

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 35

Elena

I have been in and out of consciousness for hours, finally able to sleep. I hadn't realized how little I had while staying with Jake. Yet I am beginning to believe safety and stability are a mythical concept as I wake up to the doctor jamming a needle in my arm. My eyes flutter open at the sound of Axton's voice. That painful reminder of him rejecting me, making me realize my connection to him is severed.

How I hadn't noticed that the bond wasn't fully broken is beyond me. Now, to match the pain in my back, there's a void in my chest, a coldness, and a sinking feeling to go along with it. It feels like dread, like someone has removed a limb, and I am now having to learn to live without it.

Lexa has fallen quiet. She revels in the sound of his voice, despite the broken bond, and the safety he can offer. Yet some part of me knows I am not safe here either. And his words prove it.

"I don't care about her. I just want to know if my twins are okay," he says.

I look at the doctor; his eyes flick down to me before moving behind me, which makes me turn my head to find Axton on the other side of me while the doctor draws blood. Axton glances down at me, his face expressionless, before he looks at the doctor again.

"Call me when you get the results back," he says before walking out.

We watch him leave, and the doctor sighs heavily.

“Quite the mess you made there, Luna,” he murmurs as he slides the needle from my skin and places a cotton ball over it. He offers nothing else in the way of explanation, but after a few seconds, he removes the cotton ball and takes his vials, moving toward the door.

“Doc?” I ask him.

He stops, turning back and looking at me.

“Are my babies okay?”

“Yes, the Alpha’s babies are okay,” he tells me, walking out and shutting the door.

My brows scrunch together at his wording. The Alpha’s babies? Sure, he helped make them, but I am the one carrying them. The Alpha’s... Not ours. For some reason, my mind’s hyper focused on that. Some unsettling feeling washes over me, and I can’t explain why it bothers me so much.

Looking down, I see that I am in a blue hospital gown, and I vaguely wonder who changed me. Not that it matters; I am safe here. Any form of clothing I am grateful for. Nothing is more degrading than being forced to be naked.

Standing up, I wander toward the door and grip the handle, wanting to find Axton and see what is going on. And if he has spoken to Alisha’s parents. I am also hungry, absolutely ravenous as my stomach growls, yet as I grip the door, I find it locked. I try it again, thinking it must be some kind of mistake or that the door is jammed, yet twisting it again, it doesn’t budge. I even try yanking on it. Still, it does not open.

Lexa wanders forward, examining the door and then the room with me. Why am I locked in here?

“He probably thinks we will run,” Lexa tells me, yet she feels oddly numb with her words in my head. Void of emotion.

I knock on the door, wondering if anyone is on the other side, before giving up when I get no answer.

There is a bathroom off to the side, and I wander in, wanting to shower and feel some semblance of normal, but what is normal now? I hope the void and sinking feeling that keeps overwhelming me isn’t my new version of normal because not

even the heat from the shower could warm the coldness seeping into me. Yet as I emerge out the door into the hospital room, I find Axton sitting in a chair beside the bed. He motions toward the clothes neatly folded on the bed.

“Thanks,” I tell him, quickly snatching them up and darting back into the bathroom. I slip the jeans on and the cashmere sweater before coming back out to find him near the door.

“I’ll show you around,” he says, simply opening the door and walking out.

I make haste to follow him, wanting out of the confinement of the small space that feels like the walls are drawing closer with each second. He leads me through this place, which I find is some sort of apartment complex. He takes me to the highest floor, which I know is the penthouse apartment. Thank the Goddess for elevators because we are around twenty stories high as I glance out the floor-to-ceiling windows.

“Elena!” Axton calls, stopping me from taking in the breathtaking view of the city. Peering over my shoulder, he nods toward the hallway beside the oversized kitchen with its stainless steel appliances and marble countertops. This place resembles something out of a magazine. It doesn’t look lived in, everything too clean and nothing out of order.

Axton leads me to a bedroom and pushes the door open. This room is vastly different from the other parts of the place, bare even. It contains a bed and one bedside table.

“You can sleep in here. There are clothes in the walk-in closet, and the bathroom is the door beside it,” Axton tells me as I take in the room.

It has a fluffy gray duvet on the queen bed, yet this room feels cold for some reason. I can’t place why I feel that way. I would rather have the hospital room. It feels empty despite having clothes, even as I walk into the grand bathroom and closet.

Walking out, Axton is leaning against the doorframe, watching me. “My room is across the hall. You are to remain in the apartment unless I authorize you to leave it. Guards will be posted outside the doors until you can be trusted.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Axton,” I tell him.

But he either doesn't care for my words or doesn't believe me because he walks off, leaving me in the room.

I sit on the bed, looking around the empty space. Goosebumps lace my skin, and I itch badly, something setting off my senses about Axton's cold demeanor. It must be our broken bond, but I find myself waiting for the other shoe to drop, to wake up back in the apartment with Jake. It isn't until the incessant hunger that has been pestering me since I woke up that I decide to move to look for something to eat. It is also the startling clarity I need, proof I am really here, because the growling starts to turn to an ache, and I find myself wandering to the door. I stop, listening for any movement before wandering down the hall to the kitchen.

Am I allowed to just help myself? I don't know the rules here. Axton said nothing; he just showed me my room and walked off.

"Well, he can't expect us to starve," Lexa tells me.

Yet why do I feel so unwelcome here? Like I am intruding, and the feeling won't leave; I want to go back to my room very much. Instead, Lexa urges me toward the fridge, reminding me I need to eat, that the two moving babies inside me require food just as much as I do.

"Maybe we can make him dinner to say thank you," she says, yet her voice still holds no emotion as if she is saying what is expected of us and not for any real reason, just her words purely existing like an idea in my head, an inner monologue of the turmoil I feel.

"What should we make for him?" I do not know what he likes. I hardly know anything about the man at all besides what the tabloids say.

"It's the thought that counts, right?" she says indifferently, so I move toward the fridge and pantry. It is getting late, and judging by the time on the clock, it is definitely nearing dinner time. So, I set to work, rummaging through the well-stocked fridge and pantry.

I find tomahawk prime rib steaks, asparagus, and potatoes. I marinate the steaks in red wine with salt, garlic, liquid smoke, sugar, and pepper, setting it to the side. I take the large potatoes and place them on the baking rack. While they are half cooked, I split them in half, scooping them out and combining them with cheddar cheese, crumbled bacon, chives, and butter.

I place the twice-baked potatoes back in the oven and set the asparagus aside with butter on the warmer. I place the tomahawk steaks in the top oven to broil for thirty minutes. After everything is finished, I place the food on a large plate for Axton and some for myself. Hopefully, he will be back soon for dinner.

“He should like this. It’s slightly fancy, but not over the top,” I say to Lexa as I wait for Axton.

Lexa chimes in seconds later. “I hope he does. It’s all we can do to show we appreciate everything he did to save us.”

We wait for a while, and dinner is going cold. I wonder when he will be back and am about to consider reheating everything when the door finally opens. His scent wafts to me, and I am starving, but I know it would be rude not to wait for him. Besides, I am hoping to speak to him, have some form of conversation, so I perk up when I hear the door open and close.

“I cooked dinner,” I blurt out as he wanders into the room where I sit at the dining table. He raises an eyebrow at me and glances at the table.

“Good for you,” he says, moving toward the fridge. He grabs a can of coke before wandering down the hallway, and moments later, I hear his door close.

I stare down at my almost cold dinner and wait a second to see if he returns, but he doesn’t.

“Well, I guess that went well,” Lexa says as I stare at the table I have painstakingly sat at for the past twenty minutes, waiting for him. Not to mention the time it took me to cook all this, yet now I find I have suddenly lost my appetite. Tears burn the backs of my eyes, and I squeeze them tight. Is this how it will be staying here? Composing myself, I grab my fork, digging in and eating almost robotically. I was excited about having cooked for him, and yet I taste nothing as I eat in the quiet, forcing myself to eat the meal I spent ages making for him.

When I’m done, I clean up, cling-wrapping his dinner and setting it in the microwave before wandering back to my room, which is just as empty as when I’d left it. With nothing else to do, I climb into bed.

“I suppose we can try again tomorrow. Maybe he had a rough day?” Lexa tells me, trying to cheer me up, yet I know she doesn’t believe that herself.