

# **Our Secret Obsession (Book 2)**

## **Chapter 5**

### **Chapter 5: Think of me.**

Mike POV

The chains clanked against the metal beams of the ceiling as I shifted my weight, trying once again to test the strength of my restraints. I had been here for months, my attempts at escape growing more desperate and futile with each passing day. My muscles screamed in protest, but the chains held, mocking my efforts. I was trapped, and I knew it. Yet, every fibre of my being compelled me to keep trying, to keep fighting.

Anthony was somewhere in this hellhole too, though we were rarely in the same place at the same time. When he was being "dealt with," as Alpha Leigh liked to call it, I was left hanging, literally. And when it was my turn, Anthony was the one left to his own nightmares. We had no time together to plan or to reassure each other. Even if we had been, we were always gagged and silenced. Leigh wasn't taking any chances this time.

I heard the door creak open, and my heart pounded in my chest. It was my visitor. She never announced herself, but I always knew when she was there. The air seemed to get colder, more suffocating. I hated her, but I also longed for these visits. They were the only moments when I wasn't completely alone.

She approached with a mocking smile, her eyes glittering with cruel delight. She grabbed the chains, and using her body weight, she swung around them like a stripper on a pole. Pain shot through my shoulders as the chains twisted and tightened. I gritted my teeth, refusing to give her the satisfaction of hearing me scream.

"Hello, Michael," she purred, her voice dripping with malice. "Miss me?"

I glared at her, my jaw clenched. I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of a reply, not that I could with the gag still in place. She spun around me again, the chains groaning under the strain.

"I've been thinking about you," she continued. "Wondering what goes on in that stubborn head of yours. So full of defiance, even now." She stopped spinning and faced me, her face inches from mine. Her breath was hot and rancid, and I fought the urge to recoil.

"I have some questions for you," she conveyed, reaching up to unfasten the gag. "But don't piss your panties too much, Michael. These aren't the kind of questions Alpha Leigh asks... You know those ones that make you cry like a little girl." The gag fell away, and I took a deep, ragged breath, my mouth dry and sore.

"What do you want?" I rasped, my voice barely above a whisper.

"I want to know about Lottie." She smiled a cold, predatory smile. My heart skipped a beat at the mention of her name. Lottie. My Lottie. Memories of her flooded my mind, bittersweet and painful. I said nothing, trying to mask the turmoil inside me. I had fucked up there, and I knew it.

"Come on, Michael," she taunted, tugging on the chains again. "You were a couple, weren't you? You must know everything about her." I remained silent, my mind racing. What was she trying to get at? What did she want with Lottie?

"What's her favourite colour?" she asked, her tone deceptively casual. I swallowed hard, eyeing the figure before me. I had to give her something, anything. Or this would last all day, and although I had the time, the idea of this bitch's company all day was too much to bear.

"Blue," I said reluctantly. "It's blue."

"And her favourite meal?" she pressed as she began to pick at her nails like she was not revelling in the control she had right now, and no doubt getting turned on like the bitch I knew her to be.

"Spaghetti Bolognese," I muttered, hating myself for giving her anything. She nodded as if filing the information away.

"What about her favourite movie?"

"The Princess Bride." I hesitated, then sighed. She clapped her hands together, a gleeful expression on her face.

"Good, good. Now we're getting somewhere."

"Why do you care?" I snapped, my anger flaring. "What does it matter to you?" Her smile widened as she looked at me like one might look at a dying animal you have just hit with your car. Her eyes filled with pity, remorse and anger at the fact you now have to get your damn car cleaned. She hated me, but we both knew she needed me, or she wouldn't be down here digging through my brain.

"Oh, it matters, Michael. It matters a lot. You see, I want to know everything about Lottie. Her favourite song, her pet peeves, her deepest fears. Everything." I felt a chill run down my spine.

"Why?" I demanded. "Why do you want to know?" She leaned in close, her eyes boring into mine as she tugged on the chains, my lips thinning from the pain that shot through my body.

"Because, Michael," she whispered, "I want to hurt her. And the more I know, the more I can make her suffer." My blood ran cold. This wasn't just about me or Anthony anymore. This was about Lottie, and the thought of her being hurt because of me was unbearable. From what I had heard, she had suffered enough already.

"Please," I begged, my voice breaking. "Leave her out of this." She laughed, a cruel, heartless sound.

"Oh, Michael, you should know by now. There's no leaving anyone out of this." I closed my eyes, feeling a tear slip down my cheek. I was powerless, chained and broken, and now my past was being used to hurt the person I loved most. I had to find a way out of this.

Realising she had been quite a while, I opened my eyes to see she had taken a phone call, and for a moment, I saw a flicker of something else in her eyes. She glanced at the screen and sighed, her whole demeanour shifting. She slumped down on a chair, her earlier playfulness and menace dissolving into something closer to anger and frustration.

I opened my mouth to taunt her, but decided better of it. For now, I could breathe easy and my chapped and sore lips had a moment of respite from that fucking gag.

I watched her closely, curiosity piqued by this sudden change. Her eyes glossed over as she began to mindlink someone. Her hand tightened around the phone, I could hear it screeching under the pressure. Whatever was happening on the other end of that call, was not good.

Suddenly, the tension in her hand eased, and she turned her gaze back to me. Our eyes met, and for a second, I saw something raw and vulnerable in her expression, until her mask slipped back into place.

"Gotta go, lover boy," she giggled, her voice dripping with mockery. "I will see you soon... ok? Think of me."

She skipped towards the door, but then paused, shaking her head as if she'd forgotten something important.

"Silly me," she laughed, returning to me with that dark, predatory look in her eyes. She placed the gag back in my mouth, her fingers brushing against my lips. I hated her more than I'd ever hated anyone, yet there was a part of me that craved these moments of interaction, twisted as they were.

"Can't have people knowing that I visit, can we?" she grinned, her face inches from mine. "Then my visits would have to stop." She winked, a gesture that felt like a knife twisting in my gut. With that, she left me alone in the darkness.

The door slammed shut behind her, and I was left to wallow in the shit I'd found myself in. The chains were cold against my skin, a constant reminder of my captivity and as much as I tried to ignore the pain and focus on something else, anything else, my mind kept drifting back to Lottie and the hope that she could one day forgive me. Maybe not enough to love me again, but enough to not want to see me dead.

I can't let this woman use what she knows against Lottie. I have to stay strong, for her sake. But the fear gnawed at me, relentless and unforgiving. How long can I hold out? How long before I break and give her everything she wants?

I closed my eyes, trying to block out the darkness, the pain, the hopelessness. All I could do was wait, and hope that somehow, someday, I'll find a way out of this.

For Lottie, and for myself.

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