

Chapter 9 Love in the backseat of a car

Liana

My heart plunges into my shoes when I realize that I was caught red-handed for eavesdropping. I wonder what the punishment is for that. Maybe cutting off my ears? After everything Nina told me, I would not put it past this pack.

"I was here first," I say with false bravado as I come out of my hiding place. The last thing I want is for him to know that he scares me. "You invaded my privacy, not the other way around."

"You're rather cocky for a human," he smirks as he closes the distance between us, and my heart starts beating faster. "Especially if you keep in mind that you're a guest in my territory."

"I was only stating the obvious," I shrug nonchalantly and force myself not to step backward as he comes closer. "And I won't be a guest much longer. As soon as my business is in order, I will be out of here."

Axel walks towards me with a lustrous look in his eyes and instinctively I step back.

"I'm going home," I turn away from him. "Good night."

"Wait," he grabs my arm and holds me back. "I'll take you back."

"There's no need," I smile stiffly. "I can manage on my own."

"Liana," he whispers my name, and it mesmerizes me so that I cannot do anything but watch his face coming closer to mine.

The moment our lips touch, electricity surges through my body. I jerk away in surprise and stare at him. This did not happen the first time we met. But then again, I was drunk.

"What ... what was that?" My voice is a mere whisper.

"What was what?" The corners of his mouth tug into the slightest of smiles. He places his hands on my shoulders and slowly glides them down my arms until he intertwines our fingers.

"That ... that feeling," I stammer as I fight to focus.

"You mean this?" His voice is sultry as he moves in for another kiss and I wait in anticipation.

Common sense tells me to run away as fast as I can, but I am too curious to know if I will experience the same sensation when he kisses me again.

Fire ignites within me when he finally kisses me, and I sigh contently. I have never felt such an overwhelming sensation in my entire life. Bolts of energy rushes through me when he intensifies the kiss and I move closer to him. I have not even felt this alive when Wyatt kissed me, and he was my mate.

Axel releases my hands and I throw my arms around his neck. I do not want this kiss to end. All my grief and sorrow have completely evaporated and are replaced with joy. I do not want to return to the darkness of my feelings, I want to rejoice in this happiness.

"So pure," he murmurs against my lips but before I could question him what he means by it, he picks me up and starts carrying me.

"What the hell are you doing?" I ask as a slight panic takes control of my heart.

"Taking you to my car," he replies bluntly.

"But why?" I protest. "And I can walk, put me down."

"This is faster and I'm in a hurry," he explains as he puts me down and unlocks his black BMW X8 back door.

"In a hurry for what?" I still try to make sense of what is happening when he picks me up and places me in the backseat.

"For this," he climbs in and closes the door behind him before he captures my lips once more.

All my protests die as the electrifying sensations pulse through me. It is only a kiss; I justify as I snake my arms around his neck and straddle his lap. His arms go around my waist and he pulls me closer.

His touch is so soothing that I do not protest as he removes my jacket and starts unbuttoning my blouse. I shudder in delight when his fingers touch my naked stomach. His hands sensually move upwards, over my breasts to my shoulders and glide my blouse off.

I push closer to him as his hands roam my upper body. Everywhere he touches, sparks ignite. This is not fair; I decide and start tugging on his shirt. I also want to feel him.

Axel quickly pulls his shirt over his head, and I feast my eyes on his naked torso. Without planning on it, I lick my lips as I glide my hands over his pecks and six-pack. His muscles spasm slightly when I graze my nails over him, and I look at him in surprise. Do I really have such an effect on him? Does he feel the way I feel when we touch?

Without breaking eye contact, he unhooks my bra and tosses it aside. The warmth of his palms covering my breasts are so overwhelming that I gasp for air. I put my arms around his neck and press my breasts against his and I moan in exhilaration from the skin-to-skin contact.

He returns my kisses feverishly as his fingers dig into my hips and a hot rush jolts through me when he pulls me closer to his erection.

All my coherent thoughts and reasoning evaporates. All I need at this very moment is this man. I do not protest as he slips his hands into my tights and gently starts stroking me. I am not ashamed that he can feel how moist and ready I am for him.

The longer his fingers caress me, the more the urgency builds up in me to have more of him. Eagerly I undo his pants with trembling fingers.

I groan in protest when he removes his hand to lift my hips. Without waiting for instructions, I remove my tights and underwear while he removes his pants.

His eyes keep mine captivated as I reposition myself and lower myself onto him.

"Oh, dear heavens, yes," I moan as he licks me and my eyes close by themselves.

Axel places an arm around my lower back and another around my neck as he pulls my mouth to his. I kiss him deeply as he slowly starts moving in and out of me.

The world ceases to exist. All that I am aware of is Axel and what he is doing to my body. His hand moves in between us, and he starts pleasuring my clitoris as he thrusts harder and deeper into me.

A thin silver line of ecstasy pulls tighter and tighter inside of me until I cry out my orgasm. He keeps on thrusting until a deep growl escapes from his chest and he spasms against me.

Breathlessly and satiated I rest my head on his neck as our bodies return to normality.

Axel lifts my head and kisses me tenderly before I get off his lap and start getting dressed. I avoid eye contact with him at all costs. He must think I am a shameful woman, and I can not even blame him.

"What are you doing?" He asks as I open the door.

"Going home," I reply softly.

"I'll take you," he grunts, and I suddenly have the feeling that he is mad, but I do not know why.

"No need," I say quickly. "I must go to the pharmacy first."

"What for? Are you sick?" He asks brusquely.

"No, Axel, I need pills to counter our actions," I blush a little when I admit it. "Getting pregnant is not on my to-do list."

"I'm taking you," he says with authority, and I do not dare argue with him.

Silently I get into the passenger seat as he gets in behind the wheel. Neither of us says a word as he drives to the pharmacy and parks.

"Stay here," he orders. "I'll get it."

I keep my eyes on my hands in my lap as shame washes over me. What the hell is wrong with me? I could have told him I needed soap and a toothbrush. Why did I confess my true needs? Now I am sitting in his car like a charlatan.

I should be ashamed of myself and my actions, but truthfully, I am not. How can something that feels so good be bad? Not once in the seven years I have shared with Wyatt, did I feel the need for a man.

I have no idea what happened to my body tonight. I have never felt like this. Not even the first time I met Axel.

Axel opens his door and hands me a bag before he gets in.

"What's all this?" I frown as I take a peek.

"I didn't know what you use, so I bought one of each," he replies as he starts his car.

"Okay," I laugh softly as I search through the bag. "But all of these are useless. They are for before the deed, not after."

"If you had 'befores', you wouldn't need the 'afters'," he reasons.

"I know this is hard to believe, but I don't usually indulge in the pleasures of the flesh," I grunt indignantly as I nally get hold of a packet of morning-after pill. "Rest assured; this was the last time."

"Famous last words," he grins sourly.

"You know what?" I look at him angrily. "You can just drop me off here, I'll be home."

"No, I ..."

"Stop immediately," I say and open the passenger door.

"Are you insane?" He bellows as he comes to a screeching halt.

"Goodbye, Axel," I slam the door shut and walk away.