

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 48

The more I walk, the more I struggle. The pressure on my lower back is intense, my breathing becoming harder, and my belly rock hard. The worst cramps I have ever felt ripple across my belly, stealing breath and making my feet falter.

I can't make it much further, and Michelle might as well be carrying me at this point. As we get near the bakery, my lower back is on fire, and severe pressure to my pelvis makes me feel on the verge of passing out.

I clutch the corner of the brick wall with the urge to bear down.

"No, Michelle, we need to get back, we need to get back. I think I'm in labor!" I rasp out.

"Fuck!" she curses, looking around while grabbing my arm and keeping me from hitting the concrete.

The bakery door opens just as I am about to have my babies on the street.

Sondra comes rushing out. "Elena? Oh my goodness, you don't look too good. Help me bring her inside to call an ambulance."

"No!" I blurt, and so does Michelle.

I can't go to a normal hospital; they will record the birth. Then, find the women in the settlement, and Axton will find me, too.

Sondra ushers us inside and grabs her phone.

“No, please. I just want to go home.” I try to get up while Michelle tries to calm me.

“Elena, I’ll take you home. But you are in no condition to walk,” Sondra says.

Michelle holds concern on her face. We haven’t even gotten the supplies, and I am two weeks early.

Sondra frantically looks around. “The hospital is a few streets away.”

“No! I just need to get home. Noleen used to be a midwife.”

Sondra looks at Michelle as I cling to her, groaning as the pain intensifies.

“Fine, fine. I will grab my keys,” she tells us, rushing off out the back. “I will bring the car around!”

Michelle starts leading me back out the front of the store. Sondra pulls up in a blue car, far fancier than I expected her to drive. It’s some sleek sports car, making my brows furrow.

I assumed she walked everywhere. I have never seen her drive. Michelle opens the back door, and I fall heavily on the seat, using my hands to scoot back to lean against the door.

“Where am I going?” Sondra asks, and Michelle starts giving directions while I breathe and moan in pain.

Once we pull up, Michelle is the first to jump out of the car. However, I am temporarily distracted by Sondra’s foul language; I have also never heard her swear.

“You can’t have your baby here. What the fuck is this place?”

“Babies, and there is no time. They are coming now!” I groan, twisting when the door I am leaning on is ripped open.

The woman helps get me inside, and Sondra follows us in.

Noleen ushers us to the back of a room with a small cot. Between my pain and panting, I can’t focus as Michelle helps me down to the cot. It is the only actual

bed in this place. The rest of the time we make do with what we can find, and this room serves as a makeshift infirmary. But it is far from hygienic or sterile.

“Help me get her pants off, and I’ll grab some towels,” Noleen orders.

Michelle and Sondra strip my pants off, only for my water to break at that very moment. The pain and pressure won’t let up. I just want to push.

Noleen grabs my face in her hands, her eyes soft as she speaks clearly, “Elena, I need you to put your head to your chest and push like your life depends on it.”

I tuck my head to my chest and push.

“You’re doing good. I see the head.”

It feels like I will never get them out after what feels like an eternity of pushing. I am almost ready to give up. I shake my head. “I can’t!”

“Push one more time, sweetie,” Sondra instructs as she grips my knee, Noleen sitting between my legs.

I let out a growl on my last push and hear him cry. But before I can catch my breath, the pressure builds up once more as I try to focus on my son. Noleen hands Michelle my son.

Sondra’s peeking between my legs over Noleen’s shoulder. “Oh dear, I see another head. Push, Elena!” she says excitedly, clapping her hands as if she’s watching a football game.

Noleen chuckles as the old woman fists the air viciously, her fists shaking as if she herself is also pushing with me.

It’s like he doesn’t want to come out as planned. I am determined for my son to be born, and finally, I feel him emerge. His shrill cry confirms it.

“Two little boys with beautiful eyes, almost silver.” Sondra mentioning their eyes makes me nervous as she hands me one, and Michelle places my other son in my free arm.

Then, I feel a mild tightening of my lower abdomen. I know there definitely isn’t a third one.

Noleen places her hand on my stomach, putting pressure when I feel something slide out, making me shudder. “Relax, Elena, it is just your afterbirth.”

I nod, resting my head back before staring down at my boys. Michelle and another woman help wrap them before handing them back to me. Looking at them, I can tell they are identical. Dark, thick locks cover their little heads, and they have blue-silver eyes kind of like Axton’s.

“They’re perfect,” Sondra says. Looking over my shoulder, she brushes one of their cheeks with her index finger. “I’ve always wanted kids myself, but it was just not meant to be.”

I rest, too scared to let go of my babies, worried that Axton’s somehow heard their cries and is on his way to strip them from my arms.

However, I am surprised to hear the door open and see Sondra come in. I thought for sure she would have left by now. She smiles, wandering over to me.

“Mary never told me where this place was. I never imagined it was like this,” she says, her words appearing to make her sad when Michelle comes in behind her.

“Sondra, could you possibly run me to town to get a few things? It was the reason we were even out. We needed to get diapers and formula.”

Sondra tucks a blanket around me. “You lie here, and I will run her to the store. Then, when I get back after you’re well rested, we need to talk about—” She glances around. “Your accommodation. This is hardly suitable for a settlement, especially when I own a ranch that can house you all. A bit of help fixing it up, and we can make it a home once more.”

Michelle looks at me while I stare up at Sondra.

“You would help us?” Michelle asks, a little shocked.

Sondra smiles at her. “Of course. Besides, the place is just going to waste. I haven’t been out there in years. I have someone who tends to the cattle and animals, but it’s too much upkeep for one person.”

“But we aren’t human?” I tell her.

“I’m well aware of what you all are. But to me, you’ll always just be people.”

My brows pinch.

“Don’t worry. For now, we need to do this supply run,” Sondra says, walking out of the room and tapping Michelle’s shoulder.

Michelle looks at me, and I shrug. She looks just as shocked to be offered help by a human as I am.