

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 47

Elena

Driving down the long, obscured road that weaves amongst the trees, my nerves kick in. What will the women think of me just showing up unannounced? I am not even sure if I am welcome here anymore. I kind of just dropped off the face of the earth and left them with no word. Lexa also feels nervous. We escaped Axton, escaped with our babies, yet this was the only place I could think of. If they turn us away, I am not sure what else to do. This is our only hope.

Slowly pulling up the drive away, the sun is just beginning to peek out between the clouds above the huge, dilapidated warehouse. It is quiet, the huge warehouse doors closed, but I see movement in the one little window near the door beside the huge roller doors.

Parking the car, I sit back in my seat.

“Let them come out first. They’ll be wary. Open your door so they can smell our scent,” Lexa suggests.

I see Noleen peer out the window before the door opens, and she steps outside. I open my door but don’t make any move to get out of the car, knowing I could spook her. Noleen approaches, and I watch her sniff the air.

“Elena? Is that you?”

“Yes.”

“Then why are you sitting in the car?” she says, waving for me to hop out.

I let out a breath of relief before smiling and grabbing the duffle bag off the back seat. I hop out and close the car door.

“Where did you get the car?” she calls out.

“Yeah, I kind of stole it,” I sing out, and she stops.

She sticks her fingers in her mouth, whistles, and the roller doors open. “Well, don’t leave it there. Are you trying to get us caught?” she laughs, waving for me to drive into the warehouse.

I chuckle and drive in, and two women pull on the chains, closing the roller door behind me. Noleen points to the far corner, which is empty, and I park it where she tells me to before climbing out of the car. The moment I do, she embraces me in a hug.

A few women come over. In their arms, they carry blankets, and one even brings some tea over. I step back, looking at Noleen.

“We were wondering if you got out safe,” she says, smiling sadly.

I nod, accepting the tea, not realizing how cold my hands are.

“So, what are you doing here?” she asks as another woman drops an itchy blanket over my shoulders, which is quite warm.

I see a few of the children waking up, their mothers tucking them under blankets to keep them warm.

Sucking in a breath, I turn my attention back to Noleen. “I was hoping for a place to stay.”

“Well, if you want to slum it with us, you’re more than welcome to.” She shrugs before pointing at the car. “But that is going to be an issue.”

I turn, looking at the car, and I cringe.

“Any ideas?” I ask, and she chuckles.

“None, but we’ll figure it out. So, who are you running from?” she asks, and I find more women moving closer, wanting to hear why I am here.

“Same as all of you, my pack and my mate.”

They all nod, some casting their gazes down to the ground.

“Well then, looks like you’ll fit right in here,” Noleen says, leading the way over to a small seating area where a fire pit is under a huge window, the steel walls black from the soot as the smoke billows out the window.

I chat with Noleen, explaining everything that’s happened since I was found. Also, about Axton, about the money I stole, and everything I thought she should know. When I am finished, she shows me around, and the women help build me a bed and find me some clothes that fit better than the ones I have in my bag.



A week later

For a week, I have been at the rogue settlement, a week of hiding. The women have worked tirelessly, hunting and tending to the gardens, making things to sell at the local markets. I’ve tried to offer them the money to help, but they refused, saying that now that Jake’s shop had closed, it would be hard to get supplies without people asking questions, making me realize how much they had relied on his supplies.

“How about I go into town? Most of the locals know me from the café. It wouldn’t be odd for them to see me in town, and none of them picked up what I was when I worked there,” I tell Noleen.

She chews her lip, her eyes moving to my belly. They are out of everything, have been for a while, and relying heavily on their hunting skills. It has now been two days, since we've eaten properly and there is not much wildlife around, especially not enough to feed everyone, so anything they had managed to catch went to the children.

“It’s not safe.”

“Says who?” I ask her.

She chews her lip.

“Jake?” I ask her. She nods, making me realize how much influence he had on the women here.

“Well, Jake is gone. Money is money. It doesn’t matter where it comes from, and I got nothing to use it on and nothing to lose right now, so we might as well use it. The townspeople aren’t that bad. I don’t think they care.”

“Yeah, but Jake—”

“Fuck Jake. You couldn’t trust him when he was alive. No way would I take his word for it now. Nothing happened to me or Alisha when we were in the café. I don’t even think they realized, or if they did, they just didn’t care,” I tell her.

“Please, Noleen, we need supplies. She is right. We have been in town a few times, and no one has said anything to us,” Chloe says while bouncing her daughter on her hip.

Noleen’s brows pinch, and Chloe’s daughter coughs.

“She needs something for this cough. It won’t go,” she says, staring at her daughter worriedly.

“I’m going. I will be back, and don’t argue. She is right. We need supplies. Besides, I am due any day now; I need to get diapers and formula,” I tell Noleen when I see Michelle wave her hand.

“I’ll come with you. Better to travel in pairs,” she says, and I look at Noleen.

“See? We’ll be back soon.”

Noleen sighs. “But please be careful.”

Michelle loops her arm through mine and nods toward the car. “Too bad we can’t take that. It would save us having to lug all this crap back.”

“Yeah, I really should have thought of something else,” I admit.

The walk to town takes us over an hour, and we both only have two backpacks. Yet the more I walk, the more pressure seems to build in my crotch, making me uncomfortable. Having to take a break, I stop by a tree, sitting down.

“Are you okay?” Michelle asks.

I pant, trying to catch my breath. Lexa stirs worriedly, but doesn’t press forward. I’ve noticed she has been quiet all day. Michelle hands me a drink bottle, and I take a sip before passing it back to her.

“How much further?”

“Next street over is the main,” she says, offering me her hands. She pulls me to my feet, and we continue.

Sweat beads on my forehead, and my legs are cramping. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea after all.