

Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son by Jessica Hall Chapter 36

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Axton POV

That steak with the twice-baked potatoes looked really good. No one has ever put that much effort into cooking anything for me, actually no one has ever even half assed made me a noodle cup. “You are a straight jackass. Axton, look at the time she put into making us dinner. She has open wounds on her back and stood up the entire time cooking while carrying our pups, and you couldn’t even sit your simple ass down and at least eat it?” What the hell did Khan expect me to do? Play nice and make-up, I think the fuck not.

“That’s exactly what your dumb ass should have done. Don’t you dare deny you still love her because you know you do?”

I was going to get what I had to say out before he got a chance to block me whether it was the last thing I did, he needed to see reason, she put us through hell and is the reason my grandfather was dead. “That’s not the point Khan, she slept with that vampire the entire time she was gone.” Khan growled at me, “You dumb fuck, she didn’t willingly sleep with him, and you know it. Did Jake just chain her up for shits and giggles then? Alisha just tripped and broke her own neck too, huh?” I hated how he kept doing that.

“Hate what? The truth? Of course, you don’t want to hear the truth because you’d have to admit you are wrong and always have been from the beginning. I’m so sick of your shit, you know that?”

“I’m sick of you too, fleabag. Everyone knows you can’t be compelled because we are werewolves,” I retorted in response feeling quite smug about the point I made. “Fuck you, you fucking meat bag. In wolf form, you dipshit. I can’t be compelled when we are shifted, but you can be, big dummy!” Wait! What? How the hell did I not know this?

“You think everyone even knows that? Well newsflash, they don’t. What do you think I was doing half the time I took over? I was reading up on our mortal enemy and looking for Elena.”

Wait a minute. He agreed we would kill her if we found her for the past few months. Khan answered me before I could even ask, “No, I merely told you what you wanted to hear, dickwad. You are such an irrational love sick creature. If I told you the truth, you would have gone apeshit.”

Now I was pissed; he had been keeping shit hidden from me, "What the fuck, Khan! How could you keep that from me?" Khan snarled back at me, "Same as you hiding how you really feel about Elena. The guilt you try to hide and cover up with justification. Deep down inside, you know this is your fault. You rather blame her for the mess you made than take responsibility for nearly killing her twice and our pups. Let's not forget Alisha, her blood is stained on your hands and no one else's. Not even Jake can you pin that on. Derrick even thought he was human and gay, like you could tell the difference. They smell just like what they eat, you fool."

I'm sick of him blaming me for all of it. I didn't tell her to run from me, "No, but you sure created the conditions for her not to trust you or to stay. What other choice did you give her? Now get your shit together and eat that food she made and appreciate the fact she doesn't hate you the way she should." With my shoulders slumped, I let out a sigh, "Put your big boy pants on and go back out there to her, right now, or I'll do it for you."

With a growl I walked out and down the hall, entered the dining room to find it empty. The plates were gone and so was Elena. I made my way to the kitchen to find everything cleaned up and put away. "Look what you did, you unappreciative swine. Yep, brain on empty, that's for sure." Just as I was about to head back upstairs a sticky note caught my eye on the microwave.

Left this for you, just in case you changed your mind and got hungry, Elena.

Khan pushed forward, "I hope you feel real proud of yourself, dummy." Like clockwork he blocked me out from saying anything back.

I did feel like shit for making her eat alone after all the effort she put in, Elena even wrapped it. I walked to the back of the apartment wanting to apologize knowing my wolf would hound me until I did. Just as I was about to knock, I heard her sobbing and Khan shoved forward snarling in my head.

"Don't, you've done enough, just leave her be, I don't trust you not to make things worse," Khan tells me. Putting my hand down, I went back down to the kitchen to eat my food alone. I dug my fork in after reheating it. God, it was so good making me feel more of an ass than I already did. Khan pushed forward, "As you should, dummy." Khan blocked me out again, he refused to talk to me for the rest of the night. Exhaustion overtook me, and before I knew it, I was asleep.

KHAN POV

I couldn't wait for him to go to sleep; he so irritated my soul to no end. I don't give a fuck what he plans to do, and I had to remember to convince him not to do the nanny interviews, I saw his message earlier to Eli asking what time the first woman would arrive to be interviewed.

I wanted Elena and needed her; I was wolf enough to admit it. She didn't deserve Axton being a dick to her on top of everything she had been through. I already know the truth. That fucking vampire compelled and commanded her. I needed to hear it from her, and if not her, her wolf would tell me. I made sure Axton was tucked away behind a barrier, none the wiser about what I was doing as I used his itchy ass skin suit to walk down the hall to the bedroom; gripping the door handle I open it finding her in her bed.

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Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Son Chapter 37 – Elena POV

The sound of the door creaking open alerted me to someone entering my room. Rolling over, I blearily looked over at the door, only to lurch upright when I saw Axton enter my room. Only he moved differently and stopped in the center of the room when he saw me sit up. I rub my eyes, wondering why he was in here. He was standing at the edge of the bed when I opened them again, I shullie back when my cyes meet he to find them pitch black, and I knew he wasn't the one in control. I thought something was up when he walked in because his movement appeared forced "Lexa!" I hiss at her, forcing her awake. "Get your furry a*s up and deal with his creepy a*s wolf," Lexa mumbles incoherently.

What did he want, and why the heck was he standing there staring like some creep? Lexa mumbles, pushing the veil that separates us away and peering out of my eyes. "What the fuck!" I had to fight the urge not to roll my eyes.

"No sh*t," I tell her "Why is he just standing there? Has he said anything?". she asks me, and I blink up at the behemoth of a wolf wearing and inhibiting my mate's body as if he owns it. I was about to try to speak with him when Lexa shoves forward abruptly, taking control of my body, and my face flames at what spurts out of my lips.

"Yo, you know we can see you? Just because you're standing still doesn't mean you're invisible!" she snaps at him. Axton's head turns before raucous laughter leaves him that has me leaning back. "He ain't the full quid. He is one of those special wolves, the crazed ones that spent too much time in his owner's skin suit," Lexa whispers as I move across the bed when he steps closer.

"I was trying not to scare you," He says. His voice was so much deeper than Axton's, gravelly as he came to sit on the edge of the bed. I lean away from him as the bed dips.

"I won't hurt you; I am not Axton," he says, and I chew the inside of my lip, replaying his words, and I could feel Lexa doing the same.

"Does Axton want to hurt me?" I ask him, and his eyes widen, "Wait, I worded that wrong. He is an idiot," he growls, but he still doesn't answer my question,

"I won't let him hurt you," he finally offers, but that did not reassure me if the intent was there. He glances at the clock on the bedside table, and so do I finding it nearing midnight.

"You can go to sleep if you want. I will just watch you." I had a funny feeling I wouldn't be able to sleep soundly, knowing he was going to be watching me.

"Shouldn't you maybe go to sleep, too?" I ask him.

"Nah, Axton sleeps enough for both of us," he answers.

"Not the full quid," Lexa mumbles.

"You can sleep, I will watch the wolf in the meat suit," Lexa tells me. "Can you make him leave, like can't you do something? He's your mate, too," I tell her "Do what in this body of yours," she growls at me, "I don't know, wolfy sh*t," I offer. Lexa huffs, her frustration evident along with her snarky personality.

"And what does that mean?"

"And you call him unhinged. What do you think it means? Force him out, growl or something?"

"Why don't I offer your a*s for him to sniff since you seem to think I am some barbaric animal!" she retorts.

"What?"

"Well, that is what normal wolves do. You are the one thinking I have to control him because it's his wolf. We are the same person, Elena, just on different sides of the same coin!" Lexa snaps at me, and I roll my eyes at her. "You know what I mean."

"I don't think I do," she huffs, wandering off to the back of my mind. "Lexa!" I hiss at her, but she abandons me. Focusing back on Axton, I blink at him.

"What is your name again?"

“Khan and the skin suit belong’s to Axton.” Okay then, I never would have guessed with its remarkable similarities.

“Your wolf, what’s her name?” he asks, watching me curiously. Silly wolf thinks she can ditch me. I will show her.

“Ah, her name is Fefe.”

“Fefe? Sounds like a dog’s name,” Khan says, trying out her name. He looks at me, staring at him before he gasps. “No, it’s a good name, sound name, suits... you?” I try not to snort while blocking her out so she can’t listen in.

“Well, nice to meet you, Elena, and Fefe,” he says, though I could tell he thought the name was as ridiculous as it sounded

Khan doesn’t leave, but eventually, I can’t fight sleep anymore and pass out while hoping he doesn’t kill me in his sleep. However, I slept well. Instead of fear and restlessness, I slept all the way through. His scent was soothing. However, when I woke up, he was gone, and for a few seconds, I wondered if I had dreamed of the bizarre interaction. If it wasn’t for his lingering scent and Lexa confirming he was, in fact here, I might have convinced myself I did dream it.

After showering and getting dressed, I found this place rather boring. I tried to leave to take a look around but found the door locked from the outside, which made me wonder what would happen in the case of a fire. I didn’t like being confined. Lexa kept telling me he probably doesn’t trust us, but it didn’t make the nervousness disappear or stop the walls from feeling like they were drawing closer.

I even tried the house phone to see if I could ring my mother, or maybe Alisha’s parents, to get the funeral arrangements, yet as I picked it up, I found he had cut the cord that goes into the wall. Sighing, I set it down. We couldn’t even call for help. We had no pack link and were once again trapped. Lexa tried to remind me it was better than being at Jake’s, yet the confinement I found was much the same.

We spent most of the day cleaning and cooking. After we noticed his dinner was gone from the microwave. We counted it as a win as we rifled through the cupboards for what to make for him tonight. We decided to cook a roast and even made a cheesecake for dessert. Setting the table, I heard the door open and heard him laugh as he stepped inside the door taking his jacket off. A feminine laugh reaches my ears, and I stand up from setting the table and look over at him.

“Mm, something smells nice in here,” the woman says, stepping in, and Axton stiffens, turning his head toward the dining area and looking at me as a woman with long caramel-colored hair steps in, looking around. She startles as do I see her step into the place. Lexa came forward to see what had startled me.

“Oh, sorry,” she murmurs, dipping her head to me when Axton drops his hand on her lower back. “Pay her no mind. She is just the help,” he says, and I stare at him before looking down at the table I was setting. “Did he just...” Lexa couldn’t bring herself to say it, but I knew what she (BIRULIWA meant; her words weren’t needed as I watched him walk the woman down the back of the apartment where his room was.

Fighting back tears, I continued setting the table, yet they didn’t emerge from the room even after I finished eating. I waited and even made an extra plate, not wanting to be rude and eat in front of her, while Lexa snapped and snarled at me about encouraging lum to have a mistress I tried to remind her we were basically a surrogate at this point and a live-in maid because he rejected us back She didn’t want to hear it, instead once again leaving me alone to deal with our new reality It was beginning to become quite lonely, I leave the table set only cling wrapping their food as I clean up my dishes and the mess I made in the kitchen. Once finished, I make my way back to my room; I was kind of hoping he wasn’t in there and they were somewhere else, yet as I passed I could hear her bubbly laughter as they spoke, which really made it hit home at who she was to him.

My stomach sank as I pushed the door open before closing it gently. I suddenly felt homesick. I wanted to go home, yet I wasn’t sure where that was anymore. It certainly wasn’t here or with my parents, but I long for the feeling of what home was meant to represent because home was meant to feel safe, whole, and loved. Yet now, thinking about it, the last three places I called home never were, which left me with nothing and no one, and being here, I was beginning to realize it was something I never had to begin with..

I longed for something more, something that was mine and now I knew I would never have that, at least not under this roof. The only thing I could say was mine at this point were my babies, and I knew that was only going to be for as long as I carried them. If he was this controlling now, how much worse would it get once they were here?

Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son by Jessica Hall Chapter 38

Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 38 – The next month passes by in a blur. Every afternoon a new woman; never the same woman, but every night a new one would show up on his arm, and every night Khan would sneak into my room. Yet after the first woman, I never spoke to Khan, ignored his presence completely after finding out Axton blocks him out when he is with them. Which confirmed my thoughts of what they were doing in that room. Why else would they go to his bedroom?

For a month I had been locked in this house, so I knew I missed Alisha’s funeral. I had tried to ask Axton about it, but he never seemed to be alone when he returned home, and Khan refused to ask because he didn’t want Axton to know he was taking control of

his body at night. He said something about Axton sedating him. Apparently, he had done that in the past, though he refused to tell me why.

However, he had allowed me to speak to my mother, who rang his phone on the sly without my father finding out. She had been pestering me about getting a phone because Axton never let me use his for long. She confirmed I missed Alisha's funeral, but she read the paper leaflet to me over the phone and she told me Alisha's parents don't blame me for what happened, and that I should have been there but I doubted I was getting out of this house before my sons were born.

I had just finished getting dressed, though I wondered why I bothered at all. It wasn't like I had ever left the apartment. But this morning, I was trying to catch Axton before he left for work, knowing I would have no chance to speak to him when he came home. Slipping my socks on, I open the door hearing the kettle in the kitchen whistling, and I bounce on my heels, knowing I haven't missed him; padding down the hallway, I find Axton leaning against the counter, phone in hand as he typed away. He was wearing his usual blue suit and a black button-up shirt. I moved to make his coffee, hoping he was in a good mood this morning.

He lifts his head as I move past him. "What did you sh*t, the f**king bed? Why are you up?" he growls at me. Ignoring his comment, I grab the kettle and an extra cup down. What else did he expect me to do? Besides cleaning this place and cooking, there was nothing else to do but sleep and watch TV.

I make his coffee, handing it to him, and he turns to walk over to the dining room table. I wait for him to pick up his newspaper, making myself a cup of tea before leaning on the counter. I knew better than to get too close to him, Khan I could, but Axton, I knew better, more than better, because his nasty comments or growls always ended with me crying in my room later that night.

"Axton?" I murmur, looking down at the mug between my fingers, and he sighs, setting his newspaper down to look at me. "What, Elena?" he asks, not even trying to hide how much he hates me.

I chewed my lip, already regretting getting up early to ask. I had a sinking feeling I knew the answer, no. Which was his go-to answer any time I asked him anything. "Well, are you going to speak or stand there like a f**king moron?" he snaps at me. Lexa growls in my head, and I hated that I even had to ask. It was embarrassing. My lip quivers as I try to find a way to ask without upsetting him.

"I was wondering if maybe you could get me a phone," he raises an eyebrow at me, and I scramble for words. "Or maybe fix the house phone. It would save me having to borrow yours when I want to ring my mother,"

“A phone? You want a phone? Anything else?” he asks, and I scratch the side of my belly. I became itchy when nervous, and right now, I wasn’t sure if he was being serious and if I should ask for the other thing.

“Maybe, I.. um...maybe you could lend me some money to go out with Mum. She wants to take me baby shopping, she asked the other night, but I have no money,” I tell him. My face heats, no my entire body does as I ask. I had never felt so degraded in my life. I have never had to ask someone for money before. Growing up, I always had access to my trust, and I always worked, but here I had none of that.

“My sons need nothing; that is taken care of, and as for you, I give you enough. I feed you, clothe you, provide a roof over your head, be grateful for what you have because the goddess knows you don’t deserve it,” he snaps at me before rising from his chair; he drinks the rest of his coffee before chucking the mug in the sink, making it shatter. Glass shards spray out, and I yelp in shock before he storms out of the apartment, slamming the door behind him.

“Well, that went well. Are you sure he isn’t related to that human f**kwit off TikTok?”

“Huh?” I ask her.

“You know the man who thinks he’s god’s gift to women. The one Alisha always b*tched about.”

“You know, big mouth to go with an over inflated ego, making out women should worship at man’s feet,” Lexa says. I shake my head at her, not knowing who she is talking about while walking back to our room to devise a Plan B.

“Andrew Tate!” she screams, finally remembering his name. “We should check his phone next time. That fool trying to brainwash all men into thinking their big mouths and screaming loud enough will make up for their tiny d**ks and sh*tty personalities.” I roll my eyes at her while listening to her drone on. She is just as bad as Alisha.

“Can we please talk about the problem at hand, and not some kn*b who blows air up his own a*s to inflate that big head of his?” I ask her.

“Oh, yeah, right? What are we doing again?” she asks, and I groan “Oh, right? escape plan.” Lexa thinks for a few seconds.

“Maybe we can ask Khan?” she asks, and I think for a few seconds. “What if he tells Axton?”

“And snitch on himself for overtaking his body, doubt it. No harm in asking,” she tells me. She did have a point. It wasn’t like we had anything left to lose.

