

Chapter 12

“It’s fine. I am playing around. But if you want my scent, I am right here.” he smiles at me, showing all his pearly white teeth, and I roll my eyes.

“If you’re here, you might as well take advantage of the bond, Lena. I definitely won’t complain if you want to scent me,” he teases before chuckling. He pats his chest, and I look at him, my eyes tracing over the tattoos that are on his left pec and shoulder.

“Don’t you dare!” Lexa growls at me, but what would it hurt; besides I know I would sleep better, and I hardly sleep with the boys? One night couldn’t hurt, right?

“Are you trying to send us into heat?” Lexa growls angrily.

“I’m breastfeeding!” I tell her, annoyed at her dramatics. Besides, he is our mate.

“We are too close. You are asking for trouble,” she warns, yet I purse my lips, fighting temptation, the bond yearning for its mate.

“Lena?” Axton laughs softly. “Come on, you know you want to.” he smiles, his eyes flickering to Khan, and I feel the bond tug at Lexa, who sighs, giving in and as soon as she lets go of the restraint, I didn’t realize she is holding in a death grip, I all but throw myself at him. It was like someone pulled back a slingshot, and the moment she let go, I was launched at him, embarrassingly so.

The bond flares at the offer, and I didn’t realize how much Lexa was suppressing the bond until she let her control go of the control, I didn’t know she had. Axton makes an oomph sound as I crush him and my face flames, making me wish the bed would open up and swallow me.

Instantly, I go to move off him, but his arm snakes around my waist, pulling me back and tucking me closer. “Stop, I know it’s the bond. You’re not the only one fighting it, Lena.” Axton murmurs before pulling my arm across his waist. I settle against him, tossing my leg over him, only for him to grip my thigh and drag my leg higher.

“But let’s not test my self-control too much,” Axton growls when I feel his lips press against my forehead. I yawn, his scent enveloping me and the bond finally settles, while exhaustion sweeps over me like a tsunami.

“I don’t like this. We shouldn’t be this close.” Lexa murmurs, yet I can feel she is relishing in his scent and the feel of his overly warm skin.

My eyes close, and I feel my face fall slack as my entire body turns to putty as sleep takes me.

“This is how it should have been from the start,” Axton whispers just before I pass out.

The sun beaming through the slight gap in the heavy drapes wakes me. I groan, the light making my eyes flutter to find I am still laying on Axton. I sluggishly try to find the reason I have awoken, yet the boys I can see on the tiny monitor on the bedside table next to Axton are fast asleep.

“I warned you; I warned you, but you never listen to reason.” Lexa huffs. I sit up, wondering what she is talking about.

“Why did you wake me?” I growl at her, lifting my head off Axton’s chest. I admire his resting face, like this I could almost forget why I am fighting the bond. He looks peaceful, and my eyes roam over his face, taking in every part, from his long lashes, lashes I wish I had. Down his straight nose to his full lips. He is handsome.

“Yeah, until he opens his mouth, and his attitude ruins everything.” Lexa mumbles.

“He was fine last night, and I had the best sleep.” I yawn, looking at his tattoos on his chest.

I peer down, finding I drooled all over him, and I gasp. I wipe my mouth, mortified, while my stomach cramps viciously. Trying not to wake him, my hands hover over his chest, wanting to wipe it off before he notices I caused a puddle on his chest. I swipe my hand over it, only smearing it more, and he moans at the touch while I grit my teeth, knowing if I keep touching him, the bond will wake him.

“Crap, I need some tissues.” I hiss at Lexa. My eyes scan the room to see a tissue box sitting on his desk. I carefully remove my leg from across his waist and drag the blanket back. Axton stirs and I climb out of bed, wondering why I feel wet.

Sneaking out of bed, I creep toward the desk and pluck some tissues out when I feel something warm trickle down my leg, making me stop dead in my tracks. “Please be pee, please be pee.” I squeeze my eyes shut. Glancing down, Axton’s boxer shorts are drenched in blood and I swear the blood drains from my face.

Looking at the bed, I see Axton’s clothes are ruined and so is his bed. It looks like a massacre took place in the bed.

“A massacre of your uterus lining!”

“Lexa... What should I do?” I panic.

“Well, for one, I think you’ll need more than tissues. You might as well give him your uterus. You shredded most of it on him anyway,” Lexa growls at me while I stare in horror.

“But I’m breastfeeding,” is all my mind conjures up.

“I told you not to get too close, and now in a few days you’ll set your damn heat in motion!” Lexa snarls when he stirs, he pats the bed, where I was laying, rolling over and straight into the ruined mess I made of his bed.

I gasp, wanting to erase last night, or go back and choose the couch. Anything as he sits up. Shame washes through me and tears prick my eyes. What have I done? Axton grumbles, lurching upright, and my eyes widen impossibly more when I see him lift his hand, which is drenched in blood.

“Elena?” Axton murmurs, half asleep, and staring at his hand in confusion.

“What the fuck! Elena?” Axton jumps up in a panic. Unable to face him, I race for his bathroom, slamming the door shut and locking the door.