

Chapter 63

There's something about doing laundry that always made me feel at ease. Perhaps it's because it is something I often did with my mother when I was a child. Or perhaps it's because it is a way to show Axton how much I want to be here with him. Folding the boys' basket first, I put them away, using that time to also check on them. Both Kyan and Bane are sleeping peacefully in their beds, their cheeks rosy from teething.

Humming quietly to myself, I return to the laundry and put away one of my dresses, then move along to Axton's shirts I ironed earlier, hanging them up before moving to the clothes left in the basket. Soon only his ties rested at the bottom of the laundry basket, and I bend over to pick up a few of them, ready to put them away.

What I didn't expect was a large pair of hands firmly grabbing me from behind, grasping tightly at my hips. I yelp in surprise from the fright before I somewhat relax when I realize it is Axton, sparks rushing over my skin where his hands lie. He presses into my back and leaves a rough kiss on my exposed neck, causing me to shiver as his lips brush my mark.

"Axton." I chuckle, catching my breath. I drop my chin, feeling his warm tongue run over my neck, his stubble tickling. He pulls away, letting out a growl as he embraces me. I chuckle, trying to get my heartbeat back to normal as I crane my neck to look at him. "I didn't see you there. You could have sung out."

"Lost in thought?" his voice low and husky as he moves his hands upwards, grasping at my breasts through the fabric of my shirt—a t-shirt I've stolen from him. I let out a whine noise not wanting the distraction, but knowing I'll give in any way, unable to resist the bond, and also not wanting to. I tense up at his sudden, delicate touch. The mate bond's ability to awaken arousal is something I'm unsure I will ever get used to.

"Ax," I mewl while his touch awakens a longing inside of me, heat and sparks of arousal running through my veins. Axton, breathing heavily into my neck, makes me tremble in excitement when he soon starts to pepper kisses instead, making me cringe at his ticklish stubble.

"Stop! I have to put these away first," I whine at him when he bumps the ironing board, knocking over the piles I just folded and stacked on top. I growl at him, but he growls back.

"How about you leave it for tomorrow?" he offers. I hold back a laugh. When he says leave it tomorrow, he means he'll just hastily shove everything away. Not that there's much to put away. I did most of it already. "I can think of a few other things to do." he whispers, nipping at my mark.

"Though I must admit, I do like seeing you in my shirt, doing the laundry. So domesticated and *mine*." He laughs and I pull away, raising an eyebrow at him. Seeing Axton this riled up makes it hard to think straight, the bond being flooded with his desires only amplifying mine. My whole-body heats.

Axton presses his crotch against my ass from behind, and I can feel the already huge bulge in his pants pressing into me. "What's got into him?" Lexa wonders, with a laugh.

I press myself back against him, and he groans.

"I think you have the right idea in mind," I tease back, as his hand slips beneath my shirt, fingers grazing my pussy. Ironing Elena, you're supposed to be ironing! Just this action alone makes the ache between my legs throb harder.

"Anything specific in mind?"

I didn't think I had a high sex drive, yet when home I can barely keep my hands off him. Turns out my nonexistent sex drive was because I hadn't met him yet. As long as I could get my hands on him, I didn't care what we did. I already know I will succumb completely, Axton being my undoing, and he knows it with his teasing touches and the dirty messages he was sending all day.

Now.

Tomorrow.

Forevermore.

He is mine, and I am happily his.

He chuckles, wrapping his arms around my shoulders before rummaging in his pocket. Glancing over my shoulder, I see he has a piece of paper.

I instantly recognize my messy handwriting and try to reach for it. My heart beats erratically, knowing the hateful things I said. We were finally getting along and the idea that a stupid letter ruining it nearly sends me into a panic attack.

"Don't read that!" I snap, but he holds me tighter, pressing his forehead against mine.

"I already did. I'm not upset," he whispers. "You're right, about all of it," he tells me. I exhale, trying to turn in his arms to take it from him when he clicks his tongue.

"I want you to undress for me, and then hand me one of my ties. So, I can tie you up." I jerk away from him, only for him to hold me tighter.

"You want to tie me up?" I question. His eyes flicker, and he smiles seductively. "Scared, Elena?" he asks, gripping my hips and tugging me against his crotch.

"No..." I narrow my eyes at him, untrusting of his intentions, yet the bond tells me he is in a playful mood. He just wants me, but I know he has no kinks, so why the sudden desire to tie me up?

"Why?" I question, and he grabs me and then purrs, burying his face in my neck.

"You know why," he growls, nipping at my chin.

Just hearing the words causes my legs to tremble as my arousal spikes. The thought of being at his complete mercy and rendered to be nothing more than a toy always made me feel on the edge, terrified. Yet now with Axton, it excited me. Only Axton could turn my fears into desire. Axton won't hurt me. But I think that stupid counselor I had come out for the women three days ago got in his head. He's been weird since. She wasn't even there to see me, yet I somehow got hooked into it by Axton. How she went from a grief counseling to trauma one is beyond me. Lexa and I believe Axton set us up, he is the one that recommended her after all.

"Axton..."

"You've been handcuffed, you were fine," he growls, giving another push against me that made my knees almost give out. "I was in heat!" I tell him before losing that train of thought when I feel his hand cup my pussy and a moan escapes my lips.

"Please...I have," I needed to finish the folding, but his fingers distract me.

Axton lets out a seductive chuckle as he stops grinding into me. "Begging, are we?" Axton asks.

"No!"

"Fuck if you won't, I will," Lexa pants in my head, wanting a piece of him.

It looks like he has already begun his teasing games. From this alone, I know I would become a needy, begging mess. All I currently want is to have my clothes ripped off of me so I can throw him on the bed. But why has he brought the letter out? And when did he find it? Once again, I lose that train of thought.

Axton's tongue runs over my neck, causing me to shiver as he teases my mark and sucks on it.

"In your letter." he purrs, lips trailing along my neck. He sucks on my mark and his arm barely slips around my waist before I crash to the floor.

"Lena?" he purrs.

"Hmm, the..." Axton chuckles.

"Yes, the letter." he hums.

"What about it?" I breathe, my hand reaching back to tug him closer. Desire courses through me. His hands on my body sending sparks everywhere.

"Do you remember what you said?" he asks. I shake my head, not caring in the slightest what that stupid letter said.

"Tell Khan I love him and you, you can suck my metaphorical ghost dick!" Axton growls, and I freeze. His tongue trails along the back of my neck to behind my ear, he flicks it before sucking and nibbling on it.

"I don't know about sucking your cock, but I will be eating this pussy." he purrs, his hand squeezing between my legs. A groan leaves me and my pussy throbs as his hand squeezes harder, fingers pressing against my opening.