

Chapter 53

Elena

His scent is the first thing I notice when I groggily wake; it perfumes the room, enticing senses I never knew existed. My body feels foreign and so hot. Burning and aching for him, I'm high on his scent as I breathe it in. My eyes flutter open as Lexa's instincts painfully become mine. Axton sits on the edge of the bed, his head in his hands, making me wonder why he is so far away, I need him closer. So much closer.

His presence alone has become an addiction, one I want to feed, making me crave him, luring me closer. It's like the world no longer exists, and we live on our own plane of existence together, and right now, all I can focus on is his intoxicating scent, luring me to him.

Moving my limbs, they don't feel like mine, purely driven by instinct, he startles. Some part of me wants to know why he looks so conflicted, yet my heat rising, and the blood in my veins boiling, pulsating makes any thoughts slip away easily. Every piece of me calls for me to go to him as I crawl into his lap.

The mate bond demands his touch, but he seems hesitant to give it because he puts his hands up. I bury my face in the crook of his neck. His scent is overwhelming; it's intoxicating.

His entire body trembles underneath me. Tomorrow, I will feel embarrassed about my actions, but right now, I couldn't care less as long as the pain that is becoming torturous eases.

Axton growls, pulling me closer, and my lips attack his neck when he leans forward; my hands claw at him, needing him closer, not that I understand how that is possible. My body feels strange, tingling, and I want to climb inside him, which makes no sense. He pulls my legs around his waist, and I moan as his hard chest presses against my heated flesh.

Yet instead of giving me what my body and the bond craves and needs, he twists and presses me against the mattress. The next second, he handcuffs me, pinning my wrists

to the headboard; the metal clamping tightly around my wrists. I struggle against the restraints, needing to touch him, needing his skin. Yet he sits back on his heels between my legs. My body squirms as my heat rises and the pain intensifies. What is he doing?

“Shh, Lena. I will make it stop. I’m trying here, okay? I just need to keep my head.” he whispers to me. Confusion wraps around me for a second at his hesitation. Isn’t this what he has wanted, and now he is denying both of us? Why?

I lock my legs around his waist, yanking him to me. He growls, the sounds savage but sends a thrill through me. Yet still, he does nothing. It drives the bond insane, and the pain washes through me tenfold at his refusal.

“Please, make it stop, just make it stop, Axton,” I growl, the sound turning to a purr as my canines slip out, the bond demanding me to mark him and make him mine.

“Axton,” I moan, legs locking around his waist tighter, refusing to let him escape me.

“Be patient,” he tells me. “I’m just....” Axton groans and pulls back slightly, his entire body shaking.

His eyes bleed black. His hand's fumble with his pants before he shreds them to pieces, and he shoves my legs open, pressing his weight down on me. A moan escapes my lips at the relief his skin against my offers.

“Axton, please,” I whine when I feel his hesitation once more. The next second, his lips crash down on mine hard.

Every inch of my skin is covered in goosebumps. My breath hitches when I feel his tongue delve between my lips, tasting every inch. I feel like I am on some sort of high, which makes it hard to think straight. I can’t concentrate. It’s all too much with his harsh grip and brutal lips, molding around mine. Somehow, he only manages to turn me on more instead of offering me any sort of reprieve. I want nothing more than to feel his teeth sinking into my skin and let him devour me. Yet once again, he fights instinct and pulls away.

What the hell is he waiting for? Isn’t this what he wants; to tie me to him so I can’t escape him? I don’t care what he does as long as he stops fighting the damn bond.

“Axton, please,” I gasp, but a moment later, he takes my ability to speak away from me when he kisses me again.

My heart beats out of my chest. I want more. I need *so much* more. Yanking on the handcuffs, wanting to touch and pull him closer, he grips my wrist, stopping the action. My fight makes my wrists ache, so I allow him to explore my mouth with his tongue.

I flinch underneath him as I feel the cold air against my skin. How can I feel cold, and yet I feel hotter than I ever have before? He pulls away, sitting up, and I am blessed by seeing his muscular torso. I want to reach out and touch him, but the handcuffs prevent my movements. His pitch-black eyes watch me as he runs his hands down my sides to my hips. The sensation makes me shiver when he moves his hands to spread my legs, pushing them flat against the bed.

Leaning back down, he gently brushes his lips over mine briefly, then his lips travel down my jaw and neck, trailing down my body. His mouth latches onto one of my nipples while his hand squeezes the bottom of my breast before it moves to the other, and he flicks and plucks it. It doesn't take long before a needy whimper escapes past my lips.

“So beautiful,” he murmurs, moving lower, but he doesn't give me a chance to really respond when I feel his hot breath sweep over my pussy; I lift my head looking down at him, needing him to touch me, anything to relieve the burning sensation that riddles through me. However, his focus is between my legs.

Dark, hungry eyes watching me squirm in anticipation. He wants to devour me, and I am done denying him; I'm done pretending I don't want him just as badly. With this man, everything just feels like it makes sense like this is how it was always so supposed to be. Right now, it seems crazy to deny him, deny myself.