

Enslaved By The Alpha Chapter 18

Time seems to have slowed down as I wait for a reaction from Kane. His breathing has gotten louder, and his hot body beneath mine has turned to stone. Part of me wants to rub my hand down his body to touch him the way I've always wanted to. I push those sick thoughts out of my head. Why do I want someone that hates me so much? Why do I want someone that tortures me any chance that he gets?

The answer was clear. As long as I was his mate, it would always be this way. I knew why he hadn't rejected me as yet; it was so that everything he did to me would impact me so much more.

It was the exact reason that I wouldn't reject him either, even though I knew it would hurt so much to do it. When I left him, I wanted him to feel the same pain; no, I wanted to hurt him more than he did to me.

I wanted to prove to him that no matter what he did to me in the past or present or even future, nothing would make me fall. I'll always fight back. I'll always be the one on the winning side.

I may have been sheltered all my life, but I never liked losing; people always let me win. Now, I would fight on my own to get everything that I wanted.

He takes another deep breath, and his hands tighten once more on my waist.

He picks me up and places me back onto my side of the bed without saying a word to me. It's the first time that he's ever been this silent, and I have no idea what he's thinking in that head of his. To my surprise, he reaches across and pulls the blanket over me. I gasp when his warm hand accidentally touches my leg while doing so. There are sparks everywhere, and I rub my legs together to try and stop the pleasure.

How long will I have these feelings for? When will be able to push it all behind me and make him pay for everything he's done to me without feeling any pain in return?

"Go to sleep." His words surprised me even more. What was with this sudden change?

I didn't try to get on his good side again throughout the night, but I couldn't fall asleep easily like him. My eyes were wide open for hours, and I was sure that it was already late.

That's when I hear him tossing and turning on the bed. "No!" he shouts. "Stop! Stop it!" I turn towards him and am surprised by what I see.

Was he having a nightmare? His body was stiff, and there was sweat on his forehead. Kane continues to shout in his dream, and I have to wonder what he's dreaming about.

I'm tempted to leave him there just so that he can also feel some pain, but I'm not as evil as he is. I can't see someone in pain and leave them like that.

I scooch closer to him and hesitantly touch his shoulder. It doesn't work and I try again harder. Still, he doesn't wake and continues to toss as though he was in pain.

"Kane!" I whisper and shake him some more.

His eyes flash open suddenly, and he looks like he's lost. I don't think I've ever seen someone look this lonely and confused before. It touches my heart more than it should. What exactly has Kane been through all his life? Was he always a monster like he was now? Or did someone or something cause him to be like this?

He grabs my waist suddenly, my body halts from his touch, and I try to keep my feelings in check when he snuggles his face against my belly.

My heart pounds against my chest as he tightens his hold on me. I'm not sure what to do in this situation. I'm also not sure whether he's awake or still living in his dream.

I'm sure now that he hasn't realized that he isn't in his dream any longer, but again, I place my hand on his back and tap it gently to comfort him.

Why do I feel an ache in my chest from seeing like this? I should be happy to see him in pain; it's what I've wanted all along.

Eventually, his hands loosen around me, and he goes back into a deep sleep.

Was this just a dream, or was it something more than that? Was Kane abused in the past? Was I reading too much into this?

I ignored all of those questions and let go of him gently.

It shouldn't be vital for me to find out the truth; it had nothing to do with me. My job was to get him to fall for me and then leave him. That was all. No matter how much it hurt. I will have to let go of him and forget about this part of my life. It was the only way for me to move on.

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KANE

I open my eyes and rub a hand down my face. I've had that nightmare once again—a memory from when I was a child. I had multiple memories like it.

It was something I'd tried to forget but never was able to.

I sigh and turn to my side; it's right then that my eyes fall on the woman beside me. Her eyes are closed, and she seems to be in a deep sleep. Her long messy dark brown hair was all over the pillow as it framed her beautiful face. I can't stop staring at her. It was so f*****g hard to fall asleep last night when she was so close to me; her scent was constantly torturing me. How did she taunt me so much without even trying? Even now, her scent surrounds me and makes it difficult to think.

I want her. God, I want her so much. Even though I know that I can never have her, I still want her. Even though I know that I'll only continue to hurt her to get revenge for my father and sister. .. I still want

her.

A memory from last night bolts straight through me, and my jaw goes stiff from the reminder.

I showed a weak side of myself to Maya last night. I expected her to laugh in my face, but instead, she did the exact opposite. She tried to comfort me, and it was only because of her that I could fall asleep peacefully after such a horrifying dream

o it? Why did she try and help me after everything I've already put her through?

I place a hand over my chest and squeeze my eyes shut. The f*****g thing wouldn't stop beating for her. I've never wanted to feel this way for a woman, and definitely, not one whose family was responsible for killing my father.

She stirs in her sleep and f**k me; even that did something to me. I couldn't do this. I couldn't stay here with her while I felt this way.

I needed to take some time off, spend some time by myself-a place where I could remind myself of why I was doing this in the first place.

Images of her on top of my body flashes across my mind, and my hands tighten on the sheets below me.

She begged me not to be with another woman, to not hurt her like that again. Did I break her spirit? Was she finally giving up?

I wasn't sure what she was up to; all i knew was that it was f*****g working, and I needed to stop

ighs, "it has to do with the princess, doesn't it?" he asks me. I run a hand through my hair in frustration.

"I told you that it was a bad idea to take her in the first place. You're many things, but you aren't this cruel. It was bound to catch up with you eventually." He tries to reason

with me just like he always does. “You took that innocent girl from her home, and you tortured her. Now, look at you. She’s your bloody mate for crying out loud. Did you think that it was not going to affect you in any way? By harming her, you’re ruining yourself. How long, Kane? How long before you realize that you’re destroying your life?”

“Innocent?” I shout. “Are you forgetting that they killed my sister and father? What was I supposed to do? Just move on with my life and forget what they did? They took the closest people in my life away from me! I’m not going to stand back and reward them for it!”

He narrows his eyes, “you talk as if your family was innocent in all of this. I can never understand why you loved them so much. They abused you, just like you’re doing to that poor girl. You’re doing to her what the people closest to you did to you. How can you live with yourself?”