

Chapter 37

Elena

Every muscle aches as Axton helps me get dressed in my pajamas. Since Axton has no clothes here, I have given him a pair of my fluffy purple fleece unicorn pajama pants. He looks ridiculous, yet somehow manages to still look sexy. Or maybe it's his muscular body and abs that I want to trace with my tongue that allows me to look past the fact he is wearing unicorns.

"It's the body; those pants look ridiculous." Lexa purrs, pressing forward as she watches him dry his hair with the towel. He hangs it up on the towel rack and then turns back to face me. He arches a brow at me and my very obvious gawking.

"Are you done perverting; I would appreciate it if you didn't give me a damn hard-on, considering one of your pack members is on the other side of this door." Axton laughs.

"I'm not doing anything!" I retort.

"Can still feel you, Elena, and your arousal kinda gives it away?" He says, tapping his nose, and my face flames. He laughs, grabbing my hands and pulling me to my feet.

My entire body hurts as I climb into bed; Axton sits down next to me, watching Michelle trying to wrap a thrashing, Bane. He isn't having it, wanting to remain free to kick and squirm; he did not want to be wrapped up like a baby burrito.

"I'll take him," Axton tells Michelle, and she glances over her shoulder at him and nods. Axton holds his arms out for Bane, moving closer to the edge.

Michelle's eyes dart to the purple unicorn pajamas I've lent him when she brings Bane over.

"Love the pajama bottoms; they suit you." She laughs.

"They are surprisingly comfy!" Axton chuckles while I try to find a comfortable position to lie in.

“Your mother came up. She sent most of your father’s pack home, but a few remain wanting to help,” Michelle tells me, I sigh. Everything that could go wrong tonight has. The night turned into a disaster, yet somehow, we turned it in our favor, which is great but has created more work for us.

Eli has taken my father back to the city and will lock him in the city cells until Marco can send some enforcers to collect him. Although Sondra will have to face up for her crimes in the past, she doesn’t seem worried, apparently. No doubt trusting Marco to take care of it.

Michelle hands Bane over to Axton, who quickly cradles our son. Only for Bane to stretch, turning stiff like a plank in his arms.

“He just had his bottle, and I’ve changed him,” Michelle tells him, passing him his binky.

“Thank you,” Axton tells her, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Anytime, Lupha,” she says, and he looks at her, but her gaze is on me.

“The girls were asking if we can organize new patrol rosters with your newly acquired pack?” Michelle asks, and I can see how bloodshot her eyes are from crying. Michelle and Noleen have always been close, I knew Michelle was hurting and looking for anything to distract herself.

“My men are patrolling, and I will help Elena set up a new roster tomorrow. Get some sleep Michelle; everyone will be safe now. My men aren’t going anywhere.” Axton assures her, and her eyes dart to him. She chews her lip nervously and nods once.

“Thanks, Lupha,” she says before leaving.

Axton lays down with Bane lying on his chest. “I never realized she had a speech impediment,” Axton shakes his head, rubbing Bane’s back. I try not to laugh. If only he knew it is the nickname Michelle has come up for him and a title, he doesn’t realize was given to him now by my pack.

“Where did they take Noleen and Lacy?”

“Slater has taken them to the city morgue until you work out funeral arrangements,” Axton tells me, and I sigh, rolling on my side. Axton moves on his side, setting Bane between us. He is wide awake, babbling and cooing, trying to talk.

“I really wish you would come back to the city with me; I know the city isn’t safe either, but I had hell trying to get here tonight. I believe Osiris helped orchestrate this entire thing with your father. He was at the borders with council members and a heap of officials waiting for me to breach.”

“Just let me talk to the women first and Sondra,” I tell him. His brows raise, and I glance down at Bane, who is trying to eat his father’s knuckles.

“You’ll consider coming back to the city?”

“Well, I don’t really have much choice. Eventually I will have to know that I have gained my father’s pack. It will be too hard to run two packs in two locations.”

“Yet you don’t want to move back to the city.” Axton sighs.

“No, it’s not that. I just don’t want to move back to my father’s pack. Back to the packhouse.” I tell him. Moving back there would be moving backward, not forwards, or that is what it feels like to me. I’ve just regained my freedom from him, only to end back up where it all started again. Axton sits up on one elbow.

“Da, Da..bl,” Bane blows raspberries, spraying spit across my face. I chuckle, nuzzling his cheek and blowing a raspberry on it, making him cackle before putting his binky in his mouth, hoping he goes back to sleep and doesn’t wake his brother.

Axton watches me for a few seconds. “Then open your borders to my side. Both packs share the border, open the borders and come move in with me at the packhouse,” Axton says, and my eyes move to his.

“Then I can help with the boys and your pack.” He offers, shrugging, and Bane spits his binky out and grabs Axton’s hand, preferring to gnaw on his knuckles than his binky.

“But what about the women?”

“Move them into my pack’s apartment building. The bottom three levels are vacant; they’re used to my pack, anyway. At least you can monitor them until they get used to your father’s old pack. They can stay there as long as they want until they adjust.”

