

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 19

Nikolai

Alyssa stares at me wide-eyed like I've lost my mind, her chest heaving slightly with each breath. Maybe I feel just a little too good right now, but I haven't stopped thinking about her since King told me he fucked her.

That's why I couldn't sleep. The image of her beneath him, moaning and writhing in pleasure, keeps replaying in my mind over and over. I want to see it for myself so fucking badly.

I know King isn't keen on sharing, but I don't exactly plan on touching her. At least, not with my hands. "Look, I just want to watch you play with your pussy. You'll do that for me, won't you, sweet girl?"

Her lips part slightly, her breath hitching. "Niko, what-"

I lift her onto the counter with ease, her body light in my hands. She lets out a little yelp of surprise, her fingers gripping my shoulders. "Put me down," she demands, her voice shaking with a blend of fear and arousal. She tries to push him away, but I don't budge. I expected a little resistance, but with the way she's looking at me—those innocent, wide eyes—I know she wants this.

It seems King has turned her into an addict for his cock too.

My eyes narrow at her, a smirk curling on my lips. "I know you let him fuck you, Alyssa." Her mouth opens and closes like she's lost for words, her cheeks turning pink with embarrassment, but before she can find the words to deny it, I continue, "And he told me that he won't do it again until you ask for it. Now, we both know you won't do that, even if I can tell you need his cock inside you right now. I bet you're so fucking wet and needy, aren't you?"

"No," she lies, the word breathless and unconvincing.

My grin widens. "Prove it. Pull down your shorts and show me."

"Niko, you've had too much to drink," she whispers, her voice trembling.

I tsk, shaking his head. "You're thinking way too hard about this. I already told you, you don't have to worry about me touching you. I just want to see your pretty, sloppy pussy."

Her breath catches, her eyes darting to the side like she's looking for an escape. "I-I don't know about this," she stammers.

"C'mon. Take them off, sweet girl," I urge, my voice soft yet firm.

She bites her lip, her face a picture of indecision. I bet she's torn between wanting to tell me to fuck off and giving me exactly what I'm asking for. Finally, she lifts her ass off the counter and slides down her shorts and panties, the fabric slipping over her smooth, creamy skin. She parts her legs, and I get a glimpse of her swollen pink pussy, glistening with arousal. For years, I wondered what it looked like, but the real thing is more beautiful than I ever imagined.

"Fuck," I curse under my breath, my eyes locked on her slick folds. "Good girl. Now touch it. I want to see you come."

Tentatively, she reaches her hand between her legs, her fingers trembling slightly as she makes contact with her clit. Her lips part, a small, perfect moan escaping her mouth. I can tell she needs this. Her pussy is clenching around nothing, and I can bet she's aching for something to fill her.

King's cock, preferably, but I can find a replacement for now.

Anything to help my sweet girl.

I glance around until my eyes land on the whisky bottle on the table.

That could work.

As she continues rubbing herself, I grab the bottle from the table and down the rest of the liquor in one long swallow before rinsing it out in the sink.

"What are you doing?" Alyssa whispers, halting her movement, her eyes tracking my every move.

"Keep going. I never told you to stop." My tone is harsher than I intended, but she instantly obeys. Why am I even surprised? She obviously enjoys fucking King, and he's as dominant and controlling as they come.

Once I'm done, I turn to her, the clean bottle in my hand. "Scoot to the edge and prop your feet on the counter. I want your pussy wide and open for me."

Hesitantly, she does as she's told, and I bring the bottle to her entrance.

"Niko, I don't think-"

Before she can finish her sentence, I'm already pushing the bottle inside her, the narrow neck sliding in easily. "Oh," she gasps, but doesn't push me away.

Technically, I'm not touching her. The bottle is. So, King can't be too upset with me when he ultimately finds out. I wonder if he'll punish me. Maybe he'll even force me to suck his dick while she watches.

That's if he's ever willing to tell her what we do. That's a big if. Mason is the only other person who knows, but he's only alive because King knows he won't tell.

Our eyes lock as I begin to slowly pump the neck of the bottle in and out of Alyssa's pussy, reveling in the sloppy sound it makes. Her face is flushed with arousal, and I can see her nipples poking through her thin shirt. She bites her lip, trying to contain her moans. I wish I could hear them, but it might end up waking King or the baby.

Another time, maybe.

"Such a good girl, swallowing this bottle in your pussy like it's King's cock. I bet you look so good while he's fucking you, don't you?"

She moans in response, her hips rocking in sync with my movements.

"Yeah, just like that. Keep rubbing your clit. I want to see your face when you come," I demand, my voice a low growl.

A mewl escapes her lips as she rotates her fingers faster and faster, her face twisted in pleasure. My dick throbs painfully, but I'll take care of it later, when I have the memory of her coming for me replaying in my head.

When her body grows taut, I know she's about there.

"I'm going to come," she whispers, her voice barely audible.

"Fuck, yes. Come for me. Now. I want to see it," I growl lowly.

Sucking her lip between her teeth, she rubs her pussy until her eyes roll back in her head, her mouth forming a perfect "O".

I pull the bottle out just in time so her pussy doesn't clench down and risk breaking it. She slaps a hand over her mouth, her ass arching off the counter as she orgasms. I watch in awe, groaning at the way her legs shake and the wetness that gushes out of her, coating the bottle and dripping onto the counter.

As she comes down from her orgasm, I suck the top of the bottle into my mouth, enjoying the sweet and salty taste of her juices. Her eyes widen, watching me intently, but she doesn't say anything, her breath still coming in soft, uneven pants.

I pick up her shorts and panties from the floor and hand them to her, grinning. "I really hope this helped. I know I'll get some good sleep now," I say unable to hide the smug satisfaction in my voice. She came so fucking easily for me. I can only imagine how many times I could make her orgasm before she passes out.

She blushes, her face turning a deep shade of red. "Uh, yeah. Please don't tell King. It would just make things really awkward, or at least wait until I never have to see him again," she pleads softly, almost desperately.

"I won't," I promise, though I know King will find out eventually. Somehow, he always does.

She nods, biting her lip as she silently goes back upstairs. After I'm sure she's gone, I lean over the counter and lick up the remnants of her cum. I won't waste even a drop of it, not when I don't know when and if I'll ever get another chance to touch her. She is planning on living with Gray, and he's returning from his honeymoon in two days. King must be dreading it too, considering he has this imaginary claim on her that we never agreed on.

Heading back up to my room, I climb into the bed, and pull out my rock-hard cock, the image of Alyssa's perfect pussy in my mind. I grip myself tightly, pumping hard and fast as I replay the scene in my head—the way she rubbed herself, her moans, the way she came undone so beautifully. It's not long before I reach my peak, groaning her name as I spill over my hand.

Satisfied, but still buzzing with the memory of her and the taste of her cum on my tongue, I clean myself up and lie back down. Within seconds, I feel my eyelids grow heavy, and I eagerly let the darkness consume me.