

The Alpha Chose Me Chapter 10

Jake Taylor was in my bed.

Why was Jake in my bed?

Glancing down at my hand a groan fell from my lips, bits and pieces started coming back to me. His kitchen and the way I acted, the nightclub. I punched him.

Then there was the car ride home, the things I said to him. Feeling my cheeks heat up I tried to stifle the giggle. I didn't want to wake him just yet.

"What you laughing at princess?"

Shit.

"Why are you in my bed?". I asked lifting the covers gently. I didn't have the clothes on that I wore last night.

"I think you'll find this is my bed". His voice was groggy and full of sleep. He wasn't under the covers and he was still fully clothed.

I was in his bed?

"Why am I in your bed?". Why didn't he take me home? my gran will be sick with worry. She was going to be so pissed that I didn't check in with her.

"You really don't remember?". Watching as he sat up I couldn't stop my eyes from wandering. Even first thing in the morning he was perfect.

"Did I do that to your face?" I asked sinking my teeth into my bottom lip. He had a nice little blue bruise under his right eye.

"You hit harder than most guys". He smirked. "You want some coffee?"

"I'll take that as a compliment". I grinned. "I really should be getting home. My gran will be really worried. I rarely stay out and when I do I always check in with her". I was rambling but I couldn't seem to stop.

"Your gran knows your here. Alanna covered for you. Now coffee how'd you like it?". Alanna had covered for me? The last time I saw Alanna I was pushing her off me. "Milk and 2 sugars. Could you bring me some water too, and maybe some pain killers".

"How much of last night do you remember?"

“Enough to know I won’t be drinking ever again. Although I feel fine just my hand that’s sore”. And maybe a little bit of my dignity trashed.

“Pain killers and coffee coming right up”. Winking at me he left the room closing the door quietly behind him. This morning was going better than I expected. I had a clear mind on what happened last night I just wasn’t telling him that. Every time I thought about it I could feel my face turning red.

I basically threw myself at him.

But then there was the part where he practically called me a whore. I wondered if he remembered that? I couldn’t remember ever seeing him with a drink in his hand last night.

Suddenly the door burst open. “I’m dying”. She groaned, pulling the covers back she got in beside me. “Never drinking again. My head is so sore”.

“How do you think I feel?”. Lifting up my hand we both started to laugh. “Next time remember me not to punch your brother. It was like hitting a brick wall. Felt good though”. I smirked.

“Why did you hit him?”. She asked a yawn escaping her mouth. “All I remember was you dancing, seriously where did you learn to dance like that? everyone in that club had their eyes on you. Anyway I saw a guy dancing with you and then Jake kinda lost it”.

“We were just dancing. The guy was gay”. Slipping my hand inside my bra I grinned when I pulled it out. “His number in case I want to go out dancing”.

“You’re that hot you even pulled a gay guy”. We both fell into fits of laughter again. “Last night was fun though”.

“It was but I won’t be doing that again anytime soon”. Just then Jake returned with 2 cups of coffee, his eyes fell onto Alanna.

Was he glaring at her?

“Which reminds me I have to pee and call Lacey. I’ll come back soon”. Did he just give her a signal to get out?.

“2 sugar and milk” Taking it from him I inhaled deeply. “And painkillers prescribed to you from the doctor”. Putting my coffee down I took the 4 pills and glass of water from him. It was like he was pushing for me to remember but he didn’t have to.

“I remember”. Swallowing the pills I chased them with some water. “I remember everything”. There was no point in hiding it. No matter how embarrassing it was. “That’s

not me Jake". And it wasn't I didn't just throw myself at anyone. I wasn't that kind of girl. But when I was around him it was like I had no self control.

"Think it's time you went home princess". My stomach dropped. Was that all he had to say? "Finish your coffee and I'll walk you home". As he closed the bedroom door I swallowed the lump that had appeared in the back of my throat.

Shaking it off I got myself out of bed. I had no idea where my clothes were but I noticed one of his jumpers at the end of the bed. Slipping it over my head I left the room and made my way downstairs. As I got to the last step I stopped when I heard voices.

"Is she here?". Was that his mom? "Have you told her yet?"

"Mom".

"Her scent is getting stronger Jake and you know what that means. Claim her before someone else comes and steals your mate".

What in gods name were they talking about.

"Times not-.."

"Hey honey". His mom clocked me first. Smiling at her I made my way into the kitchen. "How's your hand?"

"Better. I didn't mean to interrupt I'm just looking for my things before I head home". I also didn't have my phone or my purse.

"All washed and ready to go. Your phone and purse are in there too but I can't seem to find your shoes". Handing me the bag I took out my phone. It was still early.

"I think I know where they are". Still sitting on the side of the road outside that nightclub. Good job they weren't expensive. "Thank you for washing them. I'll maybe see you later".

"I'll walk you home".

"No you don't have to". I smiled. "I only live there".

As I walked through my front door my gran was already sat at the table having breakfast, reading the morning newspaper. Once she saw me she jumped up from her seat. "Leah honey are you okay? I was worried sick. Jake told me what happened". Pulling me in for a hug she squeezed tight.

"I'm okay just a little sore".

“No wonder. He told me you tripped. It’s they shoes Leah, I don’t even know how you can walk in them. Come sit I’ll make you some breakfast”.

He told her I fell?

“Just coffee gran. I really want a shower”. I wanted a shower, clean pyjamas and my own bed. “I’ll eat something once I’m out”.

“I’ll make it and bring it up. Now come here until I cover your hand. You can’t get that cast wet”.

A plastic bag?

“Really gran?”. I grinned looking down at my hand.

“It’s stop it from getting wet. Take your coffee and go get showered. I want to have a chat with you when you get out”.

Okay so showering wasn’t too bad and the plastic bag worked. With the towel wrapped around my body I exited my bathroom. I felt so much better already. Drying myself off I dropped my towel and pulled on my pjs.

It had only turned 10 so I still had the full day ahead of me. Hearing the knock on my door I frowned. When did she start to knock? “Gran you can come in no boobies are on show”. I laughed pulling open my door.

My face went scarlet.

Why was he in my house? more importantly why was he up the stairs.

“Gutted the boobies aren’t on show”. He smirked slipping past me. What was he doing? “Nice room”. It still wasn’t finished but it had what I needed. “Who’s the guy?”. He was looking at the photo’s stuck to my mirror.

“Why are you here?”. I asked.

“Shoes”. Dropping the bag on the floor he took a seat on the edge of my bed. “So who’s the guy?”. He asked again.

“Doesn’t matter. You need to leave my grans down stairs”. She wasn’t keen on boys being in my room. Even at the age of 18 she didn’t like it.

“Who do you think let me in?. Your gran loves me”. Showing me that devilish smirk that he had down to a tee I sunk my teeth into my bottom lip. This would be so much easier if he was ugly.

"Thanks for bringing my shoes back. I thought I left them on the side of the road". Lifting the bag I took them out. I should have left them, they were a mess. Putting them away in my wardrobe I turned to find he had made himself comfortable my TV remote in hand.

"Jake". I sighed.

"What, you got somewhere you need to be?". Turning on my TV he flicked it straight to football. That wasn't happening. I still found it strange that he was in my room sprawled out on my bed like he owned the place.

"Make yourself at home why don't you". I huffed just as my gran came in breakfast in hand. It smelled great.

"I made you some to Jake. I hope you like eggs". Oh I wanted to slap that smug look off his face so badly. Even my gran had taken a liking to him.

"Love eggs. Thanks Mrs Wilson".

"No thank you Jake for taking care of my Leah. Now if you need anything else just let me know. Leah I'll be heading out around 12. You want to come with?".

"Yeah I need to pick up some school stuff".

"Okay honey I'll leave you too it".

"Love eggs". I mimicked as soon as she closed the door. Taking a seat on my bed I took a plate and dug in. I could already feel him staring. "Stop watching me eat and eat your own".

"Still going to school with a broken hand?".

"Still sitting in my room uninvited?". I fired back causing him to laugh. "You're a feisty little thing but seriously what if you get hurt more?".

Shrugging my shoulders I put my plate on the floor and went to grab my coffee that he had already stole. "You're really starting to annoy me". As he passed it back to me I drank what was left. Moving up my bed I had managed to steal my remote back. "If your staying then it's reruns of the real house wife's".

He didn't moan.

"Beverly hills though that's the best". As he settled himself beside me I rolled my eyes and smiled. I wasn't getting rid of him as easy as I thought. I liked it, I secretly liked that he was here but the attraction I felt towards him was growing with every second that passed.

It felt right, he felt right.

Leaning my head against his shoulder he froze. "My room my rules if I want to lean my head against your shoulder then I get too". I wanted to be as close to him as I could get. I wanted to touch him.

"Lean away princess".

We had been watching the house wife's for a good hour yet I didn't have a clue what was going on. I couldn't concentrate. Him being here was distracting. He had no idea what he was doing to me. His smell was everywhere.

"Leah?".

"Hm?".

"What's wrong?". He asked turning his attention to me.

"Nothing". My eyes hadn't left the screen.

"Babe you frown when your thinking. Tell me what's going on?".

Did he just call me babe?

"I'm fine". I smiled finally looking at him. "I have to start getting ready so you have to leave". Turning off my TV I went to get up but he stopped me. "Jake". I warned.

"You feel it don't you?".

"Feel what?". I asked playing dumb.

"Don't play dumb". His voice was harsh.

"I don't know what you're talking about". I finally managed to get off my bed. I couldn't admit to what I was feeling or how he effected me. This was all becoming to much. I liked that he was here but until I understood why I felt so attached to him I wasn't acting on it.

"You just keep telling yourself that Leah". The way he said my name was like acid dripping off his tongue. He sounded so bitter. "I guess you don't remember everything from last night".

Hearing my room door slam shut I squeezed my eyes tight.

I'm pretty sure he already knew how I was feeling.

