

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 37

Elena

The sound of the door creaking open alerts me to someone entering my room. Rolling over, I barely look at the door, only to lurch upright when I see Axton enter my room. Only he moves differently and stops in the middle of the room when he sees me sit up. I rub my eyes, wondering why he is here. Only when I open them again, he is standing at the edge of the bed. I shuffle back when my eyes meet his to find them pitch black, and I know he isn't the one in control. I thought something was up when he walked in because his movement appeared forced.

"Lexa!" I hiss at her, forcing her awake. "Get your furry butt up and deal with his creepy-ass wolf."

What does he want, and why the heck is he standing there staring like some creep?

Lexa mumbles, pushing the veil separating us and peering out of my eyes. "What the fuck?!"

I have to fight the urge not to roll my eyes. "No shit," I tell her.

"Why is he just standing there? Has he said anything?" she asks me.

I blink up at the behemoth of a wolf wearing and inhabiting my mate's body as if he owns it. I am about to speak with him when Lexa shoves forward abruptly, taking control of my body, and my face flames at what spurts out of my lips.

"Yo, you know we can see you? Just because you're standing still doesn't mean you're invisible!" she snaps at him.

Axton's head turns before raucous laughter leaves him, making me lean back.

“He’s not all there. He is one of those special wolves, you know, the crazed ones that spend too much time in their owner’s skinsuit,” Lexa whispers as I move across the bed when he steps closer.

“I was trying not to scare you,” he says. His voice is so much deeper than Axton’s. As he comes to sit on the edge of the bed, I lean away from him as the bed dips.

“I won’t hurt you. I am not Axton,” he says, and I chew the inside of my lip, replaying his words. I can feel Lexa doing the same.

“Does Axton want to hurt me?” I ask him, and his eyes widen.

“Wait, I worded that wrong. He is an idiot.” Khan says.

He growls, but he still doesn’t answer my question. “I won’t let him hurt you,” he finally offers, but that does not reassure me if the intent is there. He glances at the clock on the bedside table, and so do I, finding it nearing midnight.

“You can go to sleep if you want. I will just watch you.”

I have a funny feeling I won’t be able to sleep soundly, knowing he is going to be watching me.

“Shouldn’t you maybe go to sleep, too?” I ask him.

“Nah, Axton sleeps enough for both of us.”

“Not all there,” Lexa mumbles. “You can sleep. I will watch the wolf in the meat suit.”

“Can you make him leave? Like, can’t you do something? He’s your mate, too,” I tell her.

“Do what in this body of yours?” she growls at me.

“I don’t know, wolfy shit,” I offer.

Lexa huffs, her frustration evident along with her snarky personality. “And what does that mean?”

“And you call him unhinged. What do you think it means? Force him out, growl or something.”

“Why don’t I offer your ass for him to sniff since you seem to think I am some barbaric animal?” she retorts.

“What?!”

“Well, that is what normal wolves do. You are the one thinking I have to control him because it’s his wolf. We are the same person, Elena, just on different sides of the same coin!” Lexa snaps at me.

I roll my eyes at her. “You know what I mean.”

“I don’t think I do,” she huffs, wandering off to the back of my mind.

“Lexa!” I hiss at her, but she abandons me.

Focusing back on Axton, I blink at him. “What is your name again?”

“Khan. And the skinsuit belongs to Axton.”

Okay, then. I never would have guessed with its remarkable similarities.

“Your wolf, what’s her name?” he asks, watching me curiously.

Silly wolf thinks she can ditch me. I will show her.

“Ah, her name is Fefe.”

“Fefe? Sounds like a dog’s name,” Khan says. He looks at me, then gasps. “No, it’s a good name, sound name, suits...you?”

I try not to snort while blocking her out so she can’t listen in.

“Well, nice to meet you, Elena and Fefe,” he says, though I can tell he thinks the name is as ridiculous as it sounds.

Khan doesn’t leave, but eventually, I can’t fight sleep anymore and pass out while hoping he won’t kill me in my sleep. Yet, instead of fear and restlessness, I sleep all the way through. His scent is soothing. However, when I wake up, he is gone, and for a few seconds, I wonder if the bizarre interaction’s all been a dream. If it wasn’t for his lingering scent and Lexa confirming he was, in fact, here, I might have convinced myself otherwise.

After showering and getting dressed, I find this place rather boring. I try to leave to take a look around but find the door locked from the outside, which makes me wonder what would happen in the case of a fire. I don't like being confined. Lexa keeps telling me he probably doesn't trust us, but it doesn't make the nervousness go away or stop the walls from feeling like they are drawing closer.

I even try the house phone to see if I can ring my mother, or maybe Alisha's parents, to get the funeral arrangements. Yet as I pick it up, I find he's cut the cord that goes into the wall. Sighing, I set it down. We can't even call for help. We have no pack link and are once again trapped. Lexa tries to remind me it is better than being at Jake's, yet the confinement is much the same.

We spend most of the day cleaning and cooking. After, we notice his dinner is gone from the microwave. We count it as a win as we rifle through the cupboards for what to make for him tonight. We decide to cook a roast and even make a cheesecake for dessert. Setting the table, I hear the door open and his laugh as he walks in, taking his jacket off. A feminine laugh reaches my ears, and I stand up from setting the table and look over at him.

"Mhmm, something smells nice in here," the woman says, stepping in.

Axton stiffens, turning his head toward the dining area and looking at me, as a woman with long caramel-colored hair steps in, looking around. She startles, and so do I. Lexa comes forward to see what has startled me.

"Oh, sorry," she murmurs, dipping her head to me when Axton drops his hand on her lower back.

"Pay her no mind. She is just the help," he says, and I stare at him before looking down at the table I am setting.

"Did he just—" Lexa can't bring herself to say it, but I know what she means. Her words aren't needed as I watch him walk the woman down the back of the apartment where his room is.

Fighting back tears, I continue setting the table, yet they don't emerge from the room even after I finish eating. I wait and even make an extra plate, not wanting to be rude and eat in front of her, while Lexa snaps and snarls at me about encouraging him to have a mistress. I try to remind her we are basically a surrogate at this point and a live-in maid because he's rejected us back. She doesn't want to hear it, once again leaving me alone to deal with our new reality.

It's becoming quite lonely. I leave the table, only cling wrapping their food as I clean up my dishes and the mess I've made in the kitchen. Once finished, I make my way back to my room. I am kind of hoping he isn't in there, yet as I walk past, I can hear her bubbly laughter as they speak, which really makes it hit home as to who she is to him.

My stomach sinks as I push the door open before closing it gently. I suddenly feel homesick. I want to go home, yet I am not sure where that is anymore. It certainly isn't here or with my parents, but I long for what home is meant to represent because it is meant to feel safe, whole, and loved. Yet now, thinking about it, the last three places I've called home are none of those, which leaves me with nothing and no one, and being here, I'm beginning to realize it is something I never had to begin with.

I long for something more, something that is mine, and now I know I will never have that; the only thing I can say is mine at this point are my babies, and I know that is only going to be for as long as I carry them. If he is this controlling now, how much worse will it get once they are here?