

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 64

Never in my life have I struggled to sleep so much. All night I toss and turn, sleep refusing to take me as I wonder how long Axton will keep me from our sons. Yet Luke's eagerness to remain here until I return keeps playing on my mind. I wonder if Mom would consider staying here with Axton.

She will be safe here until I return. The idea of leaving Luke here by himself worries me to no end. Turning my head, I see Axton sleeping, facing away from me. Sitting up, he is still fast asleep when I spot his keys on the bedside table next to his head. As quietly as possible, I pull the blanket back. He is asleep, and this is our chance to escape him.

Lexa, feeling my change in mood, pushes forward. "Elena, quick before he wakes." She looks through my eyes to spot the keys.

My heart beats hard in my chest as I pull the covers back and creep out of bed. Moving around to his side, my fingers lock around the keys, the jingle making me freeze in place to glance at him. His eyes are still shut, and I let out a breath, quickly fisting them so that they don't rattle and make noise. As I stand upright, the floor creaks, and his eyes snap open.

I barely have time to blink before he reaches out and grips my wrist, jerking me across his body and pinning me face down beneath him against the mattress.

Lexa wails in my head at my failed attempt to get us back to our sons. Axton pries my fingers from around his keys, peeling each finger back until he retrieves his keys, taking them and any hope I have of escaping.

He drops them back onto the bedside table and glares down at me. Emotion clogs my throat, threatening to suffocate me, as I fight back the urge to break down in frustration.

“You had to ruin it, didn’t you, Elena?”

His words set my blood on fire, and Lexa roars inside, just as furious. We ruined nothing; he fucking ruined everything. Everything. I hate him for it, hate what he did, hate that he took everything from my family. From our sons! I want my family back. I want Alisha. I want my old life back. I want myself back.

Our boiling anger erupts, spewing in a tsunami of hate for everything he has done.

“When will you learn? You aren’t fucking escaping me again!” Axton yells at me, and I shake my head.

That anger smashes through me as I scream it at him before lashing out and attacking him. Axton growls at us, but I am too far gone. I want to hurt something, hurt him, anything. I need my babies; I need them because, at this point, they are the only reason I am still breathing. The only reason I haven’t ended it all. My reason for fucking breathing, and he is keeping me from them. So I fight back.

“Stop it, Elena!” Axton snarls.

When my elbow connects with the side of his head, he grunts, pinning my arms to the bed. Lexa surges forward, trying to buck him off when he roars in frustration. His canines slip out between his parted lips, pressing to my neck, and I freeze in place, knowing he can easily make me submit. My breathing is ragged as my chest heaves, and tears prick and burn my eyes.

I’m tired of barely holding the scraps of my damn life together. It almost doesn’t seem worth it anymore. I no longer feel like fighting every step of the way, only to be let down by the end result. To find I am fighting for nothing because an Alpha always steals it away in the end.

“Submit, or I’ll make you,” Axton growls, his teeth raking down my flesh in warning as his grip grows tighter.

All my life, I have lived with responsibility, lived with the burden of what is expected of me, and lived up to everyone’s expectations. One leaked sex tape, a one-night stand, and one stupid decision thinking I could walk away from my mate

ruined everything I'd worked my entire life for. A goal I now see as foolish because I'd been fighting all along for something that would never be mine.

Daddy's little prodigy, Daddy's future Alpha, the Alpha's daughter. A title I lived and clung onto with everything I had, an identity I desperately craved and worked my ass off for.

Ripped away, I took on the persona of Jake's plaything, Jake's broken doll, all to save the two little beings growing inside of me. Then, Axton came for us. I finally thought I would catch a break. Thought he would take some burdens away and, for once, let me breathe. Because despite my rejecting him, I was still his.

For a split second, I looked forward to the title of being his, his mate and Luna, wife, the mother of his children. All because, for once, someone showed up for me when I'd lost all hope. Only for him to prove that he saw what everyone else did and that he never came for me.

His teeth dig into my neck, and a whimper escapes me as I turn it, giving him what he wants. I am done. He might as well take my will, too. Lexa screams at me not to submit to him, knowing I will lose our sons if we do, but I am tired of fighting.

"Say it, or I'll make you," Axton growls.

The vibration against my neck makes me shiver as his teeth break my delicate skin. Now he is just proving everything I've known to be correct.

All he sees me as is the forsaken Alpha's daughter. All he sees is what Jake did, and I allowed, to save our sons, in the hope of saving my best friend.

He tried to take my sons, trying to steal the only identity I had left. One identity, one I didn't realize I desired and longed for so much more: being a mother.

And now he is keeping me from them, stripping another title, a title I can't live without because I have no fucking clue who I am without it. I have never been me, always lived to another's expectation instead of my own, and I am now losing that last strip of myself, too.

"Elena..." Axton snarls as Lexa shoves forward, fighting for me when I refuse.

I scream and lash out against his hold. His grip tightens, and my will breaks further, unleashing a tidal wave of everything I've felt for months as he roars at her to stand down, forcing his aura over her, and she retreats under its pressure.