

Chapter 124 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Alpha On The Hunt Chapter 52

Feeling the bed move, my head snaps in her direction, and I swallow as she stirs, her eyes blinking open, and now I'm near. She can sense me so much stronger. Her ability to recognize anything other than me in the room with her is completely gone as primal instinct overrules her.

"In this state, she'll mark us," Khan reminds me, and you would think satisfaction would rush through me at his words, but only hesitation does instead. I didn't want her mark by default; I wanted her to give it to me because she felt I was worthy of her. Another thing she'll be angry about when she comes to her senses.

Then there is also the issue of her being extremely fertile, and since I am her mate, it is almost guaranteed that I will knock her up. Just the thought of that makes my stomach twist; I can imagine her hatred, especially with the boys not even a year old. This is not how I imagined her first heat would be. Now I am second-guessing even touching her but also knowing I have no choice.

I guess, I just imagined we would be on good terms by now. That she would want me, but knowing she doesn't is making this extremely difficult. Even as her lust-filled hazy eyes meet mine, doubt fills me. Am I taking advantage of her? That worries me most: would she wake up tomorrow and think I am just another Jake, another alpha asshole taking something from her?

Elena purrs, her eyes turning glassy as her senses overwhelm her, and the moment her skin brushes mine, it is like fireworks have exploded on my skin as sparks rush everywhere. A feral growl tears out of me, making me lose focus. If it weren't for Khan in my head, reminding me to focus, I would have answered her calling. Khan is the only thing stopping me

from mating her, and I focus on his voice as she crawls into my lap.

I lift my arms, allowing it but also not willing to touch her. Her mouth moves instantly to my skin as she sucks and licks my flesh. Her scent is intoxicating, and now she is awake; her heat is much more robust, and the desire to take her is much stronger, too. The intensity of it causes me pain as I refuse to give in to urges.

"She'll forgive us. We can't help it if she marks us." Khan reminds me.

"But can she forgive herself; I don't want her mark because she is driven by senses. I want it because she wants me to have it."

“Isn’t it the same thing?” Khan asks, also fighting his desires, and he is the only thing stopping me from acting mine out right now.

“Yes-no, kinda..... She’ll regret it; I know she will,” I tell him.

“Then we don’t let her,” Khan says as if it is that simple, and I feel her claws slip down the sides of my ribs, my hands still in the air, as I try not to maul her. I hiss, feeling them slice down my skin and her claws sinking into my abs as she claws at my pants. I grit my teeth before grabbing her., A groan leaves me as I pull her closer, and she purrs, pressing closer as I wrap her legs around my waist and lean forward.

Reaching into the top drawer of the bedside table, her teeth slice through my bicep, then her face moves to my neck. I drop my chin, stopping her from sinking her teeth into me as

instinct tells her to claim me.

Elena growls when I deny her, and my hand rummages, finding the handcuffs I chunked in here and forgot about and a box of old condoms. My face screws up at the thought of using them; I am hers, yet until she says so, she is not mine. I glare at the foil packet as I take one out, not wanting to use it but knowing I should.

It is the right thing to do, she may not be able to help her heat or her instincts, but I can at least not use it against her or take advantage of her vulnerability- How things have

changed. Going back a few weeks ago, I would have used her heat to trap her, to get her to mark me. But seeing how good we get along when we are both trying to make the bond work, I want it to go back to that place where she doesn’t hate me and wants to be around me.

Twisting, I press her against the mattress and shake off the carnal desire to f*ck her until she screams. Instead, I handcuff her, pinning her wrists to the bedhead. My hands shake terribly as I sit back on my heels between her legs, her body squirming as her heat rises and pain starts to c*ripple her at the loss of skin contact.

“Shh, Lena. I will make it stop. I’m trying here, okay? I just need to keep my head.” I whisper to her. Those words are easier said than done when she locks her legs around me, yanking me to her. Her heat overwhelms me as I blink back the haze she is forcing me in.

I’m not sure how much of Elena is actually present during her heat, but I hope some part of her is here with me, so she knows I wish things were different, so she knows I don’t want to hurt her, or take her while she is angry with me.

Yet the moment her voice pleads for me, I know some

part of her is under the baser instinct, that some part isn’t purely driven by Lexa’s needs or their heat. “Please, make it stop, just make it stop, Axton,” she growls, the sound turning to a purr, as

her canines slip past her lips, her eyes turn black a charcoal. “Axton,” she moans, her legs locking around my waist tighter.

“Be patient,” I tell her. “I’m just...”

My eyes bleed black as I feel Khan’s instincts seep into me, unable to hold out any longer, her heat becoming too tempting to fight against. My hands fumble with my pants before my claws slip out, shredding them to pieces, and the next second I am shoving her legs open. And not as gently as I wanted, as all restraint slips away along with any real cognitive thoughts, instead, I’m solely consumed by her heat.

hers.

“Axton, please,” she whines, and my lips crash down on

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