

## 37 DESIRE OR RAGE?(R-18)

Xaden stared at her, annoyed.

What had she been doing under him at first? She was lucky because he could have snapped her neck.

It wasn't the first time his wolf had been plunged into a nightmare, and there was no way anyone could heal it.

Elena had tried to suppress it. He hadn't even told her that they had gotten worse.

It was a part of him that he was accustomed to.

Once he had woken up, he found that there were mounds of people dead, and he was covered in blood.

He didn't remember what had happened, but he knew it was him.

It had been different this time.

A sweet voice had calmed him down.

I told him he was safe, and his wolf instantly calmed down.

He frowned.

Whatever it was, he pushed on with the matter at hand.

"I asked you a question." He resumed. "I will tell

you this once, and this will be the last time I do. I do not like repeating myself. When I ask a question, I demand an answer. Immediately."

She nodded.

Then he leaned back in the chair.

She was quiet for a while before she started.

"When I was little, I was taken hostage by an enemy pack." She started.

He just looked at her.

He had never heard of this.

"For how long?" He asked her.

"Until I was fifteen." She replied. "It was someone in our pack who hatched the plan. One of my father's enemies. He took me to punish my father and used my nanny to hatch the plan." 5

Was this really what happened? It made sense. Because why on earth would Bale beat his own child?

His only daughter. Why would he give her marks? She was his daughter, and he was 100 percent sure, but seeing the marks on her body baffled him.

He went quiet, then he asked one more question.

"If you were taken, when usually pack leaders

take a female captive, Worse an enemy child." He started. "They rape them. Just like I did to you."

He thought he had sucked in her breath.

He smiled, knowing that just him reminding her of what he had done to her made her scared.

"Why didn't they ever take you?" He asked. "You were a virgin."

She was quiet again. "I don't know why. All I know is that they never did."

He took a deep breath, trying to analyse the story.

Why hadn't he been told about all of this? Why was he just hearing about this now?

It annoyed him.

So this was the second time she was being taken captive by her father's enemy pack.

She had suffered the sins of her father, and now she was again.

He didn't feel bad for her.

She deserved it.

After all, she was her father's child, and that just meant she was as evil as he was.

"You're lucky it wasn't me." He told her. "If I had beat who ever had kidnapped you to it, you would not be a virgin by now"

He heard her suck in her breath again, and then he turned on the reclining couch.

Now that she was awake, he couldn't sleep. He didn't trust that she wouldn't attempt to kill him.

Although it was almost impossible to kill him, it would annoy him to see if he had a knife in his body.

He heard her move on the bed and then cover herself under the fur duvet.

Now that he had thought of it, no woman had ever slept in his bedroom.

None.

But it was his worst enemy's daughter who lay down in his bed now.

Why was fate so cruel to him?

"Thank you." He heard her soft voice say.

He stiffened.

After what he had done, after he had punished her brutally, was she thanking him?

"For taking care of me." She said.

A sudden emotion pricked him, and it horrified him that it was guilt.

He got up from the couch in a split second and was at her.

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She sprung up and jumped to the wall behind the headboard of the bed.

"You think I'm taking care of you?" He demanded.

Her lips quivered, and his eyes went down there.

They were full and seemed soft; he resisted the urge to touch them.

And when he realised where his mind was, he scowled, and it infuriated him further.

"But you helped me." She managed quietly. "I know you hate me, Alpha. But you were good to me."

Her words stunned him.

Put him in a trance, and he just stared at her in amazement.

What was it with this girl?!

What the hell was it with this girl?!

Why did she thank him, apologise to him, and accept his punishment towards her like he was a god?

It didn't make any sense to him.

In fact, he was baffled.

She swallowed.

He could see she was scared of him, as she should be, cowering underneath him, but then there was something else.

Something else he couldn't place his fingers on.

He looked down at her and saw that the fur blanket that she wrapped herself around was now loose around her chest.

He saw a full cleavage and remembered how those breasts had felt in his hands.

And he felt himself go hard.

He ignored his sudden hardness and flared his nostrils.

"I'm not being good to you." He told her. "Don't ever think that what I'm doing is to help you."

She went quiet and looked down.

He felt something in his chest. Guilt! Again!

What was he feeling guilty for?!

She deserved every punishment and every sudden form of humiliation she received from him!

And then he was so furious at her that his hand caught her jaw and forced it back to look at him.

Those large green eyes of hers stared right into his soul.

He ignored his head and decided to...

at her.


"Do you know how you got into my bed completely naked?"

“

*Your gift is the motivation for my creation. Give me more motivation!*


**Stephanie\_king1**

Creator's Thought

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