

Enslaved By The Alpha Chapter 2

~ALPHA KANE~

Finding out that your father was brutally killed by people he once considered friends was the worst news I ever expected to receive. I still remember the day that it happened, that sickening feeling in my stomach coupled with the thrashing of my home. I'd completely lost my mind that day. Since then, all I could think about was making Austin and his family pay for what they did.

They not only destroyed my father, but they did the same to my sister. I never found her body; I could never give either of them a proper send-off.

I should have been there that day; I should have kept them both alive. Instead, I was too preoccupied with my own f*****g s**t to realize how much they needed me that day.

I've been plotting each of their deaths ever since. I wanted to wipe the entire family out, but I knew that I couldn't make it that easy for them. I had to find a way to make them hurt just as much as I did. I needed to make them pay; I needed to find the best way to make that happen.

And then I saw her. Maya Lance Vinci. Her protective brothers and parents heavily protected her. They kept their eyes on her at all times. No one could mess with the little princess because of them. I realized then that she was their most prized possession; they loved her so much that they constantly kept her hidden and away from all danger. I considered kidnapping Lucy at one point, but I knew that she wasn't connected to each of them like Maya was; Austin would hurt the most from her disappearance. But with Maya, everyone would feel the burn directly.

She was the key to my revenge; she was my main target. Hurting her would be the best way to hurt her entire family. I had to break her into as many pieces as possible until she wished that she had never lived. I would make her hate her life and hate me. I would make her regret everything she's ever done. I would teach those f*****g assholes a lesson. I was the last one that could save my family's reputation. I know that this is what my father would want. I understand that this is my chance to gain his forgiveness for not being there when I should have been. Things would have been a lot different if I'd only listened to him; if I'd brought my pack with me, the outcome would have changed.

My family would not have been destroyed.

Now I finally have her in my arms. The woman that would help me get my revenge was finally within my grasp. I must say that her brothers have made it easier for me by being further preoccupied with their mates. It was good that they found something else to focus their energies on. They gave me the perfect opportunity to snatch her from them.

I thought it would have been much more complex than this. Their defenses were robust, and attacking them in their territory was too risky. I couldn't do that until I'd gotten enough resources. I understood how powerful they were; I would not deny that truth; that is why I needed to use my brain to get the justice I wanted. This wasn't just a fight; I had to use specific tactics to make their lives difficult. Because of this, I had to wait, and I'm happy that I did. I didn't have to lose any men to kidnap her. She'd come willingly to me without even knowing it.

Kidnapping their sister was only my first step. I grip her waist tighter before throwing her over my shoulder and holding her in place. I was surprised to see that she'd sensed my presence so quickly; I was usually good at creeping up on my prey without them feeling me. How did she spot me so quickly? There was also this knowing look in her eyes that made me uncomfortable. Why did it seem like she knew me without actually knowing me?

I ignore the strange pull I feel towards her. She couldn't be what my body wanted me to think that she was, and even if she were, I would never accept her. She would never be anything to me; all she would ever be was a means to hurt the people that she loved the most. I want them to watch as I rip their happiness to shreds, and only then will I rest peacefully. ~MAYA~

I groan aloud at the pounding headache and try to touch my temples when I realize something very alarming. I couldn't move my hands; what the hell?

I blink a couple of times, and to my horror, I'm not in my room. I don't even know where this place is. I've never seen it once in my life before. So what was I doing here?

And then everything that happened bombards my mind all at once. The blue-eyed stranger, he'd drugged me and must have taken me to this place. Was this some abandoned house where he brought his victims too? What could he possibly want with someone like me?

I need to get out of here before he gets back. I tried to move my hands some more, but I wasn't getting anywhere. There are giant chains around my hands; he must know that I would be strong enough to break free from the rope. This, on the other hand, didn't seem like any regular chain. It looked like the kind that held giant beasts captive. One thing was for sure, he didn't plan on letting me go anytime soon, and he wasn't taking any chances of me escaping either. It finally sinks in that I'm in some real deep s**t. My heart rate accelerates, and my movements become more desperate.

"HELP!" I scream at the top of my lungs. "SOMEBODY HELP ME!"

I had to pray that there were people around to help me escape this place. There wasn't any other choice.

The door creaks open, and my gaze snaps up immediately, hoping that it could be a friendly face even though I knew that it wasn't very likely.

My heart drops when I spot him. He leans against the wall and watches me with a new interest. Did he enjoy seeing me beg for help? Somehow I feel that my cry for help has excited him or at least improved his mood.

"Where am I?" I demand from him. He ignores my question and leans down next to a few pieces of already chopped wood.

He looks like the kind of man that never smiles. The kind that made the blood under your skin crawl.

I blink once then twice; my eyes focused on his lean body still knelt on the floor. I felt this invisible yet nerve-wrenching pull towards him, one that had me confused.

And then it hits me, harder than a f*****g car. This man is not just my kidnapper; this man is my mate!

My mate?

How was this possible?

"You're my mate, " I whisper in disbelief, more to myself than to him.

That finally catches his attention; out of everything, this is what makes him finally look at me. Even now, when I'm tied to a chair, I still feel a need deep in my belly.

He's still stooped down on the ground, lighting a fire. His perfectly shaped brow raises, and he finally lifts himself off the ground.

"Are you not going to say anything?" I scream. "I'm your mate, you sick freak!"

Instead of having me tied up, he should be protecting me! What the hell was wrong with this man?

He walks over to me and grabs my face roughly in his hand. "Mate?" he spits disgustingly like the word mate is the worst possible one in the dictionary.

He runs his finger across my bottom lip, and I feel it tremble from his touch.

"Why are you doing this to me?" I ask. "I don't even know you."

He remains quiet.

"WHY?" I cry louder this time.

