

## ALPHA, ALPHA KINGS MATE, chapter 19-20, Kings, ALPHA KINGS MATE,

Over the afternoon, Ryker discovered they pooped in the toilet tank and he made Tyson clean it out with his bare hands. While Ace snickered at his brother with hands in his s\*\*t. Ryker watched making sure they cleaned everything little piece out. While I watched disgusted and feeling ill at the disgustingness that was his brothers.

“Anything else,” Ryker asks Ace, who shakes his head.

“Ace put your toothbrush on his private parts,” I tell him and Ryker glares at him.

“Traitor you helped, it was your idea,” Tyson says pouting and pointing his finger at me.

“I didn’t help, I just watched.”

“You watched them do all that and didn’t say anything to try to stop them.”

“They said they would blame it on me and that you would believe them,” I tell him and he turns on his heel glaring at them before stalking toward them.

They both do a runner from the room and Ryker sighs giving up. Before flopping on his bed only to sniff the air when his head hits the pillow. I could still smell the lingering scent of Tyson touching it. He grabs the pillow and sniffs it before storming out the room toward theirs across the hall, he bangs on the door. I watch from the doorway of Ryker’s room.

“We didn’t do it,” I hear one of them call out.

“Open this goddamn door now,” he says, and I feel his Alpha aura roll out. I hear thuds before the door opens and Ryker belts them with his pillow repeatedly. They both laugh and chuckle at him before he walks over to a smaller door and retrieves another.

Ryker walks back into the room and I step out of his way. My wolf watched him through my eyes before speaking.

“If we can get him to trust us we may be able to leave the house and escape,” she tells me.

“But I don’t want to leave, it’s nice here and warm and he isn’t so bad,” I tell her.

“That’s the bond talking, they told us the bond makes us confused and feel things we shouldn’t, don’t forget what is at stake,” she says. I nod to her feeling sad. I liked the young boys even though they were gross. Going home meant being lonely and living in a cage, I still don’t believe they would truly set us free. Why couldn’t my wolf see that?

They say they will set us free and give her back to us, but why would they when they have never given any of the pups back.

“She is alive, we know that now. Do you really want to risk losing her a second time? This is the only chance we have of getting her back” My wolf says listening in on my thoughts.

“Why are you standing next to the door? Come here,” Ryker says, pulling me out of my thoughts.

“He needs to trust us, go to him” my wolf urges, forcing my feet to move. Ryker’s silver eyes watch me when he presses the button on the remote, gauging my reaction to him locking the place down again. My heart beats erratically in my chest. I hated feeling caged, and claustrophobic.

“Wait for him to fall asleep then go back in the closet. I don’t like these open spaces, I can’t protect you” my wolf says, making me look at the closet door where all his clothes were.

“You want to sleep in the closet again?” He asks, making me look back at him.

“Why?” He asks when I say nothing.

“My wolf said it’s safer, she can’t see every corner in the room”

“Your wolf is afraid something will sneak up on you?” He chuckles. I know it sounded weird but my wolf was right to be paranoid. You never know what is lurking in the shadows waiting to pounce.

“I can assure you, anything comes in this room except my brothers won’t leave it alive Reika, now hop in bed,” he says laying back down.

I climb onto the bed laying on the edge facing away from him. It felt strange sleeping, restless in this form, my body affected by the cold in this form when I feel the bed underneath me move. The blanket on which I lay moved before leaving completely.

Ryker tosses it over me before gripping the waistband of my pants and dragging me closer, till my back was flush with his chest.

“You are safe with me, now sleep,” he says, draping his arm over me. I try to sleep, eventually succumbing to it and drifting off into dreamless sleep.

Stretching I try to roll as I hear the groan of the roller shutters lifting from the windows. I nearly jumped out of my skin when I realized I was no longer just lying next to Ryker but half on top of him, my leg draped over his waist and my arm across his chest. Opening my eyes to find Ryker staring at me.

“Good morning,” he says, and I find myself confused. My wolf didn’t make us sleep in the closet. Usually, if I fall asleep she will just take over.

“I was comfortable,” My wolf answers, yawning herself.

“Sorry,” I tell him, removing my body parts that were draped carelessly over him. Ryker sits up running his hand through his hair before standing. His back cracks as he stretches before walking into the bathroom. I hear him turn the shower on before hearing him call out to me. Making me remember I have a name now, one I was finding hard to get used to.

“Reika,” He calls again as I realize he is actually talking to me. I walk in just as he steps into the shower.

“You hop in, or just going to stand there. I brought you some clothes yesterday too. I put them in the walk-in last night,” he tells me as I shed his shirt.

“They should fit you, they look about the right size,” he says, washing his face under the steady stream. I turn the taps and the water burns my flesh but I give up trying to adjust them.

My face feels like it is melting off from the intense heat of the water and I try my best to ignore it, sizzling my skin when I feel the temperature drop making my eyes open.

“Cold, hot,” he says pointing to the tap’s dials. I nod, relieved the temperature had lessened to a tolerable level.

His scent today smelt a lot stronger, my gums tingling as it filled the room. “You need to ignore it Reika, you bite anyone he won’t trust us and will probably kill us,” My wolf tells me as the burn in the back of my throat sears down into my chest. I hold my breath and wash quickly so I can get away from him. Turning the taps off, I grab a towel.

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“Can I leave?” I ask him, needing to get out of this confined space.

“Yes, clothes are in the walk-in in the blue bag,” he says, turning to face me. I dart out of the room, the towel tightly wound around me as I walk into the walk-in. I look for the bag but can’t see it when I hear the water shut off. Ryker walked in behind me before reaching above my head and passing me the bag.

I take it back into the bedroom before rummaging through it and almost groan when I realize they were the same sort of pants Lana lent me, the tight uncomfortable ones. I sat on the bed trying to maneuver them up my legs which were still slightly wet.

“Why do people wear these? They are so uncomfortable,” I mutter to myself.

“They are jeans, the most basic of clothes,” Ryker answers as I squeeze myself into them.

“Well, they are uncomfortable and stick to me,” I tell him.

“They are supposed to.”

“Your clothes aren’t this tight,” I tell him trying to close the top that keeps popping back open.

“You need to put the round thing through the hole,” My wolf tells me, making me bend down to look at the round thing she is referring to. I give up pulling the shirt on.

“There is a bra in there too,” Ryker says and I look at him. He rolls his eyes walking over and grabbing it out of the bag. I thought it was some weird storage bowls. He hands it to me and I hold it up wondering what I am supposed to do with the strange fabric.

“It holds your b\*\*\*s up,” Ryker answers.

“Why do I need to hold them up, they are attached to me, they won’t fall off,” I tell him.

Ryker laughs at my confusion as I stare at the weird bowls for b\*\*\*s.

“You never wore a bra?” He asks tugging my shirt off. I raise an eyebrow at him. Was I supposed to, the humans never said we needed to, we didn’t even have clothes so why would I need to hold my b\*\*\*s up?

Ryker takes it from me holding it against the lumps of fat on my chest. “Did the humans not teach you anything about being a woman?” He asks.

“No, we didn’t need clothes,” I told him.

“You didn’t think it was odd they wore clothes and you didn’t,” He asks.

“I don’t know, I don’t really remember much, 46 always had control,” I tell him.

“Your wolf?” He asks and I nod.

“Didn’t you pay attention to what was going on?”

“Sometimes, but most of the time the humans were always doing their experiments. They hurt, so my wolf would block me out. I could hear her but I couldn’t see or feel her,” I tell him.

“You couldn’t feel your wolf?’ I shake my head. “Believe me it was better that way, nothing worse than having your organs repeatedly removed while awake,” My wolf says, making me squirm.

“No she shut me out, forcing me to the back, she is better in this form than me, I prefer my wolf form,” I tell him and he looks at me funny.

Ryker places the bra on me doing it up before adjusting the straps my b\*\*\*s felt like they were under my chin until he adjusted the straps.

I scratch at it, the thin material making my nipples itchy. “See?” He says. I look down and they look the same, only covered.

“I see no difference,” I tell him.

“Because you are still young, your b\*\*\*s are still perky, they won’t stay that way if you don’t wear a bra,” he says before pulling on my pants and doing them up. I look at them and see the little hole I was supposed to put the round thing in like my wolf said.

I pull the shirt on and Ryker walks into the bathroom. “Ask if we can go outside today,” My wolf urges. She wanted to escape this place, but I no longer wanted to, but her pushing against my skin forces me to ask.

“Can I go outside today?” I ask him and he looks at me, grabbing the green round tub that I remembered the boys fiddled with. I watch as he opens it.

“Will you run?” He asks, looking at me while my eyes remain on the green tub. I shake my head and he scoops some out on his fingers about to run them through his hair. I look at his hair, before deciding to warn him. I grabbed his wrists just as he was about to run his fingers through his hair.

“What are you doing?” He asks and I look at the container, his eyes following mine to look at the container before he brings his fingers to his nose.

“Did my brothers do something?” I nod.

“They said it will make your hair fall off, but I like your hair,” I tell him.

Ryker growls low but rinses his hand before grabbing the little green tub.

“Come,” he says, and I realize he didn’t answer my question about going outside. I follow him out of the room.

“Go to the kitchen I will be down in a minute,” he says, and I do as he says walking down the stairs looking for the kitchen. I sit on a chair at the table. My wolf takes partial control as she forces me to look at the double glass door leading outside. I feel her pressing under my skin. I try to fight her off but she forces me over to it making me grab the handles and twist but they don’t open.

“I don’t want to leave, maybe he can help us,” I tell her but she ignores me trying to find the key to open it. When she fails though I could tell she was going to run through it and I plant my feet refusing to. She becomes agitated at me fighting against her as she tries to force the shift.

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