

Her Destined Alpha chapter 6 by Moonlight Muse

Her Name

RAYHAN

I awoke to the sound of running water, I sat up feeling the pain in my body. What the fuck had happened? Where was she? Was she ok? I calmed down when I smelt her scent, it surrounded me strongly.

This was her place; I don't know how, but she had brought me here. I smiled slightly. That was sweet of her. Why were witches after her? And after witnessing all that, why did she bring me here? I wasn't sure what it was, but there was more to her.

I looked around her place, it was tiny. The small bed took up a quarter of the room. To one side were some boxes and a faded suitcase. There was a small kitchen cupboard with a sink fitted. A table next to it held a portable cooker and a kettle. Under the table was a box of cereal, a loaf of bread and a few other tins. There was a small mini-fridge on the floor next to the table. On the opposite wall was a chair that was holding a few ironed items of clothing, and I saw that just underneath it stood an iron.

One fact was clear, my mate didn't have an easy life... Just looking at this room, I could see that. It actually hurt. There were two doors in the room: one next to the sink that I knew led outside because it had a lock, and a smaller one that probably led to the bathroom. There was a small window above the table that the cooker was on.

I looked down at the sodden, bloody bandages she had put on... I smirked slightly; she sure didn't know much about first aid... Two of the bandages were already peeling off. She had obviously not dried the area first.

Well, at least she tried, I smiled slightly at that. She was damn cute. I was injured, would she be alarmed to see me up already? I should pretend to be asleep.

I heard the water go off and quickly laid down, schooling my face into passiveness and doing my best to keep my breathing steady. Was I really going to pretend to sleep? Hell yeah, if it meant I got to observe my little mate.

The door opened and I remained still, breathing steadily as I inhaled her scent mixed with her bath products. Goddess, I could get used to this... She padded into the room and I opened my eyes ever so slightly.

Oh hell. I shouldn't have. She stood there in a tiny towel, her back to me as she rummaged quietly through the top box. Water trickled down her slender legs,

creating a small puddle by her dainty feet. I frowned. She seemed to have a few scars on her legs. Did she hurt herself?

I raked my eyes over her, swallowing when she slipped on some panties, trying not to imagine how she looked down below. She turned and I closed my eyes quickly. She paused before I heard her turn away once again, pulling something else on. I cracked open an eye, shamelessly watching her.

Sadly, she was wearing some yoga pants now. Her towel was around her shoulders. She slipped on a bra as I admired her perky, bubbly butt. She had a slender body, with a tiny waist and-

"Did your mother never teach you that you shouldn't spy on a woman getting dressed?" Her soft yet confident voice came.

I felt my cheeks burn. How did she know I was awake? She pulled on an oversized shirt before she let her towel fall. Turning and raising an eyebrow.

Damn... I wasn't expecting her to be so feisty.

"Well, usually girls don't mind me staring at them." I replied with a wink and a smile that I knew would make any girl swoon.

She rolled her eyes.

"Well, I'm not one of them." She remarked,

"Oh yeah? How about we put that to the test?" I asked, getting up from the bed, this place was seriously too cramped...

I walked over to her; I could hear her heart racing as she backed away from me.

She was gorgeous. Her eyes were dreamy yet sharp, with these thick lashes. Her brown brows were arched, and the hair on her head was pure white and silky, framing her flawless face. I smirked confidently, my gaze dipping to her tantalising plump lips. Let's just say, in all, she was the most gorgeous woman I'd ever laid eyes on.

"I'm a lesbian." She said, making me stop in my tracks. "That is why it won't work."

I frowned. Was she for real or was she just lying? I stared her in the eye, but she just stared back. How could my mate be...? No, she's lying. I crossed my arms.

"I don't believe you."

"You don't have a choice now, do you? Look, you saved me, I saved you... My debt is repaid now please... leave."

I won't deny that those words did cut me a little. Something about what she had just said made me frown, I looked at her sharply. She wasn't scared with all the blood or with what went down...

"What are you?" I asked her, now serious.

Was she really just a human? She smelt like one...

"I'm..." Her eyes flickered and I saw her hesitation.

That look... My own heart thundered as I felt a sudden rush of cold wash over me, realising where I had seen that look before. She looked a lot like the girl who has haunted my dreams for years... A much prettier, hotter, stronger and sexier version, but it was her.

"Delsanra?" I whispered, my voice coming out hoarser than it was meant to.

She looked shocked before she looked away.

So, she recognised me too...

"I don't really go by that name anymore." She murmured, wrapping her arms around her tiny frame.

It was suddenly way too tight in here. My mate was none other than the girl I thought had jumped to her death. Was that the reason I couldn't get it out of my head?

My mate almost died.

My mate was a witch.

I ran my hand through my hair. It was a lot to take in... but... as I looked at her. I didn't care. She was meant for me and... now that I had met her, there was no way I was going to let her slip away.

"You should leave." She stated.

I was not leaving. I placed a hand on my stomach, faking pain as I stood there.

"It hurts. Mind if I just stay until it heals?" I asked, looking up at her with my sexy grey eyes.

I knew how to play cute. Surely, she must feel something? But then again... witches were probably like humans. They may feel slight attraction, but it was nowhere near as strong as the bond. Which meant I was going to have to win her over.

She simply frowned. I was glad that somehow she survived that fall.

"How did you survive?" I asked.

"Does it matter? I'm a witch, I'm sure you would want me dead."

"Hey, that's not fair. Even back then, I wanted to help you."

"Lies. You didn't mean that."

She believed that too...

"That's not true, Delsanra."

"Stop that." She turned away and I could sense her frustration.

"Stop what?" I looked down at her, realising I had her trapped between the boxes and the wall.

The urge to close the gap between us was getting stronger. Her scent and her heaving chest were not helping.

"Just go."

The indirect rejection hurt.

"No, how did you survive?"

"Just go!"

She took a deep breath, muttering something, and I clamped my hand over her mouth. Sparks rushed through me, and I felt her gasp against my hand. The feel of her lips against my palm was driving me nuts. I didn't know why she smelt like a human, but I was not going to risk her using a spell on me. I leaned in, holding her gaze.

"Listen to me, kitten, I'm the Alpha in the room. When I ask a question, I expect an answer, but I get that you don't trust me."

And you're my mate and equal, so I can't boss you around... damn it. I sighed, calming myself down.

"Look, I've dreamt of the moment you jumped off that cliff so many times. The guilt that I wasn't able to protect you when you saved our kind... is still with me. I need to know what happened."

She didn't speak, frowning at me before she yanked my hand away from her mouth.

"How do you expect me to reply if you have that beefy hand over my mouth?! Yuck! I just had a bath."

Her words hurt a little as she bunched up her shirt, wiping her mouth as if my touch repulsed her.

"I'm waiting." I said, now crossing my arms.

Her eyes darted around, clearly looking for an escape route. She was smart and was playing it safe so as not to anger me. If only she knew I'd never hurt her. But her next words felt like a punch in the face. Words that were laced with pain, hatred and despair.

"I wanted to die. I really did, I wanted to escape from your kind and mine. Because there was nothing on this earth worth living for."