

## Enslaved By The Alpha Chapter 3

My heart jumps out of my chest when he leans even closer to me. He grabs my chin and brings my face closer to him, “do you know who’s the kidnapper here? It surely isn’t you. You’re my prisoner; you do not get to ask any questions. You don’t get to speak unless I tell you to either.”

“But. . .”

He moves his hand to my neck, and I swear that I stop breathing. His intoxicating scent is affecting my senses; I feel like I’m losing my mind. I can feel everything clearly; his fingers are long and warm and feel like fire against my skin. I close my eyes, and my lips part. His touch is awakening so much desire in me, and I wouldn’t say I like it; I hate my body for betraying me at a time like this. This feeling isn’t something that I can easily control, but I have to fight it. This man may be my mate, but he wasn’t a good one; he wanted me to suffer. A low growl from the back of his throat prompts me to open my eyes again; once more, his beautiful face draws me entirely in. I feel a hatred for the moon Goddess at this exact moment; why make me feel this way for a man like him? I can see it in his gaze; he isn’t trying to hide the truth from me, the truth that he wants me to know that he can’t wait to bring me the most pain possible.

“What did I just say to you?” he demands. “Did I not tell you that you are not in a position to be asking any questions?”

I feel my bottom lip tremble with frustration, “please. . .”

“Shhh,” he cuts me off. “Save whatever it is you have to say. I’m not going to let you go, not anytime soon. No one’s coming to save you either, so how about you keep quiet so that I won’t have to punish you?” he threatens.

He lets go of me abruptly and walks back to starting the fire.

Wouldn’t have to punish me? Is this not already punishment enough? I was locked away somewhere and had no idea what I did to receive such a horrible fate, and that wasn’t considered punishment?

I watch him closely with fearful eyes. I wasn’t sure what I did in my past to be given a mate like him—a mate that didn’t care for me, a mate that wanted to see me suffer.

I had so many questions, but I knew now that I wouldn’t get those answers anytime soon. This man was not about to give me any information that easily. He wanted me to beg for it; he wanted me to pray for freedom, for my life. It’s insane how I already know these things about him without knowing simple things like his name.

Would he ever tell me what this was all about? Or would he harm me before I get a chance to know the truth?

How was he so sure that my family would not come to rescue me? I knew that they were preoccupied with finding Isabella, but I also knew that the instant they found out I was missing, they would leave no stones unturned to find me. So what made him so sure that they wouldn't come for me? Where exactly did he have me hidden, and why did I not know about him before? He knew Austin; this meant that I should know him as well.

I search my brain for anything, anything at all that can link him to my family. However, there are no memories of him. The only memory I have is that of my nightmares. Why did he choose now to reveal himself to me? How long has he been our enemy? I can think of many missions my brothers have been involved in that could lead to several enemies. So which one involved my mate? . . . . . ~KANE~

Mate?

She'd just said the word I never wanted to hear from her mouth. I'm her f\*\*\*\*\*g worst nightmare. Mate? I would never be a mate to her; if I didn't want her to suffer first, I would reject her right away. But in order for her to feel the pain I was about to bring her, she needed to remain my mate. Until then, I was not about to let her go.

Now that I think about it, her being my mate would work in my favor. Anything that I did would hurt her far more than anyone else doing those same things. I had a few ideas up my sleeve to make her hurt as one has never hurt before.

Her body jumps when I walk past her. Good. I want her to fear me ultimately. I didn't want her to think that she was safe because of the mate pull.

The mate pull was not stronger than my hunger for revenge. I would never bow before it; I was much stronger than that. I wasn't the kindest person out there, and after the death of the two people closest to me, I have only gotten worse. She has no idea what she's in for. This is only the beginning. Princess Maya, the sister of Austin, would beg me for her life, beg me to let her go; I wouldn't stop until I heard her cry. Breaking her would give me joy, which I already felt just by looking at her tied up in chains right now.

I hear her sobs behind me, and rather than bring me the peace I was searching for, it irritates my f\*\*\*\*\*g soul.

I don't let my body ponder on those feelings for long. I push it behind me and slam an ax into the clock on the wall. That f\*\*\*\*\*g thing was getting on my nerves for the longest while.

Maya jumps from the loud sound, and her eyes are wide with fear. I want to laugh at the expression on her face. Finally, this is the joy I'm searching for, not that sickening feeling I felt just a few seconds ago.

A maid enters next and drops a plate of food on the table; she makes sure not to glimpse at Maya; I already warned all of my maids about that. No one is to speak to her or look her way. Anyone that breaks that rule would suffer the consequences. They understood that I was a man who kept my word; they knew what would happen when they disobeyed me. I didn't need to make myself clear to them.

I grabbed the plate and brought it closer to her.

"Here," I tell her. "You can eat."

She quirks a brow at me, "the last time I checked, one needs their hands to eat." she points out after shaking the chains that prevented her from escaping. Not that she would be able to run even without that heavy thing, my men were stationed all around this house; she wouldn't even be able to step out of this room without someone seeing her.

I grab the meat from the plate and place it at her lips. "Open your mouth."