

The Alpha Chose Me (Leah Wilson and Jake)

Chapter 85

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"You seriously can't use the front door?". Turning around I didn't miss his smirk. "You can't keep using my window".

"Easy access". He winked throwing himself onto my bed.

Did I mention he was shirtless?

"Don't you own any T-shirt's?". I asked trying my best not to stare.

Throwing his head back a hearty laugh fell from his lips. "It's easier when I'm in wolf form. Saves me hiding my clothes in the woods. I just strap a pair of shorts to my ankle".

Yup because that was normal.

"Okay then". I said taking a seat beside him. It still felt strange to have him here. Also to think I didn't know him a few weeks ago.

"What you thinking about?". Taking my hand in his he laced our fingers.

"How a few weeks ago I didn't know you. How my life has been flipped upside down. Werewolf's exist, humans can turn into wolf, I have a soul mate. Do you want me to continue?". I asked.

"You having second thoughts?". It was the worry in his voice that made me stand. Seconds thoughts were the last thing on my mind.

"What if I'm not good enough?". I whispered.

"Babe". Getting to his feet he closed the distance between us.

"I'm serious Jake. What if someone better, someone like you comes along. I'm not as strong as you, what if something happens and I can't help".

"That's not how this works princess. You're mine and I'm yours. No one is better than you. I don't want anyone else and I never will". Brushing his nose against mine I let out a sigh.

I couldn't help the worry I had. Jake was powerful, popular and everyone loved him. He was going to be Alpha one day. They respected him and followed his lead.

"Seriously babe my pack loves you. They'll follow your lead when the time comes. Please stop overthinking it". Kissing my forehead he pulled back.

"You want to watch some tv or something?". I asked opening my closet. I still had to sort my clothes for tomorrow.

"Whatever you want babe". Grabbing my remote he turned on my tv.

Rummaging through my closet I pulled out a clean pair of jeans. I could hear the tv playing but I knew he wasn't watching it. I could feel him staring. Taking out my grey Adidas hoodie and white T-shirt I sighed. "Stop staring at me". Placing my clothes on my window seat I opened my drawers for some clean panties. I liked all my clothes ready and waiting for when I woke up.

"Can't help it babe. Your ass looks amazing". He groaned.

Smiling I rolled my eyes before turning around. His eyes had darkened as they roamed over every inch of my body. He wasn't making this easy and not to mention we weren't home alone.

"Y-you can't look at me like that". I whispered dropping my gaze. The tension in the air changed. I could feel my heart beating in my ears. My breathing quickened, that sweet little feeling building in the pit of my stomach.

Oh god I was turned on. The hairs on my arms stood, the tingling all over my body. Wetting my bottom lip with my tongue I pulled it between my teeth.

I was hot.

"Princess". He growled throwing his head back and inhaling deeply. "I can smell you". He bit out through clenched teeth.

I wanted to touch myself. That sweet feeling turning into an ache, a need. I needed a release. Taking a step closer to him I froze at the snarl that fell from his lips. It was evident that he wanted this to. I needed something. At this rate I would take a dry hump. I couldn't help the giggle that fell from my lips at that ridiculous thought.

A dry hump, really Leah?

He didn't move, his eyes glued to mine. I took that as a green light. Usually he would have bounced up grabbing my hands and changing the subject. We've had to many of these little moments and done nothing about it.

Walking closer to him I didn't stop until I was sitting in his lap and yet I didn't feel I was close enough. Wrapping my arms around his neck I moved closer gasping when I felt it. He was hard beneath me.

That's what I wanted. He was just as turned on as I was. Rocking my hips slowly my head fell back my eyes closing a moan falling from my lips.

Yes! This is what I needed.

"Leah"....

No no no.

I moved my hips again the feeling intensifying, that sweet little feeling growing stronger. I didn't want to stop.

"Touch me". I gasped my good hand gripping the hair at the nape of his neck. He had barely touched me and yet I was on the verge of coming. "Please". I moaned as his bulge brushed against me.

"Fuck this". He growled flipping us over so he was on top.

I was to far gone. I didn't care that my gran was downstairs or that Lana was in the room across the hall. I just needed him to touch me.

Brushing his nose against mine I slipped my good hand between us letting my fingers brushing over the bulge in his shorts. I was so glad he was wearing shirts. I could feel everything.

"You're bad". He hissed.

"Touch me". I whispered lifting myself up and placing my lips against his. Licking his bottom lip I pulled back and smirked. "Touch me Jake please".

Pushing me gently onto my back his lips attacked my neck. My eyes closed little moans falling from my lips. As I felt his hand against my boob I gasped as he pulled my top and bra down, my boobs now free.

"Leah can-.... fuck shit". As I heard the door slam shut a groan fell from my lips.