

Her Forbidden Alpha by Moonlight Muse Chapter 1

Chapter1 Homecoming

“Scarlett! Please hurry up I don’t want your brother having to wait so long!” Jessica shouted up the stairs to her daughter.

“Kk Mama! I know, relax!” She called back.

Scarlett rolled her eyes applying her trademark red lipstick. If you got it why not flaunt it? She thought to herself as she stared in the mirror at her reflection. Staring back at her was a beautiful young woman with strawberry choppy shoulder-length hair which was dyed in an ombre style, the bottom half a vivid red. Plumping up her hair she stood up and grabbed her car keys. She loved being eighteen – having received her car from her mother and stepfather on her birthday a few months ago.

Despite turning 18, the age that most young werewolves found their mates, Scarlett had not. She didn’t worry too much about it, after all, their pack wasn’t too big and her mate could be anywhere in the world. For now, she’d simply focus on herself. She had felt her wolf awaken, felt her presence in her mind and had shifted to a magnificent grey wolf. It had been bigger than most wolves in their town, something that had caused rumours to spread around the town, no one knew her mother’s mate had been an alpha. But her wolf had been a dead giveaway to that.

She rushed out of her room almost bumping into her fourteen-year-old sister Indigo.

“Careful witch,” Indigo snapped, earning herself a glare from Scarlett.

“I’m getting late Indy, I have to collect Elijah from the airport,” she said running down the steps, taking two at a time and skipping the last four. Her feet hitting the dark wooden floorboards with a thud.

“Scarlett... calm down,” Jessica said stepping out of the mansion kitchen. She had an apron on and her black hair pulled into a messy bun. From the splashes of flour Scarlett noted she must have been working on another cake order. Despite being a werewolf, Jessica was a well-known and in-demand baker in Stratford-Upon-Avon. It was something that kept her busy and her mind off things.

Despite being the Luna to the Blood Moon Pack, Jessica was not fully acknowledged by the pack members. It had been years since they had joined their pack – after the first Luna was killed in a rogue attack which had left the pack devastated. When Jessica had stepped into the broken alphas life the pack had mixed emotions, with some glad that their alpha would not go insane after the loss of his Luna and others uncertain if anyone could replace their alphas mate, finding her entering his life a disrespect to their previous Luna.

“Make up your mind! Do you want me to hurry or not?” Scarlett said, not waiting for a reply as she rushed from the house crossing the green lawn and getting into her white Ford Fiesta.

Scarlett lived near the beautiful town of Stratford-Upon-Avon with woods surrounding their pack area. It was a small place but with plenty of open grounds, perfect for their pack – The Blood Moon. Most of the pack members lived in the pack area but some lived in the town amongst the humans and would come to the woods for a run or pack meetings.

The Alpha, Jackson Westwood, was her stepfather and owned the area. He had his own businesses that helped support the pack financially. Despite his pack only having around 500 members, he was still a strong and fair alpha.

The sun was high in the sky and she lowered her window slightly, putting some EDM music on. Tapping the steering wheel with her freshly painted nails. It was roughly a 50-minute drive to Birmingham, the closest airport to their town, and she was glad for the time to mentally prepare to see him again...

Sighing she lent back in her seat, Elijah Westwood. The son of her stepfather, the future Alpha of The Blood Moon Pack. She had not seen him for the last two years, it was two summers ago when he had visited from his extensive alpha training around the country, that was when she had realised she was crushing on her own stepbrother. The very thought made her internally cringe. A thought she would not dare utter aloud.

She felt nervous now, wondering if those feelings would be gone, she hoped so, not wanting things to become awkward between them. Although Elijah was not the nicest towards her, always teasing, taunting, or trying to embarrass her. She had been so glad when he first left town five years ago, thinking good riddance.

But when he had returned two summers ago, she had seen him completely differently. Now with his training complete, and returning home permanently, he would become alpha soon enough whilst Jackson would step down. She always knew Elijah was a very handsome young man. He had delicious chocolate locks with natural streaks lightened by the sun and those piercing blue eyes...

“Fuck...” She muttered. Do not let yourself go down that train of thought Scarlett... Not now. Not ever.

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The airport was a rush with people leaving and entering, taxis and cars parked all around. She struggled to find a parking space before squeezing

herself into a very tight spot, then realising she could not open her side door. Groaning in frustration she climbed over to the passenger seat and got out. She had failed four tests before passing and bay parking was still not one of her strong points...

Entering the airport she scanned the Flight Information Display. The flight had landed thirty minutes ago. She pouted crossing her arms, hoping she wasn't too late. It did take time to collect your luggage, right?

"Finally... Why am I not surprised?" A drawling voice came from behind her, she spun around knocking into someone.

"Ouch fuck! That hurt!" Scarlett groaned. Massaging her breast she looked up to glare at the brick-like man she had just knocked into, freezing when she looked into her step-brother's cocky face. The scent of winter spice, vanilla and white musk enveloped her senses.

"Need some help massaging that?" He asked, his eyes flitting down to her breasts, she blushed glaring at him.

"Oh shut up Elijah," she replied rolling her eyes.

"What's wrong? Can't big brother take care of his precious little sister?" He mocked. His words ignited a forbidden pleasure within her. "I promise to take good care of you... Just say the word Red..." His breath tickled her ear, her heart pounded in her chest.

She shoved him away from her, trying not to notice the way his chest felt under her fingers. He looked incredible, sexier than she remembered, had he grown a little more? Towering over six foot, he was definitely a lot bulkier than before. His skin was tanned and a light stubble covered his jaw. Dressed in ripped jeans, a white T-shirt, a leather jacket and Nike

trainers he looked effortlessly good. He was the typical alpha male – drop-dead gorgeous.

“Stop being an ass, it’s clear you haven’t changed.” She said glaring at him. He looked down at her, she smelt... delicious.

“You’ve changed a lot though... I was beginning to think the Instagram posts may have all been photo-shopped and edited... clearly not...” He said, his eyes trailing over her 5-foot-2 frame and taking in her curves. She was on the smaller side for a she-wolf but he liked it. Trying not to linger on the way her black top stretched at the bust, paired with blue skinny jeans and black heels boots she looked effortlessly hot. She did not look like a young girl anymore – now grown into a hot sexy woman. (that much was for sure, he was not blind to deny that.) He wasn’t blind and no matter who she was, he couldn’t deny it.

“If you’re done being annoying, shall we go? I don’t have all day.” She said leading the way out. Elijah smirked as he followed her, his eyes falling on her ass, she really did fill out nicely. Her Instagram only held selfies or food pictures. Summer was sure going to be fun...

They reached the car soon after and she unlocked it opening the boot for him, he tossed in his suitcase and duffel bag, walking around to the passenger seat.

“Wait let me get in first,” she said. He raised an eyebrow.

“What? Did you smash in the other door?”

“No, the parking spot was tight.” She said, sliding in and over to the driver’s seat before he got in. A rich white floral scent filled the car, hers.

“The parking spot was fine, you parked wrong.” He remarked as she started the car.

“Buckle up,” Scarlett said ignoring his remark.

“Worried for me?” He teased, smirking when she glared at him.

“No, but it’s my car, so my rules.” She said reversing out of the spot, very aware of his observation. He ignored her refusing to put the belt on, fiddling with her playlist. Sitting back when ‘Or Nah’ by Somo began playing.

She kept her eyes on the road trying not to focus on the words of the song. The words a little too much, and with Elijah in the car... The image in her head was not a decent one...

“So how come you were sent to get me?” He asked looking over at the feisty redhead.

“Last minute meeting with some alpha popped up and you know dad, work comes first.” She replied, making Elijah frown. It irked him when she called his dad, ‘dad’.

“Makes sense.” He said not letting his annoyance show.

“Why didn’t you just run the rest of the way back?” She asked. Her wolf seemed to agree with her. Although having a wolf you did not have a second voice in your head, you could feel their emotions and sense their opinions. Like a second conscience.

“Luggage darling,” he said tauntingly, earning a frown from the young woman. “What about Jessica, busy baking?”

“Yep, I thought she didn’t have anything today but some last-minute order came in and like they say, what was the point of buying me a car if I can’t be of some use?”

Elijah smirked “I agree, freeloader.” He said poking the side of her head, making her glare at him once again.

“I am not a freeloader, I help at the restaurant on weekends... and I’m working at a salon too...” She said, her glare fading. Unlike Elijah, the smart intelligent – pride of the family. She had been a disappointment, doing a beauty course in college she went on to apply at a local human salon. Something her parents had not been happy about, wanting her to get a degree like Elijah, who aside from his alpha duties had a business degree under his belt.

“Cool. I like the hair, it suits you.” He said. Growing up she had gone from purples to blues, and pinks, but this was the reddest he had seen it and it looked pretty hot on her.

“Thanks,” she replied suspiciously. “So are you hungry? Shall we stop at a service station?”

“Yeah lets, I’m fucking starved, you know the food on the plane is not edible.” He said pushing his seat as far back as possible and stretching his long legs a little.

“It isn’t so bad.” She said amused. She kept her eyes open for a sign that told them a service station was approaching.