

Chapter 11

We spend the rest of dinner in silence while I pondered on the sleeping arrangement. I can't sleep in here. I don't trust myself, not with the bond acting all haywire.

"I'll take the couch. It's fine Elena. Stop stressing." Axton growls angrily when one of the boys' wakes. Axton sets his plate down, forgetting his dinner and wandering into the nursery. Picking up his empty plate and mine, I go to the kitchen to make a bottle and return to find Axton already has one. I groan, waving the bottle at him.

"There is a kitchenette in my office," Axton says.

"You didn't think to tell me that?"

"You were gone when I came out, and I have no mind link with you. I wasn't going to yell out to you and wake Bane." He says, while Kyan fusses, not wanting the bottle. He is fussier than his brother, preferring the breast and sometimes difficult to settle. Bane could be just as bad, but Kyan lately has refused the bottle, which was one stressor of them coming here.

Axton rocks him, trying to settle him, yet he continues to cry when Axton looks over at me, his eyes moving to the shirt that I'm wearing. "He won't take it, and I already changed him, too."

Moving toward him, Axton has a silly smile on his lips, and I take a second to realize why when I feel milk filling my bra and running down my stomach.

"Crap!"

"It's fine. I have more shirts, but try to feed him. He won't take the bottle while I get you another shirt. Axton passes me over Kyan when Bane suddenly starts crying, and I whip my boob out. Kyan chomps down on it, making me hiss when he doesn't latch properly and I have to adjust him.

Seconds later, Axton comes out with Bane and I watch as he changes him, then gives him the bottle. Holding him in one arm, he moves to the closet and returns with a

fresh shirt, and places it on the bed where I'm sitting. Bane, however, has no issue accepting his brother's bottle, and Axton moves to sit beside me.

Shuffling over, I lean against the headboard, turning my gaze to the TV and trying to ignore his presence beside me. For the most part, it works, until I feel tingles rush across my arms, making my eyes fly open, not realizing I had dozed off.

My heart races for that split second when I notice my arms are empty, and I think I've dropped him. "He's fine, I've got him," Axton murmurs, his hand tugging my shirt down.

"Though you might want to change your shirt again." Looking down, it's soaked, and I groan. Without thinking, I tug it off, only remembering Axton is standing right there, and I just flashed him. Ripping the shirt down, he has his gaze on Kyan in his arms, and I let out a sigh of relief.

"Was he slipping?" I ask, and Axton looks over at me.

"No, but you looked uncomfortable with your neck craned back." he shrugs, moving to set Kyan back in his crib. Some part of me wanted him to remain, so I wouldn't have to be alone with his father. Yawning, I nod before moving to the couch and laying down, glad it is finally bedtime because I can ignore him.

"I'll sleep on the couch. It's hard as a rock," Axton tells me, but I would not kick him out of his bed.

"Elena!"

"I'm fine sleeping here," I tell him and Axton mutters under his breath and shakes his head, then grabs the TV remote.

Axton puts on a movie. "This one alright?" I wave him off, not caring what he chooses, knowing I will fall asleep in five minutes, anyway. Grabbing the fleece blanket laying on the arm of the couch, I tug it over myself, settling under the blankets to face the TV.

Axton, however, moves to his desk that was removed from where our son's nursery now is and has been placed under the window. Sleep comes easily, or did until I felt sparks rush over the backs of my thighs and under my back. I jolt awake, my hands flailing in the air, and I grab Axton's shoulders. Still half stuck in a dream state, I felt like I was falling.

“What are you doing?” I growl, trying to settle my now-racing heart from the heart attack he almost gave me.

“Shh, go back to sleep,” he whispers.

“Put me down.” I all but snarl at him, and he growls back at me.

“You’re sleeping in the bed. Twice you’ve nearly rolled off that couch and I can’t sleep knowing you’re in the room yet out of my reach.” I blink, trying to clear my hazy vision when he places me in his bed. Yet, his bed is a million times better than the hard leather couch I was sleeping on, and this one has a pillow!

I snatch his pillow, tucking it between my legs and using the other for my head. Axton huffs and shakes his head, walking off and returning with another. He narrows his eyes at me, while I yawn, eyeing the new pillow half tempted to build a barrier between us. However, that seems like far too much effort.

Axton climbs into bed and sighs loudly, and I roll over, giving him my back when Lexa stirs nervously, coming forward.

“I don’t like this. We shouldn’t be this close. It’s not a good idea.” Lexa worries.

“We’re just sleeping.”

“It’s not the sleeping part I’m worried about.”

“Sleep. If he tries anything, you can rip him a new asshole.” Lexa growls in disagreement as I bury my face in his pillow, soaking up his soothing scent, when Axton chuckles behind me.

“I can see what you’re doing.” My eyes open, and I peer over my shoulder at him. He arches an eyebrow at me, a coy smile on his lips.

“I’m not doing anything?”

“You’re scenting my pillow, Elena,” I peer down at it.

“I was not!” I tell him, outraged at the accusation.

“Really, so you just sounded like a pig sniffing out truffles because you weren’t scenting my pillow?” my face heats. Surely, I was not that loud. I sniffed it subtly.