

Her Forbidden Alpha by Moonlight Muse Chapter 7

Chapter7 Party Night

His lips crashed against hers in a sizzling hot kiss. She gasped in shock, pleasure erupting through her body. An involuntary moan escaping her lips as her eyes fluttered shut. His lips ignited a burning desire within her, her lips moved in sync to his. He pushed her up against the nearest tree, pressing his body against her and he was rewarded with a soft moan. Her breasts crushed against his hard chest, her hands on his shoulder. She tasted way better than he had imagined, and goddess he hadn't been wrong she was fucking delicious. A low groan escaped him as he throbbed against her stomach, his tongue ran along her plush lips making Scarlett suddenly freeze. Her heart thundering in her chest she summoned all her strength and pushed him away.

“What are you doing?!” She shouted, shock and embarrassment coursed through her. He had kissed her and she kissed him back! Fuck she was messed up.

Elijah licked his lips looking at her, she had kissed him back. That was the only thing that was going through his mind, if only for a few seconds, but she had kissed him and fucking enjoyed it...

“I gave you an option sweetheart.” He said trying to contain his emotions. Her cheeks were flushed despite the glare she was giving him.

“I didn't think you would go through with it! We're siblings!” She hissed.

“Stepsiblings. We’re not related.” He said sharply. Their eyes met and Elijah stepped towards her, Scarlett stood her ground. She didn’t really have anywhere to go – behind her back was a tree.

“Still, we’ve grown up as siblings for the last 8 years, this is messed up!” She said, her mind was a mess. All she could think about was the kiss, but it was so so wrong. What was even going through his mind?

“Red calm down... it was just a kiss.” Elijah said, he knew she was a little reckless and her temper was wild.

“Brothers don’t kiss sisters!” She snapped.

“Chill... why are you so angry? Is it cause you liked it?” He asked crossing his arms. She froze, her face paling. He watched her – he was sure she had... if she said yes... then what? No, she was right, this was a fucking mess...

“No, I didn’t! I’m a woman who has hormones, it’s just been a while since I’ve got with someone.” She said. Elijah raised an eyebrow.

“Well, there’s my welcoming home bash tonight, find yourself a man.” He said, sounding more pissed than he meant to.

“Oh I will, you should go get Fiona to take care of that!” She spat back, motioning to the front of his pants. “Oh wait, I forgot she doesn’t seem to do it for you anymore right?”

He glared at her. “Don’t push me Red.”

“Don’t go kissing me then!” She shot back. Elijah raised his hand, punching the tree right next to her head. Scarlett didn’t even flinch, her green eyes glaring defiantly at him.

“Fuck you Red.” He said, feeling even more confused.

“No thanks.” She said icily, flipping him the finger before grabbing her bottle and gloves from the floor and storming off.

“What the fuck did I just do...” He hissed, slamming his hand into the tree and watching it split before turning and leaving the area.

Scarlett had returned home. What had happened? Why had he kissed her? Was there a chance he found her attractive? The questions were swirling in her head and she had no proper answer. Whatever happened should not have, no matter how good it had felt. She was glad she had pushed him away before she got turned on and he smelt it. Entering her bedroom, she slammed the door behind her and glared at the room.

It had three plain grey walls and one feature wall of grey and silver geometric diamond wallpaper. Black curtains and bedding with the floor covered in plush grey carpet. There were pops of red around the room, in the form of some ornaments, some cushions and her beanbag near her bookshelf.

She entered the bathroom, looking at the door that led to his room. She took a shower and decided to avoid him for the rest of the day, in fact, she would not go to his stupid welcome home party. Oh wait, it was taking place here in the mansion gardens. Groaning she washed her hair in frustration. Then all she could do was avoid him at all costs...

Evening fell soon enough. Jessica had spent the day baking a welcoming home cake for Elijah and Indigo had been all hyper helping the other pack members with the party décor. Elijah had thankfully spent the

afternoon with his friends. They consisted of; Aaron Nicholson – the future Beta of the pack, Liam White – the head warrior who had recently taken over the position being one of the strongest wolves in the pack. Then there was Hank Williamson, Fiona’s brother, and future Delta – third in command of the pack.

Scarlett was now getting dressed, knowing any minute now her best friend Angela Jacobs would come running in. As if on cue the door banged open and there she was, with her waist-length black locks and chocolate brown eyes, dressed in a green skater dress and strappy gold heels.

“So how do I look? Think I can get Elijah?” She asked, making Scarlett tense.

“Well, he seems to kiss and fuck anything with a vagina so yeah I’m sure you can.” She said going back to apply her red lipstick.

“Are you saying I’m not good enough?” Angela complained stomping over to the bed and dropping herself onto it as if her life was over.

“No I’m just saying, he’s a fuck boy, and you’re hot – he won’t be able to resist.” Scarlett said curtly wondering why he actually had never been with Angela, he had slept with more than half the females around...

“Ouch! I see you two are still not on the best of terms.” Angela said, Scarlett shrugged.

“He’s an asshole.” She said standing up. Dressed in leather pants that emphasised her curves and a black lace, high neck, full sleeve top that was tucked into her pants that showed off her black strapless bra. On her feet she wore 5-inch black heels, the only colour in her was her vivid

hair, lips and red nails. Finishing off with some dangly earrings she did a small twirl for Angela.

“So out of 10 ?” She asked. Angela raised an eyebrow.

“8, you look like your about to go castrate someone with those vicious nails and too much black for my liking. Are you sure you’re not a vampire ?”

“I’m sure vampires don’t exist.” Scarlett replied satisfied. An 8 from Angela meant she looked good.

“Now come on, this 10 needs to wow a certain alpha.” She said motioning to herself. Both girls left the room and Scarlett locked the door behind her, not wanting anyone to come into her room.

They entered the garden where music was blaring loudly. A dance floor had been set up to one side and lights scattered the garden. A buffet was set up to the left and a bar on the other. Some tables were set out, where some of the elder wolves were sat chatting. Scarlett smiled seeing Jackson’s aunt Amelia sitting talking to her friends and went over. She always liked the woman, she was honest, straightforward and the best part – she always told Elijah off.

“Grandma Amy!” Scarlett said surprising the woman as she hugged her from behind. Amelia smiled slightly but then gave her a frown, patting her arm.

“What have I told you about trying to break my back with those knockers of yours ?” She said with a huff. Scarlett looked at her amused.

“Oh come on grandma, they aren’t that heavy.” She said as she crouched down next to the woman and looked up at her. “So how come you haven’t visited in the last few weeks ?”

“Has that father of yours asked me to come?” She growled. Scarlett sighed, Amelia never saw eye to eye with her sister’s son and she had no idea what the full story behind that was. She was also one of the rare elder wolves who did approve of Jessica, and Scarlett was sure it was one of the reasons the pack at least tolerated her mother.

“I’m sure dad’s been busy, but now that Elijah’s back he’ll have more time. How about this? This coming Friday, I’m inviting you around, and I’ll officially cook for you too. You know I’m an amazing cook.” Scarlett said. She felt sorry for the woman, her husband and son were killed in a fight with another pack years ago and she had no family other than Jackson.

Amelia hid a smile and simply waved her hand as the other women at the table watched with smiles on their faces.

“Well fine, since you’re insisting. Don’t let it go to your head, I haven’t had food you’ve cooked in ages – god knows if it’s still edible...” She said.

“Perfect.” Scarlett said standing up.

‘Shame you’re not still squatting, think half the male population were staring at that ass.’ Elijah’s voice came in her head. Turning as he approached, she frowned at him, the same expression was mirrored on Amelia’s face.

“Here he is, the good for nothings son.” She grumbled.

“What’s got your granny knickers in a twist?” He asked her, making Scarlett resist a smile as the three elderly she-wolves gasped.

“Shameless rat!” Amelia huffed. “I always knew Jackson would never have a decent child.”

Elijah simply smirked as he brushed past Scarlett, trying not to notice how sexy she looked. A lot of the single she-wolves had decked up and wore the tiniest dresses they could without it being deemed a top. But here she was stealing his fucking attention. It irked him.

“I’m sure Red here annoyed you, didn’t she?” Elijah asked, although he had heard the conversation.

“Of course not, she’s nothing like you or your old man.” Amelia wittered on. Elijah and Scarlett’s eyes met, Scarlett looking rather smug. Just then Angela came over.

“Alpha Elijah! Welcome home.” She said, batting her lashes at him. Scarlett and Amelia rolled their eyes and Elijah almost chuckled, the two were more alike than either would admit – perhaps that’s why they got on like a house on fire.

“Angela.” Elijah said with a small nod. Angela bit her lip whilst twirling a strand of her hair and Scarlett inwardly sighed. Why did all girls become airheads around him?

She looked at Elijah, she had to admit he looked good in a black button-down shirt with a few buttons open and sleeves rolled up. A necklace hung around his neck paired with grey jeans and black timberlands. The kiss from earlier came to mind and she looked away quickly, her heart hammering.

“Wanna dance?” Angela asked bravely. She had practised this moment for hours and was not going to lose the chance to ask.

“I don’t really want-”

“If he’s dancing with someone it’s going to be someone prettier, like me.” An annoying nasally voice came.

Scarlett knew exactly who it was before she even turned, Keira Jeffrey, the pack slut to be precise. With her bleached blond hair, extra-long acrylics, Botox filled face, heavy false lashes and her breasts that were slightly bigger than Scarlett's thanks to her three boob jobs. She was the life-size Barbie from hell. Dressed in the tiniest hot pink dress one could find and her make up was garish clashing with her fake tan. Scarlett was sure she would be having nightmares tonight...

Even Elijah was staring. He had seen her two years ago... but the transformation was... ghastly. How had he ever slept with that thing? He thought.

"Alpha?" She cooed.

"Um..." Elijah seemed lost for words. Scarlett smirked seeing him lost for words. Unlike Angela and Keira, both of whom thought he was impressed, Scarlett knew the truth.

"Alpha?" Scarlett said sweetly. "You should dance with Chuckie's sister – I mean Keira."

"Hell no..." Elijah said, his gorgeous eyes still a little wide. He smirked at Scarlett, who was enjoying the scene. Slinging an arm around her shoulders he smiled at the girls. "Forgive me ladies but I think I'm going to dance with my sister... we have a lot to catch up on, wouldn't you agree Red?"

Scarlett's heart was hammering, her eyes wide. His closeness and his statement had knocked her confidence, leaving her mute. Elijah simply smirked. Taking her wrist he pulled her towards the dance floor, leaving the other two she-wolves speechless.