

## Enslaved By The Alpha Chapter 4

~KANE~

She narrows her eyes and clamps her lips tighter than before. Her blatant disrespect irritates me; she didn't have a choice in the matter; she had to do whatever I wanted her to do under my roof.

"Open your f\*\*\*\*\*g mouth." I snap. She was no good to me if she died from starvation.

Her eyes widen at my tone, and her bottom lip trembles as she finally obeys me.

"Bite," I command.

I can see the hatred in her eyes as she chews on the meat. Good, I'm not looking for love from her; I would gladly accept her hostility towards me.

My back stiffens when her lips accidentally touch my fingers; I know that she senses the connection too. Our gazes lock, and I see a flicker of desire in her eyes that goes straight to my crotch.

f\*\*k.

I pulled away and set her food aside; I didn't care what my body felt for her; it would not distract me from what needed to be done.

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~MAYA~

I'm angry with my body for feeling anything for this monster. It's not fair; why can't I control this desire inside of me? I don't want to care for him, and I certainly don't want to be bombarded with an unnecessary need.

I watch him as he takes a mysterious tour around the room. Is he looking for ways that I could escape from here? I knew that he didn't want there to be a chance for me to escape; he must have already thought of all the ways that I could try and leave. I'm sure that he's already blocked all those chances too.

He turns to me without actually looking at me; I watch as he begins to walk out of the room. Was he planning on leaving me in here without at least giving me some sort of explanation? I was not about to let that happen; I've seen Austin do some interrogating before. If he wanted someone to talk, he tried to anger them to the point that they eventually spilled the truth.

Maybe that's what I need to do. I need to anger him to the point that he wants to tell me the truth just to shut me up.

He's by the door now, and I know that it's my chance.

“You’re a horrible person!” I scream. “Who kidnaps someone without an actual reason for it? What the hell is wrong with you! I’ve never done anything to you or anyone for that matter. So why the hell am I here, and why aren’t you telling me anything?”

It’s working, he pauses by the door, but he doesn’t attempt to turn around or at least acknowledge me.

“How can you be my mate?” I demand. “You’re a sick bastard. There is no way that the moon Goddess has given me a psychopath as a mate! You’re the last person that I’ll ever want to have as my other half. You’re a disappointment to the definition of the word mate; you shouldn’t even have one. You don’t deserve me, and you never will.”

I know that I’ve touched a nerve when he turns back around and walks closer to me with the deadliest look I’ve ever seen in any man before. I try not to cower under it, and instead, I raise my chin and hit him with my own nasty glare.

“Believe me, darling,” he says. “You’re not my first choice either. So let’s agree that we’re definitely not each other’s mates, shall we? I’d be embarrassed if someone were to hear you.”

His statements manage to break through my barrier as well. Did he do that purposefully? Did he realize that I was trying to anger him?

“You’re making the biggest mistake of your life,” I warn him. “You don’t know how dangerous my family is; they will turn your entire world upside down. They’re going to make you pay for doing this to me. It’s not too late; if you let me go now, I’ll forget what you’ve done; I won’t tell a soul. That’s my promise to you. I don’t even know where I am. I won’t be able to lead anyone back to you. Just let me go.”

He chuckles, and it sends a shiver down my spine, “I hate to break it to you, sunshine, but my world isn’t going to turn upside down; rather, it’s your entire family that’s going to suffer the slow burn when I send you back to them completely alone and broken. So no, I must refuse your offer. I’m not scared of your family; I’m not even scared of death. Your threats will not work on me. From now on, don’t try that cheap trick with me; you’ll only end up being disappointed.”

I swallow my frustration and try to act like I don’t know what he’s referring to. I may have failed at this attempt, but I’ll never give up.

“Who the hell are you?” I demand.

I’ve never seen him around my family before, and my brothers usually point out our enemies to me just so that I can be prepared if I ever came into contact with any of them. He was definitely not a known enemy unless he was a recent one that my brothers didn’t have a chance to tell me about.

He's about to respond when a knock on the door distracts us both.

A woman enters suddenly; she has short red hair and cold blue eyes. She's dressed in a white mini skirt and a bright green top; if that can even be considered a top, it's small enough to be a bra. Without speaking a word to her, I already knew that I would not like this woman.

"I see you've finally made it back, sweetheart." She greets him.

Sweetheart? What was she to him? Were they a couple? Did he even treasure relationships? He didn't seem that way at all to me. He looked like the kind of man to use a woman and then dispose of her like she was nothing the next day. This woman, however, seems to think that he favors her. She wouldn't believe that unless he showed her some sort of affection already. Just the thought of it makes me sick to my stomach.

He looks at me with a knowing look in his eyes when she approaches him. It's like he knows I'll be curious as to what their relationship is. Or maybe he wants to hurt me. It shouldn't even be a question anymore; I know that he wants to see me suffering.

I watch them like a hawk when he sits on a chair and motions for her to follow him.

I feel a sharp pain in my chest when the woman climbs onto his lap and nuzzles his neck.

His eyes connect with mine, and I want to slap the smirk straight out of his face.

I hate him.

I hate him so much.