

## The Alpha's Hated Breeder Chapter 11-13

### Chapter 11

Zade smiled and I expected him to touch me but he stepped aside for me to pass. I didn't know what game he was playing but I was not above taking the escape he had given me so I rushed out and I felt his eyes on me the entire time.

Kaya was still outside the door and when she saw me, her brows rose. "What have you done, Megan?"

"I think I just made a deal with the devil."

"Is it a deal you can win?" she asked but I couldn't form a response for her because the truth was, I wasn't sure.

For the rest of the day, I was a bundle of nerves and a part of me knew that was what Zade wanted. It took almost all day for me to realize that his tactic was to mentally psych me out so that I would stress about it all day. By dinner, I had forced myself to calm down and convinced myself that he was not going to see me at all that night. He didn't appear for dinner and thankfully, neither did Grace. By the time I was done, I went back to my room and chose a light pink nightgown that bordered on being sheer.

I had just climbed into bed when my door opened and Zade strolled in. I pulled my blanket up to my chest in fright but he didn't seem to care. He walked like he owned the place which in reality, I was guessing he did. Kaya in an instant but she kept her head bowed down in respect.

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Zade ignored her and turned to me. "Grab a robe and come with me. You have two minutes."

He didn't wait to see if I was obeying before turning and walking out. Everything happened so fast that I was still blinking and trying to figure out what had just happened. Kaya was the first to move from her spot and she helped me grab a decent black robe. When she handed it to me, she spoke.

"Is this the deal you were talking about?" she asked and I nodded. Her lips turned down in a grimace. "Good luck."

I pulled on the robe and reluctantly made my way out of bed and towards the door where surprisingly, Zade was still waiting. He barely glanced at me as he started walking and all I could do was follow. I tried to ask where we were going but he refused to oblige me with a response. I started to notice the path we were taking and I realized he was leading me to his room. I didn't know why I didn't realize sooner. Zade never had sex with me in my room. I had a feeling that it had more to do with the fact that it belonged to his first mate than anything to do

with me.

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He walked into his room and I hesitated before crossing the threshold. He noticed my pause. "You could always forfeit now," he drawled. "There is no shame in tapping out when you know that you do not have the capacities to win."

I knew what he was doing and unfortunately it worked because my ego was twice the size of my common sense. "I have no intention of tapping out."

I walked into the room and the click of the door behind me felt so final. I turned away from Zade hoping it would give me some sort of comfort or reprieve but Zade wasn't having it because as soon as he locked that door, he grabbed me and kissed me.

One hand wrapped itself in my hair and he fisted it so tight that I felt pinpricks of pain dancing around my scalp. His lips were devouring mine and he wasn't slowing down to give me a chance to catch my breath or match his pace. He walked us back until my back was pinned against his work desk and although the sides of the table were digging into my lower back, it was nothing a dull throb at the back of my mind.

In one quick move, he lifted me onto his table and spread my legs so he was standing between them. He pulled back from me and I inhaled deeply because I hadn't even realized how out of breath I was before. He didn't give me a chance to gather my wits before he was placing open mouthed kisses on the column of my neck. I had to bite down on my bottom lip to prevent any sound from escaping. Zade's mouth was absolutely sinful but my pride always won out.

He smirked against my skin and pulled back then in a flash; he had a hand wrapped around my throat. He squeezed ever so lightly as he claimed my lips and the rush of feeling lightheaded had me clenching my thighs. He leaned down until his lips were by my ear before he spoke.

"Let's see just how long your little game can hold out," he untied my robe before I even knew what was happening and I watched him suck in a sharp breath as he took me in. It was always refreshing to know that Zade didn't find me completely unattractive. He was not the kind to shower compliments during sex- at least not to me- but it gave me a rush of power whenever I saw his eyes roam my body or his hands lingered somewhere. It made me feel just a little bit better about the entire ordeal.

He pulled the robe off my shoulders and his hands ran down my torso to tweak my nipples through my shirt. It was a simple action but it had me throwing my head back. He repeated the action over again before leaning down to run his tongue over me. I felt his hands go to the straps and I knew that if he took it down, I was going to lose.

"We didn't say anything about me getting naked," I managed out and I saw his eyes narrow at me. "Those

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"There were never any terms," he shot back before adding, "but if it makes you feel better then you can keep the clothes."

His lips closed around my nipple and the friction of the fabric combined with the heat of his tongue had me gripping the edge of the table for dear life. I bit down so hard that I tasted blood and I tried to think of anything in that moment that would take my mind off the onslaught of pleasure that I was experiencing.

"Your pride will be your downfall," he murmured against my skin. "Look at you already

rocking your hips like a desperate little slut and I haven't even touched you."

"I am not." I was.

"You want it, so let go. I don't know why you're fighting it so much," his hand trailed up my thigh until his fingers were resting inches from my core. I wasn't wearing any panties so if he slipped his fingers into my inner thigh, he would be able to feel just how wet I was. "Stop holding back."

"Fuck you.

"I will after you lose."

Those words had me spreading my thighs even wider. I was desperate for him to touch me. He knew and instead of doing that, he ran his hands over my thighs making sure to steer clear of exactly where I needed him. Just like he said, I rocked my hips forward but Zade was nothing if not determined and he was determined to punish me by drawing this out as much as possible.

By the time he pulled one hand off my thigh, the tips of his fingers were coated with my arousal. He smeared it over my lips before kissing me once more and I was grateful because his kiss swallowed my moan. I had a feeling he knew I had already lost but if he wasn't going to point it out then neither was I.

"When does this end?" I asked once he had pulled back,

"it ends when I make you moan," he kissed down my torso.

That isn't fair to me. There should be a timer to make it even."

He pulled back long enough to stare at me. "Then you should have thought of that and discussed the terms."

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His hand that was still under my dress finally slipped up and without warning, he pushed two fingers into my core. I moaned loud enough that I was sure the guards outside heard me. His mouth was by my neck when it happened and I could feel him smiling in victory.

"Fucking finally. You fought a good fight, Megan, but I always win."

My defeat hit me like a freight train but I couldn't even bring myself to dwell on it because his fingers were still inside me. I squirmed against him wanting him to move. If I was going to lose then I may as well get an orgasm out of it. It would have been embarrassing to lose and return sexually frustrated.

Zade didn't have the same idea because his free hand wrapped around my hips to keep me immobile. "You wanted to go through with this inane idea but if you want me to get you off then you have to beg me."

"Why would I do that?"

"I have no problems leaving you like this and making you watch while I get myself off. You will sit there wet and wanting and you will get nothing," he paused. "Or, you can beg like the little slut that you are and I will be all over my cock. It is your choice."

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## The Alpha's Hated Breeder Chapter 12

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I was aching all over which was absolutely ridiculous considering that he had just insulted me but something about the way he said it had me needy and squirming. I wanted to clamp my thighs shut but he was standing between them and it was clear that he had no intentions of moving. When he saw that I was debating his words, he gripped my hips and tugged me forward. My core slammed against his erection and I moaned loud.

"You want it," he coaxed in my ear. "Just say the f ucking words. It is just three words. Slap a please on it too and you are all mine."

It was so tempting. I could barely think straight and the words were at the tip of my tongue but I didn't want to give in so easily. If I did, I was never going to forgive myself, I was many things and stubborn was at the top of that list: Zade knew that too because he pulled down the straps of my flimsy nightgown and revealed my breasts. Cold air hit mu nipples and they were hardening further. His eyes tracked the movement and the intensity alone had my breath picking up,

He leaned down and grazed his teeth over one and I almost came. I was sprung too tight. "Zade."

His name flowed from my lips so easily and I felt him smile. He was getting close to what he wanted and we both knew it. If he kept this up, I was going to be begging in seconds. If I had any common sense, I would have pushed him off and ran but I needed that release and ever since he touched me for the first time, my hands ceased to be enough. I wanted him, I wanted the stretch that I got whenever he entered me. I wanted my eyes to roll into the back of my head simply from the brutality of his thrusts.

"That's my name, don't wear it out," he murmured as he took one nipple into his mouth.

He lavished it with attention and I was a writhing mess beneath him. Zade was an a sshole for sure but he was not a selfish lover. He enjoyed giving pleasure which I found weird. I always expected him to be the kind of man concerned with his own release.

He pulled back from me and spread my legs impossibly wider. My nightgown was bunched around my waist exposing everything else to him. He didn't touch me, instead, he just stared at me. His eyes darkened and judging by the large tent in his pants, it was clear that he wanted me but his pride would not let him until I begged.

"I could just leave you here like this," he began slowly never taking his eyes off my swollen c lit. "But the feeling that comes when you lose is worth it."

"I am not going to lose."

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It was s tupid to goad him and yet I kept doing it over and over again. He grabbed my

thighs and pulled me to the edge of the table. He rocked his hips against me and my breath hitched in my throat. With each thrust, he grazed my clit and in barely any time, I was on the precipice of an orgasm but just as quickly as he started, he stopped.

"If you want it, you know what you have to do," his voice was husky and strained as he tried to hold himself back. "Say it."

"No." He rocked against me in a slow and torturous pace that had me crying out. "I won't," he repeated the action making sure to steer clear of my clit. He was punishing me and I knew I couldn't take any more of it. The word left my lips in a soft whisper.

"Please."

"I didn't quite hear you," he was smirking. "Why don't you say it a little louder?"

"Please, fuck," I all but yelled.

"Please, what, Megan? What are you begging for? I want to hear the words from your lips. When you go back to that room and think about it, I don't want any doubts that you were begging for my cock."

My cheeks heated in embarrassment. "Please fuck me."

In a flash, he pulled his sweatpants down and entered me in one quick thrust. That was all I needed to reach peak. I gripped his shoulders for dear life as he rode out my orgasm.

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"Look at you," he mused. "I barely even touched you and you already came yet you wanted to deny yourself of this," he clicked his tongue. "Do you know what you feel like? Do you know how you're clinging to my cock like a fucking whore, how your nails are digging into my back like you can't get enough?"

His words were driving me insane. His hands gripped my thighs and he held them high against his hips as he slammed into me repeatedly. I wanted to tell him to fuck himself but the only words that could leave my lips were moans and pleas. It was like I was no longer in control of myself. In my place was a wanton woman.

Zade pulled out of me and pulled me to my feet and in one move, he had me flipped over so I was bent over the table. He fucked me and with each thrust, my nipples brushed the table and the friction had me gripping the edges of the table. Zade wrapped my hair around one fist and tugged it hard. In that position, he was hitting spots that I didn't know existed and I could feel my soul exiting my body.

"You take me so fucking well," he grunted as he kept up his brutal assault. "You want to cum, don't you?"

"Yes," I managed out. "Fuck, yes, please."

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He reached out to pinch my clit and I came around him in a blast. Stars danced beneath my lids and my body shook with the force of my orgasm. If not for Zade's arm holding me up, my legs would have given out. I was barely aware of Zade reaching his orgasm after me. As soon as I had calmed down, he pulled out of me while I remained hunched over the

table to catch my breath.

I finally stood up shakily and I turned to see Zade returning from the bathroom, he was

dressed and he ignored me as he walked over to his bed. I knew what was coming next but I still wasn't prepared for the harshness of his tone. "You can get out now."

I didn't know why I thought he would be any less of a dick now that I was carrying his child. I righted my nightgown and pulled on my robe. I tried to make my hair appear presentable but there was no use, my neck was covered in hickeys and I looked like I had been freshly fucked. Even if that weren't the case, I reeked of sex.

Zade did not even look at me as I pulled the door open. I was about to close it when he spoke up. "Training starts by 6, I don't want to send for you."

"You don't have to train me."

"If you think I am letting someone else put their hands on you then think again," he finally looked up at me. "Now get out. I don't want to see your face"

I forced my face into a neutral expression as I walked out of the room. I clutched my robe tighter and tried to avoid the eyes of the guards. This was a usual thing for them but it didn't stop them from staring and it didn't stop me from feeling shame. I rushed back towards my room because I didn't want to think about: When I got there, I quickly locked the door and pressed my head against the cool wood.

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of it.

"Are you okay?" I heard Kaya ask and I quickly plastered on a fake smile and nodded. Her eyes narrowed at me and I knew she didn't believe me. When her eyes went down to my neck, I saw awareness fill her gaze. "Do you want me to run a bath for you?"

"Yes please," I managed out and she offered me a sympathetic look before she left.

I wasn't used to anyone taking care of me but Kaya was determined to do that. She helped me into the bath and went as far as to help me wash my hair in order to relax. She didn't need to do that, she could have pretended like she didn't see me but she chose to stay with me.

"Thank you," I murmured and she just hummed. "Can you set an alarm for 5:30, please? I have to train with Zade tomorrow."

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"What does training have to do with this?" I shrugged. "Megan, what is going on?"

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"It was a stupid deal and I lost. It doesn't matter," I pulled away from her and rose to my feet. She pursed her lips and I could tell that she had a lot more to say but she stayed quiet. "You can go to bed now, Kaya, I think I'm done here."

She left me alone albeit reluctantly and I waited until she had turned her back to me on the couch before I looked for something to wear. I picked a pair of loose shorts and a threadbare shirt. Once I was dressed, I glanced at the nightgown which was lying on the floor. It was one of my favorites because of the color and how soft it was but now, I didn't want to look at it. I rolled it into a ball and stuck it in the back of my closet where I would never have to look at it again..

## **The Alpha's Hated Breeder Chapter 13**

**Chapter 13**

Kaya woke me up the next morning just as I had asked. I was exhausted and the last thing I wanted was to be around Zade. While I got ready in leggings and a tank, I couldn't help but pray that something would happen to cancel the training session but my prayers weren't answered because the guards were outside my room ready and waiting to lead me to the training field.

I was shocked however when I got there and I saw Landon instead of Zade. I was confused because Zade had made it perfectly clear that he was the one going to train me. I stopped in my tracks and looked around wondering if I had made a wrong turn at some point or if I had somehow missed Zade's presence. I searched the entire training field for him but I couldn't see him.

"Hey, Megan," Landon called out making a few heads turn to me. He waved me over and I kept my head down to hide the embarrassment creeping up my cheeks. "Zade had some urgent work to do so you are stuck with me for today. I hope you don't mind."

I just shrugged because the truth was that it didn't matter whether I minded or not. If I didn't train with Landon, I would have to face Zade and that was the last thing I wanted after last night. Landon could feel the lack of enthusiasm from me and I could tell that he wanted to push on it but at the last minute, he decided against it. He led me towards the far corner of the training field where we couldn't be watched by everyone.

"I want you to feel as comfortable as you can," he explained and despite my effort to remain nonchalant, I was touched and I couldn't help but smile. "I know I wasn't your first choice for a trainer but I am convinced that we can make this work out. Zade explained that you were pregnant and I did some research and some workout that **was** good for pregnant women."

"You did?" I asked and he nodded as if it were the simplest thing in the world.

I was shocked. It was weird for someone to do something for my benefit. I didn't know how to respond to it so I just kept my eyes

down on the ground and fiddled with my fingers. Landon either didn't notice my discomfort or he didn't care because he was all smiles as he laid out the workout mats.

"I read that stretches are what you need more," Landon explained. "Do you know how to swim?" I nodded. "You should probably do laps a few times a week. There is a pool behind the palace that you can use."

"Are you sure I can use it?" I asked not wanting to get into trouble with Zade and Landon looked over at me like I had just grown three heads.

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“Why wouldn’t you be allowed to?” I stayed silent. “Is everything alright with you, Megan? If something is wrong, then you can talk to me.”

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“It’s fine,” I cut him off but it was clear that he didn’t believe me. “Let’s just start with the training, please.”

I could tell he wanted to say more but at the last minute, he nodded.

As much as I regret to admit it, I enjoyed training with Landon. He was patient and kind with me and he made sure to correct me when I was doing something wrong. He would ask before putting his hand on me to correct me and he made sure I laughed during it.

By the time we were done, I felt lighter and I prayed that Zade would permanently keep Landon as my trainer. I helped him pack up the mats despite his protests that he could do them himself and helped him take them in. We were in a comfortable silence as I followed him to the storage room to put the mats away.

“Megan,” Landon began and I turned to him. He looked awkward and out of place as he fought to find the right words. “I know you don’t see me as your friend but I would very much like to be.”

“Why?” I asked and his brows scrunched. “Aren’t you supposed to take solidarity with Zade? He is your best friend after all.” I couldn’t keep the bitterness out of my voice. I didn’t know why I was angry about it but I was. “You don’t have to keep an eye on me because Zade asked you to. I’m fine and I am not running away.”

“I know you’re not running away and I am not here because of Zade,” I didn’t believe him. I turned to leave but he grabbed my elbow and turned me to face him. “Listen to me, Megan. This isn’t about Zade and contrary to what you believe, I am not Zade’s lap dog. Zade is a possessive bastard and there is no way he would ask me to spy on you.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at his choice of words. “The only reason Zade would be possessive over me is so that I don’t run away with his child.”

Landon smiled as if he knew something I didn’t. “I wouldn’t be so sure about that.”



I wanted to ask what he meant by that but a guard walked up to him and whispered a few words in his ears. Landon just nodded to me and gave me a look that clearly said that the conversation wasn't over. He left without another word and I was left trying to find my way back to the room. Kaya was seated there waiting for me and as soon as she saw my face, she stood to her feet.

"What's wrong?" he asked and I stayed silent. "Did Zade do something?"

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"Zade wasn't there, Landon was."

Her brows raised. "Tell me everything."

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I told Kaya everything. I didn't know why it was easy for me to trust her and not Landon but there was something about her presence that just calmed me. She was the first female that I could consider a friend and for me, that was amazing. Having a female friend had always been my dream and now that I had a glimpse of what that could feel like, I wanted more. There was a nagging voice in the back of my head that told me she was spying on Zade but another part of me didn't care. I was more than willing to take that risk with her but not Landon.

After I had told her, she just told me to be careful and trust my gut because she couldn't tell me what to do. I hated that fact but I knew she was right. It was a lot better for me to come up with my decision by myself. I spent the entire day thinking about it and when I couldn't anymore, I decided to go out for a walk. Kaya wanted to go with me but I begged her to just give me a second. I needed a second to myself. She was hesitant but she agreed.

I took a walk and although the guards were shocked to see me alone, neither of them tried to stop me. I wanted to check out the pool that Landon had spoken about but I remembered that I didn't pack my swim suit so I went to the garden instead. The air was crisp and cold and I just closed my eyes and allowed it hit my face. It was calming and it reminded me of home. I couldn't help but think about my former life. I wondered how Ryan and Jessica were dealing with the aftermath of what happened.

"What are you

you doing here?" Zade's sharp tone snapped me out of my reverie and I turned to him.

There were splatters of blood on his face and shirt. His eyes were almost black in the moonlight as if he were seconds away from shifting and his hands were tinged red. He looked terrifying and I had to take a step back. His eyes were trained on me in anger and I quickly wracked my brain for what I could have done wrong.

"I asked you a question, Megan," his voice dropped to a dangerous whisper. "Do not make me force the answer from you."

"I just wanted some air. I didn't know you were here. If you want me to leave then I can."

He closed the distance between us in under a second and he grabbed my chin in a firm grip. I could feel the blood smear on my skin and I couldn't help but wonder whose blood it was. He leaned in so his hot breath was fanning my face as he spoke. "Do not ever come back here again. Am I clear?"

"Crystal."

He released me and I took off running. I didn't know where I was going and I wasn't concentrating until I bumped

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into someone. I would have fallen on my ass if not for a hand that wrapped around my waist and kept me standing.

"What's wrong, Megan?" Landon asked. "Is someone following you?"

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I shook my head. "It was Zade. I was in the garden for some air and he just came and there was blood and he yelling. Well he wasn't really yelling but he was pissed and I don't know why because I was just standing there. I didn't touch or do anything and-"

"Breathe, Megan, this wasn't about you," Landon instructed and I forced myself to take a large breath. I watched as he carefully dragged his thumb across my chin to clean off some of the blood. "You were in Emilia's Garden."

I scoffed when the words settled. I honestly didn't understand why Zade kept me around if he was still hung up on his first mate. How did he justify outing me in her room but not me in her garden it made zero sense to me but then again, Zade **was** just a confusing person as a whole.

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"Try not to think about it too much," Landon's voice cut through my foggy mind. "Come, I know somewhere yo can go to clear your mind."

I looked at his outstretched hand and I took it.