

## Owned by the Alphas 2: Claimed by the Alphas |

### The Magic

DERIK

“Be strong. Don’t show any weaknesses in front of them, okay, beautiful?” I said, cupping Lorelai’s cheek as she looked up at me, her eyes full of trust and love.

I hoped I could live up to that.

My parents were some of the oldest werewolves, alphas. Letting go of that position had been hard for them, but they had stopped turning years ago, their magic running out.

But even though now it was my time, they still doubted I could do a good job. I had proved to myself and the pack that I was a leader, an alpha worthy of the title, but my parents were still doubtful and condescending.

“What do you need me to say or do? I don’t want to meet them and make things worse for you,” she replied, leaning into my touch as she gripped my waist.

Her touch alone was enough to soothe the panic in my chest. I was good at control, usually keeping a tight hold on myself and my emotions, but my parents were particularly good at disarming me.

Lorelai knew how to put me together again, held me together like glue so I couldn’t fall apart while she was with me, but she didn’t know my parents.

They were not like the pack, or even the other alphas. They were traditional and were going to interrogate her like she was a villain until she proved herself. Something not even I had managed to do.

“I need you to show your spine and teeth. They want the power; the show of power will prove you are good for the pack. That’s all they care about,” I said, and she nodded, steeling her eyes and jaw with determination.

I smirked, knowing she had what it took, just hoping she used it.

I leaned down and kissed her, the mating connection burning inside me as soon as our lips touched.

She held my hand as it pressed against her cheek, kissing back with a feverish passion that I hated to pull away from.

Lorelai sighed against my mouth as I pushed my tongue along hers, caressing it, tasting her, stealing every good feeling and moment I could before facing dinner with the pack and council.

I pulled away, breathing heavy as Lorelai looked up at me, her lips swollen from my kisses, her eyes glassy with desire. It was so fucking beautiful.

“Kai and Brax can’t keep them distracted forever, beautiful. Are you ready?” I asked, and she nodded.

“Born ready.”

I smirked at her dig, knowing her joking about being winter born was a self-disparaging thing, but I was eternally grateful for the circumstances of her birth.

“The child. My parents will ask you about it,” I said as I grabbed her hand and we walked out of her room.

Her dress brushed my pants as I escorted her. It was one of grand design, with silk underneath outlining her growing stomach, a lace covering clipped together with a werewolf pin, the colors rich in silvers and golds.

It made her look as royal as our own attire made us look alpha. But she was our queen, and the pack knew that. If only I could convince my parents of the same thing.

“What about it?” she asked, her brow furrowing, her hand automatically rubbing over her bump.

I wanted to hide her in our room and caress it, kiss it, make it hurt less.

The bruises were getting harder to ignore, the wincing of pain, the tighter grip she had when using us to help her walk. It was all telling us she was close, and as exciting as that was, it was still hard to not feel fear over it.

Our city was being threatened, wolves were dying, my parents were visiting, her mother was in danger. They were all things I had hoped to solve by the time our child made it into the world.

I wanted Lorelai to have as much of a chance as possible. Cain had said it would get worse, that the potion would start to have less effect, the bite would not hold as much sway over her symptoms.

Eventually, her body would get too weak for the baby to use, and then she would labor. It was a terrifying concept. We were trying to keep her strong with the doctor's help, but we were running out of time.

"My parents will ask of the paternity."

"Who the father is?" she clarified.

I nodded. They wouldn't accept the multiple arrangement as readily as we all had.

Kai and I had mated to her, and I suspected my parents were going to have something to say about that, possibly an accusation of witchery.

Brax had always been their favorite anyway. He had the shadows, and that was more power, which meant they thought he was best for the pack as a leader, but since I shared their blood, they had to support me as lead.

They just didn't understand that we were all equal. Brax, Kai, and I led the pack together, loved Lorelai together. There was no preference to us, but to them, there was.

"What should I say?" she asked, wincing a little as her step faltered.

Pain pulsed in the mating link, and I supported more of her weight through her hold on my arm.

She was pale; she hadn't been sleeping well. We had tried not to be the reason for that, but even without sex, she was not managing a full night of rest.

Lorelai rubbed her stomach, letting out a shuddery breath.

"You should try not to sound unsure. Try to steer them in the illusion that this child is ours without outright lying."

“Easy peasy,” she breathed, her fingers digging into my arm. She paused and held herself up between me and the wall.

I frowned, the link spinning. I moved quickly and helped her to the nearest bench set against the long hall of the mansion, and she lowered herself into it.

“Sorry,” she breathed.

I knelt down next to her, brushing her curled hair back.

“Don’t be, beautiful. I’m sorry for asking this of you,” I apologized, guilt eating at me as I felt her cold cheeks, damp with sweat.

I should be letting her lie down, get her rest, but the pack was at war. The humans had killed more of the wolves, and they wouldn’t take it lying down.

I needed her human words to help convince the pack not to slaughter everyone in those villages.

“I’m okay, I can do this,” she said through heavy breaths, and pain filled my chest. Her pain.

I hated not being able to do anything for her, so I looked around us, the halls empty. Making sure no one was watching, I lifted her skirts.

I couldn’t bite her anywhere noticeable or my parents would see it and have something to say, but I could give her a bit of relief with a bite beneath her skirts.

She let out a sigh, knowing what was coming as she leaned back and held her skirts up, opening her thighs.

I licked my lips at the way she opened for me, wishing we had more time to take things further, but everyone was waiting.

“Derik,” she whispered, her eyes closing.

I leaned forward, brushing my lips against the skin of her thigh, moving her panties out of the way, teasing the flesh with my hot breath. She shivered beneath me as I did.

My cock stirred in my pants and I tried to convince it to behave, but it was rock hard within seconds. She had that effect on me.

I licked over the bite mark on her thigh, the one I used to rebrand her every day with my toxin.

She whimpered as I did, her fingers white-knuckling her dress right before I sank my canines into her sweet flesh.

She cried out, suffocating the sound with her arm over her mouth, her eyes clenching shut.

I pushed my toxin from my gums and teeth into her, the feeling like pure ecstasy inside me. My cock was painfully tight as she moaned and her hips writhed beneath me.

I pinned her, filling her with my toxin, knowing it was healing her as much as it could. I tried to resist the scent of her arousal, but it was like a siren call to my control, luring me in.

I brushed her pussy, the damp seam waiting for me, opening for me as she gasped and widened her legs.

“Cum for me, beautiful, hard and fast, okay?” I breathed against her, my teeth leaking, dripping the toxin down her thigh.

I swiped it up with my finger as she nodded, looking down at me with begging eyes that I couldn’t resist.

I adjusted myself in my pants, trying to relieve some of the ache right before I slid my fingers inside her begging pussy.

She cried out between the bite she had on her lip. I pumped her with my fingers that were coated in toxin, my mouth going to her clit, playing with it, teasing, scraping it with my teeth as she bucked against me.

Her hand gripped my head, pushing it down onto her, my fingers caressing her pussy walls with an expert touch that had learned exactly what she needed.

“Derik. Oh god.” She shuddered, letting go in record time as I tongued her clit in time with my thrusts, her orgasm leaking from her pussy and over my tongue.

She tasted so fucking good.

She was breathing hard by the time I was done with her, but in a good way this time. A relaxed, sated feeling connected us through the link.

I smirked up at her, giving her pussy one last kiss, her bite one last kiss as she sighed and closed her legs. I pulled her skirts down and wiped my mouth before looking up at her.

“Better?” I asked, and she nodded with a grin.

“So much better,” she said, then huffed, leaning forward.

I stood up and helped her stand with me, grimacing as my cock remained hard and pushing against the laces of my pants.

“Uncomfortable?” She smirked, and I grinned.

“I can manage.”

“Or we skip dinner and I can take care of it for you?” She smirked again, but we both knew that wasn’t an option, no matter how badly I wanted it to be.

I looped my arm through hers again, and she leaned on me as we walked, the throb in my length slowly dissipating the farther we went.

“I will need your assistance once we get through this dinner. That is a promise, beautiful.”

I smirked down at her, and she cuddled into my side. Having her against me, the stolen private moment, made me feel like maybe we could get through the dinner without my parents having a hissy fit.

It was a long shot, but I had hope. She made it easy to have.

“I’ll show no weakness. This baby is yours. Any other notes?” she asked as we approached the guarded door.

I tensed involuntarily, and that panic from before started to consume me. Until her touch stole it.

“It’s okay, Derik. I’ve got this, and so do you,” she reassured me, and there was no way I couldn’t trust that when she believed it so wholeheartedly, her conviction so strong in the mating bond.

"I hope so. Let's go," I said, then moved past the guards who opened the double doors for us.

We walked in, and the silence was deafening. They all stopped and stared, the talking coming to a standstill as I led Lorelai around the tables to the one at the front.

My brothers and my parents were there, their frowns barely concealed beneath their growing wrinkles.

My father was tall and proud, his shoulders back, his graying hair slicked back down his back, straight and effortlessly neat.

His entire presence screamed intimidation; no one would ever know it was Mom who wore the pants in their relationship.

She had always been the decision-maker. I used to see that as a weakness, but now I wasn't so sure that was the case because I could see myself letting a certain luna take the reins from me too.

I smiled down at her, and she went forward and kissed my father on the cheek in a chaste greeting before doing the same to my mother.

Mom was an entirely different entity. She was all sharp lines, fierce eyes, and a body almost as built as my father's. She was strong, confident, and didn't tolerate much outside of the box she had been drawn into.

She gave a tight smile at the greeting, then pulled me in for the same one. I gave her a peck, then pulled away as the pack whispered at the interactions, probably reading every single part of our meeting, while I tried not to.

I didn't want their honesty. I wanted the sugarcoated version because anything less and I might lose the tight grip I had on my control.

"Son. Your winter born is glowing." My father grinned, and Lorelai smiled, a blush tinting her cheeks as she pulled out of my grasp and sat down on her own.

I knew she had to show her strength, but I felt every twang of pain it gave her to sit so quickly unassisted. She smiled reassuringly up at me as Kai put his hand on her thigh under the table.

She grabbed my hand and pulled me down next to her.

“Lorelai. This is Angus and Valentina Achlis, previous alphas of the Forest pack, current elders on the council.” I introduced them, and Lorelai nodded with a smile.

“It’s an honor,” she said with the perfect amount of poise, and I wanted to kiss her for it.

Not too weak, no waver in her voice, her eyes bold, meeting my mother’s directly before shifting to my father second.

Mom had her hair in a severe knot at the back of her head, braids and beads woven into it that trailed down her back and gown.

She sank into her chair on the other side of the circular table on the platform at the head of the hall.

Their backs were to the pack, but that was how they were. They gave them their backs as a show of trust, the pack always protecting them.

I wasn’t there yet. Especially after Taylor and Garrett pulling their challenge shit.

Everyone else sat down after that, and dinner was served.

I thought it was going to be awkward, or at least be a shakedown of some kind, but my girl was perfect.

She shot back every answer and word my parents said, her hand on my thigh the whole time, soothing the rush of anxiety inside me.

Kai was enjoying the show as Brax talked animatedly with my father. They had always been so close. Sometimes it made me jealous, sometimes it made me glad because Brax had never had that with his own father.

“So. This child. Its power is almost tangible, you are exuding it from every part of you,” my mother said, and I listened keenly for any hint of malice.

Lorelai just grinned and nodded. “He’s a strong one.”

My mother’s eyebrows raised. “You are certain it is a boy?”



“Yes,” I said, and she nodded, a smirk on her lips.

“It will be of alpha blood, possibly the strongest we have seen yet.” My mother could have drooled then and I wouldn’t have been surprised.

“That’s what I’ve heard,” Lorelai countered, and that had my mom grinning like a crazy person.

“Mom, just let her eat,” I snapped, and Mom glared at me.

“I’m okay, Derik,” Lori whispered.

I looked down at her, needing to see it in her face, but I could tell she was. The link was beaming with pride. She was enjoying showing off our child.

“And you believe the power will linger in you once the child is born?” my mother asked, and Lorelai stumbled on her reply, frowning, which of course had me tightening my grip on her.

Kai grumbled low as Brax turned to the altercation with narrowed eyes that grew cloudy.

“Whether it does or not, my position with the alphas and pack will not change,” Lorelai said firmly, and my mother shrugged.

“I suppose that is the hope.”

There it was. The punchline.

She thought that Lorelai would provide the powerful heirs but take a back seat, become meek and human once it was out of her, but my mother hadn’t seen winter born Lorelai, and she was not human.

“Not the hope. The reality. I am mated to two of the alphas and linked to the other. That is not going to change whether I carry our child or not,” she reiterated, her anger bubbling.

My mother’s nostrils flared before she took a sip of wine and sat back, her spine still straight as she folded one leg over the other.

“You still expect to be luna of this pack then? Do you know what that takes? The power?” she asked, and Lori smirked.

“Probably the same amount of power it takes for a human to birth an alpha and survive,” she countered, not faltering as she defended herself.

I wanted to jump in, but she had to prove herself. She had to show she could hold her own or she would always have a target on her back.

“There is no promise of that either,” my mother muttered.

Kai snarled. “Respect, Elder. We are the alphas now, know your place,” he bit angrily, his knuckles white.

Lorelai put her hand on his arm. “I can handle it, Kai,” she said quietly.

He slowly turned his anger to her, and it fell away from his features.

“Can you?” my mother challenged, and I thought Lorelai would snap back, get angry, but instead, she smirked and stood up.

“Would you like a demonstration, Elder?” she asked.

I stood quickly, not sure she was strong enough for that, but she shook her head.

“I am strong enough, and I will prove it,” she promised.

I knew she could, I just knew she’d pay for it later, but one look in her eyes and I knew she wasn’t going to appreciate me getting involved further.

“Yes.” My mother lifted her chin.

Lori nodded and stepped back on the platform. The wolves were whispering like crazy, watching the altercation with keen eyes.

My mother went to the other end of the platform and faced Lorelai.

Kai stood up and yanked the entire table away, watching with flaring nostrils and closed fists. He wasn’t going to let this go very far, but he seemed in control enough to see what they were about to do.

Brax had white eyes, assessing the intentions, and I knew he would have already stopped the fight if they had been ill.

“Are you sure she can, Derik? She is human,” my father whispered in an urgent tone, but I smirked at my human.

She was more than that, and it was about time my pack stopped questioning that. Including the elders.

“She’s winter born, my mate, and our luna. She does not take instructions from those beneath her, including me.”

I smirked at her, pride swelling in my chest as she looked down at her stomach and whispered, “Protect me.”

She looked up at my mother and grinned. “Try to attack me,” she invited, and I stopped Kai from interrupting.

“Trust her,” I snapped, and he snarled, turning back to the fight.

My mother didn’t hesitate, her long, strong body charging at my mate. She didn’t get to her. A shield burst out around Lorelai, shoving my mother back, holding her against the back wall.

My mother came back at her again. And again. Every time, Lorelai pressed her back. Mom didn’t even get close.

Until she did the one thing that ensured Lorelai’s forfeit.

She ran at Kai, yanking an athame from her boot and pressing it against Kai’s throat. Lorelai’s lips pursed in a thin line before she walked forward.

“Now what, Luna?” my mother puffed, the blade tight against Kai’s throat.

Everyone went silent as Kai reined in his crazy, looking to our mate for instruction, but she was calm. Everything in the links was silent, and I had no idea why until a dangerous crackle started in the air.

Brax sucked in a breath as purple mist slowly filled the room. Lorelai held her eyes on my mother and the blade, like she was in a trance, a catatonic reaction or something.

I went to step forward, to help, to stop this, but Brax grabbed my wrist and pulled me back.

“Let her. He’s showing her what to do,” Brax whispered, and I gasped, looking at her holding her stomach.

The mist darkened, the magic of the border thick in the air until Lorelai finally spoke, stepping forward, holding my mother’s gaze like she was hypnotizing her.

“You will never press a weapon against my mate again. Do you understand?” Lori said, her voice harsh and threatening enough that the air seemed to get thicker.

I felt my knees ache, like I wanted to bow, kneel to her.

“I understand.” My mother swallowed, her eyes wide with panic as Lori grabbed her hand and moved it away from Kai. She took the blade and threw it into the wall behind our heads.

“You asked, now what? Now we sit down, have dessert, and discuss what happens to the humans who hurt our pack,” she said.

My mother actually nodded. No smart-ass comment, no anger, nothing. My dad though, he obviously didn’t appreciate the threat because he went to step in.

Lori turned her gaze to him as my mother dropped to her knees in a kneel of respect. The mist was so strong I couldn’t see the pack anymore and my mother was lost by our feet, but my father was furious.

“Magic. That’s cheating. You are no wolf. You never will be, and you do not deserve to be luna of our pack just because you carry the alpha,” he said, and then he was flying through the mist.

Lori smirked, looking at him as he came charging back. I was pinned to the floor, my feet heavy, like they were stuck in stone, so I couldn’t even go to her.

“Enough!” I roared, and Lorelai snapped to me, her anger dissipating, blinking rapidly like she hadn’t been herself just in time for my father to tackle her, snarling as she started to fall.

Black shadows pushed through the mist and snatched Lorelai as Brax came forward, his eyes white and cloudy. He planted her next to him and kissed her before I pulled her behind me, the mist slowly dissolving.

I gasped as I looked around the room at the pack that was being revealed.

They were all kneeling, heads down.

Lorelai poked her head out from behind me, and I kept her hand in mine so she couldn't escape again. My mother was still kneeling at our feet as my father jumped up from his fall onto the hard floor.

He was seething until he looked around at what she had done. Neutralized the entire pack. Again.

"I am mated to Derik. And Kai. And I know Brax and I will, I can feel it. That is not your decision to contest. Accept it: there is no other option now. The pack have shown their loyalty and where it lies. They will protect me as readily as I would them," Lorelai said.

My father gritted his jaw. He looked between her and the pack again before reluctantly dropping to his knee and bowing his head.

Lori beamed, then looked up at me. "I told you I got this."

She laughed and I shook my head, a smile on my lips, pride in my heart as she went to the table that Kai had pushed out of the way. She sat down.

"Dessert?" she asked, and the wolves stood slowly, sitting back in their seats and becoming more animated as they began talking and laughing like nothing had even happened.

I shook my head, a chuckle bubbling through my lips before I could help it. I grabbed her face and brought it to mine, covering her lips with my own.

Her mouth moved against me and I held her tight, wishing we could sneak away so I could show her exactly how proud of her I was.

"The purple magic was a bit much, don't you think?" Cain smirked as he came up to the table and kissed Lorelai on the cheek, putting a larger-than-normal vial of potion in front of her.

She beamed up at him and poured it into her cup, taking a sip and sighing.

It wouldn't make much of a difference by tonight when she was achy and sore, but it would give her a few hours pain-free, so I was grateful.

That was the only reason I hadn't torn Cain apart for daring to press his lips on our girl. But I suspected he knew that, the cocky prick.

"I am only human," Lori teased, and even Kai cracked a smirk.

My parents were whispering before they finally joined the table and conversation again.

"Cain. This child, it will be that powerful?" Mom asked, and I knew she was making plans for it now.

That power show would have fed her little demon that demanded our pack be the strongest and fiercest creatures in all the land.

The vampires had been a sore subject for her for a long time, and she was convinced they were coming for us. I had entertained the idea, but for now, the humans were our issue.

"It will be."

"Good. Those vampires will be put firmly in their place then." She grinned, and Lori looked up from her drink.

"What about the humans?"

"Well, they will be eradicated." My mother scoffed.

Lorelai tensed at that. We all did, her pain all internal as the link filled with fear and love, her mother right there in all of our thoughts.

"It wasn't all of them though. We only need to get rid of the army, the followers of my father. I am sure the ladies of the village—"

"You cannot be sure, and that is not a risk we can take. The humans killed ours, they didn't care how guilty or innocent they were, so why should we?" My father scoffed.

"Because we have to be better than them or this war will never end," Lorelai snapped before taking a breath.

I knew exactly what she was trying to say.

"The few humans who work against us are the enemy. Not the ones that have always been loyal," I stated, and my parents glared.

They looked over their shoulders at the rest of the council, who were sitting at the first table in front of us, Galen included.

"Well, we must respond. They killed our wolves," my mother said.

She was right. We couldn't leave that alone; the pack would never stand for it.

"And we will," I said, so Lori knew I had every intention of getting revenge.

"In blood. They must pay in blood. Two wolves for two of theirs. It is the only fair collection of the debt they owe. We are in Fractum, after all," Father said, and my mother agreed.

One look at the council and I knew they all thought the same thing. I hated to admit it, but I did too.

We couldn't just keep letting our wolves' deaths go without proper retribution. It wasn't fair, and we were wolves, we had traditions to uphold. One of those included blood for blood.

"Only the men working under my father. No other casualties, no innocents. Stay away from the widows' village and the women's village," Lorelai said, and my mother huffed.

"Fine. We shall get organized then," Mom said, then turned to the wolves, standing from her seat.

"You hear that, wolves? Come dawn, we dance in human blood!" she called, and the wolves cheered, yelling revenge before emptying their ale and causing a damn scene.

I smirked at their savageness being let loose when there was a light tap on my shoulder.

"Alpha Derik. You need to come with me quickly. And bring Lorelai," Anetta urged, and I frowned, looking over the distracted pack before turning to my mate, who was wary too.

My eyes went to Kai and Brax. They both nodded.

“Go,” Kai said, and strengthened the connection in our minds so I knew he’d be watching.

Brax’s presence filled me, and I knew his shadows were with us. I stood as Anetta’s voice and eyes said something was wrong. A nagging in my gut made me move quicker than normal.

“And where are you two disappearing to? You must join in the festivities before we plan,” my mother said, her eyes twinkling with danger.

She couldn’t shift anymore, but she could feel it when the pack did. She thrived on it. I was going to come up with some ridiculous excuse but Lori got in there first.

“My fault. Pregnant and horny over here, so we’re going to go fuck. See you in the morning, have a nice night, Elders. Enjoy the festivities and your revenge.”

Lori smirked before dragging me from the room. I laughed as she did, and she grinned up at me, the memory of Mother’s jaw dropping fucking priceless.

My smile dropped when Anetta rushed us down the halls of the mansion toward the doors into the city.

“What’s going on?” I demanded.

She turned back to me, her eyes wide, her frown hard. “I can’t say it here, too many wolves.” We left the mansion, Lori half running to keep up with us.

“What is it?” Lori demanded, and Anetta huffed, spinning to us abruptly, her eyes darting around the empty streets for lurkers before she leaned close.

“Humans. At the gate. I was doing a patrol and caught a bunch of them trying to get to the city. I led them through the tunnels into the initiates’ quarters, but I can’t hide them for long.”

“Hide them?” I frowned, not sure why she hadn’t killed them on sight.

“They’re all women and children.” Anetta frowned. “Weaklings. They said they’re from your village, Luna. Your mother is with them,” she revealed, and Lorelai tensed.

“Holy shit. Derik?” she asked, fear piercing her, and I couldn’t even reassure her because I was terrified too.



If the other wolves knew humans had just turned up on the doorstep, they'd slaughter every one of them before any of us could stop them.

I ran a hand over my head before swallowing hard. "Take us to them," I demanded.

We followed Anetta through the city to the initiates' quarters, my heart going crazy as Kai and Brax stayed silent in the link. Not even they had an answer for me.

We were fucked, and so were the humans who had just made the mistake of thinking they were safer with the wolves.