

## Chapter 2: Amory's P.O.V.

*A familiar deep chuckle from behind me had the hair rising on the back of my neck. I squirmed, but there wasn't much I could do in this position. Being strung up by my wrists like a damn animal is hard enough as it is. Did he have to add the blindfold?*

*"Why can't you just admit it to me?" He asked.*

*He gently placed one hand on my back. I stiffed, not that he cared at all. He only slowly and gently dragged that hand around my body as he walked to stand in front of me.*

*"Say it," he demanded.*

*"Fu.ck you," I spat.*

*He chuckled again. This time a small whimper escaped my lips. I cursed myself under my breath for not having more control.*

*"Your body is always much more honest than*

*your mouth." He said as he wrapped both arms around me.*

*I wanted to move away, but only the tips of my toes were touching the ground. I could only move my face away as he leaned in to kiss me. Not that he minded. All that did was give him a big opening to assault my neck.*

*"My lips feel good against you, don't they?" He asked.*

*Don't answer, don't answer, don't answer.*

*"When are you going to give this up? It's all pointless. You know you're mine," he said.*

*Finally, he's starting to sound annoyed.*

*"If I'm yours, what does that make you?" I asked angrily.*

*This time he chuckled against my skin. My eyes rolled back, and I was thankful that I was blindfolded. This fu.cking jacka.ss.*

*"What is it you want me to say? That I'm yours?" He asked with a laugh.*

*I felt my heart sink. My body slumped some as a heavy feeling weighed down my body. I hate that he can make me feel this way.*

*"Is that really what you want?" He asked, laughing.*

*The way he asked sounds more like he's belittling me. Like it's the funniest thing in the world to imagine being mine. Being... with me.*

*Maybe it is the silliest thing in the world.*

*"You can't even admit that we're mates, but you want me to say that I belong to you? Are you stupid?" He asked.*

*I felt tears well up in my eyes. I desperately tried to hold them back. I hate that I feel this way. Never in my life has anyone made me cry like this.*

*He grabbed my chin harshly, and yanked my face to his.*

*"You know that I don't do things that way, little one. I'm not a one-girl kind of man. We*

*do things differently here in my realm. You know that. But that also means that you get to have more than just me as well. Don't worry, I'll pick out the best suitors for you. You'll never be bored. You probably won't even remember me after a couple of days. Doesn't that sound amazing? Hmmm?" He asked sweetly.*

*That's exactly the problem. I don't want anyone else. I no longer have an interest in anyone other than him. He can talk about sharing each other like it's no big deal, like it's no betrayal, all he wants. I will never admit to him that we're mates if he can't commit to just me.*

*Never.*

*"Do I have to bring another woman in here again to prove it to you?" He whispered in my ear.*

*His words chilled me to my core. The tears that I had been fighting suddenly started to break free. I swear that once this is over, I'm*

*leaving. I'm never coming back.*

*Suddenly, the blindfold was ripped from my eyes. I stared up into glowing golden eyes. He looked pissed at first, but that emotion was slowly wiped from his face as he stared at me. I glared at him the best I could through my tears.*

*"I hate-"*

*My declaration was interrupted by him smashing his lips into mine. He didn't even give me time to respond before shoving his tongue in my mouth. I wanted to fight against him, but I had no way to. Plus, my body has a mind of its own when it comes to him.*

*"I can't wait anymore." He said against my lips.*

*He grabbed my legs, and wrapped them around himself. I can feel his hard monster against my pu.ssy. I could feel myself getting wetter just from the anticipation.*

*"You look too pretty when you cry," he said.*

*Then he thrust into me without warning.*

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I gasped for air as I sat up in my bed. I looked around to see that I was still in my room at home. My body slumped when I realized that I was at home. Not with that monster of a man.

I lay back in bed as I tried to calm my heart. These visions have been more and more frequent. I hate it.

*I love it.* Saysa chimed in. *Seeing our mate like that is se.xy.*

I scoffed at her.

*After all he's done to us?* I asked her.

*We don't know the full truth yet. Just what we see.* She argued calmly.

*And what we see should be enough to make us run for the hills.* I replied.

Saysa whined.

*Let's give him a chance first.* She said.

I sighed in defeat. I can't stand these visions. Every time I get one, Saysa feels over the moon at the chance to peek at her mate. I hate them. These stupid freaking visions.

Sometimes they're the same ones that I always see. The same torturous ones that I grew up seeing. Sometimes they're new though. Well, the se.x ones are pretty new.

All the visions that I've had of my supposed mate have been pretty much the same. When I was little it used to scare me. I knew right away that he was my mate, that was something he always said. I just... didn't understand why he was treating me the way he was.

It made me grow up resentful. I hadn't even actually met my mate, and yet, I knew he was going to treat me like sh.it. All while, I watched all these other couples being lovey-dovey around me. I didn't understand

why this was going to happen to me, but one thing was for sure. My mate could be a dillhole all he wanted, I will not be pushed around.

Of course, as I grew older I realized more about the real meaning behind my mate's words. The things that he says are harsh, but... They all had a se.xual innuendo. I just had to hit puberty to realize it.

Not that it mattered. Knowing what my mate really meant by all those harsh words didn't make me despise him any less. If anything, it upset me more.

As the years went on, my visions became more and more intense. We went from harsh words and se.xual innuendos, to tying me up and all kinds of things. Things that... always ended in se.x. No matter what I said. I could say no, stop, don't. It never mattered. My body always betrayed me.

Everything I went through made me hate my mate more and more. I wish I would have

never made that stupid bet with Bexley. Now all I can hope for is that I won't meet him for a really long time. Based from what I can see, it will be a while before I actually meet him anyway.

In the meantime, I've done things that I hope will hurt him as much as he hurts me. I sleep with whoever I want. I've experienced just about everything there is to do with se.x. He won't be able to show me anything new. I hope anyway.

I also have been working on making something of myself. I'm a superb fighter. Better than my parents, almost as good as Kee. Something that shocks most people.

Other than that, honestly... I haven't done much with my life. I have tried to get into a relationship a few different times. I thought that if I could fall in love with someone else, it wouldn't matter who my mate was. Part of me took joy in knowing how hurt he would be that I was with someone else.

It never worked though. I was always too much of a problem. The intensity of my visions would always get worse when I tried to date someone. It always freaked them out, and they would dump me.

In the end, all it did was make me angrier. Turns out that the only person who is ever going to want me is going to be that bas.tard. The one that I don't want at all. Which in turn gave me my own internal issues.

Issues that I didn't know how to process. I ended up taking it out on anyone and everyone around me. I would yell, fight, cuss, boss people around, anything that I could to make myself feel superior. Something that I definitely got from my dad.

I'm 25 now though. I need to stop with all this sh.it, and figure out how to control my anger. Kee has been helping with that too.

All I can really do at this point... Is hope that it's another 25 years before I meet that

bas.tard.



KJ

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