

On The Run 64

Luna on The Run – I Stole The Alpha's Sons Chapter 64

Elena

Never in my life have I struggled to sleep so much, all night I tossed and turned, sleep refusing to take me as I wondered how long Axton would keep me from our sons, yet Luke's eagerness to remain here until I prove I would return kept playing on my mind. I wonder if mom would consider staying here with Axton.

She would be safe here until I returned, the idea of leaving Luke here by himself worried 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. Quietly as possible, I pull the blanket back. He was asleep and this was our chance to escape him.

Lexa, feeling my change in mood, pushes forward. "Elena, quick before he wakes," Lexa urges as she looks through my eyes to spot the keys, and what brought on my sudden excitement.

My heart beats hard in my chest as I pull the covers back and crept 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 were still shut, and I let out a breath, quickly fisting them so that they don't rattle and make noise. Yet as I stand upright, the floor creaked and his eyes snap

open.

I barely had time to blink before he reached out and gripped my wrist, jerking me across his body and pinning me beneath him against the mattress.

head at my failed attempt to get us back to our sons. Axton pries my fingers from around glares down at me. Emotion clogs my throat, threatening to suffo-

I hate him for it, hate what he did, hate that he

erupts, spewing out in a

me again!" Axton

far too gone, I wanted to hurt something, hurt him, anything. I needed my babies, I needed them because at this point they were the only reason I am still breathing. The only reason I haven't

fight back. "Stop it Elena," Axton snarls when my elbows connects with the side of his head, he grunts pinning my arms to the bed and Lexa surges forward, trying him buck him off when roars his own frustration. His canines slip out between his parted lips pressing to my neck and I freeze

me submit. My breathing is ragged as my chest

eyes.

gether, 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

Axton growls, his teeth raking down my flesh in
my life, I have lived with responsibility, lived with the burden of what is expected of
to think I could walk away from my mate ruined every- thing
never be mine.