

## Chapter 14

“It’s fine, Elena, it’s no big deal.”

“I don’t use tampons; I also don’t have anything with me.” She whispers and I look at her.

“Don’t girls carry those things, or are supposed to?”

“I’m breastfeeding!” I blink at her, wondering why her breastfeeding matters in such a situation. Are tampons toxic?

Reaching for her shirt, I force it off her. “What’s that got to do with anything you can still breastfeed?”

“No, I haven’t had my periods because I’m breastfeeding, so I haven’t needed to carry that sort of stuff.”

“Then I’ll go find some. Surely, we have something here!” I mutter, reaching for her pants. She shrieks, slapping my hands away, and I raise an eyebrow at her.

“Seriously, Elena, you left the contents of your uterus on me, and you’re worried about me seeing you naked when I’m wearing your insides!” Her eyes widen and her face reddens impossibly more.

“Why would you say that?” She cringes and I shake my head, ripping her pants down and tossing them aside. I shove her back under the stream of water only for her to shriek and her back arches as I step in with her, her breasts smack against my chest.

“Freaking cold!” she squeals, and I chuckle, feeling the water to find I turned the wrong dial. I quickly adjust the temperature when she pushes me away.

“I’m not showering with you.”

“Well, I’m not going to the store looking like I sacrificed my mate to the period goddess, so you’ll get over it!” I tell her, reaching for the soap behind her in the niche. She sighs, and I go to wash myself when she snatches the soap off me.

“Don’t touch it!”

“Touch what? It’s touching me! I can’t keep it. Whatever it is, I am apparently keeping that you don’t want me to touch!”

“Just... it's gross.”

“Elena, I love you, but I draw the line at wearing your insides on me like a body mask! “

“Don’t be disgusting!”

“You’re the one wanting me to leave it on. I’m all for you marking your territory, but I think I rather you pee on me!” her face turns purple, and she presses her lips in a line.

“I’ll wash you!” she snarls, trying to clean it off. This woman is insane, her embarrassment making her act irrationally. She washes my side and abs, and her touch sends sparks everywhere, my cock twitching when she shrieks and jumps back.

“On second thought, you can wash it off,” she says, staring at the ceiling, unable to meet my gaze. I glance down, knowing I have an erection from her touch, before smirking.

“Are you sure? I wouldn’t want to touch it, don’t want to get blood on my hands.” I chuckle and she glares at me. Taking the soap from her, I wash myself.

“Now you’re playing with it!” she scolds after a few seconds and I look up to find her watching my hand. Her face heats, knowing I caught her looking at my cock.

I step closer to her, pushing her against the shower wall, and she sucks in a breath. “Axton!” she snaps. “What, you caused it? I think it’s only fair if you fix it.” I purr at her.

“I’m bleeding!” she says, outraged.

“I hadn’t noticed... But that wasn’t a no!” I point out and her mouth opens and closes like a fish as I press my body against hers. “Blood doesn’t bother me,” I whisper.

Her hands go to my chest, but I grip her hip, my fingers digging into her skin, and I kiss her. Her lips are soft and she gasps. Taking advantage of her parted lips, I force my tongue into her mouth, deepening the kiss, and groan when I feel her kiss me back.

Grabbing her hand from my chest, I move it to my crotch, and she jerks, coming to her senses. “Axton!” I shrug and hold her hand in place.

“We’re mates, Elena.”

“That doesn’t mean I want to fuck you!” she growls when I feel her fingers wrap around my cock, I fight back a groan and I know it’s the bond, but I am having far too much fun watching the way she reacts to it without knowing.

“Are you sure?” I ask her and her eyes narrow.

“Positive.”

“Then why are you stroking my cock?” I whisper and she shrieks, letting me go. I chuckle and peck at her lips, deciding to leave her alone.

“Asshole!” she growls, snatching the soap off me to wash herself.

“That I am, but I’m your asshole!” I laugh before stepping out of the shower and reaching for a towel just as one of the boys starts crying.

Elena whimpers and I glance back at her, her face looking rather pained when she covers her breasts. Only the moment she touches them, milk spurts from them like a fire hose from the added pressure, and I shriek at the force my eyeball is assaulted with.

I clutch my eye and the motion catching me off guard; I trip over the lip in the shower and stumble backward. Elena shrieks, grabbing my arm, but momentum is not on either of our sides as I slip on the wet tiles and she lands on top of me with a thud.

“Ouch!” I mumble, rubbing the back of my head.

Groaning, my back hurts and Elena sits up. The boys scream their lungs out and I grip her hips just as she shakes her head in a daze. Sitting up, I go to ask her if she is alright when I am given a milk shower, milk spraying in my face, and some gets in my mouth. My hands grab her breasts and I gasp as grabbing them makes it spray out faster. I hold my hands in front of my face, trying to block their hazardous spray.

“Oh, my gosh, could this get any more embarrassing,” she squeals, covering her breasts.

“Well, if it makes you feel any better, breast milk doesn’t taste that bad,” I tell her, wiping my face. Opening my eyes, her face is flaming once again, and I wonder if she will permanently turn red.

I laugh and she quickly climbs off me and I groan, finding I am once again covered in blood. Stepping into the shower, I wash it off.

“The boys...”

“Let ‘em cry for a second, won’t hurt them, they have to sort out which is the more dominant twin,” I tell her, rinsing the blood and milk off.

“Pardon?”

“They’re fighting over who eats whose fingers!” I huff as I quickly step out of the shower, shut the curtain, and grab a towel.