

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 16

Alyssa

It's been a few hours since King and Niko left, and Mason is just sitting in an armchair, reading a book. Like, a physical book. Dressed in jeans and a dark-blue dress-shirt, he looks a lot hotter than I remember. I really didn't think I had a thing for forearms, but here we are. His sleeves are rolled up, exposing sinewy muscles and a dusting of hair that catches the light just right, making my heart do an annoying little flip.

It's not surprising that he has barely uttered a word to me. Even in high school, he rarely spoke. He just followed the other dumbasses around, ruling the school and finding time out of their day to fuck with me.

I still find it so strange that I'm allowing my former bullies to protect me and my child. They were so cruel to me. Now they're pretending to care about my well-being. I can't help but feel like I need to brace myself for when they revert to their former selves and stop with this whole charade.

I can't let my guard down with them completely.

I remember a particular time that they bullied me like it was yesterday:

I walk out of bio class when I accidentally walk right into a hard chest that nearly knocks the wind out of me. I lift my gaze to find cold, amber eyes staring right back at me. My heart sinks when I realize it's King.

"You're a clumsy little kitten, aren't you?" the asshole teases.

My eyes narrow into slits. "King," I spit out with disdain. As him, Niko, and Mason surround me like sharks, the other students walk around us, averting their gazes. I should say more like they're escaping. They're fucking escaping and leaving me to be devoured alone.

"Get on your knees and apologize for bumping into me," King demands, his tone deadly serious.

I snort, crossing my arms defiantly. "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

He cocks a brow, his gaze unwavering. "Does it look like I'm fucking kidding?"

My pulse quickens from the way he's looking at me. "If you were sane, you'd be," I retort.

A cruel smirk curls on his lips. "Either beg for my forgiveness or I can tell the entire school that you sucked all three of our dicks like a greedy little slut," he threatens, his tone as calm as if he were discussing the weather.

"You wouldn't," I sneer, though my bravado wavers slightly.

"I would." His eyes gleam with malicious delight.

I swallow hard as I realize he's not bluffing. "King, there are other people in the hallway," I whisper, glancing behind him.

This isn't the first time something like this has happened. They rarely come to school, but when they do, I always end up running into them. There's supposed to be a 'no bullying' policy in place here. How come no one ever comes to fucking save me?

King follows my gaze and barks at the students lingering in the hallway, "Leave. Now!"

They scramble away within seconds, leaving me alone and helpless with my three bullies.

"Well? I'm waiting," King says, a demanding brow arched.

Desperately, I try to side-step King and make a run for it, but he blocks my way with his huge, towering body.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" I shout, pushing on his chest, but he doesn't budge an inch.

"You heard me the first time. On your knees, kitten."

Glaring at him, I get down on my knees, my pride crumbling around me. "Happy?" I grit out.

He smirks. "Almost. Where's the begging?"

"In your ass-"

He grabs a handful of my hair, yanking my head back. The sharp burn of it sends a jolt of heat straight to my core. "Careful, kitten. I can make that rumor true," he warns, his face so close that I can smell his breath. Cigarettes and mint. The combination should disgust me, but I find myself...getting aroused.

What is wrong with me?

I give him an unfriendly smile. "You can try, but I'll bite your dick the fuck off."

Niko chuckles, a glint of amusement in his blue eyes. "No she won't. I'll hold those pretty jaws open for you," he purrs, circling me like a predator sizing up its prey.

"You look so good on your knees. Doesn't she, boys?" King asks his yes-men.

Mason just nods, his expression blank, while Niko continues his circling. "Yeah, she does."

I'm grinding my teeth so hard, I'm surprised I haven't broken a molar by now. "Can we get this over with? I'm going to be late for my class," I snap, wanting to punch all of them in their faces.

King chuckles, his fingers still tangled in my hair. "You tell me, kitten." His grip tightens slightly, making my scalp burn. "Do you have something to say?"

"I'm sorry for running into you," I mutter, my hatred for him bubbling right beneath my skin.

"I didn't hear you."

"I said I'm sorry for running into you!" I shout angrily, my voice echoing through the empty hall.

"What do you think, boys? Should we let her go after that?" he asks, looking over at Niko and Mason, who are still watching me.

"Nah, sounded like she said it with an attitude," Niko replies with an arrogant smile.

King's dark, amber gaze flickers back to me. "You heard him, kitten. Try again."

"You know what...fuck you, King. And fuck the rest of you too," I spit with venom, starting to rise to my feet, but King shoves me back down to the floor with a force that knocks the breath out of me.

He strokes his chin, grinning. "That's actually a good idea, we could add that too. After sucking our dicks, Alyssa Bennett let all of us fuck her tight, little pussy."

Everyone would believe him and then Isaac would break up with me and never speak to me again. I'm supposed to be a virgin until we graduate and get married.

My cheeks flush with heat from both rage and embarrassment. "I'm going to tell Gray," I sneer.

I know threatening to tell my big brother sounds childish, but it's the only thing I can think of to get out of this.

Even if King acts like he runs shit around here, Gray is really their leader, and if my big brother found out what they were doing to me, I'm sure he'd kill them.

They all laugh like I just told the funniest joke they've ever heard. "Oh, kitten. Gray can't save you. Who do you think he'll believe? You or us, his brothers?" King asks, his cruel smirk mocking me.

"Me, of course," I retort, trying to sound as confident as I can.

His face twists into a snarl. "Then, I'll just tell him how I caught you the other day with Isaac beneath the bleachers. I'm sure he'd like to know that his little, innocent sister was letting some asshole feel up her skirt."

I gasp. He...he saw that?

I never meant for that to happen. Isaac and I just got a little carried away. It felt so good to have an escape, if only just for a moment, from the suffocating weight of anxiety and depression caused by Mom's illness and the lingering grief of Dad's death.

Did King see it for himself? Or did someone else report it to him? I can't ask him directly—he'd never give me a straight answer. So, it looks like the only choice I have is to give him what he wants. I can't risk both my brother and my mom finding out what a big whore I've been lately.

"I'm fucking sorry, okay? Please...please just let me go," I plead, my voice cracking.

I just want them to leave me the hell alone. Why do they keep targeting me like this?

Pleased with my submission, King gestures for Niko to help me up. "Good girl."

I want to tell him to go fuck him himself, but just as the words start to form on my lips, I hear Ashley's voice. My head snaps in her direction. "There you are! Oh my god, Alyssa. We were looking for you!" My best friend comes running down the hall towards us, her face a blend of relief and worry. I sigh in relief that she didn't see me on my knees for them. "Ew, what are you doing here with them?"

I don't answer, too ashamed and revolted by the whole situation to speak. Instead, I let her lead me away to our next class, nausea rising in my throat as I glance back at my three tormentors. They're all still watching me, King's smug-ass smirk sure to haunt me for the rest of the day.

End of flashback*