

## Chapter 15

Stepping out of the bathroom, I wrap the towel around my waist and quickly strip the bed. The boys are quiet, and I can hear them babbling happily. Dumping the sheets into the hamper, I look at the mattress. It still looks like a small animal has been sacrificed.

“New mattress it is, then!” I breathe out.

“Just flip it over for now so she doesn’t notice!” Khan tells me and I sigh, doing as he says before quickly ducking into the hall to grab fresh sheets. I make the bed, worried if she comes out, she will go back and hide in the bathroom. Once I am finished, I hear the shower cut off and move to the nursery.

Plucking the boys from their crib, I carry them back to the room and set them on the bed, and quickly make bottles. Upon returning to the room from the nursery; I see Kyan is using his knees to push up, and his head bulldozing as he squirms his way over to the edge. A very embarrassing feminine shriek escapes me.

My heart races when I see his tiny body go careening over the edge, legs kicking while he cackles. Khan shoves forward with reflexes quicker than mine and snatches his ankle. Kyan cackles as Khan lifts him by one foot, dangling the sperm spawn by one leg.

“And where were you going?” he questions, placing him next to his brother.

“Now stay!” Khan orders him while Bane squirms, trying to roll and push off with his knees, too. Khan grabs his feet, dragging his tiny body back into place. I flip him onto his back, earning a big, gummy smile from him.

“Are you trying to get me in trouble? I don’t think your mother will approve of brain damage. Now, stay! And try to keep the injuries to a minimum.” I scold him. He babbles happily, blowing raspberries and spraying spit all over his brother.

Shaking my head, I build a pillow barrier around them and rush into the closet to retrieve some clothes, grabbing the first thing my hands touch while keeping my head out the door and on the mini escape artists.

Coming back out, Kyan is eating Bane's face, while Bane has his mouth open like a bird looking for a worm. Shaking my head, I grab their bottles and check the temperature when I notice Elena still hasn't come out. Feeding the boys with one hand, the bottles gripped awkwardly; I try to dry myself before using the pillows to prop the bottles up.

I get dressed, keeping one eye on the boys while doing the buttons on my shirt. Turning to check the boys one last time, I find them holding their own bottles.

"You mean I was holding them when you can hold them yourself? Lazy babies." I tell them. Kyan answers with a very wet-sounding fart.

"And that's for your mother, so hold that thought." Moving toward the door, I push it open. Elena is sitting on the toilet, a puddle of blood on the ground, and I sigh.

"Good thinking. You stay there, and I will take the boys to buy tampons."

"Pads!" I nod, shutting the door and looking at the boys, their bottles now empty.

"Okay," I mutter, trying to figure out how to do this. I wish Eli was here to help. I need an extra set of arms.

"Looks like we are on our own," I tell them, scooping them up when I remember I need to change them. Sniffing Kyan, I nearly chuck the kid in the trash. He reeks.

"I thought I said save it for your mother?" I tell him, holding him at arm's length.

"Don't forget the other one!"

"Right!" I tell Khan, scooping Bane up, who thankfully doesn't smell like a smoldering turd.

Groaning, I stomp back into the nursery, setting Bane on the change table. I change and dress him, setting him in the crib before retrieving Kyan and his nuclear ass. The moment I undo his diaper; I am sprayed in the face. I gasp, choking on piss, while Khan howls with laughter in my head.

Grabbing the diaper, I set aside, I chuck it on him and his water fountain when the kid rolls. I watch the stream curve as he rolls, his pee stream following, and I see him

rolling off. Grabbing him, I roll him when he gives one last quick spray, which hits my chin.

I wipe my face. “All done?” I quickly change him, finding my fingertips covered in mustard-colored shit. A shudder runs through me, and I quickly wipe my hands with a baby wipe.

I grab another baby wipe and quickly clean my face to find him smiling at me, covered in pee, too. Growling, I pluck more baby wipes from the container and wipe him over.

“Just because your mother marked her territory on me doesn’t mean you have to!” I tell him. He babbles happily, eating his hands while I quickly dress him. Once done, I grab my wallet and the boys before singing out to Elena.

“I’ll be back soon. You wait there!” I tell her.

“Real funny, jerk!” she calls back, making me snicker.



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It took me a good twenty minutes to work out how to undo the stroller; I even threw it in frustration, but it seemed to work as it unfolded. Sometimes brute force is required. Walking into the store, I find the aisle designated for hygiene products. Stopping in front of it, I see an entire wall of them.

Picking one up, I stare at it. Why are there so many options? Scratching my head, I pull my phone from my pocket and dial Elena's number. It rings out, and she doesn't answer.

"She might have left it in the car last night. Try Eli!" Khan tells me.

"What would he know about feminine products?"

"Well, you got a better idea?" I growl, knowing he is right, and the checkout boy looks pretty clueless, so no point asking him. He looks like he barely has two brain cells to rub together.

Dialing Eli's number, he answers after a few rings. "Alpha," he answers when I hear the phone beep in my ear, making me look at the screen. He opened a video call. Sighing, I answer it with his face popping up on the screen.