

Enslaved By The Alpha Chapter 11

Kane runs his hands up my legs, and I shiver when he nears the one place that I should never give him access to. I gasp when he rips the thin material with his nail and grips my cheeks with one hand, squeezing it tighter than before.

“Let’s see if you were speaking the truth before.”

I cry out when his warm finger grazes my opening; I see his satisfied smirk when he finds me wet between the legs.

He doesn’t do anything more than that. Instead, that’s when he pulls away from me.

My lips part when he places his finger in his mouth and tastes it. A look of hunger flashes in his eyes, and he looks away from me, almost as though he doesn’t want me to see that I’m not the only one affected by what just happened.

“For someone that claims not to be bothered by my touch, your body says otherwise.” He mutters as if proud of himself for finding out that my body still reacted to him despite what he’s done to me so far.

Tangrily shove him further away from me, and my blood crawls when I hear him chuckle.

“It’s time to get back home, these woods; there is danger lurking in every direction. Nighttime is worse than the day.” He says in a serious tone, a sudden change in mood.

“The only danger here is you-no one else. The moment that I get away from you, everything in my life will be fine.”

He’s suddenly next to me again with his lips close to my ear, “your words may tell lies, but your body does not. Do we need to have another experiment?”

I grab his shirt and glare at him. He quirks a brow, threatening me to try and hurt him.

Before he has a chance to react, I push him onto the ground and climb onto his lap. For once, I’ve managed to shock him to the very core, and for some reason, it makes me feel powerful. “the way I see it, I’m not the only one affected. Your body also wants something that only I can give to you.” I say as I rub my body against his. I can feel him grow harder beneath me, and even though it makes me want something that makes me hate myself as much as I hate him, I’m happy to know that he’s just as bothered

as I am.

Kane growls and lifts me off his body. I've managed to strike a nerve, and I'm overjoyed that I did. He's been torturing me this entire time, its the first time that I've gotten the chance to do the same, and it feels

good.

The same way that he gets joy in knowing that I can't help but want him, the exact way I feel a sense of accomplishment when I make him feel things for me that must also make him hate a part of himself.

Now I know how to get into his head. He doesn't want to want me; he doesn't want to feel anything for me. But from what I've learned from my brothers and their mates, the more you fought the mate bond, the harder you fell. It's not something that we can control; fighting it causes more harm than good. If I tried and pushed hard enough, I could make him feel things for me that he doesn't want to feel. This would be the best form of revenge that I can think of. It's the only way that I can stand a chance against him.

He's physically stronger than me, so fighting him wasn't an option, not when all of his men were so close. I had to break him down emotionally; it was worth a try, at least. He needed to know that I wasn't going down without a fight.

All of a sudden, he picks me up and throws me over his shoulder.

"I can walk on my own!" I snap. "I don't need you to carry me."

"You're too slow." He growls. inough; I m not sure wnat a pissed-on Kane would be like.

He picks up his speed, and again, I'm reminded that he isn't just a werewolf. One of his parents had to be a vampire. The wind gushes against my face, and I close my eyes as my hair whips at me.

Within seconds we're already back at his home. The last place I want to be. However, I'm still thankful that I won't be with that Alpha Ben; no matter how bad things are here, I still prefer it over being with someone like that man.

All of Kane's men are watching us as we walk through the hallway, each of them with a look of amusement on their faces. Again, I'm not sure what had them so amused. They were just as crazy as Kane was, no doubt.

He opens the door to the room I'd grown to hate and puts me back on the chair. I stay still as he bounds my hands with the chains once more. Without saying anything to me, he storms out of the room. He was no doubt still pissed at what I had done earlier. That was great for me.

Why did she have to taste so f*****g sweet? One taste, and my body was desperate for more. Even now, I want to storm into that room and spread her legs to give me more access to her candy. I wanted to suck and lick until I'd taken everything she had to offer me. I'd never tasted anything like that in my life before, and damn it, I wanted so much more. I knew that the mate bond must be playing tricks with my mind, making me think that it was that good when it simply couldn't be.

My d**k is still hard; it's been hard ever since my tongue got a taste of her. Even harder when she straddled me on the ground. I didn't think she had it in her. It was the last thing I expected from her, and f**k me; it felt so good that I almost f*****d her right there in the middle of the shady woods, under the bright moonlight.

Even her scent had left a mark inside of me. And the bloody girl knew it; she knew that I wanted her; she taunted me just like I did to her. What the f**k was she thinking trying to awaken the hungry beast inside of me? I couldn't figure out if she were that stupid or just that smart.

I stroked the beast inside of my pants, promising him that he'd get a chance to have some fun... Just not with her. I would not let her get the best of me again, no matter how badly I wanted it.

She felt like she had power over me now, I showed her a small weakness inside of me, and I was now regretting it. Not only did I give her an idea on how to send me up a damn wall, but I also made her feel powerful. That's the last thing I wanted to do; she needed to be weak, at least around me. She needed to feel powerless, like she had nothing and no one to help her, not even herself.

I needed to regain control, and I knew how to break her. She hated seeing me with other women; she also hated that it affected her so badly.

Thad to put on a show for her. Let her see that she was not in control; I was the alpha, the powerful one. I made her suffer and ache, not the other way around.

I couldn't wait to let her feel the burn. Let her hurt. See her face when she realizes that I'd beat her at her own f*****g game.