

Her Forbidden Alpha by Moonlight Muse Chapter 15

Chapter 15 You' re Mine

Scarlett had just showered, moisturised and finished blow-drying her hair when Elijah returned. Her heart skipped a beat seeing him stood there. She could still smell their earlier antics on him, not missing how his eyes ran over her.

Wearing an oversized off-shoulder top with princess Mulan on it and black leggings, she looked good he thought. He didn't miss the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra, the thought only making his dick throb. Her smooth creamy skin was on show and the marks he had left were already beginning to fade slightly, by tomorrow afternoon they would probably be fully gone he thought. He liked his mark on her...

"You were quick."

"Luckily there was a chip shop around the corner and they were about to shut shop but I persuaded them to take my order." He said giving her a smirk, he placed the paper bags on the bed next to her.

"Perfect timing, or were you just abusing your alpha power?" She said rubbing her stomach, only making his attention go to her breasts.

"Either way you got your chips. Start eating I'll be out soon." He said wanting to kiss her sore looking lips, he usually never cared for stuff like that unless it led to sex. Not waiting for a reply he left the room, leaving Scarlett a little confused. She shook her head, pushing the thought aside and opened the bags, her stomach rumbling loudly...

Elijah showered quickly, forgetting to get his own toiletries he just used hers. The image of her on her knees in front of him, his dick in her mouth

flashed through his mind. He groaned – fuck. He had thought he'd be a little satisfied once he had a taste of her but it just seemed to have made him fucking hornier.

Washing quickly he stepped out of the shower, wrapping a towel around his waist. He had not even brought his clothes in. He wiped the steam from the mirror, looking at his reflection. His gaze falling to the deep red marks on his neck, leaning closer he inspected the scratches. They were as fresh as if he had just gotten them. They should have been gone by now... He was an alpha and they were not even that deep – why weren't they healing quickly? Remembering what happened to Hank, he grew curious. There was something different about Scarlett – her wolf size, the unique colour, her strength and now this.

He re-entered the bedroom seeing Scarlett had arranged the food on a plastic bag on one of the beds. She wasn't eating, clearly waiting for him and browsing the TV. Her eyes shifted to him, trailing over his body. Her core throbbed as she saw the water trickle down into the towel that hung dangerously low on his hips. She licked her lips without realising, making Elijah growl.

“Don't.” He said warningly.

“Don't what?” She asked raising an arched eyebrow.

“Don't lick your lips or I'll put them to good use...” He murmured coming and sitting on the bed, her eyes widened as she stared at him.

“Aren't you going to get dressed?” She asked, thinking how was she supposed to focus if he was sat there with just a towel on...

“Why does it bother you?” He teased mockingly. “Just admit it, I am the sexiest man you've ever seen”

“You mean the most annoyingly cocky guy? Yeah.” Scarlett replied, refusing to help inflate his already huge ego.

“One you find completely sexy right?” He said. She rolled her eyes in reply. He watched her unwrap her fish and chips and began eating, a soft moan of satisfaction leaving her lips when she bit into a chip.

“Goddess I’m starved.” She groaned, licking the salt and vinegar off her finger. Not even noticing that Elijah was watching her, wondering how he never really noticed some stuff about her. Her ears were pierced several times including her tragus on her right ear, which he could see from where he sat. She had dimples when she smiled, her lashes were long and her face was pretty expressive.

He smiled slightly as he too began eating, having bought himself a chicken fillet burger and chips.

“So, when is your Alpha initiation ceremony?” She asked, turning her gorgeous green eyes on him but trying not to stare at his sexy body. Elijah frowned deeply.

“Dads delaying it... it should have been finalised by now but he was avoiding the conversation.” He said, his voice cold. Scarlett looked up, sensing the anger and his alpha aura radiating off him in waves.

“Hey... he probably has a reason.” She said placing a hand on his shoulder, trying not to focus on his sexy body. She looked into his stormy eyes, his frown simply deepening.

“It’s an insult as if I’m not worthy of being a fucking alpha...” He said coldly.

“You will be an amazing alpha, I don’t really want to make you any more big-headed than you already are but you clearly care for your pack,

you're mature, fair and you know what's best for the pack. All your missing is your Luna..." She trailed off, a pang of hurt crossing her chest. Her heart raced and she removed her hand looking down at her food.

Elijah didn't miss the change in her heartbeat but didn't comment on it. "Yeah that's exactly his fucking reason... a fucking Luna won't make me a better alpha. I don't need a mate and neither do I believe in love." He said.

Scarlett looked at him, she did not agree with him. "That's not actually true... Dad isn't wrong... You need a Luna. You may not realise it now, but she will be an important part of your life... You say you don't believe in love Elijah but I'm sure when your mate is before you, you'll fall unconditionally in love with her." She smiled, her emotions hidden behind a perfect mask. Hiding the pain of imagining Elijah leaving her suddenly for his mate, she gulped down some orange juice wanting to distract herself from her thoughts.

Elijah only felt more pissed, the way she was totally ok with him finding his fucking mate... It was clear she did not really give a fuck about him. Just thinking about her with a mate of her own, pissed him off entirely. He had only just got her and he wanted to enjoy the time with her for as long as possible

"Are you looking forward to finding yours?" He asked coldly.

She looked at him and nodded.

"Yes... because I'm sure he'll love me... Although my father was an awful mate to my mother. Most mates are great, look at Aaron and Monica, Aunty Adeline and Uncle Damien, Jacob and Nick... they're perfect..." She said smiling softly, looking into his eyes. "I'm sure the moon goddess will give me a mate who will complete me in every way." Elijah's frown only deepened, her speaking lovingly about some fucking

guy that she hadn't even met yet only further angered him. He wasn't sure if it was because of their strong difference of opinion or what, but his rage only flared up into a burning inferno within him. He leaned over grabbing her by the neck, sending a rush of pleasure to her core.

“Well... until the shit show turns up, you're mine. I'll fuck you so good, that when you do fuck him... you'll be thinking about me.” He said in a rough whisper.

Scarlett frowned despite the ache that was throbbing within her, she looked into his eyes that were flickering from cerulean to cobalt

“I'll let you know if I do, although I don't think anyone can do me better than my mate.” She shot back, Elijah growled kissing her roughly. She gasped not expecting him to. He took the chance to slip his tongue into her mouth, pushing her back on the bed and leaning over her.

He kissed her harder, fuelled by his emotions – passion, anger, possessiveness... For now, she was his and he did not appreciate her talking about someone else. She pressed at his chest trying to push him off, her own body betraying her as she moaned against his lips. She felt his hard-on against her core through his towel, that she feared my drop any moment. Her eyes flew open, trying to get the pissed off alpha off her she bit into his lip. Hard. Tasting blood but it did the job.

“Fuck Red.” He growled, breaking away and breathing heavily whilst sitting back on the other bed.

“Fuck you, what the hell was that!” She said, Elijah licked his lip smirking arrogantly.

“You're turned on, so you tell me.”

“Don’t act so impulsively...” She said glaring at him. Her eyes fell to his neck, spotting the red scratches from earlier and her anger decreased. She got off the bed. “What happened to your...?” She trailed off realising it must have been her. She looked away, it was not the first time she had hurt someone and they had not healed.

“Guess you like to leave a lasting mark.” He said, even his lip wasn’t healing. She looked into his eyes wondering if he thought she was a freak too. But she did not care, she was not about to change for anyone.

“Your lip won’t heal... I would say sorry but you deserved it.” She said bending down to examine it. Her soft green orbs meeting his deep blue one’s.

“Maybe I did... but you could at least give me a kiss to make up for it?” He said seductively, his hands going to her hips and he tugged her into his lap. Once again, she found herself straddling him. A soft sigh escaping her lips feeling his dick pressing against her core.

“One kiss and then bed.” She said firmly, using all her willpower to not start grinding on him.

“Make it a good one.” He murmured, his hands slipping under her top stroking her hips. She looked into his eyes, her heart hammering. Leaning towards him her lips met his softly, a strange emotion ran through Elijah as he closed his eyes kissing her back. Something about these soft kisses they shared confused him, yet he enjoyed them...

Their lips moved in sync as if performing a sensual dance, neither fought for control, both simply enjoying the soft touch of the other. Scarlett sighed softly moving back, the honeyed taste of his mouth lingering, the feel of his plush lips still tingled on hers. Her heart was pounding, she

got off his lap slowly. Elijah let her, his eyes holding hers, his head feeling a little light. The effect she had on him was mind-blowing...

“Good enough?” She asked, trying to lighten the odd mood that had settled.

“You can say that.” He said, her gaze flickered to the obvious tent formed in his towel. Blushing lightly she turned her back to him, gathering up the rubbish. Elijah simply leaned back on his hands, his eyes fixed on her ass. Oh, he couldn’t wait to fuck her... and something told him, that day was going to be soon...

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Once she was done she went to brush her teeth, relieved to see he had put some pants on when she had returned. Getting into bed she switched the lights off, staring at the ceiling very aware of how close he was on the other bed.

“Are you ready, to see him tomorrow?” He asked after a moment. Her heart thudded, remembering the traumatic experiences at her father’s hand. A shudder ran through her body, glad Elijah could not see her from under her blanket. She could see his body outlined from where he lay on top of his sheets, her eyes dipping to the front of his pants. Feeling herself throb she looked away thinking she was worse than he was. Sighing she pondered on what he just asked her.

“I don’t think I’ll ever be ready... but I got this, I’m not a child he can hurt anymore.” She said quietly.

“And I’ll be right there, no ones going to touch you.” He said. She did not reply, silently appreciating his comment. Despite being strong it was good to know you have someone in your corner...

She fell asleep first, although it was a restless slumber, tossing and turning, memories of long ago plaguing her dreams. Elijah turned to look at the agitated woman a mere foot and a half away from him.

He himself could not sleep, not with her scent invading his senses. He propped himself up on his elbow, watching her. Her hair fell in front of her face, a frown creasing her brow as she stirred in her sleep, he leaned over brushing her hair out of her face.

His gaze falling to those plump lips of hers. She really was gorgeous, even without a speck of make-up. She was a natural beauty and he did not only mean her face... His gaze fell to her mounds, the clingy fabric of her top shaping them perfectly.

“Fuck...” He muttered, getting off the bed. He pushed his towards hers, closing the small gap between them. A smirk played on his lips when he got back on the bed and slowly tugged her onto his side, she stirred and he simply stroked her hair until she relaxed once again. Pulling her against his chest he kissed the top of her head, inhaling her light floral scent. Hoping she would at least sleep better in his arms.

Satisfied when she snuggled against him, feeling the painful hard-on he had just about got rid of, sprang back into action. This was getting fucking embarrassing... he thought. He might need to switch to baggy track pants and oversized hoodies... Resting his head on top of hers, he tried not to focus on the way her delicious curves were pressed against him and instead on the sweet scent of her freshly shampooed hair.

He never slept with women he fucked, unless he was completely drunk. Preferring to kick them out or leave himself right after he had got what he wanted. But with Scarlett it was different. With these thoughts swimming in his head, he fell asleep soon after...