

Luna On The Run: I Stole Alpha's Sons

by Jessica Hall

Chapter 61

I wake up 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 pinching 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? I wasn't going to let you die!”

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

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

“Yeah, well, I haven't marked you,” I 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.”

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 presses closer, 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.

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 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 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. 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.

“I want custody of the boys,” he says before simply getting up and walking 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.” Axton then walks out, slamming the door behind him.

Lexa paces frantically in my head, worried not only because he’s marked us, but his words. We can’t leave until we hand them over, and that is 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 and I curse.

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

“He locked us in again.”

“That surprises you after his past behavior?”

I roll my eyes. Getting up, I wander around his room, finding an en suite and a small sitting area. It is obvious we aren’t in the apartment. It appears to be a house, and a big one at that, as I peer out the window.

Trying the windows, they don't budge, and I can see I need a key to unlock them. Yet I doubt my ability to scale down the wall anyway. I know jumping will hurt, given my condition.

Giving up, I decide to wait. Looking down at my clothes, I am still wearing my father's shirt. Though the bandage around my leg is clean, the rest of me is 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 am well past the time for their next feeding, and I will never complain again about being their snack bitch, if only I can just relieve the discomfort.

Stripping off, I undo the bandage. My leg is 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. It isn'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. Now, I look at it as just another way of being trapped by him.

"We'll find a way," Lexa assures me. "We have no choice."

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. Shower, then we'll think of something. Maybe try to express while in the shower," she urges, also feeling the agony my breasts are 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, relieved to still find me here. His eyes roam over me, stopping 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.

Axton shakes his head. "I'll get you a towel," he says, walking out.

I climb into 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.

“Just stop. I will buy you a pump,” he growls.

I go to reply that I won’t need a pump if he lets me leave, but he is already gone. Shaking my head, I finish showering. My hair takes the longest, blood matted into it, and I have to dig underneath the sink for a comb to brush it out. By the time I am done, I step out of the shower, feeling kind of normal. Quickly, I dress, slipping on his clothes, then wrap 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.

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 the bed, putting the pieces together to find the parts all wet like he’s washed them. Sniffing them, I can tell he has.