

ALPHA, ALPHA KINGS MATE, chapter 11, Kings, ALPHA KINGS MATE,

A d**n tree, the beast thing I'm supposed to call a mate, tied me to a tree like some stray mutt. I shift letting my wolf take control. I prefer this form, the other feels so naked and unstable. "Can we break it again?" I ask her as she struggles to snap it off again.

"Too tight," She growls back, forcing us to shift back.

"What are you doing, why are you giving up, we need to get out of it so we can go home," I tell her.

"I am tired, you deal with this mate business. I don't want him to die, you need to find a way to escape him, keep him safe"

"Then get me out of this."

"You need to get out of it, I am tired, we have been in my form for 8 years now, time you took control of your own body, let me rest," She withdrew to the back of my mind. I refocus on my surroundings. Drake, my mate called him, was watching me from the bottom step. I bring my knees to my chest. I missed my hair, at least it covered me, though I was even shocked at how long it had grown.

"Lana get a towel, I can see her lady bits," Drake calls out. I could see he was uncomfortable, was something wrong with my body? Is it gross? I wonder looking down at the white mushy flesh. Lana walks out with a sheet, I try to stand but the chain is much too short jerking me back onto my b*m.

"That's close enough Lana," Drake, her mate, tells her. I looked at the raven-haired beauty, she was very pretty, and she was kind. She reminded me of the girls back home. There was only a handful of us left since Alpha left, they had slowly killed us off with their experimentation.

"Ignore him 46, I know you didn't mean to hurt me," Lana tells me and I nod to her. I didn't mean to hurt her but the sight of the blood was too much. I don't like human blood but seeing her drinking it made me hungry for hers. I hear tires on the gravel road, Lana looking up worriedly toward the street. She drapes the sheet over me.

"Just do as he says, and he won't hurt you, he isn't all bad I promise," Lana says as I see a black car pull up next to the tree. I smell his mouth-watering scent as soon as the car door opens. He hops out all 6 foot 9 of him.

"Let's shift back please, he is back," I tell my wolf but I get no reply from her. He walks over to the tree I am chained to. I keep my head down and can see his black boots as

they stop in front of me. He grabs the chain giving it one hard yank, the chain I had tried in vain to break he broke like it was a string.

He yanks me to my feet, the chain cutting off my oxygen as he yanked on it making me stand on my tippy toes, I clutch at it trying to loosen it enough to breathe.

“Ryker please, you’re scaring her?” Lana calls out to him.

“Good she should be scared, if you weren’t my mate I would have killed you for attacking one of my family and I will if you try it again.”

“She has been good, she hasn’t done anything,” Lana says and I could feel my face changing color, my body becoming deprived of oxygen, and black dots dancing in front of my vision. He suddenly lets go and I crumble to the ground clawing at the chain that I knew bruised my throat. My windpipe felt crushed but I could already feel my wolf healing the damage he caused.

“Get up and get in the car,” he says, making me look up at him. I look at Lana, his sister. I wanted to stay with her, she was kind and she didn’t hurt me. I didn’t want to get in that rolling machine with him.

Tate walks out with his pup in his arms, my eyes going to the little pup. I find it fascinating, so small and cute and squishy. We used to be so excited when the others had pups, till they took them away. They always took them away from us. My only friend died trying to keep her pup, they killed her mate when they found she was pregnant, said mates were bad, that they would try to take us from them. After he died they killed the males, saying they wouldn’t risk us finding our mate. The pregnant she wolfs all had their babies taken and we never saw them again. That’s when I shifted. After my friend died, I didn’t see the point of remaining in that form when I had no one left to talk to.

“I said get in the car Mate,” Ryker says and I look up at him, his eyes black as they look back at me. Now I know why they said mates are bad, mates hurt us. I look to Lana hoping she would save me.

“Don’t look at her, she can’t help you. Now get in the car if I have to force you in it won’t be pleasant.”

“At least let her put some clothes on,” Lana tells him.

“Fine, get up,” he says, grabbing my arm and pulling me into the house after his sister.

We walk up the stairs and into a room that has a huge bed in the middle. It smells like Lana and her mates, I wrinkle my nose at the smell, it was overwhelming no wonder she smells like them, they just roll around in each other’s scent all night.

Lana grabs some clothes and hands them to me. I look at the material, the sight alone already making me itchy. I stare at them before pulling the shirt over my head. The material is scratching my nipples already, irritating my skin.

The pants were harder as I tried to get my legs in them, it was like pulling on a second skin over mine. What is this strange material it has no give, I wished I didn't ruin the other pants they were soft and had some fat little yellow creature on them.

My mate growls at me but he doesn't understand wearing this stuff is hard for me, I never wear clothes. My wolf wouldn't fit in them and she had no need with all our fur plus what would we have done with our tail it surely wouldn't fit in this contraption.

Ryker jerks me toward him, my hands going to his chest to stop from smacking into it, his skin is warm, warmer than mine. He grips them, ripping them up my backside painfully. I try to pull them out of my b**t.

"Quit squirming, what is wrong with you?" He snaps, grabbing my arm as he pulls me out of the room and down the stairs. He drags me outside walking toward the loud car he left in.

He opens the door shoving me inside and onto the slippery leather seat. I could smell burnt almonds in his car, it hurt my nose as I sniffed. Looking around the car, I see heaps of buttons and compartments. I pull on the little handle of one of the compartments, the contents spilling onto the floor. Why does he keep all this rubbish? I see him talking to Tate and Drake and another man. I try to pick up the stuff and jam it in the strange compartment before he sees, the door not shutting so I give it a nudge.

"Give it a kick it will close then, you need to use brute force," My wolf tells me finally returning now her mate was around. I do as she says, and kick it.

"Not that hard, I think you broke it. Hopefully, he doesn't notice," she says as my foot goes through the hard plastic. I pull my foot out, my toes bleeding from the plastic cutting in. The scrapes heal and I try to rub my blood off and hide the evidence.

"See he won't notice barely a scratch."

"Are you sure it has a hole in it?" My wolf becomes nervous "Maybe sit with your back on it," she tells me, but now there was a gap. I try to cover it as best I can and not fall into the gap where my feet go.

The door opens and my heart skips a beat, my wolf running away to the back of my head. She is usually strong, she never usually runs but he scares her, he scares me too. But even scared she will usually cop the beating for me but not this time.

"What are you doing, sit back?" He says pushing me back into the seat. He growls and I duck my head waiting for the blow. His hand reaches toward me and I try to mold myself

into the chair away from him. When he pulls something behind me, the strap wraps across my body before clicking in. His eyes darted to the door I broke.

“Don’t touch anything else, and don’t shift in my b****y car, you will wreck my seats,” he says, his eyes flickering to black before he sits back in his seat.

I pulled on the strap. It wasn’t tight but it was annoying sitting between my b***s making them look fatter.

“Leave it,” Ryker growls at me as I continue to pull it, trying to find somewhere comfortable to put it.

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