

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 43

Elena

A week later

I am on the brink of going insane. Axton hooked up the house phone the night of our argument. We also haven't seen Khan since and we know he's been suppressing his wolf.

A week has passed, and I wait expectantly for Khan to return, only he doesn't, and after a few days, I give up. We can smell the sleeping pills seeping out of his pores.

So for the past two days, we have been plotting our escape. He should have left the house phone cut off because that was his undoing, and I believe the only reason he left it connected was so I had no reason to escape if I could speak with my mother freely. Joke's on him. I have been speaking with her, and we have been devising my escape daily.

All day, I sat by the phone, waiting to hear if she was able to pull it off behind my father's back. He had her under house arrest, too. She never said much of what happened when she returned home, and I could only imagine. I tried to convince her to leave with me, but my father had to know something was up because she said Luke never left his side, and she wouldn't go without him.

Hearing the phone's musical ringtone, I rush toward it, snatching it off its holder.

"Hello?"

“We have guests coming for dinner tonight. I left a dress for you on the foot of my bed. Put it on and make yourself presentable. Tieriny will stop by at five to help you cook,” Axton tells me before hanging up.

I stare at the screen as it blinks, flashing green and red.

“Great, whoever these people are, we now have to play house for appearances’ sake. I wonder if he plans to fake our death when the twins are born?” Lexa growls in my head.

I go to place the phone down, only for it to ring again. I check the number and decide not to answer it if it is Axton’s number. Seeing it is my mother’s, I answer, holding the phone to my ear.

“You’re leaving tonight. Be ready,” my mother says into the phone.

“Mom?”

“Axton has organized a council meeting. Tieriny will be by to help you.”

“Wait. Tieriny from your pack?”

I recognized the name when Axton said it, but I didn’t think he meant the same person. Having said that, she did own a well-established restaurant with a five-star rating on neutral territory and was the main place the council used for functions. However, I am shocked Axton would keep her on the council books.

“Yes, I have already spoken to her. We have a plan, and that plan has now been moved to tonight, not next week,” my mother says when I hear a door open and shut before hearing my father’s voice in the distance.

“You won’t believe what that prick has left me out of—”

“I gotta go. Wait for Tieriny,” she says, hanging up.

Is this even going to work? I so desperately want out of here and away from Axton. My heart stings a little, knowing I will be leaving Khan in the process. I hurry to Axton’s room to retrieve the dress. Pulling it out of the garment bag, I am stunned at how gorgeous it is, knowing all the while it is just for show.

I feel like I am spinning out of control till Lexa reigns me in.

“Relax and breathe, Elena. You can do this. Get your hair together, put on some makeup, and play the part. Fake it till we make it out of here.”

Lexa’s reassurance is enough for me to get myself together. I only have an hour before Tieriny arrives to look “presentable,” as Axton puts it.

As I get ready, my mind wanders, and as I stare in the mirror, I can see the scars his claws have left across my chest. They are faint, but not much I can do as I place the dress on the bed. Khan must have convinced him to allow the phone; just thinking of Khan makes me emotional because I can’t even say goodbye. I hate Axton, but Khan, no. Khan, I don’t hate.

Tears well up in my eyes, and I don’t know if it is from the pregnancy hormones or the weight of everything that has happened over these five months. I am going to miss Khan. He and these babies are the only good things to come out of all the shit I’ve endured. I tuck the letter away. I shower quicker than I ever have in my life, set my flat iron up, bumping my hair in sections and pinning the soft curls in place to style later.

I apply my makeup, put my robe on to meet Tieriny in the next ten minutes, and head to the kitchen to grab the plates to set the table. I hear the door open just as I place the silverware in its proper place. A few pack members come in with boxes of what I assume to be what I am expected to cook for the council meeting. They do not even acknowledge my presence.

Tieriny arrives as they are walking out with a tray in her hand. I begin pulling the contents of each box out and placing them on the kitchen island: ten Cornish hens, cauliflower, broccoli, a few different kinds of cheese, and veggies. We begin with the hens as they will take the longest to cook. I make a seasoning base in a bowl to marinate the ten hens while Tieriny prepares the trays.

“You look absolutely beautiful, and I’m sure even more so soon.” Tieriny gives me a side hug. “Now, I want you to pay very close attention to the hens.”

Tieriny lifts a small vial of what I assume is seasoning. I furrow my brows, confused as we have already marinated the hens.

“This little special gem I want you to use only for the hen you serve to Thomas. That son of a bitch gave me a bad rating because I turned down his illicit proposal.”

I arch my brow. “As in the...”

Tieriny answers my unfinished question. “The vile excuse of a wolf had the gall to proposition me like some common whore. These men think they hold all the power, like we will kneel to their every whim, and women like us need to knock them down on their asses. Or, in this case, make them shit their guts out. Make sure you give that imp a nice healthy dose, too. Half should do the trick.” She winks at me, placing it in my hand. I can’t help but let out a giggle.

“I never liked the direction things had been going. It is why I kept my business in neutral territory. No one will play tug of war with me, no matter what pack it is. Your mother would have made a superb Alpha had she not been mated to your father.”

I am a little confused by what she has just said. “What do you mean? Women aren’t Alphas, only Lunas.”

“Mmhmm, just as patriarchy wants and needs everyone to believe.”

She has a point. My father is a perfect example of how, without my help, the pack was slowly falling apart. He is the head of the pack, yet I was the one that did the work and, come to think of it, before me, it was my mother. That thought has me glancing at Tieriny. She smiles, and I chuckle, finally getting what she means. She reaches past me for a tea towel and nods toward the counter.

“The freezer bag on the counter,” she says, peering over her shoulder at me.

I stop and look at her. She nods to the counter, and I move toward the insulated bag full of vegetables.

“Dig to the bottom. It’s from your mother,” she says.

I find an envelope. I feel it and find it carries three oblong pills.

“Sneak three in his drink,” she says without looking up from what she is doing.

I quickly slip into my dressing gown. “That doesn’t help with the door,” I whisper, going back to the hens.

“No, but knock him out. The key is with his car keys.”

“The guard?”

“Will be taken care of. I am slipping him some too. Michael is on tonight, and I brought his favorite dessert: lava cake!” she says.

I glance at her, and she sends me a wink.

“Your mother is going to cause a diversion at the border. Slip out through the eastern borders.”

“And how do I get there?” I ask her.

“Well, once Axton is out, you won’t just have the key to the apartment but also to his Aston Martin in the parking garage.”

“Hardly inconspicuous.”

“You don’t need to be. They will assume you are him.”

“And what do I do with it once I leave? I won’t be able to use it again, and he will report it missing.”

“The pills will have him out for twenty-four hours. What better way to say fuck you than to burn his most prized possession?” Tieriny laughs.

I already know where I will go, the one place he will never look, but also right under his nose.

He won’t expect me to hide in the same town I was in last time, so that is exactly what I am going to do. I will drive to the rogue commune. No chance of being snitched on when all the women there can’t risk being caught either.

With my favorite knife, I cut the potatoes into thin circular slices, placing them in the bakeware for potatoes au gratin. A plan forms in my head as I set to work. Doing quick work, I cut the cauliflower and broccoli in a deep pan for a cheddar soup. I lightly stem the baby spinach, adding a small amount of bouillon base to give just the right amount of flavor, not to overwhelm the senses as most low-rate chefs do.

I place the hens at 400 degrees with the oven preheated to give them a nice golden finish while retaining the juiciness. The crème brûlée is already set before I return

thanks to my handy bain-marie. So the only thing that needs to be done is to caramelize them.

Time slips by, and I get dressed for the dinner and before I know it, I hear the door. Axton comes in and looks me over, gives me a nod of approval at my outfit, and says a quick hello to Tieriny before rushing off to shower and get dressed. She grabs some wine glasses and the bottle of Pinot Noir wine, popping the cork.

“Better yet, save the poop juice for his wine. Serve his last. I don’t want to ruin the taste of the hen,” she says, and I chuckle.