

Her Unpleasant Return Chapter 6 - CHAPTER 6 -

C6 CHAPTER 6

"Gosh, I haven't had that much fun in such a long time." I tell them all, drying my hair with my towel as we walk in through the pack house doors. Elijah laughs and soon everyone including me, was too. We couldn't not be happy. "Glad we could contribute, babe. I'll see you guys in a few hours, Alpha stuff to take care of." Elijah tells us, kissing my forehead before walking upstairs to his office. "I'm gonna go get changed. Be down in a bit." I tell them and skip upstairs with Rebekah quietly behind me.

She walks off down the hall to her room. I reach mine and close the door behind me.

I start stripping off my wet bathing suit, letting it fall to the ground with a sloppy thud. I dried the rest of my body before pulling on my underwear and bra. I rustle through my drawers and pull out a T-shirt and Joel's carebear boxers. Sometimes I wonder what he watches on his own time. I shake my head, pull my hair into a clip and walk downstairs.

"I'd say you're about 5.. 6 meters behind me, closer to my left." I say out loud, knowing Cliff would hear me. We were standing the middle of the woods clearing and I was practicing my hearing abilities. I was supposed to be able to stop every attack Cliff tried to pull using only my hearing. "Good job." He praises me and I smile. So far, he only got one attack where I didn't see him coming.

He ran off into the woods, hiding somewhere in the distance. I look around me, hearing quiet steps become more clear. I couldn't pinpoint what direction he was in, until I hear the wind pick up as he begins to run toward me. I turn, ready to attack and he stops in his tracks grinning. "You're getting good at that. It makes it easier to defend yourself if you can sense where they are before their attack. Ready for the next step?" He asks me and I nod, eager. "Okay.

Shift and we'll do the same things we've been doing these past few weeks, in wolf form. Got it?" He tells me, holding my shoulders looking at me with seriousness. I take a deep calming breath and put my game face on. "Got it." I say and turn to walk away, taking a few steps before shifting and turn around yet again, facing Cliff as we're both in our fighting stances. He growls and I snarl in return. That's when we lunge.

I whimper. He had me flat on my wolf and I flat on her back, pinned to the ground. He nuzzles my neck and then jumped back, ready to start again. This time, it was a bit of a struggle before he crept up on me, pushing me onto my back again. I let out another whimper.

Use your senses. You can do this, Kat. C'mon now.

His voice trails through my mind. I can do this, I tell myself. Taking a breath, I charge at him. He moves slightly and I push my snout into his neck, hard. I shove my head under

his belly and lift, flipping him over and onto his back. With my paw on his chest, I snarl down at him before I jumping back, letting out a howl of triumph. We ran a few different scenarios. I felt so good to be winning, my body was pounding with excitement and adrenaline. My wolf needed this too. Cliffs voice trails through my mind again.

Hear me coming, focus.

He tells me and he runs into the woods. It was silent. I knew he was in stealth mode, hiding somewhere so careful not to be seen. I close my eyes and try my best to focus. I take a breath, letting my ears perk up as I listen to the sounds of the forest. Crack!

I whirl around and run as fast as I can into the woods, knocking him over in a tackle. Once again I snarling at him in defeat, only I realized that this wasn't that same grey wolf I had been fighting. Instead, pinned underneath me was a large black wolf whimpering.

Jumping back I bow my head down. I'm sorry, Alpha. I didn't realize it was you. I tell him. He must have been on a perimeter run. He rises up, shaking the bits of leaves off of his fur. He walks toward me, using his snout to lift my head. He licks a spot above my eye that I assume was bleeding. When did that happen?

Don't worry, babe. Nice job by the way.

His words float through my mind and my wolf shivers. I started to walk through the trees and toward my back pack. Elijah grabs his bag from a tree near by and follows behind me.

I shift, curling behind a tree. I hear him shift too. "How did you get to me so fast? And where's Cliff?" He asks, coming around the tree, slipping a shirt over my head. I pulled out a pair of underwear from my bag and slipped them on.

I closed my eyes and opened them quick. No idea." I tell him with a laugh. He laughs in response. "That was some try. C'mon, let's get your cut cleaned up," I frown, no clue as to how I got it. "CLIFF. Pack house." He shouts and wraps his arm around my shoulder as we walk back to the pack house.

"Ouch." I wince and pull away. Joel was cleaning my cut in the pack infirmary while Cliff and Elijah sat by asking me questions about training. "Stop being such a baby. It's going to heal as soon as I get all the dirt out anyways." He mutters pouring a bit of rubbing alcohol onto some gauze before presses it to the cut. Frig it stung.

"Hell, you can practically knock the Alpha on his derriere but you whine over a little bitch cut?" Cliff smirks. "I'm about to bitch cut you if you don't stop talking." I glare at him. "It hurts okay." By the time Joel was done, I felt the wound squeeze the skin together as it healed. "Great!, can we get back to training now?" I bounce up and off the counter top.

"Uh, no. If you wanna train, we'll start on your flexibility," he winks and I blush. What was I supposed to say to that?

"I'll be in my office, if I hear you've gone back to training, I won't be happy." Elijah states clearly and I frown as I nod. He leaves the room after kissing my forehead and I stare at Cliff and Joel.

"I'm gonna go take a shower," I mumble to them both and head to my room. Slipping out of Elijah's shirt and my undies, I step into the bathroom, turn on the shower and step into the hot water.

I wash my hair and body quick before hopping out and turning the taps off. I dry my hair best I can before heading out of the bathroom and to my drawers.

I grab another pair of undies and another long t-shirt before heading downstairs.

Walking into the kitchen, I grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl before walking into the living room.

Cliff and Joel were on the couch talking to a few other pack members. I took a seat beside Joel and continued eating my apple, listening in to them talk about hockey.

The other pack members start to leave and soon it's just the three of us. Cliff, Joel and me. We talk like we always do, random topics and questions causing us to laugh or cringe. Rebekah came down smiling about a half hour later. "Hey, wanna join us? We're just talking and goofing around."

I wink at her. She was avoiding contact with Joel, but she smiled at me and sat down beside Cliff. "How'd your day go?" he asks her. "Good actually. I didn't do much. How about you?" She smiles, directing the question at us all. "It went might fine, ma' dear." Cliff smiles back, ruffling her hair. I laugh at the glare she gives him. "I got some more training done actually." I told her and she grins. "That's great.

How'd it go?" And I go to respond but see Elijah come down the stairs. He picks me up off the couch and sits down on the lazy boy chair, placing me on his lap. "What's wrong?" I ask him. Feeling like there's something bothering him. He smiles at me. "I just wanted you near me." He says and I blush, looking to my friends and joining in on a strange conversation about our favourite kind of pie.

"C'mon, how did he even score? This is bullshit." Cliff is shouting at the Hockey game on the TV. I laugh now and again, watching him throw pillows around. He gets too damn worked up over these games.

Rebekah get you to use the washroom and Cliff goes to go get chips and snack foods from the kitchen. It doesn't take either of them long before they're back in the living room and ready to watch. "Alright, I have some Popcorn, Potato chips, Chocolate, Soda

pop and some Pretzel's." Cliff says, placing a whole punch of bags on the table along with a large bowl of popcorn and two bottles of pop with plastic cups.

I grab a handful of Pretzel's and curl into Elijah as we watch the movie Scream 2. This movie always scared the Bejheezus out of me, and the whole time me and Rebekah were screaming and hiding our faces.

"Stop being such a baby." Joel told me as I gasped at the sudden bang in the movie. "Holy shit!" He screams as the Scream guy stabs his knife through a door. "Yeah Joel, stop being a baby." I stuck my tongue out at him and Bekah laughed. I yawn. "Tired, Kitty-Kat?" Cliff smirks at me. "No. Are you Clifford?" I ask him. He glared jokingly. "I told you not to call me that, it's such a stupid nickname." He rolled his eyes. "You're a stupid nickname." I muttered childishly.

I felt Elijah's chest rumble with laughter. I blushed a deep scarlett and continued watching the screen. The movie was just ending, nice peaceful music was playing. "Something has to happen.. it has too..." Rebekah rambles over and over scared out of her mind. "BAH." Joel popped in her ear and she screamed.

"You were right, something did happen." He tells her and laughs. She slaps his chest and glares. "C'mon, cheer up Bek." He tells her and hugs her close. I watched as she smiled up at him but he was already focused on the movie. Slowly I watched as a small frown takes over and she turns to watch the movie again.

This was my eight yawn in less than fifteen minutes. "C'mon. Let's get you to bed." Elijah says. I groan and whine. "I'm fine, really. It's only 12:07 am, I'm not tired at al-" ninth yawn. "Yeah, sure you're not. Let's go." He says and picks me up, carrying me up up the stairs and passes my room... "Any reason we're going to your room?" I yawn again. He places me on the ground outside his door and smiles at me. "I thought you could sleep in here tonight," and he opens his door pulling me in my hand.

He nods his head toward his bed and I crawl in, pulling the covers over me. "Should I be over-thinking this?" Elijah whispers into my ear, "No, you shouldn't be," and I realize I've said it out loud. Shit. He kisses my forehead like always. "Night, Kat." He mumbles. "Night" I breathe sleepily. Don't over think. My eyes were getting heavy. I heard his door open and close and I yawn for the last time before falling asleep.

I woke up and Elijah wasn't beside me. I decided to get up and take a shower. Walking into the bathroom I turn on the tap. When I scrubbed clean, I rung out my hair and wrapped a towel around myself, turning off the water. I step into the bedroom, dropping my towel and search for some clothes.

There was a low growl and suddenly I was pressed up against the wall, completely naked. I met eye's with Elijah, and he growled again. How did I forget this was his room? I breathe out and feel his hips push against mine. I press my lips to his eagerly, my body grinding against his. It Grabbing at eachother like we couldn't get enough.

"You're, mine." He growls. "Yes." I reply. We were all hands, all passion. Every touch was a shock as we took things to the bed. He pulls away slightly, sliding his boxers down to his ankles, ripping a them off completely.

We hit the sheet's with a perfect flop and roll around, our bodies intertwining. My moans match his and things get faster and more intense. "Katerina." He moans my name, ready to push into me. "I love you." He breathes into my ear. "I love you too." And I close my eyes, our lips meet again.

Only to wake up again, for real this time.