

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 63

Elena pauses, thinking before shaking her head. "Like what? I have nothing to give you, Axton," she tells me. "I'll bring them to see you, I promise. Please, just let me go home to them."

The desperation in her voice makes my stomach sink.

"Tell me where they are." I point to her food sitting on the coffee table, and she sighs, walking over and taking the armchair across from me.

"At least let me send my mother there. She knows where they are. The boys need formula, and I haven't got enough milk stored at home."

"Aren't you breastfeeding?" I ask her, taking a bite of my food.

"Yes, but they're hungry constantly, and this is the most milk I have ever fucking had!" she growls, looking down at her full breasts filling my shirt and ruining it again. Elena sighs. "I've been mix feeding, but none of the shops have had formula since you decided to strike over—" She falls silent as if she's said too much.

"Never mind." She grabs her plate.

I think for a second when it hits me. Khan also presses forward at what I've just learned. "You're close. You're still within my trade limits."

She doesn't answer, but I hear her heart rate spike.

"If you tell me which store I need to ensure gets supplies, I will make it happen."

Elena scoffs. "Not a chance."

I press my lips in a line. “I won’t take them from you, Elena.”

“You sure about that? Because since you caught me, all you have done is demand I give them to you,” she retorts.

I shake my head before opening up the mind link. Eli answers immediately.

“Find out which stores outside the city we supply to. Elena just let slip that she has been struggling to get formula because our city went on strike.”

“On it.”

I watch her. She moves her food around on her plate but doesn’t eat it. Elena barely speaks to me after that and hardly touches her food. She has barely spoken the rest of the night and is fighting sleep, her anxiety level through the roof every time her head lulls, and she jolts awake again.

Yet, as the night goes on, she gets more worried about needing to go home, her anxiety flooding into me from the one-sided bond. Which only enhances my anxiety about our sons. I can tell she is not giving up their location anytime soon. If only I could get her to mark me, then I could let her go, and she would lead me straight to them through the bond.

“Elena,” I call to her as she stares out the window. I offered her my phone earlier to call whoever is watching them, but she refused, saying I would have the call traced.

Khan, feeling her distress, urges me to do something, and I know I have no choice. Getting up, I grab my keys from the small safe, and she glances over at me.

“Come on, I’ll take you to a payphone,” I tell her.

“We still have those?”

“Yeah, one at a train station, the last one left in the city, if the dinosaur of a thing still works.”

She watches me for a second, but I can tell she is wary of using one.

“Fine, we’ll purchase one of those burner phones or something. Just come on. Your anxiety is giving me fucking anxiety,” I tell her.

She rushes toward the door before stopping when she finds it locked. I grab her hand and unlock it. Her hand feels tiny in mine, also rather cold. I expect her to jerk away, but she doesn't, and I know it's only because she wants to speak to whoever is watching our sons.

Leading her downstairs, she looks around, and I remember she has never seen this place because she was unconscious when I brought her in. She stops a few times, looking at the pictures on the walls.

"It is a packhouse. Well, my father's house," I tell her.

"But you're new to the city?" she questions.

"Yes, still his house. Well, now mine."

Her confusion hits me, and she chews her lip before speaking. "Why did you kill him?"

"He killed my mother two weeks before he bought this place. We were supposed to move here, but then... It doesn't matter. This place stayed vacant for years before I decided it was time to come here."

"Is that why you were so close to your grandfather?" she asks.

I nod while leading her to my car. I open her door and nudge for her to get in. She climbs in, and I peer down at her.

"Do I need to lock the doors to walk to the other side?"

She shakes her head, and I shut the door, half-tempted to still lock it in case she tries to run. Ignoring the urge, I move to the driver's side and climb in, letting out a breath when I notice her clipping her seatbelt in.

Just as I start the car, Eli mind links me. "Any chance you can narrow it down a bit? We supply seventy-one towns between here and Crestview City."

I groan, clutching the steering wheel. "I'll try to figure something out," I tell him, cutting off the link and starting the car. The drive is silent, yet I can feel she wants to say something.

"What, Elena?" I ask her, catching her glancing at me again.

“I’m sorry about your grandfather,” she whispers so softly before averting her gaze out the window. “It’s why I named one after him like you wanted. I didn’t know Khan killed him because I ran.”

My grip tightens on the steering wheel. Khan presses forward with me, urging me to keep talking to her, but I don’t know what to say. I should apologize for my part, but it wouldn’t be enough after hearing what Luke had to say.

“Let her go home,” Khan tells me.

“She won’t come back.”

Khan sighs, also worried about her not returning yet hating to see her hurting. We buy a burner phone, and I listen in as she talks to some woman to check on the boys.

“I’ll hopefully be home tomorrow.”

My eyes darken because I am worried about her leaving and not returning. I could always follow her, but I know she is too smart to think I wouldn’t.

She keeps the phone call brief and hangs up the moment she is done. She then smashes the phone on the ground with such force it makes me jump, scaring the living daylights out of me.

“Jeez, Elena.”

“As if you wouldn’t try to track the call,” she growls, and I shrug. Nevertheless, she seems to have calmed some.

“Bit extreme,” I retort.

She raises an eyebrow at me, and I toss my smoke, push off my car’s hood, and walk around to the driver’s side, climbing into the car.

When she doesn’t immediately hop in, my hand reaches for the door handle, but I jerk it back when I see her door open. Elena stares out the windshield, stress etched into her beautiful face.

“Elena, I...”

She glances at me, and a sigh escapes me.

“Nothing, let’s head back,” I tell her, starting the car.

Getting home, she doesn’t fight me or try to escape. And it's that moment that Luke steps into the hall rubbing his eyes.

“Luke?” she whispers, and I feel her excitement through the bond before she scoops the half-asleep boy into her arms, squeezing him and peppering his face in kisses.

“Oh, thank god, he didn’t send you back,” she murmurs, burying her face in his neck while clutching him.

“You’re gonna make me pee myself.” Luke chuckles, which explains why he is awake at such an ungodly hour.

Elena sets him down on the ground, and he yawns.

“Are we leaving?” he asks, and she hangs her head, dropping it on his shoulder as she crouches in front of him.

“Hopefully soon. Alpha Axton doesn’t think I will come back,” she tells him while I watch their exchange.

“Because you ran?” he sighs, and she nods. Luke looks past her to me, where I am leaning against the wall. “She’ll come back. Won’t you, Elena?”

“I want assurance she will,” I tell him before she can answer.

“Assurance...”

“Where’s mom?” Elena asks him.

“Asleep. Eli gave her some sleeping pills.”

Elena nods once and stands when Luke speaks.

“What about me? What if I stayed with you until she came back?” Luke blurts out.

“No, Luke. We’ll figure it out. You’re not staying here. It’s not safe,” she replies.

“But I’ll be with him. He won’t let Dad take me—” Luke motions toward me.

“It doesn’t work like that, Luke. You’re not his son. And no, he doesn’t know what to do with a kid.”

She has a point. I kinda don’t, but Luke seems pretty easy to look after.

“He’ll be safe with me, Elena. I won’t let your father touch him.”

“See, Elena? Then you can go home to them.”

“Mom would never agree with this.”

“Yes, she would. She likes Axton. Thinks he’s a dick for what he did to you, but likes what he did with the city. He is a good Alpha, just a shitty person.”

I scoff at the boy’s brave words.

“What? You are. You leaked a sex tape of your mate! My sister!” Luke shudders at his words, and Elena’s face turns pink. “Like that time I walked in on Mom and Dad,” Luke gags, and I chuckle.

“Okay, bed now. Before I wake Mom and tell her about what your potty mouth just said,” she scolds.

Luke sighs heavily as she nudges him back to the door. “I need to pee first.” He darts off, and I laugh as he races down the hall and into the bathroom.

I open my mouth to speak when Elena beats me to it. “No, you aren’t keeping my brother hostage.”

“He’ll be fine, Elena. Prove you’ll bring them to me, and you can have him back,” I offer.

She chews her lip, then shakes her head.

“I won’t let harm come to him. Besides, I like your brother. He has no filter.”

“That’s what I’m worried about!” she retorts.

Luke returns, and she tucks him back in bed. She looks like she wants to stay with him, but reluctantly leaves and follows me to my room.