

## Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

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### Chapter 1

Alyssa

"Congratulations, Alyssa. I hope you and Isaac are very happy together," Mom says, her voice tender with emotion as she pulls me into a tight embrace.

"Thanks, mom." I give her a gentle yet firm squeeze, afraid that if I let go, she'll fall or something. She's too sick to be standing up right now, but she's always been a strong, very stubborn woman. She'd never let anyone here see that she's unwell.

After I eventually release her, Gray, my ever-watchful brother, carefully takes her arm, and helps her into a chair.

"Grayson, I can seat myself," she protests, a playful defiance in her eyes as she gives him a mock glare.

He smiles warmly. "I know you can, Mom," he murmurs, planting a kiss on her forehead before turning to me. "If your husband ever hurts you, I'll shove my foot so far up his ass he can taste it."

By the tone in his voice, he absolutely means it. But he has nothing to worry about.

I laugh and kiss my brother on the cheek. "No need to be so scary, big brother. Isaac would never hurt me. He loves me too much." I say confidently, my heart swelling with affection for my high school sweetheart turned husband. Despite the challenges we've faced, he's my soulmate, and he's proven his love for me over and over again.

When he asked me to marry him, I was the happiest woman on the planet. And now, here we are married. I've officially claimed the title...I'm Mrs. Isaac Carter.

As the time to depart for our honeymoon in Cancun approaches, I say goodbye to our guests. We invited most of our small town, but honestly I only cared that my mom, brother, and my two best friends, Chelsea and Ashley, attended my wedding.

"Have a great time!" Chelsea says, hugging me tightly. She always smells sweet, like berries. I assume it's whatever shampoo she uses to keep her blonde hair so luscious and perfect, but it could just be her vibrant personality.

I hug Ashley next, her hazelnut skin absolutely glowing beneath the bright lights. "Make sure you send me some pics. I can't wait to get a boo next summer, so we can go on a group vacation," she quips, her excitement contagious.

"Will do," I promise with a laugh, already looking forward to sharing the memories of our honeymoon with my besties.

Seeing that Isaac is saying goodbye to his parents, I step outside for a moment of solitude, relishing the cool night air. The stars twinkle above, casting a magical glow on our perfect wedding day.

As I lean against Isaac's car, a girl emerges from the bushes on the side of the house, quickly readjusting her dress and smoothing down her hair.

"Hey, Alyssa," she says breathlessly, her cheeks flushed as she rushes back into the house.

A moment later, a guy follows, lazily zipping up his slacks.

King Sterling. One of my brother's three best friends.

He's tall with muscles for days. He has dark, unruly curls that cascade to his shoulders, a medium beard, and a scar over his left eye. His amber eyes, sharp and intense, have a way of sending even the bravest men running for their lives. The fact that he's in a motorcycle gang is just the icing on the cake, completing his scary-as-shit ensemble.

When his gaze locks onto mine, he smirks, a devilish glint in his eyes.

I grimace. "You couldn't have taken her home first?" I ask, making no effort to hide the disgust in my tone.

"That's no fun. Besides, I would've missed the hilarious look on your face right now," he teases, his voice dripping with amusement.

He saunters over and leans against the car, enveloping himself in a cloud of cigarette smoke. "Want a puff?" he asks, holding the cigarette out to me.

Coughing, I wave it away. "No, that's disgusting," I retort. "You shouldn't be smoking those things anyway, you're going to get cancer, dumbass."

He takes another drag, then chuckling deeply, the sound sending a shiver down my spine. "Always holier than thou. Tell me, Alyssa. Has he popped your cherry yet, or are you still ripe for the taking?"

My cheeks flush, betraying my embarrassment. "N-No. I wanted to wait until marriage like my parents did," I stammer.

King's smirk widens. Well, aren't you a little saint," he says mockingly. "When he can't get you off with his little dick, I give you permission to fantasize about me."

"Thanks, but no thanks. That would only make me throw up," I snap back.

We grew up together, and he, Nikolai, and Mason have always tormented me behind Gray's back. The only reason I even invited my brother's asshole best friends because Gray insisted. According to him, they're family and deserve to be treated as such.

But I hate them all.

"When shit doesn't work out between you and Isaac, just know you can call me anytime," King says with a shrug, his words igniting my anger.

I shoot him a glare. "Why wouldn't things work out? I love my husband and he loves me."

He takes another puff, exhaling slowly. "I don't know. Something's just off about him, but if Gray approves him, I guess we should."

I snort. "Says the violent man in a motorcycle gang. If anybody's off, it's you."

King is the kind of man that gets off on bloodshed. Beating someone's ass or cutting an eyeball with a switchblade is his idea of a good time. In Gray's gang, the Crimson Reapers, King is known as the enforcer. I'm pretty sure he has more bodies than a serial killer, but since they keep our small town safe, nobody dares to speak a word of the crimes he has committed.

King just chuckles at my words. "Nah, Kitten, I'm violent because I have to be. Your pathetic husband seeks out trouble."

What is that supposed to mean? I wonder, but I decide to leave it alone. This is my wedding night, and I won't let him, or anyone else, ruin it.

"What's wrong, kitten? Am I getting you riled up?" he asks teasingly. I turn away from him, hoping he won't see how much he's pissing me off.

He knows I hate that fucking nickname, but he hasn't stopped calling me that since we were little.

"I told you to stop calling me that," I murmur, trying to keep my voice steady.

"And I told you that I would never stop calling you that."

I grind my molars, feeling my frustration rise. "You're such a dick. Why is that my nickname anyway?"

"Because you always have your claws out, but when it's time to scratch and bite, you're practically harmless."

A bitter laugh bubbles out of me as I turn back to him. "Fuck you. I could claw your damn eyes out if I wanted to."

"Sure, you can, Kitten," he says again, grinning just to piss me off more. "But just in case those claws don't sink deep enough, keep in mind that you can always call on me, Niko, and Mace if you're in trouble."

Why does he keep saying that? I don't need them, I never have. Not even when my dad was murdered. I never let anyone see me cry and wiped my own tears in private.

Just like Daddy would have wanted from his tough girl.

"He's right, sweet girl. You can call us if you ever need us," Nikolai adds, emerging from the house and joining us. Mace appears right behind him.

Oh, great. Here are all three dumbasses.

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