

## Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Sons Chapter 15

### Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Sons Chapter 15

Jake had to walk all the way out of town to the silos two days ago after Alisha left to retrieve his car. She left the keys on the back tire for when she returned. Once it was clear she wasn't returning, Jake walked out there to retrieve it and bring it back to his apartment.

It didn't take him long to get there and back, he was pretty in shape, and I noticed he went jogging every morning and afternoon. Having returned from his morning run, I heard him walk into the bedroom from the bathroom.

"Jake? Is that you?" I call out from the shower. He pushes the door open and wiggles his eyebrows at me. His scent was strong, his shirt drenched in sweat from his morning run.

"Jake!" I snap at him, trying to close the shower curtain, but he yanks it open. He pulls his shirt off and drops his pants, and I look away from him, turning my back on him.

"You should be used to nudity being a shifter," Jake tells me, stepping into the shower behind me and readjusting the shower higher.

"I am, it is your nudity I am not used to," I admit. Not that it bothered me, but the man looked like he was carved from marble, as if the gods had carved him to perfection.

"I could get used to his nudity," Lexa purrs in my head. "Damn, he is mighty fine for a human," Lexa purrs, urging me to take a

peek at him when I feel the heat of his chest, pressing against my back as he reaches for the soap from the niche. I shuffle forward closer to the wall.

"What's wrong, Elena? Does my proximity make you nervous?" he laughs, pressing his lips to my shoulder.

"No, it's just different. I'm not used to you being so touchy. Especially now that I know you were lying about being gay," I retort. Not that it bothered me, I would be lying if I said I wasn't attracted to him.

"I never lied. You made up your assumptions about me," Jake tells me before I feel his hands on my back as he washes me.

"Jake!" I hiss at him and his roaming hands. I glance at him over my shoulder when he grabs my hips, spinning me around to face him. His eye

s trail over me, looking over every inch of me with no shame at all that he was checking me out.

“I don’t get why it’s so shocking that I want you. And you can get used to it. Now that I have you all to myself, I no longer need to hide how badly I want you,” he tells me, crowding closer.

“I am a werewolf. You’re human, Jake,” I whisper as he presses himself against me.

“So, it doesn’t change how I feel about you and have always felt about you?”

“We can’t, and you are confusing my wolf,” I tell him.

“Lexa will come around to it, to the idea of me,” he tells me.

“She has no issues with you, she is a hussy, bloody horny wolf. But we can’t, Jake,” I tell him.

“Why can’t we, I want you, and you said it yourself. Lexa doesn’t mind me,” he says, pressing closer and Lexa purrs in my head at his closeness.

“Jake, I am pregnant with my mate’s children,” he shrugs, not caring about that detail.

“Ex mate, you rejected him. And we can raise them together; / don’t care that you’re pregnant, Elena,” he tells me and my eyes flutter closed when I feel his lips trail up my neck, my body tenses as desire courses through me as his hands trail gently over my skin.

“Just let me get used to the idea of you not being gay before ! jump in bed with you,” I tell him coming back to my senses and pushing him away. He shakes his head, pecking my cheek.

“But that isn’t a no?” he smiles, cheekily.

“It isn’t a yes either,” I tell him.

“Fine, I will back off for now,” he adds at the end before reaching

for the shampoo. “Turn around,” he whispers, tapping my hip, and I do. Jake washes my hair while I finish cleaning the rest of myself. He seemed different, and I could see how easy it would be to be with Jake. Uncomplicated, he didn’t care I was pregnant, didn’t care for werewolf politics, and I wished it was that simple and easy for me to wrap my head around.

Yet as we finished showering he didn't push for more, although I did find Jake's closeness comforting, so much different from Axton. Jake was good, Axton was toxic and I would never be able to forgive him for what he did, and I knew Lexa felt the same way. She felt betrayed by him and was now glad I rejected him.

After finishing our shower Jake hops out and hands me a towel. My eyes roam over him and my face heats as I snuck a peak between his legs. He was very well endowed. Who was kidding, I did find Jake attractive and always had since we met.

For so long I had thought of him as off limits because I assumed he was gay. Maybe it would work out, yet some nagging feeling told me it was wrong to want him, so I turned my attention to find clothes. Jake had gone and bought me some clothes since the few things Alisha left here for me weren't exactly comfortable or the sort of clothes I would normally wear.

After drying off and getting dressed, we made our way downstairs. His store was directly underneath his apartment. Moving down the back entrance, we came out inside his storefront.

Jake walked through the place, flicking the lights on. Walking along the shelves, he started placing groceries on the counter by the register.

"Need any help?" I ask him, and he peers over at me.

"Nah, I just gotta grab a box to put it in," he tells me, and I nod, looking for a box to start stacking the supplies for the rogue settlement.

"Where are the boxes?" I ask him.

"I will grab them. They are down in the basement," he tells me, and I move toward the door not wanting to be useless and help.

"It's okay, I don't mind," I tell him, reaching for the door handle. Opening the door, I flick the basement light on and walk down the stairs when Jake grabs my arm.

"No, I will get a box. You head back upstairs. The basement is a mess. I don't want you getting hurt by tripping over something. You have been through enough and just now healing up," Jake says.

"It's fine, I don't mind," I tell him, moving down as a step. Jake tugs me back to him, pressing his lips to my cheek.

"You haven't eaten. Go grab something to eat while I find a box," he tells me, and I roll my eyes at him as Jake steps past me

giving me a nudge to go back upstairs.

Turning, I head back upstairs and grab an apple from the small fruit section and a bottle of juice from the fridge. Jake returns moments later with a box and loads it full of the supplies he stacked on the counter.

"Ready?" he asks, and I hop off the stool I was sitting on before following him out of the store to the back where he parked his car. Jake places the box in the trunk while I nervously glance around, worried about running into somebody

"Elena, you're fine. Get in the car," he tells me and I sigh before realizing I was being silly. No one came back here and Jake's windows were heavily tinted, even if someone did see me doubt they knew who I was.