

Chapter 38

I sigh when my thoughts go to Sondra. “And Sondra can stay with your mother in the penthouse. Sorry, but the old bat will cut me in my sleep.” Axton says before I can even ask the question.

I chuckle. “I think you’re growing on her.” I chuckle.

He holds his fingers up, pinching them close together. “Maybe this much, but not enough for me to sleep without one eye open.” He laughs.

“I’ll have the packhouse to myself soon, anyway. Eli is moving in with Slater. Apparently, I’m insufferable to live with.”

“And speaking like that is not helping you convince me it is a good idea.” I laugh.

“Will you at least think about it? I want you and the boys close.” Lexa presses forward. Yet after seeing Axton back down to her and not try to take over, she doesn’t seem as reluctant.

“Maybe we should. We’ll go into heat soon, anyway. At least until we figure out what to do next?” She tells me. Not only that, it would stop all this struggle with the bond.

“Da, Da..Dadda...” Bane says, making me blink down at his squirming little body between us, thinking I misheard when Axton looks down at him too.

“Did he speak?” Axton questions, looking at me. My brow furrows, and I shrug, unsure if I misheard when Lexa speaks.

“No, that little crotch goblin best not have said dada first! Freeloading pint-sized traitor!” Lexa huffs angrily in my head.

“Say it again.” Axton coos, squishing his cheeks, giving him fishy lips, and making him cackle.

“Come on, you can say it.” Axton urges as we both wait expectantly.

Bane babbles and coos but doesn't repeat the mysterious word. Lexa purrs. "That right, my boy is not a traitor!" She huffs when Bane speaks.

"Dadda, Dadda!" He babbles, pulling on Axton's hand, trying to gnaw on his knuckles again. Axton sits up straighter, and I frown, feeling betrayed.

"He said Dadda!" Axton exclaims excitedly, picking him up and hugging him. Bane giggles as his father's stubble tickles his neck and face.

"He is confused and got our names mixed up!" I tell him while trying not to pout and sound bitter. It doesn't work because Axton raises an eyebrow at me.

"No, he definitely said Dadda, not Momma!" he tells me triumphantly. I shake my head, refusing to believe it and sticking with my hearing needs checked! When Bane repeats it, a little clearer, making sure there is no debate on whether he indeed said it.

"See!" Axton says, smugly holding him up like Bane is a trophy he just won. "Definitely, Dadda!" I glare at him, and he tucks Bane closer.

"Don't look at me like that. It's not my fault I'm his favorite!" Axton teases, and I scoff.

"I have been trying for weeks to get them to say mom, and you waltz on in, and he spits that garbage out first!" I growl at him.

Axton gives me a look like I just insulted him. "Garbage?" He growls at me.

"Yes, garbage." I huff.

"Someone is jealous and throwing a tantrum!" Axton tells Bane with a laugh before looking back at me.

"Why are you getting so upset? He'll say mom, soon enough, you'll see." He shrugs, and I growl at him.

"Of course I'm upset; I carried and birthed them, only for them to come out looking like you! And now my little womb renter spits out dadda first." I tell him, and Axton chuckles.

He looks down at Bane. "You better spit out, Momma, real soon, you've just put Dadda back in the doghouse, and I had barely got out of it!" He tells Bane, who just blows spit bubbles back at him. Axton lies back down and rubs his belly.

“So, about moving to the city?” He questions.

“I’ll speak to the women and try to convince them.”

“You could just order them.” Axton retorts, and I shake my head, not wanting to force anyone’s hand. I am about to tell him as much when a knock sounds on the door. Axton looks over his shoulder when the door pushes open, and Marco steps inside my room. Axton sits up, and his shoulders drop.

“You’re making me go back to the city.” Marco smiles sadly.

“I haven’t had approval for restrictions to be lifted, although your breach is being removed on compassionate grounds until Elena can appeal to the council again. I’ve spoken to my superior, and he said no action will be taken, but until officially it is lifted, you need to return back to the city, so Osiris doesn’t file a complaint.”

“And Derrick?”

“Being transferred to the council as we speak. But unfortunately, I do need to return back to the city.” Axton looks at me and sighs.

“How long will it take before the restrictions are lifted?”

“If Elena does it first thing in the morning, I can have it done by tomorrow afternoon.” Axton nods his head, turning to look down at me.

“I’ll do it first thing in the morning when I wake up,” I assure him.

He kisses Bane’s little head, and Marco walks out, shutting the door behind him.

“Argh, I don’t want to go,” he growls, frustrated.

“I don’t want you to either, but it will be sorted tomorrow,” I tell him, tucking the blanket back around Bane. Looking up, Axton smiles, leaning down and kissing me.

His tongue traces the seam of my lips and mine part, allowing him to deepen it. His tongue brushes mine, and his hand grips the back of my neck, tugging me closer as he tangles his fingers in my hair.

I kiss him, the bond thrumming at his closeness and reveling in his touch, only for him to pull away. He presses his lips to my forehead, and he sighs.

“I will see you tomorrow?” I nod, and he gets up, moving to the crib where Kyan is sleeping.

“Want him with you or leave him in his crib?”

“No, bring him over. Hopefully, Bane will go back to sleep.” I tell him, and Axton leans in, retrieving him. He brings him over, laying him next to his brother. Bane instantly rolls into him, trying to eat his face before stealing Kyan’s binky. Axton chuckles, taking Bane’s and popping it in Kyan’s mouth before he wakes over his stolen pacifier.