

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 38

The next month passes by in a blur. Every evening, a new woman would show up on his arm, and every night Khan would sneak into my room. Yet after the first woman, I've never spoken to Khan and ignored his presence completely after finding out that Axton blocks him out when he is with them. Which confirms my thoughts about what they are doing in that room. Why else would they go to his bedroom?

For a month, I have been locked in this house, so I miss Alisha's funeral. I have tried to ask Axton about it, but he never seems to be alone when he returns home, and Khan refuses to ask because he doesn't want Axton to know he is taking control of his body at night. He said something about Axton sedating him. Apparently, he has done that in the past, though he refused to tell me why.

However, he's allowed me to speak to my mother, who called his phone on the sly without my father finding out. She has been pestering me about getting a phone because Axton never lets me use his for long. She confirmed I'd missed Alisha's funeral, but told me Alisha's parents didn't blame me for what happened and that I should have been there. Yet I doubt I am getting out of this house before my sons are born.

I have just finished getting dressed, wondering why I bother at all. It's not like I ever leave the apartment. But this morning, I am trying to catch Axton before he leaves for work, knowing I will have no chance to speak to him when he comes home. Slipping my socks on, I open the door hearing the kettle in the kitchen whistling, and I bounce on my heels, knowing I haven't missed him. Padding down the hallway, I find Axton leaning against the counter, phone in hand, as he types away. He is wearing his usual blue suit and a black button-up shirt. I move to make his coffee, hoping he is in a good mood.

He lifts his head as I move past him.

“What, did you shit the fucking bed? Why are you up?” he growls at me.

Ignoring his comment, I grab the kettle and an extra cup. What else does he expect me to do? Besides cleaning this place and cooking, there is nothing else to do but sleep and watch TV.

I make his coffee, handing it to him, and he turns to walk over to the dining room table. I wait for him to pick up his newspaper, making myself a cup of tea before leaning on the counter. I know better than to get too close to him because his nasty comments or growls always end with me crying in my room later.

“Axton?” I murmur, looking down at the mug between my fingers, and he sighs, setting his newspaper down to look at me.

“What, Elena?” he asks, not even trying to hide how much he hates me.

I chew my lip, already regretting getting up early to ask. I have a sinking feeling I know the answer: no. Which is his go-to answer every time I ask him anything.

“Well, are you going to speak or stand there like a fucking moron?”

Lexa growls in my head, and I hate that I even have to ask. It is embarrassing. My lip quivers as I try to find a way to ask without upsetting him.

“I was wondering if maybe you could get me a phone?”

He raises an eyebrow at me, and I scramble for words.

“Or maybe fix the house phone. It would save me from having to borrow yours when I want to call my mother.”

“A phone? You want a phone? Anything else?” he asks, and I scratch the side of my belly.

I get itchy when nervous, and right now, I am not sure if he is being serious or not.

“Maybe, I... Maybe you could lend me some money to go out with Mom. She wants to take me baby shopping. She asked the other night, but I have no money,” I told him.

My face heats, as does my entire body. I have never had to ask someone for money before. Growing up, I always had access to my trust and worked. Yet here, I have none of that, so even asking is embarrassing.

“My sons need nothing; that is taken care of. And as for you, I give you enough. I feed you, clothe you, and provide a roof over your head. Be grateful for what you have because the goddess knows you don’t deserve it,” he snaps at me before rising from his chair. He drinks the rest of his coffee before chucking the mug in the sink, making it shatter. Glass shards spray out, and I yelp in shock before he storms out of the apartment, slamming the door behind him.

“Well, that went well. Are you sure he isn’t related to that human fuckwit on TikTok?”

“Huh?” I ask Lexa.

“You know the one, the man who thinks he’s god’s gift to women. The one Alisha always bitched about. You know, big mouth to go with an over-inflated ego, making out women should worship at man’s feet,” Lexa says.

I shake my head at her, not knowing whom she is talking about, while walking back to our room to come up with a Plan B.

“Andrew Tate!” she screams, finally remembering his name. “We should check his phone next time. That fool is trying to brainwash all men into thinking their big mouths and screaming loud enough will compensate for their tiny dicks and shitty personalities.”

I roll my eyes while listening to her drone on. She is just as bad as Alisha.

“Can we please talk about the problem at hand, and not some dick who blows air up his own ass to inflate that big head of his?”

“Oh, yeah... right. What are we doing again?” she asks.

I groan. “Oh, right? Escape plan.”

Lexa thinks for a few seconds. “Maybe we can ask Khan?”

“What if he tells Axton?”

“And snitch on himself for overtaking his body? Doubt it. No harm in asking,” she tells me.

She does have a point; it’s not like we have anything left to lose.