

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 22

All night I lie frozen on the bed, naked. I can't get the image of how he killed Mary out of my mind, and I am freezing since the blankets peel off me every time he tosses and turns. Lexa has spent all night sobbing in my head. While I've spent all night trying not to piss off the man who has Alisha locked in the cage beneath us in the basement. I feel trapped, and it makes my skin crawl as I wrack my brain, trying to figure out how I haven't realized he is a vampire all this time.

The bed dips as Jake gets up to pee, and my breath hitches in my throat as he flicks the lamp on. I squint at the brightness and watch him wander to the bathroom before returning. However, before I can close my eyes, he sees I am awake. He crawls onto the bed and hovers over me. The chains around my wrists and ankles rattle as the bed moves. They feel heavy, and my shoulders ache from having my arms above my head all night.

"You're awake?" he purrs, leaning down and kissing me.

Lexa's hackles instantly rise, and I have to stifle the urge to growl and bite him. I remind myself that we will find a way out; we have to. My babies' lives depend on it, and so does Alisha's.

Jake licks and sucks my neck, his lips traveling downward when I feel a strange sensation roll over me. My legs open, and he chuckles, licking and sucking my breasts.

"You will enjoy it, Elena, you always do," he growls, biting my nipple when I move under him, trying to get away. He growls, and that sensation rolls over me ten times harder. Tears spring in my eyes, finally recognizing what I've always thought to be attraction and lust. It isn't us; it's him. My hips lift, and a moan escapes my lips.

“Much better,” he purrs.

“I need to pee!” I blurt out, not knowing any other excuse to come up with.

Jake sits up and stares at me. He growls, annoyed, before reaching for the keys on the bedside table. He then unlocks my hands and feet.

I race toward the bathroom and move to shut the door when his foot stops it.

“Jake?”

“Hurry up,” he says.

I try to close the door when he pushes his way in. My heart rate picks up as he leans against the sink basin.

“You needed to pee? Pee, Elena. Or was that a lie?” he asks, and I swallow, moving toward the toilet.

I sit on it, staring at the tiled wall. This is so degrading, and I find I can’t pee, not even to force myself.

“Can you at least turn around?” I murmur. Come on, come on, pee. Please, Moon Goddess, make me pee.

He taps his foot impatiently, and I can see his annoyance clearly on his face. He growls loudly, the noise making my skin prickle with goosebumps as he turns to grab me when I suddenly pee. Tears nearly spring to my eyes as his hand stops just inches from grabbing my hair. He pulls it back quickly.

“Sorry, I thought you were lying.” He chuckles as I finish using the toilet.

When I am done, I hesitantly move toward the sink to wash my hands, feeling his lingering gaze on me.

“I feel so much better with all this out in the open. No need to hide what I am anymore,” he says, handing me a hand towel.

I accept it, giving him a nod, not knowing what else to say.

“Let me get you back to bed, pet. You must be cold,” he tells me, his finger circling around my areola where my nipple hardened from the cold.

He grabs my arm, steering me toward the bed, and my heart races as he motions for me to sit down. I look for anything to use as a weapon but find nothing. I've always thought him to be a minimalist, but now I'm wondering if it's intentional.

Jake reaches for the chains.

"My wrists hurt. Can we leave them off?" I ask him.

"Not until I can trust you, pet."

"You can. I will be good. I have been good, haven't I?" I ask him, playing whatever fucking sick game this is to him.

He grips my chin, lifting my face, and brushes his thumb across my lips.

"You have, but it has been a big day for you. You should rest," Jake says, letting me go and fiddling with the chains. He locks the padlock and chain back on my wrist and goes to do the other one when he stops. He drops the chain and tilts his head, observing me.

"Maybe I could be convinced."

I look up at him. He nods toward his crotch, and my eyes dart to the huge bulge in his shorts. I swallow, and my lips part.

"So, what will it be? I can chain you down to the bed, or maybe I will just chain one hand, but I want something in return."

I shake my head when he grabs my hair, jerking my head back and making me shriek, my other hand clutching his wrist where he is ripping my hair out.

"See? Now, how did I know you would say no?"

"I am just tired," I tell him as he pulls harder, my scalp burning as the hairs tug painfully, and my neck aches from the way it is craned back.

"I don't like liars, Elena. You wouldn't lie to me, would you? I don't want to punish you," he growls before running his tongue up the side of my face.

Tears burn the back of my eyes. "You won't hurt me. You love me."

“Yes, you’re right. I do love you, but I won’t stand for you lying to me. I would never hurt you, pet. But you don’t want me punishing you,” he whispers, his hand moving over my belly.

Lexa whimpers in my head as he taps his fingers against my belly, his nails scratching my skin so hard I know they broke the skin.

“Do what he wants. Do it,” Lexa begs.

I nearly choke at her words as I let go of his wrist and, instead, reach for his shorts.