

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

by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 9

Alisha leaves right after the ultrasound. She is going to get me some clothes and returns twenty minutes later.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” she asks as she helps me pull on the jeans and hoodie.

Every movement makes my body ache. I nod. I am not staying in this city, and I am not being forced under Alpha Axton's protection when he is the reason for this entire mess.

“Jake?” I ask her.

“In the parking lot waiting for us,” Alisha says, glancing out the door to see if the guard Axton placed at the end of the hall is still keeping watch. She sighs. “Surely he has to go on a lunch break or something?” she says, and I shrug.

Though my wolf disagrees with the idea, I would jump from the window if it means escaping his clutches. My pregnancy makes it difficult for me to heal quickly.

Pregnant.

That word has been reeling in my head all damn day. I need to get out of here before Axton finds out. No way am I giving him that as an excuse to hang over my head. Wincing as I pull my hair into a messy bun, Alisha comes over to me and helps; just lifting my arms makes my ribs and back ache furiously.

“What are we going to do about the guard? He will spot you if we run for the stairwell,” she says, and I blink at her. She blinks back at me before I smile and bat my lashes.

“I noticed that the guard is unmarked?” I tell her, and her mouth opens to gape at me.

“No! Have you seen how old he is?”

“Well, it will be easy for you, then. Flash those Double Ds at him, and you might give the old fart a heart attack,” I tell her, and she folds her arms across her chest and pouts.

“You got a better idea? I can’t do it. I am an escapee!” I remind her, and she groans.

“He is old enough to be my father,” she whines, popping her hip and flicking her lavender hair over one shoulder.

I push my lip out at her, giving her my best puppy dog expression, and she rolls her eyes.

“I would totally do it for you if our roles reversed.”

“Yeah, but you would probably get a hot guard. That man looks like he was born before the lightbulb was invented,” she huffs.

“Please?” I plead. “How can you say no to this face?”

“Easily. You’re almost unrecognizable with that shiner.”

I raise an eyebrow at her, and she clicks her tongue at me and scrunches her face up.

“Fine, but hobble fast. I don’t want to be around him too long in case old age is contagious,” she says before pushing her boobs up and popping the two top buttons of her blouse open, stomping out the door.

I have seen her get out of so many parking tickets with her chest. Alisha is not lacking in that department. Hers are huge and hypnotizing. I have a good rack myself, but hers are in your face no matter what she wears.

I chuckle before heading toward the door and peeking out after her. With the door slightly ajar, I see her place her hand on the guard's arm, turning him slightly. Alisha is one of those people that can draw anyone's attention with her flirtatious attitude.

Heck, she's even made me question my sexuality sometimes. I watch her for a few seconds—maybe a few seconds too long—because she has the guard distracted the moment she steps in front of him.

“Just to make her squirm a little,” Lexa chuckles, coming forward and watching with amusement.

“Okay, I have seen enough. He is almost drooling on her chest if he leans forward anymore.” I laugh at Lexa as I slip out the door and across the hall to see Alisha touching his chest.

“Bet his chest hair is wiry like pubes,” Lexa tells me, and I accidentally snort my laugh out loud. I freeze, yet Alisha quickly draws his attention back to her as I push the door open and slip into the stairwell. I start rushing down the steps as best I can. Who would have thought running down steps could be more painful than running up them?

It took me a good ten minutes to reach the bottom, and I was puffing and panting from the exertion. Opening the door to the parking lot, I find Alisha standing there with her arms folded across her chest.

“Really? Could you have taken any longer, woman? His dentures almost fell into my cleavage,” she snaps at me, and I press my lips in a line.

“What can I say? You had me hypnotized, too, with that performance,” I chuckle, and she growls at me.

“Good to see you are back to your normal sarcastic self,” she tells me, and I see Jake hop out of his car. His eyes run the length of me, a horrified expression on his face.

“El?” he stares at me before glaring at Alisha. “You said she was alright? You should have told me, Alisha, I would have come—” he snaps at her, but she growls at him, cutting his words off as he rushes over to me, wrapping his arms around me.

“And what would you have done, Jake? You’re human, remember? What were you going to do? Call the pound on the mutt? The police, maybe?” she snarls at him.

Jake sighs, knowing she is right. Human authorities don’t get involved in shifter disputes. Yes, they help make the laws surrounding us, but they don’t get involved. That is for the city council, and even then, there is only so much they can do. My father being head of the werewolf council, I know nothing will be done at all.

“Come on,” Jake says, pressing his lips to my forehead.

I lean into him, loving his familiar scent. He opens the car’s front door and helps me into the car.

Alisha leans down, pecking my cheek, before standing back. “I will meet you at Jake’s. I just want to grab a few things,” she tells me, and my brows furrow.

“Wait, you can’t—”

“I am not staying here without you. I’ll see you soon,” she says, closing my door before I can argue she shouldn’t toss her life away for me.

“Ready?” Jake asks me as he starts the car.

“Are you sure about this, Jake? If Axton finds out where I am. What if he—” I stop, knowing Axton would kill him. Especially when he finds out I am pregnant and hiding with another man, a human one at that. He doesn’t seem to be taking my rejection seriously.

“El, it’ll be fine. We’ll figure it out,” he tells me, gripping my hand and squeezing it before reversing out of his parking spot.

As we leave the hospital, tension writhes through me, worried we’ll be spotted, yet Jake’s windows are pretty darkly tinted, so it is unlikely. Still, I worry. That tension doesn’t leave until I see the sign saying we are leaving the city. Only then do I let out a breath of relief and relax back in my seat.