

Enslaved By The Alpha Chapter 14

--KANE

I've gotten what I wanted all along; Maya is completely broken in front of me. She's screaming, and tears are rolling down her cheeks. Her eyes are blood red and swollen, her lips dry and trembling. Her body is curled up in a ball, and her fingers are digging into the sheets. I know that images of this exact moment may haunt me for the rest of my life. I've made people suffer in the past, people that double-crossed me, people that I didn't like, but none have affected me the way this has.

From the start, since the day I found out that she was my mate, I knew that I was going to do this to her. Nothing and no one was going to stop that, not even me. Sleeping with Anna in front of Maya brought me just as much pain as it brought her. It couldn't be helped; her pain was mine. That being said, I knew exactly how much she was hurting right now. I could feel it in my bones. My body was fighting to go to her, to soothe her, to make it all better.

But was there any going back from this? I knew the moment I felt jealousy after seeing her with another man that I had to act quickly to ensure that I ruined any chances of us ever happening. I had to do it to ruin my options because I didn't trust anyone, not even myself. I wanted Maya to hate me just as much as I hated her. If she showed me any sympathy, any kindness at all, the ice around my heart may melt. If she continued to throw mean words my way, it would make it easier for me to go through with everything.

I felt conflicted inside. This was what I wanted all along, but yet it f*****g hurt. I knew what I was doing. It wasn't time to wonder if it was a mistake; it had already taken place.

I needed to remind myself of the day I found out about my father's death to keep going. It was the day I lost everything that had meaning in my life.

My shoulders tense when her scream gets louder; her face is pale now, and I don't know how long she will keep this up for.

Seeing her like this has awakened something in me that I've never felt before.

Excruciating pain.

I didn't feel this way when I was tortured at a young age, not when I found out my mother left me and never loved me, not even when I found out that my father and sister had been murdered. All those things had hurt like a motherfucker, but to compare them to what I felt now, those things just weren't as bad.

But this is something that I should embrace. 'Pain is good!

Those were words my father has taught me my entire life. He's preached it over and over to me. Whenever I felt pain, I always remembered what I was taught and kept going.

'Your body will heal. The pain will only be temporary.'

These were more words spoken to me by him. He taught me from the beginning that you didn't stop because you felt pain; you kept going; he promised that it would always get better.

I'd spent my entire childhood training to be the best fighter one can be. The fact that my mother was a vampire has always aided me. I was meant to be stronger than the average vampire or the average werewolf. It's why my father pushed me so hard; he knew what I was capable of.

I never knew my mother; I was just told about her. My father said to me that she left us both, didn't want anything to do with us. That she didn't love me.

He was all I've ever had my entire life, and Maya's family took him away from me. She was also in on it; they were all in on it.

Know that I want to take care of her; I want to make her stop crying and tell her that it will be okay.

I've never wanted to be gentle with a woman before today. I wanted her to tell me how to make this better for her. But I knew that I would never let that happen. I would never allow her tears to make me into something I'm not.

She deserved this; her family deserved this. I heard how much pain my father was in before he died... My sister suffered the same faith.

Every time I think of them, I'm reminded of how much I hate this family, how much I hate them for destroying what I had. Did they stop and think about what they did?

No, they moved on happily with each other. Austin left my sister in the ditch while he started a family with that woman who took her place. They weren't sorry for what they did; none of them were. I watched them for days, studied their movements, searching for some grief. After all, they killed a dear friend. Austin and Ariana were supposed to marry. Instead, his new bride killed her? Ariana wasn't perfect, but she didn't deserve the betrayal Austin gave.

If they didn't feel any remorse, why should I feel any?

I gaze down at Maya on the bed, and she's looking up at me, but her eyes seem to be in a daze. She appears to be buried in her pain.

Her clothes are soaked with blood, my blood. My chest burns from her earlier scratches, and I don't think that she's done enough. She should have hurt me some more for what I'd done today.

I don't know why I'm sulking like this; I didn't think that it was possible for me ever to feel this way, but this mate bond was some serious s**t.

She looks innocent on that bed, like a sweet, lost girl. I knew how protected Maya had been her entire life. She's never been put in a situation like this before; I don't think she ever knew real pain before today. I researched her entire family; everyone treated Maya like the princess she was.

She was their pride and joy; they worshipped her.

This girl on my bed didn't look like the princess I remembered looking at a few weeks back. I've watched her on countless days, unable to take my eyes off her. She was bright, innocent, a bundle of joy. Her cheeks were always glowing with happiness, and her laughter filled the room. She loved bickering with her brothers, and she adored their mates. .

She had a close bond with everyone in her life. She was the kind of woman that people couldn't help

but be drawn towards.

It was easy to see why people would give their lives for her, and I knew that it wouldn't be long before her brothers caught up to me. They were getting desperate now, and spies were everywhere waiting for a lead to feed Austin and his pack. There were great rewards for anyone that brought forward any information on the missing princess.

News had traveled far already, and they were closing in. I couldn't kill everyone that I thought was a threat to me; that would serve to be my own death trap. Eventually, I'll have to let them find me, but I think that I've done most of my job already.

My original plan was always to kill Maya, a kill for a kill. They killed the people close to my heart, and I would have killed the person close to theirs. Of course, that changed when I found out that she was my mate. I had found a new way to mess with her. I didn't see the point in killing her again; I just wanted to break her spirit to the point that her family would never get to see her beautiful smile again. To me, that would have been more painful, knowing that they couldn't protect her from me. They'd failed her, just like!

had failed my family.

I lean down and pick her up into my arms once more. I strode with her out of the room, and she wasn't fighting me anymore. No, her eyes are closed, and I think she may have

fainted. Her scent mixed with my blood reaches my nose, and my nostrils flare in return. My jaw clenches, and I storm into the room with all of the maids.

“I want you to remove the bed from my room and burn it. I don’t want anything left of it.” I shout. “And replace it with a new one. Scrub the floors and change the entire interior. Nothing should look the same.”

If****g hate myself for doing this for her.

I close my eyes and remember the woman she was before I did this to her. Even back then, I hated how much I enjoyed looking at her. I didn’t realize why until it was too late.

Thold Maya’s body tighter against me, and without realizing it, holding her like this helps calm my

nerves.

I keep her close to me despite the weird looks from my men. They’ve never seen me like this with a woman before, and I was okay with this as long as she didn’t find out about it. She couldn’t know that my actions had backfired on me. She couldn’t see that her pain caused me great pain as well. She had to keep thinking that nothing affected me. I wouldn’t let her see my true feelings... Ever.