

Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son by Jessica Hall Chapter 51

Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son Chapter 51 – Michelle takes Kyan before moving to the passenger side to clip him into the middle seat. I clip Bane in and jump into the driver’s side, starting the engine, it roars to life. I wait for Sondra to pull out before turning the car around and slowly following her out along the windy bumpy road, cringing every time I hear Axton’s car scrub out, the bus moves easily, jostling from side to side.

Coming onto the road, though, I stick close to her, having no idea where we are going when she turns toward the high way heading toward the city. My heart sk*ps a beat, knowing she must live close to the city to be taking this road. We go past the speed limit signs, and she suddenly waves out the window with a white cloth. My brows furrow, wondering if the bus was breaking down, I slow down, getting ready to pull over, not liking that I will be stopped on the side of the road with a stolen car on a major road.

All that was out here were a few farms standing along the stretch of highway, I shake my head, cursing under my breath before I jump in my seat startled. The engine of the bus sud denly roars and cackles, taking off. Noleen leans forward, and I glance at Noleen. “What the f***k is in that bus,” Noleen says, her mouth gaping, and my fingers twitching on the steering wheel.

“I have no f***king idea, but let’s see what it’s got,” I tell her before hitting the gas. We catch her easily and I can see her laughing in the bus’s huge mirror. There is no way that the bus should have that kind of power. We drove for about an other twenty minutes taking a secluded road that ran along the outside of the city, much too close for my liking but noth ing appeared to be out here when we come to the ranch.

Ranch was an understatement. The place was massive, the main house made out of stone, with a cobble driveway, massive stables sat to the left of it and a huge garage that was bigger than the warehouse on the other side. Dairy cows mowing down the paddocks, and horses.

As we grow closer I can see a huge chicken coop, filled with chicken and ducks, a small lake and more fenced off yards. I pull up beside her as she stops, she leans out the win dow, shutting off the engine. “Take it to the garage,” she points at the huge galvanized steel building, I nod once driv ing over to it. I peer around, taking in the scenery, when she finally comes over and undoes the huge chains holding the doors together. Noleen jumps out, helping her to open the two huge doors that were on runners. As she does, I see the place filled with cars. Sondra strolls in before lights come on.

“What is this little old lady doing with all these cars,” Michelle murmurs, leaning forward. “I have no idea,” I whisper, pulling in and parking the car. Climbing out, Noleen was looking under some of the blankets that covered a few of the cars.

I take in the place before seeing Sondra watching us, she chews her lip. “So I may be able to help with the car issue,” she says, and I glance at Michelle as she climbs out of the back seat.

Noleen drops one of the blankets she was looking under, her mouth gaping as she turns her attention to Sondra. “How much do you make at that bakery?” Noleen asks her and Sondra chuckles.

“Not enough to pay for all this,” she chuckles, and I stare at her. “Floyd had a few under-the-radar side businesses,”

“He was a car dealer?” Michelle asks, and I press my lips in a line. “In a way,” Sondra says, and I snicker.

Michelle looks at me and I shake my head. “It’s a chop shop,” and Michelle’s mouth nearly hits the floor. “But... you like ...” Sondra c**cks her head to the side. “Ancient...” Michelle says.

“What because I’m old I can’t have a chop shop in my backyard.”

“Well.. Yeah,” Michelle squeaks, “Shouldn’t you be cro cheting and sh*t?”

“And you get cleaning duties, young lady,” Sondra snaps, turning back to the door.

“Wait, so what are you going to do about the car? I don’t see how this helps.” Michelle asks, and I don’t think she is quite understanding. Sondra stops, and thinks for a second.

“You want to give it back, right?” Sondra asks. I shrug. “Maybe dig a hole and bury it.” I offer.

“Don’t you dare, I will take my chances,” Michelle growls at me, rubbing the paint. “I won’t let her bury you,” she promises, kissing the rooftop.

“Or I have a better idea,” Sondra chuckles. I look at her, waiting to hear her suggestion. “We could pull it apart, and post it back to him, piece by piece. Instead of build a bear, we’ ll call it build a car. Axton special, think will start with the badges, each week post him a piece,” she laughs, and I snick.

“Man, that will take so long,” Michelle whines.

"You'll be cleaning stables for your old lady jokes, so it doesn't matter to you how long it takes," Sondra snaps at Michelle, turning on her heel and leaving. She stops, dropping the chain by the door.

"Don't forget to lock up," she calls, disappearing outside. I turn back to the car to grab the kids.

"Who the f*ck is this old lady?" Michelle hisses at me while helping me with my sons.

"I don't know, but don't cross her if she owns this place, and can make a car disappear. No doubt she'll know how to make you disappear too," Noleen tells her and Michelle pales, making me laugh. But then again, if she does this, it might not be so far-fetched she could hide a body right under someone's nose.

Who would even suspect Sondra or Floyd? Especially now that Sondra is a widow. She looked like the typical grand mother, yet now I was questioning everything I thought I knew about the woman who owns the town's little bakery.

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Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Son Chapter 52 – Three weeks Later.

Axton POV

Khan had all but abandoned me, I hadn't felt his presence in ages. It was almost as if I no longer had a wolf, and to make things worse. We had no leads on Elena. None whatsoever.

"A package came for you," Eli tells me, dropping a box on my desk. I pick up the package and turn the thin cardboard between my fingers. It kind of looked like a package you would put a photo in, but the whatever was inside, it had a little too much weight.

Giving it a shake, I could hear the contents jingling around like it was metal. Grabbing my mail file, I slice down the edge of the wooden cardboard envelope. The contents spilling onto the table just as we hear a truck beeping loudly outside my house.

Recently, I had moved back to my father's old place. I couldn't stand staying in the empty apartment. The ghost of Elena haunted me, laughed, and mocked me every time I stepped foot in that place. Eli wanders over to the window.

A picture sliding out was the first thing I noticed as I picked it up. It was in a protective film. The contents along with it were forgotten as I stared at the photo of my sons. I blink and try not to choke on emotion. In this photo, they both had their eyes open, one with the ghost of a smile on his lips, which was probably just wind. But nonetheless, he looked like he was smiling back at me. The other his lips were pursed as if he was thinking hard. Turning it over, I see writing on the back.

0004 "Did you order something?" Eli asks me, and I shake my head.

"Two trucks just pulled up. Security is helping them un load," he says, still peering down at the driveway from the window. Yet I was staring at her neat handwriting on the back, tears brimming in my eyes. Khan forces forward, feeling my sudden emotions choke. His presence, coming back, nearly tips me over the edge as he presses forward with me to see.

Bane and Kyan are happy and healthy.

But to keep your mind occupied, I sent you a gift.

PS Tell Khan, I miss him, you not so much x

I snort at the last part, shaking my head. She likes my alter ego wolf, which everyone is petrified of, yet despises me. Khan seems pretty chum about the message on the back urging me to turn the picture over, wanting to see them again. He beams inside me before sadness bleeds into me when he realizes it is just our sons and not her in the picture.

"I'll find her," I tell Khan and nods, slinking away back to the shadows of my mind, and I set the photo aside, reaching for my coffee. I glance at Eli, who is muttering under his breath. My brows furrow as I take a sip of the steaming hot brew. Turning my attention back to the contents. Coffee sprays out my lips and my nose, burning my nostrils as I see my license plate and the badges from my car.

Choking violently, Eli glances over me. "You sure you didn't refurbish the house..." His words die as he glances at the license plate, I am holding between my hands.

"No!" He gasps between a laugh and a sputter. I stare at the post-it note attached.

Build-A-Car, or is the term Build-Your-Car?

I drop the license plate, rushing toward the window. And peering at my security, hauling everything off the truck. Racing downstairs, I miss some and nearly trip on the hall runner as I rip the front door open.

Running along the footpath to the driveway. My men were half haphazardly unloading cr*p.

“Wait, don’t f***king drop anything!” | yell at them as two of my men go to drop a box on something that looks oddly like my car door. Racing over to them, I start ripping off the bubble wrap before my knees go out from under me.

“Oh, Elena, when I find you, I am turning that a*s of yours red!” I scream angrily at the sky, while Khan howls with laughter in my head. I stare down at my car door. Silence falls when they realize what they are hauling off the two trucks. Eli jogs down behind me and I peer up at him.

“Is it?” he stops in his tracks. “My poor car,” my voice sounds like I have been kicked in the balls or that of a pre pubescent teen. I feel like crying as I watch them unload everything in my driveway, when finally just before the last truck is ready to leave. The driver comes over to me with a box in his hands.

He grabs the notepad off the top. “So are you Alpha Ax ton?” All I can do is nod my head. He thrusts the box at me and I open it to find it is all the nuts and bolts and some smaller items, I blink at the box. The driver clears his throat wanting me to sign, however Eli takes it, signing it for him.

“Can you tell me where you picked this up from?” Eli asks him. I blink, yes, he may know where she is! I look up hopeful,

sniffing the air I can tell he is human, and he chuckles.

“Yes, Mrs. S.” My brows furrow in confusion. Who the heck is Mrs. S?

“And where was it you picked this up?” Eli continues questioning. The big, burly man takes a step back. “Nah, you got the wrong man if you want that information, I am just the driver. I am not getting mixed up in whatever this is,” he says, and I tilt my head, wondering what could scare this poor human more than a supernatural.

“The address?”

“Nope, she will cut my balls off without even blinking. No one f***ks with Mrs. S. Not if you know what’s good for you,” the man warns, and I raise an eyebrow.

“Vamp?” Eli asks, and the man shakes his head. The truck driver strokes his long beard
“Nah, she is human, but I bet she would even make you p*ss in your boots, if you p*ssed her off,”

Eli looks down at me. “And who is this Mrs, S?” he huffs as if this should be common knowledge we should know.

“If you don’t know, count yourself lucky, then. Lovely lady, but she made me p*ss my pants once, not even joking, completely filled my work boots,” he says, snatching the notepad out of Eli’s hand.

“You p*ssed your pants?” Eli asks, and he nods his head.

“You would too if you were looking down the barrel of a shotgun,” he says before turning and racing back to his truck.

I look at Eli, wondering what mess Elena has gotten her

self into this time. “I’ll look into it,” Eli assures me while I/cradle the box of nuts and bolts. I look at the expanse of boxes and bubble-wrapped parts.

“On the plus side, alpha, you found your car,” Nicholas tells me, one of the pack warriors. I press my lips in a line, not trusting my voice. Khan laughed in my head, finding this far too hilarious.

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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 shared when I worked at the bakery for Sondra. I came in three days a week with her to help her with orders. With Axton’s money we managed to get the ranch up and functioning, built extra cabins on the property for the Rogue women, as the main house only had six bedrooms. Everyone pitched in around the ranch.

And for the past month our lives have been pretty care free, yet I loved the days I worked in town because it was the only time I really got to speak to my mother. There wasn’t much cell service out on the ranch, and even if there was, I didn’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 for, but I think it is best if I call you only,” I nod my head reaching for the tea towel, my jeans were covered in flour and so were 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 was something we were already doing. Have since we moved out to the ranch.

“We’ll manage,” I assure her, and she sighs heavily. “How is dad and Luke?” I ask, chewing my lip, wanting to move away from the conversation about the vamp’s situation. I could tell she was already on edge and I didn’t want her worrying about us. We were 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.

“Grap 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 made me nervous. Were things really that bad at home that she was still frightened of him.

2013 Before finding out Axton was my mate, their marriage

was solid, loving and something I 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?” I ask her.

“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.

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“You filed for divorce?” I ask shocked. The mere thought of what she was telling me was near impossible to fathom. Mates rarely got 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,”

“And go where? Luke has school, I can’t abandon the pack. He will cut us off. I am hoping that by serving him the papers, he might see, might finally agree to listen.”

I shake my head incredulously. How does she not see the danger she is in? Dad lately has been unhinged, and with the growing tension between him and Axton I now feared constantly for her safety. “Come here, come to the ranch.”

“I can’t Luke has school, the pack. I’m scared he’ll take Luke from me if I try to leave, or if I go stay in a motel. What if he banishes me.”

“Mom! Do you hear yourself? Everything you just said is a reason to leave, not stay!” I snap at her when once again I hear a loud bang.

“Shit, that is your father, I will try to call you on Friday. I must go,” she says, hanging up the phone and leaving me staring down at the flashing screen. Seconds later, Sondra walks in, and I glance up at her.

“Everything okay?” she asks as I blink back tears, worried about my mother and brother.

“I don’t know.” I answer, feeling useless that I am unable to help her.

“Whatever it is, we will figure it out later. For now, I have someone I want you to meet,” she says, nodding toward the front of the store.