

# Enslaved By The Alpha Chapter 1

His hands are in her hair, his lips on her neck, as his body moves against hers. He's touching her, touching a woman that was not me. She's moaning his name and enjoying it a lot more than she should. He knows that I'm watching; he knows that I'm hurting. This is exactly what he wants; he wants to see me suffer. He wants to show me that he can do whatever it takes to break my heart, and that's precisely what he's been doing ever since the day he kidnapped me and brought me to this sick place.

I feel the tear roll down my face; there is nothing that I can do. I'm tied to this chair; I cannot leave no matter how badly I want to.

I don't want to see this; I don't want to see him with her. I push against the chair, and it makes a screeching noise on the wooden floor.

He catches my gaze, and I feel my heart rate increase.

My mate. He's looking at me with his deep ocean blue eyes, the eyes that I've dreamt about; I hate them. I hate him. I hate him for taking me away from my home; I hate him for torturing me, but most of all, I hate how much I still want him after everything he's done to me.

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\*One week before present day\*

I wake with a start. My body is soaked with sweat, and my heart is racing as if I'd just run a marathon. This is the second time this week that I've had the same nightmare. I don't understand what's happening to me, but I keep feeling like someone is watching me. Could the nightmares be the cause of this? The man from those dreams, he's the only reason why I want to relive those nightmares over and over again.

I have never seen his face in any of these dreams, but I always see his deep blue eyes, and that is all I need to know that it is him. Those eyes, they've somehow managed to haunt me even though I know that the man of my dreams does not even exist in real life.

I could blame it on the fact that I've been extra stressed lately with the disappearance of Isabella, my brother's sister-in-law. My brothers and their mates, along with the packs, had left without me.

This is what happens when you are blessed with a protective family; they never let you close to anything that screams danger.

It's lonely here; I miss my brothers and their mates. I wish that they weren't so overprotective. I've listened to my sisters-in-law complain about their protective behavior over them but imagine what it was like to have all three of my brothers treat me like I

was a child. Why couldn't they see that I was now a grown woman? I could take care of myself; I did not need their help to do that.

But despite how many times I've spoken to them about this, they still hide me away in our palace, away from any harm, away from danger, away from all the fun.

I throw some water over my face and tie my long hair up into a bun.

I stare at the dark circles around my eyes and know that it's all because of that dream. The feelings that I feel for the blue eyed stranger are a bit alarming to me. I don't know him, I've never met him and like I said, he doesn't exist. So why do I feel like this over a dream? Why do I feel like he's looking at me right now?

I shake my head and exit my room. I had to stop letting these dreams affect me this badly. I spot my parents at the dining table and join them for breakfast.

"Are you still having trouble to sleep Maya?" My mother asks me. "Your eyes are extremely dark. Should I ask the doctor for tablets to help you?"

I immediately shake my head, "I'm fine, mother. I think I'm just concerned about Isabella. I hope that our family can help her before any harm comes to her."

My father nods, "you know that your brothers are more than capable of doing their jobs. She will be okay, rest assured."

I nod, "Will it be okay if I went for a run into the woods today?" I ask. "I'm tired of being home all day, Austin already made sure that I didn't follow them. I have nothing to do. I wouldn't be long; I'll return within an hour or two." I plead with them.

My mother gives my father a concerned look, and eventually, they both nod their heads after concluding that a simple run would not kill me.

I smile brightly, "thank you!"

I don't waste any time changing into a jeans and white crop top before grabbing my running shoes.

The moment my feet hits the woods, I inhale a great deal of air. This is exactly what I need to keep the thoughts of the stranger out of my mind.

I close my eyes for a few seconds before opening them again and racing through the woods. My wolf is ready to break free, even she wants a chance at the fun. But something about her seems a bit off today. Something is bothering her and I can't wrap my fingers around it.

And that's when I feel it, the feeling that I've been getting every night, like someone is watching me. This time it feels like someone is following me. What is just in my mind?

I stop running and take a look around me. I was already deep in the woods. But I still knew this area well, I've been here many times already with my brothers. Austin and James have been taking Lucas and I here since we were children. There was a river just a few minutes away and I could hear it already from all the way over here.

I turn to the left when I hear a sound. There is definitely someone here; it's not just in my mind anymore.

"Who are you?" I whisper. I can feel like my life is in danger even though I cannot see anyone in front of me; I somehow know that the person is somewhere around and still watching me. He's much closer today, so close that my senses are wide awake.

"I know that you are here," I say louder this time. "What do you want from me?"

There is a shuffling noise and I know that the person is ready to reveal himself.

Still, I am not prepared for the man that shows himself to me next. He is beautiful. The most beautiful man I've ever set my eyes on, and that's big considering that I've been surrounded by gorgeous men all my life.

And then I see the one thing that has been haunting me for a while now . . . Those ocean blue eyes. It's the exact shade from my dream. I don't think I've ever seen a prettier shade of blue than this.

I couldn't have possibly dreamt of him before meeting him, could I? That was absurd.

Within seconds he's in front of me.

How did he move so quickly? I sensed that he was a werewolf, but his incredible speed said something else.

A hybrid?

He's so close that I could smell him everywhere. He has this aura about him that makes me want to spread my legs and give him access to the most sensitive part of me. I'm embarrassed by my dirty thoughts, but I can't seem to stop myself from being around him.

"You're beautiful,"

My cheeks turn red when I realize that I've spoken that out loud. He quirks a brow and tilts his head to the side.

“Your name is Maya, correct?” he asks.

Even his voice is beautiful. It makes my knees go weak, and I have to hold onto the tree behind me for support.

Something isn't right here, though; I'm missing something huge, aren't I? I'm not paying attention to the main point.

And suddenly, I know what it is. How does he know my name? I didn't mention my name to him before and I'm sure I've never met him before in my life . . . Except in my dreams, of course.

“Do I know you from somewhere?”

He ignores me and leans in closer; he's so close that I feel like I'm going to faint.

“Is your brother Austin?” he growls.

Somehow I feel like this isn't a surprise encounter. This feels like it's staged, planned. Is he one of my brother's enemies?

Why do I still not feel any fear? My body is still writhing with need. I may want him but I'm not stupid, I take a step back just to be safe.

“H-how do you know my brother?” I stutter. Almost everyone in the supernatural world knew who my brother was, but he didn't look like one of our allies.

“You're coming with me, Maya, ” he announces suddenly.

“What are you talking about?”

I make an attempt to move away from him some more but I don't have time to prepare as he grabs my waist with one hand and uses his other to cover my nose with a cloth. My eyes widen and I try to fight him off but I know that it's already too late. My eyes are already closing and the last thing I see is the look of triumph on his eyes before everything goes completely black.