

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

by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 40

Khan came through with a phone, kinda. He told me he didn't want to ask Eli; however, he improvised and found a spare cord to plug the handset in that was in the living room. I just had to hide the cord before he got home.

My mother and I arranged to meet up the next day after I spoke with her. We are supposed to meet at a small cafe. She said she would wait for me since I couldn't give her a definite timeframe.

Pulling on some jeans, I realize how much my belly has grown when I can't get the buttons to do up. Instead, I opt for some tights and a shirt. I mostly wear pajamas since I never go anywhere. But now, trying to wear real clothes, nothing Axton gave me seems to fit anymore.

Even my belly is poking out the bottom of my shirt. Chewing my lip, I wander to his room and twist the handle. Pushing it open a little, he is already gone. His bed is made, and the room is spotless, like the rest of the place. Stepping into his room, I shudder at the thought of him catching me in here. I never come here and usually leave his washing in the basket by the door.

However, looking around, I find his walk-in closet, which has a door inside leading to a huge en suite. It is so large, it even has a jacuzzi tub in the center and a massive shower that can easily fit half a dozen people. Shutting the door, I rummage through his clothes, stealing one of his signature black shirts and one of his hoodies. I pull them on quickly before rushing out to see another door. Intrigued, I move toward it and open it. It is an office. My brows furrow, wondering why he has one here and also one next door nearly identical when I spot the other door.

I walk through his office only to come out into the hall. I glance back the way I came to what I thought was just wall paneling, but is actually a secret door into his bedroom.

“Huh, I am slightly tempted to go press on all the walls now,” Lexa tells me.

“That will have to wait. We need to go meet Mom,” I tell her.

Slipping my slippers on, I hunt for some shoes, but Axton’s are much too big. Huffing, I race back to the room and quickly retrieve the phone cord before racing back out, plugging it back in, and dialing my mother’s phone. It rings a few times before she answers.

“Everything alright?” she asks.

“I have no shoes, only slippers,” I tell her.

She pauses for a second. “Okay, I will go grab you a pair, and I will ring you when I am out front. I will park near the old pawn shop down the side alley across the road,” she tells me, and I let out a breath of relief.

We quickly say goodbye, and I stare at the handset screen the entire time because I have to turn the volume off so the guard outside doesn’t hear it ring. It lights up about ten minutes later, and I quickly answer it.

“I am waiting outside for you,” she tells me, and I hang up, checking my pockets for the cash Khan gave me. I repocket it before moving toward the kitchen. Hesitantly, I look at the door, hoping the guard hasn’t gone on a pee break or something. I could set the alarms off, but I need a reason for him to not only open the door but come inside so I can sneak out. Meaning I have to start a fire, something to distract him. I turn the gas on and light the stovetop.

Grabbing some tea towels from the drawer, I chuck them on it, watching them burn, and the room fills with smoke. I use another to waft the smoke toward the alarms when they suddenly go off. Blaring loudly, I clutch my ears, stepping away from the stovetop. Then, I hit the kill switch on the wall to shut the gas off and wait.

The ringing grows louder, and I watch the door as the flames get higher, making me wonder what the heck those tea towels are made of. Seconds later, I hear the door handle, and I rush out of the kitchen to stand in the hall by the door. It bursts

open, and a man gasps, racing toward the pantry when he sees the flames. He grabs the little fire extinguisher off the wall beside it and pulls the pin. I don't wait around, using the smoke as camouflage, I race out the doors only to hear footsteps.

"I thought there was only one guard?" Lexa panics, and I spot the fire exit.

I race down the steps, getting a weird feeling of déjà vu, like the first time I escaped Axton. Only that turned into a disaster.

I can hear people yelling as I rush down each floor and even hear a door on a level up open and close. I keep going, my slippers luckily muffling the sound of my slapping feet on the stairs when I burst out the doors onto a grassy area beside the apartment complex. Pulling the hood over my head, I clutch my belly. I have a stitch, and I'm panting from the exertion.

Keeping my head down, I walk past the manicured hedges toward the street. I race down the alleyway before coming to the main stretch, spotting my mother's car in the alley across the road, right where she said she would be, next to the pawn shop. Checking both ways, I dart across the road and hear her start the car. My heart races as I jump in to the passenger side, and she takes off.

I pull the hood off once we are far enough away from his territory and turn in my seat.

Luke's eyes widen, and his lips quiver. "El," he chokes.

"Hey, buddy," I tell him as he reaches for me.

I grip his fingers and notice how my mother's lips tremble as I awkwardly hold his hand, turning in my seat. She glances at me with tear-filled eyes before finally pulling up at the cafe. Luke lets me go, and the moment he does, Mom grabs me. I bury my face in her neck.

"I got you, baby," she murmurs while sobbing.

I nod, unable to form words, just relieved to be able to touch her.