

## Chapter 31 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Axel POV

She's mine. Complete and forever mine.

Being marked by me, an alpha, took a lot out of her. I'm watching in fascination as she sleeps beside me.

Even the way her hair is spilling onto the pillow is fascinating. Every inch of her is perfect.

She keeps scrunching her little nose in her sleep, sniffing the pillow and moaning softly in contentment. My scent is all over this bed, and the fact she is seeking it out and finding contentment in it makes my heart swell with satisfaction.

My mark is lying beautifully on her neck, telling the world that she is mine. Forever. There is no going back for either of us. I never want to, and I hope she won't either.

My DNA is now flowing in her veins. That is going to be such a shock when she wakes. She is human, but now she will have heightened abilities. She will be able to see the world as I see it. She, as my mate, will be able to command others as Luna. She will be able to mind link with me, and everyone else as well, after her Luna ceremony.

Her Luna ceremony.

She is going to flip out. I'm so excited to see how she reacts to hearing about the Luna ceremony.

Her little freak outs are adorable. Her nose gets all scrunched up and her dimples stick out more. The blush that spreads on her neck and face is amazing. She is far too short to have so much attitude when she's mad, and I love it.

She rolls over, her hand searching the bed until it lands on my chest. A little smile appeared on her face when I pulled her closer to me. Her nose presses against my chest, making the sparks erupt on my skin.

They are so much stronger now that we are bound. It's a euphoric feeling, amplifying my love for her. It makes the love I feel tangible. I can physically feel my intense love for Bailey at every touch. It's all consuming.

After mating her without the marking years ago, our bond was formed, but not fully. It was formed for me more than her. I could feel her in a sense. I think the distance kept me from fully feeling her, but when she was with someone else, I could feel the sharp pain in my chest.

Betrayal pains are torturous for marked mates, but less intense when you have found your mate, but are not yet marked. Bailey, being human, made the pains less intense as well.

It was like really bad heartburn, and I could often write it off as being just that. It didn't happen often either. There were a few months where it happened about once a week, and then it dwindled into nothing. I haven't felt any of the pains in over a year.

I will never feel those pains again.

I can't blame her. She didn't know, and I didn't even share what was happening with anyone else. Not even Courtney. I think Casey knew, but if he did, he kept it to himself. On a few occasions when he caught me rubbing my chest, he would give me a sympathetic look, but never brought it up.

She's mine now, and that is all that matters. No one will be touching her ever again.

Wrapping my body around hers, I nuzzled into her hair, cuddling her tightly to me as I drifted off to sleep.

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\*BANG BANG BANG

I groggily opened my eyes. Why is someone banging on my front door this early in the morning?

I turned to check the clock and saw it was not that early. It's nearly 10AM.

Shit, I missed morning training. I'm sure Casey or Farak covered for me, though. They wouldn't be banging on the door now unless they wanted an ass beating.

I kiss my sleeping mate, then slide my arm out from under her, tucking her fully in before I stand up. I slip on some sweats, then quietly walk towards the front door as the knocking comes again.

Taegan pokes his head out of his room, a sleepy look in his eyes and the Wii controller in his hand as he glares in the direction of the noise.

"If that's Calum's dad, use the spoons," he grumbles.

“I thought your mom said no more spoons?” I smirked at him.

He turns his glare on me, “She said that to me, not you.”

I can’t help but laugh. This kid. He doesn’t want to go against his mom, but it’s fine for me.

He shakes his head like I’m crazy, then walks back into his room. I see he has a box of cereal he is eating directly out of, from his spot on his new bean bag and he’s got Donkey Kong on pause.

Smart kid.

I’m not going to complain today, since I appreciated the extra time cuddling his mother, but I’m putting a parental lock on that thing later. Bailey will not like this becoming a daily habit.

The banging on the door intensified. I can hear Bailey groaning from our bedroom and I sigh, shaking my head. I wanted to be there when she woke up, so I was the first thing she saw. If this is Casey, or anyone else, they are getting a damn wooden spoon to the ass.

“Open this damn door, you lazy-ass, disrespectful little shit! Open up!”

I startled back, hearing my father’s voice. What is he doing here? He should be near Alaska at the mines.

“You have until 3! 1.....2.....”

I quickly threw the door open, knowing that he meant it. He will really tear the door down to get inside.

“Fuck, dad. Hi! What the hell? What are you doing here?”

“Don’t take that fucking tone with me. Where is he?!”

“Who?” I growl, not sure why he is here or who he is looking for.

“What’s going on?” Bailey pads down the hall, looking radiant in my bathrobe and her messy bed hair. She has a glow in her rosy, dimpled cheeks. I love the way she looks like she is swimming in my oversized bathrobe. Her curvy hips are pronounced even under the mass of fabric, making my mouth water.

My frustration with my dad slightly fades as I smile at her beautiful form. Her mate mark is still visible, scarring her beautiful neck. Mine. This woman is all mine.

“Are you the....woman who kept my grandson from me?” my dad glares at her as she approaches us.

Her steps faltered and her eyebrows furrowed at his aggressive tone. I growl at him, not liking how uncomfortable he is making my mate feel.

“Dad, stop,” I snarled at him.

“No, you stop! Do you think I don’t have the fucking right to ask? Why did I have to hear about all this shit from my former Gamma of all fucking people? Do you know how much of a pain in the ass that prick can be? You should have been the one to call me, Axel. Now, why the fuck have you kept my grandson from me all this time,” he turned his glare back to Bailey, “And where the hell is he?”

I’m about to throw his ass out for speaking to her in that way, but before I can, a youthful growl emanates from the hallway.

“Don’t talk to my mommy like that!” Taegan stomps out of his room in a huff, a minecraft sword in his hands. “Mommy says no bad words! You don’t talk to my mommy like that!”

Dad stood at the door stunned, staring at my little clone. Bailey bends down and lifts Taegan in her arms, barely containing the little boy’s fury at my father.

He pointed the sword at my father, “You stay away from my mommy!”

“It’s true,” dad gasps, staring wide-eyed with his mouth open wide in surprise. “I have a grandson.”

Taegan snarls at him, then turns his face into Bailey’s neck, probably to seek her comforting scent to calm his little body down.

“Dad, we should talk outside,” I tell him, trying to usher him out the door.

“But…” he continued to stare at Taegan longingly.

“Outside,” I pushed the command over my father. I’ve never done that before, but I’m not going to continue to allow him to upset Bailey and Taegan.

He cringes, but nods and leaves, waiting for me a few steps from the front door.

I walked over to Bailey and Taegan, kissing both of their heads. “Why don’t you both get ready for the day? I will be back in a minute.”

Bailey nods, then smiles softly. She shrugs out of the robe with Taegan still in her hands, juggling him back and forth, revealing a tank top and shorts underneath. She looks amazing in that too. She hands me the robe to cover my half naked body, and I smile at her in thanks, kissing her again.

Now, time to deal with my rude ass father.

## Chapter 32 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

“What the fuck, dad? You seriously have to walk into my house like an asshole pissing off my mate and child first thing in the morning. Your first fucking time meeting them?” I sneered, meeting my father out on the front deck.

“I know, I’m sorry, Axel. I fucked up,” he took a deep breath, then looked up, glaring at me, “But you fucked up too! Why the fuck is Nate the one telling me I have a grandson?!”

Is he fucking serious right now?

“I have had my mate and son for not even 3 days now. 3 days! Mom gave her such a warm welcome, why would I want to tell you? I had a hard enough time convincing her I wasn’t crazy and that Taegan was mine. Your rude ass would just have scared her away. You proved that just now.”

His face drops with shame. My dad is as tough as nails, take-no-shit kind of guy. He has a hard time dealing with drama. I think that’s why he and my mom never really got super close. Mom is nothing but drama. She thrives off it. He would rather get to the root of a problem and fix it, no emotion needed.

No, I didn’t want my hard-ass dad scaring my mate away.

“Just so you know, Taegan is fiercely protective of his mom. Don’t be surprised if you get a wooden spoon to the ass or if your face is plummeted by water balloons later. You have probably already made his shit list. You don’t mess with that kid’s mom and get away with it.”

Fear painted over his face. Not from fear of what Taegan would do to him, but fear that his grandson wasn’t going to like him. “But he’s my grandson.”

“And he doesn’t know that. He won’t care anyway. If you make his mom sad or mad in any way, he isn’t going to tolerate you. Ask my gamma. Kid’s an alpha through and through and he protects his mom with everything he’s got.”

“Shit,” dad mutters, “So you’re saying to get on my grandson’s good side, I first need to get on hers?”

I laugh dryly, “Pretty much.”

Dad looks longingly back towards the front door. “I was just excited, son,” he sighs, “I didn’t mean to yell at her like that. It pissed me off thinking about all the time I missed being a grandpa.”

“Think of all the time I missed being his dad. It’s not her fault. She found me after just getting out of another relationship and, because she didn’t know about werewolves, she thought Taegan was her ex’s. Werewolf and human pregnancies don’t run on the same timeline. She thought she had no reason to find me and tell me. The only reason she came back was because she was running from the asshole she thought was Taegan’s father. The guy is an abusive nutjob. I have Dusty and Chris with Bailey’s grandmother right now, keeping her safe from the guy. He got rough with her trying to get to Taegan while Bailey was working one night. Bailey came back here running away from him to keep Taegan safe.”

My father’s nostrils are flaring listening to me explain about Bailey’s past. “Did he hurt Taegan? Bailey?”

I gave him a solemn look. He doesn’t need more of an answer.

“Name. I need the fucker’s name. He’s fucking dead, Axel. Why are you not going to kill him yourself?”

I sigh. “Bailey filed paperwork with the courts for sole-custody and a paternity test was ordered for him. He’s human, dad. I can’t just kill him when there is this much attention on him right now. Believe me, I want to. He threatened to kill Bailey to Casey on the phone, and I found out from Taegan that he had put his hands on my son. I think he hit Bailey on occasion too, though she won’t come right out and tell me. I want him dead too. We have to wait, though.”

“Fuck waiting. I can go kill the cunt now and make it look like an animal attack. Because it will be.”

I smirked at him, “I tell you what. We can both go once the court shit is settled for Bailey. I want that resolved so she has no lingering questions or concerns. I want her completely free from him legally, then we can resolve the rest ourselves after.”

Dad huffs and nods, pacated with that. He rubs his chins, looking around nervously before turning back to me, “You said your mother gave her a warm welcome. What do you mean by that?”

I ran my hand over my face, sighing heavily. “Mom came out of the house with Stephanie, calling Bailey all sorts of names, insinuating that Stephanie was my rightful Luna. It was total bullshit. I had to order her away. She made Bailey feel very unwelcome and Bailey even offered to leave. I couldn’t have that shit. Now that all the shit with Stephanie is revealed, we can’t find mom, I need to be cautious with Bailey and mom. You’re her mate, dad. I didn’t know if you would take her side or not.”

Dad shook his head, "She may be my mate, but you should know by now I support very little that woman does. As long as she doesn't cause problems and stays out of my hair, that's all I ask. That's another reason I came home. I'm helping Nate with the investigation. I think Stephanie's father being her fated mate is one of the reasons she was pushing for you to take Stephanie as your mate. In some roundabout way, she may have thought she was making up to Eric by doing so. I'm sorry I never put a stop to it, son. I thought since your mate went MIA it was okay for you to take a chosen mate. I did after my fated mate passed away."

I had no idea Mom's fated mate was Stephanie's dad. Neither of my parents ever told me. I was going to stay out of the investigation since it involves my mother, but if she did what she did because of her fated mate, then my dad has every right to be involved. Dad won't let that shit go, as he shouldn't.

Dad rarely talks about his first and fated mate. She was human too, and I know it was human sickness that claimed her life. She knew she was sick when my dad found her, and wouldn't let dad mark her. She didn't want to cause him pain from the broken mate bond when she died, even though dad thought marking her would have saved her.

Losing his first mate is probably what made him so hard and bitter. He was probably so harsh towards Bailey because of his own past hurt with his human fated mate.

That doesn't excuse his attitude and harshness towards her this morning, though.

"I need to get back inside and make sure Bailey and Taegan are alright," I told my father.

He nodded in agreement, his eyes staring at the distance, lost in his own thoughts.

I went to turn back to go inside, but his voice caused me to turn back to him.

"Her grandma, you said she is back in her hometown at risk because of the asshole?"

"Yeah, but I sent men to keep her safe until she is ready to move here."

Dad nods, "Would it help me get back into Bailey's good graces, Taegan's too, if I went and got her grandma, moving her here myself?"

I laughed at his change in attitude. "Maybe, but if you can't be nice, I wouldn't. Taegan is probably just as protective of his Grandma Lucy, as he is his mom."

Dad huffed a laugh, "I can be nice."

"Sure you can," I smirked. "Grandma Lucy is a spitfire too. She might not be nice to you. Can you hold in your angry outburst if she starts calling our pack a cult?"

"Cult?" Dad looks at me in outrage.

I throw my head back in laughter. “I’m just saying. To the human world, we kind of do seem like a cult. Bailey thought we were one. She thought we were all Twilight fanatics and into occult shit. She calls me the cult leader and Taegan calls me Brother Axel.”

“You’re shitting me, right?”

“No,” I laughed, shaking my head.

“You can’t even get your own son to call you dad? And what the fuck is Twilight?”

I chortle, “Ask Casey. It’s his favorite movie.”

Dad cringes. “No thanks. Your gamma is too loud for me.”

I rolled my eyes. He’s one to talk. And even if he claims they aren’t, I know he and Nate are best friends. Casey learned his colorful vocabulary and loud attributes from his in-laws. He was much more reserved when he first moved here. Being mated with Courtney brought out his true self. Loud and annoying.

“Get me the name of the fucker that abused my grandson and his mother, and the name and address of Grandma Lucy. I’m going to get her moved here this week, then I’m going to be Taegan’s favorite, Brother Axel,” dad chuckles.

I shake my head with a laugh, not letting it get to me. I got my mate marked. My son calling me dad will come soon.

“Levi Sullivan is the asshole’s name. Lucy Traynor is grandma. I have her address in the top drawer in my office.”

“Traynor? Lucy Traynor?” dad asks, his face tilted in confusion.

“That’s her. Why?”

Dad rubs his chin again, thinking, “No reason. I just haven’t heard the last name in a long time. Traynor, huh?” He sighs heavily, “Well, I’ll get to work. Tell Bailey I’m sorry for earlier. I didn’t mean to lash out like that. I’ll come by later tonight to introduce myself.”

“Okay dad,” I smirked at his worried face. “Taegan just got a Wii and wants new games for it. He also likes dinosaurs and firetrucks.”

I figured I would throw my dad a lifeline. I know he didn’t really mean to be an ass earlier. He was actually a great dad and I know he will be a great grandfather too.

Dad nods, with a small smile. “I don’t know what a Wii is, but I know dinosaurs and firetrucks. What about Bailey? What does she like?”



“Me,” I smirk, then my smirk turns into a sad smile, “She had a hard life. I don’t think she had a lot of time to truly consider what she likes. She’s lived for her grandmother and son all her adult life.”

Dad pats my shoulder, smiling sadly. “I’ll ask Fiona. She will know what to get her, right?”

Fiona is Courtney’s mom and my aunt. Uncle Nate’s mate. She can handle my father, her brother, better than anyone, though Nate prefers to keep her to himself. Werewolf men are a bit obsessive and overprotective towards their women.

“Sure, but Bailey will probably be happy with just an apology, dad,” I pat him on the back. “I’ll see you at dinner.

“Yep,” he mutters gruffly, still deep in thought as he walks off the deck and back towards the packhouse.

I went back inside to check on my mate and child, happy with the way the conversation went with my dad. At least one of my parents isn’t completely hopeless and is willing to put in some effort with my new family. I’m grateful.

### 33 Questions

## Chapter 33 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

### Max POV

Lucy Traynor. I haven’t heard that name in many years. It can’t be the same woman I’m thinking of, can it?

Thinking back to what Bailey looked like this morning, though, it is entirely possible. Bailey looks just like that woman.

Axel said the address of Lucy Traynor was in his desk. If it’s the same town, then it has to be her.

I quickly walked into the packhouse, on a mission, not stopping to take anyone’s shit or half-hearted bull shit greetings. I have a grandson to make amends with. I don’t have time for anyone’s stale “Hello alpha’s”.

In the top drawer of Axel's desk, I found a folder labeled 'TRAYNOR'. I open it, and find a long report he had done on not just Lucy, but Bailey, Levi Sullivan, the piece of shit that put his hands on my grandson, and a few others associated with my son's new mate.

I took out the Levi asshat's information to make a copy of to take with me, then turn back to the page on Lucy.

The address is the same. It's her.

When I last talked to her, she told me she wanted to give up and just raise her granddaughter without the taint of the supernatural over her.

Shit.

Bailey is the daughter of that woman.

I don't even need to read her number at the top of the page. I remember it by heart. I dialed it every day, multiple times a day for years, until she decided to just give up. That would have been when Bailey was around 4 or 5, but I still remember. I could never forget those heartbreaking phone calls.

I pulled out my cell phone and dialed her number, then nervously waited for her to answer.

"I was wondering when you would call me," Lucy says, her voice full of humor. She sounds the same for the most part. Maybe a dryness in her sing-song voice that wasn't there before.

"Hi Lucy," I mutter.

"Hi Max. Well, how is Bailey? How is your grandson?"

Bailey POV

"Mommy. Why do you smell like Brother Axel now?" Taegan asks.

"What do you mean?" I blushed, sniffing myself.

"You smell like Brother Axel now. Like, with your normal smells. You smells like him and you."

"Oh." Hmm, maybe that's a werewolf thing. Strong scents. I do smell Taegan's scent more than before. He smells so similar to Axel, only without that alluring note to his scent. It just has the comforting and soothing notes to it. The musky, desirous scents are missing, but that would make sense since he is my son and not my mate?... Right? Is that how Axel could tell that Taegan was his?

“Mommy. What is that on your neck?” Taegan asks, swiping my hair off my shoulder from where he is sitting on the bathroom counter, getting ready to brush his teeth.

I look down at where his little hands are touching my neck, then look up in the mirror.

The mark.

Axel told me last night he was going to mark me. This is what he meant.

It doesn't look as grotesque as I thought it would. It's already scarred over and slightly raised on my skin, and has a silvered sheen to it.

“Mommy! Mommy, what is it? Does it hurt?”

I force a smile and tear my eyes away from my reflection to look at him. “No, baby. It doesn't hurt.” Honestly, it feels kind of good when I touch it. Not as good as getting it felt. I don't think anything could feel as good as that.

“What is it?” Taegan asks.

I blushed furiously. How the heck do I explain it to a child?

“It's a mate mark,” Axel's deep voice exclaims from the doorway, leaning against the frame and watching us.

“Like Quinn and Fick?”

“Rick,” Axel corrects him with a laugh. “It's like the mate marks they have too, yes.”

“And Cousin Courtney and Calum's dad?” Taegan asks.

“Just like them,” Axel pushes off the doorway and comes up behind me, running a finger over the mark on my neck, making those delicious sparks shoot across my skin. I involuntarily closed my eyes and moaned softly before I could stop myself. His touch and those sparks are so much more electrifying today.

Axel smirks, knowing the effect he just had on me.

Jerk. I want to mark him too and mess with him.

“What does it do?” Taegan asked Axel.

Axel wraps his arms around my waist and rests his chin on my shoulder. “It lets everyone who sees it know that your mommy is my mate. It's like a wedding ring, only better because she can never take it off.”

“Oh,” Taegan says, then cranes his head to look all around Axel’s neck. “Where is your mark? Stupid Casey and Fick have them.”

He smiles softly, “Your mama isn’t a werewolf like me and you, so she can’t mark me like I did to her. Quinn and Courtney are both werewolves too, so they can mark their mates back.”

“That isn’t very fair,” I glared at Axel in the mirror.

He kisses my cheek, and I try to ignore the tingles the kiss causes, “I know, baby. I wish you could mark me too, but you have to be changed to do it, and I don’t want to risk changing you.”

“I’m just going to try biting you anyway,” I glared, crossing my arms across my chest. “I bet I could draw blood.”

Axel chuckles deeply, the sound doing things to my core, making my thighs flex and my sex pulse. The draw to him and the effect he has on me is so much stronger today. “You can try all you want. Bite away, babe. I will never complain about your mouth on me,” he smirks, making me blush, “Casey has a friend that got her mate’s lips tattooed on her neck. Want to do that?”

“I’m just going to tattoo my name on your forehead,” I grumbled.

“Go right ahead,” he laughs.

“Mommy, you said face tattoos were painful and I couldn’t get one. Why can Brother Axel get a face tattoo when I can’t?”

“You wanted a face tattoo?” Axel asked Taegan.

I sighed, handing Taegan his toothbrush with toothpaste on it. “He saw a picture or video of Post Malone and said he wanted to have color on his face too. I told him no and had to explain what tattoos were when I caught him drawing on his face with markers.”

“Oh,” Axel laughed, “Casey has a lot of tattoos. Do you want to look like him?”

Taegan makes a disgusted face, toothpaste foam dripping from his mouth, making both Axel and I laugh. I have nothing against tattoos, and I know Taegan thought they looked cool, but just the fact Casey has them turned him off to the idea instantly. Poor Casey. He is permanently on Taegan's naughty list.

“I’ll make you a deal, I won’t get a face tattoo if you don’t,” Axel smirks, wiping the dripped toothpaste from Taegan’s shirt with a face towel.

Taegan spits his mouth full of toothpaste in the sink, “Deal.”

“That a boy. Hey, can you go get yourself changed and get the cereal put up in your room for me while I talk with your mommy?” Axel asks him, helping him down from the counter and giving his face a final wipe with the dampened face towel.

“Okay,” Taegan shrugs, strutting out of the bathroom and down the hall.

So cute. I love seeing the way Axel treats Taegan. He has never had that before, and I can feel that Axel’s adoration for Taegan is genuine. He truly cares for him and isn’t just trying to impress me.

“What did you need to talk to me about?” I asked, turning to face Axel.

Axel smiles seductively at me, pulling me into his arms. “Your lips,” he murmurs, his breath washing over my face.

“My lips? What about them?” I asked, staring at his.

He leans down, kissing me deeply, his hands moving to lightly grasp my face. The way his fingers comb through the hair on the side of my face, brushing against my scalp, makes my heart pound, those amazing tingles spread all over, intensifying the kiss to be so much more passionate.

“Mmh,” he grunts when he pulls away from me, “I wanted to give you the first of so, so many good morning kisses.”

I press my lips together, lightly running my tongue over their seam, savoring the lingering taste of him. Damn, he is so sweet. Both his taste and his words.

“Good morning,” he smiles, kissing the mark on my neck, making me whimper. “Fuck, I can’t believe you are finally mine.”

“I can’t either,” I whispered. I really can’t. Everything changed so fast. I don’t regret it, though. I’m becoming more and more sure that Axel’s home is where me and Taegan belong.

“Now that you let me mark you, you know you can never leave me. You’re mine forever now.”

I grimaced at him, “Even though I can’t mark you back?”

He smiles sorrowfully at me, “I know. I’m going to wear a ring or something instead. Whatever you want. Besides the face tattoo. Our son said no to that.”

I giggled at him. “You’re such a goofball.”

“Your goofball now. Hey, can we talk about this whole Brother Axel stuff? I want Taegan to start calling me dad. Well, daddy preferably, but I’ll take dad for now. Our next child can call me daddy if Taegan won’t.”

I rolled my eyes and laughed, “Are you planning on getting me pregnant so I can’t leave your cult, Brother Axel?”

“You’re not leaving anyway. We’re mated and you’re marked. You’re mine for life, remember. I’m yours for life too. If you want me to get you pregnant, though, I won’t argue.” He wiggles his eyebrows suggestively.

“Let’s work on getting the first one to call you dad first,” I laughed.

“So I can ask him to? Seriously?” Axel’s face lit up.

I shrug, “I think your dad will come and yell at me again if not.”

Axel grimaces at that.

“I’m sorry about my dad. He is loud, but harmless,” Axel tells me, “He was mad at me and yelled at you because of it. He was mad that he had to hear from my uncle that he was a grandpa. He’s actually really excited about Taegan and you.”

I grimaced, “Your mom didn’t seem to feel the same way.”

Axel growls, “Her loss. Mom is caught up in all kinds of shady shit. Don’t worry about her, babe.”

It’s kind of hard to not worry about her after all the crap that happened yesterday and the cold greeting I got from her when I first came here.

“Seriously, babe, don’t worry about her. Dad isn’t even on her side about this.”

“He didn’t seem to like me much either, though.”

Axel huffs, “He doesn’t like many people. He does like you, though. Just the fact you are my mate makes you family to him. He won’t act like that again. I promise.”

“Okay,” I sighed, not fully believing him.

Before I can get too lost in my negative thoughts, Axel picks me up, making me squeal as he carries me toward his bedroom.

Taegan, hearing me, pokes his head out of his room, eyebrows pulled down in concern. “What are you doing to mommy?”

“Loving her,” Axel laughs, “She needs to go back to bed so I can give her the good morning kisses she deserves.”

“Can I help?!” Taegan asked with excitement.

“Not this time, little man. Give us a few minutes and you can help me make your mommy brunch.”

Brunch? I don't think a man has ever made me any sort of meal, let alone brunch. He's having my son help him too.

“Why do you need a few minutes, and why can't Taegan come?” I can't help but ask.

He kicks the door shut, then smirks at me. “I've got to kiss every inch of this perfect body of yours 'good morning'.”

My body shivers at what he's implying. I've got stretch marks, fat, and thick thighs. The fact that he still thinks I'm perfect and desirable is mind-blowing.

### 34 Vampire Strife

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“Sit.....Stay.....Catch!” Taegan yells and giggles, throwing a piece of leftover shredded pork from dinner up in the air for Casey to catch in wolf form. Casey's wolf is not as large as Axel's, but he looks larger than many of the other wolves I've seen running around outside. He's not as handsome as Axel's wolf either, but I'm not going to say that out loud with Courtney sitting next to me.

Casey and Axel agreed at dinner to go for a run with the boys. Max, Axel's father, wants to join them too. He even argued with Axel over who would get to carry Taegan. Taegan picked Axel, much to Max's disappointment.

He was surprisingly nice and friendly to me at dinner. Taegan remained apprehensive towards him, but he came bearing gifts, which helped to warm Taegan up. Not enough to pick him over Axel, though. Axel spent all day after he finished giving me a couple rounds of good morning kisses showering Taegan with fatherly affection. He even dropped the 'brother' title with him, though he has yet to willingly call him 'dad'. Axel isn't pushing it, which I'm grateful for. Taegan has had a lot of changes these past few days. The status of who his 'dad' was is the biggest thing that has changed. When he is ready, he will say it.

Max got Taegan a giant robot dinosaur you can control with a remote, and he brought me flowers with an apology note, blaming Casey's dad for his bad mood and grumpy behavior. The flowers were actually very welcome. I love daisies, and they were mixed all in the bouquet.

Max may look grumpy and gruff, but the way he watches Taegan, and the careful way he was talking to me, I can tell he is a big softie. I'm relieved. I didn't want both of Axel's parents to hate me.

"I want one!" Calum yells at Taegan, approaching him with grabby hands, trying to get a piece of the meat.

"No! It's for doggy!"

"Dats daddy, not doggy!" Calum says, offended.

Courtney, Quinn and Stephanie are sitting with me and we all start laughing at the boys. Casey stayed outside with us and shifted to help entertain the boys, while Max took Axel, Courtney's dad and Farak inside to discuss something.

Taegan shrugs at Calum, "Looks like a doggy to me."

"Not doggy! Dats daddy! Daddy said give me some!"

"Mommy said this is for doggies, not big babies," Taegan stuck his tongue out at him.

"I never said that," I told the girls quietly.

"I don't think Casey said to give Calum any of Taegan's nasty hand meat either," Courtney snorts.

"What is to become of our pack if this is our future alpha and gamma, fighting over a handful of meat?" Quinn chortles.

Taegan makes Casey follow the basic dog commands again, then throws him another piece of the meat. Casey's wolf looks far too entertained, even as he is following along with the degrading behavior. I'm glad he is so cool about it.

Calum stares at Taegan grumpily, then barks, surprising all of us, even Casey.

"Did your son just bark?" Stephanie asks.

"Oh my gosh," Courtney shakes her head, looking down in disbelief and embarrassment.

"Woof! I'm a dog. Give me some!" Calum tells Taegan.

"Oh my," Quinn curls her finger against her lips to keep from laughing.

Casey's wolf is rolling on the ground, laughing in a wolfish way with his tongue lulled out on the side of his mouth.



“You are not a doggy! You are a big baby. Mommy said no!”

“Daddy said yes!” Calum growls and lunges for Taegan. Taegan squeals and runs off, taunting Calum with the handful of yucky-looking meat.

Casey’s wolf chases after them, still chortling, and the four of us women are all buckled over in laughter.

“Have more kids. Both of you, please!” Quinn snorts.

“Do you think one of us should tell Calum there are leftovers inside?” I asked.

“Nah, fighting like this is good for them,” Courtney waves off my question, wiping tears from under her eyes.

“I’m kind of impressed with how well trained that mate of yours is,” Quinn lifts a brow at Courtney.

“Been training him myself since the day we mated,” she smirks.

“Teasing him with your own meat?” Stephanie quips.

“I like to refer to my lady parts as more of a snack. Meat makes it sound manly and filling.”

“We all know that man of yours likes his snacks,” Quinn laughs. “How about you, Bailey? I see that lovely looking mark on your neck that wasn’t there yesterday. You working on getting our Alpha trained?”

I blush deeply, embarrassed since they all know how I got the mark. Axel has been pointing it out all night. I don’t think anyone in the entire pack missed seeing it.

“About time someone did,” Stephanie huffs, “No offense. I’m free of the commands now, so I’m enjoying letting the world know how much I don’t like him, even if he is my alpha.”

“You don’t like my cousin as your alpha?”

“Oh, I like him fine as my alpha. As a man, I think he is annoying. Not that I like men anyway,” Stephanie shrugs.

“Your mate is a woman, isn’t she? I forgot, since everything else going on was so hectic. Rick and Gamma Nate have been running rampant trying to find your dad and the former Luna,” Quinn sighs, like she’s exhausted from it all.

“What’s your mate like?” I asked Stephanie. “This is all still new to me. She’s a vampire, right?”

Stephanie smiles warmly at me. “She is. She’s beautiful. Gorgeous. She’s smaller than me, but so much stronger. She has this beautiful chocolate skin that tastes like sweet cream, and luminous red eyes. Her skin always smells like rosewater and lilies. She has those adorable dimples, too. Just like yours. I liked you instantly when I saw you because your smile reminded me of hers,” she tells me. I smile warmly at her and she pokes a finger in my dimple.

“Yeah, like that. I miss her,” she sighs, “We don’t get to see each other often because of our fathers.”

“That must be so hard,” Courtney says. “Being in limbo with your mate for that many years,” she shakes her head, “I can’t imagine. Because of my dad, Casey and I had to wait just a few days to mate and I thought that was torture.”

“Yeah. When the former luna first ordered me to stay away from her, I went to this candle store and smelled all the scents until I found the one that was closest to her. It didn’t come close to her real scent. You guys know, nothing can compare to your mate’s real scent, but it helped. I have this rose and lilies candle I light and one of her shirts I will wear every night when I go to bed to help with the loneliness.”

I rubbed her back, knowing exactly what she was talking about. I clung to that one sweatshirt with Axel's scent like a lifeline every night, trying to ward off the depression I felt. When I met Axel again, I realized that the sweatshirt didn't compare to the real thing.

“I’m so sorry. Can you be with her now?” I asked.

She smiles at me sadly, “I hope so. Her dad is still going to be an issue. He doesn’t like werewolves.”

“Why not?” I asked.

“Our pack and their coven have always been at odds,” Courtney says.

“Addison said that Alpha Max tried to take her father’s lover from him or something. Lord Antonio had to change her to get Alpha Max to back off,” Stephanie says.

Change her? Like, he made her a vampire? Does that mean she was human before? I was about to ask, but Quinn cut in before I could.

“Really? I thought it was because of all the rogue vamps we killed over the years?” Quinn asked.

“I thought so too. My dad always told me that. Axel even said that yesterday too,” Courtney states.

Stephanie shook her head. “No. Normal vampires don’t like rogue vampires any more than we do. They are literally preying on their own kind. It’s unnatural. I think things have always been

tense between the races just because that's how our society was, but there wasn't a legitimate reason to hate each other until Alpha Max kept trying to take Lord Antonio's woman."

"That doesn't make sense," Courtney shakes her head.

"No it doesn't. Alpha Max isn't that kind of man. He wouldn't start a feud over a woman. He had his fated mate, then was set up with Harriet after his first mate died. He didn't date or womanize." Quinn looks at Stephanie like she's crazy.

Stephanie just shrugs. "I just know what Addison told me. I don't think Addison would lie to me. I know she wouldn't, actually."

"Maybe she heard the story wrong?" I suggested.

"Maybe. I can ask her again. I didn't put much thought into it when she first told me years ago. I was trying to find a way to get my own father to let me be with her."

Quinn rubs her back. "Now that you've overcome that hurdle, we will help you to figure out how to be with her. You know Alpha would always allow her to come here. We could get you both set up in one of the family houses."

Stephanie smiled at that, "I would like that. I'll ask her soon."

"Hey, Stephanie!" Farak called from the front door of the packhouse. "Mind coming inside to talk with us for a minute?"

"Sure," she says, "I'll talk to you girls later."

"Bye," we all said in unison.

"What do you think they need her for?" I asked.

"Probably to ask more questions about her father," Courtney shrugs. "Hey, think we should go find the boys and see what they are up to? It's been awfully quiet the past few minutes."

Just as she says that, childish screams of excitement fill the air as Casey's wolf comes running up with both boys on his back.

"Again, again!" they both yelled.

"Giddyup, doggy!" Taegan commanded, kicking his sides.

"Oh. good. Now your son is treating my husband like a horse," Courtney laughs. "I thought I was the only one that did that."

"Courtney!" Quinn laughs while I blush. I can't believe how open they are with their sex lives here!

"What? Don't act like either of you haven't ridden your men into pleasure town," she laughs, "It's part of his training."

Quinn shrugs, like she's admitting to it, but I just hide behind my hands, laughing with embarrassment, thoughts of using Axel as a pony filling my head.

35 Revealed Fate

## Chapter 35 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Lucy POV

Hours earlier....

That name. Kissinger. When that young man told me his name, I wasn't sure if it was just coincidence or that damn thing called fate.

Fate.

It's always fate.

It seems I will always be haunted by fate.

When he said his company's name, I knew. I knew he was of some relation to that man. He had to be the son of that man.

The man that took my little sister in her last days from me because of fate.

The man who promised me he could get my daughter back.

He was never able to fulfill that promise, but I can not fault him for that.

He tried. I know he tried with all that he was, until it was too late.

My daughter had given her everything to that demon, abandoning her daughter forever. He tried. For no other reason than the devotion he had for my sister, he tried to help me get back another loved one I was losing to fate.

Now it seems fate destined my last loved ones to his son. I can't even fault him for that.

The young man sounded as devoted to Bailey as his father was to my sister. I could hear the love radiated in every one of his words. That's how it was for his kind. Total devotion; self-less and everlasting. He could keep my babies safe, better than I ever could. I can not fault him for that.

My house phone rings, and one of those buff wolfmen calls for me as I sit on my porch outside.

"Out here!" I called through the screen door.

"You really need to let us know when you step outside, ma'am," the young man, Dustin, tells me. He told me to call him Dusty, but I prefer full-names to nicknames when talking to strange men who look like the cover models on the raunchy novels my granddaughter thinks I don't know she has.

"I'm a grown woman. I know how to walk outside on my porch by myself."

Dustin sighs, handing me the phone. I've been giving him and his friend, Christopher, a hard time, but they are starting to grow on me. Even if they did show up and uproot my daily routine like an invasive species.

I looked at the caller ID and smiled.

"I was wondering when you would call me," I said. Max Kissinger.

"Hi Lucy," he huffs in a familiar, deep drawl.

"Hi Max. Well, how is Bailey? How is your grandson?"

"So you know, huh?"

I chuckled, "That boy sounded as determined as you were. It worried me when Bailey said she thought she had accidentally joined a cult, but then I knew. Your company still faithfully sends me those checks every month, even though this is the first month I have ever cashed one of them." I couldn't send my granddaughter on the run empty handed.

"I have a high-interest account set up devoted to fulfilling those check payments, Lucy. You could be a wealthy woman if you weren't so stubborn."

"I told you I didn't want anything to do with your world again. It took too much from me. It would be hypocritical of me to take that money from you."

He growls softly, "Stubborn old woman."

"Stubborn old man," I retorted.

“Your granddaughter is mated to my son, Lucy. That little boy is undeniably my grandson. I know you didn’t want to be a part of this world, but they already are. They need their grandma. I’m going to come get you and move you here soon. Don’t give me your stubborn damn attitude either. If I can’t get you here willingly, I will tie you up and-”

“No need for violence,” I laughed. “Jeez Louise, your son is a lot more likable than you, you old grump. I already told your son I would move there. Bailey and Taegan are all I have left in this world. I’m not giving up any more of my family members to fate and monsters.”

“I’m not a monster, Lucy. Werewolves aren’t-”

“I wasn’t talking about you,” I snapped, “I was referring to that damned demon that got his claws into my Katherine.”

Max groans, not liking the reminder of the past.

It wasn’t his fault. It was no one’s fault but Katherine’s, but I know he still blames himself.

My daughter always suffered from addictions. She had a hard time taking responsibility for her own life. Before my sister, 17 years younger than me, found Max, I was the one taking care of her, raising her like my own daughter. Katherine didn’t like that, and would act out for attention.

She lost her dad at a young age in a logging accident, and she felt like she was losing her mother to her aunt. I couldn’t abandon my sister, but Katherine wasn’t satisfied with sharing me with an aunt that was closer to her age than mine.

One of the ways she started to act out was through partying and, eventually, drugs. Even after my sister ran off with Max, and after her death some years later, Katherine just couldn’t seem to get her life back on track.

She could never even tell me who Bailey’s father was. She went to California for several years, then came back home pregnant.

She tried to get her life back in order for Bailey’s sake. I humbled myself and asked Max to help me pay for her rehab when she relapsed when Bailey was still just a baby. Max sponsored her completely, and even offered her a job at his company, doing bookkeeping at one of the logging sites so she couldn’t be tempted by the drug community in the cities.

She ended up being tempted by something far worse.

While working for Max, she would take these long walks in the woods. She said it would help her to clear her mind. Max found out later when he was visiting her work site that those walks were really for her to meet up with that monster. The monster that eventually stole her from my and Bailey’s lives.

Max tried to get her back. He had to do it alone, to prevent a war breaking out between his people and the monster's people, but the next time he saw Katherine, it was already too late. She was one of them.

I just wanted what was best for Bailey, so I washed my hands of Max and his world, devoted to raising her away from it all. I didn't want her to deal with the same heartache that the supernatural world offered me.

Seems fate had other plans.

"Fate," I scoff.

"What?" Max asked gruffly.

"I hope my Bailey's fate turns out better than what your world gave to the rest of my family, Max."

Max sighs, "My son is a good man. She will be our Luna. No one will be better protected or more loved than her."

"You better be right," I muttered.

A black car pulled up to the curb outside of my house. I watch as a well dressed young man gets out with a formal letter envelope in his hands. He walks up my walkway to where I am sitting.

"Lucille Margret Traynor?" the young man asks, adjusting his sunglasses on his nose.

"Yes?"

"I have the court documents requested by your lawyer to be delivered to you, and a court summons for your granddaughter, Bailey Traynor."

I rest the phone against my chest, "Court summons?"

"Yes ma'am."

He handed me the envelope. I took it, staring at him in confusion. I thought that the court date was set? Why is she being summoned?

The man's glasses slip, and his eyes staring back at me are ruby red, startling me from asking him any questions on the matter.

He straightens his glasses back, nods politely, then leaves without another word.

Muffled yelling against my chest brings me back to reality.

“Lucy? LUCY?”

“I’m right here,” I groan, bringing the phone back to my ear, watching as the strange young man drives off.

“Everything okay? Who was that?”

“Someone from the court, I suppose. Though he had the strangest eyes.”

“What do you mean?” Max asked.

“He must have had colored lenses on. His eyes were blood red. Really unprofessional if you ask me,” I huff.

Max is silent for a few minutes, then he growls deeply, “Lucy, I need you to get inside. Now. Axel told me Dusty and Chris were there. Find them, now, and hand one of them the phone.”

“What is going on?” I asked, the urgency in his gruff tone causing me to obey without argument.

“What the fuck did the man say to you?”

I scoffed at his rudeness, but answered anyway. “He said he had the court papers my lawyer requested for me, and a summons for Bailey.”

“For Bailey? If it is a summons for Bailey, he isn’t supposed to be giving it to you, Lucy. They would have to give it to her directly, or her lawyer.”

“What?” I asked, not understanding what he was insinuating.

“Give Dusty the phone, and start packing. Now. I will come and get you in the morning. You are moving here immediately, Lucy. No arguments.”

“I’m not doing anything until you tell me what is going on,” I yelled, causing both Dustin and Christopher to appear out of nowhere.

Max sighs, “ Infuriating, stubborn, pain-in-the-ass woman. That man was a fucking vampire, Lucy. Now please, for once, do what I’m asking you to do.”

“Okay,” I mutter, stunned by the revelation.

That man was a vampire? He seemed so....normal.

I handed Dustin the phone, and I could hear Max yelling at the poor boy through the line. Instead of listening to what Max told me to do, and walking off to start packing, I stood there in stunned silence, staring at the envelope in my hands.



I tear past the seal methodically, then slowly pull out the papers, trying to make sense of why a vampire would be the one to bring me papers from the court.

Staring at the first page, I nearly fainted.

“No. No, it can’t be. He can’t be,” I muttered.

Christopher came over, putting a supportive hand on my shoulder. “What’s wrong, Miss Lucy?”

I showed him the paper and he gasped. He takes it from me, then hands it to Dustin, who is still getting yelled at by Max.

Dustin reads it, his eyes going wide. “Uh, Alpha Max, sir. I think we have another problem.”

“WHAT!?” I could hear Max yelling loud and clear. Dustin winces and pulls the phone from his ear.

“Uh, these court documents state that a man named Levi Sullivan is the young alpha’s father. It states she has 48 hours to disclose his location to the court or she will be found in contempt.”

There was a long silence, all of us too stunned to speak.

After several seconds, Max mutters something else in the phone line to Dustin.

“Yes, alpha. Yes sir. I will. See you soon, sir.”

Dustin hangs up my phone, then sighs, running a hand through his short hair.

“What is going on? I thought you guys could tell your own kin. How could they say he is that man’s?”

Dustin’s eyes hardened over, “We can tell our own kind, ma’am, and our own family members by scent. That boy is clearly our alpha’s. Alpha Max thinks this is a trap. He wants us to be ready to leave tonight.”

36 Insecurities

## Chapter 36 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Axel POV

“So my mate is the niece of your former mate?” I asked my father in disbelief.

“Great-niece. Lucy Traynor was the sister of my first mate. My fated mate.”

“Sick,” Rick cringes.

“So Taegan can call you grandpa and great-great uncle?” Uncle Nate snorts.

Dad's face goes red, and if I wasn't so distracted by all the shit he just revealed to me, I would find it amusing. This situation is anything but amusing right now.

“Don't give me that shit, you piece of shit. Isn't your niece mated to her fucking brother?” my dad growls.

“Step brother, you ass-, I mean,” Uncle Nate stops himself before he says ‘asshole’ and gets a size 16 boot shoved up his asshole. “Carli and Parker aren't even really step-siblings anymore after my brother and sister-in-law fully adopted her. They share no fucking blood.”

“And I didn't even mark my mate. She wouldn't let me. There is nothing sick about this situation. We shared no blood either,” Dad huffed, crossing his arms and daring anyone to argue with him.

Rick rubs his chin in thought, “It makes sense. The moon goddess wanted Bailey's bloodline as Luna, but the original fate failed, so she fixed it with Bailey and Axel.”

“She couldn't really mate you with your original mate's niece to fix it, so she paired Bailey and Axel instead,” Nate muses. “Same thing as what happened to Carli and Parker.”

Not really the same thing. Carli and Parker Snider were raised as siblings. Her birth mom is mated to his dad. Bailey and I aren't related in any way. Well, now we are, because she's mine, but my dad never fully mated her great-aunt.

I don't care what messed up family background either of us have, Bailey is mine and nothing is changing that. I don't even know why we are still talking about this.

“Can we get back to the real issue,” I growled, “What the fuck do you mean a vampire was at Grandma Lucy's house? How do you know?”

“His sunglasses fell when he was talking to her. She saw his red fucking eyes and made a comment about it. Dusty sniffed out the front porch and confirmed he was a fucking filthy vampire.”

“Why would a vampire be involved with her ex?” Rick asked.

“That's what I would like to know,” dad growls.

Me too. Oh, would I like to know right now so I could murder and destroy anyone and everyone trying to come between me and my family. Who the hell is helping that prick trying to take my mate from me?

“Do you think it has something to do with Bailey’s mom?” I asked. That seems farfetched, since she has wanted nothing to do with Bailey her entire life, and how would Levi have any relation to a vampire coven this far away?

“Possibly, though that woman never showed any interest in her daughter after becoming one of them. I pleaded with her for years to think of her mother and child, but she never budged. She was changed, told me to leave her the fuck alone, and hasn’t contacted Lucy or Bailey since. I haven’t seen or heard from her since either.”

“Do you think Stephanie has?” Farak asked.

We all sat there thinking about the possibility.

“She might. Should we ask her?” Uncle Nate asks.

“Ask her,” I told Rick.

“On it, Alpha. I’ll bring her in.”

I sighed, leaning forward and running both my hands up and down my face. “Taegan is mine,” I said to no one in particular. “They’re both mine. I am not going to let anyone take her from me.”

“She is marked, Axel,” Uncle Nate leans forward and pats my leg sympathetically, “No one can take her from you. They can’t take him either.”

“She could try to run,” I whispered. “I just got her to accept me. If she starts to doubt I’m Taegan’s father again, she might try to run.”

I can’t let that happen. I might really die without my mate. She can’t leave me over a lie. It is a lie. The whole fucking court document was utter bull shit. I’m so scared she will believe it, though.

“She won’t run,” dad tells me. “You just have to explain the shit about her mom.”

“We don’t even know yet if her mom is a part of this. It could be some other coven who that fucker has some association with. And how do you think she would handle hearing that her mom, who she thinks left her as a baby, really left to be the lover of a fucking vampire and became one herself because my father wouldn’t leave her alone?”

Dad exhales deeply. “Axel, you are getting yourself worked up over shit that hasn’t happened yet. She isn’t an idiot. I’m sure she is capable of rational thought. You marked her. She can’t leave you that easily. She wouldn’t.” Dad is trying to calm me down.

“She might,” I growled. “I don’t want to risk it. This shit stays between us. No one else, especially the women, are to know about the fake paternity results. Not until this shit is handled.”

“You can’t keep her in the dark, Axel,” Uncle Nate looks at me disapprovingly, “Yes, it’s bullshit, but she has the right to know. You keeping her in the dark about shit that concerns her and her child will hurt your bond more than the truth will.”

“I’m not fucking lying to her by keeping it in the dark. I’m just not going to tell her for now. Our paternity test will be back next week. When I have that as proof that this other test is lying, I’ll tell her then.”

“And what happens if she somehow finds out about this test before then? Come on, Axel. You are letting your fears cloud your judgment. You need to be honest with your mate. Don’t keep shit from her.”

“I’M THE FUCKING ALPHA, AND I SAY IT STAYS HERE! IT DOES NOT LEAVE THIS ROOM! DO YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND?”

I’m seething mad. I have never pushed a command over my uncle before, but the fear of Bailey leaving me, of her going back to him, of someone else trying to raise my son, hurting my mate and child is overwhelming me.

The betrayal pains in my chest would be unbearable now that she’s marked if I ever felt her being with him again. The suffocating feeling of losing her for a second time would be too much to bear. I can’t risk it. I can’t risk more doubts being planted in her brain. She is mine, and no one else is going to take her from me.

Uncle Nate grimaces, his brow sweating as he grits his teeth together from my command weighing over him.

“Yes. Alpha,” he grunts out, panting heavily when the words pass his lips.

“Axel,” my dad grabs my arm, “Don’t. You are better than that. You know she won’t leave you. We wouldn’t let her.”

“She left me before for a lot less,” I sneered. “I’m serious. This stays in this room. Tell Rick too.”

I barreled out of the room, anxious and pissed, wanting to tear Levi limb from limb. I pass Rick and Stephanie on my way towards the hallway that connects my house to the packhouse.

“Alpha?” Rick stared after me, confused. I don’t pay either of them any mind. I need to calm down. I need to go for a run to cool my head so I can think clearly. The fear of Bailey leaving me again, and this time taking away my son before I can even hear him call me ‘dad’, has the beast inside me tearing through my skin. I can’t lose my mate. I won’t. And I sure as hell won’t let another man take my child.

Stephanie POV

“What’s wrong with him?” I asked.

“I don’t know, but I think we need to give him some space,” Beta Farak says, staring after our alpha.

“Do you still need to talk to me then?” I asked.

Beta Farak sighs, “Let’s go see. Alpha Max probably would still like to talk to you.”

I followed him back to the alpha’s office.

When we walked into the room, I could feel the tension in the air. Gamma Nathan is sweating, cursing like a sailor, and Alpha Max is growling back at him, telling him to quit acting like a bitch.

Alpha Max looks at Beta Farak, his eyes glazing over, and I know they are mind linking. I wait quietly until they finish.

Beta Farak sighs, “Okay, well, have a seat Stephanie. We need to ask you a few questions about, uh, well, your mate,” Beta Farak words the statement as a question, looking to Alpha Max for confirmation.

“Yeah. Stephanie, can you elaborate on the extent of your current relationship with your mate? We know that she is Lord Antonio’s daughter. Have you ever met him or anyone else in his family?”

I want to groan out loud, but I know better. We were just talking about this outside. I know the history between Alpha Max and Lord Antonio. I liked Alpha Max as my former alpha, but I love my mate. I’m wary of why he is asking me about her family.

“I haven’t met anyone in her family. It was a miracle that I even found her. You know we don’t cross each other’s territories.”

“So you know nothing about her home life?” Gamma Nathan asked.

I shrug, “Like, what specifically?”

“Has she ever mentioned a woman named Katherine?” Alpha Max asked.

“Katherine,” I repeated the name. I think that’s the real name of her. The woman who Alpha Max and Lord Antonio seem to be feuding over...

“Her father’s lover is named Rina, and I think it is short for Katherine.” I bite my lip nervously before I ask, “Are you asking because you still want to take her from Lord Antonio? Are you still in love with her?”

“What?” Alpha Max asked in stunned confusion.

“Ooh this just got interesting,” Gamma Nathan leaned back in his chair with a big smile.

### 37 Cousin Time

## Chapter 37 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

### Bailey POV

Stephanie comes back out to join us about 10 minutes later, an odd look on her face.

“Hey, Steph. Everything okay?” Quinn asked.

She grimaced, “I think so, but Alpha Max is always loud, so I can’t tell.”

“What did they want?” Courtney asked.

She shrugged, “I think they just wanted information on my mate and her family, but I’m not too sure what for. I got permission to invite Addison to the pack, though.”

“See. I told you Axel wouldn’t have a problem with it,” Courtney smiles.

“Well, it was Beta Farak and Alpha Max that told me it was okay. Alpha Axel wasn’t there. He stormed off looking pissed right when I walked in.”

I was startled, looking at Courtney, like I expected her to know why Axel was mad, but she was looking at Stephanie in question.

“He didn’t come out here,” she says.

“He went towards the alpha quarters.”

I want to ask what happened, but before I can, Casey comes running back with both boys on his back, giggling up a storm. He’s been running around with them for a while now, and Taegan is loving it.

He and Calum keep taking turns with the “reigns”. Casey shifted back and explained to the boys they had to take turns treating him like a horse, since he could listen to both of them pulling on his hair at the same time.

Calum is in the front, a strong grip on the hair around his father’s neck, and Taegan has one of his arms around Calum’s waist, the other up in the air, hooting and hollering.

Casey is hilariously kicking and bucking like a bronco. He’s such a good sport with the boys. As much as I disliked him the time he tried to run away with my child, I like the way he brings out the kid in Taegan. He’s definitely the fun uncle type.

A few minutes later, the men, minus Axel, came from the front doors of the packhouse, drawing our amused attention from Casey and the boys.

Nathan and Max are arguing about something, cussing up a storm, but Courtney yells “language” and they both quiet down momentarily. Nathan ends up yelling back at her to mind her own fucking language and not to worry a damn about his, but Max looks over to me, sheepishly, like he’s sorry he was speaking in such a way in my presence.

“Where is Axel?” I asked no one in particular, but looking mainly at Farak. Out of these three men, he is the one I am most comfortable with and seems the easiest to talk with. The other two seem too hotheaded.

“He, uh, needed to go clear his head for a bit,” Farak answers me.

“Oh,” is all I say back, not sure if I should press more. He looks slightly uncomfortable with me asking him.

“Axel will come right back, Bailey,” Max smiles down at me, “Just an issue with security shit, uh, I mean stuff we weren’t expecting.”

“Oh, okay,” I smiled hesitantly up at him.

“I’m going to go with the gamma and the boys for a run. Why don’t you relax with the girls for a bit, and Casey can bring Taegan back to you when we are done.”

“Why can’t you bring him back?” Courtney asked, grabbing both boys and getting them down from Casey.

“I have to run out after the run with them. I just wanted to spend some time with my grandson before I left,” he tells her.

“Going back to the mines, Alpha?” Quinn asked. From my understanding, her father-in-law was the one who replaced Max at his job site.

“No. I need to go escort someone back to our pack,” he mutters.

“Who?” Courtney asked.

These women, Courtney and Quinn, I have learned, are the puppetmasters with their men. Courtney is not a fighter like Quinn, but is very authoritative and likes to be informed. Quinn, being what they call the Beta female, says she needs to have a more dominant personality since it's her job to help Farak manage different aspects of the pack. Together, Quinn and Courtney are a force to be reckoned with. It's funny to watch their mates and male family members bend to their wills when the men are so dominant in all other aspects of the packlife.

"Yeah, who? You taking Archie from me means I have to drive myself to town to get donuts every morning," Quinn glares at him.

Farak laughs while rolling his eyes. "I think I was the one you made go get the donuts this morning, babe."

"I still want to know who," Courtney stares at her uncle.

“Well,” Max looked back down at me, “Your grandmother, Bailey. I talked to Lucy and she will be moving here first thing in the morning. I’m going to run there in wolf form through the night and help to drive her back tomorrow.”

“My grandma will be here tomorrow?” I asked excitedly, a huge smile spreading on my face.

He chuckles softly and nods. “She will be here by noon. I’m sure Courtney and her mom can help you get a cabin set up for her, or help you to prepare one of the guest rooms.” He looks at Courtney expectantly and she smiles at me and nods.

“Thank you, Max,” I told him, tears brimming my eyes. I can’t even begin to describe how much I have missed my grandma. She was always my rock, and this place will feel even more like home with her living here with me.

“It’s my pleasure, Bailey. Anything for my daughter-in-law and grandson,” he tells me, giving me an awkward side hug and kissing the top of my head.

I don’t hesitate to throw my arms around his waist and squeeze him back, thrilled about what he is doing for me.

Yeah, we may have gotten off on the wrong foot, but this more than makes up for it.

"I hope you both can make this place your forever home," he whispered, "I'm glad my son finally found you. I know I didn't make you feel all too welcome at first, but I am truly happy that you are here."

I looked at him with a big smile, one of my tears breaking free. He wipes it away and kisses the top of my head one more time.



Right when I let go of a grinning Max's waist, Taegan walked up to us, "Mommy, Cousin Courtney said I have a sleepover with Cousin Calum?"

"Sorry to not ask you first," Courtney laughs, "When I told the boys that we would bring Taegan home after the run, they both groaned, and the sleepover thing just slipped out. I hope you don't mind."

Normally, a night without Taegan would cause me extreme anxiety, but it doesn't sound bad to me at all. I trust Courtney with my son. I think I trust just about everyone I have met here with him. Maybe not Axel's mom, for obvious reasons, but no one else has given me a reason not to trust them.

"No, I don't mind," I grinned back at her, "Thank you for offering."

"No problem," she laughs, "You and that cousin of mine can get started on making baby number two."

I blush bright red at hearing that, but everyone else just chuckles.

I would have to find Axel first, but that doesn't sound half bad.

"Cousin Courtney, can Stephanie have a sleepover too?" Taegan asks, causing me to roll my eyes and shake my head.

This kid. He is Courtney and Casey's problem tonight.

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Not having Taegan to take care of, and Axel still being MIA, I opted to take a bath since I was alone in the house for the first time ever.

The bathroom in the master bedroom is massive, with a clawfoot tub in a bay window with a beautiful view of the landscape. Axel told me that the windows were made so you could see out, but no one could see in. I was excited to try it all without little fingers reaching under the door, asking me for snacks.

I turn on some soft coffee shop music, clip up my hair, then slowly sink into the steaming water, full of foamy oil that smells like vanilla and sugar.

I've noticed most things in this house with a fragrance are the scent of vanilla. I expected sandalwood or musky scents. Scents that a man would use. Instead, every candle, hand soap, laundry scent beads, and even the bath fragrances were all vanilla.

It makes me hungry. I'm tempted to lick the bath foam now just to see if it will taste as good as it smells.

About 20 minutes into the bath, I'm lying back with my eyes closed, going over in my head everything I need to do to prepare for my grandma coming tomorrow, when I hear stomping outside the bathroom.

"Bailey?!" Axel's voice booms, sounding slightly panicked.

"In here! The bathroom!" I called back.

He throws open the door, then sighs in relief. He was breathing heavily, and I could see extra hair on his arms and bare chest like he was about to turn into a giant puppy again. As he breathes, his hair starts to recede back to normal.

"You okay there?" I rested my chin on my arms on the edge of the bathtub, looking at him worriedly.

"Yes, sorry. I didn't see or hear you or Taegan so I started to panic."

I giggled at him, "Taegan wanted a sleepover with Calum," and Stephanie, I think, but don't say, "I decided to use my time alone to try out your bathtub."

"Our bathtub," he corrects me, making my smile widen.

"Our bathtub."

He smiles softly at me, but I can see his eyes aren't in it. They still look stressed and worried at the edges. Actually, his whole face seemed lined with anxiety. I wonder what happened to cause him to panic like that? Was it because of whatever security thing happened earlier, or did he really think I would take Taegan and leave him again, even after the marking thing he did to me?

He told me forever, and I plan on holding him to that. I like my new home, and I am really starting to fall hard for him, as well as everyone else I have met in this pack, not cult.

"Did you think I would leave you again?" I couldn't help but ask him.

His smile slips, and I can finally fully see the extent of his worry.

He does.

He does think that if I had a reason, I would leave again.

"Axel, unless you wanted me to leave, I don't think I could at this point. You are mine forever now, right? That's what this means?" I pointed to the mark he left on my neck.

"And that you are mine," he mutters.

I laugh at his possessiveness. I don't mind it with him. I actually like it. The loving possessiveness, like he would walk through fire to protect me. I am starting to feel the same way about him.

"Forever?" I reiterate.

He smiles softly, "Forever," he nods.

"Good. Now that that is established, get in here with me. I missed you this evening," I smiled at him in a way I hoped appeared sultry.

Even if it isn't, Axel responds like it is. His eyes fill with lust and he shoves his pants down, exposing his thick muscular legs and that weapon he keeps between them. I bite my lips in excitement, remembering what that thing is capable of.

I scooted forward, giving Axel plenty of room to slide in the water behind me.

### 38 Amazing Honesty

## Chapter 38 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Axel's large frame slides into the space behind me, his muscular legs moving to either side of my body as his arms wrap around my waist, pulling me back so I can rest back against his chest.

He smells of the forest and strongly of his own mouth-watering scent; that scent that comforts and excites me all at the same time.

I don't at all feel self-conscious about being naked in the bath with him. Usually I wouldn't be comfortable with my body like this, but I like the way Axel makes me feel. He has never made me feel anything but adored and beautiful. Even the way his hands are moving against my waist now makes me feel cherished.

When I feel his weapon press firmly into my lower back and ass, I can't help but moan in contentment. It's just greater affirmation that he finds me desirable just as I am.

I want to tell him about my grandmother coming, and his father being so nice. I want to tell him about the way Taegan and Calum were fighting over food, and how they were riding Casey like a horse. I have this strong desire to share every aspect of my day with him, feeling in my soul that he would hang on to every word, listening intently even to the most nonsensical of information

like it was valuable, just because it was something I wanted to tell him. He makes me feel important and loved, and I hope I can be that for him as well.

“I missed you after dinner,” I told him, turning my head on his chest so I could gaze up at his beautiful blue eyes.

He kisses my nose and smiles at me adoringly. “I’m sorry. I had something come up.”

His words seemed uneasy, like he was trying to keep whatever it was from worrying me.

I wanted to press, but decided to let it go. He is the leader of a large pack of monster wolf men. I’m sure that responsibility comes with some challenges, some of which he will not always be able to share with me. I want to help him to relax and unwind, not rehash the things that are stressing him out. Unless he wants that, then I would be more than happy to listen, but I don’t think he wants to share whatever is troubling him right now.

No, instead, I will help to wash that stress away. This may be our only night alone in quite some time between Taegan and my grandma coming. We should take advantage of it.

I turn in the bath, floating between his legs, his member pressing right under my bust now, something he seems more than okay with.

“Is there anything I can do to help you relax?” I smirked at him suggestively.

“Well,” he thrusts his hips up so his dick slips up between my heavy breasts, his eyes closing slightly as he exhales in pleasure.

I giggle at his obvious request, feeling empowered as lust settles over his features, dispelling much of his anxiety.

I push my bust together, squeezing my chest around his hardening length. He hisses as my tongue flicks over his velvety head, the water sloshing around us as he pumps himself up and down. I involuntarily moan, seeing the effect my body has on him. I squeeze my breasts even tighter, my desire for him rising with his enthusiasm. His dick is pulsing between my boobs, the heat from the friction sending tingles all over my skin.

My pussy is leaking into the bathwater, and I think Axel can smell it from the way his nostrils are flaring. His eyes are trained on me as I struggle to catch the head of his dick in my mouth with each of his thrusts. His pre-cum is coating my lips, making every breath I take taste like him.

It only takes him a few minutes before his thrusts become sporadic, his head going back as he grunts louder and louder.

“Fuck, Bailey. I’m about to-”

He stills, his load shooting onto my chin and onto my tongue in my open mouth. I sucked his tip between my lips, savoring every drop.

His 'good morning kisses' this morning involved a lot of the reverse of this. He licked and ate me up like a starving man. It feels good to finally return the favor. He tastes amazing, too. Is that a werewolf thing, or a mate thing? I wouldn't mind doing this every day.

"Mmmh, baby. That felt so good. I love how soft your body is."

I wiped the rest of him from my lips, sucking the substance off my fingers, offering him a shy smile.

"You taste good," I commented, smirking around my finger.

He laughs huskily, "You can have a taste whenever you want."

He pulls me up to straddle him, then kisses me deeply, his tongue invading and dominating my mouth. I melt against him, wrapping my arms around his neck. I love the feeling of being in his arms. I feel safe and adored.

He lifts me, adjusting himself under me, slowly sinking my body back down while his ready length glides into my wet core, causing me to moan into his mouth.

Amazing. Everything about being with Axel is amazing. My life did a 180 basically overnight, and all because of him. I felt so lost and desolate when I left home. Axel has given me a new home, and a new purpose in his strange world. He has chased away so many of my anxieties and insecurities, and given me a place to belong. A place where my son and I can finally feel safe and cherished.

Being connected with him like this just feels so right. Like we were made to be together.

I start to bounce in his lap, ignoring the water as it splashes out of the tub. My hips are grinding and circling, working his length, meeting him thrust for thrust. My insides are tingling, the intense sensation building to new heights. I'm crying out his name incoherently, begging for more, and he is giving it to me. He is giving me everything I need and even more than what I want. More than I ever knew was possible.

Amazing. Everything about him is simply amazing.

His mouth moves to the scar he left on my neck, the sensation inside me electrifying through to my limbs as his teeth graze the mark. He sucks it, massaging my sensitive skin with his tongue. It sends me into a shaking fit, my body not able to process and absorb all the pleasure at once.

He takes the opportunity to lift me from the water, sinking into me to the point that it is almost more pain than pleasure. Almost.

I end up exploding around him, screaming out as he easily continues to thrust into me, gripping my ass with my legs hooked over his arms, my hands gripping his shoulders feebly while he still bounces me on his dick.

I have no more control over my body. None of it. He is controlling me completely, even my pleasure, as he drives my orgasm further and further.

When my back hits the mattress, he takes my legs and wraps them around his neck, pounding into me with more force than ever before. My ass is jiggling, my breasts bouncing painfully with every one of his thrusts, but all I can do is cry out for more. His eyes watch my body's movements with carnal hunger, making me feel wanton and sexy. He loves the way my body moves with every thrust, and he is just pushing into me harder and harder, drawing out more desperate cries from me.

I want more. I want all that he can give me. I know this is going to leave me sore and probably unable to walk for days, but all I can think about right now is how amazing this feels.

“You’re mine,” he growls, his canines elongated and protruding from his open mouth. “You are fucking mine, Bailey. Only mine.”

“Yes!” I cried, never wanting to belong to anyone else ever again. I am completely his.

“Fucking say it!” he demands, releasing my legs, bending over to kiss my neck, making those delicious shivers wrack my entire body.

“I’m fucking yours,” I cried.

He growls deeply, his teeth sinking into my neck over his mark, making euphoric pleasure overtake me once again.

He spills himself inside me as my walls pulse around him, milking him dry with another mind-blowing orgasm.

This pleasure is earth-shattering. My vision is dancing as I fight to remain cognitive. I don't want to fall asleep, because I want to spend more waking hours being loved and adored by him. I want to love and adore him back until he knows how grateful I am that he didn't give up on me. Give up on us. He is changing mine and Taegan's life for the better, giving us more than I could ever imagine. I don't just want to have sex and pass out each time. I want to make sure I am loving him properly too.

He growls, his chest vibrating against mine, then releases my neck, licking it to seal it shut. He kisses his way to my lips, gripping my face between his hands, closing his eyes and resting his forehead on mine.

“You’re mine,” he whispered desperately.

I was too engrossed with the pleasure he was giving me before, but now that we are in the afterglow, I can somehow feel the anxiety and fear radiating off him.

Anxiety and fear of what?

“Hey,” I whispered, running my hands over his face until he pulled up and looked down at me. “What’s wrong?”

His eyes glaze over with fear, and I know there is something more than just pack security bothering him. It is something to do with me.

“Axel, what’s wrong? Is this to do with you thinking I ran away again?” I asked him.

Tears were building in his eyes and he rested his head on my neck, taking a shuddering breath against my skin.

“I can’t lose you again, Bailey. Losing you and Taegan would tear me apart. You’re mine. You are both mine,” he whispers in a broken voice while I soothe my hands down his back and into his hair, holding him against me.

“Where is this coming from? I’m not going anywhere. What happened, Axel?”

He takes a few more shuddering breaths, then lifts his face, his tears spilling over as he stares down at me.

My heart breaks at his expression. Even not knowing what was wrong, I knew I would do anything and everything to make his pain and sorrow go away. The brilliant blue of his eyes looked like ice, melting with his anguish.

“I need to tell you something. I don’t want to, but I don’t think I can keep it from you. I don’t want to lie to you, even if I know the whole thing is bull shit. I’m so scared that you will believe it over me, though. I can’t lose you, baby. I can’t. I can’t go through that again. It would kill me.”

“What?!” I asked desperately, “What is it? What is scaring you like this? You’re scaring me.”

He bites his lip, resting his head on my neck again, inhaling my scent to try to calm himself.

“Your grandmother had a visit from someone claiming to be from the court today. He couldn’t have been. It had to be bull shit. He gave your grandma documents that claimed Taegan was Levi’s.”

My heart stops. “What? What do you mean?”

“It was a positive result of paternity for Levi, claiming Levi was his father.”

## Chapter 39 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Axel POV

My face is pressed to her soft, silky smooth chest, breathing in her comforting vanilla scent as I await her reaction.

I told her. I really just told her, even though I just spent the last few hours beating myself up over not telling her. I can't believe I just blurted everything out like that.

Uncle Nate was right, though. Not telling her felt like lying. I don't want to lie to my mate. The more I thought about it, the more I realized lying and deceiving would be a lot harder for our relationship to recover from than just proving a fake test wrong.

Being with her, being connected to her while making love, that finally did me in.

She is mine, and she wasn't holding back letting me know that. She complied with every one of my requests, exceeding my expectations. She was set on pleasing me, leaving herself open and vulnerable to me.

I wasn't doing the same.

Bailey's chest starts to shake, and I jolt up, fearfully expecting to see her crying, but I am met with her laughter instead.

I furrow my brows. Is she hysterical right now?

"Did you, um, understand me, Bailey?" I asked, "the paternity test for Levi came back positive."

"I heard you," she giggles.

"Then-...."

"Axel," she snorts as she tries to stop laughing, "I knew about the test. Grandma and I talked before dinner when you were outside playing with Taegan. She failed to tell me about coming here, probably to keep it a surprise, but she did tell me about some fake paternity test Levi tried to pass off as positive to get me to come back. I know it's fake. I was there when I filed the order. They can't give the results to my grandma. The judge told me I would be notified when to



pick up the results from the courthouse. They can't legally give results to anyone else, I don't think. And Axel," she runs her hands down my face, "Taegan smells just like you. I can sense it now. Ever since this morning, just smelling him, I can tell who he belongs to. I figured that was just a weird wolfy power you gave me, or maybe more of your voodoo magic."

I scoff, my tears blurring my vision, and she smirks.

"Did you think I would leave you, even now?"

I solemnly shrugged my shoulders, and then nodded softly. She gave me a disapproving look, looking more adorable and lovable than ever.

"Even if by some chance the test was positive, that doesn't change the fact he was abusive. I would just have to fight him for sole custody. I would never go back to him."

She bites her lip nervously. "If Taegan wasn't yours, though, would you want me to leave?"

Brief panic numbs my chest at the thought. "No. Never."

She offers me a small smile at that. "Well, it looks like neither one of us has anything to worry about then."

I'm staring down at her in amazement. It seriously can't just be that easy....

I was running for hours thinking the worst, and here my mate was, knowing all along, completely disregarding the news. She was much more rational than me.

She's not going to leave me. She's mine, and she doesn't even care if I'm not Taegan's father, even though I am. I know without a doubt I'm his dad, but if I wasn't, she was planning on staying with me anyway.

Peace settles in my swelling heart. I love this woman, beyond a reasonable doubt.

"I love you, Bailey," I whispered, cupping her beautiful face.

She smiles shyly, "I think I love you too," she bites that luscious bottom lip again, "No, I know I love you. I love you too, Axel."

My mouth crashes into hers, her words igniting my hunger once again.

I'm still inside her, and my love for her swells, causing her to moan.

I slowly, sweetly started to move in and out of her again, circling my hips, making her whimper. Fuck, I love her. I love her so much it's unbelievable. I still need to tell her about her mother and all the other shit going on, but now I can with the reassurance that she won't leave me.

She loves me too, and that is all that I need.

“Axel,” she whimpers, her mouth going slack, and her eyes rolling back.

“Yes, baby?” I kissed her jaw, savoring the taste of her skin on my tongue.

“Mmh, it feels...so good,” she gasps, her hips rotating to meet mine.

I smile, laughing huskily, “I think Taegan could use a sibling, what do you think?” I ask, grinding into her painfully slowly, watching in wonder as her face contorts with pleasure.

She smiles, giggling until my sudden thrust turns that giggle into a moan.

“Is that funny?” I asked, amused and fascinated by her expressions. The feeling of her soft body under mine has my body buzzing, desperate to be more rough, but now isn’t the time for being rough. I want to be sweet and slow, cherishing every sexy inch of her, inside and out.

“Courtney said the same thing,” she whispers with a hazy smile. “She said to use the night alone for baby number two.”

Goddess, Courtney is my favorite cousin. She is my only cousin, but that is besides the point. She could probably sense I would need a night alone with Bailey to sort shit out, and she gave it to me. I should send her and Casey on a vacation or something soon for all their help getting Bailey and Taegan here and adjusted. I know they are a big reason Bailey is so open to everything now.

“We shouldn’t disappoint her,” I smiled against her skin, kissing my way down to her mark. “We already know we make beautiful babies together,” I joked.

She giggles, causing her body to move in distracting ways. “I think I wouldn’t mind being pregnant again if I could be pregnant with you,” she bites her lip, and I still my movements, distracted by her comment.

“Was your pregnancy with Taegan hard?”

She stares up at me hesitantly, then nods. “I think it was because of the stress I was under because of Levi and my job. Then the pregnancy progressed so rapidly that adjusting was impossible. He was just here before I knew it.”

I grimace, thinking about all she must have gone through, and how confused she must have been.

“I wish I could have been there. I would have showered you with nothing but love and devotion. I wouldn’t have let anything cause you stress.”

“I know,” she smiles at me, “I can feel that. Is that weird, how I can feel your emotions? Is that a werewolf thing?” she asked.

I chuckled at her, "It's the mate bond, baby," I kissed my mark on her neck, causing her to shiver, "You will feel my heightened emotions and I can feel yours."

"You can hear my mind links now too," I tell her through our link, causing her to startle.

"I could hear you in my head," she gasps, pulling my face up with her hands so she can look at me.

"You can answer me in your head too," I laughed at her amazed expression, a little "o" forming with her mouth as she watched my lips remain still even as she heard my voice ringing through her head.

"How?" she asks out loud.

"Try to reach for me with your mind. It should be easy since the channel is open right now, and push your thoughts towards me. It will come as easy as talking on a walkie talkie once you get used to it."

She scrunches her beautiful face, making her dimples appear, and concentrates really hard on the task.

"Like this?" I hear her voice through the link.

I laughed and nodded my head at her, "Just like that."

"Wow," she smiles brightly, "I have voodoo magic too now."

"Mmhmm, you do. You're so scary," I teased her, causing her to giggle.

I kissed her lips, moving my mouth passionately against hers. I can hear her moans in my head and out loud, driving me wild.

"I want this," she tells me, then pushes an image of her on top of me, riding me. The view from her angle, seeing the way she views me, with so much hunger and passion, is amazing. I don't know if she meant to show me so much through the link, but I'm not complaining.

I can see through her eyes that she truly does love me.

It's an amazing feeling.

I wrap my arms around her, rolling over so she can be on top, staying buried deep inside her the entire time. She squeals in surprise, then groans as my dick hits as deep as it can possibly go.

"Yes," she cries out, rolling her hips.

“Fuck me, baby. Ride me like you want,” I told her, pinching her nipples, rolling them between my thumbs and fingers.

Her head lulls back, and she pushes her chest into my eager hands, bouncing and rolling her pelvis to mine. The soft cushion of her tender pussy envelops every inch of me. I groan as I watch my dick disappear inside her, seeing her juices leaking out and dripping onto me.

Her body is fervently bouncing with her, and I love the show. Soon, I couldn’t hold myself back. I am thrusting up into her, making her cry out. My thumb finds her clit and circles it intensely, wanting to drive out another earth-shattering orgasm from her before she milks me dry once again.

Her thighs grip my sides, shaking uncontrollably as she shatters and explodes around me.

She throws her head back, screaming out. I pull her down and grip her tightly, plummeting into her with all my force, prolonging her pleasure as long as possible until I reach my own satisfaction once again.

Baby number two, baby number two, I chant in my head.

It wasn’t until I heard her laugh that I realized I had left the link open and she heard my chant.

“Maybe you should go one more round, just to be sure,” she giggled.

“Well,” I smirked at her, “If you insist....”

40 Monster

## Chapter 40 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Levi POV

I’m watching from my car around the corner and down the street as two big men move around the outside of Bailey’s grandma’s house, loading things up in a moving van outside.

I thought those assholes were going to help me get Bailey back, not drive her grandmother away. Her grandma is my last link to finding her, and if she isn’t here, Bailey won’t come back either.

My phone vibrates in the cupholder, drawing my attention away from the men working in the dead of night. Where the fuck did men like this come from, anyway? They definitely aren't from around here.

If they are sucking up to Lucy to get closer to Bailey, I'm going to lose my shit.

Bailey needs me, damn it. She can be such a whore when I'm not there to control her. Look at what happened with that brat? Some other fucker knocked her up and it was probably one of the times I wasn't keeping her on a short enough leash.

She fucking needs me, and she is coming back to me whether she likes it or not.

"Hello?" I answered my phone before it went to voicemail.

"Where the hell are you, Levi? I thought you were going to be home tonight to discuss your future? I've been waiting 2 hours for you to get here."

I rolled my eyes. I was there 4 hours ago at the time my father told me to meet him at his home office to discuss him wanting to send me off to law school in the U.S., but he was too deep in a meeting with one of the maids to notice my quick entrance and exit.

"I'm busy now," I muttered.

He huffs with exasperation on the phone line. "You better not be off fucking around with that loose woman again. You saw the results the same as I did. The brat isn't yours. She's a slut and not worth putting your future off for any longer."

"She's not a slut, dad," I groaned angrily, "She's mine." I hate when my dad or anyone else says shit about Bailey. Yeah, right now it might be true, but that doesn't make her any less mine, and I don't like people talking about my property like that.

"That's why the bitch had a kid with another man and forced you to help raise it. Grow up, Levi. No woman is worth all that trouble. It sounds like she doesn't want anything to do with you anymore anyway. She tried to get a damn protective order against you. If that shit appears on your record, forget becoming a politician. You wouldn't even be able to become a public defender with that shit following you. Leave the bitch alone and move on, Levi. She isn't worth it."

I groaned, knowing arguing with my dad would lead to nothing but a black eye later or a broken jaw.

I'm not giving up on her. She's mine. He might have given up on my mother, saying she wasn't worth the hassle, but I will never abandon Bailey. She's mine. She needs me. I've worked too hard to keep her with me to give up now. I won't give up.

She. Is. Mine.

“Okay, dad,” I muttered. I have no plans on obeying him, but I’m not telling him that.

“Good. Now, get your ass here first thing in the morning. We need to go over schools. It's been a few years, but I can still get you into a couple of the original ones we were looking at with a big enough donation.”

I groaned, “Dad, I might not be able to make it in the morning. I have-”

“YOU HAVE NOTHING!” dad yells, causing me to pull the phone away from my ear and wince. “I fucking know you have been throwing my name around in the courts to get access to that bitch. It stops now! You are not working. You have nothing to do unless you are planning on using me to cause more fucking problems. Be here! In the fucking morning! That is not a request, it’s an order. Do you fucking understand me?!”

“Yes, sir,” I grit between clenched teeth.

“Good!” he yells before hanging up.

Fuck him.

Shit, could things be any more fucked up? I can't give up on Bailey. I don't care what my dad says.

I stared down at my phone. That asshole from the other night told me to call him if I needed to, and to let him know if this shit to get Bailey back here didn’t work.

It obviously didn’t work.

Lucy is leaving and Bailey still hasn’t reached out to me. I can't reach out to her, since my number is now blocked. Not just my number, but it seems any number I call her from doesn't go through. She has never blocked me to that extent before, and it has been years since the last time she tried.

The old asshole told me that if I had access to the brat, I could use him to take Bailey from the guy she is hiding with now. Why this man wants Bailey away from him is of no consequence to me. I want the same thing. Seems he is the only way for that to happen now.

I press call on the old fuck’s number, then wait for him to answer as it rings.

“What?” his voice growls at me.

“What to you?” I grumbled back, “I thought you said if I gave you my court documents you could make it seem like she had to come back. Her grandma is leaving now instead. What the fuck happened?”

The line goes quiet for several seconds.

“She never came back? What do you mean the grandma is leaving instead?”

I groaned in exasperation. This guy isn’t the sharpest tool in the fucking shed I’ve come to learn, but he is my only ticket to Bailey so I have to put up with him. “Her grandmother has 2 huge men loading her shit into a moving van right now. It didn’t work, whatever your guy did. Bailey didn’t show up, and it looks like her grandmother is leaving town instead. Do you need me to dumb it down any more for you?”

“Watch your fucking tone, boy,” he snaps. “It should have worked. He fucking compelled her to make her granddaughter come back. There is no way it didn’t work.”

“Compel?” I repeated the word in confusion. You can’t make Lucy do anything she doesn’t want to do. Believe me. I’ve tried.

I’m staring across the street at the two men being bossed around by the pushy old women, complying with every one of her demands as she points them in different directions with their arms full of boxes.

Just then, a giant creature emerges from the treeline, the size of a giant moose, but much thicker. It looks like a giant dog, but that can’t be. Wolves and dogs don’t get that big.

Lucy and the men stare at it, not seeming afraid in the least. On the contrary, Lucy yells at it, saying something along the lines of “took you long enough”.

The asshole is grumbling something in my ear, but I can’t focus on his conversation. I am far too enraptured by the shit happening in front of me. Why isn’t she scared shitless? I am, and I’m in the safety of my car.

The giant creature walks right up to the men, then slowly starts to transform, making me yell out, dropping my phone in surprise.

The thing changed into a fucking man! A huge fucking man, standing naked right by Lucy and the guys helping her move.

What the actual fuck?

Grandma Lucy yells something at him, hitting his arm over and over again, and one of the men hands him a pair of athletic shorts. The monster man slips them on while Lucy continues to berate him about something.

“Hello? HELLO?” I heard the asshole’s voice muffled from my phone on the floorboard in front of me.

It takes me several seconds to remember how to move to grab it.

“There is a giant fucking monster that just turned into a man here!” I told him as I brought the phone back to my ear. “A fucking animal, big as a car, just turned into a giant man right in her yard. What the fuck is going on?!”

“Shit,” he mutters, “Fuck. What does he look like?”

“Like a naked viking, as tall and as big as a house.” The man is older, but seems way to fit for his age. He’s bigger than both the moving guys, and he has this air of authority about him that makes my hair stand on end.

And Lucy is just pointing her bony finger at him, scolding him like a fucking child!

How is she not scared of the monster in front of her?

“Is he blonde with blue eyes? Gruff personality?”

“I don’t fucking know!” I sneered, “It’s dark and I can’t see those details. He’s nothing but muscle. Like, scary ripped. His hair looks light colored, but it’s hard to tell with just a porch light.”

“Shit, it’s the alpha,” he mumbles to someone. The person gasps, then hisses something back. Something I can’t make out.

I tried to ask what he meant, but he must have pulled the phone away to talk to the other person because he didn’t respond.

Alpha? What the fuck is that, some kind of nickname? Is Bailey mixed up with some monster biker gang? What the fuck is going on?

Should I listen to my father and give her up? Is she worth all this crazy shit happening?

No, I can’t give her up. She is mine. MINE. She would be nothing without me. She probably wants me to save her right now.

That’s right. I wasn’t blocked until that douchebag answered her phone a couple days ago. She is probably being kept prisoner by these monsters, and this one came to collect her grandma to fully control Bailey. She had no reason to come back here if it was not for her grandma. They are using Grandma Lucy to control Bailey.

I bet they are doing the same with Taegan. I bet I really am Taegan’s father, but those fancy lawyers came to fuck that up too, putting doubt in my mind.

I knew Bailey wouldn’t cheat on me. I knew she was mine. She was just testing me, testing my devotion and my love for her.



She wants me to save her. I know she does. She can't live without me, and she would never give me up for monsters such as these.

I'm going to do whatever it takes to get her back.

The asshole comes back on the phone, clearing his throat in the line. "Okay, Levi, here is what we need you to do...."