

Enslaved By The Alpha Chapter 6

MAYA

When I awake the following day, something isn't right. My hands do not feel heavy; I don't think that they are even tied. This must be a dream; that monster wouldn't have felt sorry for me and let me loose. I open my eyes hesitantly, and I'm disappointed when I'm greeted with the same room as before. I'm still in this dreadful place. That hasn't changed. I look down at my hands, and to my surprise, the chains are definitely gone, and my hands are placed on my lap in front of me

I look around the room for any signs of my kidnapper to my relief, he isn't anywhere around. I take a second look to confirm that he wasn't hiding somewhere to mess with my mind I couldn't think of any reasons for him to leave me free to do as I wished,

Was this possibly a dream? Was I thinking about this simply because I wanted it to be true? I pinch myself and wince from the pain. Okay, not a dream.

What exactly is he trying to do today? Does he want to mess with my head now? Is this what this was? Or does he want to test me? Does he want to see how far I'll be able to go before someone realizes that I'm trying to escape? I'm not sure what his plan is, but I can't just sit back and not do anything when my hands are free from those chains.

I lift myself off the chair and take one more look around the room. I try to make as little noise as possible as I creep from one end of the room to the next When I reach the door, I pull the handle down and

wince when it makes a soft creaking noise. Thankfully, there is no one stationed outside the door

But shouldn't that be a cause for concern? Why would the chains be loose and no one stationed outside the victim's door? That doesn't make any sense. Even though I already know this must be a trap. I still can't stop my feet from moving forward. I had to hope that some kind soul wanted to help me without their boss knowing anything. Right now, I'll take any chances that can get

There are some voices coming from one of the rooms from the furthest left, and I make sure to avoid it. I'm not sure which door will lead me outside, but I'll have to listen for any noises and hope that it will aid me in my quest to leave this place. This house was huge; there were so many rooms that I felt like I was about to go dizzy trying to figure out which ones to avoid,

So far, each door that I turned to had numerous men speaking loudly. How many people did it have in this place exactly? Could this be someone hired by the council to get back at my brothers for everything they've been up to recently? This man wasn't any ordinary enemy, he was someone with many men on his side; I can see that already.

I pause by one room that doesn't have any sound coming from it. I swallow. Could this be too good to be true? I hesitantly open the door and peek inside. To my horror, there are plenty of faces looking back at me. The men in the room begin to laugh at the petrified look on my face. They don't look surprised at all to see me; I'm the only one here who is shocked to see them. That means that it was all a trap set by that sick bastard.

"It took you long enough," A familiar voice says. My kidnapper reveals himself to me and walks through the crowd of giant men wearing a torn white shirt and black jeans. If he wasn't a cold, heartless monster, I might have been attracted to his exposed chest and the power that radiated from him when he walked.

"I'm guessing you're wondering why you didn't hear anything?" He teases me. "Well, sunshine, this room is soundproof. Caught you there, didn't I?"

My lower lip trembles with frustration, and before he can react, I spin around and begin to run as fast as I possibly can. I don't bother to look back as I continue down the hall, not even sure if there will be a door at the end. I don't care ., I want to get away from him. I don't think I've ever run in my entire life, but I know that my life aепенas on this. I can't stop.

I can hear his heavy footsteps behind me, and an involuntary cry leaves my mouth when his hands grab my waist and pull me to a stop.

I spin around in his arms and slap him hard across his face before he can see it coming. His eyes narrow, and I don't stop there; I dig into his skin and scrape his neck with my long nails.

"Stop that." He growls.

I don't listen to him; I grab onto his already torn shirt and rip it some more, looking for more skin to bruise.

He shoves my hand behind my back and pushes my face up against the wall. He leans into me and presses his lower body against my ass.

W-was he aroused? I try to wiggle my body to get away from him, but he's too strong for me. Still, i don't stop; I continue to move against him with any hope for him to release me.

"Stop f*****g moving before I f**k you hard against this wall." He growls aggressively behind me.

That gets me to stop my movements. Even though my body may want this man, my mind is against it. I can't forget what he's done to me; I don't think lever will be able to.

My eyes widen when one of his hands comes down hard against my ass. "That's for trying to f*****g escape." D-did he just spank me?