

## Chapter 51 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

“You knew for a week, an entire week that I was being deceived, but you kept it from me?” Katherine sneers at Antonio after he explained how my mother and Eric came to his pack and asked Katherine for help to get Bailey away from me.

It’s sick, hearing how far my mother and Eric were willing to go to split us apart.

For what reason? Stephanie was released from the command. She accepted her mate, and I accepted mine. How would this benefit them at all?

What was more fucked up is the way my mother lied to Katherine about my father. My dad never wanted Bailey’s mom for himself. He just wanted her to get better and be reunited with her mother and daughter. He knew she was a junkie. He thought that she was being sired and Antonio was her new addiction. He didn’t know that they were mates, or imprinted, whatever the correct term is.

That was the time when I was really young and my mom started to act irrational. My parents were never close. She probably didn’t know why my dad was seeking out Katherine and trying to get her back from the vampires. No one else knew about it, but they lived together. He probably couldn’t keep it from her completely, but she didn’t know the reasons why.

She thought her position as his mate was threatened. That has to be why she lied to Katherine. Position was everything to my mother. Her position and image. She thought Katherine, being his fated mate’s niece and close to her appearance and age, was going to take her place as his chosen mate.

Dad is pissed. Beyond pissed. He looks ready to dismember both my mom and Eric for their deception.

Katherine looks pissed too, but her anger is at her mate.

“I am sorry, my love. I truly am. I didn’t want to worry you needlessly.”

Addison huffs in disbelief, shaking her head. “Of course you didn’t. Her daughter is being plotted against, but you didn’t want to worry her about that shit. Didn’t want her to take her attention off you, huh?”

Antonio glowered at her, “I would rethink the way you are speaking to me, my daughter.”

“Oh, I’m sorry my Lord. Did I misspeak?” she scoffs, then looks at me, “Alpha, Stephanie has told me that you would allow for me to move onto your packlands with her. We are now mated,” she moves the collar of her shirt so I can see her mark, “and I was hoping I could move as soon as possible.”

“Daughter!” Antonio bellowed, but Addison just ignored him.

“If you are mated, you are already a part of this pack,” Vincent informs Addison. “I am also the mate to a wolf, and I am a member of her pack, as well as a member of my coven. Our Beta, Trevor, is also mated to a vampire, and Carlos works as the Beta’s spouse in the pack. I know things are a little...old fashioned here, but that doesn’t change the fact that this pack is as much yours as it is your mate’s now.”

Addison smiles at Stephanie at that news, then looks back at Vincent. “Thank you.”

Even I feel reassured to hear of all the vampires in the Miami pack.

“You are welcome here, Addison. We would be happy to accept you. Stephanie is staying in our former Gamma’s parent’s guest house over their garage as a precaution while we were searching for her father, but now that we know where he is, you are both welcome to choose a room in the packhouse until your new home is built,” I told her. I think Stephanie has already picked the plot she wanted, and we are going to build it as an apology to her for missing the signs of abuse she was suffering from her father and my mother. Whatever she wants, my father is going to make sure she gets it.

“If you leave the coven, how will you feed?” Antonio glares at her.

“My Lady is shipping blood from my coven’s bank in Miami for her to use. I have brought enough to last for several weeks, and you should expect the first shipment within the next few weeks,” Vincent tells me and Addison.

Antonio turns his glare towards Vincent, but Vincent is completely unaffected by it. He has the backing of his coven leader and his alpha. He is a powerful businessman and has his own air of authority about him. He is not concerned about getting on Antonio’s bad side.

“I want to stay too,” Katherine states.

“NO!” Antonio and dad growled at the same time.

She turns her nose up at both of them, “My daughter and mother are here, along with a grandson I knew nothing about because I was lied to. I want to stay.”

“Not a fucking chance,” dad sneers.

“My love, please don’t be that way. I was trying to keep you happy,” Antonio reaches for her, but she turns her back on him immaturely.

“With all due respect, Katherine, Bailey will most likely not want you here. You are not a member of my pack, and I am not going to allow you to linger on my land, upsetting my mate,” I told her.

Bailey cried the entire afternoon after hearing about how her mother abandoned her. I don’t care what the reasons were behind it, she still chose other things over her daughter. First it was drugs, and then a vampire lord. She never reached out or offered her any sort of assistance.

My father sent her grandmother monthly checks to help support Bailey, though Lucy chose never to collect the money. When asked what she wanted to do with it all, since my father kept it in a separate account and the amount is very substantial, she said to make it all for Taegan to use later, or to sign it over to Bailey to decide what to do with it.

Lucy sacrificed for Bailey, my father sacrificed for Bailey, but her own mother never did anything for her.

She has no right to demand anything right now.

“That wasn’t my fault. Max was-”

“My father paid support to your mother for years because of what happened to you on his watch. He tried to look out for your daughter. You just abandoned her. Then, you helped aid her stalker. Even unknowingly, that is unforgivable for me. Without talking with Bailey, I will not allow you to see her.”

Katherine’s eyes fill with tears, and she turns to glare at Antonio, as if to tell him to change my decision.

I know he won’t, though. He wants her to stay with him as much as I want her off my land.

He clears his throat, then turns to face me, “Uh, speaking of the young human man. Your mother and her, um, partner, did something with him you should be aware of and prepared for. That is the reason I felt the need to push this meeting up immediately in the first place.”

“What?” I asked warily.

“Your mother, before we took her and Eric into custody, changed the young man. They made him into one of you.”

I jumped to my feet, a fierce growl tearing through me, shaking the entire room. I barely notice that dad is at his feet too, ready to attack something, whether it’s Antonio for waiting to tell us this crucial news or if he’s readying himself to find the fucker and kill him by himself, I do not know.

“YOU ONLY NOW THOUGHT TO TELL US!?” I snarled. My nostrils are flaring, my anger making hair thicken on my arms and legs, my claws extending slightly.

I looked at Casey. He nods, then stands from his chair, leaving the room to go send extra patrols to our perimeter.

“I’ll get Dusty and Chris to Grandma Lucy’s to keep her safe,” Stephanie said, taking action too. “Me and Addi will go to your house after and help stand guard.”

I nodded to her, thankful she was taking action without being asked. She and her mate leave the room, Addison glaring at her father one final time before they go.

“Is this Levi dangerous?” Vincent asks, concern evident on his face.

“He tried to kidnap my son and put his fucking hands on Lucy to try to get to Bailey. He’s crazy, and obsessed,” I stated, glaring at Antonio as I spoke, so he was fully aware of the kind of man he was aiding. “If my mom was the one to change him, he has alpha DNA in his system. He could be dangerous.”

“Oh, boy,” Vincent leaned back, looking at the ceiling as if he was looking to the heavens for some answers.

“Why would you not tell us that the moment you got here?” Dad growls. “WE HAVE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR A FUCKING HOUR, AND YOU JUST NOW TELL US!?”

He throws his chair across the room, making it shatter on the wall, then storms towards the door.

“Where are you going?” Uncle Nate asks.

“TO FUCKING PROTECT MY GRANDSON AND HIS MOTHER!”

He’s going to go fuck something up on the way, I know it. It’s been a shit morning so far, and I can’t blame him if he does.

“Well, we are going to be having an eventful fucking day,” Uncle Nate murmurs. He then turns to Antonio and Katherine, “It’s been great meeting you orange-flavored cunt-sicles, in a not-fucking-really sort of way. I’m going to get a couple of warriors together to get our luna from hell and Eric ‘shit-for-brains’ Collins from you later today. Unless you have more important news you would like to tell us, like if there is a nuclear missile heading for Blue Cliff or you ran over one of our members on your way in, I will see you later.”

He doesn’t wait for their reply, and ignores the vampires hissing at him venomously for insulting their leader as he leaves the room.

“Ever the polite bunch, as always,” Antonio scoffs.

“Well, let me use my fucking manners and show you both the way out,” I said, sarcasm and anger dripping from every word.

“I want to meet my daughter,” Katherine tries to plea, but I shake my head, and Antonio pulls her to her feet, holding her to his side protectively.

“Another day, my love,” he whispered soothingly to her.

“Probably not,” I muttered.

Her eyes fill with tears and she looks back at me. “Can I at least know my grandson’s name?”

Grandson. Ha. She looks the same age as Bailey in her undead state. Hearing the term “grandson” from her is laughable.

I stared her down, but she just stared back, pleadingly. She isn’t going to back down to me on this, and her mate isn’t going to make her. He didn’t share anything with her because he didn’t know how else to control her and love her at the same time. I can see that, but I don’t feel sorry for either one of them.

“Taegan. My son’s name is Taegan.”

She smiles softly when hearing his name.

“It’s beautiful. His name.”

“He’s beautiful. He looks just like me.”

She grimaces at that, probably because that means Taegan looks like my father too, and she hates my father.

“Come on, my love. It’s time to head home.”

A tear falls from her eye and she nods, looking briefly at him then back at me. “I know she is your mother, but can I make one request before you take her away?”

My eyes narrowed, “What?”

Her red eyes glow menacingly and a frightening aura escapes her momentarily, “I wish to bite her before she is taken away. Let me exact my own revenge in some way.”

A vampire bite can be lethal, like poison to a werewolf. Casey knows from experience, since the first time he met Vincent after Vincent mated Simone, Vincent bit him in a fight.

Left untreated, we could die.

I hesitated for only a moment. She threatened my mate's life in the worst way possible. "Yes, you may."

"I wish the same for the man. For the sake of my daughter and her suffering," Antonio had the nerve to ask.

"His death is up to her. Eric is an omega. He will die if bitten without treatment. Ask your daughter and Stephanie for their permission, not mine."

He nods cordially, a pensive look on his face, then leads Katherine from the room, his men following behind them.

Shit.

We need to find Levi and end this shit show for good.

52 Mimosas and Long-Island Ice Tea

## Chapter 52 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Bailey POV

I woke up to an army of people in our living room. Literally an army. I even had a few warriors standing guard in the hallway, scaring the hell out of me when I came out.

Axel wasn't in bed, and the sheets next to me were cold. When I asked where he was, everyone just looked around at each other like they were hoping someone else would tell me.

"Mommy! I got new friends again!" Taegan grins while sitting on a woman's lap who I hadn't met before.

"That's great, sweetie, but where is your daddy?"

He shrugs then looks up at the new woman's face. "Do you know where my daddy is?"

"Ehh," she makes a hesitant face.

Max, who was leaning back against the counter drinking coffee, pushes away and walks over to me. "Bailey, I don't want you to freak out. We were hoping that son of mine would be back here by the time you woke up to be the one to tell you this."

“Tell me what?” I demanded.

“Well...” He scratches the back of his head nervously.

“Bailey, we just heard!” Carli, Courtney’s cousin from the U.S. runs into the house with Courtney right behind her.

“Ugh, great,” Max grumbles, stepping back just as Courtney envelopes me in a big hug and Carli starts rubbing my back.

Simone walks in with Vincent and Rosie, Carli’s daughter, a few seconds later.

Seeing Rosie walk in, Taegan slides off the new woman’s lap and runs over to lift the younger toddler off the ground in a big hug. Rosie squealed happily.

I loved meeting Simone and Carli, but I could tell Max wasn’t a fan. He isn’t a fan of most strong-willed, over-opinionated women, I think. That’s why he and grandma fight so much.

“What is going on?” I implored, feeling out of the loop and starting to worry.

“Your ex. They didn’t tell you?” Carli looks over and glares at Max.

“She just woke up,” Stephanie states.

“Oh,” Carli says, “Well, it seems your crazy ex has gotten his ass in a predicament. Your mate is out hunting him now.”

“Hunting him?” I exclaimed.

“Yes, babe. Hunting. He got himself changed,” Carli smooths my hair behind my shoulder.

“Carli...” Courtney looks at her worriedly about her telling me.

“What? You guys weren’t going to keep her in the dark, were you? She’s a grown fucking adult and Luna. You can’t keep shit from her like this when it has to do with her.”

“What do you mean changed?” I asked. What is Levi up to now? The phone call from his father comes to mind, making me grimace.

“He’s a werewolf now,” Carli states, “A soon-to-be dead one.”

I was stunned, not sure how to react. Panic is building in my chest and my throat feels like it’s beginning to swell from the overwhelming situation.

“Other Dad is a big wolf too, now? Is he coming here?” Taegan asked with a deep frown.

“He’s not getting anywhere near here,” Max tells him, “And that fucker isn’t your dad. He’s an abusive asshole we are going to protect your mama from.”

Taegan nodded, for once, did not care about the bad words. “Good. Mommy keeps taking my spoons.”

Max came up from behind me, resting his large hands on my shoulders. “He won’t get near you, Bailey. We won’t let him. Me or Axel one will stay with you at all times.”

“Grandma-“ my voice shakes from fear.

“She’s being guarded too. She has Dusty sweeping her floors and Chris making her coffee and breakfast now,” Max says.

Despite my fear, I laughed hearing that. Grandma and her antics, even in a situation like this.

Max’s hands warmed my shoulders, and I felt this familiar soothing aura wash over me. He must have the same voodoo magic as his son.

I looked back and up, smiling softly at him. “Thank you.”

“Anytime,” he whispers, bending over and kissing my forehead.

“Go get ready. We can take this party over to your grandmother’s house,” Courtney says.

I bite my lip, hesitant to be alone right now.

Vincent whispers something in Simone’s ear and she nods.

“Come on, girls. Bathroom party!” Simone cheers, throwing her hands up in the air.

“Oh, mimosas!” Carli jumped up, “We need mimosas!”

“It’s early in the morning and you are already asking for drinks?” Courtney smirks at her.

“Mimosas are juice,” Carli glares at her. “I have already pumped and drained the boobs, and I’m on vacation.”

“Are you though?” Vincent chuckles. “An angry phone call I received from your mate last night would make one think you’re not.”

“Shut it,” she snarls at him, making him raise his hand in the air in surrender.

“Your fucking mate doesn’t know you’re here?” Max growls.

“Oh, he knows,” Courtney chuckles.



Simone hooks her arm in mine while Courtney takes my other.

“Taegan, watch Rosie and your grandpa for us. We’re going to get your mama ready. Steph and Addi, follow them,” Carli tells him while digging in the fridge, making herself at home.

She emerges from the fridge with a case of Smirnoff Ice and mandarin flavored White Claws. “This is close enough!” She grins excitedly.

“Your mate...” Vincent started to say.

“Is not here, so shut it. Go build another sidewalk or some shit,” she growls.

Sidewalk? What is she talking about?

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Axel POV

“Over here, Alpha. We found a new trail,” Rick tells me through the link.

We have been running for hours, and are picking up small trails here and there, but nothing solid. He is using the rivers and streams with their moving water to hide his scent. That’s something instinctual, and he would only know to fucking do that if he was more animal than human, his body succumbing to the beast within him.

He’s rogue, and he's going feral.

With alpha DNA from my mother, that is going to make him so much more deadly.

I walked over to the trail Farak found, and just like the others, it cuts off at the river. If he was running on instinct, he would have followed this river down to where it pours into the lake. If he chose to cross the lake, there are hundreds of miles we would have to search to pick back up on his scent again.

Fuck.

“We can’t keep this up. While searching for more ghost trails leading us further and further from the pack, he could be stalking Bailey in the shadows and we wouldn’t know. We are going to have to go on the defensive for now,” I told him and the warriors with us.

“Alpha, what about his hometown? Do you think he will go back home then come back for her?” Cole, one of my warriors, asks.

“When we get back, I’ll have you and two others go there and see what you can find. If he is going feral, I doubt he will go back home without accomplishing his goal.” Which is to get my mate. The thought of him anywhere near her makes me sick. Homicidal. No fucking way is that going to happen.

“Let’s go back,” I told them. We will have to regroup and figure this out from the pack.

As we ran back towards home, I got a mind link from Casey.

“Hey boss. You on your way back? You find him?”

“No we didn’t find him, but we are coming back. He is sending us on ghost trails. We are going to have to up our security and triple patrols until he’s found.”

“You link he’s going feral? Is he turning full on rogue?”

“That would be my guess. The asshole wouldn’t know to use the rivers and streams like that otherwise. It seems like he is trying to lead us away from the pack, and I’m not having it. I’m going to protect my mate and defend the pack from home.”

“I think that’s wise,” he agrees. “So, we have another visitor coming. He just messaged Vincent and said he was almost here.”

I growled in frustration, “Who?”

“No worries, Alpha. He’s friendly. Well, to us anyway. He’s going to fucking destroy his mate’s fanny when he gets here. Vincent just sent his men to get him at the airport.”

“WHO?!” I snarled, not in the mood for a Casey bullshit session.

“Parker Snider. He’s coming to collect his mate and children.”

I groan internally. I should have known Carli didn’t have permission to be here. I would have heard from Alpha Parker before her arrival if she had.

“I’m heading that way, then. Did you know she didn’t have permission to be here?”

His hesitant silence is all the answer I need.

Fuck. He should have told me.

“You better watch your fucking fanny too when I get there.”

“I was blackmailed! It’s not my fault!”

“Blackmailed with what?” I growled.

“They got pictures, Alpha,” he whines, “Punish them, not me.”

“I’m gonna have to confiscate these pictures to determine their punishment.”

He was silent for a few seconds.

“Actually, I rather just take all the blame. No need to ask for those pictures, Alpha.”

Not a chance. Whatever the pictures are, I could use a mood lifter. I’m getting them.

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Bailey POV

Us girls are sitting on Grandma's porch, watching the warriors as they return from their patrols and the new ones head out.

“Men sure are built differently up here,” Carli muses.

“Their asses are much whiter,” Simone giggles.

Stephanie and Addison, the woman I didn’t recognize from this morning, are completely uninterested in the men, and are busying themselves with the babies while Taegan, Rosie and Calum are playing on the lawn with powerwheels Max bought for Taegan.

Calum has a mini tractor he’s puttering around in, and Teagan has sunglasses on, driving Rosie around in a mini Hummer, his arm around the back of her seat. Carli took a million pictures, thinking it was the cutest thing ever.

Max is standing at the side of the yard just shaking his head and smirking at Taegan’s flirting skills.

While I was getting ready, Courtney explained everything that happened early this morning. Not just the crazy crap with Levi, but about my mother’s visit, and her part in all of it.

I was livid when I heard she was demanding to see me. What right does she have, especially now?

Grandma was a little more sympathetic than me, but I’m not going to budge. I don’t want to see her. I sure as hell don’t want her around my son.

“Still thinking about your mom?” Carli asked me, plopping down in the chair beside me and handing me a long-island iced tea.

I shrug. “I guess.”

She pats my knee sympathetically. “Let me tell you a story about the woman who gave birth to me....”

53 Letting Go and Moving On

## Chapter 53 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

\*Spoilers for Her Brother, Her Mate\*

If you haven't read it and want to without spoiling what happens in Parts 1&2, stop here and read those first.

Bailey POV

Carli takes a deep breath, and I take a long sip of my long island iced tea. I'm not one to [drink](#), but Carli definitely is. She has been keeping the [drinks](#) flowing since this morning, and grandma was more than happy to have her 'guards' start whipping up margaritas and other concoctions.

Dusty and Chris seem more than willing to obey anything grandma tells them to do. Max, the big pushover, probably ordered them to keep her calm and happy. I'm just glad she hasn't told them to work with their shirts off or anything embarrassing like that.

She is ornery now that she is in a place where she can relax. I will forever be grateful to the pack, my mate and Max for that.

I sit back in my chair, sipping my drink, and listen intently as Carli begins to tell me about her mom.

“My mom didn't abandon me like yours did, per se. No. Unlike you, I had the misfortune of having to grow up under my neglectful and abusive mom. I was raised as the alpha's daughter, and I always thought that Jared was my real dad and just didn't care for me.

“I was ignored, neglected, and physically abused at times by my mom, for faults of her own. The woman was horrible and made selfish choices, and instead of being angry at herself, she chose to be angry at me. I just never knew why.

“That was until the guy who I thought was my older brother turned out to be my mate. Then her lies, and even the lies of my stepfather, started to unravel. They both made selfish decisions as young parents, and instead of letting the moon goddess handle things and put our pack’s lineage back in our rightful place, allowing Parker and I to grow up knowing we weren’t really related, so when we felt the mate bond we would both accept it, my mom tried to have me exiled instead.”

“What?!” I gasp. How could a mother do that to her daughter? “If she raised you, how the heck could she do that?”

“She really didn’t raise me. I grew up with her around, but the only times we talked were when she was yelling at me, belittling me or hissing at me to stay away from them. She was under the illusion that Jared thought I was his and didn’t want him to find out the truth. I was raised, unknowingly, by my real dad, the previous Gamma of our pack and Uncle Nate’s brother. He found his fated mate a few years after I was born, and Elena has always been my mom as far as I am concerned. Like your grandma has always been a mother to you. It takes a lot more than DNA to make someone a parent. Rosie is actually named after mine and Parker’s mothers. Rosie Elaine. Rose for Parker’s mom and Elaine for Elena, who raised me.”

“How did Reese get his name?” I asked curiously.

She grimaces slightly at the question.

“My birth mother’s name is Mary. Reese is short for Maurice.”

My mouth drops hearing that. “Why would you....?”

“Why would I name my son after my abusive birth mother?”

I nod, and she laughs breathlessly.

“Well, it wasn’t for her benefit. It was for my own. I went through a pretty hard time mentally when I was pregnant with Reese. It stemmed from my mother. My mental health was at its worst, and the more I held onto the hate for my mom, the more it hurt me. After my mom went through something horrific because of trying to make amends in her own way, I just didn’t want to hurt myself any longer by holding onto that hate.

“I don’t trust her, and I don’t think I ever truly will, but by hating her, I was still allowing her to hurt me in some way. I let that go, and named Reese after her in a way of starting fresh. There is power in a name, and whenever I use his full name, it reminds me of how much stronger I am because of her.”

“Damn right,” Simone says, listening intently as well, resting her head on Vincent’s shoulder. He got their daughter back from Addison and he is currently feeding the baby girl a bottle, making the task look seductive somehow. My ovaries are almost tingling watching him be an attentive father. Not because I’m attracted to him. I actually haven’t found other guys attractive in that way

since Axel came into my life, and especially since he marked me. It's just attractive to see any man being tender and loving to his child. It makes me want to find Axel and make another so he can be that way with our babies.

“You can kick ass like no one else. I don’t think any other women out there could beat you,” Simone continued.

“Don’t let Quinn hear you say that,” Stephanie muses.

“Why?” I asked, then started looking around, “Where is Quinn?”

“She left with Rick early this morning to join the hunting parties. She is our top female warrior and originally wanted to challenge Rick for his position until they discovered they were mates,” Courtney tells us.

“Oh are you talking about Miss Quinn?” my grandma came walking out the door, Dusty following close behind her, a hand out as if to guide her. “I like that girl. She can put these big lugs in their place.”

Dusty grimaces, and I can tell he had been put in his place by Quinn before. Whether it was during training or in some other occurrence, I have no idea.

“You’re not too bad yourself, Steph,” Courtney muses. “You should go a round with Carli just for fun.”

Carli’s face lit up with that. “You should. I let you borrow my son, so it’s only fair.”

I giggled at her, “She asked to hold your son and in return you want to play fight with her?”

“It’s called sparing, but yes.” She gets up and boops Reese’s nose, and he stares up at her with the kind of adoration only a newborn baby has for his mother. The all-encompassing love for the person that gave you life. I know that look, because Taegan still sometimes looks at me that way.

Carli reflected that love back at her son with a heartfelt smile. “Parker got his daddy’s girl and I got my mama’s boy. Isn’t he adorable? Looks just like me.”

“He looks just like Parker,” Simone whispers to me with a laugh.

Carli hears her and narrows her eyes at Simone. Simone giggles and turns her face back towards Vincent and their baby.

“Why not just have Dustin or Christopher spar with you?” Grandma suggests. “Wouldn’t they be more of a challenge?” She looks back at Dusty with his guiding hand, raising an eyebrow at him. “Well, Christopher would be anyway. I’m not sure about this one.”

“Parker is going to love that,” Vincent whispers to Simone. A knowing look passes between them and Simone giggles.

“Do you wanna see mama kick Canadian butt, baby boy?” Carli coos down to her son.

Naming her son after her abusive mother for her own benefit sounded a little off to me, but seeing the love she has for him, I can kind of understand what she was trying to say. She wasn't letting go of her hate for her mother because her mother deserved it, but because her kids deserved her to be better. They deserved a mother that had no room for hate, because of her overwhelming love for them.

My mother has no place in my life, but I don't want to waste my time hating her. That would be giving her power over me she doesn't deserve. Being angry about it is not going to change the past or change the decisions she made. I can only change the future and I'm going to choose a future that has no room for hate, just overwhelming love for my real family.

She can ask to see me all she wants, and my answer will probably never change, but I'm not going to get myself worked up over it and ruin my mental health. Instead, I'm going to remain focused on Axel, Taegan, and our family's future.

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Axel POV

Fucking Casey. If he had given me a heads up, I could have been more prepared for Alpha Parker's arrival. I'm already pissed about Levi and not being able to find and eliminate him. Now I'm pissed that I have to apologize to another alpha because I was harboring his runaway Luna.

Casey's skittle-loving ass is mine next time I see him. I'm giving Taegan all the spoons and unleashing him on Casey, then I'm going to finish him off after finding whatever pictures the women used to blackmail him. The warrior building is looking a little worn down. Maybe a few portraits of our Gamma are just what the place needs to come alive again.

“Again, I am so sorry for not informing you right away that she was here. I thought you knew,” I told Alpha Parker in the back of Vincent's very luxurious SUV that I do not think is just a rental. The guy has too much money.

Parker, sitting beside me, just chuckles. “I knew something was up. She never stays home from warrior training. Even on the days her dad and stepmom can't watch the kids, she just straps them to her and still goes.”

I smirked at him. “Got your hands full, huh?”

“You have no idea,” he laughs, along with the vampires in the front seat. “It's okay, though. I would chase her anywhere. Keeps things interesting, that's for sure.”

“So you’re not mad at her?”

“Oh, I’m pissed. I’m so looking forward to her making me feel better,” he says with a mischievous smirk, not looking the least bit pissed as he sits back, adjusting his pants.

I have only met Parker a few times, but he seems like the complete opposite of his headstrong mate. Their dynamic amazes me, since he handles her so well while remaining so calm.

Thank the goddess Bailey isn’t a fighter or irrational, because I don’t know if I could be so calm if I was in Parker’s shoes.

“So, I hear you have an issue involving a rogue wolf. That’s why Casey couldn’t come get me. Everything okay?”

I grimaced. “It’s a fucking mess. My mate’s stalker ex-boyfriend has gotten himself turned and is after her now,” I omit the part about my own, fucked up mother being the one to turn him. “We think he is going feral from the trails we caught.”

“Need help? If I can’t talk my crazy wife into coming back with me, I might be here until she is ready, if that’s okay.”

“Sure, that’s fine with me, but what about your pack?”

“My dad and Beta got things covered. If you need them, I can send for reinforcements. I have a bunch of idle warriors right now. They could use a little excitement,” he jokes.

“That would be great,” I grinned. I was worried about working my warriors too hard to protect our borders, running the extra patrols around the clock. I was going to pull workers from our logging and mining plots, but if we have Alpha Parker’s support, we won’t have to.

We go over the details, and he agrees to send a group of twenty warriors, and even calls his Gamma to make the arrangements.

Vincent’s men ask about someone named Simon, seeing if he is coming with his mate, who happens to be one of their top female warriors. When he tells them Simon is coming, they get excited.

“I guess it’s true that you have vampires in your pack,” I mused.

“Oh, we have several. Simon and Carlos are the only ones living in the packhouse.”

“All of us keep finding any reason we can to visit the pack to see if we have mates who are wolves too,” the vampire driving tells me.

“You guys want to be mated to a wolf?”



“Hell yeah,” the other one says.

Parker chuckles.

The drive doesn't take long, and soon we are crossing my border.

“Dang, this place is beautiful,” Parker states, looking out the window.

“It's home,” I replied with a smile.

It may not be fancy or modern like Miami, but I love my pack and my home. It's me. Rough, a little wild, and no frills. Just pure, rugged beauty.

We round the pack and circled to Grandma Lucy's house, where Vincent told his men they would be.

I think all the women are here, except Quinn, who insisted on helping with the hunt for Levi.

Last I talked with dad, it sounded like Bailey was doing well with the news. I wish I could have been the one to be there to tell her, but I had a job to do as Alpha. I'm anxious to see her now. I hope she is taking the news about both her mother and Levi as well as dad claimed and isn't getting freaked out again.

As we pull up to Grandma Lucy's, I see Chris and Dusty with their shirts off, sparring with Carli, who is practically naked, in just micro shorts and a sports bra, on the front lawn.

The woman can fight, I'll give her that. She knocks the legs out from under Dusty, then, in a fluid movement, flips back and kicks Chris in the face with her feet, making me cringe by hearing the cracking of his nose from inside the car.

“Shit,” Parker mumbles furiously.

He unfastens his seatbelt and pushes himself out of the car before it is even in park.

“Carli!” he roars.

Everyone freezes, including Carli, who has a horrified look on her face for a split second, then her face turns defensive.

“Hey, don't you fucking start. I would have told you, but you would have said no,” she glares.

“You're right. I would have,” he said coldly, walking straight for her. Dusty and Chris stumble back, looking scared shitless of the terrifying alpha striding towards his mate.

“I'm a grown ass woman. If I want to go on vacation with my friend and kids I damn well-” Parker reaches her, towering over her, then cuts her words off with his lips.

She sputters and tries to push him away at first, but that only lasts a second before she kisses him back just as fervently.

Actually, she may be more demanding with the kiss than him. She leaps up, climbing him like a tree, almost dry humping him in front of the crowd.

Bailey is sitting with her grandma, blushing behind her fingers while Grandma Lucy sips her [drink](#), seemingly uncaring. My dad has his lip curled in disgust, shielding Taegan and Rosie's eyes while Calum rides around on a toy tractor, munching on an apple. Stephanie and Addison are holding Carli's son, laughing. Simone and Courtney are cheering them on, and Vincent looks amused, looking briefly at his men in the car, nodding, then turning back to his daughter in his hands.

"Looks like we need to get out and let them borrow the car," one of them says.

"Borrow the car? What for?"

They both smirk, looking at each other, then back at me. "They're going to need privacy, and to be a safe distance from everyone else. Looks like Luna Carli has been drinking, and the Alpha's punishment will be loud."

"Oh," was all I managed to say.

Geez, that girl is a handful.

I got out and walked towards my mate, whose whole face lit up upon seeing me. She doesn't climb me like a tree, but she jumps out of her chair with a big smile, wrapping her arms around my neck as I bend down and wrap mine around her waist. Her vanilla scent calms me, washing away some of the heaviness I was still carrying from the events of this morning.

"I missed you," she whispered in her melodic voice.

"Mmh, I missed you too, baby."

54 Alpha's Punishment

## Chapter 54 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Parker POV

Stephan passes me the keys to the car as I carry my pain-in-the-ass mate, literally gripping her ass, to the car. Simone linked me to tell me she and Court could be on baby duty, and to not let her off easy.

I don't plan to.

"You're in so much trouble," I growled at her, opening the passenger door.

"No I'm not," she growls back.

"Oh, just wait." I shut the door on her before she could open that smart mouth of hers and quickly walked around to the driver's side, ignoring her yelling profanities. She is really going to be yelling in a minute.

She goes quiet when I open the door and slide in, readjusting the seat. My legs are much longer than Stephan's.

I back out and started making my way out of the pack. I saw a dirt road turn-off about 2 or 3 miles back.

"You can go ahead and start pleading your case, because when this car stops, your ass is mine. Literally."

"Not if I take your ass first," she grumbles, crossing her arms over her chest. So cute.

"You ran away without telling me and took our kids. Then, you didn't answer my calls or text. If it wasn't for Casey and Vince, I would have gone crazy with worry."

"I can take a vacation if I fucking want!" she snaps.

"Not if you want your husband to be sane when you get back," I told her calmly. "Why didn't you at least tell me?"

"You would have said no," she huffs. I chuckle at her childish attitude. It's adorable when she gets all huffy and defensive. I can feel through the bond that, under this attitude, she is nervous about my anger and upsetting me. She's just too stubborn to say she's sorry without being coerced.

"Well, I might not have. I would have had to look at my schedule."

"I already looked at your schedule. It was packed for weeks."

I groan inwardly thinking of all the stuff I had to rearrange to come here. She's right. I was booked solid for the next few months. I'm missing a meeting with the mayor today to go over a security contract for the next several years.

Thankfully, Matt was prepared enough to take over, and between dad and Trevor everything else would get handled.

No, I didn't have the time, but I made time for her. No way was I letting Carli and my babies traverse the Canadian wilderness without me with them. I wouldn't have gotten any work done if I had stayed back home.

"What made you want to tag along on this trip?" I asked, wanting to understand her reasons first before deciding how far I was going to take this "punishment".

She stays silent for several seconds, and I don't push. I just place my hand on her thigh and start rubbing it soothingly, letting her feel my unconditional love for her in the bond.

She sighs as she caves. "Courtney called me and told me about Bailey and everything she had been through. She raised her son on her own for almost 4 years, and endured all kinds of abuse from her ex."

"Bailey is Alpha Axel's mate?" I asked. She nodded.

"I told you about her. She was human and didn't know she was pregnant with Axel's baby because of the shorter pregnancy."

"Oh." Yeah. Now I remember. When Carli mentions pregnancy, I tend to tense up, so I missed most of the details.

I got snipped like she requested, since she did not want to go through the emotional distress and postpartum depression again. She wanted to stay healthy mentally for the kids. When she gets in that baby fever mood, though, she starts pouting and asking for me to reverse it.

No way. It hurt and she only kissed it better, maybe twice.

Shoot, that's how her punishment is going to start....

"Well," she continued on with her explanation, "I felt her pain in a way. I wanted to come meet her and let her know how great it is when you finally accept your mate. How your entire world becomes complete. Accepting you was the best decision I ever made."

Damn, she is not fighting fair.

"And when I got here, I saw that she had accepted him and they were doing fucking amazing, all things considered, but the shit with her mom hit too close to home for me. Way too close. I didn't want to burden you by forcing you to come here when you were so busy, but I also felt I needed to come and talk with her. Dad thought it was a good idea too."

Of course he did. Elena is the rational one out of Carli's parents. I noticed that she didn't say Elena thought it was a good idea as well. Carli is a lot like her dad at times.

“Carli, I would have made time to come here if it was that important to you. Not because you’re not a grown-ass woman or because I don’t trust you, but because I love you, and want to support the things you want to do. I don’t like being apart from you, no matter how short a time or how trivial it is. You complete me baby. I can’t get anything done without you.”

“Okay,” she pouts, “I’m sorry. I realized when we were about halfway here that it probably wasn’t a good idea to not tell you.”

“Why didn’t you answer your phone then?”

She winces and I can feel why in the bond. She didn’t want me to command her home.

Stubborn to the bone. She is lucky I’m crazy about her.

“Well, here,” I unzip my pants and lean my seat back a little more. “Go ahead and start making it up to me.”

She’s giving me a defiant look, but I can feel the switch being flipped inside her.

“No. You’re driving,” she growls adorably.

“Never stopped you before,” I smirked at her.

She bites her lip, staring down at my crotch. I know how to get her going.

I pull it out and start working my hand up and down it, grunting softly as it starts to get hard. Her eyes heat and I know I’m getting to her. I can smell the alcohol on her breath. It isn’t going to take much more to get her horny side to come out.

I’m still driving with one hand, but I keep peeking over at her, seeing that she is now licking her lips and rubbing her thighs together. I can smell the intoxicating scent of her arousal leaking from her perfect cunt.

“Come on, baby. You know you want a taste,” I whispered after I turned onto the dirt road. “We don’t have too much further to drive, and once I stop, your pussy is going to be tasting this for hours.”

She shivers hearing that, making me smile.

Got her.

She moans, then dives over the center console, her beautiful ass up in the air as her mouth engulfs my entire dick. She easily angles her head so it slides all the way down her tight throat, swallowing around my length, making me hiss and groan.

Fuck, she is so good at this.

I palm her ass, my hand teasing her wet pussy through her micro workout shorts.

Oh, I was pissed when I saw her half naked, and training with those men. If Simone hadn't mind linked me to tell me they were gay and mated to each other, I would have destroyed both of them.

The more my fingers tease her, she starts to grind against them, making her leak all the more.

I can't wait to slide my dick inside her. It's only been 24 hours, but it feels like it was so much longer.

Damn, she is making it so hard to drive. I'm crawling right now, too scared to go more than a mile an hour. We are off the main road, so it shouldn't matter.

She must have taken my time limit as a challenge, because she is working my dick like a professional, her hot, moist mouth milking me until I let go of all my pent-up frustration down her throat.

She swallows it all, licking her lips as she comes up with a smirk.

"Mmh, I fucking love how you taste," she says, kissing me while I struggle to keep my eyes on the road.

Fuck it. If anyone sees us, good for them. They get a free show. We've done it in a lot more public places.

I pull to the side of the road, parking as close to the bushes as I can, and then crack the window and turn the car off. I moved the seat as far back as it would go, and pulled Carli into my lap to straddle me.

"Fuck me," I command, glowering at her as our heated breath mixes together.

I'm the only one who can command or demand anything from my feisty mate, and I know she loves it when I do it. She loves the fight.

She doesn't fight me, though. She pulls her shorts off, then quickly positions herself over me as I unzip the front of her sports bra, freeing her delicious, dripping and swollen breasts.

Shit, she hasn't pumped in a while. They are swollen and firm.

I latch my mouth around her nipple, sucking the sweet nectar as she slowly slides down my shaft.

Fuck, her pussy is just as sweet as her milk. I'm going to miss this when she stops breastfeeding. It's my favorite, and I missed it so much the last time it was gone.

She calls me a freak, but I don't care. I did this to her body. I'm the one who impregnated her, filling her with life and this life-sustaining substance. It's mine, and I'm going to enjoy every drop I can.

"Fuck," she moans, then screams and shakes, grinding into my dick harder as she orgasms from her tits. Boobgasm is what she calls it, and she gets them a lot lately. Lucky me, because I can't get enough of them.

Once her flesh gets soft, I move to the other, draining it as well.

"You're such a fucking freak," she mumbles, panting with every one of her thrusts.

"Mmmh," I moaned, my tongue flicking over the sweet peak. I'm her freak, and I know she likes it.

As she continues riding me, my hunger becomes insatiable. It's not enough. My dick is gliding against her cervix when I want to slam into it, making her feel my dominance. I'm letting her have control for now, but I can't hold myself back much longer.

I grip her hips, slamming her down as I thrust up, rounding my hips and repeating it again, and again, making her scream incoherently.

Fuck, it's too cramped in here. I need more room.

I gripped her, wrapped an arm around her waist, and opened the door, staying inside her as we moved into the open air. I push her back against the car's hood, pounding into her, hitting the perfect spot I know she loves deep, deep inside.

She is screaming into the open space, begging me to go harder and faster.

For a punishment, she is enjoying this way too much.

I pull out, and she groans, whimpering in protest.

"Turn around," I growled, "Hands on the hood."

That defiant twinkle in her eyes sends a thrill down my legs. Oh, I hope she fights me.

"Fuck. You." she turns her nose up, a cute smirk on her face.

"Oh, baby," a wicked smile spreads on my face. "You're in for the ride of your life."

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Levi POV

I found it. That fucking pack the annoying bitch and dumb fuck were talking about.

In this form, I can just feel in my bones what to do. I can feel where to go and how to avoid detection.

The earth between my paws feels comforting, and the smell of the decaying forest floor settles me, bringing forth this feral impulse inside of me. An impulse to add to the decay, and destroy, tearing meaty flesh with my teeth and feeling the blood drip from my fangs.

I hunted and killed a couple of rabbits on the run after crossing the lake this morning. I didn't even eat them. I just tormented the things until they were dead, then left their corpses on the ground to add to the fantastic smell.

I just want to roll in it. Roll in the decay and coat my entire body with its scent.

Bailey won't like that, though. I'm holding myself back until I claim her.

Fuck, I'm going to sink my teeth into her, savoring her blood as it drips from my fangs. I just have to find a way to get to her first.

I circled the land I instinctively recognized as theirs. I don't know how I knew, I just did. I could smell it. It smelled like that brat. The guy holding my Bailey hostage must smell like that too.

I hate it.

As I circle the southern perimeter, I see a car about 100 yards away; a G-class hidden in the woods, making me stop short, hiding behind a tree to peek around.

There is a couple going at it like animals against the side of the Mercedes. The chick is screaming and moaning as the monstrous man growls, slamming into her from the back, slapping her ass hard repeatedly, then reaching around her to pinch her pink nipples.

Even in their exposed state, I can sense that they are dangerous. They are obviously wolves too, but their power is monstrous. My hackles are raised, sensing danger.

These two don't smell like Taegan or the rest of the pack. I don't know what that means, but it has me wary to continue circling the pack any further.

If I sense these two are this strong, I can't imagine how strong the guy the bitch and idiot called alpha, the leader of the werewolves, would be. They said he was the strongest in the pack too.

This isn't going to be as easy as I thought.



I'm going to have to come up with a real plan, maybe even bide my time momentarily to figure this shit out.

I'm not going to give up until I get what belongs to me, but I'm going to have to be smart about this if I want to survive and enjoy her.

55 Burdens

## Chapter 55 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Bailey POV

"Mmh, I missed you," Axel growls softly, running his nose down my neck. "Fuck, I needed you."

"I needed you too," I laughed softly. I can feel how much he really did need me. His anxiety seems to be melting away at my touch.

I walked back to his office with him, leaving Taegan with Max, who was more than willing to babysit. Axel had to get ready to go retrieve his mom and Eric from the vampire coven, and I could tell that he was having a hard time.

He may not have had the best relationship with his mom, but she still loved and raised him. I can't imagine the conflicting feelings stirring inside of him. What she did was horrible, and if Taegan gets hurt because of her decisions, I pray my egg donor's vampire bite kills her like Simone and Carli explained to me it could. That doesn't change the fact that she is his mother, though.

Through all her faults, she raised him, and from the stories I heard from everyone before we found out about what she did, I truly believe she loved him. Being alpha and having to punish his own mother can't be easy.

It's such a touchy subject, I don't know how to breach it, but I can sit in his lap in the privacy of his office and comfort him as best I can.

"Did dad tell you about everything going on?" he asked with a solemn look on his face.

I nodded, grimacing slightly at him, "I think so. Levi's a werewolf, and both our moms suck?"

“Yeah, that about covers it,” he sighs. “I’m sorry, baby. I didn’t know my mother would...” he winces, searching for the right words, “suck so bad. If I had known she and Steph’s dad were capable of something that sinister, I would have handled her myself. I was trying to stay out of the investigation of my mom, but I should have dealt with her the moment she disrespected you.”

I offered him a small smile. “She’s your mom, Axel. I wouldn’t have wanted you to deal with her any other way than you did. I think handing the investigation over to your uncle was the right choice. You had no way of knowing things would overlap like they did or that they would pull Levi into this.”

He growls. “I still can’t believe that fucker was changed.”

I wrinkle my nose, “Me neither. Werewolves are supposed to be sexy and amazing like you, right? I bet he looks mangy and like a Chinese crested.”

“A Chinese what?” he furrows his brows in confusion.

I giggle. “A Chinese crested. It’s the ugly dog from How To Lose A Guy In 10 Days. It’s supposed to be the ugliest dog in the world.”

Axel pulls out his phone, opens up the Google app and hands it to me to type in the dog breed. When I click on the first picture, a picture of a dog that even won an award for being the ugliest dog in the world, Axel throws his head back in laughter.

“If this is him, what would I be?”

I tilted my head, evaluating his facial features. With those eyes, a Siberian Husky is the only dog that comes to mind. I type in the breed, and show him the prettiest picture I find of one.

He chuckles, his beautiful blue eyes crinkling with humor, “Stereotypical wolf breed?”

I shrug, “Maybe. They have the prettiest eyes, though, and you definitely have the most beautiful eyes,” I leaned in and whispered in his ear, “Your wolf butt looks like a heart like theirs too.”

“Do you like my wolf’s butt?” he huffs, trying to stifle a laugh.

“I love your wolf butt and your regular butt. They are both fluffy,” I grinned.

He scoffs, “How is my human butt fluffy?”

“It’s a bubble butt,” I giggle.

“A bubble butt?” he opens his mouth like he’s offended. “Is that a bad thing?”

“Not at all. Makes me want to bite it when I’m watching you get ready in the mornings. Especially in those one jeans. The Wranglers with the butt hugging magic.”

“Hmm,” he smirks, then kisses my nose, “I’m happy that my magical bubble butt makes you happy. Your butt is pretty magical as well.”

I wiggled my eyebrows at him. “Wanna touch it?”

He bites his lip seductively, “Fuck yes.”

I giggle then laugh uncontrollably as he grips my ass, adjusting me to straddle him, then starts to grip and squeeze my ass on the sides where it’s ticklish.

His fingers travel to my ribs, tickling and teasing me, making me squeal and flail about until I’m begging for mercy.

“That’s rude,” I huff breathlessly, hitting his chest.

“I’ll show you rude,” he growls, flexing his hips under me.

Before he could do anything, though, knocking sounds from his door. “Oh, nephew dearest! I know you are busy in there with official alpha business,” Nate snorts, “but pull those panties up, and have Bailey do the same with hers and let’s go.”

Axel growls menacingly, “Don’t talk about my mate’s fucking panties. Just don’t use the word ‘panties’ again.”

“It’s such a fun word, though.”

I laugh as they bicker. I love seeing how close all these men are to each other. They mess with each other so much because of how much they love one another. I guess men can’t sit around drinking mimosas and talking about life problems and babies like women do. These men trust each other thoroughly, and I’m so happy Taegan has all these excellent role models to look up to now. His daddy is the best of them, of course, but the rest are amazing as well.

Axel sighs, and I can sense his annoyance, and a bit of returning anxiety at the task he is about to have to do.

“Looks like I need to go, baby.”

“I know,” I offered him a reassuring smile. “I will be waiting for you. Be safe.” This is going to be a hard night for him. I hope I helped to ease some of his tension.

“You be safe too. Stay with dad.”

“I will.” I cup his face, staring into his beautiful eyes momentarily, lost in their depth. “I love you.”

“And I love you,” he pecks my lips.

“And I love both of you!” Nate yells from the other side of the door. “And panties!”

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Axel POV

I was hoping to find Levi and deal with him before having to go get my mom and Eric. Fuck, this is going to be a trying night. I can only hope that she doesn't put up much of a fight. Restraining her with wolfsbane and silver is not something I would enjoy doing as her son.

As shitty as she has been as of late, she is still my mom, and I still love her.

Tension seemed to always be high between her and my dad, and since my dad was less dramatic and easier for me to understand, I followed him around as a child, and into my teenage years, often leaving my mom alone in the packhouse. We didn't interact much while I was working summers with dad, learning about the businesses, and I spent all my free time training with him how to one day take over as alpha.

Once I was old enough to walk, I was in warrior training, following behind dad the way Calum follows around Casey. The way Taegan is starting to follow me as I work throughout the pack all day.

I thought mom was just dramatic and loud, but she was probably acting that way to get some kind of attention from Dad and even me. If she was cheating on Dad with Eric, physically cheating, Dad would have felt it and done something about it. He said himself that he never felt betrayal pains, which means Eric and Mom were never intimate.

It is my suspicion that the man was just using her and her sympathy to get back at my dad for taking his fated mate. Stephanie said he had an inferiority complex, and always resented my dad.

I'm so grateful to Bailey. She not only soothed the storm brewing inside me, she got my mind off it briefly, and made my soul feel lighter, less burdened.

I just dropped Bailey off at her Grandma's where Dad and Taegan were with Rosie, Carli and Parker's daughter, while Carli and Parker were off fucking or whatever the hell they were doing. I had to tell my patrols to give them plenty of space and to not disturb them. I harbored his runaway Luna. Allowing him the space they need to work out their shit is the least I can do.

The rest of the gang went back to the Childes' and Lewis's houses to put babies down for naps, and Stephanie, I guess, took Addison to introduce her to the warriors, since Addison was going to be working with Stephanie and joining the patrols. The two, now that they are mated and have no burdens between them, are joined at the hip, unable to spend a moment apart.

I can relate to that feeling, and I'm happy for them. Nothing beats that moment of finally feeling like your soul is complete when you are mated completely. I didn't want to leave Bailey's side, and probably wouldn't have, for days after marking her, but then the shit with Levi and the

vampires happened, when the vampire showed up at Grandma Lucy's. It ruined and put a damper on our honeymoon phase.

Once this is all resolved, I'll lock her in our bedroom, not letting her out until I've had my fill, then I'm going to take her and Taegan on a trip. Maybe to Disney World so Taegan can spend more time with Carli's daughter. He seemed to be growing attached to her.

It's been so difficult for us since I found Bailey, and there has just been one bad thing after another happening. I don't want this to be the normal for us. I don't want her to live her life thinking there is always danger lurking around every corner. She has had a hard life up until now, and I want it to get better. I want to give them the world, and show them the best of everything, giving them everything that I can. She accepted me, now trusts me fully, and I want to be worthy of that love and that trust.

I wish I could have put a stop to Eric and my mom before it became a problem. I wish I could have known all this was going to happen, and stopped her the moment she walked away after insulting my mate the first day I brought her back home. I should have.

Eric didn't have a relationship with the vampires and is too much of an idiot to do much on his own. If I had handled the situation with my mother better from the start, maybe all this shit wouldn't be happening now.

"What's wrong, Ax? Panties in a bunch?" Uncle Nate asks me.

"Say panties again," I growled, "I dare you."

"Dare me, huh? Double dog dare me?" he wiggles his eyebrows, and despite myself, I end up laughing.

"Goddess, you're as annoying as your son-in-law," I huffed.

He grimaces, "Don't fucking insult me like that. Shit, I'm not that annoying."

"Little bit, you are," I smirked.

He growls no real threat behind it, making me shake my head with a laugh. He could probably sense my distress over having to arrest my mother and was trying to lighten the mood. That's what he does. I grew up watching him do it for my dad all the time.

My dad would be blowing up about something, and then in would walk Uncle Nate with a crude joke or a random observation and it would shift the entire mood of the situation, calming my dad.

He and Casey are more alike than he wants to admit, and I don't think that's a bad thing.

The mood in the car lifts as we continue to drive. We are going in my truck with one of my warriors and Vincent's man, Stephan, and then a transport van is following behind with my

warrior and his witch mate, who is coming to ensure we are warded from outside attack, and 2 warriors in the back to guard my mother and Eric.

As we neared the coven, I could sense that something was off.

Vampires are noticeably combing the territory, searching for something, and as we get closer to the mansion that acts as their main hub, there is mayhem outside of it on the front lawn.

“What the hell? Did someone put garlic in their dinner tonight?” Uncle Nate looks around at all the vampires scrambling around as Lord Antonio barks orders at them.

“I happen to love garlic,” Stephan snorts. “That is just a myth.”

“Holy water then. Fuck,” Uncle Nate huffs.

“Another myth,” Stephan sighs.

“Shut up. Both of you,” I snapped, putting my truck in park. This doesn't seem like something to joke about. Shit, I don't know what is going on, but I have a feeling it has to do with why we are here. Unless the coven is always like this, chaos and tense, but I have a feeling Antonio wouldn't tolerate that for Katherine's sake.

Vampires, I have come to notice, go to extremes to create the perfect environment for their mates.

“Shit, I don't think this is going to be good news for us,” I growled.

I step out of the truck and the vampires go quiet, staring between me and their leader with worry.

“Lord Antonio, it seems we came at a bad time?”

He grimaces, his red pupils reflecting his anger at whatever situation is going on.

As I step closer, that's when I smell it. The scent I was tracking all morning.

Levi's.

A deep growl vibrates through my chest, terrifying the vampires closest to me.

“He was here?!”

“Alpha Axel, if we could head inside and speak, I think that would be-” Antonio starts to say, but another fierce growl from me cuts him off.

“Where are my mother and Eric?” I sneered.

“Eric is here, ready to hand over to your men. As for your mother, she was.....”

“Was? Was what? Is she not ready to leave as well?”

I know. I somehow know before he says it. I was so focused on protecting Bailey and the pack that I didn't consider that he would come back here. I didn't think he would target my mother, the one who changed him.

“Alpha, I'm sorry. We were moving her from the basement cells to the holding room in the mansion. The only entrance to the basement is outside, so my Rina would never have to witness the criminals coming and going. I thought my men could handle moving them, but the new wolf came out of nowhere, surprising them. He took her, killing one of my men in the process.”

I'm furious. Livid. How incompetent can one vampire Lord and his coven be?

My beast is pushing to the surface, ready to come out and hunt the one responsible for so much of the discord in my life. First, he terrorizes my mate and abuses both her and my son for years, and now he has my mother.

But what if she chose to go with him?....

“How long? How long ago was she taken?” I asked, nostrils flaring as I menacingly stared at the asshole who let all these crimes happen right under his nose.

“Half an hour. Our trackers are searching for them now,” he answers.

I turn to stare at my uncle, and he nods, knowing what I'm about to tell him. Follow the trail. Vampires may be faster, but werewolves have stronger senses of smell and will be able to track much more effectively.

Plus, I don't trust Antonio with anything. I don't trust him or his men not to fuck this up too.

Uncle Nate and Rico, one of my warriors, strip standing by the truck and then shift, going to follow the trail.

“Bring me Eric, before you fuck that up and lose him as well,” I growled the order to Antonio.

He stares at me, obviously displeased with my insulting statement, but chooses to let it go. He waves to a couple of the vampires, who bow to him and head into the mansion.

“Alpha, I know you are angry, as you should be. I am deeply regretful of the situation, but I feel you should also be aware that,” he pauses nervously, “Before she was taken from my men, before she was being moved to be ready for your arrival, Rina bit her, as she requested to do.”

I gape at him, having forgotten about that through all of the other shit I've had to deal with today. My mother is poisoned with vampire venom, and in the hands of a new feral wolf who is after my mate.

## 56 Lifting Burdens

# Chapter 56 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Bailey POV

“Dad...dad....Daddy!” Taegan hissed in Axel’s face on his side of the bed.

I peeked out at the clock on my bedside table. 5AM. Axel was out running patrols until just a few hours ago, like he’s been doing every night since he got back from the vampire coven and it was discovered Levi had somehow kidnapped Axel’s mom.

I’m hoping she was kidnapped. Axel is starting to suspect that his mom willingly went with him. That seems like the most likely possibility as to how Levi surprised and overpowered the 3 vampires escorting them.

What made him believe she went with Levi willingly, the final thing, was when he felt her rejecting her pack. She renounced her title as Luna and the pack as a whole. That isn’t something Levi would know to force her to do. She even rejected Max, making it impossible for anyone to mind link her or for Max to find her now that she is outside of the influence of the coven.

Axel has been running himself ragged trying to find where Levi and his mother are, but nothing has been discovered.

They traced their scents to a road, then it got really faint, like they got in a car. Their scents were lost completely when they traced it back to a major highway.

Now, there is no telling where they are.

Warriors were sent back to stake out Levi’s home, but he hasn’t shown up there. Casey had tripled the patrols and pushed the borders, but no trace, except for a faint trail to the south.

“Daddy!” Taegan hisses again, “We gots training!”

“Mmmh,” Axel groans, reaching out to grab Taegan and pulling him under the covers, snuggling him. Taegan grunts and squeals in protest.



“Daddy, we’re going to be late!”

“We’re not going to be late,” Axel mumbles sleepily. “I wasn’t going to train this morning. Miss Quinn is running it. Go back to sleep,” he grumbles.

Taegan rests his cheek on Axel’s chest. “Daddy?”

“Hmm?” Axel didn’t open his eyes. He lay on his back and pulled me over to snuggle into his other side, which I willingly did.

“Why are we not going to train today?”

Axel groans. I peeked open my eyes again and saw Taegan staring up at Axel curiously.

“I have to handle something this morning with Stephanie.”

Ahh...

That’s right.

Stephanie’s dad was declining fast yesterday, and Axel left it up to Stephanie if she wanted to let the poison from the vampire bite kill him, or if she wanted to put him out of his misery sooner and have Axel be the one to end him.

Either way, because of the crimes he committed, Axel deemed his life over. He abused Stephanie for years, insulted the vampires by lying to them, used my ex to threaten my life, and was a major part of him being turned. Axel said the threat to me alone was reason enough for him to die.

I’m not a good enough person to advocate for him, and no one else was willing to either. I’ve been in a manipulative and abusive relationship. I had a feeling that Eric would never quit trying to get back at Max for taking his mate. He would never reform or get better. Narcissists never do.

Stephanie, seeing the pathetic state her father was in yesterday, requested that his life just be ended so she could move on with Addison.

Axel was out working at the time of her decision, so it had to be held off until this morning. Max could have done it, but considering the circumstances with Harriet, Axel told his father to stay out of the whole situation. He didn’t want his dad to have more regrets than he already did.

“Can I come, daddy?” Taegan asked.

“I thought you wanted to hang out with me today so we could go play with Rosie and Calum?” I cut into their conversation, not wanting Axel to be burdened with the task of telling his son no. It’s not something that he likes doing.

Taegan scrunches his little nose while he thinks. “But I like Miss Stephanie too,” he pouts.

“How about this; we can spend the morning at Aunt Fiona’s playing with our friends, then we can hang out with Miss Stephanie after lunch. She may need someone to eat ice cream with.”

He smiles widely, “Yeah! It can be like a dates!”

“Oh, goddess,” Axel grumbles, then puts his large hand over Taegan’s mouth while I giggle. Carli and Parker were talking about going on a date and when Taegan asked what a date was, he was fascinated with the idea. He’s been asking girls out on dates ever since.

“Sleep,” Axel grunts, then pushes his aura out just enough to relax us both and make Taegan sleepy again.

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Axel POV

I’m exhausted. Actually, exhausted does not even begin to describe how tired I feel.

I have been averaging about 4 hours of sleep a day since Levi took my mother from the vampires. Dad, Uncle Nate and I have been switching off looking for her, and then I have all the regular aspects of running my pack to deal with as well.

Bailey has been awesome and so supportive the last few days. Without her, I don’t know if I would be sane right now.

Just lying in bed while holding her and Taegan, watching them sleep peacefully is revitalizing. They are my reason for everything now. I don’t know how I was functioning before she found her way back to me.

“Hey, brat. I’m here,” Dad mind linked me.

I resist the urge to groan. I haven’t had nearly enough time with my babies, but I know I need to go. I have a job to do, and I want to get it over with. “Okay, I’ll be right out.”

Peppering kisses all over Bailey’s face, I tried to wake her from her sleep.

“It’s too early,” she pouts, nuzzling her face into my chest to save it from further attack.

“I know, baby, but I have to go.”

“Oh,” she stretched her body in an alluring way, making me very much not want to get out of bed. If Taegan wasn’t on my other side, I might have given into temptation.

She shifts off me, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. “Go get in the shower and I’ll have your coffee and breakfast ready,” she tells me in a voice laced with sleep. She’s adorable in the mornings.

Every morning, she wakes up with me, no matter how early, and she sends me off with hot coffee and a very hot kiss. She said she wants me to feel nothing but comfort and peace when I’m at home with her, since that’s how she feels when she is with me.

Taegan comes to work with me most mornings, since I still spend my morning in the pack. He dresses like me, wearing athletic clothes that somehow always match mine during training, and then he wears wranglers and boots while shadowing me during regular work. He even carries a little thermos of hot chocolate when we leave in the mornings, since I’ve been carrying around the coffee his mama makes me.

I make him go back to his mama when I have to leave the pack for anything, especially when I go out to search for Levi or my mom, and then I’ve been taking the late night patrol shift since our patrols have tripled.

Even while being so busy, I’m grateful for the time with my son. I’m grateful that he wants to shadow me, because that’s what I used to do with my dad. I value those memories with my dad and I hope Taegan one day values these memories with me.

After showering and getting ready, I kissed Taegan’s head and headed out. I’m grateful he’s asleep. I don’t think he is old enough yet to understand why he can’t come to work with me this morning, and I don’t want to have to explain it to him.

Ending a pack member, no matter how heinous their crime, is not something any alpha enjoys doing. The weight of it is heavy for an Alpha. You are burdened with having to feel their bond break with the pack, and there is a pain that comes with that, that only an alpha would feel.

I’ve only had to do this twice before, ending a pack member, in my time as alpha. Once, when one of our warriors murdered his human mate, and the other was when it was discovered that we had a pedophile acting on his urges in the pack. I actually enjoyed ending his life, but the burden was still heavy and the pain was still there.

Many packs have their Gamma’s do the task so their alpha doesn’t have to feel the pain, but that isn’t how my dad did things. He said the burden was heavy for a reason, so we wouldn’t abuse the power we had over our pack. It should always be our job, our burden as the alpha, and no one else’s.

I hold the same opinion as my father. This is my task, my burden. It’s not Casey’s or Uncle Nate’s or even my Dad’s. This burden is not anyone else’s.

Bailey is in a thick robe, her flannel pajamas poking out underneath, protecting her from the cold morning air.

Dad is sitting at the island, drinking his coffee and picking at a plate of fried eggs, bacon and toast.

Bailey hands me a tupperware container with breakfast sandwiches and my thermos of coffee with her dimpled smile.

“These are still hot. I made four, so hopefully it’s enough for you,” she says, patting my belly.

“Geez, fatty,” Dad mumbles around a bite of toast.

“Remind me how many eggs and pieces of toast you asked for with your 10 strips of bacon?” Bailey quirks a brow up at him.

“That’s different,” Dad grumbles.

“Sure it is,” she smirks. She then goes up on her tippy toes to wrap her arms around my neck. “I love you. All of you, including your appetite,” she lifts a brow, saying one thing, but I can feel the sexual innuendo in her words. She is trying to send me off on a happy, care-free note like she always does, helping to lighten my burdens like only she can.

“I love you too, baby. I’ll come find you at lunch.”

She kisses me deeply, then heads back to our room to get ready, leaving me alone with dad.

“You sure you don’t want me to handle this, son?” he asks, “I feel like I should be the one to do it, still.”

“No, you shouldn’t. You have a job to do. Make sure Taegan doesn’t ask Rosie for a date in front of Alpha Parker please.”

Dad threw his head back laughing. Parker did not like how clingy Taegan was with Rosie. It’s comical how he reacts every time Taegan starts with his flirting. I only see it at mealtimes, but I’m sure it’s even funnier during their playdates.

I saw the pictures Carli and Bailey have been taking of the two of them. It always lifts my mood when I’m away and Bailey sends me one.

I walked out to the packhouse along the bridge that connects our house to it. It’s a quiet walk without Taegan with me, and I already miss him and his mom.

Normally, he would be asking me ten million questions about the things he overheard from around the pack. Lately, its been questions about Miami from overhearing Casey and Courtney’s family talking.

We are definitely going to have to take a trip when all this shit is over. I can only explain so many times why the alligators don't eat the people there, and since he heard Carli talking about mermaids, he's been wanting to meet one.

When I get to my office, instead of Stephanie, it's Addison waiting for me.

"Hey, Alpha," she smiles at me.

"Hi, Addison. Where's Steph?"

She grimaces. "She was having a hard time with all this, so I offered to come in her place."

"Ah," I mumble. Yeah, I can understand where Stephanie is coming from. I will have a hard time dealing with my mom when the time comes. She can be free from this burden, and Addison is willing to shoulder it in her place. "Are you ready to head over then?"

"Yes," she says, "But can I ask something of you?"

I tilted my head in question, nodding for her to continue.

"I want to be the one to end him. He tormented and hurt Stephanie for years. I want to be the one to end his life."

I furrowed my brows. "I understand that, but it is not your job, Addison. Can you live with knowing you were the one to end your mate's only family member's life?"

"I am Stephanie's family," she says firmly, "That monster has done nothing but hurt her. If you were in my place, and it was Bailey in Stephanie's, what would you do?"

I don't even have to think about it. I would kill him. I would want to be the one to get revenge for my mate.

"Is Stephanie okay with you being the one to do it?" I asked.

Ultimately, this is all Stephanie's choice.

"I wouldn't be here if she wasn't," Addison states.

I can see the resolve in Addison's crimson eyes. She is set on doing this, and if Stephanie is okay with it, I have no reason not to be. It will actually be lightening my burden as well.

"Okay," I nodded, "Let's go."

The cells are in the warrior building's basement. I eat the sandwiches Bailey made for me on the way, offering one to Addison, which she surprisingly accepts.

I haven't had much time to talk with Addison, but I like her no-nonsense personality. She is now working with Stephanie as a warrior and I've heard nothing but good things about her from Quinn.

When we get to the door that leads to the cells, I have my guards buzz us through. Casey and Farak are both here, waiting outside Eric's cell for us.

"No fair. I want a sandwich," Casey pouts, his eyes going back and forth between Addison and me.

"Here, you big baby," I sneered, handing him the tupperware container with the last one.

He happily opens it and shoves the last one halfway in his mouth.

Farak and I watch him with disgust, then Farak shakes his head, turning it to look at me. "He's gotten worse, Alpha. The poison is starting to shut down his organs. Are you ready?"

I turned to Addison, lifting a brow, "Are you ready? It's not too late to change your mind."

"I'm not changing my mind," Addison says confidently. "And, yes. I'm ready."

57 Live Shows

## Chapter 57 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Axel POV

After seeing the state Eric was in, Addison asked for one more favor, and I agreed. It takes a few minutes for a staff member from the clinic to bring what we need, but once it arrives we are ready to begin.

The metal door to Eric's cell creaks loudly as it opens. They're made that way. Made to groan hauntingly so the criminal inside knows a threat is coming. So they can feel the imminent pressure of their doom upon them.

He looked dead, black veins snaking on his sweat-soaked neck and face. Even his hands have black spidery veins all over them, his nail beds rotten and falling off.

He smells rotten. Like raw sewage and decay. The poison is decaying his body, killing him. This is how most werewolves react to severe vampire bites when left untreated. Only a few, a very

small percentage, are able to be bitten without a reaction. Simone, for instance, is bitten and sired to Vincent, and she was able to not just survive, but thrive from his bite.

It took Eric a great effort as he lay on the concrete floor, but he eventually turned his sickly face towards me, his lip curling into a weak snarl.

“Al-lpha,” he croaks. “Ss-still too mu-much of a pu-pussy to fuh-finish me off?”

His voice sounded cracked and broken. As an omega, I’m surprised he lasted this long with the vampire venom in his system. He’s too pathetic to even get angry at his vain attempt at an insult.

“Unfortunately for you, I’m here to do the opposite,” I informed him with a smirk, then pulled the syringe out of my back pocket, stabbing it into his neck before he knew I was coming.

The anti-venom spreads, receding the tarrish veins on his neck first, then working its magic on his face and down his limbs.

He sputters in confusion, looking at his healing limbs, then back at me.

“Wh-why?” he furrows his brows.

I stood over him, waiting for the medicine to heal him enough so he could speak without stuttering. I want answers before I turn him over to Addison. The anti-venom won’t heal him completely at this point, but it will liven him up enough for me, and then Addison so she can have her fun.

Farak and Casey come in, Farak handing me a heavy chain laced with wolfsbane. It’s my favorite for these kinds of tasks. I like feeling the impact of it in my fists.

“Hey, got a little something right here,” Casey says to Eric, pointing to his chin. Eric had a patch of dried spit and inky blood on the side of his face.

The idiot actually wipes the other side of his face with the back of his hand, removing nothing.

“Got it,” Casey lies.

Eric’s eyes went wide as he looked between the three of us. “What? What the hell is this? I thought you were going to kill me?”

“Now, why would we do that when we have so many questions to ask you?” I crouched down in front of him. He pushes himself back on the ground to put some space between us. “Do you have any idea where Levi, the human you helped turn, and my mother are?”

He turns his lip up, exposing his half-sized canines. “Fuck you.”

“Oof,” Rick huffs, wincing, knowing what I’m about to do.

I slowly wrap the chain around my hand, letting my aura seep out, flowing over him and making him shake. He drops the sneer, and begins backing up further as I stand at my feet.

I reached out, grabbing him by the collar of his disgustingly damp shirt, then slammed my chain-covered fist into the side of his face. He falls to the ground in a pathetic heap.

“Wanna try that again?”

He spits inky blood on the concrete floor, panting like he was the one exuding a lot of force.

“I DON’T KNOW!” he cries.

“You have to know something,” I paced in front of him. “You were the one in charge, were you not?”

He had already admitted to that the day we brought him here. He said that he was the one that thought of finding Taegan’s other dad to lure Bailey out of the pack when I used a command to get the truth out of him. I was still holding out hope at the time that my mom was a minor part in all this. That she was just following his lead.

It turns out that she came up with the idea of using Katherine and the vampires, though, so she is just as guilty as he is.

“I don’t know anything!” he stammers, eyeing my fist as I advance on him. “She didn’t say shit to me, and neither did he. He came out of nowhere, ripped the throat of the bloodsucker holding Harriet, bit into another one, then took off with her. He dragged her away so quickly. Too quickly. They fucking left me behind,” he cries, looking at the ground hopelessly. “I have no fucking clue where they went. I hope the venom kills her, and she takes him out with her. Traitors, the both of them.”

“You’re one to talk,” I huff. “Why did you do it? What were you looking to gain? I was never going to take Stephanie as my mate. You must have known that after all these years. You said you were pissed at my dad for taking your fated mate, so why fuck with my fated mate?”

He sneers at me, “Harriet,” he mutters, “She still wouldn’t choose me. After all this fucking time, she didn’t want to betray the man neglecting her. She wouldn’t reject him for me. You and your father fucked my life up completely. Keeping you from your fated mate was the least I could do.”

I growled menacingly at him. The fucking idiot wanted me and Dad to be as miserable as he was. Pathetic. All he did was shorten his life. I will never be without Bailey again.

I punched him again, then again, just to exact a little of my own revenge. Then, I stand cracking my neck before dropping the bloody chains.



“There is someone here who would like some answers of her own,” I told him coldly, enjoying the way he groans and fights to keep his body upright in my presence.

Casey opens the door for me as I turn and stride out of his cell, Farak and then Casey following behind.

“He’s all yours,” I told Addison.

A menacing, terrifying smile spreads on her face, making her dimples even look horrifying as her eyes shine a bright crimson.

She wanted him healed enough to last more than a few seconds. She asked to be alone with him, and to be able to take her time to drive every ounce of pain he ever inflicted on Stephanie back onto him.

Addison walks into the room, Eric’s broken face gaping in horror at the sight of her. “Hello, Eric,” she hisses, pouring as much hate into his name as she can, “It is so nice to finally meet you.”

At that moment, she mists, breaking into billions of particles floating in the air, blacking out the fluorescent lighting and making it impossible to see anything through the window looking into the room.

We can’t see, but we can hear, and I wish we couldn’t.

His screams are deafening, gargling and broken. The smell of rotten blood fills the whole basement, and sprays against the glass periodically.

The sounds of bones breaking and snapping, flesh being torn, and his terrified cries sent a chill down my spine.

“Shit, remind me never to offend Stephanie,” Casey mutters, looking like he was about to puke. “Addison is just as monstrous as Vince.”

Fuck, Addison really is like a monster. I don’t think a single spot of the room won’t be covered in blood or his torn flesh by the time she is done.

After about an hour, his screams and cries die down, and then I finally feel his tether to the pack snap, indicating he’s dead.

Good riddance.

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Bailey POV

My grandmother's house has become the unspoken hangout for all of us the past several days. It's right by the warrior building, which is convenient for everyone. Grandma likes the company, and Max likes how safe and well-protected it is. Plus, the women love my grandma.

She's back taking a nap right now, though, while the rest of us hang out in her living room.

"But, you says that dates are for mates," Taegan argues with Parker, who is sitting on the ground with his daughter in his lap while Carli nurses Reese on the couch behind him.

"Yes, and you are not my daughter's mate," Parker grumbles, "And you don't ask multiple ladies on the same date. It's rude."

"But, Miss Stephanie says it's okay," Taegan juts his chin out defiantly.

"Miss Stephanie is not my daughter," Parker mutters, while Carli snickers behind him.

For the last 15 minutes, Taegan had been arguing with Parker over this stinkin' ice cream date he planned with Stephanie. Right after asking Stephanie on the date, which she agreed to with a smirk, he asked if he could bring Rosie, then proceeded to suavely ask Carli's 2-year-old daughter. He found a fake rose in one of my grandmother's dressers, and presented it to Rosie with the cool line of, "Be my mates on an ice cream dates," making everyone buckle over with laughter. Everyone except Parker.

Rosie, too young to fully understand, threw her hands up in the air and squealed "Ice ceem," in her broken toddler voice.

Max looked exhausted, running a hand down his face and shaking his head. "Just what Axel needs," he grunted.

"Come on, Alpha," Laura, a warrior from their pack, laughed at him. "You don't know they're not mates."

"They're not," he deadpans. "My daughter is staying in Miami and taking over the pack. She's not ever moving away from me."

"What are you going to do if they are mates?" Carli lifted a brow at him.

"They're not," he growled.

"We are though!" Taegan argues. "Rosie says yes. Mommy says yes too!"

I did not. I roll my eyes and laugh at his antics. I'm glad he always assumes I'm in his corner, but now Parker is glaring accusingly at me.

"She says yes to everything, short stuff," Simone laughs. "Hey, Rosie! Is Aunt Sim your favorite?"

“Yes!” the toddler said, not looking up from the color wonder paints she was playing with.

“Do you like broccoli?”

“Yes!”

“Does Uncle Casey look pretty in a dress?”

“Yes!”

"Can I have all your toys when we get home?"

"Yes!" she yells out, continuing to paint away between her daddy's legs.

“That’s a fun game,” I giggle. “Rosie, can I be your mother-in-law one day?”

“Yes!”

Everyone throws their heads back laughing. Even Max. Parker narrows his eyes at me. “Don’t encourage this.”

“Lighten up, babe,” Carli hits his shoulder. “They’re toddlers. It's not that serious.”

“That kid is 2 years older than my baby girl! It’s practically a crime.”

“You’re 4 years older than me, you dork,” Carli huffs.

“That’s different,” Parker growls.

“Of course it is,” Simone giggled. “You know what a real crime is. Public fornication. Lewd conduct in public. You got here, and that’s the first thing you did.”

He smirked smugly, “It was an emergency.”

"An emergency?" I giggled. "When Axel and I have an emergency we use the bedroom."

He looks back and smirks at Carli, "It was an intense, dire emergency. Couldn't wait long enough to find a bedroom."

Carli scoffs. “Was it?”

“Don’t act like you didn’t like it,” he reaches back and rubs her knee. “You like the thrill of maybe getting caught.”

“I think we did get caught,” she huffs, “I could feel someone watching us at one point.

“I told you it was just the patrols,” he tells her, “Nothing a grown wolf hasn’t seen before.”

I blush imagining being watched while me and Axel are intimate. These two are on a different level. I don’t think I could ever do it in public like that.

“There shouldn’t have been any patrols anywhere near you guys while you were out there,” Quinn said, rocking Simone and Vincent’s baby. “Alpha ordered us all to give you guys a wide perimeter. None of our patrols went within a mile of you guys.”

“Someone was definitely there, though,” Carli said. “It was only for a few minutes, but I felt them.” She looked at Parker for confirmation.

Max sits up straighter in his new chair; a leather recliner he had delivered to my grandmother’s house for himself, much to her disapproval.

“There was definitely someone there,” Parker confirms.

“Was it right when you sickos got out there?” Max asked.

Parker’s eyes tightened at the word ‘sickos’. “No. It was about an hour after being there.”

“Shit,” Max cursed.

“Bad word, grandpa. Mommy said-”

“Yeah, yeah. Mommy said no and the spoons. I got that,” Max lifts Taegan onto his knee, then turns back to Parker, “Did you get a scent?”

Parker shrugs, “I was a little distracted by other scents at the time,” he smirks at Max’s disgusted face. “This isn’t my pack, so I wasn’t paying attention to the scent. I figured it was a patrol and ignored it since they left after a minute or two.”

“Fuck,” Max huffs, then looks at Quinn, “Do you remember the area they were in?”

She nods, “Yes, Alpha.”

“When did the patrols pick back up in the area?”

She grimaces, “Not until the next morning.”

“Go sweep it again. Now.”

She mumbles a “Yes, Alpha,” giving Simone her baby back, then leaves to follow the order.

Parker’s face turned serious, and so did Carli’s. “Is something wrong?” Carli asked.

“I don’t know yet, but I don’t think that was one of our members stumbling upon your public porn show.”

“Then what?” I asked.

He gives me a look, and I realize what he’s implying. Max thinks it was Levi. Levi was that close to us.

Taegan takes his shoes off and then starts to mess with his socks. I put the cotton socks he doesn’t like on his feet this morning; the ones that produce the most fuzzies between his toes.

“Grandpa?” Taegan says as he remains focused on getting the extra fuzzies out of his socks before putting them back on.

“Yeah, kid?” Max was running a hand down his face, seeming more exhausted than before.

Poor guy. He’s watching us around the clock, it feels like, and when he’s not, he’s helping with the pack and patrols.

I take a sip of my tea as I stand up to make him another coffee.

“What’s a porn show?” Taegan asked.

I spew my tea all over the place, and Max looks more horrified about answering that question than he did about any other part of our conversation.

58 Porn Show

## Chapter 58 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Antonio POV

“Any trace of them?” I asked Felix upon his return from searching the forests near that crackbrained new wolf’s father’s house.

“None, my Lord. His father has search teams looking for him as well. It seems the father tried to have the police find and arrest the lady’s daughter, but I had our men deal with it. I personally removed any memory of the young Luna from his head. She is being erased from everyone who may cause issues for her later.”

“Good,” I muttered, “You were sure to give a wide margin to the home of my beloved’s mother, correct?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

The young alpha was firm about my coven, as well as myself, staying out of their search. To not risk displeasing him further and making any future attempts at my love reconciling with her daughter impossible, I have to prevent him from discovering our ongoing involvement.

I should have been the one to escort the aging Luna and the arrogant old wolf to the main house. I thought with both under the influence of my domain, as well as the reactions to our vampire venom, it would not be an issue.

After biting the old Luna, my love, my Rina, having seen the image of her daughter through the memories of the old woman’s blood, was very emotional, and I was trying to calm her before the young alpha arrived. I was hoping to make one final plea on her behalf for Rina to see her daughter just once.

That’s all she wanted. Just to lay eyes upon the babe she wronged, and know that even without her, she grew up happy and okay.

Then, tragedy happened, and I could not ask anything more of the wolves. I lost their trust entirely, and I will have to work extra hard to get it back.

I need to find the new crazed wolf and be the one to right the wrong I have committed. I need to atone for the crime of naively assuming my coven was invincible and we could not ever be on the wrong side of a situation.

“Keep up the search. They left in the car he drove here in, that we know for sure. If we find the car, we should find them. Do you have his car information? Do you remember the details?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“Good. Find the car. A car will be easier to find than an animal in the woods. We need to start there.”

Felix bows respectfully, “Yes, my Lord.” He then sets off to do my bidding.

Walking to my office, I noticed the room that once belonged to my daughter with its door open. When I peek inside, I find Rina sitting upon Addison’s bed, holding one of her porcelain dolls she received from her mother when she was a baby.

Rina senses my presence, but doesn’t look up. “You know, I never bought anything for my daughter. Not so much as a pack of diapers or formula when she was a baby. She never received anything from me. Not even my love. Do I really have a right to ask to see her now?”

I took the doll from her hands and set it on the table beside the bed. “My love, why are you dwelling on the past? I can create whatever future for you and your daughter that you want. I can....” I stopped, weighing my next words carefully, “I can find a way to bring her here, if that is your wish, then no one can tell you that you are not allowed in her presence. I can make you her entire world. All you have to do is say it. Wish it, and I will make it come true.”

She gapes at me, her beautiful eyes stunned at my words. “What are you saying? Bring her here? Why? To make her like me?” she makes a disgusted face, “I would never burden her with the life of the undead. I would never wish for her mortality to be taken. I made nothing but mistakes with her, but I would never go that far for selfish gain.”

She says that now, but experiencing her daughter going through the process of death, especially death in the terms the women in her family are doomed to, I think she will one day change her mind. A life as the undead is the best hope for her without a sacrifice. The sacrifice might be too great for the wolves to bear.

It was almost too much for my love’s father to bear, but he somehow managed to achieve it for his wife.

“Okay, my love,” I told her for now. In several years, things may change, but I will let it be for now. “What would you wish for me to do then?”

She bites her lip, then looks back at my daughter's doll, then at all the other gifts and treasures Addison has been given over the years, littering her old room, all but forgotten now that she has moved on with her adult life.

“I want what is best for her. I want her safe,” she turns her head to look me in the eyes, “I want that bastard dog put down, and Harriet to face the punishment for her crimes. Then,” she bites her lip and looks away, “I want to wish my daughter a life of peace and happiness, and watch from the shadows to ensure she always is. That is my only wish.”

“Then it shall be done,” I told her, bowing to kiss her head.

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Axel POV

I’ve got my chair reclined all the way back in my office, staring at the ceiling while I think about what Quinn discovered in the wood. That fucking bastard was on my land and I didn’t know.

We picked up a faint trail to the south, but I didn’t realize he was on my fucking property just hours before circling back to abduct my mother. If I hadn’t stopped the patrols, we might have stopped him.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

“Come in,” I grumbled, not in the mood for an interruption from my remorseful thoughts.

“Um, Alpha Axel?” Carli pokes her head out around the door after cracking it open, “Could I have a minute?”

I narrowed my eyes at her, “No, you can’t go fuck in the forest again if that’s what you’re coming to ask.”

She rolls her eyes, coming into the room with her son strapped in a carrier to the front of her. “Hey, I’m sorry. Parker is too, and is out doing patrols with Case. He said to tell you he would cover for you tonight as well. We both feel horrible.”

I sighed, running my hands down my face, “Yeah, well, it's not entirely your fault. I could have kept the patrols going. Though, you are the one who ran away from your mate.”

“I know, okay,” she glares at me. I almost laughed. She gets so defensive so easily. “To make it up to you in some small way, I got these. I hope you like them.”

She pulls out her phone, and opens a file in her picture app. She hands me the phone to go through.

Oh. My. Goddess.

This is pure gold.

“Does he know you’re giving me these?” I asked her.

“Nope. I got that last one from Courtney’s phone while she was busy putting Calum down for a nap. She doesn’t even know I’m giving you these.”

The last picture is by far the best. The straining white lace and his massive hand are all that is blocking his junk from being seen.

“What is he wearing?” I asked Carli.

“Court’s wedding night lingerie. That was the most PG of the photos. The others didn’t have the hand blocking his goods.”

I buckled over laughing at his attempt at a seductive face in the photo. He looks like a duck.

“Can you send these to me?” I asked, thinking about my wallpaper idea for the warrior center.

“You got it. Anything for my daughter’s future father-in-law.”

I smirked at her, “I don’t think your mate would appreciate you saying that, but thanks.”



“Hey, just imagine what our grandkids would be like. Super alphas. They would be beasts.”

I chuckle at her, “It’s a bit early to be thinking about grandkids, isn’t it? Both of yours are still in diapers.”

“I’m already planning Reese and Karina’s wedding,” she says, looking down at her baby boy.

“I bet Vincent loves that,” I smirked.

“Of course he doesn’t. He’s paying for the whole thing,” Carli snickers, staring down at her phone. “Well, I just emailed you all the pictures. I know it doesn’t make up for fucking out in public and interrupting your patrols, but I hope it helps smooth over things with us?” she smiles hopefully.

“Yeah,” I returned her smile, “Thanks for the pictures.”

“Yep,” she waves, then exits the office.

I open up my email and begin downloading the photos to figure out how to best utilize them.

~~~

“Daddy! Daddy! It’s lunch!” Taegan yells, after throwing the door open without knocking. He came running over to me.

“You gotta come, or I can’t have my mates ice cream dates. Rosie’s dad said no.”

“You asked Rosie on an ice cream date?” I asked him, lifting him to sit on my knee.

“Not just Rosie. He asked Stephanie first right in front of Parker, then went over to ask Rosie to be his mate and go on a date. It was adorable, but Parker didn’t like it,” Bailey tells me, following after our son a few seconds after him.

“Hey, kid,” Dad calls from the hallway, “I’m taking a nap while you eat with them.”

I throw him a thumbs up before he walks away. Bailey watches him leave with a saddened look on her face. “Poor man. He’s exhausted.”

I know he is, just like me. He stays with Bailey and Taegan around the clock practically, and seems to only be able to sleep when he knows I’m with them.

“Hey dad, do you do porn shows like Rosie’s dad?”

“Um, what?” I look up to Bailey who is crossing her legs as she starts to laugh uncontrollably. “What is he talking about?”

She falls to the ground laughing so hard and Taegan sits up straighter to watch, concern written all on his face.

“Is she okay?” Taegan asked me.

I’m about to answer him when she snorts and then wails out a long, hysterical laugh. “I’m going to pee my pants,” she huffs.

I end up laughing at her hysterics.

“Why is our son asking about porn shows?”

“Because,” she chokes on a laugh, “Your dad,” she holds her side and tries to control her breathing to stop the laughing attack, “He said Parker and Carli put on a porn show.”

Taegan looks up at me with wide eyes, “I stills don’t know what the porn show is, just that Rosie’s mommy and dad are in it.”

“Oh my gosh,” I pressed my lips together to keep from laughing.

“So, were you in one too, daddy? Does mommy and daddys all do porn shows?”

Goddess, this kid needs to quit saying porn shows.

“You guys didn’t tell him what it was?” I asked Bailey, who was pulling herself up on a chair.

“What would you suggest telling him?” she snorts. Goddess, even her snorts are adorable.

“Um, well.....”

Damn it, I don’t know.

Then the picture of Casey in the white lingerie comes to mind. I printed out copies to have blown up into wall-sized portraits to put all over his office.

I pulled a copy from my printer and handed it to Taegan. He instantly makes a disgusted face.

“What is Brother Casey wearing?” Taegan asked.

I take another picture from the printer and hand it to Bailey, and she’s back at hysterically laughing again.

“This is what a person wears for a porn show. It’s embarrassing, isn’t it?,” I pause as Taegan nods, “Porn shows are meant to be private and not talked about or seen by others. Grandpa shouldn’t have said porn show in front of you, and Rosie’s parents shouldn’t either.”

“So, Brother Casey is in porn shows?” Taegan asked.

“Oh my gosh...I can't...” Bailey wails and laughs, crossing her legs tightly as she's bent over in laughter.

“He does. That's how I got this picture, but we don't talk about it, because we don't want to embarrass anyone.”

“If he doesn't want to be emb-barrassed, he should do porn shows, daddy. He looks ugly,” Taegan cringes at the picture. I set it down so he doesn't have to see it again.

“I know, little man. Wanna help me teach Brother Casey a lesson after your ice cream date?”

Taegan taps his chin as he thinks. “Okay. But you gotta protect me from Rosie's daddy. He growls when I go near her. Then, I help teach big baby brother Casey lessons.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I smirked, kissing him on the head.

He hops down and starts to lead the way towards the dining hall while I help my recovering mate up from her chair.

“You okay, there?” I grinned down at her.

“No,” she hiccups, “My side hurts.”

“Up you go then,” I said before lifting her in my arms. She rests her head on my shoulder and takes a few deep breaths to get control of her hiccuping.

“Fun morning?” I asked.

“Oh, so fun. I've never seen your dad so flustered in my life.”

“How many people do you think Taegan has already told that Casey is a porn star?” I asked her with a smirk.

Taegan is just ahead of us, talking to a group of warrior women who are laughing at him as he cheeses up at them. He's always with the ladies. I would be reluctant to let him date my daughter too.

“I don't think he knows the term porn star. Just porn show. Please don't teach him more words, as fun as they are.”

“Oh, I won't,” I laughed at her. “Casey might when the rumors start flying that he's been in a porn show.”

"Probably," she mutters with a laugh, "What are you going to do with that picture?"

I smirked at her. “Make wallpaper for his office.”

“Oh, that’s so mean,” she giggles.

I shrug, “The big baby is lucky I’m not posting them anywhere outside his office.”

She smirks at me, then bites her lips. “Can I take pictures like that of you too?”

“Um, why?” I asked hesitantly.

She shrugs, “They might come in handy on the nights I’m missing you.”

A shiver runs down my spine. Hearing she wants pictures of me to get off to when I can’t be with her is so hot. Picturing it now makes my pants uncomfortably tight.

“Looks like I have the night off tonight,” I whispered huskily.

Her eyes light up with excitement. “I’ll get my camera ready,” she whispers back.

## 59 Sucking Face

# Chapter 59 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

## Bailey POV

Thanks to Parker and Carli’s guilt, Axel got to spend a much needed afternoon with me and Taegan, though it was spent with all of us in his office. But, Max got a much needed long nap. I really was feeling bad for the guy. He needed some sleep.

Parker is taking charge of the patrols for the rest of the day, and Carli, last I saw, was at [the warrior center](#) with Reese strapped to the front of her, barking insults at a large group of men she would only address as the scrotum of Blue Cliff. It was hilarious when we walked over to the warrior center with her after lunch, and the big group of big, bad wolves started to grumble about having to be led by her, a woman, and not Axel. She put them in their place really fast.

Everyone was given the nickname “Taint” or “Gonad”, and then was told to push Canada until she got tired, or it pushed back, whichever came first. That was after she asked me to hold Reese for a second, found the biggest among the group, and laid him on his ass.

After, Axel had more Alpha work to get done in his office, but Taegan and I just stayed with him while he did everything he needed to.

Farak came in repeatedly to discuss business matters, and on his 4th trip in, when he was talking about needing to hire a bookkeeper or accountant to help with all the paperwork, I finally piped up and volunteered.

“I went to school for accounting, guys. I really wouldn’t mind helping out. I feel like I’m just being babysat all day. If I was here in the office at the packhouse, wouldn’t that be better than hanging out at my grandmother’s all day watching Max and her argue about stupid things like the necessity of straws and what differentiates a lake from a large pond?”

Max and Grandma got into a huge argument yesterday about the lake on the pack’s lands not being a real lake, because Grandma kept insisting it was nothing more than a large pond.

It was a mess and a half, and as hilarious as they can sometimes be, I would rather be here with Axel helping.

“I thought you worked as a teller in a bank. I didn’t know you were an actual accountant,” Farak asked.

“Well,” I grimace, remembering how Levi got me demoted at work with his constant interference. “I was an account manager for the bank I worked at right after I graduated, but then I got pushed back down to being a teller.”

“Why? Why wouldn’t they let you utilize your degree?” Rick asked.

I told this story to Axel already, and he growls slightly, recalling what I told him, I’m sure.

“Levi. He kept coming in and interrupting my meetings with clients, accusing me of cheating and other crap like that. My manager thought it would be best if I worked out on the floor in the open where I wasn’t ever alone with men for any reason.”

“Man,” Rick shook his head, “What an asshole. Why didn’t you apply to work at a different bank or at a firm?”

“I tried. I couldn’t get hired anywhere else in town,” I grimace, recalling the experience. “Now that I think about it, I bet Levi somehow prevented me from leaving the bank I was working at. My manager that hired me was a few years older than us, and was in his fraternity at university. That’s how I got the job in the first place.”

Axel, who had Taegan lying on his lap with headphones on, playing a Nintendo switch, lifted Taegan from his lap, set him on his chair, then came around to sit next to me on his couch. Taegan didn’t even look up from his game. He just growled slightly at being moved, then continued playing.

“I’m sorry, Bailey. That night we first met, I should have gotten more information about you and found you myself as soon as you left. We could have avoided a lot of this shit from Levi if I had.”

I furrowed my eyebrows at him, glaring slightly, but for some reason it made him chuckle sadly instead.

“Axel, I hate when you try to take all the blame on yourself for everyone else’s mistakes. You keep doing that.”

His face drops in surprise. “No I don’t.”

“Yes you do, man. You’ve been beating yourself up for days now over shit that isn’t even your fault. Like the shit with your mom,” Rick states.

“Bad word,” Taegan mutters, glaring up at his father’s Beta briefly before looking back at his game.

Farak holds his hands up defensively.

Axel rubs the back of his neck. “I messed up a lot when you first got here, though,” Axel tells me. “Even the way I told you what I was, I did horribly. When we got back to the pack, and we first saw my mom, I should have put a stop to her then. No...I should have noticed years ago the command she had over Stephanie. I spent all my time avoiding her and Stephanie, instead of helping one of my pack members who was being hurt by my own mother.”

“Right, it was your mother who was hurting her. It was also your mother who chose to walk away that day and, instead of accepting the way things were, ran off to a coven full of vampires to try and force us apart. She made those choices, not you. Nothing about this is your fault. It’s hers, and Eric’s. Even Levi wouldn’t be a threat without the choices they made. You need to quit beating yourself up for the crap they did,” I told him.

I then slide into his lap, not even the least bit embarrassed that Farak is in the room and still watching. Quinn does the same to him all the time. Courtney does it to Casey, and don’t even get me started on Parker and Carli’s PDA. It’s becoming the norm for me too, to seek Axel’s touch and for him to seek mine when one of us needs comfort.

I guess it’s a werewolf thing, but I’m not complaining. I love it.

Axel wraps his arms around my waist and buries his nose in my hair against my neck. “I hate that you had to go through so much, and you’re still having to go through so much. I want you to have the best, most carefree life, but I feel like that’s not what you’re getting when you’re with me.”

“Axel,” I pulled his face away from my neck so I could stare into his beautiful, icy blue eyes that looked so much like our son’s. “This is absolutely the happiest I have ever been. I am more

carefree and happy than ever before. I love you, and I trust you entirely. I know that nothing but happiness will come from being with you. I can feel it here,” I took his hand and placed it over my heart. “Yes, we are going to have trials, and things weren’t easy in the past, but nothing worth having is easy to obtain. Think of all the things your guys have to do to get the gold out of the ground. It’s rough work, but the reward is priceless.”

“Actually, gold is approximately one thousand, six hundred and sixty two U.S. dollars an ounce right now,” Farak says, butting into our conversation.

I glared at him briefly, making him and Axel both chuckle.

Seriously, does my glare do nothing to these men? I’m going to have to get Carli to teach me how to instill fear into the men around me with a single look like she does.

“Thank you, baby,” Axel whispers in my ear, his hand combing into the hair on the side of my neck and pushing it behind my shoulder. “I just don’t want you to ever regret accepting me.”

I smiled softly at him. “Accepting you was the best choice I ever made.”

“I miss Quinn,” Rick sighs, then turns to leave. “Come see me after you’re done sucking each other’s faces, Bailey, and I’ll point you in the direction of your new office, as long as that’s okay with your priceless mate?”

I giggle when Axel growls at his friend. “Sure thing,” I tell him.

“Daddy, what does Brother Rick mean by sucking each faces?” Taegan asked. He had one side of his headphones off, probably so he could listen to see if Rick cursed again.

I giggle and Axel sighs, glaring at Farak, who hurriedly scrambles from the room. How come when Axel glares at him, he runs, but when I do it, he laughs?

“Sucking face is a way of saying kissing, Taegan,” Axel tells him, giving him a very straight to the point, boring answer.

“Oh,” he thinks for several seconds, “I suck face with Miss Carli earlier when she says bye to me,” he states, making me sputter my lips and snort with laughter.

“Oh, goddess, please don’t repeat that to Parker,” Axel muttered, looking up at the ceiling.

“What? You said it means kissing, daddy. Why is it bad?”

“Just because. It’s intense kissing. Like mates do. After they are adults and mark each other.”

“Oh,” he thought about Axel’s words again for a few more seconds. “So I have to wait until Rosie is big like the other mates?”

“Oh, goddess, he’s going to tell Parker he’s going to suck his daughter’s face one day,” Axel groans. “Okay, Taegan, new rule. If you are too young to do it, you’re too young to say it. Just don’t say ‘sucking face’ at all.”

Taegan scrunches his nose, “But, can I still give Rosie kisses to say bye? Miss Carli said it was okay.”

“Where is your grandpa?” Axel sighs. “Why don’t you save a few questions for him?”

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Max ended up coming down about 30 minutes later, and when Axel and I explained that I would be staying to start working with Rick on the business accounts, helping with the financing and bookkeeping, he thought it was a great idea.

He took Taegan, and the two decided to have a night bonding together at Max’s place for a sleepover, since Axel didn’t have patrols tonight. His “Try for a girl this time” comment he muttered to Axel on his way out didn’t go unnoticed by me.

The office that Farak is setting me up in turned out to be the actual Luna’s office. It hasn’t been used in years, since Harriet. I guess she was asked to work from her home office to arrange schedules for the staff and meal plans towards the end of her time as Luna. She took on less and less after Max handed down the pack to Axel, and Fiona and Quinn were the ones who stepped up.

Quinn has an office in the warrior building, much to Rick’s displeasure, and Fiona mainly worked from home, using Casey’s office or a conference room if she ever needed to do anything in the packhouse.

The office will need sprucing up, like much of the packhouse does, but it’s acceptable for now.

I guess after looking over the finances and ledgers, I should look into renovating the packhouse and all the outdated decor.

Courtney and Quinn have both asked me repeatedly to start thinking about changing everything. I think while Simone is here, I should get her opinions. Carli would tell me just to paint everything white and renovate the gym instead. She doesn’t care about stuff like decor or redecorating. Simone seemed like the right person to ask, her and her husband both. The sidewalk Vincent had put in all over the pack is gorgeous.

Axel said that Courtney and Fiona were the ones who redecorated our house. I love the layout and the color schemes at home. Maybe I can just continue that around the pack house too.

“Hey, baby. You ready to go home?” Axel asks me, poking his head into the office and turning his nose up at the dated decor and furniture. “Or should we order you new furniture before we leave? We can use my computer and have it delivered tomorrow.”



“Mmmh, can we do it at home?” I asked, “It’s not that important. This is very doable for now.

“Is it?” he grimaces, looking around. The desk is metal and painted pink, and the filing cabinets and shelves are dull gold. Even the fan and fixtures around the room are gold. They really bring out the pink and gold accents in the tacky wallpaper.

I giggle at his expression as he takes it all in.

“It’s fine, Axel. I’m ready to go home. You promised to let me get some pictures of you in case you have forgotten,” I smirked.

“Mmh,” he smiled back at me, slowly walking towards me, like a predator ready to devour a meal. “Do I get pictures of you too?”

I giggle at his seductive but playful expression, “Only if you behave.”

“Oh, I’ll behave alright,” he husks. “But I do plan on sucking face with you a lot tonight,” he bends down, his warm breath fanning against my neck, making me shiver and goosebumps rise. “I’m going to be sucking and licking every inch of you.”

My legs suddenly go weak, but he catches me with a deep, throaty laugh.

“I love making you fall for me.”

“You do it a lot,” I admitted breathlessly. Man, I feel like I’m about to combust already and he hasn’t done anything to me yet.

His eyes cloud over momentarily, like they do when he mind links.

“Who are you talking to? Is everything okay?” I asked.

I’ve got my hopes up for a fun night and don’t want anything stopping us. If Levi or Harriet do something else that takes Axel away from me tonight, I’m going to find them myself and end them both. I want my pictures and sucky, licky time.

“Just talking to Rick, letting him know we are heading out,” he smiled down at me. “Let’s get you home. We got a photoshoot to set up.”

“Yay!” I smiled widely, wrapping my arms around Axel’s neck as he lifted me slightly, setting me down to where my feet are on top of his feet, walking like I’m a little kid and making me giggle.

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Levi POV

“What do you mean you can’t get onto pack lands anymore? I thought you were the Alpha bitch or something like that?”

“It’s called the Luna,” she huffs, rolling her eyes, “I was the Luna. I’m not anymore,” she mutters, biting her lip and looking away. I can sense that she is not telling me something, but I don’t know if it’s out of embarrassment or what.

She claims that once my Bailey was bitten by her son, she lost the title and Bailey took it. She said she couldn’t help me to get near the pack since she was disgraced and is no longer a member.

I don’t think she is lying about that. Why would she? Her own son allowed the vampires to bite her, poisoning her in the process.

Black veins started to appear on her skin two days ago on her neck. They have spread, but aren’t too bad yet. When she told me that she was dying of vampire venom after we got here, I didn’t really believe her, and thought she was just making excuses not to help me.

Then the evidence appeared on her neck, and I believe she was telling the truth. Even her aura has changed. She seems weaker than before. Weaker than me, at least. It wasn’t like that when we first got here. She still felt stronger than me. Now, she has the same aura as that idiot old fucker from before.

“So, Bailey is the Luna now?” I asked her, trying again to understand the strange workings of a werewolf pack.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you. She’s the Luna, which means she will be untouchable to you. If you don’t want to die, I would give it a rest,” she pants, the exertions of speaking being too much for her for long periods of time.

“You said before that the only way to claim her now was to defeat your son. Does that mean that if I kill him, I become the new leader of the wolf pack? Will I get Bailey and be their leader?”

The thought is so enticing, it has me salivating at the thought of so much power.

I want power. I crave it. Almost as much as I crave Bailey, who has always been the only thing that is just mine that I could manipulate and control.

If I had the power over an entire pack, that would be..... I would be invincible. Nothing and no one could ever dictate my life and the things in it.

Bailey would be mine, and so would countless others. I could have tens, maybe even hundreds of Baileys whose only purpose in life would be to serve and follow me, bending to my every will and whims.

I want it. I want it all.

“My son has trained his whole life to fight and defend his pack. It-” the bitch stops and starts to cough up blood, spraying the sleeve of her shirt with thick, dark blood. So fucking gross. “It won’t be easy,” she croaks, “You won’t be able to defeat him.”

Only if I play fair. I smirk as the thought runs through my head. I may not be able to defeat him, but I can make him surrender, sacrificing himself. I’m sure I can find a way.

60 Inspiration

## Chapter 60 - He Stole My Heart, I Stole His Child

Bailey POV

Axel and I decided to make dinner together at home instead of going to the dining hall. He told me that if we ate with everyone else, he would just be sucked back into work. I didn’t want that. I want him all to myself tonight.

Cooking together turned into him setting me up at the breakfast bar, and him cooking for me. He made me a glass of lemonade and told me to relax while he got to work cooking the only real meal he knew how to make besides breakfast foods. Steak and fried potatoes.

And...Damn, he looks good in an apron.

“Hey, you are looking a little hot over there,” I smiled lustfully at him. “Maybe you should cook with your shirt off. You know, so you can be more comfortable.”

He laughs huskily, “Should I now? You are looking a little hot over there. Maybe you should take your shirt off too.”

“Well,” I grab the hem of my shirt, dragging it over my head, “In the name of comfort, why not?”

His eyes linger on my chest for several seconds before he lifts the strap of the apron over his head, freeing him to take off his shirt too.

“Just the shirt, or will I be more comfortable with my pants off too?”

“The shirt should be fine for now, but I’ll let you know if that should change,” I grinned, biting my lip.

He smirks then lifts the strap back around his neck.

So hot.

“How do you like your steak cooked?” he asks, coming around to stand between my legs. He trails a finger lightly over my full bust, a hunger in his eyes that has nothing to do with food.

“The same as yours, please,” I asked sweetly, loving the effect being without a shirt had on him.

“No you don’t. I like mine still mooing,” he tells me, smiling crookedly.

“Oh,” I cringed, “No mooing please. Maybe medium? I like pink, but I don’t like it alive.”

“You got it,” he husks, resting his hands on either side of me as he bends down to kiss my lips.

I ran my hand behind his neck, holding his face to mine, deepening the kiss and making him moan.

“Maybe we should eat later,” he suggests when we finally pull apart.

I giggled at his eagerness. “You and I both know we won’t be eating tonight if we don’t do it now.”

“I plan on eating plenty tonight,” he moans, insinuating something else.

“Let’s eat the cow carcass first, then move on to feeding our other appetites,” I pecked his lips one more time, then booped him on the nose.

“Goddess, you are so fucking adorable,” he sighs. “Fine. Food first, then you after.” After saying that, he quickly unhooks my bra, then runs back to the other side of the kitchen island laughing while I squeal in surprise.

The cold air against my nipples instantly made them perk up. “That was uncalled for,” I huffed while thinking about going around the island and pantsing him. He would probably like that, though. He would use it as a reason to ditch dinner and go straight for dessert.

Axel snickers, peeking up at me, his eyes staring at my chest as I re-fastened my bra.

He starts to peel and cut up the potatoes, getting them ready to fry, and I watch in total fascination. He seems to know what he is doing with a knife. I can’t even use a knife to peel a potato without taking half the potato off with the skin. I use a peeler. He is doing it like a pro.

“Did you cook a lot before?” I asked, remembering the time he made breakfast for me too. He was single and living on his own, away from the packhouse for a few years, but I think the worker housing in town where he lived had a dining room too.

“Only when we were out on a job site or camping. Dad assigned me the job of peeling potatoes when I was a kid, then when I was a teen, I took turns with the other men for cooking duty,” he looks up and smirks at me, “We just seared meat and fried potatoes, or made some kind of meat stew.”

“Very manly dishes,” I told him.

“That’s the extent of my culinary ability.”

I pull my phone out, open up the camera app, then snap a couple pictures while Axel just smirks.

“You look good as a chef,” I told him, smiling.

“You saving those for later?” he wiggles his eyebrows.

“Maybe,” I giggled.

“I was promised pictures too,” he lifted his eyebrow at me.

“I don’t think I ever said the word promise.”

“Oh, it’s a promise. You aren’t the only one who gets lonely when I’m away working.”

My mouth drops, the corners turn up as my eyes light up at this bit of information. “Are you saying you do naughty things to yourself while you’re at work when you miss me?”

His throaty laugh echoes off the ceiling. “You basically said you do naughty things to yourself while I’m out at night.”

“That’s different,” I narrowed my eyes on him.

“How so?”

“Well, I’m home, alone in our bed,” or in the shower, I think to myself, remembering the message setting on the shower head and its supreme pressure setting. “You are out running patrols, or checking on the logging site with other people.”

“I have a truck,” he smirks, “I haven’t done anything in the past, but knowing that you are at home pleasuring yourself while I’m gone, that is all that is going to be running through my mind the entire time, and things might happen. I want to be prepared.”

“You want to be prepared to jerk yourself off?” I questioned.

“Us wilderness men like to be prepared for anything,” he retorts.

Ready for anything, huh?

Axel turns his back.... His oh, so sexy, tapered back, and begins to fry the potatoes in a large pan, then gets the cast iron out from under the cabinets to heat up for the steaks.

While he's distracted, I slide my pants down my legs, tossing them to the floor quietly, then unhook my bra, welcoming the cold this time as it perks my nipples.

I start to pull at one of the peaks, messaging it to stand even tighter, and slide another hand under the band of my panties.

Watching the way his back flexes and moves while he cooks is all the inspiration I need, imagining his back flexing similarly when he is doing work on top of me.

His ass in those jeans is amazing. They hug each cheek perfectly, hanging snug then loosening below his thighs. Those powerful, amazing thighs.

"Hey, I'm going to glaze the pan with wine. Do you want a gla-"

He turns to ask me, then freezes when he sees my practically naked body and my hands working hard at pleasuring myself.

I smile in my erotic daze, moaning softly as my finger circles that perfect spot just above my nub.

"Bailey," he groans, "What are you doing?"

"I was...suddenly inspired....mmmh, watching you."

With his heated blue eyes on me, my inspiration rose to new heights. I'm on the edge of the stool, my body rocking and convulsing in rhythm with my fingers, my pussy leaking and soaking my underwear, as well as the wooden seat.

Axel clicks off the stove while not taking his eyes off me. He prowls toward me, dropping to his knees between my legs. I lift my hips, my throbbing pussy just inches from his face as my hand quickens its movements.

He growls, deep and guttural, kissing my inner thighs and unbuckling his belt and jeans.

The movement under his apron suggests that he's finding his own pleasure while watching me now, which turns me on even more.

My hand on my breast becomes even more aggressive, pulling and twisting, my fullness spilling out of my hand, my breast heavy and sensitive. I imagine it's Axel's teeth pulling and nibbling on my nipple while I'm watching as he licks and nibbles on my sensitive inner thigh, and I cry out his name, like I'm begging for more.

His movements quicken as he moans, letting out his own deep, husky voice, mixing with mine. Fuck, this is the hottest thing I think we have done yet, and we are barely touching each other.

I pinch my nub, and then my whole body starts to shake. I buckle over, crying out my orgasm, my toes curling as Axel growls, lifting one of my legs and placing it over his shoulder.

His face is at my sex, his nose pushing my panties out of the way and his tongue begins lapping up my spilling juices. His guttural groans tell me he's found his own inspirational ending, the front of the apron spotted with the evidence.

His tongue is deep inside me, prolonging my orgasm and making me impossibly wetter.

When I finally got control of my panting, I reached for my phone on the counter, quickly and breathlessly snapping a few more pictures of my sexy mate in his current state, looking sinfully delicious.

He notices my movements and smirks, running his tongue up my folds to my clit while I start snapping away.

"We should just make a video," he whispers, his warm breath sending tingles through me.

"Should we?" I giggled. "That seems a bit excessive."

"I think it's necessary," he murmurs, kissing my thighs a few more times before he stands, picking me up in a smooth movement. I'm not even surprised. I instinctively had my arms ready to wrap around his neck.

"What about my steak?" I asked, staring back at the stove in worry.

I was actually looking forward to him cooking dinner for me.

"It needs to rest," he mumbles.

"It still looks raw!"

"I told you I like mine mooing," he states, not breaking pace as he carries me back to our bedroom.

He sets me on the bed, then takes my phone from me, turning the camera towards the mattress and hitting the record button.

"Babe," I threw him a disapproving look.

He pushes his jeans down, stepping out of them, but leaves the apron on, like this is some low-budget porno or something.

“Oh no,” I murmured, covering my face with my hands.

“What?” Axel asked, pulling my soaked panties down my legs.

“We’re making a porn show,” I whisper, and Axel laughs deeply.

“Fuck yeah we are. For our eyes only.”

He tosses the front of the apron over his shoulder, pulling me towards the end of the bed. I peeked out at him between my fingers, then over to the camera. This is just too erotic. I don’t know how I can watch myself having sex. I’ve gotten more confident in my body since being with Axel, but I still don’t like looking at myself naked, and having sex, where my bits and parts will be jiggling and wiggling, is embarrassing to think about.

“Focus, baby,” Axel husks positioning my body where he wants it.

“Let’s turn the camera off,” I begged, moving my hands to cup my face and I stared pleadingly up at him.

“Not a chance,” he mutters, then thrusts suddenly into me, making me cry out and grip the sheets. “Fuuuck, you feel so fucking good.”

He rotates his hips, stretching me before pulling out and slamming into me again.

The camera recording us is soon forgotten as he dominates my body, his dick relentless and his mouth sucking on my chest, leaving marks on the fatty flesh.

His tongue glides over a peak, then he sucks it into his mouth, his hand twisting the other nipple, making my back arch up, my screams of pleasure spilling out of me.

He stands straight, slapping one breast and then the other, right over my sensitive nipple, doing it over and over again. I can feel it in my core, tightening and tingling until an orgasm takes me.

He rides it out, gripping my hips and slamming me into his coming force, that damn apron falling in the way over and over again and making him continually throw it over his shoulder. He won’t take it off, though. Eventually, he bit the end, keeping it up and out of the way.

As I come down from my high, Axel pulls out of me, bending over to kiss me deep and passionately, then flips me to my stomach, spreading my legs and pushing my ass further in the air to open my pussy up for him. He slowly slides back into me, circling as I moan, then starts thrusting into me faster and faster, gripping my ass with bruising force.

His foot came up beside me, steadying him as his thrusts became more violent and forceful. I just came, but I feel the sweet tightness building in me once again. The fluttering electric pleasure, radiating from my core all the way down my weakening legs.



It's just Axel's strength keeping me up now, my face and upper body collapsed on the mattress as I grip the sheet, crying out with each thrust.

"Yes, baby. I'm so close. I'm so fucking close," I screamed.

"One more, Bailey. Fuck, I'm right there with you. I'm-

My screams as I tipped over the edge drowned out his grunts as he emptied himself inside me. His dick is pumping thick streams of his powerful sperm deep into me, mixing with my own slickness.

He bends over, resting his head between my shoulder blades as he catches his breath. The apron tickles my bare back, since he never took it off. Hell, I hope he doesn't continue to cook while wearing the thing. It's a little unsanitary now.

"So good, baby. That was amazing," his deep voice whispers huskily.

I nodded, still unable to speak. It was amazing, my whole body is ringing with pleasure.

He slips out of me, then walks over to grab my phone off the dresser.

Shit. I forgot.

He stops it, then chuckles while looking at the screen. "We're going to have to remember to wear headphones when watching this, or watch it on mute," he says.

"Why?" I asked, finding the strength to roll over and stare at him.

"Because if we don't, everyone will know we starred in our own porn show, then I'll have to explain all kinds of fun stuff to our son all over again."

Oh, gawd. No way can anyone ever find out. Maybe I should just delete the video instead of risking it.

A loud ping sounds from Axel's jeans, then he smiles, handing me my phone back.

"I went ahead and sent it to me, and to my Icloud account. I know you were thinking about deleting it."

"Axel! What if Taegan goes looking through your phone?"

He shrugs, "Serves him right for being a snoop."

"Axel," I gave him a disapproving look.

"I'll put a new lock code on my phone," he offers, crawling into bed, and pulling me up to the pillows with him.

"Or you can just delete it."

"Not gonna happen," he smirks, then kisses my nose. "Are you hungry? I sure worked up an appetite."

I glare at him, and he chuckles deeply at me, nuzzling my nose, then hopping out of bed. "Why don't you wash up while I finish the food. I'll bring it back here when it's done. Then we can inspire each other some more."

I sighed, giving up the fight for now. "Take the apron off!" I yelled after he had already walked out of the room.

"No thanks! It's too inspiring to take off. I'm gonna wear it all night!"