

Chapter 21

Axton is quiet for the rest of the drive back to the packhouse. I didn't know what to say or even think about what he told me because it only gives me more things to worry about. Especially knowing it could be literally anyone. Yet, I could tell Axton was serious, he wasn't joking, and I can tell it scared him too.

"I don't want you and the boys out on that ranch, it isn't safe. You need to move back to the city."

Sighing, I glance at him and shake my head. "I can't uproot my pack or abandon them out there, besides we have had no attacks out there and if anywhere is unsafe, it's the city! That's its hunting ground."

"You are exposed out there. Omega women are no match for a strigoi, Elena! Not even I'm a match for a strigoi, no werewolf is!"

"Exactly! This has been going on for months, and it is clear whoever is doing this is targeting the packs within the city!" Lexa also agrees, most of the attacks have happened in the city, very few outside its borders, so why would I want to bring my pack to its hunting grounds? Axton growls and grits his teeth, his hands tightening on the steering wheel as he pulls on to his street.

Finally, he exhales, his shoulders slump. "Fine, you're probably right but you need to agree to let my men remain on your borders."

"They can go where they please; just tell them to keep their distance from the women. Some are a little jumpy when it comes to men, but they can have full access." I give in knowing it will cause issues, but their safety and our sons is what matters. Besides, saying no to extra patrols would be foolish and only cause more arguments. I am sick of arguing with Axton at every turn, especially when things are kind of pleasant at the moment.

"I'll organize it before you leave tomorrow, don't forget the council meeting is on Friday; I may try to move it to Wednesday."

“I’ll bring the boys and mom. She can watch the boys for us at the packhouse?” Axton nods his head, a silly smile on his lips as he pulls into the garage.

"What's so funny?" I ask him.

"Nothing, it's nice not fighting with you." I chuckle and shake my head; it is a nice change that for once we can agree with each other.

“If you have your men watching my borders, will you have enough to watch the city?” Axton nods his head.

“Yes, I will get the other packs to help. Clearly, we need it now. We thought with so many missing, they fled the city. We had a few that did at the start when the attacks first happened.” Axton explains as he climbs out of the car.

We grab the boys out of the car and take them inside. The packhouse is quiet as usual and I follow Axton to the kitchen with Bane on my shoulder and a bag in one hand. I set it on the counter while Axton digs through them.

“Crap, we are missing the bag with the milk and bread.” Axton groans about going back out and grabbing it.

“Here, take Bane, I will go. I left the year's supply of pads in the car too.” I chuckle. Axton takes Bane in his other arm, following me and turning into the living room while I go back outside. I am about to close the door behind me when I hear him sing out.

Stepping back inside, I pop my head into the living room. “Yep?” Axton smiles deviously as he sets the boys down on the play mat.

“Can you grab the tarp off the shelf along the back wall?” I nod and I am about to turn and leave again, wondering why he wants a tarp. “Oh, and in the glove compartment, I am pretty sure I have a yellow poncho. Grab that, too.” A poncho?

He laughs and I look at him questionably. “Can’t be too careful when the rivers run red.” He chuckles. I grit my teeth and flip him off.

“I was serious about the poncho!” He sings out while I ignore him. Shutting the door, I race to the garage and open the trunk, finding the missing bag and see pads scattered through the trunk. I stuff a few packages in the bag, but give up on the rest. Shutting the trunk, I turn to head back to the house when I see a car sitting at the end of the driveway with its windows up, the dark tint making it impossible to see who is inside.

I start walking down the driveway when it slowly pulls away from the curb. Shaking my head, I head back inside the house yet something about that car nags at me, I've seen it before, I just can't remember where.

“Did you grab the poncho?” Axton asks, and I grab a package of pads out of the bag and toss it at him. “No!” it hits him in the head and he snickers.

“A car was sitting at the bottom of your driveway.” I tell him.

“What kind of car?”

“A white one with tinted windows.” I tell him.

“Probably someone lost; I get heaps that turn into the driveway to turn around since it's a dead-end.” He shrugs and I nod, taking the milk to the fridge when I feel arms wrap around my waist.

“You're probably being paranoid.”

“And you're being clingy.” I tell him, pushing him away, and he laughs.

“It's the bond!” He defends himself and I raise an eyebrow at him.

“What it is! You may want to ignore it. That doesn't mean I want to.” Axton tells me.

Sighing, I ignore him. I am not forgiving him just because he is struggling with the bond.

“You had no issue giving into the bond last night!” Lexa growls, still angry with me.

“So, you're just going to keep ignoring the bond?” Axton asks.

“I'm not ignoring it; I am just choosing to think above it.”

“Think above it?”

“I can't let the bond control reason, Axton.”

“I said you can keep your pack, Elena.”

“On paper!”

“Isn’t that enough?” He demands and I shake my head. Axton growls, folding his arms across his chest. “And that doesn’t make up for what you did!” I remind him.

“I can’t take that back! I would if I could! You're living in the past, and need to get over it!”

"Get over it? That shit fucking haunts me! Who are you to tell me to just get over it, the shit you did to me I would never do to you." I shake my head at him.

"You left." Axton yells at me.