

## Bad Love 322

### Chapter 322

AXEL

I've dreamed about this every night since I met Emily.

Not that I'd ever admit it to anyone.

I can barely admit it to myself, because I know this is the absolutely wrong thing to do.

But go dda m n, a man can only take much.

A wolf who has rejected his mate and is still forced to spend every moment of every day with her can only take so much.

The line got crossed when Emily kissed me, and I figure I might as well take everything I can get from this stolen, forbidden moment.

But I meant what I said.

Once we walk out of this room, we forget it happened.

And it never, ever happens again.

Emily is naked and beautiful beneath my greedy hands.

I want nothing more than to throw off all of my own clothes and sink into her willing, wet body.

Except my control is already hanging by a thread.

If I take her, if I join my body with hers, I don't trust myself not to completely lose control and bite her, to claim her as my own and irrevocably join us forever.

But it won't be forever.

It'll just be for however long Emily survives this cursed life with me.

There are countless enemies who would use her existence against me if they knew about her.

Not only would Aaron want to kill me for exposing Emily to that kind of danger, but I would hate myself for giving into a moment of weakness and ruining both our lives like that.

So yeah, the line definitely got crossed the second Emily kissed me-a cunning if not outright deceptive way to win my challenge -and since it did, I'm going to steal a few more moments of this forbidden paradise for myself.

I trail my mouth down Emily's body, tasting every inch of flesh I can get my lips and tongue on. I pause to pay extra attention to the tight, tempting bud of her nipples, palming her breasts and nipping at the sensitive flesh until she's writhing beneath me.

Only then do I move on, down past her hips and stomach until I reach the damp treasure between her thighs.

I don't give her any time to become self-conscious or second guess what's happening between us.

I feast on her, lapping up her juices, wringing the sweetest sounds from her as she gasps and moans and begs me for more.

It's fast and unforgiving, the way I rip her climax out of her.

In a matter of moments, she's crying out and shuddering beneath me, and I can feel her inner muscles clenching around my tongue.

I gentle her through it, but it's one of the hardest things I've ever done.

My wolf has become drunk on the taste and smell of her.

The overwhelming urge to claim my mate is almost my undoing.

I'm so close to losing control, I have to let her go and move back from her.

She's lying sprawled and undone, all loose-limbed, her skin flushed and rosy.

Go d, she looks gorgeous.

I want to throw her over my shoulder and leave this place-leave everything standing in our way-long behind us.

To live somewhere safe and secluded, where we can be together and not have to worry about the rest of the world tearing us

Instead, I push to my feet, ignoring the shakiness in my legs.

"You're right, you did win," I tell her in a rough voice, sharp with my unmet needs and sexual frustration.

"I won't make you start training from scratch with the rookies. But you will train, Emily. Every day. You will regain some discipline and sense of responsibility toward the rest of the pack."

I don't wait for her to answer, but spin on my heel and march out of the room.

Except I don't go far.

Only to the nearest men's bathroom.

Luckily, it's empty, so I don't have to worry about anyone overhearing as I take out my aching cock and jerk myself off.

It takes the edge off, but it's so empty and unfulfilling, I'm left kind of disgusted with myself.

I can't keep going like this.

I don't fully trust my self-control any longer.

The second Aaron gets back, I need to leave.

I can't risk that one day my resolve might break and I'll do something we all regret.

Emily might be the most dangerous threat to my life I've ever encountered.