

Enslaved By The Alpha Chapter 16

My body goes rigid as the scent of Maya's blood hits my nose. It's unlike anything I've ever had the pleasure of smelling before. The right and safest thing to do would be to run as far away from here as possible. A place where her scent wouldn't fill my head with visions of bending her over and drinking her blood while doing other pleasurable things. However, the girl taunts me by lying on the bed with her neck fully exposed to me. She doesn't try to hide it like an average person. No, she does the exact opposite of that.

She's inviting me to taste her, and I have no f*****g idea why. Does she not realize what she's offering? Does she not understand what it means to tease a blood-sucking monster? I can't take my eye away from the vibrant red leaking down her neck, begging me to taste. It's like her blood is speaking to me, telling me that it's waiting for me.

f**k, this is going to drive me completely nuts. "What are you waiting for?" she asks in a soft angelic whisper.

Even her voice is mocking me, she's never taken that tone with me before, and it scares me. It scares me because it shifts something in my heart, something that needs to stay hidden for the rest of my sad, pathetic life.

"I want you to taste me." She continues to taunt me.

Taste her? I'd already gotten one taste from her and haven't been able to get it out of my head since then.

It's a f*****g trap, and I know it. Yet, I can't take my eyes away no matter how hard I'm trying to. It shouldn't be this f*****g hard; I should have more control than this. Since when did I become so weak?

The blood has trickled down to her pure, white dress, a dress that matches her personality oh so well. It stains the pretty thing, giving me a reason to rip it off her because it's no longer clean and pure like her. It shouldn't be on her body anymore; she needs something that matches her purity, not something stained with her sweet blood.

I can't do this. It's not only dangerous for her but dangerous for me as well. For my heart, that's suddenly decided to beat for a woman for the first time in my life. The same woman whose life I was hell-bent on ruining.

I storm out of the room and lock the door from the outside. I lean my forehead against the wall and try to compose myself.

Her scent is following me everywhere. It hasn't helped now that I'm away from her; if anything, it's made it much worse. Now I'm stuck with the memory, and my body is angry with me. Mad that I'm not

giving it what it wants. First, I slept with a woman I didn't want to while the woman I truly wanted watched. Then I ignored her while she was offering her irresistible blood to me.

What more would I do to torment myself?

'I want you to taste me.' Her words are provoking me. I can't handle it anymore. The torture is too much.

My head snaps up, and I know before my body does that I'm going to do this. I'm going to taste her, I'm going to drink her blood, and I'm going to f*****g love every second of it.

I don't bother unlocking the door; no, I break the entire thing down through my desperation. Anything to get to her faster than this, I've already wasted too much damn time. I wouldn't waste another second.

Maya's eyes are wide when she spots me standing in front of her. I take slow, deliberate steps in her direction. I can see the excitement and fear in her eyes as she waits for me. I don't know why she offered herself to me, but I was not giving her the chance to change her mind. It was too late for that.

I climb onto the bed and position myself above her body. I place a finger under her chin and gently turn her head to the side; my eyes strained on her neck.

I don't give her a chance to say anything when I pounce on her.

"You don't know what you just did," I growl hungrily.

I run my tongue over the bloodstains and f**k me; I nearly lost my damn mind. My hand cups the side of her neck, preparing her for what's to come.

My teeth pierced into her neck, and the first taste that hits my mouth sent me over the moon. I was right; I've never had something this divine before. Forget everything I've ever tasted in my life before today, nothing and I mean nothing, should ever be this good. It was easy to become addicted to such a taste, and I wasn't sure that my body would want anything but this after today. I clung to every damn drop like my life depended on it. I dig my nails into her waist and cling some more to her.

I grab Maya and lift her off the bed, slamming her back against the wall; I can't stop tasting her. I have never tasted blood as rich as hers. It's the purest, sweetest taste I've ever had in my lifetime. I was hungry for more, and I could barely control myself.

A whimper leaves her mouth, and I'm not sure if she wants this as much as I do or if I'm hurting her. I ease my hold on her, but she surprises me by burying her hands in my hair and pulling me tighter against her. A low growl leaves my mouth, and I tighten my hands against her waist as her blood continues to fill my mouth.

Suddenly, this is just not enough; it's not all that I want. I want my d**k buried inside of her while I taste her. I want to make her c*m on my fingers; I want to hear her moans of pleasure. I want it all.

Maya gasps when she feels how aroused I am, and it's the f*****g sweetest sound I've ever heard in my life. It makes me want to tear her dress apart and have my way with her.

I'm losing control. I can feel it slipping away, and I need to stop before it's too late. If I don't stop now, it will definitely be too late for either of us.

If I keep this up, I'm going to suck her f*****g dry.

Enough Kane. That's f*****genough. I move my hands from her waist and slam them against the wall in an attempt to stop myself.

I try to think of things, anything else but her taste and the feel of her soft body against mine.

Trip my body away from hers and let out a roar of frustration. I hated losing control; it was the f*****g worst.

Maya's eyes are drowsy and half-closed when she looks at me. f**k.

I took way too much blood from her. She peers at me for a few seconds before she throws her arms around me. My body turns to stone from the contact. My eyes widen when she clamps her legs around my waist and wraps her hand around me while leaning her head on my chest. I've never cradled a woman like

Even though I want to keep her in my arms, I know that I've let too much slide today already. Don't let her get in your f*****g head! I would not. I would not give her that satisfaction.