

Her Forbidden Alpha by Moonlight Muse Chapter 5

Chapter5 Night-Time Pleasure

“Oh Elijah, that’s it!” Fiona moaned with pleasure coursing through her as she rode on Elijah’s cock, their moans of pleasure filled the room. The smell of sex in the air with pleasure flowing through them both.

“That’s it come for me.” He groaned looking up at the woman above him, her breasts bounced with every thrust as he gripped her hips tightly ramming her down on his dick.

Her head was tilted back in pure ecstasy, her cheeks flushed and her hair a sexy mess but even through the lust-filled haze Elijah wasn’t completely in it. Sure it felt fucking good, and she was sexy, but something was missing.

Suddenly the image of Scarlett riding him entered his mind, squeezing her breasts in her sexy red bra, her head of sexy red locks tilted back whilst biting those lush lips...

He froze in shock at the image that had entered his mind.

“Ouch!” Fiona whimpered, grabbing onto Elijah’s wrists. He blinked pushing the image from his head, looking down at her tight grip on his wrists. His eyes widening slightly when he saw his grip on her hips was painfully tight, his fingers digging into her.

“Fuck sorry!” He said letting go, seeing the mark he had left behind. She smiled weakly shaking her head. Placing her hands on his chest she began thrusting onto him once again but she didn’t get far, he gripped her waist lifting her off him and dropping her on the bed sitting up.

He couldn't do this, she just wasn't doing it for him. Seeing the shocking image in his head made him realise exactly what he thought of Scarlett.

"Babe.. is everything ok?" Fiona asked gently placing her slim hand on his muscular bicep, Elijah tensed.

"Don't." He said, his voice dangerously cold and making Fiona freeze with it.

"S-sorry..." She said, a tense silence fell between them.

They had been on-off fuck buddies for a few years before he had left for his Alpha training, whenever he had visited they would get it on.

Many had thought and hoped they would turn out to be mates, which hadn't been the case. It was something that had internally devastated Fiona who still secretly hoped that Elijah would fall in love with her and accept her.

It was common knowledge he didn't really believe in the mate bond or its value. He had always warned her on calling him by any pet names and made it clear they were nothing more than occasional sex partners, one of many.

The fact they weren't mates had never bothered Elijah as he didn't really see her as more than just a good fuck. Something that was now clearly not working.

"I just... are you ok? Did something happen? Did I do something wrong?" She asked softly as he got up picking up his boxers and pants then slipping them on, she could still see his thick large member bulging.

“It seems you just don’t do it for me anymore.” He said quietly, his words were harsh and he knew it. She flinched at those words, feeling the stabbing pain of rejection.

“I’m sorry, maybe we can try something else...” She said getting on her knees at the edge of the bed feeling rather vulnerable.

He looked at her, he had to admit that out of all the women he’d slept with she was the least annoying. She could have even been an ideal Luna; she was genuine, sweet and cared for others. But he never really saw her as more.

“If we have to try to make something work, it means it’s fucking useless. It’s nothing personal Fiona... but I think we’re definitely done.” He said not bothering to put his shirt on as he held it in his hand and walked to the window, glancing back at the she-wolf who had tears in her eyes. But it didn’t bother him. Jumping out he dropped the two stories to the ground, landing with ease before he straightened up and headed home. His mind a mess and a very uncomfortable hard on to accompany it.

Entering the mansion he went up the stairs two at a time. Going into his bedroom he tossed his shirt to the floor before walking to the adjoining bathroom, a bathroom that was shared with Scarlett. Her scent was strong in here making him throb even harder.

Fuck she was really fucking messing with his mind... He stripped getting into the shower, his eyes not missing her toiletries that sat on the corner of the tub. Her used clothes dangling out of the hamper near the door that led off to her bedroom. His mind wandered to the image of her in her red bra, his cock twitching at the thought, he slammed his hand against the bathroom wall thinking was he fucking doing this for real? He wrapped his hand around his hardened shaft, stroking himself as he pictured her in his mind. The way she looked when he licked her wound, the smell of

her arousal... her ass that moved so fucking sexily in those yoga pants of hers...

Groaning his sped up, imagining those sexy red lips wrapped around his dick. So lost in his thoughts, he didn't realise when the bathroom door from Scarlett's room opened...

INTERESTING FOR YOU

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It had been a while since Elijah had left. Scarlett had showered, browsed Instagram – posting an image or two – and even put some music on and tried to read a book. However, Scarlett hadn't been able to focus, feeling annoyed for no obvious reason. Well... there was a reason, a reason she was not about to acknowledge.

She kept on thinking about everything that had happened, her mind kept on replaying their small moments from earlier. What did they even mean?

She finished off the chocolate she had been munching, oh how she loved chocolate... Groaning she sat up, deciding to brush her teeth and get to bed.

She walked to the door thinking that was another annoying thing, sharing a bathroom with him. That it would now constantly smell of him would only add to her thoughts... she was so lost in her thoughts she didn't even notice the sound of the shower.

Opening the door she stepped inside, hit with a blanket of steam. She frowned in confusion before her eyes widened in shock, realisation hitting her as her eyes fell on the god-like man in the shower... masturbating.

Her cheeks flushed, a small gasp escaping her. She was not able to stop her eyes from trailing over him, he was complete muscle, delicious, perfect muscle...

His abs looked as if they had been chiselled from stone, his Adonis belt made her lick her lips. She could feel her core throbbing as her gaze went lower, her heart thudding as she looked at the thick hard member in his hand. God never had she imagined it to be so... perfect...

A groan brought her back to reality as his milky cum shot out of his tip making her blush and quickly turn away to exit the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

Elijah looked up at the sound of the door slamming thinking fuck... Did she just see him jerking off? Shame he hadn't realised, it would have been even better having the real thing before him as he came...

He smirked as he grabbed her body wash.

Well... at least he had something to tease her over tomorrow...

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Scarlett placed a hand to her chest, her heart was pounding erratically, the image clear in her mind.

“Oh Goddess...” She groaned. She stood up locking the door, her stomach was still knotted and her pussy throbbed.

Turning off her lamp and music she threw herself onto the bed. Wasn't he supposed to be with Fiona?

What happened that his plans changed and he had to take care of himself? She blushed, the image clear in her mind as she ran her palm down her

face staring at the ceiling. The crack through the curtains let moonlight seep into her bedroom, casting a sliver of light across her room.

She bit her lip, slipping her hand into her silk shorts and closing her eyes when her finger found her clit. She moaned softly, twirling her finger over it and pushing her shorts down with her other hand. She parted her lips for better access as she licked the tip of her finger, reapplying it to her bud.

“Oh fuck...” She moaned softly, pleasuring herself, the image of Elijah in the shower clear in her mind. His wet brown locks falling in front of his eyes, his one hand spread on the shower wall, his other strong hand wrapped around his thick member. Imagining his fingers slipping into her she throbbed hard, imagining his lips on her, licking and kissing her... the pleasure in her core was building and she let her mind run wild. The illicit thoughts of Elijah strong, thoughts she would never dare to utter aloud.

She let out a soft moan as her orgasm tore through her, her back arching off the bed slightly as she gasped. Trembling, she blinked her eyes to clear her mind.

“Fuck Elijah... I hate you for doing this to me.” She muttered. Slipping her shorts back up she buried her flushed face into her cushion, feeling a little mortified with herself for masturbating at the thought of her stepbrother. One incredibly sexy stepbrother...