

# Luna on The Run I Stole the Alphas Son

Chapter 61

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Read Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son  
Chapter 61 – Waking up it is to sparks rushing up my  
leg. My eyes fly open to  
find Axton sitting beside me, my foot propped up on  
his thigh, and I am lying down on a bed. Startled, I sit  
up. The pinch feeling  
in my neck has my hand flying to touch it.

“You were bleeding out. Khan marked you.” Axton  
says simply, tying the bandage off around my thigh. A  
growl tears out of me.

“Calm down. What the fuck did you expect me to do? |  
wasn’t going to let you die!” he snarls.

“Call a fucking doctor, not bloody mark me, Axton!”

“It was Khan, not me! Not that I wasn’t going to  
anyway. You won’t escape me again, Elena,” he growls.

“Yeah, well, I haven’t marked you,” | growl back, and  
so does Lexa, she is just as pissed about being forcefully  
marked. My lips

part when he pounces on me, pinning me to the bed.

“Reject me and watch what happens, Love. Don’t  
fucking test me,” he growls.

My breathing is ragged, and I try to toss him off when he suddenly kisses me. His lips are warm, soft, yet forceful as he plunges his tongue into my mouth. I struggle against him, yet he just presses closer, effectively trapping me beneath him.

And for the first time, I am assaulted with memories of the same helpless feeling Jake forced me to endure, that same small feeling when he would force himself onto me, yet it was made worse by knowing he was compelling me, forcing me to enjoy the things he did no matter how vile I see it as now.

Panic courses through me. Only now my mind is clear, and I fight back, I bite his lip hard. Axton jerks back, sitting up between my legs, and I kick him, sending him flying backward onto the floor with a thud.

My heart skips a beat when I see him sit up. My leg throbs painfully yet nowhere near as bad as it was before. Lexa growls in my head, forcing my attention back to him to find him wiping blood from his lip.

Axton sits on the edge of the bed, his shoulders sagging, and my heart rate slows when he makes no move to attack me. "This

clearly isn't going to work." he pauses for a second, glancing over his shoulder at me. His eyes flicker to Khan briefly, and my heart sinks, knowing he is also mad at me." want custody of the boys." he says before simply getting up and walking over toward the door.

"You aren't leaving the City until I have them back, Elena. You try, and I will not be held accountable for my actions." he tells me.

Axton then walks out, slamming the door behind him. Lexa paces frantically in my head, worried not only because he marked us, but his words. We couldn't leave until we handed them over, and that was out of the question. Getting up, I make my way over to the door to find it locked. Tears

prick my eyes as I yank on the door before kicking it. Pain shoots up my leg, jarring it, and I curse.

"Any more bright ideas? Maybe headbutt it, see if that works." Lexa offers as I drop to the ground, clutching my toes | just smashed.

"He locked us in again."

"That surprises you after his past behavior?" she asks me, and I roll my eyes. Getting up, I wander around his room. Finding an

ensuite and a small sitting area. It was obvious we weren't in the apartment. It appeared to be a house, and a big one at that, as

I peered out the window.

Trying the windows, but they didn't budge, and I could see I needed a key to unlock them, yet I had doubts about my ability to

scale down the wall anyway. I wasn't fucking Spider Man, and jumping, I knew, would hurt, given my condition.

Giving up, I decided to wait. Looking down at my clothes am still wearing my father's shirt though the bandage around my leg is clean, the rest of me not so much. Wandering into his walk-in closet, I rummage for clean clothes, finding a pair of gray sweats and a black shirt.

Moving to the bathroom, my breasts throb, and are heavy and hot. I was well past the time for their next feed and I would never complain again about being their snack bitch ever if I could just relieve the discomfort.

Stripping off, I undo the bandage, my leg was mostly healed, which reminds me of his mark on my neck.

Peering in the mirror, it

surprisingly doesn't look too nasty and is already healed over, just looks red and angry. Yet it wasn't bleeding.

Touching it, my

skin tingles. Going back to when I first returned after the hell I went through with Jake, I would have given anything for him to

mark me and make me his, and now I look at it as just another way of now being trapped by him.

"We'll find a way," Lexa assures me. And I nod sadly.

"We have no choice," she reminds me, and she is right.

We have sons now,

a pack to look after, and I can't do that while trapped to him. We also now have mom and Luke relying on us to get them out of

here. That's if he hasn't handed them back over to my father.

"Maybe Khan,"

"Khan is angry with us, I don't think he will help this time," Lexa tells me. "Shower, then we'll think of something. Maybe try to

express while in the shower," she urges, also feeling the agony my breasts were bringing me.

Turning the water on, I step in just as Axton steps into the bathroom, looking panicked. He stops in his tracks and exhales as if

he thought I escaped. His eyes roam over me stop ping on my breasts, making me look down. I quickly cover them. If it isn't baby cries, the damn shower turns me into a fountain. Just great.

szait Axton shakes his head. "I'll get you a towel," he nods, walk

ing out. I climb in the shower, instantly reaching for the soap and washing the crud and blood off me. Each move has me hissing

and Axton returns, placing a towel on the sink basin.

"What are you doing?" he asks, and I bite back the urge to growl at him.

"Expressing milk, it bloody hurts, they feel on the verge of exploding or tearing," I snap at him, turning away from him.

"Just stop, I will buy you a pump." he growls. I go to reply that I wouldn't need a pump if he let me leave, but he is al ready gone.

Shaking my head, I finish showering. My hair takes the longest, blood matted into it and I have to dig un derneath the sink for a

comb to try to brush it out. By the time I am done, I step out, wrapping a towel around myself and feeling kind of normal. Quickly I

dress, slipping on his clothes stole then wrapping my hair in a towel. Opening the door, I find Axton sitting on the bed with a box in his lap as he reads a tiny paper book. It takes me only a second to realize it is a breast pump. “It says you just stick it on your...” he pauses looking at his shirt and I glance down to see it soaked through already. Come on titties, behave for once! “Nipples,” he clears his throat, thrusting the box at me. I take it and he gets up. “I’ll get you another shirt.” I watch as he walks into his closet, and I sit on the edge of bed, putting the pieces together to find the parts all wet like he washed them. Sniffing them, I can smell that he did. The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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