

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 71

“We’re here,” Eli says, returning my attention to my surroundings.

We are at what looks like an enormous ranch. Fences line either side of the driveway, and I glance at Eli.

“Are you sure we are in the right place?” I ask. This is not what I was expecting.

“GPS says this is definitely it.”

Looking out at my surroundings, I see cattle in the paddocks, enormous barns, and a massive garage behind the huge three-story house. Halfway down the driveway, I notice the extra eyes amongst the cattle, and two wolves run along the fence on either side of the car, watching us, tracking us, and following us to the property.

As we pull up out front of the huge stone house, I notice a few women looking around.

It takes me two seconds to see we are definitely in the right place because the moment I step out of the car, we are surrounded. Three even carry pitchforks. A few others are shifted, and they all growl as I shut my door. Eli hops out, glancing around.

“We mean you no harm. We’re looking for your Alpha.” I tell them, putting my hands up.

They move around anxiously, and I sniff the air. Yet none are dominant females, so I know none are the Alpha's Luna.

“Where are the men?” Eli mind links me.

“No fucking clue.”

“Where is your Alpha?” I ask one woman, who is eyeing us warily.

She doesn't get a chance to answer when the front door is kicked open. A little old lady walks out in a cotton floral dress, and I exhale, thinking she must be the Alpha's mother. Yet a sniff of the air confuses me when I find she is human.

I move toward her, only to stop in my tracks when she swings a pump-action shotgun out from behind her back and aims it directly at me, making me grit my teeth and back up. Silly woman, she would hurt herself more by firing it.

“State your business, boy!” she snaps at me.

I blink at her. Is she for real? Does she not know what I am, what these women are? Shaking my head, I move toward the steps when the gun goes off with a loud bang. I clutch my ears and growl. Looking up, she has blown a hole in the veranda roof. She cocks the gun, aiming it at me again.

“Name! The second one won't be a warning!” she yells at me.

“I'm looking for the Alpha.”

“Not here. Now leave!”

I grit my teeth and shake my head. “I can't do that. I need to speak to the Alpha.”

Babies are crying in the distance. One of the women rushes off past her and heads inside, swinging the door shut behind her with a bang.

“As I said, the Alpha isn't here. Now leave. You're not welcome here,” the woman warns.

“You don't even know me,” I scoff.

“You're an intruder. I know enough. Now leave.”

The door swings open behind her, and I take a step back when I see Louise step outside.

“Axton?” she says, just in as much shock as me.

“Louise?”

“Wait, what did you say his name was?” the old woman asks, turning slightly and glancing at Louise.

“Alpha Axton,” I tell her, and the woman looks at me.

“So you’re the prick that did Elena dirty?” she says, turning slightly.

The barrel of the gun moves with her and aims at the car. The next second, another loud bang goes off as she shoots the front of the car, the bullet creating a hole in the front grill. I jump, and Eli shrieks, and steam starts spewing out as the radiator is blown out.

“Sondra!” Louise shrieks, chasing after the old bat as she stomps down the steps toward us.

She pumps the gun again, this time blowing out the front window when Louise snatches the gun off her.

“Who the fuck is this crazy bitch?” Eli chokes out, looking at his car.

“Ah, I feel better after destroying his car,” the old woman says, glaring at me.

“It wasn’t his car,” Eli whines, clutching his hair. “It was mine!”

Eli looks like he might actually cry. I would, too. The old girl was a classic and his pride and joy.

The woman gives him a look. “Not my problem. Now get off our property. Elena won’t want you here. And push that heap of shit off the property. I don’t want it taking up space and don’t need any more yard ornaments,” she says,

dismissing us with a wave of her hand when I hear babies crying while trying to piece together what the heck we’ve just walked in on.

My eyes go to the second level of the house where the open window is, the noise coming from the room urging me toward the house.

“I know that cry,” Khan says excitedly, bouncing in my head.

He is right. The sound has been playing on repeat since Elena sent us the video yesterday of Bane, his twin crying in the background. She sent us a video of each, but the cry instantly made him come forward as if he'd saved it to memory.

Lowering my gaze, I see Louise also looking away from the window. Her eyes meet mine and widen.

“Is that?” My lips part, and she glances between the room and me. Her lips part, and I know I'm right.

Louise rushes toward me, her hands grabbing my arms, but I push her back. Growls ring out loudly, and the women close in when Khan erupts from me with his own growl, warning them it won't be pretty if they try to stop me. Louise raises her hands, telling them to stand down before blocking my path again.

“Wait, Axton. You can't. Just wait for...”

I shove past her and run up the steps, knowing I'm right. The old bat is yelling behind me as I burst into the house, and I can hear the sound of an engine roaring up the road, but I pay it no mind, instead listening for the sound of my sons. Khan urges me toward the stairs as I step into the house.

It is huge, all open down the bottom, with stone walls and a massive stone fireplace as the main feature. It has black slate flooring and a rustic feel. Exposed beams run along the ceiling. I hear my son again, making me look toward the steps leading up.

“Axton, wait. Please, don't do this!” Louise yells, chasing after me.

I take the steps two at a time, ignoring her, then come to the landing, glancing in both directions. I choose to go left, hearing him louder in that direction, and I follow the narrow hall, bumping my hip on a hallway table as I pass. Their cries grow louder as I move toward the door; my hand twists the handle and shoves it open.

Elena's scent instantly hits me when my eyes fall on Luke. In his arms is one of the twins.

“Axton!” the boy gasps, but my eyes are on my son in his arms, and the woman beside him turns to face me.

She is an older woman about Elena's mother's age. Hearing car tires screech on the gravel outside, I glance behind me to see Louise rush back down the steps.

Moments later, footsteps on the stairs tell me someone is racing up behind me, but I don't care. The woman steps between Luke and me, and the movement makes me growl. Khan shoves forward, and I'm about to order her to move or physically remove her when I feel an aura rush out behind me.

"Noleen, Luke, outside!" comes a command, cutting off the feral sound that leaves me.

My back straightens as the current jolts up my spine, and her voice rattles in my head. Luke sets my crying son in the crib while the woman stares behind me.

"Yes, Alpha," the woman whimpers and rushes off.

Wait, Alpha? Turning, I find Elena standing in the doorway, eyes blazing and her eyes pitch black as Lexa comes forward. My lips part as I take her in. Fuck! I shake my head and laugh. This cannot be happening.

"You're the Alpha I came here to speak with?" I curse, turning back to the crib.

Reaching in, her hand falls on my arm, and a growl leaves her. My eyes move to hers, but her grip tightens.

"I suggest you let me go, Elena."

"You're not taking them!" Her threat is clear, her canines slipping out past her plump lips. She really would be stupid enough to challenge me.

But I don't want to fight with her. I just want to hold them for the first time. Want to feel what we created in my arms.

"I never said I was," I tell her, trying to keep my voice calm and not threatening.

Her eyes drop to our sons in the crib. She presses her lips in a line but reluctantly lets me go and reaches into the crib. I watch her, knowing if she tries to take them, I can't do anything while she is holding them.

“Hey, sweet boy, want to meet your Dadda?” she coos as he squirms and whines, wrapped up like a baby burrito. Effortlessly, she scoops one up in each arm, and my hands shake as she turns toward me.

She looks at me, holding one arm out, and my hands move to take the first one. “This is little...”

“Kyan,” I finish for her, recognizing his face from the pictures. They are identical twins for the most part, but Kyan’s face is slightly chubbier than Bane’s, and his eyes are a little darker. I take the little bundle when she goes to pass my other son. Glancing around, I see her bed and quickly move to sit on the edge, not as confident as she is in just scooping both up the way she did. Elena follows me, and I hear someone move near the door.

“Out! Close the door,” her voice orders whoever has come near.

The door quickly shuts, and she moves closer, making me look up at her. “And Bane,” she whispers, passing me our son.

Suddenly, I am grateful she ordered the person out because the moment she lays both in my arms, I break as I take in their tiny faces.