

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 53

Elena

A month later

“Elena, dear, your mother is on the phone,” Sondra sings out from the front of the bakery.

I set the boys down in the crib they share when I work at the bakery for Sondra. I come in three days a week to help her with orders. With Axton's money, we've managed to get the ranch up and functioning and built extra cabins on the property for the rogue women, as the main house only has six bedrooms. Everyone pitches in around the ranch.

And for the past month, our lives have been pretty carefree. Yet I love the days I worked in town because it is the only time I really get to speak to my mother. There isn't much cell service out on the ranch, and even if there was, I don't want to run the risk of Axton catching odd calls from the middle of nowhere to my mother's phone.

Hearing the bell above the door of the bakery, Sondra sets the phone down on one of the dessert display cases. Picking it up, I can't help the smile that slips onto my face, knowing I am about to hear my mother's voice.

“Hey, Ma,” I answer, taking the phone and walking back out to the small office where the boys are sleeping.

She falls silent, and I peer at the small LCD on the phone screen, not recognizing the number she is calling from.

“Alpha Axton has amped up his search for you and the boys. All packs were forced to open their borders to let his men pass through,” my mother tells me, and I sigh.

“That doesn’t surprise me,” I tell her. “I’m assuming that is the reason you are using another phone.”

“Yes, I think he bugged my other one. I am not sure how long I will keep this number, but I think it is best if I call you only.”

I nod, reaching for the tea towel. My jeans are covered in flour, and so are my arms.

“That’s not all, though,” my mother tells me.

“We have had numerous vampire attacks on the city. Three people have been killed. I wanted to give you guys a heads-up. I’m not sure where you are staying, but keep an eye out. Maybe get the women to start doing patrols,” my mother suggests.

Yet that is something we are already doing. Have been doing it since we moved out to the ranch.

“We’ll manage. How are Dad and Luke?” I ask, chewing my lip, wanting to move away from the conversation about the vamp situation. I can tell she is already on edge, and I don’t want her worrying about us. We are more than equipped to handle a few nomad vamps.

“Luke is good. He misses you. But...”

I hear a bang in the distance.

“Luke, is that you?” my mother calls out.

I don’t hear a reply, but I hear her moving to see who it is before she yelps. My heart sputters in my chest at the sound.

“Crap, sorry, Mom.”

I hear Luke’s voice, making me relax.

“Geez, son, you scared the living daylights out of me. I thought you were your father,” she chuckles nervously.

Yet her words make me nervous. Are things really that bad at home that she is still frightened of him?

Before finding out Axton is my mate, their marriage was solid, loving, and something I've wanted, yet now my mother hardly speaks about my father. Mostly, she talks about pack business but never their relationship.

"Go make some afternoon tea. I will be out soon," I hear her tell Luke.

He replies quickly, wandering off, and I hear more movement before finally she speaks.

"It was just Luke," she chuckles.

"Mom, what's going on with you and Dad?"

"Nothing you need to worry about. You just focus on those boys of yours and not worry about us."

"Mom! What is going on?" I demand.

She falls quiet for a second. "Nothing. Things have just been rough since the leaked video. I can't forgive him for what he did, and he sees no wrong in his action. So, I filed for divorce," she finally states, and I fall back into my chair.

"You filed for divorce?" I ask, shocked. The mere thought of what she is telling me is near impossible to fathom. Mates rarely get divorced. Usually, the only way out of a mate bond is if one is dead.

"Does he know?" I ask her.

Once again, my mother falls silent. "No, not yet. That's why I freaked out. He was being served with the papers today. I thought..."

"Mom, you need to get out of there. I don't like the idea of him coming home with this information."