

The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 9

1. Battle Of Wills

better shut this pretty little mouth of yours from spewing poison, and obey, or I will put it to good use." I growled.

She scoffed.

"You don't know me then, Alpha."

The way she said 'Alpha' was anything but respectful, as if it was the most disgusting word on the planet.

"I don't need to know you to get what I want, but if you want to live, fix your attitude!"

She frowned and was about to say something when she closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

What was wrong with her?

"I need blood." She said, gritting her teeth.

I cocked a brow,

"I was offering you that pup before, but you lost your chance." I let go of her, pushing her back onto the bed.

Trying not to pay attention to the way the ropes tightened around her waist and shoulders, or the way they squeezed her breasts, emphasising them even more and making desire rage up with me.

"I am not going to ham innocent children, or play your sick games." She shot back.

"Even if you die?"

"I'd rather die than spend another minute around you!" She hissed.

"Then maybe you'd rather have mine? I'm far from innocent right?"

"I'd rather die!" She spat venomously.

Her words made Thanatos growl. My eyes flashed gold as he struggled to take over. But he was a beast, and I couldn't allow that. He'd either take her right here or mark her out of rage.

"Don't wish for something that I might give you sooner than you want." I hissed.

"You're sick." She spat resentfully.

I looked down at her coldly.

"Where exactly do you expect to get blood from?" I asked coldly, now grabbing her by her throat, leaning over her with my knee now on the bed.

"I don't know, nor do I care..."

She glared at me, but she was weakening.

"So the precious vampire princess has now fallen to such an extent that she is willing to settle for any blood? That's rather funny, don't you think?" I taunted, squeezing her throat slightly.

Her breathing was ragged, and I knew I was cutting her oxygen off at times, but I didn't really care.

"I would drink the blood of a dog if I had to. Even that would be better than yours." Her voice trembled with unbridled anger, and my own eyes flashed dangerously; trying to ignore those plush lips of hers.

I squeezed her throat and she gasped. I leaned closer, my nose brushing her ear.

"Then let me make one thing perfectly clear to you, princess: The only blood you'll ever taste again, will be mine." I hissed.

"Never."

I let go of her. *We will fucking see*, because when it came to the game of wills, I always won.

"You will because it will be your only choice." I said dangerously, casting one final glance at the bound woman on my bed. Her chest was heaving with rage, but she was far too weak to argue anymore.

I didn't wait for a reply. Walking out of the room, I slammed the door shut behind me.