

Her Forbidden Alpha by Moonlight Muse Chapter 10

Chapter 10 Amelia's Secret

The next morning Scarlett trained alone again and this time Elijah did not disturb her. After what happened last night, both were unsure on how the other would be when they came face to face. Although last night's events had awakened a deeper desire in them both they were uncertain on the extent of the other's interest when they were not so high on alcohol.

But Elijah himself knew he wanted her, he could not even think of another woman, not when she consumed his mind. It disturbed him slightly that he had taken such a strong interest in anyone, something that he had never experienced before.

After training at dawn, Scarlett had returned home. Showering in a bathroom that smelt strongly of Elijah was difficult, the steamy room a clear sign he was back from training too. Sighing inwardly she got dressed in a pair of jeans and an oversized off-shoulder white top that clung to her breasts. She paired it with white flats, had her hair open and her lips painted a nude today. With a coating of eyeliner and mascara she was ready.

She walked downstairs feeling a little nervous to face him. Her core throbbed at the thought of last night.

Entering the kitchen she saw the bleak sunlight shine through the windows, casting a dull glow around the white kitchen cabinets. The delicious smell of the full English breakfast her mother was finishing up cooking enveloped her senses. Indigo was setting the table, yawning away. Jackson and Elijah were sat at the table, Elijah glanced up when she entered but she avoided his gaze.

“Morning.” Scarlett said walking over to the table ruffling her hair.

“Good morning dear.” Jackson said giving her a small smile. Scarlett smiled going over and giving him a kiss on his forehead. Her scent tickled Elijah’s senses as his eyes roamed her body for a second before he looked away smoothly.

“You get the food.” Indigo grumbled, sitting down groaning. “It’s not fair, Elijah tortured us all.”

“You’re complaining about Elijah now? That’s different.” Jackson chuckled. “I’m glad he’s putting the effort in.”

Jessica smiled as she and Scarlett carried the two platters containing; toast, bacon rashers, sausages, eggs, hash browns, roasted mushroom and tomatoes.

“I think everyone needed a little push.” Elijah said.

“A little brutal considering last night was a party.” Indigo grumbled. Scarlett added food to her plate taking her seat next to Elijah’s, much to her dismay it was the only seat left after Jessica took the one next to Jackson.

“Who said to drink so much then?” Jessica scolded.

“You knew...” Indigo asked, surprised then grinned as she began helping herself to food.

Elijah noticed how Scarlett made sure her leg or arm did not brush his. He instead parted his legs even more, moving one close to hers as he purposely brushed her hand when he reached for the baked beans. She glanced at him as a tingle of pleasure rippled through her, her heart skipping a beat before looking away quickly. She crossed her legs to

avoid his knee touching her, remembering how she had straddled him last night...

“So, either of you care to explain what happened last night?” Jackson asked seriously, staring at them. Scarlett froze, her eyes widening as Elijah simply raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“With Hank..” Jessica added, seeing Scarlett’s frozen expression.

“Oh... nothing much. He was overly drunk..” Scarlett said “..and I lost my temper...”

Elijah glanced at her wondering why she did not just say it as it was... He frowned but said nothing. Jessica sighed placing her fork down and ruffling her black hair.

“Scarlett, how many times do I need to tell you that you cannot lose your temper like that? It’s disrespectful. Belonging to the alpha’s family you can’t just treat your pack members like that. Your brother will become alpha soon.” She said, wondering why Scarlett had to make things so difficult.

Both Elijah and Scarlett exchanged looks at the last comment, last night clear in both their heads. Scarlett looked away, her heart thumping with guilt – guilt that she had done something so taboo... and guilt that she had enjoyed it so much.

“I don’t think-” Elijah began. Scarlett’s hand went to his thigh squeezing it and making him tense. Her fingers were not far from his dick and just the thought sent blood rushing to it.

‘Please don’t get involved, I can handle myself.’ Her voice came through the mind link. He frowned thinking she really needed to stop pretending that she could handle everything.

“Scarlett, I know Hank is very headstrong, but he is Elijah’s Delta and will take over soon enough. I need you to stay cordial with them all. They are your future leaders.” Jackson said gently.

Scarlett nodded knowing it was only because of Jackson and her mother she was even staying quiet – not wanting to hassle them. She knew if she made a big deal of what those boys had done, it would only cause unrest and trouble within the pack.

She could defend herself but her mother had taken years to be as confident as she now was. Her biological father had spent years breaking her and it had taken Jackson years to heal her.

Elijah watched her, it was not often Scarlett stayed quiet. He frowned thoughtfully as they continued eating and the topic shifted to lighter things although Scarlett did not contribute.

“There’s some business I need to attend to out of town and I was thinking it would be good for Scarlett to join me, to learn about pack relations and stuff.” He said suddenly, making Scarlett look at him.

‘You wanted to meet your father to settle things, didn’t you?’ He asked through the link. She did not reply thinking time alone with Elijah was not the smartest thing now.

“That sounds like an excellent idea.” Jessica said in approval. Jackson looked at Scarlett who gave a simple nod.

“Perfect, how long are you leaving for and where exactly are you going?” Jackson asked.

“Not too far, towards Manchester, it’s regarding some talks to an ally with a pack up that side. I met the new alpha a few months back.” It was not a complete lie, they would stop there on the way back.

“Sounds excellent, all the allies we can get are welcome.” Jackson said knowing there was growing unrest when it came to rogues over the last few months.

“When do we leave? I need to let the salon know I’m not coming in.” Scarlett said as Jessica sighed.

“I don’t understand why you are even working there.”

“Mom please.” Scarlett said. Jackson placed a hand over his wife’s and Jessica simply shook her head.

“We’ll leave around 5? Pack enough for a week or so.” Elijah said. Scarlett nodded thinking about a road trip and a week away with Elijah. Despite her fighting the thoughts, she felt pleasure pool in her lower regions just considering the possibilities. She pushed the thoughts away before everyone at the table smelt her arousal.

“No fair! Can I not come?” Indigo asked pouting.

“You still have a few weeks of school left.” Jackson reminded her with a smile, his blue eyes twinkling.

“Life is so sucky.” Indigo said.

“Next time kiddo.” Elijah said giving her a smirk. It was incredible how different he saw both the sisters – one was like his own kid sister and although he knew it was hypocritical, he always had just seen her as his little sister. On the other hand... The image of Scarlett riding his hand and moaning in pleasure flashed through his mind and he felt himself twitch.

Fuck she was a tease...

Once breakfast was over Scarlett headed into town to the salon, working for a few hours and booking her leave on the pretence that a family member had passed away. She returned around 2 pm, stopping at Amelia's cottage at the edge of the pack grounds. She hoped the woman was home, she looked at the box of freshly baked biscuits from a bakery in town she had bought as an offering, wishing she had got something else too. Before she could regret it or go grab something else the door was opened by Amelia.

"Afternoon Grandma!" Scarlett said flashing her a small smile.

"Good afternoon dearie, I wasn't expecting you." Amelia said, stepping aside and allowing the young woman in. She was dressed in a knee-length skirt and a black blouse, her brown eyes watching her sharply. "You're cancelling on me, aren't you?"

Scarlett looked at her guiltily. She had come to cancel Friday's dinner but it seemed Amelia had already guessed it.

"Yes, I have to go out of town with Elijah for pack stuff but I promise once I'm back I will make it up to you." Scarlett said looking around the cosy cottage. It was a four-room cottage; a bedroom, a bathroom and a small library led off from the main room, which consisted of the kitchen area, the small dining table and sitting area. The walls were covered in old photos and many oil paintings of sceneries that Scarlett knew her son had made.

"That's fair enough, now sit down and I'll make you a cuppa. I can't eat all those biscuits by myself." Amelia said as Scarlett smiled.

"Do you need me to do anything whilst you're making the tea?" She asked, Amelia looked at her with a devious smirk.

“Well since you asked, I need to have some coriander picked from the garden. Make sure you don’t pull the roots up, just cut the stem.” She warned. Scarlett pouted.

“You gave me that job because you know I hate gardening...”

“Yes.” Amelia said. Scarlett sighed taking the knife and exiting through the back door.

Coming back after 10 minutes with neatly cut coriander.

“Hmm, good enough.” Amelia said inspecting them just encase even one was uprooted. She motioned for her to sit at the wooden circular table that only had two chairs. Two cups of fresh steaming mugs of tea sat on the table and the box of biscuits sat open.

“I do love your tea.” Scarlett said. Amelia always boiled her milk on the cooker, adding the tea bags and cardamom to the silver pot. A tea she learned how to make from a friend.

“Well now, drink up before it gets cold.” She said watching Scarlett with a small smile on her lips.

She had known from the moment the woman with the two young girls, covered in bruises and injuries that had not healed entered pack territories that Scarlett had been sent for something much more important...

Amelia herself was an ordinary wolf, one that had no special ability, but she had a dream once long ago of a special she-wolf who would come to their pack on a full moon. One who would need to be kept hidden until she was ready for what destiny had in store for her.

She knew the dream was more than simply a dream, the voice in it was ethereal and beyond this world – like a song in the breeze, yet so deep

and melodious it made you shiver from the sheer power and serenity it held. She admitted it sounded crazy but she had her own assumption to whom the voice may have belonged to.

Years after that dream when she had almost forgotten it, Scarlett had shown up. The moment Amelia had gone to see what the commotion was about and had laid eyes on the little girl, instantly the dream had flooded back into her mind as fresh as if it had only been yesterday since she had dreamt it.

It was common for surviving mates to die or go insane at the loss of their mates, especially alphas. But somehow Jackson had not gone feral, a miracle in itself and everyone put it down to Jessica. But Amelia often wondered if the young fiery child had anything to do with it.

From the moment she had entered the pack, when the warriors had cornered them, Jessica carrying her six-year-old and pleading for refuge – Fear and desperation in her navy-blue eyes. Scarlett had been sharp and observant, despite the marks over her body, her eyes remained defiant and her will remained strong. Not showing even an ounce of fear at the wolves that surrounded them.

It was because of Scarlett.

Even rogue attacks became less frequent over the years and although everyone put it down to stronger patrolling and the fear of the packs ever-growing power. Amelia knew it had something to do with Scarlett. It was because of her. Amelia had openly supported Jessica's entrance into Jackson's life.

When Scarlett had shifted Amelia had not been surprised. She was expecting something and when she saw the silver-grey wolf that shone like the moon, leaving many in awe and fear. Amelia had been satisfied that she had not made the wrong assumption. Unlike the pack who had

started treating her with fear or contempt, not understanding why her wolf was so big, something that worried them more than her pure silver fur, Amelia had comforted Scarlett.

Their bond had always been strong but since she shifted Scarlett had become more reserved and Amelia felt as if she was hiding something from her.

“The tea is lovely.” Scarlett said bringing her out of her reverie. Taking a biscuit, Amelia nodded over her cup of tea.

“It is indeed...” She said, her eyes twinkling with wisdom and secrecy