

Bad Love An Alpha's Regret by Elise Sinclair Chapter 4

Chapter 4

I round the last stairwell and bust her
bedroom door off the hinges.

"I own you."

She holds her ground in the middle of
her bedroom.

The walls are pink.

There is a pile of stuffed animals in a far corner. She hasn't bothered with them in
years-not even when she first came here-but she refuses to part with them.

The

ordered all those years ago when she
was presented as the 'only option for
peace.

2/12

There are no photos. No art.

But parts of Leah manage to invade the
space.

Hair ties are scattered on a dressing
table. And at least one or two are on
the floor. Her hair is an impossibly thick riot of curls that hang halfway down her
back. One of the ties is in her hand and
she plays with it. A nervous habit she's
never outgrown.

Workout clothes are piled in a hamper.

The sweat on them only heightens my
passion.

Books are everywhere.

3/12

On the bed. On the nightstand. In stacks
a dozen high on the floor.

"There is nowhere to go, Leah."

She squares off with me.

This isn't the first fight we've had.

Stubborn woman that she is, sometimes I think she provokes me just because she can, to see how far she can push.

No doubt, in her mind, seeing me lose control gives her a modicum of it.

But that will not happen again.

4/12

Not anymore.

I grab her arms and lift her off her feet.

I don't smell another male on her. I sure as f*ck sniffed her while we were in the library. If I did, I don't want to think of what I'd do.

To him.

To her.

I continue to hold her off the ground. She meets my level gaze.

5/12

Normally her legs would sling around my waist. She'd grind that hot p**sy of hers against my c**k and we'd be lucky to make it up off the floor.

After a long standoff, her eyes glisten. "Are you going to force me, Aaron?"

I search her face.

This is...not our usual script.

Always, I dominate. She fights, then yields. I pleasure her until she can't bear it any more.

Wash. And repeat.

See you next week.

Chapter 4

But this time... her eyes are cold. She's

aroused, yeah, I can smell it rising off

6/12

her skin and from the heat between her thighs, but she resents that.

If it's possible, today she resents me more than she ever has before.

This is no game between us right now.

It's more significant. And I don't know what's changed or why. I only know that I don't like it. Not one bit.

But I can change too. If life has taught me anything, it's to adapt.

And there is no f*cking way we're going

to leave things like this.

I lower her to the ground and gently draw her close.

"W-what are you doing?"

I smooth back her hair and kiss her forehead. Her eyes. Her cheeks. That too-lush mouth that invades my dreams. Instead of force...I cherish.

Instead of hard and fast, I go achingly slow.

I can honestly say that I've never made love to my wife before.

But I'm about to.

8/12

She sees the change in me and her whole body shudders. "Aaron, no-"

I catch her lips, my tongue tracing hers with a reverence I've never bothered to feign. My hands hold her in place. I kiss her face, her neck. The freckle on her forehead and the one on her shoulder.

She has two just like it behind her right
knee and another freckle on her left hip
I'll get to those too. But now, I worship
her breasts with my hands and use every
method I can to knock her off balance.
We've f*cked on most every surface in this room, but this time, I carry her to the
bed.

Her eyes have that glassy, captivated
glow she gets when she's ready. But
instead of a sultry smile or arching a
challenging brow, she looks...pensive.

9/12

Not mad or sad like before. But not
happy either.

I kiss her again, determined to wipe that
look off her face.

To banish...whatever foolish thoughts are
in her head.

"The door?" she whispers.

I laugh against her mouth and peel her
clothes off her body. "You should've

thought of that before you ran from me."

She swallows hard.

Then there's no more room for
conversation. Just my mouth and hands,
teeth and tongue, taking her over the
edge, once, then again, with steady
slowness.

Her body bows with pleasure. Clenching and pulsing around me. Her screams
fill the room, and no doubt travel all the
way down to the first floor.

She wanted to run from me.

Well, the whole pack can hear her now,
and know where she belongs.

I pour my seed into her and she comes
again.

When I finally draw back, she's sated. Her eyes glazed with wonder.
I've been too predictable with her, I
realize.

"Tell me where you went," I whisper.

Her heart is still hammering.

But as she slowly comes back to her
senses, she shakes her head and laughs
darkly. "No. Oh, and, Aaron, I want a
divorce..."

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