

Chapter 152 - Luna On The Run - I Stole The Alphas Son

Chapter 80

Elena POV

I groan as I come to, my head pounding to its own beat, and my limbs ache and feel heavy. “Elena! Psst...” I hear someone calling out my name, and I lift my head, turning it in his direction. The moment I move my head, blood trickles down my face from where Cane hit me. I squint. Even the dull lights down here are hurting my eyes. Peering over, I realize it is Soyer. My vision clears enough for me to see him still strapped to a chair not far from me, with a worried expression on his face.

“Can you slip out of your restraints?” he asks urgently while glancing over his shoulder and then past me in the other direction the tunnel travels. He inclines his head at me, motioning towards the metal cuffs that bind me to the chair.

“See if you can get out of your cuffs. Try to shift. You’re our only chance,” he tells me, and my eyes dart to the floor where his mate lay. “Is she...”

“She’s not dead, not yet anyway. But if he feeds on her again...” he doesn’t finish, and I nod, letting out a shaky breath while trying to feel for Lexa when pain courses through my stomach, making me scream. I double over in the chair, my breath stolen by the searing pain that leaves me gasping for breath. Only it is not mine but Axton’s, which instantly has my mind going to the boys.

With a surge of determination, I try to free myself from them, but they are too tight while calling for Lexa to wake up. Just when I thought all hope was lost, one of the cuffs suddenly snaps when Lexa shoves forward abruptly, feeling our mate, my entire body jerks forward, and we nearly fall face forward in the chair, my hand slapping the ground is the only thing that stops us. Lexa forces my arms and wrists to break, allowing my other wrist to slip free of the cuff. “Where is Axton?” she panics.

“I don’t know!” I tell her through gritted teeth as I fall on my side. My legs are still strapped, my legs are twisted awkwardly, and my claws slip free, cutting through the rope that binds my legs to the chair.

“I’ve finally managed to get a hold of my pack. They’ve just got here. I finally opened the mind-link. They’re working on blocking the tunnel exits with your pack.”

Dazedly, I crawl toward Soyer. “Where did Cane go?” I ask, and he looks at a camera mounted on the wall of the tunnel we are in. Looking at the cameras, I can see the council chambers and the streets where pack members are searching for us.

“How long until your pack finds us?” I ask him.

“Unsure. I know they just got here. I don’t know what tunnel we’re in,” he tells me, then nods toward the screens covering the walls. I turn to see cars racing into the council chambers while Axton’s men race toward them.

Suddenly there was a loud thud in the distance, followed by shouts and yelling from somewhere deeper within the tunnel. This makes me glance over my shoulder.

“Quick, use that crowbar over there,” Soyer says, nodding toward where a bench is filled with tools and miscellaneous crap. Staggering, I get to my feet, trying to find something, when pain rips through my side, making me clutch the counter.

Opening the mind-link I feel for Axton, but can’t hold it long due to my head pounding, making me unable to focus. Grabbing the crowbar, I try to bend the metal arm of the chair he is strapped into. Then I try to pry it under the cuff. It doesn’t work. His hands are purple from how tight the handcuffs are that are cutting off his circulation.

“Just do it!” Soyer tells me. I blink at him, wondering what he means. “Now! We haven’t got time. My mate is dying. Do it!” Soyer yells at me,

and I hear the savage sounds of men fighting, growling, and banging coming from somewhere in the tunnel. Clenching my teeth, I turn back to Soyer and lift the crowbar before bringing it down on his wrist. He lets out a pained groan and tries to pull his hand out, but nothing.

“Again!” he demands, and I bring it down, breaking his hand and wrist more. The sound is sickening when suddenly the fighting stops, making me pause to look down the tunnel. I hear cursing, recognizing the voice as Cane’s, and my eyes widen.

Soyer rocks back in his chair, and I turn back to face him and lift the crowbar. “No, go take my mate and get out of here,” Soyer says, and I glance down at his mate on the ground.

“Go!” He hisses at me, but I know I won’t be able to carry her fast enough. Hearing footsteps, I race back to my chair, sitting it back in place. Leaning the crowbar against the back of the chair, I can hear Cane getting closer and quickly take my seat, pretending to be still knocked out.

Dropping my head forward, and rest my arms along the armrests while praying he doesn’t notice the cuffs aren’t attached. Seconds later, he enters this part of the tunnel. His footsteps seem loud when I hear a thud, and something hits my foot. I don’t dare lift my head to see who it is until I hear Cane muttering to himself as he leaves. Lifting my head, I find it is Axton’s body. I lurch out of my seat, tapping his face. He groans, and I clamp my hand over his mouth while glancing over my shoulder.

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