

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 22

King

With only one full day left together, unless I can convince her to stay, I want her to see how good it could be. What she's been missing out on this entire time.

Once we arrive at the outlet, I make it my first mission to find a goddamn stroller. There's no way we're carrying around this heavy car seat all day. After searching two different baby stores, we find a purple one with grey flowers.

I'm not exactly excited to push around such a girly stroller, but Alyssa has the biggest smile on her face when she sees it, so I'll just have to suck it up.

After Zuri is sitting in her new stroller, sleeping like a princess without a care in the world, we begin our shopping. The crowd bustles around us, the air filled with the various scents of stores and food stalls. I keep a watchful eye on Alyssa, ensuring she's within arms reach at all times.

"This looks so weird, with all three of you walking with me," Alyssa mutters, her face redder than the flowers planted around the outlet.

"Relax. We're just your big brothers making sure you're safe," Niko grins, throwing an arm over her shoulders. She tenses immediately, shrugging him off. His arm falls away, and he chuckles, continuing to follow behind her.

I eye Niko suspiciously, but he just shrugs, his expression unbothered. I don't know what the fuck is going on here, but I plan to find out.

In our fourth or fifth store, Niko, Mason, and I are standing around, watching Alyssa browse through rows and rows of baby clothes. Her fingers trail over the soft fabrics, her eyes lighting up with each outfit she finds cute enough for Zuri to wear.

"You're not supposed to bring food or drinks in here," Mason mutters, nodding towards the smoothie in Niko's hand.

Niko snorts. "I wish they would tell me to get rid of it. This shit was eight dollars, and that's with this stupid paper straw that's about to piss me off."

I shoot him a stern look. "We won't start trouble here. Let our kitten shop in peace."

"Do you think this is going to make her stay?" Niko asks in a low voice, leaning against the store's window.

"No, but the least we can do is take care of her," I deadpan, my eyes never leaving her.

After two whole hours of walking around the outlet and shopping, the SUV is finally too full to fit anything else. Even beside Zuri's car seat, there are piles of bags, filled with clothes, toys, and essentials for my girls. Alyssa smiles, her eyes bright as she glances at the backseat.

"Holy shit, King. I will definitely be paying you back for all of this once I get on my feet," she says, her voice filled with both gratitude and unease.

"No, you won't. It's our gift to you."

She falls silent for a beat before responding. "You know, I've only lived with you for a week. I don't understand why you and Niko seem so attached to me," she mutters, her voice thoughtful.

If only she knew.

When we return to my place, Alyssa eats dinner with us at the table, a feast I had Sebastian prepare while we were away for her last night here. Zuri eats in her new booster seat, enjoying making a big ass mess. I have to admit she does look cute doing it, though.

While Niko plays with Zuri in the living room, I help Alyssa clean up. She doesn't say anything, like she's thinking too hard about something, but I leave her be. For now.

Opening up my liquor cabinet, I notice that the rest of a bottle of whiskey I recently opened is missing.

Goddammit, Niko.

"Niko, if you're going to drink my shit, at least let Sabastian know to replace it," I growl.

Out of the corner of my eye, Alyssa stiffens. It's subtle, but I still catch it.

Niko appears in the doorway of the kitchen with Zuri on his hip, grinning unapologetically. "Sorry, it was just too good. I'll let him know in the morning."

My eyes narrow, first at Niko then at Alyssa, who's face is red again despite the obvious effort she's putting in to hide it from me.

I'm sitting on the couch with the boys when Alyssa comes back downstairs from putting Zuri down, a baby monitor in her hand. "I guess we're going to make sure this works," she says, shaking it slightly in her hand.

I rise to my feet smoothly, striding towards my office without looking back at her. "Come into my office, kitten," I demand, my voice even.

Sitting on the edge of my desk, I tilt my head as Alyssa gingerly follows me inside.

"Close the door."

Unease flickers in her eyes, but she quickly covers it and pushes the door shut. "What do you want, King?" she asks, a slight edge to her voice that I notice immediately.

What are you hiding, kitten?

"I just wanted to make sure your last day here was good."

She nods, her tone softening. "Yeah, thank you again for everything."

My lips twitch. The woman who hated me at the beginning of the week is now thanking me. And she's done it already a handful of times today. It feels...good. It's not like Gray ever thanks me for dealing with his constant bullshit.

"Is there anything else you need, or can I go?" Alyssa asks, the nervousness returning. She shifts on her feet, gnawing on her bottom lip.

My eyebrows raise. "Yeah, one more thing. I've noticed how you've been acting weird around Niko today. Did he touch you, kitten?"

Her face flames instantly. "Um, no."

She's definitely lying.

I step closer, our faces mere inches apart. "Kitten, you know better than to lie to me," I growl.

Alyssa's eyes widen, fear and defiance warring in her eyes. "He didn't technically," she whispers, averting her gaze to the floor.

Now we're getting somewhere. Something happened between my two sluts and I want to know what it is.

"What did he do?" I ask, my voice dropping to a dangerous octave. When she doesn't answer, I grab her jaw, forcing her to look at me. "What. Did. He. Do?"

"He...uh, put a bottle inside of me," she stammers, her voice trembling.

"I thought you said he didn't touch you."

"Like I said...not technically. He never put a hand on me."

My anger flares. "Yeah, he just had the pleasure of fucking you with a bottle, right?"

She flinches at my words, her shoulders hunching as if expecting me to hit her. "I-I just happened," she stammers.

My eyes burn into hers. "Nothing just happens, Alyssa. You wanted it, and I bet you even came for him, is that right?"

She doesn't need to answer. It's so goddamn easy to make her come, so I know it didn't take long. That means he looked at her pussy, fucked it, and there's no doubt in my mind that he tasted her somehow, some way. He loves the taste of cum.

She swallows hard and licks her lips nervously. "Yes."

A small, sinister smile creeps across my face. Alyssa pales and I can hear her breath catch. "King, please don't hurt him-"

I bark a laugh. Hurt him? She has no idea what I plan to do to him now that I know he has touched her without my fucking permission.

This is perfect. I was so damn near close to pleading if I could fuck her just one last time, but now I'll do it as a punishment.

I need to fuck her again, to reclaim her.

It's only fair.

"Strip," I command, my voice low and menacing.

Her hands tremble as she starts to obey, pulling her shirt over her head and letting it fall to the floor. Her leggings follow. When all that remains is her bra and panties, she hesitates, her gaze pleading with mine, but I just stare at her.

"All of it," I growl. The thought of finally seeing her tits sends a pleasurable thrill through me.

With a resigned sigh, she removes her undergarments, standing before me bare and vulnerable. She covers her top half with her arms, but I yank them away. "Don't," I warn. "I want to see all of you. Every line and curve of your beautiful fucking body."

I take my time, my eyes rake over her body, committing it to memory.

Fuck," I murmur under my breath. I could come just looking at her like this.

"On your knees," I order.

She slowly bends her knees until they come in contact with the carpet, her eyes never leaving mine. The fear and anticipation swirling in her hazel gaze has my dick standing at attention.

Yeah, we're gonna have some fun tonight.

"Niko," I snarl, loud enough for him to hear through the closed door. "Bring your ass in here!"