

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 41

My mother and I go to the Secret Cafe after doing a little shopping in the boutique stores. It is up a small side street filled with little boutique stores and away from the main areas, hence the name.

We have just finished eating, and my mother is going through the bag of goodies she bought the twins. Luke tells me all about school and how much he's missed me, and Mom tells me how Dad is struggling without my help.

She tells me he didn't realize how much of the business and pack I ran. I am glad he is feeling my absence. Though it should probably sadden me that the pack is suffering, yet Lexa believes the same. He's made his bed. He can now sleep in it.

"So, how much longer have you got now?" Mom asks as the waitress brings out a pot of tea.

"About a month to go," I tell her, smoothing my hand over my belly.

I thank the waitress, lifting my head and offering the girl a smile when my eyes go to the rest of them inside, all peering out at us in the patio area. My brows pinch. Not thinking much of it, I watch the waitress pour tea into my cup. Her hands tremble when my mother reaches out to grip her hand.

"Are you okay, dear?" she whispers.

We are on neutral territory, yes. Mom technically snuck into Axton's territory, but we left quickly and weren't doing anything wrong. Besides, he let me speak with my mother on the phone a few times.

"They are looking for you," she whispers, barely moving her lips.

My mother jerks her hand back and glances around. Luke also glimpses his surroundings at her words.

“Axton?” I whisper, and she nods subtly.

I peer back to see the terror on the other servers’ faces through the tinted glass.

“And your father,” she breathes out, pouring my mother’s tea.

I swallow, looking at my mother, who drops her head.

“Even if they find the car we parked down the road, they won’t find us here,” my mother whispers, yet I hear the tremble in her voice before a whimper abruptly leaves her lips.

Hands drop onto my shoulders, and I stiffen while Luke’s eyes widen in horror, and I know who it is instantly by his scent.

My breathing hitches as he leans his head down beside mine. “I wouldn’t bet on that,” Axton whispers, squeezing my shoulders.

“We aren’t doing anything wrong,” my mother is quick to defend when I hear footsteps coming up the small alleyway.

Axton doesn’t let go, yet I am frozen in fear. I knew I would be caught. I’d had some small sliver of hope that he wouldn’t notice I was gone and that I could return and no harm done. But I knew it was unavoidable.

Even Lexa is surprised. Though he remains quiet when the footsteps grow closer. Luke places his milkshake down, his hand making the glass shake and clang on the table.

“Now!”

One word, but I would recognize my father’s voice anywhere. My mother drops her head only for a second. A look of defeat crosses her features, almost like she’s switched off. She straightens herself out, slipping a mask of indifference on her face. She pulls money out of her purse when Axton speaks.

“Leave it. I will handle it,” he tells her.

She nods once, standing and chucking her handbag over her shoulder. She holds her hand out to Luke.

“Come, Luke, time to go home,” she says, her voice almost monotone as he takes her hand.

Worry makes me tense as she looks at me. So much and so little is on her face. She is petrified to face my father, yet Axton is not someone she fears by any measure.

“A mother can’t be expected just to forget their child,” she tells him before clenching her jaw.

“Louise!” my father growls, and I turn my head to find the man standing a little bit away from us, his aura and temper rising the longer she takes.

“I have been looking for you. Patrick saw you cross borders!” he bellowed at her, reaching forward and grabbing her arm. He jerks her to his side, and Luke whimpers, refusing to let go of her hand when Axton finally speaks.

“Because I asked her to, Derrick,” Axton snaps.

My father lifts his head, glaring in our direction. “You what?”

“As the head council member, I am allowed to request anyone’s presence, even your Luna’s. Now let her go. You’re scaring your son. She was doing nothing wrong. Only what I asked of her.”

“And what is it you asked of her?” my father says, letting my mother’s arm go.

I chew my lip, yet Axton lies smoothly as if this has been his idea all along.

“Elena requested to see her mother and Luke. That is why your wife was on my territory,” Axton tells him.

My father glares at him and turns his head, staring at my mother’s now retreating figure as she walks back to her car. Axton taps my shoulders, wanting me to get up, and I do, almost robotically. He leans down, grabbing the bags I had at my feet, before chucking money on the table. When I turn, my father is glaring at me.

His eyes drop to my belly, and his top lip curls in disgust. I watch as he walks away when Axton grabs my arm, and we start walking in the opposite direction. I can feel his rage. Lexa urges me to remain quiet, so I do.

When we reach the car, he lets me go and opens the passenger door. I watch as he moves to the trunk and tosses everything in.

“Get in the car, Elena!” he snaps, his voice almost a furious growl.

Lexa moves forward with me, fear coiling inside us as hairs rise on the back of my neck.

Hesitant, I can’t seem to get my feet to move when he stops in front of me. He looks up at each end of the street, so many eyes watching us, then he leans closer, wrapping his arms around us and burying his face in my hair. No matter the angle, it looks like two lovers hugging.

“You cause a scene, and you won’t leave your fucking room,” he growls next to my ear. “Now, get in the car, Elena.” He presses his lips to my forehead before moving toward the passenger door and motioning for us to get in.

“I don’t like the energy around him,” Lexa whimpers, and she is right. Neither do I. It now makes sense why he stuck up for my mother. I have some false hope it was for her, not for the sake of appearances. He can’t look bad to the public, but behind closed doors, I know what sort of monster he hides.

“Don’t do it,” Lexa begs.

“And what, Lexa? We run, he will drag us back and then be angrier that we made a scene in public,” I tell her.

She whimpers because she knows I am right.

“Khan won’t let him harm us, and he won’t risk his boys.”

“He doesn’t have to touch us to hurt us, Elena,” she murmurs, wandering off.

Axton holds his hand out to me, and I look at it, feeling everyone’s eyes boring into us. My hand trembles as I place it in his, knowing Lexa is right. He may not hurt physically, but I know there will be hell to pay when I get home. Axton shuts

the door before moving around to the other side of the car and climbing in. He starts the car and pulls away from the curb, and I suck in a breath.

He says nothing, adding to the tension writhing through my body. Even when we arrive, that tension is stronger when I see Eli, his Beta, and nearly every pack warrior in the building.

All are staring, their expressions ranging from pitiful to curious. Others' eyes dart away as quickly as they meet mine as he leads me through the apartment complex before taking me to the elevator.

He hits the button and stares at the steel doors. Still, he has said nothing. When they open, he grabs my arm, leading me down the hall to where the guard stands by the door, his eyes on the floor.

Axton growls at him as he opens the door, stuffing me into the apartment. He tosses the bags from the car onto the dining table, and I move to rush toward my room, needing to escape his oppressive aura.

"Who paid for this?" he asks, and I stop.

I am about to lie and say my mother, but he must have read that on my face.

"Shelley from the boutique said you had your own money. Don't lie to me," he says.

"It's for the boys," I tell him. "I didn't spend anything on myself. Mom was going to pay for lunch."

"That is not what I asked; I asked how you got it," he says, rummaging through bags and looking at the receipts. "Did Khan give it to you? I fucking knew it," he snarls before grabbing the bags and tossing them in the bin.

I shriek, knowing how expensive the comforter is, and reach in to pluck the bag out when he seizes my arm in his tight grip.

"I told you my boys need nothing," he snarls, marching me down the hall toward my room.

I wait to be tossed into my room and locked in when he turns to his bedroom and pushes me inside.

He moves toward the walk-in closet, only he stops beside it and pushes on the bookcase. I hear a lock click, and the bookcase opens to reveal another door. Pulling a key from his pocket, he jams it in the lock, and I squirm, trying to get out of his grip, but he holds tight.

“Axton, please. It was just lunch,” I tell him when he shoves the door open to reveal a nursery. I remember there’s a locked door in the hall next to his room. He’s always told me it’s a gym. Yet looking around, that is clearly a lie.

Two blue cribs are in the room, and the room looks like something out of a baby magazine. The walls even have murals of clouds and airplanes, a safari setting along the bottom of the walls. It is everything and more I would have loved to do for them.

I gasp, looking at each crib and touching the soft blankets. I poke one of the mobiles with my fingers, and it makes a noise as it spins. Lexa also excitedly comes forward, relief flooding her that he hasn’t been lying about them having everything they need.

“You should have told me; I would have liked to help set this up,” I say, peering over at him where he stands by the door. I smile, tracing the pattern on the blanket and picking up a plushie.

“Now, why would I ask for your help when you won’t be here after they are born?” he asks, and I lift my head to look at him.

“Pardon?” I ask, wondering if I misheard. Lexa also stares at him.

“The women I bring every night.”

“Your whores?”

He shakes his head and laughs. “No, Elena, they aren’t my whores. I have been interviewing them. I am looking for a nanny to help me raise them once you’re gone.”

“What? Gone where?” I ask him, my hands moving to my belly.

“I don’t give a fuck where you go, but once they are born, you are no longer needed.”