

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

by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 55

Elena

A week later

“And that would be our favorite mailman,” Lexa chimes, making me look up.

Micheal, the local mailman, steps into the bakery, a letter clutched under his arm as the bell above the door rings. I can't help the smile that splits onto my face. I love the locals here and know most by name now.

It is also obvious they know exactly what I am, but never say anything, which just proves everything Jake had been telling the women was a lie. They don't care as long as we aren't causing trouble.

“Hey, Elena.” He smiles softly.

Micheal is around my mother's age. Every day I am working at the bakery, he stops in to buy some of Sondra's mini cheesecakes. Smiling, I get up from my stool behind the counter. The boys are asleep in their rockers by my feet, and Micheal peers over the edge of the counter.

“There they are,” he coos.

I smile, getting his usual order ready.

“Sondra not in today?”

“No, she said she was feeling tired today,” I tell him, passing him the paper bag with the two lemon cheesecakes that he usually gets.

He takes the bag, passing me over the A4 envelope. Yet, as I go to set it down, I notice it has my name on it, not hers.

“Well, tell Sondra I hope she feels better, and I’ll see you tomorrow, maybe. I’ll let you close up,” he tells me, glancing at his watch.

I glance at the clock, noticing it is nearly time to close. Thank god because the boys have slept most of the afternoon, and my breasts are killing me. I still need to pick up another tin of formula on the way home, too. I know I have plenty of milk with the way they’ve slept all afternoon. I breastfeed every chance I get, yet sometimes my supply is low, so I’ve resorted to mixed feeding.

“Do you think Mom is alright?” Lexa asks me as I turn the sign to Closed on the door.

We had hoped she would call. We haven’t spoken to her for a week, and each day I am becoming increasingly worried.

“I don’t know, but I am starting to worry.”

“She said not to call her. Axton is watching the phones,” Lexa replies. She has been reminding me every time I picked up the phone that mom said she would call us and not to call her. Yet, I have this sickening feeling that something is severely wrong.

“Maybe?”

“No, Elena, if Axton is watching the phones...”

I sigh, knowing she is right, instead opening the glass cabinet where the leftover cakes are.

Everything here is baked fresh daily, so I start packing up what is left, which isn’t much. Sondra sells out pretty quickly, but whatever is left over, we always take home for desserts or for the children that live on the ranch. Once I have boxed everything and cleaned up, I place the boys in the stroller and walk down to the local grocer. However, upon entering, Taylor, the woman that owns it, looks flustered, and I notice most of the shelves are bare.

“Hey, Taylor.” I give her a brief wave, and she looks up from the box she is unpacking. Her curly hair gets caught in her glasses as she blows out a breath.

“Hey, Elena,” she calls as I make my way down the aisle where the formula is usually kept. However, once I reach it, I find the shelves empty.

“Have you got any formula out back?” I sing out to her.

She looks around the mountain load of boxes she is trying to unpack and put on the shelves. “Let me check. I just got an order in. It was six days late,” she tells me. “And Patricia is off sick, so I’m left with all this.”

I push the stroller toward the front and put the brakes on before moving toward her.

“Okay, what do you need help with?”

“Really?” she asks, shocked.

“The boys are still asleep. I need a formula, and you need help, so why not?” I tell her, grabbing the first box.

However, as Taylor starts marking stuff off, we find half her order is missing, and despite unpacking what feels like a million boxes, half her store is still bare.

“I am worried you’ve just wasted your time,” Taylor curses, looking at the baby section, which is still empty; not even diapers have come in.

Luckily, I have plenty of those, plus cloth ones.

“How much formula have you got left? I can call around and see if I can get enough to tide you over while we wait for the next delivery?”

“I have enough expressed milk to last a couple of days or so,” I tell her.

She curses, shaking her head. “Give me a second, I will call my supplier,” she says, wandering off out back.

I unpack the next box onto the shelf while I wait. When she returns, she looks angry.

“Apparently, the city has halted all deliveries lately. Something's going on with my supplier not being allowed to deliver again this week.” She curses under her breath, running her fingers through her hair.

“The city?”

“Yes, the manufacturer in the werewolf city. Damn bloody strikes are fucking everything up.”

“Your supplier is from Nightfall City?” I ask her, a little shocked she uses a werewolf-owned supplier.

Taylor shrugs. “Yeah, cheaper and better-quality products, also faster than ordering from one of the human cities. A lot of the human-owned companies charge an arm and a leg for delivery so far out. Bloody werewolves and their politics,” she curses before flinching. “Shit, I didn’t mean that in a bad way, Elena.”

I chuckle, waving her off.

“Yeah, stupid werewolves,” Lexa agrees with her, making me chuckle.

“It’s fine. Do you know when the strikes might be over?”

“Land disputes with the council here. Alpha Axton wants to purchase half the town, but the human council refuses. He knows he supplies most of this town’s produce. Therefore, I am being punished because I am getting half supplies,” she huffs. She looks over at me, chewing her lip.

“Of course it is Axton. Who else has the power to halt deliveries?” Lexa growls in my head.