

Alpha's Unhinged, Alpha's Unhinged Mate, Alpha's Unhinged Mate by Jessica Hall, Alphas, chapter, Series, Alpha's Unhinged Mate

Chapter 15

Lily POV

I felt Layla give me control back, making me panic that something had happened. Opening my eyes, I find Damien's wolf with his teeth wrapped around my throat. Not tight enough to cut off my air supply, but hard enough that I feel pressure on my windpipe. He lets go and steps back; he nudges my hip with his nose before licking it. I hiss at the sudden pain where he is licking, and I groan sitting up on my side on my elbows.

My entire body feels like a bear mauled it. Looking at the size of his wolf, he isn't far off being almost bigger than one. My bones aching from shifting back so suddenly. My head is pounding from the bright lights of the room. I crawl to my hands and knees, Damien's black wolf watching me. The floor is slippery with my blood and his, staining the marble floors.

Grabbing the wolf's fur, I used him to help me get up. He doesn't react even though I know it would hurt if I pulled on his fur. Standing on shaky legs, I walk to the stairs before collapsing on the bottom step, the effort to walk up them, is far too great than what I can accomplish right now.

Damien's wolf's watchful eyes stare at me and I push his head away, his fur brushing against my leg. His wolf is huge. Like a bear, and not a small one either. His sharp teeth are next to my face, yet he doesn't attack me as he stares. Instead, he whines low, like he feels bad for hurting me.

I run my fingers through his fur and he whines.

"Just go away," I tell him as he continues to whine, pulling at my hair as my head pounds. I hear his bones start snapping. I grit my teeth at the sound, closing my eyes. I suddenly feel warm skin press against my side and the familiar tingles from the bond. I rest my head on his shoulder and can smell his masculine, mouth-watering scent, calming me as I relax against him.

"I'm sorry," He says and I can hear that he means it. I don't reply, any words I wanted to say are stuck in my throat as I hold back my emotions, not wanting them to spill over.

Damien rests his head on top of mine. Before kissing my hair. I put my hand on his shoulder and push-off, trying to stand up and attempt to get upstairs. I just want to shower and go to sleep. I was mentally and physically exhausted.

Damien grabs my wrist before pulling me on his lap, one leg on either side of him. I feel him press my ankles into his side and I know he is going to stand. His arms wrap around my waist and I lean into him, placing my head on his chest. He stands and starts walking up the stairs.

I go limp against him; I feel his fingers run up my spine and I wrap my arms around his neck tighter. I can feel my tears running down my face and onto his chest as I cry silently, hoping it goes unnoticed. Damien walks us into his room, looking over his shoulder I see that I am leaving a blood trail. I chuckle slightly amused that I destroyed his immaculate house.

“What?” He says, kissing the side of my face. I shake my head. I feel Layla resting and she feels quite relaxed compared to how angry we both were. Damien flicks on the bathroom light. And I go to unwrap my legs from his waist, but he just grabs my leg with his hand, placing it back on his hip. I hear the familiar keypad button noises as he starts the shower and I hear the sounds of running water. Damien walks over to the shower stepping under the stream and I feel his hand running up and down my back as he washes my blood off.

I lean back slightly, wetting my hair and washing my face when I open my eyes. Damien is staring at me. “I never wanted to hurt you Lily,” He says and I can see the sadness in his eyes as he pulls me closer, his nose going to the crook of my neck inhaling my scent.

“Please don’t leave me,” He says so softly I almost didn’t hear it. I feel bad for attacking him, feel bad for not hearing him out. But most of all, I just feel overwhelming sadness. My mate is going to have a baby with someone else. I run my fingers through his hair, making him look up. His grip on my waist is getting tighter. I lean in and watch his eyes go wide when I press my lips to his softly.

He hesitates, eyeing me suspiciously before I kiss him harder, my tongue brushing his bottom lip before I s**k it into my mouth.

He moans before kissing me back, his tongue fighting mine for dominance as I feel pressed into the shower wall. His hands ran over my body, caressing every inch of me. I feel his e*****n pressing into me and I push down on it. Suddenly wanted him inside me. Damien freezes, pulling back. He shakes his head.

“What?” I ask when he doesn’t react to me wanting him. I suddenly feel slightly rejected. Isn’t this what he wanted?

“I am not taking your virginity when you are upset. That’s the only reason you want me right now, Lily. To feel something, anything other than your emotional pain” He says, grabbing my face with his hands. His eyes search mine before I feel him kiss my lips softly before pulling away.

“I want you, I want you now,” I tell him but he shakes his head.

“Not while you’re emotional, it’s not right Lily” I feel tears brim in my eyes at him rejecting me and suddenly feel embarrassed. I unwrap my legs from around his waist and slid to the floor, my feet touching the tiles. I turn away from him. When I feel his arms wrap around my waist, pulling me against him, his warmth seeping into me.

“Tomorrow if you still want to,”

He says below my ear. I nod, not really knowing what to say. Maybe he wants to be with Tabitha? But I feel Layla stir at my thoughts, swirling in my head before speaking.

“It’s not that, Lily. Darian said Damien doesn’t want you to wake up and regret sleeping with him” She tells me.

“Can you hear him now?” She nods.

“Yeah, loud and clear, he isn’t happy with Damien. Now that I can hear him, he won’t shut up. I may need to take back control to rip out his b****y tongue” She tells me, making me chuckle.

“What’s so funny?” Asks Damien.

“Nothing, Layla can hear your wolf, now,” I tell him.

“Yeah, sorry about that. He has been confessing his love. No wonder she is getting annoyed with him.” He replies.

I wash and Damien washes my hair, when I get out my wounds are no longer bleeding. I dry myself and Damien walks into the closet before walking out with a pair of shorts hanging low on his hips. He hands me one of his shirts and I slip it on. Damien then climbs into bed, pulling the sheets back and patting my side of the bed. I climb in and he pulls me to him, so I am flush against his body.

I wriggle and can feel his e*****n pressing into my back. Before I hear him whisper.

“Don’t keep wiggling my self-control isn’t that good, Lily?” He tells me before kissing just below my ear. I feel his arms tighten and I relax against him, giving into exhaustion.

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