

Chapter18 The Pain of Betrayal

“Come join us.” The same woman spoke, her tongue running along her plump lips. All three were beautiful that was for sure, their curvaceous bodies, smooth skin, each a different shade that looked enticing as they rubbed their breasts against each other and kissed erotically.

But for the first time in Elijah’s life, he averted his gaze feeling repulsed. Simply looking at them felt like a betrayal to Scarlett.

The thought of his gorgeous creamy skinned doll, the haze seemed to clear a little and he knew he needed to get out. He turned, pulling at the door, growling when he realised it was locked. He hissed realising the entire thing was made from fucking silver.

“Open this fucking door!” He growled knowing someone must be outside. He tensed feeling a pair of hands run down his chest, he turned growling at the woman who dared to touch him. His vision swaying slightly, the drug that had been burned in the room was getting to him.

“Don’t fucking touch me!” He growled, the woman smiled running her hands down his chest and abs ignoring him. Crouching sexily in front of him she began working on the zipper on his pants. Elijah pushed her away, although for a moment he was envisioning Scarlett in front of him, he knew it was the effect of the drugs, he needed to get out of here fast before he did something he would regret.

‘Elijah, what did he want?’ Scarlett’s voice came in his head. He closed his eyes as he punched the door, only making a dent, his own hand sizzling from the burns.

He glared at the woman, letting his alpha aura roll off him and satisfied when the woman paled a little.

‘Elijah?!’ Scarlett’s voice came through the link again, worry clear in her gorgeous voice. He tried to reply but his mind felt too hazy. His wolf was restless too, he could feel his emotion as if it were a second presence in his head, well it was. He staggered to the window pulling the curtain back, cursing when he realised it was covered in silver bars.

Looking around he scanned the room, his eyes focusing on the wall near the door. About to walk to it, the three women came towards him. He swore thinking what the fuck was this, they dragged him to the bed, they were strong and he wondered why the drug wasn’t affecting them the way it did him?

Even when his back hit the bed and one of the three climbed on top of him, another working on his pants, he still had enough energy to push them off – until he felt a stinging in his arm. The third had injected him with something, he felt the instant rush to his dick, feeling it harden.

“What the fuck is this bullshit?” He growled grabbing the one on top of him by the neck when she leaned in for a kiss. “I said I’m not fucking interested!”

It was at that moment the door slammed open, to reveal a breathless Scarlett. The worry on her face changed to shock as she took in the scene.

Elijah on his back on the bed holding a woman by the neck, a second already unzipping his pants... the third laying next to him.

Pain engulfed her, sending sharp shooting pains through her chest. Feeling suffocated her hand went to her throat, as she staggered back, her eyes falling to the hardened bulge in his pants.

Elijah's eyes met hers, relief flooding him until he realised she had misunderstood the situation. His stomach sank, the raw pain that shone in her glittering eyes sent agony through him, he did not want her to feel that way. Not because of him.

“Scarlett... listen to me... don't-!” He could not finish his sentence, when she turned shutting the door after her. Elijah growled at the women pushing them off him. One of them tried to pin him down and Elijah threw her off him so she hit the far wall, a scream of pain leaving her lips. Not caring if he had hurt her or not he rushed from the room, he needed to get to Scarlett.

He tried to mind link her but his head felt heavy and he could not make the connection. Growling he let his nose lead him, moving faster, he needed to get to her before everything fell through...

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Scarlett struggled to contain her emotions. The pain and hurt she felt seeing Elijah in such a position was stronger than anything she had ever felt before. She ran through the halls, her heart thundering. Why did she even agree to this relationship thing with him knowing she had feelings for him to begin with? For him it was different. It was obvious she would never be enough for him. He had always been a player, having countless women, then how did she even believe that one woman could satisfy him?

She entered the room they had been given, slamming the door behind her and walked to the mirror staring at her reflection. She was pretty but

there were plenty of pretty women around. Maybe she was not enough for him... She looked at herself disgusted.

Since when did a man's opinion make her doubt her self-worth? She punched the mirror shattering it to pieces. She was not a fucking toy to satisfy men, to let herself drown in self-pity that she was not good enough. To hell with that, she was good enough, she would not let one man's action define her self-value. The only reason he probably even wanted her was because she was a woman he could not have. As his stepsister, she was automatically off-limits. Maybe it was that idea of attaining something that was forbidden that made him want her.

'You're a fool Scarlett.' She told herself, she could even feel her wolf's pain. She frowned, since when had her wolf even got attached? Didn't wolves only care when they met their mates? Well, whatever the reason, Scarlett was disappointed in herself for hurting her wolf as well.

She was a pro at hiding her pain and emotions. This would only be another knife wound in a pool of endless pain. Closing her eyes, she clenched her bleeding fist, welcoming the physical pain, it was easier to bear than the one that was hacking at her chest.

No man would break her. Not now. Not ever.

She walked to the bathroom to rinse the glass and blood from her fist. Her eyes stung a little but she refused to allow herself to cry. She opened the tap placing her hand under the running water, her vision blurred a little as the red ran into pink but she remained strong.

Even when she heard the bedroom door burst open she simply looked in the mirror, her face in its usual expression. She heard him swear before he ran into the bathroom, his eyes filled with worry and concern.

‘Worry he lost his precious little plaything’ Scarlett thought with contempt, she raised an eyebrow.

“Already done?” She asked casually.

Elijah looked at her, his worry and concern now joined by uneasiness. Why was she so calm?

“It wasn’t what it looked like; Scarlett Zidane set me up—”

“Elijah, it’s ok, chill.” She said turning away from the sink, there was still a few shards of glass she needed to pick out...

“Scarlett please... let me explain.” Elijah said stepping closer to her. Scarlett looked into his eyes, the pain she was trying to bury still hurt but she refused to let it reach her eyes.

“Fine you can explain whilst I get these glass shards out.” She said casually, she did not want to hear his excuses, he always had them ready. Did nothing really happen between him and Fiona as he had said? She was not too sure anymore.

Elijah’s heart thudded in his chest, her casual attitude hurt, did she really not care? Had he imagined the hurt and betrayal in her eyes when she saw him?

She walked past him, her eyes flickering to the obvious tent in his pants, scoffing quietly. What a dick. She walked to the bed and sat down, focusing on her hand as she began picking out the glass. Elijah was in front of her instantly, about to take her hand.

“Let me?”

“Ew no, not sure where your hands have been, I’m ok.” She said knowing she sounds harsh but did not care.

“Red...” He said, her words hurt. He cupped her face, forcing her to look at him. “I didn’t touch them...”

“It’s ok like I said, maybe it was for the best it happened now before we took it further, I think we should end the stupid deal we made anyway. I’m no longer interested.” She said, her words sliced him like a silver knife to the chest. Why did it hurt so much?

“I was set up, I was trying to get them off me, please don’t shut me out Red, I...” He trailed off, shock hitting him. What had he been about to say? The unspoken words rang loud in his head. He could feel the anguish of his wolf within him too. He let go of her face, those green eyes that could be so expressive were now empty glass... She looked away picking out the glass, he placed a hand on her knee.

“He’s trying to separate us.” He said hating that he sounded so useless. When had he, a fucking alpha, become this pathetic state of a man? And worse he did not care, he did not care that he had to swallow his pride, for her he would.

“He hasn’t succeeded though, we’re here being civil and we will see this through.” She said lightly. “There, all done.”

She raised her hand watching the tiny cuts all begin to heal. She gave a small smirk; one he was too familiar with.

“Don’t shut me out Red...” He said softly, his husky voice pleading, the feeling in his chest was getting worse, he had never felt fear before. But now... he was terrified he was losing her before he even had her.

He was on his knees by the bed, the drugs he had inhaled were clearing up despite his erection that refused to go down thanks to whatever they injected him with, although he was in no mood for sex.

“I’m not, chill Elijah. So here’s the plan-” She was cut off when he cupped her face, claiming her lips in a soft passionate kiss. If he could not get through to her by words then he would show her physically. He wanted her to understand his feelings for her. The fresh sweet taste of her mouth was perfect, his lips caressed hers sensually, trying to express his worry, concern and regret through it. To show her only she mattered to him, but she didn’t kiss him back.

It took her a moment to recover from the shock, another stabbing shot of pain searing her heart. How much was he going to hurt her? Her wolf wanted to believe him, she could sense it, but she did not agree to that. She pulled away roughly, anger flaring inside of her and she backhanded him hard across the face, making his head brutally snap to the side.

His eyes flashed with anger and hurt, looking into her simmering green ones. The pain from her refusal outweighed the pain of her slap.

“I said. The. Deal. Is. Off. Don’t ever try to fucking kiss me again.” She hissed venomously. “You are my future alpha, so I will try to respect you as long as you do not cross the line...”

Elijah did not speak, sadness washed over him, it did not work. It was not enough, were his feelings not enough? Did she really not feel anything?

A knock on the door interrupted them and Scarlett stood up to get it, her heart thundering in her chest...

“Alpha, Scarlett got there before the plan could go through.” Alaric said bowing his head to Zidane who sat in his dark office. The curtains were drawn, oh how he hated the sunshine. The only light in the room came from the chandelier that hung from the ceiling. The walls were dark brown panels, the floor covered in a black carpet. Only adding to the darkness of the room, the furniture was all made out of dark brown wood as well.

The alpha was sat upon his leather chair as if it was a throne. Leaning against the left armrest, a cold smirk on his face, one that did not reach his eyes. His chilling aura rolling off him in waves.

“Oh, it worked... it worked well enough...” Zidane said.

“Alpha, are you-” Alaric was cut off, his entire body slammed against the wall, his Alpha’s hand around his throat.

“Never. Question. Me.” He hissed. Before Alaric could even reply his head was ripped off his body, blood splattering the walls, the floor and Zidane’s white suit. The Alpha let the body fall to the floor, kicking it roughly. He wiped his bloody hands on his jacket, the smell of metallic blood strong in the air.

“She may have been gone for 8 years, but I know exactly how to get to her.” He murmured, a cruel smile crossed his lips. He would break her strong resolve, did she really think she was powerful enough to face him? What a foolish mistake... and once she pushed the alpha away on her own accord... she would be his to destroy, to control and to use...

Zidane walked to his seat, unbothered that the dead body of one of his men lay there, as he simply rocked his chair side to side...

Her Forbidden Alpha by Moonlight Muse Chapter 19

Chapter19 The Pack Rejects

The Desert Storm pack lands were huge, dense forestry surrounded most of the borders. The patrol was heavy and the wolves all looked rough, most had some sort of scars on their bodies as they walked around shirtless.

The packhouse was a stunning building, second only to the Alpha's mansion. The training ground was also huge, sectioned into different areas and it was full of wolves of all ages, training according to their levels. Where Elijah's pack encourage pups to start to train from as young as 6 years of age it was not mandatory, here it seemed that it was compulsory as soon as the pup could talk and walk.

Scarlett watched the little 3 and 4-year-olds do their training. They were made to lift heavy weights and carry them across the field, if any of them stopped or dropped it they had to restart. Many were silently crying but fear had been instilled in them, none daring to utter a sound. She felt a wave of sadness wash over her, thinking how brutal Zidane was, even thinking of him as 'her father' now made her sick.

Elijah's eyes rarely left Scarlett, for the last 20 minutes she had been almost blanking him, from the moment Cade came to their room. But he was not going to back down so easily, not until he had explained his point. Something about her rejection had upset his wolf too, he could feel him brooding within his mind. He wished he could talk to him, like how it was said in books where the wolves had a voice of their own, it sure would make things easier. It confused him a little too, his wolf never cared for any of his fucks.

Cade looked between the two, it seemed the Alpha's plan worked. He could see the tension between them as they walked with him out to the pack grounds, the Alpha's order was to show them the entire pack... He knew the reason, to show Scarlett the twisted rules of this pack so it would guilt-trip her into wanting to help them. Her father would use that against her and take control of her.

Cade himself actually didn't mind, if it meant keeping Scarlett close, she had grown into a fine thing after all...

"What is this?" Scarlett asked stopping near a large building that looked as if it was about to fall apart. The gaps in the roof were covered with planks of wood, several windows were broken and there were two large cracks in the architecture of the building.

"Where the trash of the pack lives." Cade said, feeling a sliver of pain despite the words that left his mouth.

"Meaning?" Scarlett asked her green eyes cold.

"Omegas and those who aren't good enough and are demoted to omegas, and other low lives." Cade said shrugging. Scarlett and Elijah both frowned seeing a six-year-old girl step out of the doors, holding a bucket.

"Why is a child there? Shouldn't she be training?" She asked, "or at school?"

"Omega children aren't allowed to train and neither are discarded trash like her." Cade said. Scarlett's eyes flashed silver and she growled at Cade. He frowned sensing the strong waves of power that rolled off her.

"Red..." Elijah warned, walking over to her he placed a hand on her back. 'Don't show your power' he mind-linked.

She cast him a dirty look before calming down but the damage had already been done, Cade's eyes were sparked with curiosity. Was there something about Scarlett that Zidane knew of? A reason he was hell-bent on finding her when for years he had thought they were dead?

"They're children born of rape." Cade said shrugging. "Some are killed and some are left here if their mother is compassionate enough."

"Why the fuck does that sound like it's fucking common?" Elijah growled.

"It is, as werewolves we have an extremely high libido, sometimes if our mates aren't around or what not we will fuck other she-wolves but of course we don't want the kids." Cade said. "So it's simple—"

A loud menacing growl tore through the air and the next thing Elijah saw was Scarlett pinning Cade to the nearest wall.

"I never want to hear you talk like that again." She hissed menacingly, her Alpha aura rolling off her in waves.

"Y-yes Alpha..." Cade said his face pale, the weight of her command hitting him hard. He lowered his eyes in respect and Scarlett let go of him, kicking him hard.

"This place is fucking messed up." She said running a hand through her hair. Elijah frowned, it was but each pack had its own laws. There was no supreme rule that bound anyone, it was on the Alpha who was the supreme king... He glanced around hoping no one saw what had taken place, swearing inwardly when he saw the claw marks around Cade's neck.

'Fuck Red, you scratched him!' He growled through the mind link.

‘I don’t give a fuck, he deserved it.’ She shot back.

‘I know but your ability is out too...’ Elijah said, not liking how this was going. She didn’t reply, simply walking to the entrance of the battered building.

Cade stood up massaging his neck, the stinging was still there and although she had only scratched him, he was not healing.

‘Leave them to look around... come to my office now.’ Zidane’s icy voice echoed in his mind.

‘Yes Alpha.’ He replied before looking at Elijah.

“You’re free to roam around on your own, I have work to attend to.”

“Hmm, one thing before you go Cade. I know you would want to report that to the Alpha, but I wouldn’t if I were you.” Elijah said. Cade didn’t reply, the young Alpha didn’t know how dangerous Zidane was, if he withheld anything from him he would be the next one dead... He simply nodded and walked off.

Elijah took a deep breath and walked towards the building where Scarlett had vanished off into.

Entering he saw it was not as bad as it looked from outside. Yes it was in a dilapidated state but it was clean, in spite of it being barely furnished there were signs of life. A child’s battered shoes stood by the entrance, a cracked frame with a hand-drawn picture hung crookedly on the wall. A small shelf with hooks contained several pairs of keys and a couple of tattered children’s coats were on the floor against the far wall.

The worn out mahogany wooden floors groaned under every step he took, several were completely sunk in. The single bare bulb that hung from the

ceiling was weak, casting a sickly white light around the dark hall. A rickety flight of steps led upwards, the bannister was broken and in areas completely missing. A danger for young wolves, he thought. It seemed rather silent and he wondered how many people lived here.

He followed her scent into a large kitchen, this room was clearly the newest in the building, with three large stoves, 4 American style fridge freezers and a double door that led off outside. He realised this was probably where the food for the pack members was prepared.

He spotted Scarlett helping an elderly lady with some potato sacks, each weighing 25kg, squatting as she lifted another. Elijah's gaze fell to her ass, feeling himself throb and looking away. The stupid drug had worn off a short while ago but looking at Scarlett was just going to make him hard again. He had not gone without sex for this long, but for her he had, and here she was not even realising the effect she had on him and he knew he did not want anyone else.

He was brought out of his thoughts when the elderly woman bowed and repeatedly told Scarlett she did not need help.

"Please my lady..." She whispered. Scarlett shook her head.

"Please don't apologise, the Alpha's given us permission to look around, no one will know if I helped or not." She said, Elijah walked over and took the other two sacks.

"So where are we taking them?" He asked, the woman looked at him paling as she sensed his Alpha aura, despite having reigned it in, it was ever noticeable.

"J-just over there.." She whispered pointing to another door that Elijah had not noticed when he came in. He led the way, pushing the door open

and stepped inside holding the door open for Scarlett who held two bags with ease, she frowned at him.

“I can manage.” She said coldly.

“I didn’t say you couldn’t.” He replied cockily.

She simply ignored him, the room which had been humming with quiet conversation and the hustle and bustle of several women slicing and dicing vegetables now fell silent as all eyes went to the newcomers. It was a second kitchen and like the other was in better condition than the rest of the building

“T-they just wanted to help... they won’t hurt us.” The elderly woman said, looking at Elijah furtively. He gave her a cocky smirk.

“I don’t hurt women.” He said trying to ease her concern but it was the wrong thing to say, feeling the wave of anger that radiated off Scarlett.

“Yeah, I noticed.” She said bitterly placing the potato sacks on the worktop.

“Red...” Elijah said, not missing the many eyes on them.

“Don’t fucking talk to me.” She growled, her power flaring up again. The women all paled fear filling the eyes.

“Fuck you know what? I’m talking and you’re going to fucking listen.” Elijah growled advancing towards her. Scarlett grabbed a large knife and pointed it at him. He raised an eyebrow.

“Seriously a knife? Your claws would do more damage.” He said advancing towards her.

“Thanks for reminding me.” She snapped back. “Just leave me alone, I don’t want to see your ugly face.”

“Oh please, I’m sure we can all agree I’m fucking handsome.” He said smirking arrogantly, as every woman nodded their agreement. Whether it was in agreement or in fear of disobeying an Alpha, he was not sure but he didn’t really care.

“You’re just a twat.” Scarlett said in disgust.

“Just hear me out.” Elijah said, his command tempting her to obey but she was stronger than that. She frowned bitterly remembering the women from earlier. She did not want to hear anything... sure her father probably planned it for whatever reason but Elijah could have kept them off him. It wasn’t so hard; he was a flipping Alpha. But no, he was ok with them having him pinned to the bed. The image of earlier sent a sharp stab of pain through her.

“Answer me one thing first Elijah...” Scarlett said, not missing the elderly woman motioning for the rest to continue cooking. Not knowing what to do with herself, Scarlett tore open the potato sack and began peeling one.

“Anything.” He said, his heart racing, she was talking... He took a step closer but seeing her tense he stopped, not missing her chest rising and falling or the slight tremble in her fingers.

“Didn’t you at least tell them to leave you alone? From what I could see you weren’t gagged.” She spat, jealousy rearing its ugly head once again.

Elijah frowned, “I did, a couple of times... but it didn’t seem to work...” He said, thinking that sounded lame. An Alpha’s command was something that no wolf could disobey unless they were a stronger Alpha.

“You expect me to believe that three she-wolves disobeyed an Alpha who is incredibly strong?” She growled.

“I’m telling the truth, even the damn drugs didn’t seem to work on—” Elijah began. Scarlett spun around placing the cold blade of the knife to his neck, he gripped her hips rather than defend himself and pulled her against him, pleasure coursed through Scarlett but she tried to ignore it along with how good his body felt against hers...

Their hearts raced, both feeling sparks of desire course through them.

“Then you should have torn their fucking throats out.” She growled venomously. Elijah felt ashamed, yeah, he should have. His brain wasn’t working properly though, all he was thinking was he needed to get out of there... He felt disappointed in himself, he had fallen into such a stupid trap...

The women watched them, it was clear the two were a couple who were having a dispute. They made a remarkable couple, both were very good looking and the male was a complete god.

The elderly woman was the only one not drooling, in fact, she was frowning deep in thought.

“I know... I should have sweetheart—”

“Don’t call me that.” She said pressing the knife to his neck. She knew it would do temporary damage unlike her own hands and despite how angry she was with him, she didn’t want to add any more marks to him, she could still see the previous ones, although they were almost gone now.

“Forgive me... but are you talking about the Alpha’s women?” The woman asked, her deep blue eyes sharp and curious as she looked at

them. Both Scarlett and Elijah looked at her, the knife still at his throat, him still holding her firmly against himself.

“No idea... there were three of em, an Asian woman, a black woman and a Latina.” Elijah said. Scarlett glared at him, the knife biting into his neck, a thin line of red trickled down his neck.

“Oh, so you remember what the fuck they were too?” She hissed, a few women hid their smiles, it was clear this feisty redhead was jealous.

“Come on baby, they were nowhere as hot as you.” Elijah said ignoring the blood that dripped down his neck.

“Not as? But still were right?” She said. The elder woman seeing that the conversation had gone off-topic nodded.

“Those are the Alpha’s women indeed... your Alpha command won’t work on them.”

Scarlett’s eyes widened as she turned towards the woman, the knife slack in her fingers, her heart hammering at her words. Elijah felt a deep sense of relief but he was curious as well.

“Why not?” He asked.

“Because they no longer have their wolves.”

Her Forbidden Alpha by Moonlight Muse Chapter 20

Chapter20 You’ re All That I Can Think Of

Scarlett and Elijah looked at her surprised, Scarlett had never heard of it before. Although Elijah had, it was a sick and twisted practice that was mostly unheard of...

The woman looked around, then motioned the two to follow her.

“I shouldn’t talk about this... but... I think you should know.” She said, her eyes lingering on them. Something about the two gave her a good feeling. Scarlett placed the knife down but Elijah refused to let her go, she frowned at him but he simply looked into those green eyes, making her heart skip a beat and guilt settle within her.

“Don’t touch me.” She said, looking away as his arm settled around her waist, teasingly brushing against the hem of her shirt.

Elijah smirked despite her comment, there was no hostility or command in her voice.

“I want to.” He said, she looked into his eyes her own heart skipped a beat, why was he being so nice? Especially after the way she had treated him.. She didn’t have time to ponder on it when the woman led them to a small sitting room – If you could call it that. The door was missing, the walls were covered in old floral peeling wallpaper, in many areas it was completely gone. The floor was the same withered wood as the hallway. The only furnishing in the room consisted of two broken stained mixed matched couches and a battered coffee table that was just about standing, one leg looked as if it were about to give way. A few cheap toys lay in the corner.

Scarlett felt guilty at the state of this place. The more she saw... the more she knew she couldn’t turn a blind eye to these people. Her people.

“Please take a seat...” The woman said gesturing to the slightly better of the two couches. Elijah was the first to sit, the sofa creaking embarrassingly under his weight. The springs were gone and one side of the armrest was completely coming off.

“You weigh too much.” Scarlett said smirking. “The couch is giving you a hint, lose weight fatty.”

“I could up my work out, as long as it includes you.” He said, his eyes running over her body suggestively. Her heart skipped a beat, but Elijah knew she was no longer angry. He took her hand pulling her down next to him, his arm firmly going around her shoulders and neck.

The woman watched them and smiled.

“We didn’t get your name...” Scarlett said, the woman nodded.

“My apologies... but we aren’t really worthy of names around here, I’m the head omega... Candice.” The woman said, Scarlett tilted her head, the woman didn’t seem familiar.

“Have you always been in this pack?” She asked curiously.

The woman’s smile faltered, something flickering in her eyes.

“Wh-why do you ask... yes of course I have...” She said. Elijah did not say anything, she was telling the truth, but she also seemed to be hiding something.

“Oh, because I don’t remember you.” Scarlett said. She knew she shut a lot out... but the head Omega was a woman called Estella at the time...and she would have had a vague sense of familiarity if she had seen her before. Looking at the woman now she did notice there seemed

something oddly familiar about her, but she was sure she had never met her before.

“Remember me? You’ve visited this pack before?” Candice asked her eyes filling with sharp interest, Scarlett shook her head.

“Never mind... It’s a long story, so what were you saying about the Alpha’s women.”

“Ah, they were she-wolves once, the Alpha bought them home from different packs to ‘create’ the perfect Luna...” Candice said taking a deep breath. “The only thing they had in common was they came with the dreams that they were going to be a Luna of this pack and their hearts were as selfish and full of greed for power as the most rotten of us can be. I do not know what he did exactly but with the help of witchcraft they willingly killed their wolves to attain certain abilities.”

Elijah frowned, the practice was frowned upon and practically unheard of.

“None of us really know what they can do but they have snared many alphas, they are immune to drugs and herbs that are fatal to werewolves. Having lost their wolves, they are immune to it. Although they retain their werewolf strength, even silver cannot harm them.” Candice continued.

Elijah looked at Scarlett, his cerulean blue eyes giving her an ‘I told you it was not my fault’ look. She simply gave him a pout in return.

“So... are they like the Luna’s?” She asked confused.

“An Alpha who offers his Luna’s like whores now that’s a first...” Elijah remarked. Scarlett cast him a dirty look, the vision of the three women all over him returning to her mind.

“Despite the promises, he has made none his official Luna... they simply assist him and are his mistresses. I heard he wasn’t satisfied with any of them... but whatever magic was cast upon them, they are completely loyal to him. Almost as if they no longer have a will of their own.”

The room was silent with Elijah and Scarlett taking in what she said, it was clear that dark magic was at play here.

“Thank you for telling us... we will not share this information with anyone....” Scarlett said after a moment.

“But why did you share information about your pack with us, don’t you fear for your life?” Elijah asked. Candice simply smiled, her deep blue eyes showing a glimmer of amusement.

“Oh, he won’t kill me, not so easily anyway. I’m the one who holds this all in place...” She said motioning to the room, both understood she meant the omegas. “I didn’t want a young couple who haven’t even mated and marked each other to be torn apart before the bond can even be completed.”

Scarlett blushed and Elijah smirked.

“We’re not... how did you know we haven’t mated... wait can-” Scarlett spluttered, she was cut off when Elijah’s lips met hers in a passionate kiss, his fingers wrapping around her throat.

‘Stop talking sweetheart.’ He mind linked, her heart hammered but she gripped his shirt kissing him deeper, she knew she needed to apologise for her behaviour... but Elijah was confusing her, he said this would be about sex... yet he kissed and touched her any chance he got... Why did this feel so much deeper?... Her thoughts faded away, he consumed her completely. Only the way his lips felt against hers, the way his touch

made her feel, lingered in her mind. Their kisses became hotter, his hands slipped under her top stroking the smooth skin of her waist. Igniting a fire of pure desire within her, her core throbbed with a soft moan leaving her.

A chuckle bought them back to reality and Scarlett jerked away her face flushing.

“If you two would like to... ‘talk’ things out, there’s a spare bedroom 7th door on the left on the second floor.” Candice said, her eyes crinkled with amusement.

“No no, we’re ok.” Scarlett said, her heart hammering. The scent of her arousal was obvious, and she felt so humiliated, she dared a glance at Elijah only to see his eyes were a dark cobalt blue, desire clear within them, a cocky smirk on his handsome face.

“I think we’ll take the offer.” He said. Standing up he scooped Scarlett up, carrying her over his shoulder and out of the room, taking the steps three at a time.

“Elijah!” She said mortified, he delivered a sharp tap to her ass making her yelp. Feeling the wetness only grow between her thighs. He growled, her intoxicating scent driving him crazy.

“You’re fucking horny for me sweetheart, don’t deny it.” He muttered. Going up the second flight of steps, the house seemed even more silent. He opened the door that Candice had guided them to. Kicking it shut behind him and slid the rusty lock in the door.

The room was painted a pale pink. The window was cracked, covered with tape to hold it together, faded pale pink curtains hung in it, blue and white bedding covered the mattress that sat on the floor. A small rickety

chest of draws and a coat rack were all that was in this room. Despite the beaten state of it, it smelt clean and fresh.

Elijah dropped her on the makeshift bed then climbed between her legs forcefully, she blushed glaring at him.

“You know how shameless you are?” She said her heart skipping a beat, although his every move was only making her more excited.

“You like it baby, don’t deny it.” He murmured, brushing a few stray strands of her red hair back, his blue eyes met hers as she slowly cupped his face.

“Why...?” She asked softly.

“Why what?” He said kissing her neck sensually, his cock hardening as it pressed against her. She bit back a moan, although she wanted his lips all over her, she wanted an answer too...

“Why aren’t you angry... I owe you an apology but instead, you’re just brushing it under the carpet.” She said quietly. Elijah looked into her pretty green eyes.

“Your anger and suspicion were justifiable, I’ve always fucked around, changed girls quicker than I changed shirts. You’ve been around me growing up, you know it all...” He said, never wanting her angry at him again. Never wanting her to shut him out...

“What was the big deal if I ended things, I’m just another fuck too right?” She said quietly, her wolf seemed to get upset at that.

“You’re way fucking more...” He whispered, turning his gaze away from her and suddenly removing himself from on top of her.

Scarlett's heart was hammering at the words that had just left his lips. Her stomach a mess of butterflies. Elijah sat on the edge of the mattress, his long muscular legs in his torn jeans sprawled out in front of him. He ran a hand through his silky locks.

"I don't believe in love nor mates... but you've fucked me up, I don't know when... I don't know how, but you've become a fucking addiction that I crave day and night and I don't just want sex... You're all I can think of Scarlett, and I don't know what the fuck to do."

He said what he felt, not knowing how she would take it. A part of him didn't want to tell her, not wanting her to run, but he also didn't want any more misconceptions between them. If she knew she was all he could think of, she would know no other woman could replace her.

He looked at her, those gorgeous blue eyes of his filled with raw emotion. His alpha aura was ever-present although it was reigned in, yet she didn't see the big cocky alpha before her but the young man who was trying to make sense of his emotions, trying to express what he was feeling.

As much as she wanted to deny it, not wanting to believe his words. She knew he was not lying, the small things he had done in only the few days since he had come back were enough to show her.

"I'm sorry... for being a bitch and not listening to what you were trying to tell me." She blurted out, not knowing what more to say. She had liked him for the last two years and those feelings were only getting deeper, but she feared losing someone precious once again.

Elijah raised an eyebrow; he wasn't expecting an apology, not after what he had just said.

"You're forgiven..." He said, "but are you trying to avoid what I just told you?"

“No of course not..” She said rolling her eyes. Elijah smirked leaning closer to her, his eyes trailing up her breasts, lingering on her lips before looking into her eyes.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah....” She said leaning away from him. He only moved closer, his arms on either side of her, his intoxicating scent filling her nose.

“You don’t need to say anything... I just wanted to let you know that I would not betray you, no matter who the fuck comes in front of me.” He said placing a soft kiss on the corner of her lips. He could hear her racing heart, her tempting scent clouding his senses. She was perfection...

Scarlett smiled slightly. “Goddess who thought you could be so good with your words.” She mumbled, tugging him by his shirt she let her head hit the pillow pulling him on top of her, a sexy smirk crossed his lips.

“I’m good with a lot more than my words sweetheart.” He said huskily. Licking his lips his tongue piercing glistened, only adding to the ache that was settling in the pit of her stomach.

“Then how about you show me what else you’re good with...” She whispered running her hand down his chest, down his chiselled abs, going lower until she reached his thick hard shaft. She bit her lip knowing with his girth it was going to hurt but she wanted this, all of him...

His eyes darkened with carnal lust at her words, she was giving herself to him. He wanted to ask her if she really was ready, no matter how badly he wanted to fuck her brains out, he didn’t want to push her into anything prematurely.

Scarlett looked up into his eyes, the look he was giving her, made her pussy throb. Even with desire swirling within them, he still searched hers for a moment for any hint of doubt in them, seeing none, his lips came down upon her soft ones claiming them in a rough yet passionate kiss that ignited the start of an endless flame of pleasure to spread through them both...