

## Chapter 54

I've longed for this moment for ages without knowing it or allowing myself to admit it. Now, though, that desire is undeniable and uncontrollable.

His dark gaze lifts to mine, and I gasp when his lips sweep across my core. Squirming in his grip, a moan leaves me, which earns a growl from him as his tongue runs between my folds. My head drops back on the pillow, eyes fluttering closed at the sensation.

He laps at my heated flesh, teasing my clit with slow strokes, earning a breathy moan from me, and I buck against his face. He growls, fingers digging into my thighs as he picks up speed, his tongue relentless leaving no part untouched.

"Yes," I moan out, my eyes rolling into the back of my head while his hands grab the back of my thighs, lifting them higher so he can slip his tongue inside me. "Ah," I whimper. He moves higher and starts to nibble and lick my sensitive clit harder and faster, making my walls clench.

All I can do in response is take it and buck my hips against his mouth—the bond craving more, greedy for it.

He sucks on my clit, massaging it with his tongue, and my hips rock against his face, the sensation pushing me over the edge, and I come undone.

I moan through my orgasm, my body locking up tensely and then quivering against his mouth. Axton's tongue laps greedily. He groans, his tongue slowing while I ride out the waves of it; the heat easing enough that I can finally think straight. Only it doesn't last long; having not been satisfied, and craving something more than his mouth can offer, it flares back up.

Axton, sensing this, sits up, moving back between my legs. He yanks at me a little, hooking his muscular arms around the backs of my knees and holding me up. With one hand, he guides himself closer until the tip of his cock is pressed against my soaking-wet heat.

His eyes dart to mine, and it's almost like he's waiting for me to tell him to get off me, waiting for my rejection.

He slips inside of me. My body is forced to get used to his large size stretching me. Having not had sex in so long, it feels foreign. As he pushes inside me, I feel every inch of him and my breath hitches.

"You okay?" he asks me, his voice husky. His lust-filled eyes looking hazy. So fucking sexy.

I nod my head. "Don't hold back," I moan, moving my hips. His eyes flicker at my words, and a deep growl resonates around me. My hands yank on the handcuffs, wanting to touch him, pull him closer and force him to fuck me.

"Axton," I moan as he continues watching me. "Please."

Almost as if my begging triggers him, his arms and shoulders ripple, and he leans down, his hands fist the sheets on the mattress, and he pulls out before slamming into me.

Soon, the pain and discomfort warp into something else as his pace picks up. Quicker and harsher, he pounds into me, each thrust making my breast bounce and my walls clench. I whimper when his tongue trails down my neck, lightly biting down on my delicate skin.

But still, he doesn't slow his pace; he continues thrusting into me, bringing me closer. My eyes open to see his jaw clenched, his skin glistening with sweat.

He pulls out and then roughly pushes back in. My body is burning from his size as he becomes more brutal. I am wet enough to make up for it, and the pain from his harsh thrusts only complements the pleasure.

I throw my head back, and my mouth falls open as he picks up the rhythm. Utterly at his mercy, he controls my body as he thrusts inside of me, softly yanking at my hips to meet him with each thrust, the sensation putting strain on my wrists. Axton thrusting deeper, harder, sending me blind with bliss.

"Fuck..." My breath hitches when his thrusts shoot through my body like electricity. I can feel him everywhere, making my entire body buzz. The sensations are overwhelming, and he is savage as he continues to fuck my body into the mattress. "Oh, god--" He chuckles—such a beautiful sound.

He moves one hand between my legs, pressing his thumb on my clit, caressing me in circular motions. I can barely take it anymore when my toes curl, and my entire body shakes. The moan that leaves my lips sounds like a shout. My body quivers as I reach the edge and fall blissfully over it, making everything so bright and so sensitive.

He leans back down over me, and his mouth and teeth maul my throat. His canines dig into my skin, only adding to the pleasure writhing through me. My canines slip out when he pulls back, squeezing his eyes shut as he focuses on the sensations that shoot through his body, and he stills inside me. My walls clamp down around him, and he groans, sinking his teeth into me before I can mark him. He pulls his teeth from my neck, and my eyes flutter as I fight to remain conscious.

“I love you, Elena,” he whispers, kissing my lips softly. I want to reply. Tell him I love him too, tell him I want to mark him, but the moment is stolen when he marks me again, and coldness seeps through me as my heat abates before I am sucked into the abyss of nothingness.



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The sun lighting up the back of my eyelids pulls me from sleep. Blinking, I sit up to shield my eyes. I am lying across Axton's chest, who is passed out. Pushing off his chest, I peer around, trying to remember how I got here. My mind feels foggy, my body feels sticky, and I am drenched in his scent. Fragmented memories rush to the surface, and I feel Lexa purring in contentment in my head, still sleeping off the effects of our....heat.

My heart races a little quicker with that knowledge and the way I mauled Axton. My eyes move to his neck, and I touch my own. Hissing at the dull ache of his bite, dried blood caked to my flesh.