

I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 11

ELEIA'S POV

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For the first time in years , I didn't clean , I didn't do anything except enjoy my day with Rosie .

It was magical to see her smile , a genuine smile , as she picked out clothes and shoes and chose her .

But now it was time for the worst part of my day .

"We'll do it after the shower , okay ?" Aiden cups my cheek as I absentmindedly stare at the tub of cream , the burning sensation in my chest doesn't go away until Aiden grabs my chin between his fingers , making me look up at him .

I nod , the vile in my chest at just the thought of it makes my bottom lip tremble .

I know it hurts because Rosie doesn't just scream like that , it must be worse than the whip sessions we had because even then , she's just whimper next to me .

The only thing that calmed us was each other , to know the other is right there .

"Come ." Aiden nods towards the bathroom door and I stand up with shaky legs , praying that whatever is going to happen , that it won't hurt as much .

"Stop ." I groan as he washes my body with the dark grey sponge .

"Why ?" His hand lightly wraps around my wrist as he washes my arm , even if it's the third time I begged him to stop .

"You know why ." I try to jerk my hand back , but I just keep on hurting myself .

I try to grab the sponge , but he raises it into the air , grinning down at me .

“I can’t take it .” I snap , every fibre of my body is on fire from his hands roaming every inch of me .

I want him so bad that I am willing to start begging , to drop to my knees and beg .

“Can’t take what ?” He sighs , seeming so oblivious to my arousal that even I can smell .

“I want you and you just won’t let me be at peace , you have to tease me .” I snap and his eyes widen , his arm lowering and he slowly hands me the sponge .

He shakes his head , his black hair shiny as the light falls over the wetness of his hair .

“I didn’t mean to .” He breathes out apologetically and now I hate myself for snapping at him .

I inhale a deep breath , dropping the sponge to the floor as I step forward , pressing my aching body against his , my hands flat against his chest before they slide up his slippery skin , over the mountains that is his shoulders and I intertwine my fingers at his nape , “Please .” I beg , batting my wet eyelashes at him .

He stares down at me dumbfounded , as if not knowing what I’m asking .

“Eleia .” He sighs , his head c*****g to the side , his ocean blues boring into my minty greens .

“What ?” My sigh drags from deep in my chest .

“It’s not the time .” His eyes are so innocent , his entire face calm and collected , but his words are destroying me .

Am I not good enough for him ?

Does the thought of Regan inside of me first piss him off ?

Am I now disgusting to him ?

How long am I suppose to wait ?

“Okay .” I nod , not voicing any of my thoughts and he smiles before washing himself while I stand in the corner of the shower , gawking at his lean body , his back muscles , his biceps that are large , his tight a*s , rock hard abs , long and thick c**k...

Regan himself was fit , large and beyond muscular , but Aiden is built like a god .

His skin looks toned , his veins pop at every corner , his jaw is so sharp that I would believe him if he told me it could cut my finger like a paper cut .

He’s like a model , a gym model , but not over muscled .

He’s perfect .

“Aren’t you going to shower ?” He asks as he drags his large hands through his soaked hair .

My eyes flick from his raven coloured hair to his blue orbs , “Yeah , I just thought you might want to finish up first .” I shrug and he tuts , shaking his head before reaching for me , his hand slipping past my arm , resting on my waist before he tugs me closer .

My legs practically fly to him and he turns me around , my back facing his front .

“Under the water .” He demands , but it’s a soft tone , as if he’s asking .

I do as he says and while my hair soaks under the running heated water , his hands drag through my hair , making sure every inch gets wet .

“Now wash yourself , I’m going to get dressed .” He leans forward as I step out of under the water and kisses me on the cheek , his soft lips grazing my skin makes my insides twist in excitement .

I stare at him as he dries his hair , his back turned to me , his back muscles tensing and relaxing as his hand shake .

He wraps the towel around his torso before walking to the door and I sigh , dragging my gaze back to the tiled wall in front of me before I turn and wash my hair and myself .

I can't help but stand aside and wait for him to shower , we use to be more than twenty girls who shares two showers .

When we took long because we washed out hair or shaved our legs with razor blades , the other would stare at us , the bullies , before forcing us to get out , threatening us with their own blades or worse , their fists .

Scrapes are fast and they heal in about a day's time , but the punches last for a few minutes of pain .

I was never beaten , but I saw one of the older girls do it when I was small .

The girl couldn't walk and the rest covered and claimed that she slipped and broke her leg or ankle and that she's be back the next day when it healed .

But the worst of the worst is , the Luna didn't care .

She just went on with her day , she didn't ask about the poor girl laying almost lifeless .

A shiver runs down my spine and I snap myself out of thoughts before rinsing my hair and body before getting out .

Stepping onto the mat , the water droplets roll off my body , falling around at my feet and I glance at the towel hanging from the railing .

I touch it and the warmth makes me smile , the heated rail is something fancy I have never seen and as I lift the towel off it , the red light turning off and I place my hand over the railing , not touching it , only hovering slightly and I could feel it cool down .

I dry my body before wrapping the heated material around my body .

The warmth does nothing to soothe the ache between my legs , but the fear of knowing what's coming has my blood running cold .

I step out of the bathroom and see Aiden sitting shirtless , in just shorts , on the bed , his hands clasped around the tub of cream that he has to put on my back .

"I just want to get dressed ." I mutter as I walk to his closet , he made space in it for me , but not much because his clothes are only on one side , as if he had waited for me all his life .

I smile as I dress into the only set of pajama's I have here , for now , it's a short cotton pants and a matching t – shirt like top which is cropped , but keeps my stomach closed .

I wrap the towel around my head , squeezing my hair before I bend forward and let the towel unravel from my hair .

I turn to the doorframe of my the walk in closet before I tug my shirt off me , holding up in front of my breasts , using my hand to hold it there before I walk out of the closet , walking out with my dark locks cascading down my back , the dampness wetting my flesh .

“I'm done .” I mutter and he lifts his intense stare from the tub , his hooded eyes widening as his eyes lock on me .

I gulp , my hand clutching the material against my breasts .

“Are you ready ?” He breathes out as he stands and I nod .

“Lay on your stomach .” He motions to the bed and I follow the simple instruction .

I crawl onto the soft mattress , tossing my shirt aside before I toss my hair above my head .

I lay with my cheek denting the mattress , a shiver filled with fear running down my spine and I inhale as the bed dips on the edge side .

“I don't want to do this .” Aiden's voice is soft , almost cracking and my eyes glass over .

I shouldn't cry .

There is no reason to cry .

“Then don...” , “But I have to .” He cuts me off and I nod .

I brace myself as he swings one leg over my body and he pinches my legs between his .

I listen as he takes the top off the tub , the screwing sound making my body tense .

“I’m going to start .” He breathes out and I nod , my tongue pressed between my teeth .

“I know this is going to hurt , but I need you to try your best not to scream and cry .” He pleads with me .

“I will try my best .” My voice shakes and the cold cream connects with my back , starting at the top .

At first it stings and I think it’s not that bad , that the whiplashes were worse , but then it starts to burn and I don’t think much of the fiery sensation because it felt like keeping a hand over a hot flame , until it began to feel like someone threw me into the flame .

A scream ripples through me as he continues to spread the cream down my back , over the gashes .

“f**k , stop .” He pleads and I could feel his hands shake against my skin .

Another yell rips through me , a force I can’t stop and for the split second , I wished that it would rather be a whiplash .

“Please .” His voice cracks and I feel hot liquid on my skin , the kind of warm you get from fresh tears .

My hands fist the bedding , my teeth bared so tight that my jaw hurts and I think I might break my teeth , shatter them .

“I’m sorry .” He croaks out , his hands working faster and the top of my back doesn’t hurt that much anymore .

But the bottom burns like flames being set on my skin .

“Keep... going...” I grit out , knowing that his heart is breaking because he has to do this to me , to see me like this .

Yell after yells escapes my lips and I feel him get off , but everything is still set on fire .

I squirm on the bed , swaying side to side and a cool breeze falls over my back , cooling me down until the fiery feeling fades .

My body collapses , numbing from how intense it was and I let out a breath .

