

## Chapter 55

Staring at my bloodied fingertips, I see the bruises around my wrists and my lip's part when I notice the handcuffs hanging from the headboard.

"It was so we didn't mark him," Lexa says sleepily, coming forward.

"He doesn't want us to mark him?" I ask her, my stomach sinking at the thought.

"What, of course, he does. He was worried you would hate him if we did it while in heat."

"But that wouldn't have been his fault?" I tell her, and she sighs; while my eyes scan the room, the first thing I notice is the bag beside the bed. Curious because it reeked of his scent, I pick it up and find condoms making me quickly drop it, to notice the empty box beside it. I scrunch up my face, yet glad he thought to use them.

I try to remember last night, but the images are grainy, and some are downright embarrassing. Looking down at Axton, he looks peaceful with no lines marring his handsome face. He looks relaxed and content. My hand moves down his chest, and he tugs me closer with a groan. I stifle a giggle as he sluggishly tucks me closer, his hand fumbling above his head, reaching for the handcuffs.

Enjoying his sleepy reactions, thinking I'm still riddled with heat, I trail my fingertips down his side. "No, no more. It's broken," he whines, rolling into me like he can just crush me into the bed and go back to sleep. His heavy arm draped across my chest and shoulder as he chucks his leg across my waist.

His scent fills my nose, his neck a mere inch from my lips. Lifting my head, I suck on his skin, my lips trailing across his skin, making him shiver. He groans, his arm moving awkwardly for his hand to fall over my mouth.

"Khan, I tap out. You're up!" he whines, burying his face in the pillow next to my head. Chuckling, I lick his hand, and he turns his face toward me. Blinking hazily, he presses his lips against my cheek muttering something about needing sleep.

Gripping his wrist, I pull it from my mouth, and he growls, clearly over fucking, making me laugh. “Climb aboard while I catch some sleep, help yourself,” he mumbles. I try to push him off, but he doesn’t budge instead, he starts snoring softly. With my one arm free, I try to push him off, kissing his shoulder, and he groans, his eyes opening to snatch the handcuffs.

“Greedy heat-ridden she-wolf, you’re lucky I love you,” he huffs.

“I love you too,” I snicker as he sits up, half asleep; I pull him closer by wrapping my legs around his waist.

“Wait...” he growls, blinking rapidly and yawning. I raise an eyebrow at him as he yawns, unwrapping my legs from around him.

He grabs my wrist, clamping the handcuff on it, and catches me watching him. His brows furrow then he jolts. “Elena?”

“Axton.” I chuckle, shaking my wrist at him.

“You’re awake?” he says, cupping my face with his hand.

“And you’re handcuffing me!” I tell him, and he blinks down at me for a second, then his eyes widen, his lips parting.

“It’s not what you think, I...I’m not holding you here.” he fumbles for words and for the key off of the bedside dresser.

“I’ll undo it,” he rambles.

“He’s cute when he’s scared of us.” Lexa laughs.

“Scared of our reaction,” I correct her. Axton, lets me go, leaning over and reaching for the key that sits right on the edge, his hand clutching the bedhead.

“I promise it’s not what it looks like.... I....” I clamp the other side of the handcuff on his wrist, and he freezes, peering down at me. His eyes move to his wrist, now attached to mine.

“What are you doing? I promise I have the key.”

“I don’t want the key. I’m just making sure you can’t escape me.” I tell him, moving quickly. I wrap my legs around him and twist. He makes an oomph noise as I reverse our positions, so I am now straddling his waist.

“Lena, I swear.... Ask Khan. I wa—” my lips cut his words off. He freezes beneath me, and my tongue traces the seam of his lips. He jerks away from me, giving me a concerned look.

He sighs, while I lean down recapturing his lips. Axton mumbles against my lips about me still being in heat. “I’m not in heat, Axton,” I tell him, pulling back. He watches me for a few seconds.

“The boys?” he tilts his head to the side, observing me.

His free hand gripping my thigh, he runs his hand up my leg watching me. I shiver, but he clearly doesn’t get the response my heat would give him because his brows furrow.

“With Eli and Michelle in the studio out back,” he says cautiously.

“My pack?”

“My men are watching them, and Marco is with them.” I nod my head, already knowing the answers I am asking. Axton and I, despite fighting, he has always come to my pack's aid when needed, so I knew even with me out of the picture, he wouldn’t abandon them.

His lip’s part, and I can feel him tugging on the bond, feeling for my reactions, the heat that no longer exists. He goes to say something, but I cut him off.

“I’m not mad.” I tell him.

“You’re not mad?” he asks, and I shake my head.

“Maybe a little,” I tell him. But I am completely the opposite of mad. I see the question in his eyes and feel him trying to lure the answer from the bond, but I block him out, and he sighs.

“Then why this...” he glances at his wrist. “Just get it over with then; I am not accepting you rejecting me again, though—” I shake my head, my wrist is cuffed to him.

“This is so that you can’t escape me. You forgot something,” I tell him, lacing my fingers through his.

“I did?” he seems far too confused of a morning, much like me without my morning coffee, yet I never felt more clear-headed as I stared down at this gorgeous man, my mate. Mine.

“Yes,” I smile down at him, feeling my canines lengthen slowly. “You forgot to let me mark you.” I purr before ripping his head to the side and sinking my teeth into his neck. He grunts, his hand going to my hair, his finger tangling in it.

His blood floods my mouth, coating my tongue when I feel the bond explode, blasting right open as his emotions rush into me. I choke on the feelings rushing through me. Pulling my teeth from his neck, I run my tongue over his neck, sealing it before pressing my lips to his neck. He shudders, his hand fisting my hair.

“I love you,” he whispers.

“I know.... I love you too,” I whisper, pulling back, and he lets me go. His hand moves to my face, and he cups my cheek.

“You know what you’ve done, don’t you?” he worries.

“Yes, I made you mine as I am yours,” I whisper, leaning down and kissing him. He lets out a shaky breath, kissing me back.