

Book 2: The Alpha and His Chosen Mate

Chapter 1

Mayra

Warning, sexual triggers ahead.

I was back there again. A place I didn't want to be. A place I visit every time I close my eyes. A place that still torments me.

I can't move. I watch unable to do anything as he cuts me open. With no anesthesia. Meaning I feel everything he is doing to me. The tears roll down the side of my face. I can't even scream out in pain because all my muscles are relaxed. Thanks to a certain injection he gave me, the only thing I can do is watch.

He talks to me. Telling me his day and what he's been doing. As if we are friends. As if he isn't torturing me.

They call us monsters but it is he that's a monster. It's him and his colleagues that are the true monsters.

"Did I ever tell you how I landed this project? How I became the head of a secret organization?" he asked. His fingers digging into my flesh.

As if I wanted to hear anything personal about him but again, I don't have a choice. His hands are precise as he cuts a piece of my flesh and places it on a petri dish.

“Not many people know this but I funded the whole thing. You see I come from old money and my parents left me a huge inheritance. It was by chance that I came across your kind.”

I see something pass in his eyes. It's too quick for me to decipher but I can tell. There is something there. Something he doesn't let people see.

His green eyes focus back on me. After getting what he wants he stitches me up. Sealing the wound.

Goddess, it's been so long. Too long in captivity. I stopped counting the days after the first year. No one has been able to escape. I was the first one to ever be caught and it was weeks before a second werewolf, Chris, was caught.

From there they kept adding numbers until they were satisfied. By the end of that year alone, there were about a hundred of us in captivity. Sometimes I wonder how the werewolf council never picked the missing number of wolves.

“You know you're my favorite, right Mayra?” his green eyes turns smoky. Lust beginning to fill them.

I try to move. Knowing what was coming but like usual I can't. I try begging him with my eyes. Pleading with him to spare me. I know it won't work. It never does but I still try.

His hands move over my bony thighs. His touch disgusting me. Like usual we were alone. So, none of his colleagues know what is happening. This was our time. Like he liked to call it. A time where he gets to do what he wants with no witnesses.

One of his rough hands cups my breast while the other one touches my sex. He plunges a finger inside making me cry harder. I hated him. Hated his touch. I screamed internally but only a groan left my mouth.

“Get wet for me baby,” he moaned while roughly thrusting his fingers.

He was a monster. A pyscho and sicko but no one else saw that. Everyone else thought he was good.

He pulls his finger out and lowers the stretcher. Taking a bottle of lube. He opens his trousers, releasing his manhood. He coats it with the lube and without warning plunges inside me. Taking something that isn't his to take.

Over and over, he takes me. Not caring that I'm silently crying. Not caring that he is raping me. That this isn't consensual.

I hate him. Goddess, do I hate him. With every fiber of my being. I hope there is a special place in hell reserved for him because if there isn't then the goddess isn't just.

Finally, he finishes. He withdraws and I feel his cum leak out from me. Using his fingers, he pushes it back inside me. Then spreads the remaining on the inside of my thighs.

“You look beautiful like this. With my cum glistening your well fucked pussy. I swear no one makes me feel the way you do Mayra.” He leans over and kisses me. Probes my mouth before pushing his tongue inside.

My stomach revolts. Feeling the remnants of what I had eaten coming back up. It would serve him right if I vomited inside his mouth.

He rips his lips from mine when he hears footsteps approaching the room. He stares at me. His eyes flashing with possessiveness before he bends down to whisper in my ear.

“Remember this Mayra...you will always be mine. In every way that counts.”

The sound of his voice and his words chills me. It grates on me but I can't even react. Can't show him how disgusted I am by him.

Minutes later Bobby, one of our biggest tormentors enters the room.

“You done with her boss?” he smiles a sinister smile. Showing his yellowed teeth.

“Yes, you can take her back to the cells.”

Without saying anything else he wheels my stretcher out of the room. I would say that I was glad I was leaving the monster behind but I was not. I was trading one monster with another.

“Stupid bitch. Can't really curse you like that can I? Since you truly are a bitch. A female dog but in your case it's a female wolf,” he says before

hitting my midriff hard. “You know what you really are? A cunt. A monstrosity of a cunt.”

The slap he delivers is hard and hurts like hell. In fact, everything fucking hurt.

We pass by other lackeys and like usual there isn't any sympathy in their eyes. They look at me in disgust. Like I am a monster. Like a part of me isn't human like them.

We have been treated worse than dogs. Simply because we weren't fully human. They branded us as monsters because they don't understand and humans always destroy what they cannot understand.

They say that they're performing experiments on. That they want to replicate our genes so as to make soldiers invincible. I know deep down it's all a lie.

If that's all they wanted this wouldn't be such a big secret. If it's all they wanted, they wouldn't have had to kidnap unsuspecting werewolves. If this is all they want, they wouldn't hold us hostage and torture us.

Humans are fickle beings. Always hating those that are stronger than them. I would have escaped here a long time ago but they somehow found out that silver is our kryptonite.

Since then, we get daily doses of it. And at night they taint the air we breathe with it. Making sure that we are too weak to heal. Too weak to shift. Too weak to fight.

We get to the cells and he unceremoniously dumps me on the dirty floor. I fall since there isn't anyone to catch me or help me out. We are all weak. Each of us battling hard to stay alive.

"I'll be back for you later after the drug has worn off. You know I like it when you can actually scream in pain." he laughs evilly before stomping on my foot and leaving.

I lay there cold and unable to move. I watch as the others give me pitying glances. They know I have been raped yet again. They're weak but they can still smell the scent of semen. The same way I can.

I don't want their pitying glances.

The men look away when I stare at them hard, but the women keep their gaze on me. Trying to tell me that they understand. None of the other women has ever been taken against their will. So, I don't understand why it was happening to me.

Why the monster took pleasure in raping me when his colleagues and henchmen, according to them, find it disgusting to sleep with animals.

As I lay there with tears running down my face. I wish I could take back the decision I made that day.

I wish I had just driven home for the holidays instead of running in wolf form. Because that day became the start of my torment.