

Chapter 133 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Chapter 61

The next week passes in a daze, one I wish stayed forgotten. Marco hasn't spoken, just sat in her room for the entire time, only leaving for her funeral. Axton and I have tried to get him to leave, knowing he needs blood but nothing we do seems to work. Yet as each day passes he slips further into psychosis, induced by his insatiable hunger. After the second day when we realized he hadn't fed since four days before Sondra's death, Axton having counted the blood bags in the basement, he forbid me going into the room by myself.

Which is hard because one thing I know is Sondra wouldn't want us

moping, life goes on, and things need to be taken care of. So, for the past two days. I have done nothing but organize housing and work details for our move to the city. Axton today is dealing with neverending strigoi attacks, his absence from the city really amped up the attacks, so much so Osiris having taken over for a mere week, rang him begging him to come back to help since the city has been in a panic state since the first one, on the night of Sondra's death..

We couldn't seem to catch a break and even the boys are teething so it's been a never-ending clusterfuck. Having finished packing up the kitchen I walk to the closet to start that task next. Most of the pack was already in the city, the trucks having picked up the women's belongings yesterday, so there is only the main packhouse left to move. My mother and Luke are moving into the penthouse apartment Axton owns. So today we are planning to pack what's left of the pack house for the truck arriving

tomorrow.

Reaching the top shelf, Axton's arms wrap around me from behind as I pull down the box from the top cupboard in the huge linen closet. "I need to head into the city," he whispers, dropping his head onto my shoulder.

"How long? I can meet you at the packhouse tonight, mom and I should be done here by this afternoon hopefully," I tell him and he nods and then sighs.

"Has he come out?" Axton asks me, and I shake my head peering down

the hall toward Sondra's room. None of us have touched her room. Most of Sondra's belongings we have put in storage for Marco to go through when he's ready, despite him claiming he wants nothing.

Axton exhales kissing my cheek then wandering down the hall toward her room. "I put the boys in their bouncers downstairs. Luke is watching them while your mother brings some boxes up from the basement," he tells me as I follow him. Axton stops at the door and knocks, but like usual Marco doesn't answer so he pushes the door open. Marco is still sitting in her rocking chair, staring at her bed, his fingers steepled under his chin, with a dark expression on his face.

"Marco?" Axton calls out while stepping into the room. Axton moves cautiously, stepping in front of him.

"Get up, Marco." Marco says nothing, but leans back in the chair, watching Axton.

"I could have changed her," he mumbles. His voice rather raspy after so long of barely speaking.

"Sondra didn't want that," Axton reminds him.

Marco rocks back and forth in her chair and nods. "No, she didn't. Maybe if I convinced her when she was younger she may have taken the offer, but I was too late. We were always too late. Fighting against time, looking for the perfect opportunity which never came and when it did, she was too old to take it. She believed she was a burden to me." Marco says, looking

over at me.

"Always too late. I was too late to stop Floyd from marking her, too late to stop their wedding, too late at telling her I love her. Always so focused on work, waiting for an opportunity that never came. I missed

my opportunity to save her. Instead, I willingly gave her up to him thinking that is what she wanted when all she wanted was for me to save her from him." Marco whispers, Marco rubs a hand down his face, looking rather

tired, it makes me wonder if he has slept at all, or if he has just been lost in his own head.

"And now that is the burden I carry, the burden of time. Time I thought I never had and will never get again."

"So why are you wasting more of it by sitting here?" Axton asks him.

"Time is irrelevant without her now. I was always fighting to get back to her, and now I have no reason to keep fighting; I already lost any time I perceived as valuable," he chuckles.

"I wasted it, and because I did, it killed her." Marco states.

“I don’t know, but your crazy is starting to show and if Sondra was here, she would be beating it back into its box. So instead of wasting more of this never-ending time you have, why don’t you come do something productive with me, like save the pack that Sondra worked so hard to build from being eaten by a strigoi?” Axton suggests.

Marco pauses and seems to think for a second. Yet Axton is right, so long in here and he is starting to show sides of him he usually kept hidden. He wasn’t even trying to hide his fangs, usually he did, mostly he tried to keep what he is hidden. However, now he dropped the mask and doesn’t

seem to care.

“I can’t go into the city. I am not even sure I can leave this room right now, Axton. Your scent is enticing enough. If I step out there, I may just kill somebody. Sondra would be furious if I killed somebody, especially one of her own.” Marco tells him, only as he speaks the words do I realize why he is in here.

Lost in his own thoughts, he ignored instinct for far too long, leaving him trapped and making him ravenous. The only safety was in this room, away from temptation.

“Are you trying to make me look bad? Damn, Marco, I swear you just like the damn taste of me. Blood bags not doing enough for you these days, you have a freezer full downstairs?” Axton snaps at him while

unbuttoning his jacket. I stare at him, wondering what he is doing before looking at Marco. Axton shrugs off his jacket, tossing it on Sondra’s bed, and shakes his head.

“I just bloody ironed this shirt too,” Axton huffs, unbuttoning his white button down shirt. He hands it to me and I hesitantly step into the room, only for Marco to move with speed I miss. Axton’s threatening growl sends shivers down my spine when Marco moves with a blood crazed gleam in his eyes. Axton cutting off his path toward me as if he expected it. Marco shakes his head, staggering back and blinking rapidly.

“Mark my mate and I mark your chest with a stake,” Axton growls, while Marco shakes his head, his body twitching and he swallows.

“Elena, leave the room. Shut the door behind you, please.” Axton says calmly, holding his shirt out to me. I glance at Marco the Axton who stands chest to chest with Marco. My hands shake as I take his shirt, rushing from the room as he asked. My heart thumps erratically in my chest when I peer back in.

“Close the door, Lena. I’ll be out in a minute,” Axton tells me. Lexa urges me to listen, but I worry for my mate. Reluctantly, I shut the door. The moment I close the door I hear a savage growl, and struggling. I hold my breath, and Lexa presses to the surface in case Marco comes out.

Pain flickers through the bond fleetingly, as I hear stuff being smashed around and my hand twitches for the door handle. I can hear fighting, hear that Axton shifted when I hear a loud thump which makes my heart jolt in my chest. When silence falls, I grip the handle, only to hear Axton'

s voice.

"Did you have to take a chunk out of me? I'm not a damn steak, you damn cannibal," he scolds. Exhaling in relief, I open the door to find Marco pressed to the floor, Axton straddling him naked, having shifted back. He has a huge bite mark on his shoulder, ribs and even his shoulder blade. Blood cascades over his chest and back and I near faint at the sight of him. Axton looks like he had a blood- bath, puncture wounds in his neck

yet not in the correct place to mark him. Marco, however, is also in the same state, Khan having torn him to pieces. The room is nearly completely upturned, and stuffing from the mattress covers the floor like

snow.

"Your balls are touching my damn leg!" Marco snarls.

"Your teeth were in my damn neck, so I guess we're even!" Axton retorts. I clear my throat and both of them look at me.

Axton looks down at Marco pinned on the floor and Marco wipes his mouth with his thumb, before sucking the blood off it.

"Wow, well this is awkward, just one man's balls on another man's leg, a few love bites, nothing sordid, just a drive-thru snack, nothing to see here," Marco quips. Axton growls at him, shoving off him to his feet.

"Clearly, he likes to be the top! I don't know how I feel about that," Marco says, dusting himself as he sits up.

"Those were my good pants," Axton snarls, standing up.

"And that was my good hand, you damn savage! You know you're poisonous to me, right?" Marco snarls, holding his hand up to show Axton. I look at his hand to see where Khan had bitten him, his hand black and looking infected.

"Fuck!" Axton curses.

"I'm fine. I'm too old for such a pissy bite to affect me," Marco tells him. Axton snarls, reaching for his hand.

Marco jerks it back. "We don't need to hold hands afterward. Your mate is right there, have you no manners," Marco snaps at him and I raise an eyebrow at him while Axton rolls his.

"I can see why you and Sondra got on so well, the same snarky sarcastic

sense of humor," Axton snaps as he bends down, snatching his jacket and holding it up. Claw marks shredded through it. He groans. "Hers was far better," Marco replies, and even now, with his normal facade back in place, I can still see the mention of her name causes him pain. Just now, not in a blood craze, he has better control of his emotions to mask it.

"You can borrow one of mine. I have few in the car," Marco says, back to his normal self.

Marco moves to the dresser, the only thing really left intact. He picks up a photo from it.

"Next life my love, next life we'll get it right," he mumbles only just loud enough for me to catch. Axton watches him worriedly, then grabs a sheet, wrapping it around his waist. A few minutes pass and Marco seems to be slipping back into the same depressive mood.

"Marco?" Axton calls, drawing him back to us. Marco jumps and sets the photo back down. He clears his throat and straightens his shoulders.

"We have work to do," Marco speaks, walking out of the room and past me without so much as a glance back. Axton wanders out slowly and sighs.

"Reckon, he'll be alright?" I ask him, and he shrugs.

"No idea, but at least he is out of this room," Axton tells me. He presses his lips to mine briefly. "I will see you tonight," he sighs. "Now to go try to squeeze into one of his damn suits, or I am going to the meeting in this old sheet," he chuckles, and I hold his shirt out to him. He takes it, pecking my cheek.

"I love you!" he calls over his shoulder.

"Love you too," I chuckle, watching him leave. When he does, I turn back

to close Sondra's door. Sucking in a deep breath, I pull it closed and get back to work.

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Chapter 62

Axton POV

Later that night.

Unlocking the penthouse apartment, I show Louise around. Luke races up the hall, but I can tell she is nervous about being back in the city.

“You know you and Luke can stay at home with me and Elena until you’ re comfortable?” I remind her. She peers around, forcing a smile onto her face.

“Don’t be silly, besides you and Elena need some time to yourselves, and some privacy.” Louise tells me.

Sighing, I start twisting the key off the key ring when I hear Luke sing out. “Can I have this room?” he calls to his mother and I glance down the hall, he is in Elena’s old room. I haven’t been here since the day after she left me the second time. Unable to stay here, her scent was on everything, though I had sent a cleaner to tidy the place.

“No, I change my mind, I want this one!” Luke sings out a second later wandering into my old room.

“Pick whichever one you want just not the main one, that’s your mother’ s,” I tell him and he huffs.

“But this one hasn’t got a bathroom.” he whines, wandering back to Elena’ s old room. I chuckle and so does Louise as I pass her the keys she’ll need. I also write down the security code.

“Fridge and pantry are stocked. I sent Eli out earlier, and-” I wander down the hall to show her the linen cupboard knowing they’ll need fresh bed linen and towels; the others are probably a little stale and dusty.

“Towels, linen. Phone is on, and packhouse number is beside it. Also the receptionist downstairs has all the pack numbers and you have the mindlink!” I tell her. She smiles and wanders to Elena’s old room and I see Luke sitting on the end of the bed opening an envelope.

“What have you got?” Louise asks him and I am about to wander down the hall when I hear her scold Luke.

“You don’t open other people’s mail.”

“It’s not other people’s mail, look it’s Elena’s handwriting,” Luke says and I stop. I glance back at the door.

“Exactly Elena’s handwriting, meaning it is not yours!” she tsks and I hear her sigh. Turning back to the room, Louise comes back out with the envelope, holding it out to me.

“It is addressed to you,” she says. I take it, turning it over and indeed it is Elena’s handwriting.

“That must have been the letter she said she left that we never found,” Khan tells me. I nod, putting it in my jacket pocket.

“Aren’t you going to read it?” Khan asks.

“Not sure I want to here with Louise, I doubt it has anything good in it,” I tell him and he growls, knowing I am right.

“Elena said she’ll swing by in the morning to grab you with the boys on the way out of the city, the truck arrives at the packhouse after midday,” I tell Louise only for her to growl. She spins around, pointing a finger through the door at Luke.

“No jumping on the bed!” she scolds. I chuckle, shaking my head and wandering off when she sings out.

“Thank you,” she says and I stop at the front door. I give her nod, before

gripping the handle and walking out, excited to get home to my boys and my mate.

When I reach the bottom, I check security and make sure patrols are run around the building before climbing in my car. Shrugging my jacket off, I toss it on the passenger seat but grab the envelope out. Turning it over, I read the front, recognizing her handwriting easily. The front of the envelope reads.

For the mate I love to hate..... Axton

Opening the envelope, I suck in a breath wondering what she wanted to say back then, yet I also wonder why the cleaning lady never mentioned finding it. Pulling it out, Khan presses forward also wanting to read, well invade my thoughts with his running commentary while I read it.

Axton

You have probably figured out I am gone by now. So I wanted to explain. But first things first, I am not coming back, so don't look for me, though I will find a way to contact you to let you know the boys arrived safe. I have picked out the names already, and one might surprise you. I wish it didn't have to be this way, but I don't see this working out when you only see me as property. Though I was willing to try, only this time you weren't

I never ran off to be with Jake... someone I thought was a friend, turned out to be a monster that will forever haunt me. But not as much as you will. You haunt me for a different reason though. Jake I never wanted. What he did I never asked for or wished for. I never loved Jake. What he did haunts me, his touch repulsed me, and sometimes I can still feel his hands, feel his fingers wrapping around my throat. Feel his breath on my neck. The fear of him haunts me.

But you? I loved you, even though you were hurting me too. And you haunt me for a very different reason.

You have no idea how much I prayed to the moon goddess that you would find us. That my father would. Anyone. But mostly you. I carry your sons, so I knew they'd be safest with you, I thought I would be. I once perceived hope as a fantasy, a conjured-up idea that you would come save us. Believed in it wholly, believed you would come for us and you did.

The relief of seeing you walk through that door was so immense. Finally I could breathe... Only instead you stole my breath. You rejected me. I just wanted to touch you, know the nightmare I found myself in was over, know our boys were safe, that I was going home. I didn't even care about where home was as long as it was going back with you.

Only instead of being my freedom, you just became my next captor. I went from one cage to another, only this time I actually loved my

tormentor.

I'm sorry I ran the first time, and I see what a mistake it was, but can you honestly say you wouldn't have done the same? Stamped down and destroyed by one alpha, yet I was expected to run into the arms of another? Another alpha who decided it was okay to destroy me as long as he got his end game.

To me, you were just as bad as he was, only you wanted to enslave a mate, my father wanted to enslave a daughter, then Jake wanted to enslave a blood bag, a toy, something for him to torment and play with. He played with my body, ruined it. But you played with something far more valuable, my heart.

Only you didn't just play with it. You broke it. Showed me how replaceable I am, showed me what it would be like to be loved by you, which is not the happily ever after I dreamt about.

Always pick the lesser of two evils. So I picked you to place all my hope in, but it turns out you were worse than them all. You were worse because when you found me; I thought I would be

given the opportunity to be your mate, equal because mates are supposed to be, only you showed me we're not.

Instead, I just became your breeder, a means for an heir. I thought I could forgive you, and even after everything I truly tried. Yet now stuck in my golden cage, the mirage that was once hope has now dissipated.

I'm done being a prisoner, I'm done being in someone's shadow, but most of all, I am done being disappointed. Everyone expects something of me while I am told not to expect anything in return. I wanted a mate. Even now, I am waiting for you to come home, waiting for you to change your mind, because despite hating you, I still want you, still love you. It may be the bond, it may not be, but you hurt me, as I hurt you, but I won't let you hurt our sons.

I refuse to live like this, I can't. I also won't let you take them from me.

You wanted a child. I guess you got what you wanted, 2 of them in fact, too bad you can't have them without their mother.

So I will not apologize for running this time. Because this time I am not running because I am scared of being with you, because this time I wanted you. You just didn't want me. So this time I am running for our sons and a future I know I don't have with you. I hope you find what you're looking for Axton, I just hope it's not me.

Because if there is anything I know about hope. It's that it's always better conjured up than finding it in reality because once you find it, you realize how easily it is crushed.

Bye Axton.

I'll be stealing your car and raiding your safe.

PPS. Tell Khan I'm sorry, and I love him, but you? I hope you choke on my metaphorical ghost dick!

Also the laxatives were totally Lexa's idea, she decided to double your dosage, though it was mine to throw out all the toilet paper. Happy shitting!

Love, Elena x

My stomach sinks reading her letter, and I fold it back up. Khan is quiet and my guilt nags at me. I knew I was hurting her. It was my intention back then, but not anymore. I fucked up. We both did.

"And now we make it up to her," Khan tells me.

"You mean I have to make it up to her? She said she loved you, she told me to suck her dick!" I tell him.

“Well, then you suck her ghost dick!” Khan orders, and I chuckle.

“Though I must admit the toilet paper was a shitty move,” Khan agrees with me as I start the car to drive home.

“You reckon? I had to wipe my ass on a pair of socks!” I tell him and he laughs.

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Chapter 63

There’s something about doing laundry that always made me feel at ease.

Perhaps it’s because it is something I often did with my mother when I was a child. Or perhaps it’s because it is a way to show Axton how much I want to be here with him. Folding the boys’ basket first, I put them away, using that time to also check on them. Both Kyan and Bane are sleeping peacefully in their beds, their cheeks rosy from teething.

Humming quietly to myself, I return to the laundry and put away one of my dresses, then moved along to Axton’s shirts I ironed earlier, hanging them up before moving to the clothes left in the basket. Soon only his ties rested at the bottom of the laundry basket, and I bend over to pick up a few of them, ready to put them away.

What I didn’t expect was a large pair of hands firmly grabbing me from behind, grasping tightly at my hips. I yelp in surprise from the fright before I somewhat relax when I realize it is Axton, sparks rushing over my skin where his hands lie. He presses into my back and leaves a rough kiss on my exposed neck, causing me to shiver as his lips brush my mark.

“Axton.” I chuckle, catching my breath. I drop my chin, feeling his warm tongue run over my neck, his stubble tickling. He pulls away, letting out a growl as he embraces me. I chuckle, trying to get my heartbeat back to normal as I crane my neck to look at him. “I didn’t see you there. You could have sung out.”

“Lost in thought?” his voice low and husky as he moves his hands upwards, grasping at my breasts through the fabric of my shirt—a t-shirt I’ve stolen from him. I let out a whine noise not

wanting the distraction, but knowing I'll give in anyway, unable to resist the bond, and also not wanting to. I tense up at his sudden, delicate touch. The mate bond's ability to awaken arousal is something I'm unsure I will ever get used to.

"Ax," I mewl while his touch awakens a longing inside of me, heat and sparks of arousal running through my veins. Axton, breathing heavily into my neck, makes me tremble in excitement when he soon starts to pepper

kisses instead, making me cringe at his ticklish stubble.

"Stop! I have to put these away first," I whine at him when he bumps the ironing board, knocking over the piles I just folded and stacked on top. I growl at him, but he growls back.

"How about you leave it for tomorrow?" he offers. I hold back a laugh. When he says leave it tomorrow, he means he'll just hastily shove everything away. Not that there's much to put away. I did most of it already. "I can think of a few other things to do," he whispers, nipping at my mark.

"Though I must admit, I do like seeing you in my shirt, doing the laundry. So domesticated and mine." He laughs and I pull away, raising an

eyebrow at him.

Seeing Axton this riled up makes it hard to think straight, the bond being flooded with his desires only amplifying mine. My whole body heats.

Axton presses his crotch against my ass from behind, and I can feel the already huge bulge in his pants pressing into me. "What's got into him?" Lexa wonders, with a laugh.

I press myself back against him, and he groans.

"I think you have the right idea in mind," I tease back, as his hand slips beneath his shirt, fingers grazing my pussy. Ironing Elena, you're supposed to be ironing! Just this action alone makes the ache between my legs throb harder.

"Anything specific in mind?"

I didn't think I had a high sex drive, yet when home I can barely keep my hands off him, turns out my nonexistent sex drive was because I hadn't met him yet. As long as I could get my hands on him, I didn't care what we did. I already know I will succumb completely, Axton being my undoing, and he knows it with his teasing touches and the dirty messages

he was sending all day.

Now.

Tomorrow.

Forevermore.

He is mine, and I will happily be his.

He chuckles, wrapping his arms around my shoulders before rummaging in his pocket. Glancing over my shoulder, I see he has a piece of paper.

I instantly recognize my messy handwriting and try to reach for it. My heart beats erratically, knowing the hateful things I said. We were finally getting along and the idea that a stupid letter ruining it nearly sends me into a panic attack.

“Don’t read that!” I snap, but he holds me tighter, pressing his forehead against mine.

“I already did. I’m not upset,” he whispers. “You’re right, about all of it,” he tells me. I exhale, trying to turn in his arms to take it from him when he clicks his tongue.

“I want you to undress for me, and then hand me one of my ties. So I can tie you up.” I jerk away from him, only for him to hold me tighter.

“You want to tie me up?” I question. His eyes flicker, and he smiles seductively. “Scared, Elena?” he asks, gripping my hips and tugging me against his crotch.

“No...” I narrow my eyes at him, untrusting of his intentions, yet the bond tells me he is in a playful mood. He just wants me, but I know he has no kinks, so why the sudden desire to tie me up?

“Why?” I question, and he grabs me and then purrs, burying his face in my neck.

“You know why,” he growls, nipping at my chin.

Just hearing the words causes my legs to tremble as my arousal spikes. The thought of being at his complete mercy and rendered to be nothing more than a toy always made me feel on the edge, terrified. Yet with Axton, it excited me. Only Axton could turn my fears into desire. Axton won’t hurt me. But I think that stupid counselor I had come out for the women three days ago got in his head. He’s been weird since. She wasn’t even there to see me, yet I somehow got hooked into it by Axton. How she went from a grief counseling to trauma one is beyond me. Lexa and I believe Axton set us up, he is the one that recommended her after all.

“Axton...”

“You’ve been handcuffed, you were fine,” he growls, giving another push against me that made my knees almost give out. “I was in heat!” I tell him before losing that train of thought when I feel his hand cup my pussy and a moan escapes my lips.

“Please...I have,” I needed to finish the folding, but his fingers distract me.

Axton lets out a seductive chuckle as he stops grinding into me. “Begging are we?” Axton asks.

“No!”

“Fuck if you won’t, I will,” Lexa pants in my head, wanting a piece of him.

It looks like he has already begun his teasing games. From this alone, I know I would become a needy, begging mess. All I currently want is to have my clothes ripped off of me so I can throw him on the bed. But why has he brought the letter out? And when did he find it? Once again, I lose that train of thought.

Axton’s tongue runs over my neck, causing me to shiver as he teases my mark and sucks on it.

“In your letter.” he purrs, lips trailing along my neck. He sucks on my mark and his arm barely slips around my waist before I crash to the floor.

“Lena?” he purrs.

“Hmm, the...” Axton chuckles.

“Yes, the letter.” he hums.

4

“What about it?” I breathe, my hand reaching back to tug him closer. Desire courses through me. His hands on my body sending sparks everywhere.

“Do you remember what you said?” he asks. I shake my head, not caring in the slightest what that stupid letter said.

“Tell Khan I love him and you. You can suck my metaphorical ghost dick!” Axton growls, and I freeze. His tongue trails along the back of my neck to behind my ear, he flicks it before sucking and nibbling on it.

“I don’t know about sucking your cock, but I will be eating this pussy.” he purrs, his hand squeezing between my legs. A groan leaves me and my pussy throbs as his hand squeezes harder, fingers

pressing against my opening.

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Chapter 136 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Chapter 64

He then lets go of me, takes the tie that had been in my hand, and backs away. As our eyes clash, I see his eyes filled with burning lust and desire.

I quickly pull off the t-shirt I've been wearing and because it belongs to Axton, it is two times my size that it reached just above my knees. Every second without Axton's touch is torturous, and I want more, need more.

My choice to undress had been the right one, because I see the excited grin appear on Axton's face as he steps closer to me, carefully running his hands over my naked skin. His hands are firm and warm, and he leans in to place a kiss on my collarbone before he pulls away once more.

"Okay, fine. But burn that?" I tell him, pointing to the letter still clutched in his hand.

"On the bed first!" he commands, and I raise a brow

"You want it or not?" he asks and I roll my eyes but obey his command and crawl onto the bed. Folding my arms across my chest I rest my back against the soft sheets as I wait.

Axton sets the letter down and I go to reach for it when he crawls up after me with the tie in hand. He shoves me back. "Hands above your head,"

I do as he asks and feel the thrill running through every inch of my body, my heart frantically beating in my chest as he grips my hands, firmly tying my wrists together with the tie. He pulls at them to make sure the knot is strong enough and not loose enough for me to get out of it unless I use my claws.

It is arousing to feel the fabric slightly dig into my skin like this, leaving me completely restrained.

As he lets go of me, I hear him let out a soft laugh as he once more runs his hands over my body then he leans forward and kisses me. He wanders lower and lower until one of his hands reaches between my legs, coating his fingers in my juices as he rubs them back and forth.

I tip my head backward, enjoying his teasing, staring at the ceiling with half-open eyes as pleasure courses through me, just a simple touch already riling me up to this extent, has my body aching with a frantic need to be touched.

“Now back to your letter,” Axton teases as he pushes two fingers inside of me, making me gasp at the sudden sensation of fullness. Axton thrusts right away, moving quickly as he thrusts upwards with skillful, hooked fingers.

“Are you listening?” yet my thoughts are focused on his fingers.

Pleasure rippling through me with every single thrust makes me writhe under his touch. Only he stops. “What?” I growl, annoyed.

“Just getting your attention.” he teases, eyes flashing.

He continues to move his fingers in and out of me, causing the slow buildup of pleasure to make me go insane as I feel my walls tighten around him. He is so good at this, using just the right pace as my breathing speeds up and becomes quick and shallow.

“Axton... ah.... Axton...”

“Are you listening?” he teases.

“Yes, yes! I swear if you stop I will—”

“Steal the damn toilet paper and put laxatives in my drink?” he asks.

“Wow, you just killed it with that sort of dirty talk!” I growl, then pout. Axton chuckles and I’m tempted to kick him in his handsome face when his fingers move inside me again.

My mind becomes quickly clouded, lust and desire consuming me completely as I try to buck my hips upwards to match the rhythm of his fingers, craving more.

“Hm, so wet for me.” he purrs, slipping his fingers out slowly.

“Ax,” I beg, spreading my legs even further as he continues to shove his fingers inside me.

As the word escapes my lips, I feel him pull them out of me.

I groan at the sudden loss of friction, desperately needing more of it. But the complaints are short-lived.

Axton brushes his fingers up over my core, and I shudder a gasp of relief rushing out of me as I roll my hips to meet his hand. He pushes two fingers into me, his eyes watching me when he bends down to suck on my clit, and I hum with pleasure.

Fuck, I could never get tired of him.

My breath is raspy in my throat, and my arousal is maddening. Axton

adds a third finger making me writhe, and the ties around my wrist draw tighter as I slide against the sheets. He increases his pace, swirling wetly around my clit while his fingers thrust against my walls.

He angles his fingers up and sucks harder, and it is enough to tip me over the edge. My body stiffens, walls clamping around his fingers, and I cry out, riding out my orgasm.

Axton grunts as he pulls his finger out of me, he then wipes his fingers on the bed sheets. My entire body is trembling and I'm out of breath, as I tug against the restraints.

I watch him unbuckle his pants and pull them down just enough to expose

his cock.

He gives me a seductive grin and groans as he positions himself over me, rubbing his cock against my folds slowly, all to tease.

"You want my cock?" he purrs and I wiggle, if I wasn't tied right now he would be sorry for teasing me.

With that, Axton finally pushes inside.

Slowly, so slowly that I'm about to go insane as I feel myself stretch around his thick length. "Fuck, Lena," Axton groans, sheathing himself inside me.

It almost sounds like a prayer, making me tighten up even more around him. He moves one of his hands upwards, grasping at my already tied wrists while he rests his other one on the mattress right next to my body to properly steady himself.

"Oh!" I gasp, when he pulls out thrusting back in, shoving me further up the bed with the force.

The pace is quick, his thrusts rough as he slams into me. I moan loudly as I feel myself tightening around him, my whole body trembling as the heat builds.

"Fuck, I love your pussy..." Axton moans from above, pulling out almost completely before he pushes back inside just as roughly, making me scream. All I want to do is to wrap my arms around him and pull him to me. But I can't, with my arms restrained.

"More," I breathe out, losing myself to his blissfully painful thrusts, Axton slams into me, harder.

Truthfully, I don't know what I'm begging for.

All I know is that I want more of it as I slowly feel myself dissolve under his touch. We move in sync, with me rocking my hips upward to the motion of his thrusts, making him delve into me even deeper.

It is so primal and intoxicating and makes me unable to control myself as I needed more, it feels like I'm on the edge of my heat yet I know that is far off. He pants loudly, and I feel his rapid hot breath against me as he leans

in closer, capturing my lips. "Please, Ax," I mumble against his lips.

"I know," Axton growls.

He let go of the mattress with his hands and moves it to rest between us. He grazes his fingertips against me, never stopping his thrusting for a single moment.

I whimper in anticipation. His thumb roughly presses down on my swollen clit as he starts circling the area-I lose it completely.

After just a few more seconds, I hit the edge and completely fell over.

"Axton..."

My screams echo through the bedroom as I hit my peak, feeling the ripples of pure fire run through me in rough, quick waves. My pussy squeezes around him while he keeps thrusting. Axton laughs, his lips slamming down mine, to muffle my cries. "Shh, the boys are sleeping next door," he chuckles, I don't get to answer as his hand falls over my mouth, the other hand gripping the headboard as he slams into me, harder, his thrusts brutal as he chases his own release.

He follows me over the edge half a minute later, moaning my name as I fall still beneath him when he curses, moving to rip himself out of me.

I lock my legs around his waist.

"Elena, unless you want more...fuck." he curses again and I feel his cock twitch inside me, Axton has been very clear about wanting more kids, angry with himself for missing the boys' birth, so I am not worried.

"It's fine," I breathe.

Now with the arousal out of our system, we look at each other trying to steady our breathing. My arms feel like jelly, and Axton brushes the backs of his fingers against my cheek.

"I love you," he whispers.

“I love you too,” I breathe out. He pulls out of me and then unties my wrists.

“I wasn’t too rough, was I?” he worries but I shake my head.

“I love it rough when it comes to you,” I tell him as I sit up next to him, pressing my lips to his.

Axton pulls me on top of him, his arms slipping around my waist while his other hand trails up and down my spine and I yawn.

“No, sleeping. You promised to help me go over the pack files,” he tells me. I yawn again, unable to stay awake and he chuckles.

“Looks like I’m going over them myself.” he quips, pressing his lips to my forehead and he sighs.

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Chapter 139

Chapter 140

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Chapter 65

The shuffling of papers wakes me from my slumber, the room dim, the only light coming from the lamp on Axton’s side of the bed. Rolling over, Axton has a stack of papers on the bed and scattered across his lap.

“What are you doing?” I yawn while stretching.

“Pack documents, also looking over treaty agreements,” he tells me, yet his brows furrow in confusion.

“What is it?” I ask him.

“Elder Stiles from the Crident Pack.” He mumbles to himself and I sit up.

“The missing Elder?” I ask and he nods showing the paper. I take it glancing down at it.

“He signed a treaty agreement with my father’s pack?” Axton nods.

“Yes, expanding borders, appears your father was in debt to the council. That isn’t what I find strange though, or surprising, it’s that he signed his pack over to Osiris.” I glance at Axton and he holds up another document.

“But they were estranged?” I tell him.

“Exactly, it also shows here that Elder Stiles dropped the claim for your father’s land right here,” Axton points out.

“So?” I ask, trying to figure out what he is trying to say. My father was the head council member. It is not uncommon for the council to sweep things under the rug to prevent it getting out.

“The date, he’d been reported missing three days earlier,”

“So it couldn’t have been Stiles,” I gasp.

“Exactly, but someone that had access to his portal.”

“Osiris,” I tell him and he scratches the back of his neck.

“But why would Osiris cut a deal with my father?” Axton shrugs.

“That’s what I want to know,” he says, grabbing another document from a box on the floor which I notice is his personal documents, the rest I can tell are from the council. I help him go through all the pack archives before Axton grabs the box, rummaging through it. Picking up the council documents, I find a USB fall out of the packages.

“What’s this?” I ask him and he shrugs.

“Where did it fall out of?” he asks.

“No, idea it was sitting on the bed under all...this” I glance at the mess we made.

Axton takes it, looking at it then shrugs. “Wait, here I will grab my laptop.” He tells me wandering off. I start packing up the files we went through already and move his box to the floor when I notice the document on top.

Nightfall pack ownership papers, Axton’s pack. Only it isn’t just about his pack records on its own, Marco’s signature on the bottom ruling the death by challenge, yet when I pick up the envelope under it; Axton suddenly snatches it from my hand with a growl having come back into the room.

I watch him for a second. “What are you hiding, councilman Axton?”

“Nothing, stay out of it. We aren’t investigating me but everyone else.” he snarls.

I press my lips in a line, offended that he still doesn’t trust me enough to tell me even now I have marked him. He drops it back in the box, then moves to sit on the bed with his laptop.

He plugs the USB in and I watch the screen to see it is a news clip. “Ah, just Alpha Cane’s story that was on the news,” Axton tells me about to pull it out.

I move stopping him, having not seen the news clip. Axton sighs passing it over and the news anchor explains there was a car crash not far from the city. It then shows photos of the wreckage which is nothing more than burned remains, and crumpled metal. It then goes on to question the pack’s future and who will take over the pack before Alpha Cane’s picture comes up on the screen. Only the picture seems off to me when I realize why. He’s in a hospital gown.

“Was Alpha Cane in the wreckage?” I ask Axton and he shakes his head, glancing at the screen.

“That’s an old photo, the man is messed up. He spent a few years in an insane asylum, after his father declared he wasn’t in position for the title,” Axton explains.

“And that sent him crazy?” I question.

“No, he was never crazy. Rumor was Alpha Cane was going to out his father’s underground dealings, so to shut him up, his father had him admitted.” Axton tells me.

“Then how did he get out?”

“Marco helped. When I moved here and realized this is the city his family came to, I questioned his whereabouts. It seemed off, so I had Marco look into it. Marco got him out and Cane left to become a mechanic or something, he never returned to the city until his father and brother passed.” Axton tells me. I nod feeling terrible for Alpha Cane.

“So back to Elder Stiles and Osiris?” I ask him.

“And Thomas,” Axton murmurs and I look at him.

“How I didn’t notice before is beyond me.

“Notice what?”

“This... he witnessed Elder Stiles agreement with your father, but Stiles was already missing. None of this makes sense.” he whispers the last part.

“Do you know what your father’s debt was for?” he questions. I shake my head.

“Maybe ask my mother?” I tell him and he nods. “I will grab the pack files. tomorrow once we get back from moving the last of the stuff out.” I tell him. He sighs, and places the documents on

the bedside drawer packing up the boxes when he picks up his box. I look away busying myself with a stack in front of me when he sighs. Suddenly the yellow envelope drops next to me. I look at Axton.

“Go on, you’ll only snoop later,” he growls walking the box back to the walk-in closet where he has a safe.

“I wasn’t going to snoop!” I tell him.

“No, but you’re angry I won’t tell you.” he calls out as I pick it up. I sit back on the bedside table now feeling like I’ve forced him to give to me. Since when did relationships get so crazy?

“When we could suddenly feel him!” Lexa deadpans and I roll my eyes just as he comes out.

He growls, snatching the document. “I gave it to you!”

“But not because you wanted to.” I remind him. He clicks his tongue and shakes his head when I feel embarrassment leak through the bond. He falls onto the bed opening it, grabbing some pictures out and dropping them in my lap. Picking them up he speaks.

“I shouldn’t be Alpha,” he tells me.

“The title would have been handed down to you anyway,”

“But they’re right, the rumors, I never challenged him. I’d be in prison if Marco hadn’t covered it up,” I turn the photos over to find they’re crime scene photos.

Only when I come to one of his father’s body to I realize what he means. “You shot him?” I ask. No wonder there was so much speculation regarding his death.

“While he was asleep.” Axton admits and nods to the next photo which is vastly different. Instead of it being in the room the body had been moved and looked like it was put through a shredder to imitate a challenge.

“Why would you keep this?” I ask, holding up the one of his father, in his bed, blood covering his face from the bullet to the head.

“I didn’t, Marco wasn’t initially at the scene first. That is one of the real crime scene photos that Marco had taken off one of the officers,”

“Which officer?” I ask. Axton shrugs, “Marco took care of him too,” I chew my lip and nod. Now it makes so much sense why he didn’t want me to know. This information could ruin him and destroy his pack.

“Unfortunately that photo somehow survived, Marco got it back for me before it was leaked.”

“Someone got hold of the pictures?”

“No, Marco believes it was sent via text before Marco got there,”

“Sent to who?”

“Your father, he went to leak it to the news outlet here, everything has to be run by the major investors of the station, Marco is one them,”

“Wait, Sondra’s?” Axton nods his head.

“Yeah, I didn’t know Sondra existed or that she owned it or about Floyd being my mother’s father, not for sure anyway. But I knew Marco handled a lot of this city’s socials and news stations being this is one the city’s he maintains through the supernatural council. So when your father came in with the photo, he thought Marco would be happy to let it out, not

realizing my mother was Marco’s niece and I was like family to him. All your father knew was that Marco hated my father, he just didn’t know why. He also didn’t realize he was leaking a picture to the very man who helped cover it up,”

“Yeah, I could imagine his shock then when he learned of Floyd being Marco’s brother and Sondra being the biggest stake holder in the city since most of that is covered up by the supernatural governments, explains though how a human woman could have so much control.” I tell him.

“Control you now have since everything of Sondra’s is now yours,” Axton tells me and I sigh. Just hearing that sounds daunting and leaves a target on my back.

“So, this is why you were after my father and why you leaked the sex tape?” I ask him. Axton exhales.

“Not the only reason, but part of it, yes. I needed him off the council, because he was using that initially to blackmail me. When I refused he went to take it to the local news station, Marco found it and compelled him to find out if there were any other copies, there wasn’t thankfully, but your father was not happy. However, we don’t understand how your father got his hands on that picture or why it was sent to him, as far as we could tell he had no links to the dead officer,” Axton states.

I chew my lip, that is an issue.

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