asks, and I lick my lips, nodding my head.

“Kyan, I did a spin on Khan. And, yes, I know Axton wanted to name one after his grandfather,” I admit, feeling a little guilty. I can’t imagine not having the twins. It’s why I sent the photo to my mother.

“He did this to himself, Elena. Don’t feel guilty for leaving. But I like the names. It suits them.”

“Yeah, but he is their father.”

“And you did what you had to do. You don’t need him, and neither do they,” she tells me.

I nod. Yet being homeless and living in a warehouse is not how I’ve pictured raising my boys.

“It is starting to get dark. We need to get these car seats in. We will need the night to move that thing without being noticed,” she tells me, nodding toward the car.

“Yeah, the choppers came over last night. We heard over the scanner they were looking for it,” I admit.

She nods. “Well, we can’t leave it here.”

“And it’s not like we can give it back,” I tell her. Stupid, I should have left it somewhere.

Sondra smiles and rocks back on her heels. “Maybe we can,” she tells me, and I look at her, wondering what she means.

Michelle unlocks Axton’s car, and she and Noleen hook the car seats in.

“Sondra, seriously, you have helped enough. I have money,” I tell her.

“Hush, believe me, I will put you girls to work.”

I snicker, and she nods to the doors where the rain is coming down. It is nearly dark.

“I call shotgun,” Michelle says.

“Like hell you do. I call shotgun,” Noleen says, and I shake my head.

“Good luck with those two,” Sondra says, passing me Kyan while shaking her head as they fight over the passenger seat. Sondra walks back to the bus before stopping on the stairs as I move toward Axton’s car.

“And, Elena, keep up,” she tells me.

I look at the old bus, wondering what the heck she is talking about. The thing looks like it is about to fall apart. Shaking my head, I move to the car, where they are still fighting over the passenger seat, when Noleen bites Michelle’s arm, making her scream before pushing her away. I laugh as Noleen slips into the seat and shuts the door.

“Old bitty, you’re lucky I don’t kick your damn ass,” Michelle growls before looking at me.

“Can I drive?” she asks.

“Definitely not,” I tell her, knowing she doesn’t know how to drive, and she sulks, coming over and opening the door.