

Chapter 64

He then let's go of me, takes the tie that had been in my hand, and backs away. As our eyes clash, I see his eyes filled with burning lust and desire. I quickly pull off the t-shirt I've been wearing and because it belongs to Axton, it is two times my size that it reached just above my knees. Every second without Axton's touch is torturous, and I want more, need more.

My choice to undress had been the right one, because I see the excited grin appear on Axton's face as he steps closer to me, carefully running his hands over my naked skin. His hands are firm and warm, and he leans in to place a kiss on my collarbone before he pulls away once more.

"Okay, fine. But burn that?" I tell him, pointing to the letter still clutched in his hand.

"On the bed first!" he commands, and I raise a brow.

"You want it or not?" he asks and I roll my eyes but obey his command and crawl onto the bed. Folding my arms across my chest I rest my back against the soft sheets as I wait.

Axton sets the letter down and I go to reach for it when he crawls up after me with the tie in hand. He shoves me back. "Hands above your head,"

I do as he asks and feel the thrill running through every inch of my body, my heart frantically beating in my chest as he grips my hands, firmly tying my wrists together with the tie. He pulls at them to make sure the knot is strong enough and not loose enough for me to get out of unless I use my claws.

It is arousing to feel the fabric slightly dig into my skin like this, leaving me completely restrained.

As he lets go of me, I hear him let out a soft laugh as he once more runs his hands over my body then he leans forward and kisses me. He wanders lower and lower until one of his hands reaches between my legs, coating his fingers in my juices as he rubs them back and forth.

I tip my head backward, enjoying his teasing, staring at the ceiling with half-open eyes as pleasure courses through me, just a simple touch already riling me up to this extent, has my body aching with a frantic need to be touched.

“Now back to your letter,” Axton teases as he pushes two fingers inside of me, making me gasp at the sudden sensation of fullness. Axton thrusts right away, moving quickly as he thrusts upwards with skillful, hooked fingers.

"Are you listening?" yet my thoughts are focused on his fingers.

Pleasure rippling through me with every single thrust makes me writhe under his touch. Only he stops. “What?” I growl, annoyed.

“Just getting your attention.” he teases, eyes flashing.

He continues to move his fingers in and out of me, causing the slow buildup of pleasure to make me go insane as I feel my walls tighten around him. He is so good at this, using just the right pace as my breathing speeds up and becomes quick and shallow.

“Axton... ah.... Axton...”

“Are you listening?” he teases.

“Yes, yes! I swear if you stop I will--”

"Steal the damn toilet paper and put laxatives in my drink?" he asks.

"Wow, you just killed it with that sort of dirty talk!" I growl, then pout. Axton chuckles and I'm tempted to kick him in his handsome face when his fingers move inside me again.

My mind becomes quickly clouded, lust and desire consuming me completely as I try to buck my hips upwards to match the rhythm of his fingers, craving more.

“Hm, so wet for me.” he purrs, slipping his fingers out slowly.

“Ax,” I beg, spreading my legs even further as he continues to shove his fingers inside me.

As the word escapes my lips, I feel him pull them out of me. I groan at the sudden loss of friction, desperately needing more of it. But the complaints are short-lived.

Axton brushes his fingers up over my core, and I shudder a gasp of relief rushing out of me as I roll my hips to meet his hand. He pushes two fingers into me, his eyes watching me when he bends down to suck on my clit, and I hum with pleasure. Fuck, I could never get tired of him.

My breath is raspy in my throat, and my arousal is maddening. Axton adds a third finger making me writhe, and the ties around my wrist draw tighter as I slide against the sheets. He increases his pace, swirling wetly around my clit while his fingers thrust against my walls.

He angles his fingers up and sucks harder, and it is enough to tip me over the edge. My body stiffens, walls clamping around his fingers, and I cry out, riding out my orgasm.

Axton grunts as he pulls his fingers out of me, he then wipes his fingers on the bed sheets. My entire body is trembling and I'm out of breath, as I tug against the restraints.

I watch him unbuckle his pants and pull them down just enough to expose his cock.

He gives me a seductive grin and groans as he positions himself over me, rubbing his cock against my folds slowly, all to tease.

“You want my cock?” he purrs and I wiggle, if I wasn't tied right now, he would be sorry for teasing me.

With that, Axton finally pushes inside.

Slowly, so slowly that I'm about to go *insane* as I feel myself stretch around his thick length. "Fuck, Lena," Axton groans, sheathing himself inside me.

It almost sounds like a prayer, making me tighten up even more around him. He moves one of his hands upwards, grasping at my already tied wrists while he rests his other one on the mattress right next to my body to properly steady himself.

“Oh!” I gasp, when he pulls out thrusting back in, shoving me further up the bed with the force.

The pace is quick, his thrusts rough as he slams into me. I moan loudly as I feel myself tightening around him, my whole-body trembling as the heat builds.

“Fuck, I love your pussy...” Axton moans from above, pulling out almost completely before he pushes back inside just as roughly, making me scream. All I want to do is to wrap my arms around him and pull him to me. But I can’t, with my arms restrained.

"More," I breathe out, losing myself to his blissfully painful thrusts, Axton slams into me, harder.

Truthfully, I don't know what I'm begging for.

All I know is that I want more of it as I slowly feel myself dissolve under his touch. We move in sync, with me rocking my hips upward to the motion of his thrusts, making him delve into me even deeper.

It is so primal and intoxicating, it makes me unable to control myself as I needed more. It feels like I'm on the edge of my heat yet I know that is far off. He pants loudly, and I feel his rapid hot breath against me as he leans in closer, capturing my lips. “Please, Ax,” I mumble against his lips

“I know,” Axton growls.

He let go of the mattress with his hands and moves it to rest between us. He grazes his fingertips against me, never stopping his thrusting for a single moment. I whimper in anticipation. His thumb roughly presses down on my swollen clit as he starts circling the area—I lose it completely.

After just a few more seconds, I hit the edge and completely fell over.

“Axton...”

My screams echo through the bedroom as I hit my peak, feeling the ripples of pure fire run through me in rough, quick waves. My pussy squeezes around him while he keeps thrusting. Axton laughs, his lips slamming down mine, to muffle my cries. "Shh, the boys are sleeping next door," he chuckles. I don't get to answer as his hand falls over my mouth, the other hand gripping the headboard as he slams into me, harder, his thrusts brutal as he chases his own release.

He follows me over the edge half a minute later, moaning my name as I fall still beneath him when he curses, moving to rip himself out of me.

I lock my legs around his waist.

"Elena, unless you want more...fuck." he curses again and I feel his cock twitch inside me, Axton has been very clear about wanting more kids, angry with himself for missing the boys' birth, so I am not worried.

"It's fine," I breathe.

Now with the arousal out of our system, we look at each other trying to steady our breathing. My arms feel like jelly, and Axton brushes the backs of his fingers against my cheek.

"I love you," he whispers.

"I love you too," I breathe out. He pulls out of me and then unties my wrists.

"I wasn't too rough, was I?" he worries but I shake my head.

"I love it rough when it comes to you," I tell him as I sit up next to him, pressing my lips to his.

Axton pulls me on top of him, his arms slipping around my waist while his other hand trails up and down my spine and I yawn.

"No, sleeping. You promised to help me go over the pack files," he tells me. I yawn again, unable to stay awake and he chuckles.

"Looks like I'm going over them myself." he quips, pressing his lips to my forehead, and he sighs.