

Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha’s Son by Jessica Hall Chapter 31

back of my sleeve, the tears hadn't stopped since he killed her.

uncontrollable.

Not that I cared for anything right now.

a permanent fixture.

her grief.

just kill me and get it over with.

ass and back burned furiously from his belt as I sat in the chair

the locks off of and he was

table in front of me.

I had imagined it all, and

surroundings until he comes to sit by me.

placed in front of me.

and that of my babies, we were all going to die.

Alisha.

It would be like we never existed.

none of this would have happened.

opened and ran from him.

nudging my plate closer as he takes his seat.

eggs being my favorite nor did I care because I

my head.

of letting her mother Julie know.

“Eat, Pet.

sipping his coffee.

run you a bath, then we can watch movies and spend the day resting together,” he tells me.

I glare at him.

years and had no idea we were just lambs to the

to do as they pleased, we were always taught they couldn't compel

made a difference seeing as I

us.

It was probably from drinking werewolf blood.

monster hidden behind the facade he put on.

got her was a slow tortuous death.

“Go fuck yourself,” I tell him.

Jake tilts his head to the side.

my words, she didn't want me putting our

after not knowing what would happen to them.

the beatings he has given me over the

of his for a check up since my ultrasound.

still in my body.

to do what he wants.

He lost his leverage the moment he killed Alisha.

feeling lenient today, although if you keep that attitude I may need to get my belt again,” he says, reaching

“You just need to kill me.

or
even my children.

no longer have your Pet to torment any longer.

knowing I will never have to see your face again.”
“Why would I do that, silly goose.

You are of no use to me dead.

he says, grabbing my plate.

I say nothing, choosing to ignore him.

to give him one.

arm in his vice-like grip; hauling me away from the table to the living room.

grabbing a blanket and pillow and motions for me to sit beside

just continue to play his perverted game of house any longer.

him forcefully.

his hand to strike me.

hand.

me, there was nothing left to live for, there was no hope left.

to gain back his control, “Maybe I’ll take you to see my friend and

using any words.

head.

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but I refuse to lay down with him when I feel his glamor wash over me, and tears prick
my waist, he nuzzles my neck, licking and sucking my skin, and I
on me, feel his cock turning hard in his pants, and I thrash when he grips my throat.

to pounce on me; he grips

“You will obey, Elena.

snarls when I hear a loud bang downstairs.

Jake lurches upright and looks toward the door.

“Stay here,” he snarls.

heard banging like the door was kicked in; the sound of shattering glass reached my ear, and

as I hear crashing and fighting.

“Dad?” I gasp, tears flooding down my face.

feet and moving toward the open door.

I am running toward the door.

come face to face with Axton.

my tracks, and so does he.

belly, and finally, he looks at my

heard downstairs, and he growled, looking back down toward the door leading into the cafe.

you,” he snaps at me before stalking down the steps to

I remain where I am.

as he asked.

would be free, and that it was our mate that came for us.

must be downstairs.

little earlier they would have saved me from having to tell Alsiha’s parents she is dead.

open downstairs

and my fingers twitch at the noise, afraid it was

whimpered at the thought of our rescuers being killed, knowing if they were; we stood no

my skin itches and goosebumps lace my skin

for him to grab the front of my shirt and jerk me toward him.

as I step closer, suddenly yearning for his touch, calling, and comfort.

For my mate.

fucking and letting him feed off you,” Axton snarls at me, pressing his head against prisoner.

shoulders as I step closer, needing his embrace, needing my mate despite having rejected

under Jake’s spell the bond flickered, trying to ignite and return.

me, and I crash against his

as his fingers tangle in my hair, crying my damn heart out, knowing we were finally safe, coming up the steps and wondered if it

my ear.

“), Alpha Axton Levin, of Nightfall Pack.

Reject you.

me back.

tore through my chest.

feel like my soul was torn in two at his words?
I clutched my chest, and Lexa wailed inside

any words as I peeked up at him.

weren’t, I would have fucking killed you for daring to betray me,” he snarled as I caught my breath.

of shorts.

me, and I recognize him as Axton's beta.

he tells Axton, who was glaring at

tells him, turning to look at him briefly.

Axton turns his attention back to me.

"Get your stuff.

We are leaving," he snaps at me.

all becomes too much as I begin to panic.

room dimming, his angry voice becoming

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from falling to the ground. Elena was riddled with bruises, mostly her back and legs from

I could see marks surrounding her ankles and wrists.

had kept her in.

it looked as if she was starved in addition to many bruises from that blood sucker's torture.

we suspect he had Alisha locked in.

a vampire for all those years? I remained in the back of

and ultrasound while I also email the investors to set up

Elena in, "You should have never leaked that video, you shouldn't have taken it in the first place.

yours should have gone out the window.

or make that video.

help yourself being an even bigger asshole and rejected her out

The mangy bastard had some nerve.

body in different stages of healing.

savage beatings and didn't lose our pups.

from me all the same."Alpha, if you mark her she will heal faster

is completely out of the question.

She is not my Luna.

of me marking her and make sure my pups are okay." I

Jake had beaten her.

was fresh and no evidence of any others.

been burying her and my unborn pups.

exactly where she was, just to use it as leverage against me.

Elena could have died within that time.

he mercilessly beat her three months ago.

meeting when I had the chance.

no room to talk, you didn't love her either for what you did,

father." Just as I was going to say something

back, it was that simple.

reject her back.

didn't, you did you big dummy." That bastard wouldn't let me

would ask her questions but she would just stare at him vacantly,

up at him for him to motion for me to follow him out.

Eli to my office.

I take mine.

I ask Eli.

councils, after speaking with a few of the locals, they thought the woman she was not and will never be my mate.

angrily.

won't be needed," I tell him.

head.

him.

"Issue?" I ask him.

"Yeah, you're a fucking idiot.

and now you're going to throw it all away because you can't

Khan pops in, "Told you so, you fucking imbecile.

clear that despite your good looks, that brain is doing nothing and once you open

No wonder she rejected you.

in more ways than one.

Elena's best friend was killed in front of her.

again.

You don't deserve her or our pups." .

matter how much I tried; Khan was right, "Thought

"Feelings mutual, dickhead." And there he went again on radio silence.

own misery.

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Elena POV

I had been in and out of consciousness for hours, finally able to sleep. I hadn't realized how little I had while staying with Jake. Yet I was beginning to believe safety and stability were a mythical concept as I woke up to Doc jamming a needle in my arm. My eyes fluttered open at the sound of Axton's voice, that painful reminder of him rejecting me back only now made me realize my connection to him was severed.

How I hadn't noticed, or it slipped my mind that the bond wasn't fully broken until he broke it, was beyond me. Now to match the pain in my back, I found a void in my chest, a coldness and sinking feeling to go along with it. It felt like dread, like someone had removed a limb, and I was now having to learn to live without it.

Lexa had fallen quiet. She reveled in the sound of his voice despite the broken bond, and reveled in the safety he could offer. Yet some part of me knew I wasn't safe here, either. And his following words proved it.

"I don't care about her. I just want to know if my twins are okay?" he asks, and I look at Doc; his eyes flick down to me before moving behind me, which makes me turn my head to find Axton on the other side of me while Doc draws blood. Axton glances down at me, his face expressionless before he looks at Doc again.

"Ring me when you get the results back," he says before walking out. We watch him leave and Doc sighs heavily.

"Quite the mess you made there, Luna," Doc murmurs as he slides the needle from my skin and places a cotton ball over it. He offers nothing else in the way of explanation but after a few seconds, removes the cotton ball and takes his vials, moving toward the door.

"Doc?" I ask him, and he stops, turning back and looking at me.

"Are my babies okay?" I ask him, sitting up.

"Yes, the Alpha's babies are okay," he tells me, walking out and shutting the door. My brows scrunch together at his wording. The Alpha's babies? Sure, he helped make them, but I am the one carrying them, the Alpha's, not ours for some reason my mind hyper focused on that, some unsettling feeling washed over me and I couldn't explain why it bothered me so much.

Looking down, I am in a blue hospital gown, and I vaguely wondered who changed me, not that it mattered I was safe here. I kept reminding myself and

any form of clothing I was grateful for. Nothing more degrading than being forced naked when I wished for nothing more than a scrap of cloth to give yourself some form of privacy.

Standing up, I wander toward the door and grip the handle, wanting to find Axton and see what is going on. And if he had spoken to Alisha's parents. I was also hungry, absolutely ravenous as my stomach growled, yet as I gripped the door, I found it was locked. I try it again, thinking it must be some kind of mistake or the door was jammed, yet twisting it again, it doesn't budge. I even try yanking on it, still it does not open.

Lexa wanders

forward, examining the door and then the room with me. Why am I locked in here? "He probably thinks we will run," Lexa tells me, yet she felt oddly numb with her words in my head. Void of emotion behind her words.

I knock on the door, wondering if anyone is on the other side, before giving up when I get no answer.

There is a bathroom off to the side, and I wander in wanting to shower, wanting to feel some semblance of normal, but what is normal now? I hoped the void and sinking feeling that kept overwhelming me wasn't my—new version of normal because not even the heat from the shower that

turned my skin pink could warm the coldness seeping into me. Yet as I emerge out the door into the hospital room, I find Axton sitting on a chair beside the bed. He motions toward the clothes neatly folded on the bed.

"Thanks," I tell him, quickly snatching them up and darting back into the bathroom. I slip the jeans on and the cashmere sweater before coming back out to find him near the door.

"I'll show you around," he says, simply opening the door and walking out. I made haste to follow him, wanting out of the confinement of the small space that felt like the walls were drawing closer with each second. He led me through this place, which I found was some sort of apartment complex. He took me to the highest floor, which I knew was the penthouse apartment. Thank god for the lifts because we were around twenty stories high as I glanced out the floor-to-ceiling windows. From up here, we could see the entire city, all the pack territories, and even my old

pack.

"Elena!" Axton calls, stopping me from taking in the breathtaking view of the city. Peering over my shoulder, he nods toward the hallway beside the oversized kitchen with its stainless steel appliances and marble countertops. This place resembled something out of a magazine. It didn't look lived in, everything too clean and nothing out of order.

Axton led me to a bedroom and pushed the door open. This room was vastly different from the other parts of the place, bare even. It contained a bed and one bedside table. “You can sleep in here, there are clothes in the walk-in closet, and the bathroom is the door beside it.” Axton tells me as I take in the room

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It had a fluffy gray duvet on the bed that looked to be a queen, yet this room felt cold for some reason. I couldn’t place why I felt that way. I would rather the hospital room. It felt empty despite having clothes, even as I walked into the grand bathroom and closet.

Walking out, Axton was leaning against the doorframe, watching me. “My room is across the hall. You are to remain in the apartment unless I authorize you to leave it. Guards will be posted outside the doors until you can be trusted.” he tells me.

“I’m not going anywhere, Axton,” I tell him, but he either didn’t care for my words or didn’t believe me because he walked off, leaving me in the room.

I sat on the bed, looking around the empty space. Goosebumps laced my skin, and I itched badly, something setting off my senses about his cold demeanor, yet I couldn’t place why I felt that way. It must be our broken bond, but I found myself waiting for the other shoe to drop, to wake up back in the apartment with Jake, and finding out all this was some distant reality I was trapped in. Like a dream, I had conjured to hide from the real world. It wasn’t until the incessant hunger that had been pestering me since I woke up, that

I decided to move. It was also the startling clarity I needed, prove I was really here, because the growling sound started to turn to an ache and I found myself wandering to the door. I stop listening for any movement before wandering down the hall to the kitchen.

Was I allowed to just help myself? I didn’t know the rules here; he didn’t say; merely just showed me my room and walked off. “Well, he can’t expect us to starve,” Lexa tells me, yet why did I feel so unwelcome here? Like I was intruding and the feeling wouldn’t leave; I wanted very much to go back to my room. Instead, Lexa urged me toward the fridge, reminding me I needed to eat, that the two moving babies inside me required food just as much as I did.

“Maybe we can make him dinner to say thank you,” she says, yet her voice still held no emotion as if she was saying what was expected of us and not

for any real reason, just her words purely existing like an idea in my head, an inner monologue of the turmoil I felt.

“What should we make for him?” I did not know what he liked, what he didn’t like. I hardly knew anything about the man at all besides what the tabloids say.

“It’s the thought that counts, right?” she said indifferently, so I moved toward the fridge and pantry. It was getting late and by the time on the clock it was definitely nearing dinner time. So I set to work, rummaging through the well-stocked fridge and pantry before making it.

I found tomahawk prime rib steaks, asparagus and potatoes. I figured I could marinate the steaks in red wine with salt, garlic, liquid smoke, sugar, and pepper, setting it to the side. I took the large baking potatoes and placed them on the baking rack. While they were half cooked, I split them in half, scooping them out and combining them with cheddar cheese, crumpled bacon, chives, and butter.

I placed the twice-baked potatoes back in the oven and set the asparagus aside with butter on the warmer. I placed the tomahawk steaks in the oven on to broil for thirty minutes. After everything was finished, I placed his food on a large plate for Axton and some for myself. Hopefully, he will be back soon for dinner.

“He should like this. It’s slightly fancy but not over the top,” I said to Lexa as I waited for Axton. Lexa chimes in seconds later, “I hope he does. It is all we can really do to show we really appreciate everything he did to save us.”

We waited for a while, and dinner was going cold. I wondered what time he would be back and was about to consider reheating everything when finally the door opened up. His scent wafted to me and I was starving, but knew it would be rude not to wait for him. Besides, I was hoping to speak to him, have some form of conversation, so I perked up when I heard the door open and close.

“I cooked dinner,” I blurted out as he wandered into the room where I sat at the dining table. He raised an eyebrow at me and glanced at the table I had set. “Good for you,” he says, moving toward the fridge. He grabs a can of coke out before wandering down the hallway, and moments later, I hear his door close. I stared down at my almost cold dinner and waited for a second to see if he would return, but he didn’t.

“Well, I guess that went well,” Lexa says as I stare at the table, I had painstakingly sat at for the past twenty minutes, waiting for him. Not to mention the time it took me to cook all this, yet now I found I had suddenly lost my appe

tite. Tears burned the backs of my eyes, and I squeezed them tight. Was this how it was going to be staying here? Composing myself, I grabbed my fork, digging in and eating almost robotically. I was excited about having cooked for him, having something more than what Jake made us, and yet I tasted nothing as I ate in the quiet. Forcing myself to eat the meal I spent ages making for him.

When I was done, I cleaned up, cling wrapping his dinner I set in the microwave before wandering back to my room which was just as empty as when I left it. With nothing else to do, I climbed into bed.

“I suppose we can try again tomorrow. Maybe he had a rough day?” Lexa tells me, trying to cheer me up, yet not even she could because I knew not even she believed that herself.