

## Chapter 13

Axton

I feel a cold draft where Elena was sleeping with me. Rolling over in bed, I feel for her trying to tug her closer when my hand hits the air and something wet. My eyes flutter dazedly when the scent of blood hits my nose.

Wiping the spot with my hand, my brow furrows, and I open my eyes to see my hand is red. Confusion wraps around me as Khan stirs, nervously picking up her scent and blood. Blinking, I stare at my hand and then glance down at the bed to find it looks like a ritualistic sacrifice has taken place while I slept.

Panic slivers through me, making me wonder if something set Khan off. “Elena?” I mumble.

Khan shoves forward in a panic, and a gasp escapes me. “What the fuck! Elena?” I choke out, sitting up to find I am soaked in blood. Looking around in a panic, Elena darts across the room and locks herself in my bathroom while I toss the blankets back that cover my legs.

Placing my feet on the ground, I lift my legs, finding a puddle of blood on the floor.

“She’s bleeding. Why is she bleeding? What did you do to her?” Khan snarls at me.

“What did I do? You mean, what did you do!?” I snarl back at him.

“I would never hurt her!” Khan growls at me.

Shaking my head, I call out to her. “Elena?” I get no answer when I feel her embarrassment smash through me. Standing, I walk over to the bathroom and knock on the door.

“Elena! What’s wrong? Did I do something?” I question, looking down at my ruined boxers and my stomach, which is drenched in drying blood. She doesn’t answer, and her embarrassment makes my face heat when one of the boys starts crying from the nursery.

Fuck! What should I do? I can't grab them like this!

Rushing into the nursery, I turn the mobile on above the crib, hoping the music calms them down, before searching for the binky for Bane. He fusses and I rock his bundled form with my hand, hoping he doesn't wake Kyan.

Finding the binky jammed down the side of the crib, I pop it in his mouth, and he gums it viciously, so I know he is hungry. Looking around, I reach over to the change table, snatching the baby wipes. Yet, I only manage to smear the blood more.

"Khan, help me!" I snap at him.

"With what? We need to check Elena! She is hurt!" Khan snarls when I curse, only to notice Bane has dozed off, though he has managed to roll into his brother, and gone was his binky, and he is now slobbering on his brother's hand that escaped the wrap.

I try to pry Kyan's fingers from Bane's munching lips. One eye flutters open as I pull the fingers out. His lip quivers and I know he is about to let out a blood-curdling scream when Khan snarls in my head,

"Quick plug it, he'll wake the other pet sperm!"

Holding Kyan's little wrist, I shove his fingers back into his brother's mouth in a panic. "That can't be hygienic!" I mutter, watching Bane munch on his brother's fingers.

"Leave him be, not like he can gum them off. Besides, good that they assert dominance now, the strongest will win the gum fight!" Khan tells me.

"If we come back and his fingers are gone, we know who the next Alpha is!"

"What?" I question his logic.

"He's fine, check Elena. They're twins, they have the same germs!" Khan snaps at me when I go to pry Kyan's fingers from Bane's mouth, now worried Bane will find a way to gnaw them off.

Sighing, I listen, sneaking out of the nursery and making my way back to my bathroom. I tap on the door, cringing as I do, not wanting to wake the boys again.

"Lena, open the door!" Shame washes through the bond, scaring me and Khan shoves forward and breaks the door down.

“Khan!” I growl, rubbing my now aching shoulder just as Elena yelps and jumps into the shower, ripping the shower curtain closed.

My eyes go to the tiled floor where I can see she has tried to clean it with towels and Elena makes a strange noise. Ripping the shower curtain back, she stares at me. Her eyes go wide and mine trail down her body to see her covered in blood. My hands reach for her and I tug at her shirt, only for her to slap my hands.

“You’re hurt. Let me heal you.” I growl at her.

“I’m not hurt!” She growls, making my eyes dart to hers when it dawns on me. Her face reddens, taking on the color of a beetroot. Her hands move to cover her face.

“Wait, that’s...” I look down at the tiles. Why is there so much blood that can’t be normal?

“Real smooth jackass, you can see she is embarrassed!” Khan retorts.

“Are you sure you’re not hurt?” I blurt because this seems excessive. Maybe she has internal bleeding, or....

“Or what, fool! Her guts fell out! She sacrificed her uterus to the period gods!” Khan snarls.

“Perhaps?” Khan shakes his head at me, and my eyes move back to Elena.

“I ruined your bed,” she whispers, peeking between the gaps of her fingers.

“I didn’t like that bed anyway,” I tell her stupidly. “I mean, I can clean it, it’s fine.” I internally facepalm myself at my word vomit. I was making this so awkward!

“Let’s just get cleaned up, and then I can run down and grab your purse to find some plugs, or... what are those things called?” Elena blinks at me.

“Plugs?”

“Yeah, the... you know...the blood plugs, the cotton things with a tail.” I make a plugging motion with my fingers.

Elena blinks at me. “You mean tampons!”

“Those things, good for nose bleeds, though maybe you might need to jam in a few.” I tell her, reaching past her and turning the shower on when her embarrassment gets even worse.