

Bad Love 321

Chapter 321

Axel doesn't have to tell me it was a mistake.

I already know.

I knew it the second his lips touched mine.

I hadn't been sure how the whole thing was going to play out when I'd made the impulsive decision to trick him like that.

I'd assumed that when I kissed him, it would catch him off guard, but he would immediately rebuff me.

It was during that rebuffing-whether he thrust me away or whatever-that I was going to take advantage of his distraction to flip him off his feet and put him down on the mat.

I hadn't counted on him kissing me back.

I certainly hadn't counted on him pulling me into him, pressing me into the mirror, lifting me, the hard length of his manhood rocking into me in a way that was positively sinful.

I hadn't counted on him setting fire to my entire body.

Still, in the back of my mind-even as I'd been drowning in the kind of desire and pleasure I'd never dreamed existed-I'd known that I still had to beat him at this stupid game.

Now, however, as he looms over me, I can tell I've crossed a line.

He's still rock hard, and that hardness is pressing into the juncture of my thighs like it belongs there.

For a second, I think about apologizing, about taking it back, about begging him to let me go-

Or maybe begging him to take it further.

I don't know.

All I know is that my body is aflame and Axel-my mate-is the only one who can soothe the burn.

"Your brother warned me I was never allowed to touch you. He told me he would never accept me as your mate. If he finds out about this, he will kill me."

I'm shocked.

I never imagined Aaron would be so against Axel.

Actually, I hadn't ever really thought about it.

I've never thought much past the fact that Axel rejected me as soon as we met.

I assumed he didn't like me, didn't want me.

But right now, there is hard evidence to the contrary.

And now he's telling me Aaron is standing between us?

"This never happens again. Do you understand me?" he demands in a hard voice.

But instead of making me feel apprehensive or intimidated, it sends a shudder rippling through me.

"I understand," I finally reply, my voice husky with desire.

I'm past the point of even trying to hide it.

Axel stares down at me and the air between us is heavy with tension.

I have no idea what to expect.

I think any second now he's going to get up and walk away from me-maybe in disgust, definitely in frustration-however he stays where he is.

And then he suddenly leans down and captures my mouth with his again.

I moan as his tongue immediately delves across my lips to taste me.

This time, the kiss is more focused and less frenetic.
I have no idea what to expect.
There are so many reasons why I shouldn't be letting this happen.
Not least of all what Aaron will do to Axel if he finds out about
this.
And the fact that Axel is the biggest single threat to my life right
now.
But I don't want to think about any of that.
I don't want to think at all.
Because this...
This is simple.
This is right.
Just feeling the highs of pleasure he's whipping up inside me and not letting the rest of the world
intrude.
I'm probably going to regret this later, but right now it's everything.
And my wolf agrees. She's practically purring beneath the sensual attentions from her mate, never mind
he already rejected us.
My brain has gone offline and I'm nothing but a puddle of need as Axel kisses me and his large hands
roam over my body.
Next thing I know, he's tugging clothes from my body in a flurry of activity until I'm sprawled completely
naked on the mat
below him.
He's still fully clothed, and somehow it only makes this whole thing feel more surreal, more wicked,
more pleasurable.
At this point I've completely surrendered.
I don't care what he does to me, as long as he doesn't stop.