

Alpha's Unhinged, Alpha's Unhinged Mate, Alpha's Unhinged Mate by Jessica Hall, Alphas, chapter, Series, Alpha's Unhinged Mate

Chapter 21

Lily POV

Layla pushed herself faster and we heard the roar of his car engine before we heard him take off tearing off towards town.

"You better not let him win Layla" I warn her, and she takes off. Once we hit the houses I am surprised at how fast and lithe she is on her feet, she made running look easy as she jumped fences and made turns, I thought she would skid out of control. Not once did she stumble or make a mistake and god d**n, she was fast! When we hit the centre of town. I could still hear Damien's car in the distance, racing to beat us. One more street and an alleyway to go.

Layla dug her paws in faster and I could tell she was finding every part of the race thrilling, she wanted to beat him, and I could feel she wanted me to trust her and this was one way she wanted to try and show me I could. One way she wanted to prove she would always have our backs. We skidded to a stop out the front of the pack house before quickly shifting and running inside before anyone could see us naked. I was laughing hysterically with Layla as she did a victory dance in my head, bouncing up and down with her tail wagging.

Going upstairs, I turn the shower on, needing to wash the itchy grass and dirt off. I was still chuckling to myself as I washed my hair when I heard the door downstairs open and shut. I giggled when I smelt his scent waft up to me. I listened as he came up the stairs. Turning to face the bathroom door, I waited in anticipation before it opened. Damien had a smile on his lips.

"You look quite happy for someone who lost," I tell him.

"Somehow I think it was a win-win situation for me," He says before removing his pants. I watch as he moves into the bathroom. His eyes filled with l**t as they burned into me. Damien steps into the shower, his chest pressing into mine before I feel him grab me, making me squeal at his sudden movement. I quickly wrap my arms around his neck and wrap my legs around his waist as I am pressed against the shower wall. He groans into my mouth as his lips crash against mine hungrily.

His hand left my a*s moving up before squeezing my breast. His rough hands squeezing and palming my breast while his lips move to my neck nipping and sucking on my skin. I kiss the side of his face before leaning my face to his neck and kiss his skin and I feel him shudder, before he moves back to my lips. His hand wraps around my throat as he pulls my face to his. I feel him go to turn and I wrap my arms and legs around him tighter, so I don't fall. Feeling his erections pressing against my lips which are slick with arousal.

He turns the shower off before walking into the bedroom. He dumps me on the bed before climbing on top of me, and I shriek.

"Damien let me up, the bed's getting wet"

"That's not all that will be getting wet" He growls next to my ear. His lips go to my breast as he bites down hard on my nipple. His hands moving down my body and I feel

him kiss my stomach before settling between my legs.

“Hmm You smell so good” He says before I feel his hot tongue part my lips, licking a straight line from my a*s to my c**t. My back arching off the bed and he pushes my legs higher draping them over his shoulders. I feel my stomach tighten at the intense pleasure building up, my skin becoming flushed as it heats.

Damien grips my hips holding them in place as I buck against him. I grip his hair trying to pull his face away but all he does is groans and the vibration nearly sends me over the edge.

Damien slips a finger inside me and I moan at the sudden intrusion before I feel him slip it out adding another. I grind my hips against his face and fingers. Damien’s tongue moving faster, flicking over my c**t when I feel myself reach my peak and come crashing over the edge, my juices spilling onto his tongue as he licks me clean and I moan loudly.

Damien then crawls up the bed before flopping down beside me and pulling me against him.

I rest my chin on his chest.

“Good?” He asks, making my face flush with embarrassment and he chuckles softly. My fingers traced one of his scars on his chest. He watches me as my fingertips brush softly against his scarred skin.

“How old were you when you got these?” I ask looking up at him. He stares up at the ceiling. His jaw tenses as he grits his teeth.

“Nine” He says.

“How did you get them?” I ask and he looks at me.

“My father” He answers shortly, not adding anything else and I can tell it’s not a topic he likes talking about.

“Is that why you killed him?” He doesn’t answer, just looks at me before looking up at the ceiling.

“Some people shouldn’t be parents” He says, and I can tell he is off reliving some nightmare memory.

Sitting up, I climb on top of him making him look at me. His hands rubbing my thighs before I lean down and kiss him. He seems shocked at first before kissing me back and his hands grip my thighs tightly.

“Lily, if you don’t want me to f**k you. I suggest you get off” He says against my lips. I kiss the side of his mouth before kissing his chin. Moving to his neck I nip at the skin before kissing it softly. He turns his head giving me better access to his neck and I feel his breath hitch. I hesitate before Layla’s voice pleads with me.

“Please Lily, mark him, he won’t leave us. I promise” Layla urging me to mark him, she wants to be tied to Damien.

“You don’t have to Lily. I want you to, but I can wait” He whispers. Making all doubt leave me. I kiss his neck before I feel my canines protrude and press against his skin before piercing his neck.

I taste his blood as it rushes into my mouth and his grip tightens as he groans loudly, his fingers digging into my thighs. I pull my teeth from his neck before running my tongue over it sealing it, when I suddenly feel all his emotions rush into me.

Overwhelming me and I sit up.

Damien’s face studying mine, I could feel he was trying to figure out if it was me or

Layla that marked him. Looking for any regret of what I just did, but I knew he would find none.

“I love you” He says brushing his thumb over my lips.

“I know you do” I tell him, kissing his thumb before he pulls me down on his chest, hugging me tightly against him, his fingertips running up and down my spine softly.

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Chapter 22

Lily POV

Waking to the feel of my heart pounding in my chest, my entire body felt like it was wired, and my skin buzzed lightly as a cold rush of adrenaline rushed through my body making goosebumps rise on my skin. Startled by the sudden feeling, I jump out of bed, scanning the room. Damien is nowhere to be seen, and on his side of the bed, the covers were ripped back like he left suddenly.

That's when I realise the feeling consuming me isn't mine, but his. Grabbing the first thing I lay my hands on, I dress quickly before running down the stairs. Layla is stirring to life as she feels the tension in the air.

“Darian said to stay inside there is a rogue attack he felt us wake up”

“F**k that, we need to help” I tell her, throwing the front door open.

The entire town is in chaos and I know something has gone terribly wrong, as the first thing I see is Callie and Max fighting off rogues in the middle of the park. Warriors fighting up the street and around the outskirts of the park that is in the dead centre of the town. Not hesitating, I jump into the fray to help.

Callie is fighting two wolves and they seem to have the upper hand as they injure her. Max has three wolves on him but seems to be faring better. I watch as the black wolf pins Callie to the ground and the other tries getting to her neck.

Shifting mid jump, I tackle the wolf Layla tearing out a chunk of its fur as we skid across the ground. Spinning quickly we grab its tail ripping it backward but not before he pivots, his jaws snapping dangerously close to our face. Missing by centimetres only to latch onto my side. Seeing an opening Layla tears through the wolf's throat, ripping it out. The wolf goes limp at our feet. I feel blood running down our side like I have turned a tap on.

I hear Max whine loudly trying to get to Callie, but he is still cornered by the three wolves. Callie on the ground next to the swings with another two wolves attacking her. Her back legs are ripped apart pretty badly as blood coats her fur.

“Where the f**k, are they coming from?” Layla growls while lunging at the wolf that is attacking Callie. We pounce on its back digging our claws in and tearing into the back of its throat. It growls before tossing us off and we hit the slide. Layla gets up baring her teeth and growling menacingly as it stalks toward us. He is big, his brown fur covered in mud and dirt.

We lunge at him just as he lunges, and we clash together before his weight knocks us

backwards and he lands on top of us. Layla whimpers as he rips off a chunk of her ear. But that just angers her more as she digs her claws into his underbelly and scratches him. He shudders before she kicks him off, and she jumps on him, not giving him enough time to react as our canines go through his neck. She shakes her head viciously, ripping his throat apart as he slumps on the ground.

I notice warriors fighting off more that have broken through the borders when Max howls loudly. But it's too late. If I had the pack link, maybe I would have been warned in time. Not being a pack member is a real disadvantage right now. I turn to see a black and white wolf lunge at me, his teeth sinking into the side of my face near my eyes, his teeth tearing away fur and flesh, making Layla yelp.

Her vision going dark on that side as her eye swells shut instantly. The wolf then sinks his teeth into the back of her neck. Thinking quickly, she drops on her back, rolling. His canines snapping dangerously close to our face again. Getting up, we slipped slightly as the dirt had now turned to mud from the blood pouring out of us.

Layla wobbles on her paws before regaining herself just as he lunges again, tearing into our flank. Suddenly Max jumps over me before tackling the wolf, ripping it to pieces. Callie comes over, nudging us.

"You're going to need to shift Layla, you won't be able to hold out much longer" I tell her as we stagger.

Layla stands up on shaky legs before shaking out her fur. Blood and fur spraying everywhere as Max and Callie move backwards towards me, their eyes on the streets. The warriors fighting around the park also pushed back as more rogues came into the park.

We take position in a circle. There were nine rogues and five of us. The warrior next to us stares worriedly when Layla's steps falter, looking past us as he sees Callie injured before moving in front. Natural order kicking in. Male werewolves always have it drummed into them to protect the she-wolves. It irks Layla that she doesn't want to be seen as a damsel in distress.

The wolves circled around us, baring their teeth with hunched shoulders when the white wolf stepped forward and I realised he must be in charge as he nodded, and they all lunged simultaneously. Callie and I get knocked back to the middle as the warriors block the two wolves from attacking us when we get attacked from the side.

I get knocked out of the circle as I am hit by a brown wolf with white patches. Using our back legs, we kick him off and he hits a tree. Not wasting any time, we bite into his stomach, ripping his intestines out. Blood coating our already saturated fur. Hearing an agonised cry we turn just in time to see a she-wolf barreling towards us, the wolf we just killed must have been her mate as she abandoned the fight she was in to attack us.

She lunges forward and we sidestep but not quick enough as she scratches into our already injured flank. Layla whines and is getting weaker from the blood loss. We don't heal like normal wolves and it was starting to take a toll on her.

Layla lunged back, managing to rip off a chunk of fur, but she was faster as she tackled us, biting into my shoulder and forcing us on our back. Layla scratches her face before I suddenly feel it. Layla is forced to shift as she weakens, leaving me trapped under the she-wolf. I put my arms under her neck, just keeping her jaw away as she snaps her teeth at my face. When she can't get through that way, she tears into my arm making me drop it, making me scream as I feel her canines sink into my soft skin.

Manoeuvring quickly, I wrap my arms around her neck, pulling her against me but keeping her teeth away as I squeeze, strangling her. She struggles against me and I wrap my legs around her torso, squeezing with every bit of strength I have left. Her back claws digging into my thighs as she scratches through my flesh, trying to get loose. I scream at the pain but refuse to let go, knowing if I do, I am dead.

“Damien is close, I can feel him getting closer, hang on” Layla says as I try with all my might to not let go. Just when I think I can’t hold on anymore. I see muscled tattooed arms come into my line of vision, his hands grabbing the wolf’s head before he twists, jerking her head to the side and I hear a crack. She goes limp against me and I roll her off slumping on the ground trying to catch my breath.

Damien then turns around running to help his warriors. I watch as a wolf lunges toward him and I expect him to shift but instead he just pivots before grabbing its throat and squeezing its legs hanging in the air, when I hear the sickening crack before he drops it. Stepping over its limp body when another attacks. It is over quickly, and I slump back down on the ground when I realise he is okay.

Turning my head, I see Callie in human form and Max in wolf form. Callie is injured and Max is licking her wounds trying to seal them. She will be okay with her wolf healing her fast. Me on the other hand, not so much as I lay bleeding out on the ground, too weak to even move. I can feel blood pooling around me, and my body feels slack and jelly like.

I stare up at the clear sky, the stench of dead rogues in the air, Layla has gone quiet and I am too weak to even try to find her. Suddenly a shadow falls on me and I see Damien bend down, his arm going behind me knee’s and the other under my back near my shoulders. He lifts me against his chest and tingles spread over my skin, easing the pain but not enough to take it all away.

I feel myself slipping as weightlessness consumes me, and I feel my head roll back as I go limp in his arms.

“Why isn’t she healing?” I hear someone say.

“Because she can’t” he growls angrily, and I feel him run. The sickening sensation of my eyes rolling into the back of my head and I slip away, giving in as I see nothing but darkness.

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