

## Chapter 18

I finish getting changed, stealing his clothes before walking out to the mirror and making sure my giant diaper can't be seen. I feel like I'm walking like a cowboy who just rode bareback for three days up a rocky mountain.

"See, you can't even tell. You got upset over nothing." Axton says and I glance at him to see Kyan was finally accepting the bottle. Bane is resting across his legs, already having finished his while Kyan is in his arms.

"Just let me finish feeding him and I'll take you to the store," Axton tells me, smelling Kyan's little head. Moving toward him, I grab Bane from his lap and snuggle with him, inhaling his scent.

"Oh, and you need a new stroller. I may have broken it."

"Excuse me?"

"It wouldn't fold down and I didn't have time to put the one in the shed together, so I stole yours. I'll get you a new one," he tells me and I roll my eyes.

When Kyan has finished his bottle, we all pile into Axton's car and we drive to the store across town. However, I notice the street is still super quiet.

"Curfew?"

"No, just not many people out lately. Most are too scared to go out alone and those that do go out in groups." I nod in understanding.

I try to get comfy looking out the window to see most stores haven't even bothered to open. Yet the longer we drive, the more uncomfortable I get. These diapers are not comfy!

"Will you stop squirming?" Axton hisses at me.

"It itches!" I tell him, scratching my ass cheek.

“I will get you diaper rash cream,” he tells me and I growl, smacking his chest. He laughs harder and I fold my arms across my chest when he reaches over, gripping my knee.

“I’m playing. Stop getting so upset. No one will know.”

“Except Eli, Slater, and Sondra!” he cringes.

“I tried to ring you, but you left your phone in the car, and why don’t they have a one-size-fits-all?” I shake my head at him as he pulls up in front of the general store on the main street.

Climbing out, we grab the boys and enter the store when Axton walks off and grabs a cart.

“We don’t need a cart,” I tell him and he shrugs, buckling Kyan in and I sigh, before handing him Bane when he holds his arms out for him. Walking through the aisles, Axton grabs milk and a few other things while I’m too busy scratching my ass.

“Will you stop that? People will see!” Axton hisses at me.

“I have a wedgie!” I hiss back. Axton leans back and stares at my butt.

“Don’t look!” I growl at him and he laughs. We stop in the feminine section and I see they don’t carry period briefs or the brand of pads I like. Picking up a few, I read them before selecting a Libra brand.

“Those ones?” Axton asks, pointing at the package in my hand, and I nod.

“And what size are they?” he asks, looking completely serious.

“Size?” I question.

“Yeah, so I know for next time.” he shrugs, reaching for them, but I chuck them in the cart.

“There aren’t sizes, it’s not a shoe! And regular, then you have super, mini and panty liners. It goes off the flow, not the size of your vagina!”

“Then you need the super. I’ve seen how you bleed!” My face burns at the memory and I turn to walk off when I hear him rustling on the shelf. Turning back around, I see him swipe the entire shelf into the cart.

“What are you doing?” I shriek at him, looking up the aisle.

“Stocking up!”

“I’m here for one more night! I can’t use all those.” I hiss at him.

“Years supply then.” He shrugs and I growl, trying to put some back, but he slaps my hand.

“You won’t get your lollipop!” he scolds, and I grit my teeth when I notice we have drawn the attention of other shoppers. He snickers. I growl at him, stomping to the front of the store, not wanting to make a bigger scene, when I hear Axton groan behind me. “Man, I was hoping he clocked off already,” he whines.

“Who?” I ask, glancing at him, wondering what he is talking about.

“The check-out boy.” he waves ahead and I look at the boy, who was not a boy but a young man, a little younger than me and I move toward check out, wanting to slap Axton.

I place the milk on the conveyor belt and the few groceries Axton grabbed and my one package when Axton reaches in and dumps an armful on the conveyor belt. My face flames when the man raises an eyebrow, looking at me, and my embarrassment grows stronger when Axton opens his mouth to comment.

“She has a heavy flow! Oh, and those diapers weren’t for me but for her, just so we are clear on that,” he tells the checkout clerk.

“Breathe, Elena, it is not worth life in prison,” I whisper to myself. The man scans the first package of pads, then scans them again while Axton grabs his wallet out.

He grabs another package, and the register makes the same noise before he sighs, reaching for his microphone.

“Can I get a price check on? —” I snatch his microphone and growl at him.

“I have had enough embarrassment for one day!” I snarl at him and he jumps back away from me. Turning, I snatch Axton’s wallet, grabbing the wad of 50s from his wallet and dumping it on the register.

Swiping the contents into the cart, I turn to look at the clerk. “That should cover it!” I tell him, “And keep the change.” I stomp out of the store, fuming, and head for the car.

“You better be little spoon tonight, you just emptied my wallet, that was two grand you gave him! Your bleeding fanny flaps best give me something.” I whirl around and he puts his hands up, laughing.

“Okay, I will still give you my lollipop even though you’ve been naughty and had a tantrum. Okay, BABY girl.”

“Want me to bite him?” Lexa growls just as embarrassed.

“I’m considering it,” I tell her.

“Go for it, I have a designated spot with your name on it.” he points to his neck. Idiot, yet I can’t help but smile at his playfulness. It’s a nice change from his usual alphahole self.