



Morgan

## Playing Games~

No A/N today, but please don't forget to vote and comment!!

Oh also, Matt Daddario is playing Morgan...hehe.

"Stella..."

"Stella..."

"Stella..."

I felt my body come back to consciousness at the sound of a very old nickname of mine being called, and the inevitable feeling of dread.

I was here. He was here. And before I even opened my eyes, I could already picture his face. It was the face of the monster that ended my life a few years ago. It was the only face that terrified me.

Morgan.

I opened my eyes, which were painful and swollen from the wolfs bane gas. I could feel the effects of the wolfs bane in my system and on my skin, weakening me.

As my vision focused, the first thing I saw were my blistered and bloody hands which were bound by silver chains. The chains were bound so tightly that they were burning through my skin, and each little movement only made it worse. I was in so much pain from just that that I almost forgot the monster in front of me. Almost.

I met his eyes—His cruel brown eyes, which were not only twinkling with joy, but also a little bit of curiosity. I knew that he was wondering how I was alive, and I also knew that he planned on repeating our last interaction.

I was on death row right now, and my time was running out.

We continued to stare at each other, and though I was exhausted and in pain, I didn't let my eyes fall. I wouldn't die a coward. Not like last time.

I watched him reach his hand out to my face, and I pulled back as much as I could. I couldn't go far though since I was tied to a chair, so I had to let him touch me. I had to sit there as he just stroked my hair in silence, running his skeleton-like fingers through my locks.

It was agony.

He stopped a er just a few seconds though, and smiled at me. I felt my gut churn anxiously, before he spoke.

"What a lovely surprise."

I remained fearfully silent, begging the moon goddess to help me.

"I've missed you."

By this point, my heart was pounding and my words were caught in my throat. I was so afraid of him, I was afraid of what he'd do to me. I knew that this time I wouldn't have the luxury of only having my throat ripped out. No, this time he'd probably torture me and make me suffer—A er all, he was a psychopath.

Morgan kept his snake-like grin on his face the whole time, never once dropping it.

"I have to say Stella, I'm a bit surprised to see you alive though. I faintly remember ripping your throat out."

He paused.

"Did I not?"

"You did," I choked out. My voice wasn't stuck in my throat anymore, but the fear I felt stayed the same. I really didn't wanna die. I didn't wanna live on earth forever, I wanted to return to being a star. If I died here...Who knew where I'd end up.

I watched in disgust as Morgan set his hand on my thigh, squeezing it. "I should've kept you," He spoke, "You would've been so much more fun."

I wanted to puke and scream and cry. I mean seriously, how despicable could this man be?

Though I was scared, I could feel my spunk coming back. I didn't want to die, but if I was going to go out, I would go out like a champ.

"What happened to the other one?" I asked, "Did you kill that one too?"

My voice was surprisingly empty and cold, which was a full 180 from a few minutes ago when it was shaky.

I stared down Morgan, whose grin still remained strong.

"I did," He responded, "She couldn't quite satisfy me."

No words could describe the hatred I felt towards him. No words could describe just how badly I wanted to rip his throat out. I wanted him to suffer the same as everyone else who he'd hurt. But I was in no position to do that.

While I stared at Morgan in disgust, I could feel my wolf crying out to her mate. She was begging him for help, and when she got no response, we both began to feel helpless.

I really was at my end...Again. I just wished he would get it over with.

"I'm really happy to see you again," He spoke suddenly, "You have no clue just how much I thought about you."

"I find that strange considering you killed me."

Morgan shrugged nonchalantly, before he replied.

"At the time I had no use for you. Now I do."

My stomach plummeted. I prayed that he wasn't talking about what I thought he was. I prayed that he wasn't planning on defiling me. But I knew that's exactly what he meant. And I was going to do everything in my power to stop him.

"I have a mate," I blurted out. I watched as Morgan's grin dropped for the first time today, and he angrily grabbed my face. He held my jaw in his hand, squeezing it to the point I thought it would break, as he stared me in the eyes.

"You're mine now. You're mine until I'm done with you. Do you hear me?"

I knew that the smart answer would be to agree with him, but I wasn't very smart. In fact I was very, very dumb.

"You can go fuck yourself."

Next thing I knew, his fist was smashing into my nose. I let out a few loud curses as my nose began to throb and bleed like a motherfucker. The blood flowed from my now broken nose, down into my lap, and I shot Morgan a nasty glare.

"So you hit women now? That's shocking." I said, sarcastically. I was hiding my fear and pain well, but deep down I wanted to cry more than anything. I would die before I gave him that satisfaction though. He wasn't going to see me cry. Not today.

I continued to glare at him, planning out all of the ways I would kill him, when he stood up.

He looked furious as he stared down at me with blood still dripping from his fist. He wiped the droplets of sweat on his forehead, before he spoke.

"I'll be back, and when I come, I would suggest being a bit more cooperative."

And with that, he let me by myself. He let me with my own furious mind. And my mind was itching from vengeance. It was itching to survive, the same way it had done all of those times with Kailen. But now I wanted to survive so I could make it back to Kailen—Not away from him.

I needed to survive. It was there that I decided death wasn't an option. Not this time around.

I stared at the door longer, scheming of a way to escape. I knew that there was no way I would be able to beat him physically. I was weakened, and not only was I weakened, I was restrained. I would just end up dying in the process if I tried to take him head on.

But maybe if I caught him by surprise...Maybe if I used the one thing that I knew he wanted most against him.

Sex.

Now, needless to say I would never fully surrender my virtue just in order to survive. Kailen would probably just kill me if he found out, so there was really no point to it. But that didn't mean that I couldn't pretend to want something from Morgan, maybe he'd fall for it.

Maybe he wouldn't.

All I knew was that it was a stupid plan that I had, but it was the best I could come up with. It was the best plan I could think of, while Kailen would be our searching for me.

Part of me prayed that he wouldn't find me—That in no way would he be put in danger. I didn't want him to get hurt in the process of saving me...And I also didn't want him to be the one to kill Morgan. I wanted to. I needed to.

But the other part of me just wanted him to save me from this—to take me away from here. I wanted to be reunited with my mate so badly, even though I had only been away from him for a short time. It still hurt me. Every second that I was away from him was making me weaker.

I knew that I couldn't fail. It would kill us both.

I looked up to the sky, which was blocked by a ceiling, and prayed.

Moon Goddess. Give me the strength for what I'm about to do. Don't let me die again. I want to live.

And as I thought those words, I realized what I'd just hoped for. I hoped for life. I hoped for a second chance at it. I realized that I wasn't ready to return to the stars, not one bit. I had something to live for, and fuck I wasn't willing to give up.

.

.

.

I couldn't tell how long I had been waiting for Morgan to return, but all that I knew was that it had been so long that I was starting to get sleepy. I was about to fall o into dreamland, when the sound of a door opening snapped me back to reality.

I saw Morgan walk in, and immediately I began to act.

I made sure I looked vulnerable and scared, and that there wasn't a hint of hostility towards him. I needed him to think that I had had some huge epiphany that made me realize how great he was. Only then might he believe me.

"Why do you look so sad?" He asked, crouching down in front of me. I looked him in the eyes, willing myself to tear up. Normally I had trouble with crying in front of people, seeing as my pride was very high, but right now it was coming easily.

I let a tear fall as I looked at him.

"What do you want?" I asked, "I was only fi een. I could've given you everything."

I was impressed at myself for how well I was doing with my act. But I was even more impressed at the face of sympathy that Morgan gave me. I didn't think he could have sympathy, let alone fake it.

He ran his hand down the side of my face, and I had to refrain from spitting at him. I hated this man so much.

"I know you could've," He said, "But we can start over."

He really must've been delusional if he would ever think that I would be willing to start over with him. And as much as I wanted to tell him that, I knew that I would ruin my plan if I did. And my plan was already going well, I couldn't stop the act now.

I sni led a bit, and looked down briefly.

"I'm afraid," I cried, "I wanna be with you but I don't want you to hurt me again."

Shit I am selling this like a pro.

I was shocked at how amazing I was doing, how believable I was being. For a second I thought that maybe I had started to succeed.

A er all, he looked at me with a hopeful smile, before he spoke.

"I won't hurt you ever again. And a er I kill Kailen, we can be together."

Then my stomach plummeted at the thought of him killing Kailen. It was almost impossible to keep my act up for longer. But I gave it one last push.

"If Kailen dies, then so do I. He never has to know I'm here, he never has to know about this. Let's just leave him out of this."

As soon as I said that last sentence, I knew I had lost. I sounded too panicked for it to be believable, and when Morgan's face twisted into a glare, I knew I was done for.

"You lying bitch!" He shouted, swiping his claws across my face.

"To think I was going to let you live! Fuck that. I'm going to kill your precious mate, and then once I'm done with you, I'll kill you too."

By this point I was shaking with rage. Not only had he put his fucking hands on me twice, but he threatened my mate.

I leaned forward as much as I could, before the restraints stopped me, and I glared at Morgan.

"You have to get him first you fucking psychopath."

Morgan just smiled, before he stood up.

"You see sweetheart," He walked over to the door, "I already have him."

And as he pulled a body in from behind the door, my heart sunk. I prayed and prayed that it was someone else, and that Morgan was just fooling me. But when I saw his beautiful face beaten and bruised, I knew this was bad.

I knew that this could very well be the end for both of us.

Oh my goshhhhh. Crazy chapter. Let me know what you thought of it!!

Continue reading next part