

Her Forbidden Alpha by Moonlight Muse Chapter 2

Chapter2 An Unexpected Visitor

It was twenty minutes later, and both walked into the service station. Ordering some McDonalds, Elijah carried the tray to the table.

“I can’t believe you can still eat four big macs...” She said, staring at his abs. He was an alpha after all and guess with all the working out he needed it.

“I’m a big boy, Red, I need fuel.” He replied, as they took a seat opposite each other. She took her fish fillet meal and unwrapping her burger, looked across at him. Once again, her stomach did a flip when their eyes met.

“Are you still single? Or have you found a man that can tame that temper of yours?” He asked, biting into his burger, thinking he doubted she was single; boys had always found her sexy and hot. But it was her feisty temper that never got them far. But looking at her now, there was no way she was single. And he knew she had not found her mate or there would have been a mark on her neck.

“Very funny Elijah, how about you? Are you still a fuckboy or have you found your mate who can tame your wild ways?” She asked, avoiding his question as she imitated the tone he had used. Knowing he hadn’t, or the entire pack would have known. Elijah smirked.

“I like my wild ways... there are no rules when it comes to me.” He said, leaning forward as he winked at her. Her heart thudded in her chest.

“What does that even mean?” she asked sipping her drink.

“Figure it out, Red, figure it out...” Elijah said. His eyes fell on those red lips of hers, the way they wrapped around that straw... The way she licked her lips.

He frowned, what the fuck was his problem. She was his stepsister, and he was checking her out a little too much... He needed to get a woman tonight, release all the pent-up energy he seemed to have inside of him.

“Wasn’t there a blood moon like a month ago?” He asked after a moment. For werewolves, they could only find their mate on a blood moon. Something that occurred two nights in a year. It was on these nights that the bond snapped into place, as long as your mate was nearby.

“Yes, there was.” She said, curtly frowning at her burger. If she had found her mate, perhaps these stupid feelings would have gone away.

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They were back on the road. With twenty minutes left before they got home. Elijah was bopping his knee to the music. Every now and then his gaze going to the feisty redhead in the driver’s seat. Her choppy red hair hiding half her face, as she moved her body to the music.

Suddenly, he saw a blur flash past the car.

“Watch out!” He shouted, grabbing the steering wheel, and jerking it to the left. Scarlett let out a startled scream as she was thrown into him.

The car flipped over as something big hit the car. A crunch of metal made Scarlett wince, feeling a painful ache in her waist until she felt a hand that sent pleasant tingles through her when he touched her there.

Fuck Red, you’re bleeding.” He murmured, receiving a groan of pain in response. “Hush I got you.”

Kicking the door off its hinges, he rolled out, cradling her body to his chest. Standing up, he looked at the three wolves that stood there growling. He could smell they weren't rogues. Two were rather big, definitely a beta and a delta.

"What do you want?" Elijah asked icily, moving Scarlett behind him defensively. His large body covering her much smaller one.

The largest wolf shifted into a young man. wearing nothing, and not even phased by it. Something that was normal with werewolves. He looked around 21. His sharp brown eyes met Elijah's blue ones. A sharp wind blew past them, rustling the grass on the roadsides.

"Her, leave her and you are welcome to pass." He said, Scarlett froze, why did they want her? Elijah raised an eyebrow

"You're talking to a fucking alpha. I don't obey fucking orders. I give them." He growled, his voice deepening.

The man raised his hand, stepping back.

"I get that... but can I speak to her?" He asked tersely. Elijah growled again, ready to shift, but Scarlett placed a hand on his arm and stepped out from behind him.

"Scarlett..." The man said, making her frown. "It's Cade. You may not remember me, but I sure as hell can recognise those green eyes anywhere."

Scarlett froze, her heart thumping. Cade. There was only one Cade she knew, and he should be a hundred miles away in her father's pack. Her heart thumped in her chest. Elijah looked at her sharply. He could hear the thudding in her chest and smell the fear in the air.

He placed a hand instinctively around her waist, pulling her close, glaring at Cade threateningly.

“Mates?” Cade asked, making Scarlett blush despite the seriousness of the situation.

“Maybe,” Elijah growled, feeling a strong sense of possessiveness the way Cade was looking at her and talking to her. “Can someone share how the fuck you two know each other?”

“He’s from my old pack.” Scarlett said quietly, very aware of every ridge of his body, her chest pressed against his. Elijah looked momentarily surprised.

“And you need to return and take your place.” Cade said, watching them calmly, realising they did not smell the same. And from what he could see, neither was marked. “I’m the new beta, the beta that will take his place by your-”

“Just leave! I don’t want anything to do with that pack! Now leave before I tear you all to pieces!” She growled, her eyes flashing dangerously. Only Jackson knew her father was an alpha, despite all the rumours since the night of her first shift. But they had wanted to keep it a secret, the fact that her father had traced them this far... Meant he knew exactly where they were living.

Cade frowned, signalling to the two wolves by his side to attack. Scarlett turned ready to fight, a spasming pain ricocheting up her side but the wolves were aiming for Elijah. Who had shifted into a magnificent light brown wolf, his fur was glossy.

He was huge, bigger than before Scarlett thought in awe. He clearly stood over 5 feet in height on all fours, and he was larger than any alpha wolf Scarlett had seen before.

He lunged at the wolves before they even got to him, biting into one of their necks as he ripped it clean off the body. Blood splattered everywhere. His paw slashing through the other wolves chest.

When the first wolf fell to the ground dead, shifting into the body of a decapitated human. Cade must have mind linked something to the second wolf, who quickly retreated. Elijah shifted to his human form, a strong aura surrounding him. His alpha power emanating from him.

“Tell your alpha, there’s no fucking way he’s getting Scarlett. Whatever his reasons, try to attack or reach out to her one more time and I will take it as a personal attack. You don’t want to get on the wrong side of future Alpha Elijah Westwood of The Blood Moon Pack and we’re ready for war.” He said his voice was dangerous and deep.

Cade frowned and nodded, casting one last glance at Scarlett.

“You can’t run from your birthright...” He mumbled before turning, shifting, and running off.

Scarlett took a deep breath, and it was then she realised that Elijah was stood ass naked in front of her. He turned, and she quickly closed her eyes.

“Clothes!” She shrieked, Elijah raised an eyebrow, looking down.

“What are you, a baby? Never seen a cock before?” He asked, thinking she had no problem with that other guy’s dick on show.

“Of course I have. I just don’t want to be traumatised for life by seeing yours!” She said, wincing at the sting of pain in her side.

“Whatever you say, Red, every woman would beg to get one look at mine.” His cocky reply came.

“I’m your sister, remember?” She retorted, her eyes still averted, knowing if she looked, she would just have even more vivid images to dream over. He did not reply, flipping the wrecked car onto all fours and opening the boot. Taking out his duffel bag, he pulled on a pair of pants.

“You can look now, prude.” He remarked, walking over to her as she rolled her eyes. Knowing she was hiding something. He had not missed how she had cut the guy off, or the fear that rolled off her. But now was not the time to ask. Reaching for the hem of her black top, he tore it off her, making her gasp.

“What are you doing!” She shrieked, covering her breasts in the lacy red bra with her arms. Not that it covered much, he thought. She was a decent-sized cup, not huge and not small either. The perfect size for his hands, he thought, frowning as he pushed the thought away. She was his stepsister, he reminded himself. His eyes moved from her tempting breasts to her waist before he crouched down

“It’ll heal, although it is pretty deep.” He said, about to touch it when she grabbed his arms. Glaring at him despite the very faint blush on her cheeks. He raised an eyebrow, smirking at her embarrassment, not knowing it was their close proximity that was getting to her. Taking her wrists, he held them against the car still crouching before her.

“What are you doing?!” She yelled, her heart hammering. Was she dreaming? Her core throbbed and his rough move had only made matters worse.

“It’ll heal quicker.” He said huskily, he leaned in, not missing her thudding heart. And ran his tongue along the wound slowly. She gasped as pleasure erupted through her. Her eye lids fluttered shut, her core aching with pleasure. As his tongue slowly ran up her hip, across her waist, and stopped just below her breast.

He inhaled her tempting scent, the feel of her skin and the sweet taste of her blood. Alpha saliva had healing abilities, although more so in wolf form. He knew she would have healed soon enough, but seeing her there in her bra had awakened something inside him, and he had wanted to feel her smooth skin against his lips...

He looked up, past her perfect mounds. Not missing the hardened buds, which sent blood rushing down south. Slowly shifting his gaze to her flushed face, just as their eyes met, the scent of her arousal hit him like an intoxicating avalanche...