

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 51

Michelle takes Kyan before moving to the passenger side to clip him into the middle seat.

I clip Bane in and jump into the driver's side. Starting the engine, it roars to life. I wait for Sondra to pull out before turning the car around and slowly following her out along the windy, bumpy road, cringing every time I hear Axton's car bottom out. The bus moves easily, jostling from side to side.

Coming onto the road, though, I stick close to her, having no idea where we are going when she turns toward the highway, heading toward the city. My heart skips a beat, knowing she must live close to the city to be taking this road. We go past the speed limit signs, and she suddenly waves out the window with a white cloth. My brows furrow, wondering if the bus is breaking down. I slow down, getting ready to pull over, not liking that I will be stopped on the side of the road with a stolen car.

All that is out here are a few farms standing along the stretch of highway. I shake my head, cursing under my breath, before I jump in my seat, startled. The engine of the bus suddenly roars and cackles, taking off. Noleen leans forward, and I glance at her.

"What the fuck is in that bus?" Noleen says, her mouth gaping and my fingers twitching on the steering wheel.

"I have no fucking idea, but let's see what it's got," I tell her before hitting the gas.

We catch her easily, and I can see her laughing in the bus's huge mirror. There is no way that the bus should have that kind of power. We drive for about another twenty minutes, taking a secluded road that runs along the outside of the city,

much too close for my liking, but nothing appears to be out here when we come to the ranch.

Calling it a ranch is an understatement. The place is massive, the main house made out of stone, with a cobbled driveway. Massive stables sit to the left of it, and a huge garage that is bigger than the warehouse is on the other side. Dairy cows and horses are mowing down the paddocks.

As we grow closer, I can see a huge chicken coop filled with chickens and ducks, a small lake, and more fenced-off yards. I pull up beside her as she stops. Sondra leans out the window, shutting off the engine.

“Take it to the garage.” She points at the huge galvanized steel building.

I nod once, driving over to it. I peer around, taking in the scenery, when she finally comes over and undoes the huge chains holding the doors together. Noleen jumps out, helping her open the two huge doors on runners. As she does, I see the place filled with cars. Sondra strolls in before lights come on.

“What is this little old lady doing with all these cars?” Michelle murmurs, leaning forward.

“I have no idea,” I whisper, pulling in and parking the car.

Climbing out, Noleen is looking under some of the blankets that cover a few of the cars.

I take in the place before seeing Sondra watching us.

“So, I may be able to help with the car issue,” she says, and I glance at Michelle as she climbs out of the backseat.

Noleen drops one of the blankets she’s been looking under, her mouth gaping as she turns her attention to Sondra.

“How much do you make at that bakery?” Noleen asks her, and Sondra chuckles.

“Not enough to pay for all this,” she chuckles. “Floyd had a few under-the-radar side businesses.”

“He was a car dealer?” Michelle asks, and I press my lips in a line.

“In a way,” Sondra says, and I snicker.

Michelle looks at me and I shake my head.

“It’s a chop shop.”

Michelle’s mouth nearly hits the floor. “But... you’re like...”

Sondra cocks her head to the side.

“Ancient,” Michelle says.

“What? Because I’m old, I can’t have a chop shop in my backyard?”

“Well, yeah,” Michelle squeaks. “Shouldn’t you be crocheting and shit?”

“And you get cleaning duties, young lady,” Sondra snaps, turning back to the door.

“Wait, so what are you going to do about the car? I don’t see how this helps,” Michelle asks, and I don’t think she is quite understanding.

Sondra stops and thinks for a second. “You want to give it back, right?”

I shrug. “Maybe dig a hole and bury it?”

“Don’t you dare, I will take my chances,” Michelle growls at me, rubbing the paint. “I won’t let her bury you,” she promises, kissing the rooftop.

“Or I have a better idea,” Sondra chuckles.

I look at her, waiting to hear her suggestion.

“We could pull it apart and post it back to him, piece by piece. Instead of Build-A-Bear, we’ll call it Build-A-Car. Axton special. We’ll start with the badges. Each week post him a piece,” she laughs, and I snicker.

“Man, that will take so long,” Michelle whines.

“You’ll be cleaning stables for your old lady jokes, so it doesn’t matter,” Sondra snaps at Michelle, turning on her heel and leaving. She stops, dropping the chain by the door.

“Don’t forget to lock up,” she calls, disappearing outside.

I turn back to the car to grab the kids.

“Who the fuck is this old lady?” Michelle hisses at me while helping me with my sons.

“I don’t know, but don’t cross her if she owns this and can make a car disappear. No doubt, she’ll know how to make you disappear too,” Noleen tells her, and Michelle pales, making me laugh.

But, then again, if she does this, it might not be so far-fetched that she could hide a body right under someone’s nose.

Who would even suspect Sondra or Floyd? Especially now that Sondra is a widow. She looks like the typical grandmother. Yet now I am questioning everything I thought I knew about the woman who owns the town’s little bakery.

