

## Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Sons Chapter 16

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The drive

to the settlement took roughly half an hour. It was deep within the forest along a dirt track that snaked between the trees and kept the place obscured from the road. What I wasn't expecting was to find

it was a pretty small but established little settlement. What looked like an old abandoned warehouse had been turned into makeshift apartments. As we approached and Jake parked on the grass, I could see women moving about, rushing off in different directions.

A few eyed the car, and I got a few curious looks from those walking past. Three women stood by a clothesline that was running between the trees, hanging out sheets. Jake stops the car and climbs out. However, one thing I noticed was that it was all women, not a man in sight.

Despite Jake's claims that they were used to him now, they did not all look comfortable with him here, or was it me they weren't comfortable with? That much was certain as he climbed out, and the rogue women took off except those that stood by the makeshift clothesline. Jake pops the trunk, and I watch as he moves toward them with the box in his hands.

I expected him to give it to them and return when I saw him talking to the older woman. Her eyes darted to me sitting in the passenger seat before she nodded, and they both walked off into the old abandoned warehouse together. The other two women watch them go until Jake waves for them to follow him.

"I thought he said they were used to him," Lexa asks as we watch them disappear inside with him. I thought it was a little

strange too. They almost appeared frightened.

"Well, they are rogue. You know how skittish they are; I'm a complete stranger to them. I'm sure it's nothing," I tell her before realizing I, too, was now a rogue. This place here was probably my future, and that thought kind of scared me. So I could see how these women would be a little wary of people in the settlement, yet as Jake said, his tiny slice of kindness was probably heavily relied on because I could tell they didn't have much out here besides their few vegetable gardens, and what I

could tell of their belongs it was either hand made or in bad condition. Even the sheets the woman were hanging on the clothesline were holey and stained. I wanted to help them, yet had no idea how. They were so far out and in a remote place.

The human town I knew wouldn't be so welcoming, and I understood why they remained out here, off the grid and away from everyone. If the council learned of them, they would be kicked out and probably fined for not registering, or if this place was registered, why weren't they receiving aid? Now that I began to look at the few women I did see. Some were sporting slowly healing bruises.

No one wants to be ostracized from their pack, but many she wolves had little to no protection from their mates or family. It was one of the main reasons I wanted to be Alpha. No one deserved to be beaten and abused. Packs always turned a blind eye unless it became broadcasted on the news. Even then, the punishments were only a slap on the wrist. The victim was never helped, and their treatment would be even worse than

before if they reported it.

The only option was to run and become rogue, leaving your family, possessions, and whatever ranking they might have held behind. Looking at my own situation, I was proof of that.

My father was one inch shy of murdering my unborn children and me. I truly did nothing wrong; Axton was my fated mate. I rejected him, but instead of my father going after Axton for posting our video, he took it out on me. I was a victim twice over.

So, I felt for these women out here on their own. I would have to find out more from Jake. Maybe Alisha and I could come up with a way to help them.

I was about to hop out of the car when Jake came back out of the building. He smiles, walking back to the car, and the woman he went inside with, watched him from the giant warehouse doors. He gives them a wave, and the older woman nods in return before he climbs in the car.

"That's it. You just drop supplies and leave?" I ask him as he clips in his seatbelt.

"Pretty much, I try to come out here once a week, sometimes more depending on what they need,"

"How do they contact you?" I ask him. He rummages through his

pocket before handing me a list. I glance it over, and it is a list of stuff they are running out of or will need soon.

“So what do you get for doing all this?” I ask him.

“Nothing, as I said. It was part of me getting the place so cheap,” he tells me as he winds down his window. His scent wafts to me, and I could smell the rogue women’s scent on him, making me curious as to how many lived here for it to be so

strong

As he was turning his car around, I decided to ask. “So, how many live out here?” I ask him.

“Around twenty give or take, a few kids too,” he tells me while driving down the long driveway. I nod, looking at the list they gave him, my brows furrowing at how so many could live off the minimum especially knowing there are children there.

“I don’t get why a human woman was helping them in the first place,” I tell him; I found it odd. We usually stuck with our own kind.

“Mary’s daughter, she is a werewolf, the older woman you saw me talking to, that is her granddaughter,”

“But Mary is human,” I tell him, and he just nods his head. It wasn’t completely unheard of, yet more of a taboo thing and frowned upon, a werewolf can have a child with a human, but

that didn’t mean the governments wanted them breeding together, which is why shifters lived separately from the human populations. Glancing down at the list again, I sighed before looking at Jake.

“What?” he asks, plucking the list from my fingers.

“Nothing, I just feel bad knowing they are out here with no help,”

“They have help, it may not be much, but they are used to being on their own and prefer it that way. I help how I can, but for the most part, they stick to themselves, not wanting to draw

attention to themselves.”