

Chapter 85

Elena

13 weeks Later.

“No, I don't want to go in there,” I tell Axton as I stare up at the hospital. How could I be pregnant? What the heck am I going to do with three babies?

“Lena...” Axton groans frustrated. I have missed the last two appointments, some part of my brain conjuring up that as long as I don't have the ultrasound as proof, I can pretend I'm not pregnant. I'm too busy with the boys and Luke. Then there is work. Axton sighs and gets out of the car, I watch him walk around to my side, but before he opens up the door, I shove the lock down.

“Elena...” I ignore him, turning to the front and staring out the windshield.

“No, I am not going. Let's just go home,” I tell him, folding my arms across my chest. He digs in his pocket, unlocking the doors, and I push the lock down again.

“You are being a brat!”

“And you are being a jerk! I don't wanna get fat and push a watermelon out of my coochie. You go drink a gallon of water and have someone squeeze your bladder if you want a baby so bad.” I tell him, and Axton facepalms himself.

“Please get out of the car!” he groans, unlocking the car again. He yanks on the door handle, but I press the lock just in time.

“One....” he counts, and I raise an eyebrow, knowing he ain't going to do shit.

“Two... Don't make me bring Khan forward!” he snaps at me.

“Three! ... That's it. You're in for it now.” he growls, and I roll my eyes. His entire body shudders when he suddenly taps on the window again, and I look out to see his eyes pitch black, and Khan has come forward.

“Elena?” he breathes.

“Nope, you don't scare me. What are you gonna do? Huh... Fight me?” I ask. I've been in a salty mood since Axton removed all the coffee from the house, replacing it with decaf. That just defeats the purpose of drinking coffee!

“Why don't you want to go in? This is our third appointment, and you have missed the other two,” he demands. I ignore him, refusing to go. We can try the fourth appointment; I think to myself. Allow me a little longer in denial.

“Axton will buy you coffee....” my eyes narrow to slits as I peer out at him. Lies!

He pauses to think for a second. Lexa wanders forward. Axton is convinced that Khan “deals with my tantrums” more like he bribes me.

“I wonder what he'll offer up this time?” Lexa asks, and I snicker. Khan was a teddy bear.

“I'll get you ice cream....”

“Oh, and skittles, but only the red ones,” Lexa shoves forward and tells him.

“And gummy bears,”

“Fine, but unlock the car,” Khan tells her, and I fight against her.

“I'd rather go without!” I snap at her.

“You are getting your ass out of this damn car. Aren't you even the tiniest bit curious?” Lexa asks me.

“We can smuggle a small jar of coffee, but if you get caught with it. You deal with Axton!” Khan tells me, and I smile to myself.

I release a deep breath before unlocking the door. Khan grips it, ensuring I don't slam it shut. Standing up, I feel Axton return through the bond. “Finally.” he breathes.

“You better not be lying, Khan,” I tell him.

“Never, we'll stop on the way home.”

“Stop where?” Axton asks.

“To get my coffee!” I tell Axton.

“You lying brat, I did not say that.” I hear Khan speak, outraged that I snitched on him.

“Ha, now I know you're lying.” Axton huffs.

“I promised her gummy bears,” Khan states, and I scoff.

“Don't forget my red skittles!” Lexa growls at him.

“Red skittles?” Axton shakes his head, leading me into the hospital to the ultrasound floor.

As I walk, I think about the gifts Khan promised me and smile to myself. Maybe this won't be so bad after all.

Axton leads me into the ultrasound room, where an older lady is already there waiting for us. Her eyes sparkle when she sees Axton walking in with me, and a knowing look passes over her face.

“Finally, you made it, Luna,” she says, and I purse my lips before lying on the bed.

The ultrasound technician rubs some warm goo on my stomach before pressing the wand to it. Axton holds my hand tight as we wait for the image of our baby to appear on the screen. However, the longer she takes, the more anxious I become, especially when she turns the screen away and tells us she'll be right back. I glance at the Axton, who also looks just as worried as I feel.

She returns with a doctor who also goes over me, using the device to scan me, making a lot of grumbling noises, and I am on the verge of losing my damn mind and demanding answers.

Finally, I hear those three words that mean everything: “It's twin girls.” We both let out a collective sigh of relief when he finally speaks.

“Wait! Did you say twins?” I ask, sitting upright, and the doc turns the screen.

“Yep,” he points them out while I stare at the screen bewildered. Four babies under two?

“Alpha has got good swimmers, it appears,” Doc chuckles.

“Damn right I do, take one load get one free,” he states. “Two for four!” he says victorious. I shake my head at him.

“Need to bottle that shit up and sell it,” Axton chuckles, and I shoot him a glare.

“Not that I would, can't give away my super sperm,” he says.

The technician lady then takes over and points out all the babies' features—the arms, legs, heads, and tiny hearts beating away. I am both equal parts anxious and excited. While Axton is just excited. Yeah, because he isn't one, that's gotta push them out!

“That is so many diapers,” I whisper as I take my seat in the car.

“We'll figure it out, there will be a team of us,” Axton says while I nod my head.

The drive home is quiet and peaceful as we both think about our future with our two sets of twins. I had completely forgotten about Khan's promise until Axton pulls over at the general store. He looks at me expectantly. A second later, Khan shoves forward, blocking out Axton.

“You snitch!” He snarls at me and I chuckle.

“Well, I think it is only fair since I am now eating for two babies; I can get two jars of coffee,” I tell him.

“Not a chance.” He says, shoving his door open. I open mine, following him into the store, and I see his skin rippling as Axton fights to come forward. How bizarre it must feel to have your wolf block you out.

“Go on, hurry,” Khan tells me, and I know he is struggling to keep Axton out. We do our shopping, and I climb in the car with my goodies.

Putting my seatbelt on, I stuff a handful of gummy bears in my mouth, munching away while trying to hide my two jars of coffee under the bag of diapers.

Axton steals one of my gummy bears and starts the car. When we reach home, Axton reaches over to grab my bag from me. However, I don't let go. He raises an eyebrow at me, then his brows furrow.

“What's wrong?” I shake my head. Axton goes to take my bag again, but I jerk it from his grip and jump out of the car. He's not stealing my jars of coffee.