

Elena: Chapter Eight

Elena

Oh my Goddess! Oh my Goddess! Oh my Goddess! If I knew that they couldn't hear me just outside of my door I would probably start hyperventilating. What the hell was Matthew doing here? Why did he come to my home? I jumped around my room, pulling on a shirt and a pair of shorts, then picking up all of the dirty clothes laying around my room.

I banged my knees on my bedside table and stubbed my toe on the leg of my bed.

"F*ck!" I whispered. I ran to my mirror on my dresser and brushed my hair quickly, grimacing at the knots. Damn it! Why didn't I brush my hair after my shower? It was everywhere and untamable.

Why did I even care? He had seen me worse when I would spend the night with Joss. I rolled my eyes and threw my bedroom door open. He practically took up almost all of the room in the hallway. His scent surrounded me like an embrace as he invited himself into my bedroom. When his chest brushed against my arm Mika nearly went feral with lust.

He's here! Our mate! He's here!

He looked amazing in his plain white t-shirt and jeans. His hair was still wet from a shower. He smelled so good. I stood at my bedroom door, trying to decide if I should shut the door or leave it open.

"Shut it," he ordered. He walked around my tiny bedroom, stopping to admire my science awards and certificates hanging on my walls. He circled to the other side of my bed and studied a corkboard where I had pictures of Jocelyn and I as pups until now.

I shut the door slowly and watched him run a finger over the edge of a picture of just me, not too long ago at our graduation. He looked around my room in interest then looked down at my un-made queen size bed.

He picked up the tank top I had been wearing to bed and held it up to his face. He inhaled it, his eyes closing and a sigh escaping his plump lips. He tucked my shirt in the back pocket of his jeans. I felt my face heat up.

I stood by my bedroom door, wringing my hands, nervous about him being in my space. "What are you doing here?" I nally asked him. I hated how high my voice sounded. I cleared my throat. He sat down at the edge of my bed by my bedside table and touched a couple of rings and my necklace I had gotten from my dad when I was little.

A small smile graced his perfect face as he held up a framed photo of Jocelyn and I one summer at my dad's lake house.

"Just to tell you that you're not going with Jocelyn to Wolf Ridge," he glanced up at me from the picture and raised his eyebrows at me, waiting for me to challenge him. I crossed my arms over my chest and shrugged.

"She asked me to go with her. I don't understand why I shouldn't be able to go."

He kicked his shoes off and laid down on my bed, his feet almost dangling off of the edge. A serene smile donned his face as he rested his hands behind his head. I could see him breathing heavily, relishing my scent. I could feel my body heat up thinking about how much he was enjoying it.

Mika was going nuts trying to make us move closer. Here's our chance. Let's get closer! He'll mate us for sure!

I shook my head, trying to dislodge that thought out of my head. Nope. No way. Off Limits!

"Because Little Wolf, I said no." He brought my blankets up to his nose and continued his snoring.

"But why? That's not an answer."

He opened his eyes and I was shocked to see that they were fully black, his wolf in control. I was glad that I hadn't listened to Mika. Bad things would have happened if we had been closer. I was sure of it.

"Little Wolf," he gruffed, " You are fated to me. You are not to leave these pack lands unless I say you can. Now stop being a coward and come sit." He patted the side on the bed where I usually sleep and quirked an eyebrow.

I chewed on my bottom lip, unsure of what to do. I didn't want to get too close. Yesterday, when he stroked my wrist, I couldn't stop thinking about it for the rest of the day. If I concentrated enough, I could still feel phantom tingles all along my wrist.

Jocelyn would never forgive me if anything happened

Who cares? Mika growled. He's ours. I walked to my bed and sat down, my anxiety on high alert. I could feel his warmth beside me. Mika whined pathetically for his touch.

"But Jocelyn wants me to help her search. Moral support. I don't see why I can't go if it helps with all of this " I pointed at him then at me . He still had his eyes closed so he clearly didn't see, but I was sure he knew what I meant.

"Elena," I shivered at the use of my name. " You are mine. What is mine stays with me. I can't let you go and risk you getting hurt. Now lay down," he demanded lightly.

I shook my head and stared down at my toes. " Jocelyn wouldn't like that you're here."

He shrugged his giant shoulders and pulled the back of my shirt.

"We're not doing anything wrong. I'm not touching you. Lay down." It frustrated me just how much he thought he could tell me what to do. I mean, I know he's the Alpha's son, but he's a little pushy.

I laid back, my arm tucked up against his side. Where we were touching felt like constant tingles. I swallowed hard. His scent was so strong . I felt like nosing him like he had nosed all of my belongings. Jocelyn would have a conniption if she could see what we were doing now. Mika was purring at the contact.

"I don't belong to you. I won't ever belong to you. Jocelyn is yours."

"No. Jocelyn is my girlfriend but you're my intended mate. Even if you're not marked yet, you still belong to me. If anything happens to Jocelyn...I'd be upset, yeah, but it wouldn't affect me as much as if anything happened to you."

Yet. He intended on marking me? I turned onto my side, and propped my head on my hand, facing him. He smiled at me. My stomach burst with butterflies. It was one of the rst times I had seen him so relaxed since I came home. No... scratch that, since we'd met a couple of years ago when I had visited Jocelyn at the pack house and she introduced me to him.

He always had a stern look to his face. He always wore a crown and only smiled when he was around Jocelyn. But even then, his face was never truly relaxed. Not until now.

"You can't care about someone you hardly know."

He turned onto his side, his hand resting in between us. My hand on my hip twitched. I wanted to hold it.

"Don't you feel it, Elena? Don't tell me you don't because I know you do. We know nothing about each other but you still want me, right? You think of me all day everyday since we have met. You can't stop thinking about my scent or how it feels when I touch you." He slid his hand down and took my hand from my hip and held it in his, intertwining our fingers.

My heart raced and I closed my eyes. Yes, I wanted him. Yes, I couldn't stop thinking about him. And feeling his touch now made everything inside of me feel complete. This felt right. It shouldn't because he's with someone. Jocelyn. My best friend. Her boyfriend. Not mine.

"I feel it, but...when Jocelyn rejects her mate, you'll reject me. There won't be any marking or mating. You won't feel all of this anymore."

He rolled his gorgeous blue eyes and shook his head.

"Jocelyn won't reject her mate."

"How do you know that?"

"Because...I can't reject you." I furrowed my eyebrows at him, confused.

"Why not?"

He lifted his hand with my hand and smoothed a finger over my forehead, pushing a stray hair out of my eyes. I closed my eyes, relishing his touch.

"Tell me right now, how hard is it for you to stay away from me? Like, physically, how do you make yourself stay away?"

I could drown in his eyes. The way he was looking at me and touching me was frying my brain completely. I could understand why Jocelyn would ght to keep him. I wanted to look away because all of this was supposed to feel wrong but it didn't. I could gaze into his eyes for the rest of our lives and never tire of it.

"Hard," I whispered.

"Jocelyn isn't strong. She won't be able to resist it. Hell," he chuckled, " I can't resist it. How bad is it for you?"

My throat clogged up and I could feel the tears start to crowd the corners of my eyes.

"I run every night until I'm too tired so that I don't think about going to the pack house." He left my hand and caressed my face, running his thumb over my bottom lip. I felt electricity shoot down my body straight to my core.

He inhaled deeply, his eyes turning black again. He squeezed his eyes shut tightly and shook his head.

"F*ck," he groaned . He laid back onto his back taking his hand from my face , leaving me feeling empty. "I love Jocelyn," he whispered , " But it's fading every day since I found you. I don't know how to explain it to her so that she knows that it's not our fault ."

"She won't listen until she finds her own. Which is why I need to go with her. If I'm away from the pack, it will make it easier for us. We don't have the worry about doing anything we would both regret if Jocelyn does reject her mate. "

He stared up at my ceiling and sighed heavily.

"You're right."

I grinned. "What?;You're agreeing with me again? For the second time this week?" I poked him in his side and he grinned at me, staring at my face. He caressed my cheek again and seemed to search my face.

"If she neds her mate and rejects him, I'm not sure I'll be able to do the same," he admitted.

"I've been thinking and maybe there's a less painful way to reject me. Like, maybe so I won't die."

"How?"

"Well...you're still active with Joss, correct?"

"Active?"

"Like...sex. Kissing. Stuff like that." Mika growled, thinking about him just hugging her. My cheeks burned at just mentioning it.

"Why do you ask," he asked, ignoring my question. He seemed uncomfortable.

"Well ...you could mark her. You know, like a chosen mate type of deal. You won't reject me in person. Maybe it won't be so bad." I shrugged trying to make it seem like I was okay with my idea. I had tried finding something on it in my research, but always came up with nothing.

I couldn't find any actual records of a mate being rejected in that manner, but there had to be something.

"It doesn't matter. She should still find her mate before anything else," he sat up and I scrambled up as well. "So, I guess you and Jocelyn leave tomorrow and stay at Wolf Ridge for a couple of days, then move on to Jocelyn and so on until she neds him."

"What if he's not of age yet? How long are we going to wait? That's why I came up with Plan B."

"Plan B won't work." He stood up and pulled on his shoes quickly. He walked back around my room , his face going back to it's usual stern self.

"Well...why not?"

"You'll still be here. What if it does nothing to make me want you less?"

"Well because you'll be more connected to Jocelyn. Even if we still have a little bit of a connection, you won't be as potent as it is now. It'll break that connection in between us just enough for you to be with Jocelyn."

"It won't work, Elena," he growled shaking his head.

"You keep saying that, but we really don't know, until you just do it "

"It won't work because we're not having sex." he ran a hand through his dark hair and gave me a tight lipped smile.

"Why not?" I asked. Mika was elated. I also had to admit that I was relieved to hear him say that too.

"I don't know, Elena. Maybe it's because my stomach turns every time she kisses me. Or it could also be because since you came back, my d*ck won't work for sh*t unless I think of or smell you." I could feel his anger in my own body, mixed with a twinge of embarrassment. Our bond was getting stronger.

He couldn't have s*x with her!

Ha! Serves her right! He belongs to us!

"I-Okay. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you mad."

"No!" he said quickly, walking over to me. "You didn't make me mad. It's just...everything going on." He rested a hand on my shoulder then brushed his finger over my neck, right where he would mark me if that were even possible.

My arousal rose up at his touch and he shut his eyes again. I knew he could smell it on me.

"Honestly, Elena, you are driving me crazy " he growled. He leaned his face down and nuzzled my neck. I shivered and felt my n****s harden and my p*ssy get with with anticipation. His warm breath on my neck made me moan and then he backed away quickly.

"F*ck! F*ck! Okay, I have to go. Call me before you leave. I want updates!" He ran off, leaving me feeling hot and empty.

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