

Chapter 9

Spending the night with Axton is awkward. We have barely spoken since I stepped out of the shower. And I have kept my distance since. The bond is yearning for him and being locked in a room filled with his scent is making the bond nearly impossible to ignore. Yet Axton looks perfectly comfortable when he walks back into the room holding two plates.

The smell of steak reaches my nose, and my stomach growls loudly. Adding another embarrassing thing I can't control. "Hungry?" Axton chuckles.

"Yes, I'm still breastfeeding. Well, mix feeding, I'm always hungry." I tell him, and he nods, setting the plate on my lap.

"Just because I'm technically taking them for the weekend doesn't mean you can't breastfeed them," Axton says, while sitting down with his own dinner.

"Will you stay the whole weekend?" I chew the inside of my lip. Lexa has been constantly at me about what a terrible idea staying here is. Yet she can't bear the thought of being away from the boys. The anguish is not worth it. A few uncomfortable nights aren't so bad, right?

"I would offer to stay at your place, but I'm still on house arrest, and I don't think Sondra likes me. I worry she'll shoot me in my sleep." Axton chuckles.

Sondra's words about the apple and the tree linger in my mind. The way she spoke was as if she knew Axton's father and mine. What is her connection to our families and why does she feel guilty?

"Elena?" I look at Axton, lost in my thoughts.

"Pardon?"

"I asked if you were staying the entire weekend, or if you are going home tomorrow?"

I could go home and pump, but I would worry for them and produce too much milk to freeze, anyway.

“I can organize Eli to stay the entire weekend. My men will watch over your pack,” I nod, grateful because my boobs were killing me, and the shower turned into a milk fountain the moment the hot water touched me. Just the thought of leaving them here makes my anxiety peak. Not that he can’t look after them. He has already proved he is quite capable. Which brings me to more questions. Why is he so good with kids yet his people skills suck?

Cutting a piece of my steak, I pop it into my mouth, pondering my thoughts, and almost moan at the taste.

“I didn’t know you could cook,” I tell him and he stops chewing. He swallows before clearing his throat.

“I’m not completely useless.”

“I never said you were,” I retort. He shrugs.

“I used to cook for my grandfather after my mother died.”

Tilting my head, I watch him for a second, wondering if I should ask if he knows Sondra or ever heard of her before.

“Your father killed her, didn’t he?” Axton nods, but says nothing on the matter.

“How old were you?”

“Seventeen.”

“So, you were seventeen when you killed your father?” I blurt out.

“No, he would have killed me. I was nearly eighteen.”

“I thought you would have had at least a wolf. How else could you challenge your father?”

“I did have my wolf. Khan saved me that night.”

“But you just said you were seventeen?” Axton sighs, leaning back in his chair and folding his arms across his chest, watching me.

“Why do you want to know?” he demands and I shrug,

“Curiosity.... And something Sondra said.” I admit.

“Sondra? The old lady you live with?” I nod my head, wondering if I said too much.

“What did she say?” I shake my head, not wanting to answer and anger him or refuse to let the boys back there.

“Well, I am not answering your questions unless you answer mine. Besides, you have enough shit against me; I am not going to give you more.” Axton tells me.

“I wouldn’t use your dead parents against you, Axton. I am not cruel.”

Axton clenches his jaw, but I could see he won’t answer unless I do, and now my curiosity has peaked tenfold.

“Fine. Sondra mentioned she knew your father, but she wouldn’t tell me how. She said that is why she helped us because she felt guilty, she couldn’t save them, and that she knew my father, too.”

“Your father?” Axton says, leaning forward and almost putting his elbows on his food. He growls, setting his plate down on the coffee table.

“How does she know your father?”

“I don’t know. She wouldn’t tell me anymore.” Axton sighs and his brows furrow.

“But that is why I asked. I wasn’t looking for anything to use against you. I just wanted to know what her link is to you and my dad.”

“I don’t know her, so I am not sure. I know Marco and he said he is related to her, though?” Axton seems thoughtful for a second while I nod my head.

Axton frowns, a strange look crossing his face. “But she is human?” he questions, confused.

“Yeah, he is her brother-in-law, not a blood relative.”

“Her brother-in-law, but Marco only has one brother?” he questions. I nod, yet the look he has on his face is like he knows something.

“Why are you pulling that face?” I ask.

“Because I know Marco through my father and mother, Marco’s brother... ah... What’s his name...Gee, I haven’t seen him since I was a kid. He and my mother had a huge fight.”

“Floyd?” I offer, and his eyes widen, and he quickly nods.

“Yeah, Floyd, he was friends with my father. He is how my father met my mother, but I do not know how that links to your father.”

“So, what is Floyd’s link to your father?”

“Does it matter?” Axton shrugs. Well, yes, because I want to know why Sondra feels guilty, but I can tell Axton would not answer. But I also want to know how he killed his father without a wolf.