

Her Destined Alpha chapter 8 by Moonlight Muse

1.

2. Her Refusal

RAYHAN

Her eyes widened, and I knew she was having a hard time believing that.

“When you ran into me, I felt it. Your scent... You’re made for me.”

Ok, maybe throwing that bomb was not the smartest thing to do, but I didn’t want to leave her. Not in this small apartment that wasn’t safe at all. Not to mention, my bathroom was three times bigger than her place.

She laughed nervously. Goddess, that sound. It was a breathy, sexy laugh that sent my heart racing.

“Yeah, good joke. You’re damn delusional. Now, get out.”

“I’m not lying. Why else do you think I’m not losing my cool when you insult me?”

Shit. Wrong remark. I saw the flash of worry in her eyes, the way her heart hammered and how she balled her fist.

“Oh yeah... Apart from your mates, you treat everyone else like trash that you can beat and abuse as and when you wish, right? Yeah, I’ve experienced it all. Now leave before I force you to.” She replied coldly.

I clenched my jaw. I knew she had been captured by the rogues... But to what extent had she suffered? Anger burned within me, I wanted to destroy everyone that had tortured her... Every single person who had made her suffer... But how do I tell her we weren’t all the same?

“Ok, I’ll go, but we’re not the same... You know we treat our mates well. Then you should know I wouldn’t let anyone hurt you.”

She gave me a scornful smile, crossing her arms, her beautiful face holding contempt and disbelief.

“Well, what makes you think I’d ever consider you as a partner? I don’t like animals, especially dogs. Do you think I’ll date one? Yuck. Gross. Yeah, never. Secondly, just because I’m your apparent mate, do you think I’ll stay with someone who abuses and lets others abuse the innocent? Never. Now just go!”

The insults didn’t bother me, but the look on her face... She hated our kind from her very core, and I couldn’t blame her... She had every reason to... I needed to give her space.

"Ok, I'll go. But if you need me..." I looked around, spotting a pen. I picked it up pulling the lid off with my teeth, and took hold of her hand, wanting to feel her touch one last time. I had found my mate... and I was going to have to leave her...

I pushed her sleeve up, the string of sparks was so damn perfect. I frowned at the marks on her arms, but I ignored them and wrote my number on her supple flesh, making sure not to press too hard. She was too surprised to say anything. I put the lid on the pen and tossed it onto the bed.

"Take care of yourself, kitten." I whispered.

Raising her hand to my lips, I kissed her wrist softly, making her inhale sharply before yanking her hand away.

I let go of her, picking up my jacket and walking to the door. It took all my willpower not to turn back towards her, because if I did, I wouldn't be able to walk away.

Her heart was thudding, but she didn't speak. The moment I stepped out, the door was slammed shut and I heard the key turn.

That couldn't keep me out... but I had to give her space.

I walked away, wondering if she was watching. I wasn't going to go far, I intended to stay near in case anyone else came for her. In fact, I never got to ask why those people were after her.

I took out my phone and dialled Marcel's number. He was my uncle, and part of the family now. I wasn't sure he'd appreciate me calling him so late at night.

But this is important.

"Rayhan?" His groggy voice came.

"Yeah, I had a few questions. Got a minute?"

"Well yeah... everything ok?"

"Yeah, it is. I just had a question regarding the witch Endora had held captive back then. The one who told us the date and time of the attack. Can you tell me everything you know about her?"

"She's dead, right? Why do you want to know?" He sounded sharper now.

"I was just curious." I replied truthfully.

I wanted to know how badly my mate was treated; what made her feel disgusted at the mere sight of me.

"Ok well, Endora brought her a year-"

"Skip that, I mean, what did she go through at Endora's and your packs hands?" I know I sounded harsher than normal, but I couldn't stop the unbridled anger I felt within.

"Ok, calm down, son."

I sighed.

"Right. Go on."

"Although I was in charge, they weren't my pack alone. They listened to Endora, but I'm not innocent. I saw it plenty of times, Endora commanding the guards to beat her."

I closed my eyes, trying to calm the anger that was blazing like an insatiable inferno.

"She was beaten on a daily basis, all I knew, or what I was told, was she was a twisted little wench. We all know Endora lied, but she was different, far more powerful than Endora if given the chance to reach her potential. I could sense the darkness around her, Endora sealed away most of her powers though."

I couldn't even focus. 'She was beaten on a daily basis.' Those words screamed in my head again and again.

"...Rayhan? Rayhan?"

"Yeah I'm here." I said, trying not to shatter the phone in my hand.

"Did you have another dream?"

He sure had good memory...

"Maybe."

"Don't blame yourself, that child went through more than anyone should. She was better off dead than having to live with the trauma of all she experienced in life."

Those words made me feel a thousand times worse.

"Ok, I'll talk to you soon."

"Sure thing son." He hung up and my hand dropped to my side, limp.

The trauma... How much had she gone through? I frowned. Her arms had scars and runes... Now, thinking back, so did her legs... I walked to the nearest wall and dropped to the ground, staring at the sky.

Well, Uncle Al's wish came true in a way. My mate wasn't giving me hell, but she sure hated me. Not to mention she had been through hell...

I just sat there, the pain of just imagining what she had been through consuming my mind. How could she trust anyone when all her life she's been abused?

I wouldn't hurt her, I'd be her knight in glossy fur whenever she needed me. I'd make her realise that I want to heal her, not destroy her, if she gave me the chance.

I would make everyone who had ever hurt her pay, and that included those who were now living their lives as if they had never done wrong.

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I woke up to something soft moving against my foot, I opened my eyes to see a rat nibbling at my boot. Fuck!

I kicked it off and getting up. . The sun wasn't fully up yet, I had fallen asleep without realising. I made my way back to her apartment, her scent wafting outside told me she was safe inside.

It was best I got back to the penthouse and showered. Then I'd follow my little kitten around...

I had just showered and gotten dressed. With every passing minute, I was comparing the state she lived in to what I had. Sure, her place was clean, but it was tiny... I didn't miss the fact she had only one mug. I had been tempted to tell her I'd take the cup, but that had been her mug, one she had put her lips to.

I was pulling on my shirt when the door burst open. I exhaled and turned, glaring at the almost naked Chris. His blond hair was a mess, his green eyes were wide, and I could see the marks on his neck, which meant he had been at it not long ago. The man was a chick magnet and he used that for all it was worth. The smell of sex was strong on him and I wrinkled my nose.

"You stink dude."

"Ray, help me man, get the hoes out. They ain't stopping, I'm bored." He said, trying to grab my arm. I stepped away.

"Don't touch me." I warned. "You brought them here, so you get rid of them, now."

I had no idea when he got home, but it was clear he had enough fun. It took a lot to tire him out. The guy was one of my closest friends, but he was, as Lola would say, a slut.

"Your trash, you take it out." I replied with a frown.

"For your brother from another mother, man? They are wild." He groaned.

"Did you give them something?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

He looked guilty. Typical Chris...

"I swear... You owe me." I muttered, pushing past him.

"Thanks, man!" He was about to sling an arm around me.

"Don't touch me, I don't want any of that on me." I growled.

I walked down the hall to his room, pushing open the door with my foot and stopping in my tracks, I had not been expecting the sight before me. There wasn't two women or three.

The large bed had six naked she-wolves on it, all pretty hot and clearly horny as hell.

"You brought a friend to join us handsome?" One of them asked, licking her lips.

Maybe yesterday a hint of temptation would have flitted through my mind, but after meeting Delsanra, nothing before me was appealing.

"Get out. Now!" I thundered.

That did the job. My alpha aura rolled off me as they all scurried to grab whatever was left of their clothing. I turned and walked off, giving Chris a look.

Seriously, did I need to deal with his harem in the morning?

"Whoa, whoa, where are you going?"

"Out."

"Yeah, I know, where?"

I paused. Do I tell him? She was a witch... No one was going to accept that easily. This was something I didn't even consider until now but I wasn't ashamed of her, she will be their Luna no matter what.

"I found my mate."

