

My Alpha's Mark By JP Sina Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Pain '!!!

— Kacie —

I should have known better but the words tumbled from my lips.

“No Alpha, I-,”

I don't get to finish my sentence when he slaps me hard across the face.

Again.

My cheek stings and tears fill my eyes.

“DON'T TELL ME NO!” He screams.

I can feel the heat of his breath on me and I drop my eyes to the floor.

My tears betray me and fall with each blink of my eyes. My cheek throbs and I know it's going to bruise.

I force myself to disconnect and focus on the color of the flooring.

“You are mine!” He growls.

“You belong TO ME. You are NOTHING. You don't get to tell me no, or voice your fucking opinion. I don't care what you have to say. You belong TO ME.”

He leans in and nips at my neck.

“Say it,” he demands.

I close my eyes and inhale deeply as I feel my mental barriers go up.

“I'm yours,” I whisper.

As if I'd given him an invitation, his hands roamed my body.

One grabbed my waist while the other dived beneath my shirt.

I've never had someone touch me before and I can't help the fear that shoots up my body. I'm scared.

So scared. I try to keep my eyes closed but Alpha drags me to the counter.

My eyes fly open as he pushes my head down so I'm bent over the dishwasher.

Fear.

Pure fear courses through my body when I hear his belt jingle followed by the sound of him unzipping his pants confirms my fears.

He'd long snuffed out any thoughts on running.

Don't struggle. Don't fight back. It'll only make it worse. Don't anger him.

"Alpha, please," I beg.

He stills behind me and I can feel his gaze as he stands above me.

Contemplating.

Weighing his options.

Alpha pulls me up so that I'm standing upright before turning me around to face him. I'm about to sigh when his hands grip my shoulders and push me down to my knees.

My lips part and my eyes widen as I dare to look up at him. He grunts in approval when our eyes meet. He runs his hands through his black hair as he stares down at me.

"Open your mouth," he ordered.

"I-I've never," I start as I shake my head.

"I-I d- don't..." I stumble over my words.

I try to figure out how to get myself out of this situation when he cocks his arm back and brings his hand across my face again.

Tears stream down my face and I open my mouth as he pulls his cock out of his pants. I don't have time to panic, to think.

All I can do is close my eyes and try to block him out.

"Open your eyes, Kace," He demanded, his voice calm.

"You know how hard it's been on me? I've been hard watching you walk around my home. You're always teasing me. It's been so fucking hard not to take what's mine." I whimper.

“Today, I claim your mouth. Today, I take what’s mine.”

His hand fists in my hair and he yanks down hard.

“Tongue out and mind your fucking teeth.” I do as I’m told.

He thrusts his hard cock into my mouth. It’s salty and hurts.

He steps closer and angles himself before he thrusts into my mouth again; this time hitting the back of my throat.

“Fuck,” he hisses.

My throat is tight as he forces himself. He pulls out a little before thrusting into my mouth, harder, deeper.

I start to choke and it starts to hurt.

“Mmm, fuck. What a good bitch you are,” he moans.

He throws his head back as he finds a rhythm. His grip in my hair tightens and I can’t do anything but lift my chin up and try to fit him. I struggle to breathe in between thrusts.

Tears stream down my cheeks as he stretches my throat.

He quickened his pace and I prayed to the Goddess for this to end.

His groans grow louder.

This could be worse.

Thrust.

This could have been worse.

Pulls out.

This could have— Thrust.

He’s thrusting so hard, my head is hitting against the counter.

I whimper from the pain and he moans.

“Oh, fuuck. Just like that,” he groans as he expands and something slides down my throat.

His thrusts become jerky before he stills. He pulls out of me, releases his grip on my hair, and grabs a towel to clean himself. He lets out a deep breath and his shoulders relax. I'm the opposite of relaxed, my heart is beating and threatening to burst out of my chest.

My lips hurt, my jaw hurts, my throat, everything.

Everything hurts.

"I'm going to shower. Start making dinner and clean up a bit. I'll be down to welcome the guests," he said.

He tells me like it's just another day like it's just another day.

I swallow.

"Yes, Alpha," I say.

My voice comes out choked despite my attempt to not let my voice betray my fear.

I blow my head and wait to hear his footsteps retreat before I stand up. I wobble and reach out to grab the counter. I turn on the faucet and wash my mouth out. It could have been worse.

Way worse.

I've got dinner in the oven by 4:30 and the house is tidy and ready for guests.

This is my first time present when guests come over and I'm nervous and excited. I'm not allowed to leave the house.

Usually, Alpha holds meetings at the Pack Hall but he's going to be entertaining his guests here.

Diana wouldn't be here for another forty minutes.

The timer goes off and I grab the mittens, and pull out a pan of fresh chicken, potatoes, and carrots.

All I have to do is heat the corn when guests get here and everything will be ready to go.

Alpha's footsteps descending down the stairs has my body automatically tensing up.

"Your clothes are upstairs. Go get dressed," he ordered from behind me.

Avoiding his eyes, I bow my head.

“Yes, Alpha.” I turn on my heel and head upstairs to my room.

I’m careful not to run.

There’s nothing on my bed and my brow furrows in confusion.

Did he mean...his room? I make my way out of my room and head to the end of the hall.

I freeze outside of his door, unsure if I should go in. I take a deep breath and reach out for the doorknob. I open the door and peek inside.

There’s a red dress on his bed. I gulp. I make my way into his room cautiously.

It’s dark and I don’t reach for the lights. I start to undress and the door opens behind me. I cling to my dress.

Alpha walks in and my hands start trembling.

“You’ve found it,” he said, a smile pulling at his lips.

He takes a step closer to me and I fight the urge to take a step back.

“I’m glad,” He said.

His eyes take in the dress and he closes the distance between us. He grabs it and I try hard to hold onto it but he pulls it from my grasp.

I’m left standing in my underwear and bra.

“I came to tell you that your dress doesn’t need a bra,” he murmured.

He reaches over and fingers my bra strap.

“Th-thank you for your consideration, Alpha,” I say as I bow my head.

“Now that I’ve had your sweet lips around my cock, I can’t stop thinking about you under me,” he whispers.

He leans down and kisses the curve of my breast. I whimper and he pulls my bra down and my breasts fall out.

He stares at them as if they were a feast. He leans down and takes a breast into his mouth. He sucks hard before he flicks his tongue across my nipple.

My treacherous body jerks and I can't help the moan that escapes my mouth. I hate myself.

He growls and reaches up to grab the other one. He takes the nipple between his teeth, "You're so responsive," he said.