

Chapter 17

Elena

I stare at the wall, Lexa scolding me and blaming me for our shared embarrassment.

“Man, what is he doing? Why is it taking so long?” Lexa growls when I hear the downstairs door open. I sit up straighter, listening to doors open and shut, then hearing someone on the stairs. A few minutes pass when I hear the bedroom door open.

“Honey, I’m home!” I hear Axton sing out and I roll my eyes. “I come bringing gifts for the bleeding minge!”

“Can I bite him? I think I need to bite him!” Lexa snarls. I hear him rummaging around and talking to the boys when suddenly the door opens.

“Aha, I found you. I was wondering where you went.” I glare at him, and he snickers, his hand behind his back.

“Just give me the pads!” I growl at him. My ass is going numb from sitting on the toilet. My nipples are so hard from the cold, I feel like they are going to leap off my chest and run for my bra that is in the room.

“I’ll forgive you for your lack of thanks because I know you’re hormonal and it is not your fault.” Axton declares, and I consider letting Lexa bite him. He pulls his arm out from behind his back and tosses me a package. I catch it, wondering why it is so big. Staring down at it, my mouth opens while Lexa howls with laughter in my head.

“I did good, didn’t I?” Axton says smugly, and I grit my teeth, turning to look at him. He has a smug smile on his face, and I narrow my eyes at him.

“Is this a joke? Where are the pads?” I ask, and his smile falls.

“Sondra said you wear period briefs, that’s what they are!” he says, motioning toward the package. I hold it up, squeezing the wrapping.

“These are not period briefs, and when did you talk to Sondra?”

“Well, first I rang Eli, but he didn’t know what to buy. Neither did Slater, and your mother wasn’t home, so Sondra said those were it!” he walks over, snatching the package. He points to the front of it, showing me the diapers.

“See briefs!” I growl, snatching them from him and pointing to the writing.

“Absorbent and discrete adult diapers!” I screech at him. He gives me a funny look, making me question his intellect.

“No, they are briefs!” he slaps the picture.

“For old people!”

“It says nothing about old people on it!” He snatches the package and flips it over to see an old man standing in an adult diaper.

“No wonder the checkout boy gave me a weird look!” he mutters. “Sondra said these were it! And why would these be in with feminine products?”

I shake my head and growl. Axton wipes a hand down his face and sighs.

“Just put it on and I’ll take you to the store so you can buy your own,” he tells me.

“I can’t wear this!”

“Well, I am not going back there by myself!”

I growl at him and he shrugs, folding his arms across his broad chest when one of the boys starts fussing in the room.

He glances over his shoulder, looking at the door. “Go, I’ll figure it out!” I snap at him as I wave him away before staring down at the package. Axton leaves, shutting the door behind him while I tear it open. Lexa is still laughing uncontrollably in my head as I open the packaging and hold up a pair.

“They say extra absorbent?” She laughs and I huff.

“Don’t be a baby. Put them on!” she cackles.

“Your commentary is not helping!” I snarl at her while pulling them on. Standing up, they cover past my belly button. I groan, this day just keeps getting better! I catch a glimpse of them in the mirror.

“Nope, definitely not!” I tell her about to take them off when Axton opens the door.

“Kyan is refusing.... Oh, la la, what have we here?” He purrs, wiggling his eyebrows. “I wonder if they do matching bras?” Axton snickers.

“Bridget Jones got nothing on you, baby,” he sends me a wink. I growl at him and grit my teeth before stomping past him.

“Don’t be like that, Lena, I didn’t mean it!” he says, following me to his closet. I snatch a pair of his sweatpants off the shelf and grab a shirt off the hanger.

“Shh, shhh. Mommy is just upset you wear them better than her!” he coos, rocking Kyan. I shoot him a glare and he snickers, leaning against the door frame while I tug the shirt over my head.

“Don’t get any ideas. I ain’t changing your ass after seeing what came out of Kyan’s this morning. I will take you out back and hose you down!” he warns.

“You are so lucky you’re holding our son right now or I would—”

“Would what? Throw a tantrum and demand a bot-bot?” Axton snickers. I growl, and he holds up Kyan like a shield.

“Settle, you can beat me off later!” he winks at me. I’ll beat him alright, but not the way he wants me to!

“Our sons are present. Contain yourself. If you are a good girl, I will give you, my lollipop.” I growl at him, and he snickers, darting out of the walk-in closet before I can grab him and strangle the life out of him.