

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

### The Beauty

LORELAI

It had only been three weeks since the humans had settled into Wolf Territory, but it felt like it had set something in motion.

Maybe it was a coincidence, but it had been a constant fight since then.

The humans were hunting for the wolves closer to the city, getting more bold and violent, but because the wolves were slowly going mad, they were loving the challenge, tearing through them every chance they got.

It was a bloodbath.

I was stuck in the mansion, not because I wanted to be or my alphas kept me there but because I had to be. My magic held a barrier around the place now.

The wolves were volatile and sometimes got the human scent and lost control. But we couldn't punish them for what they couldn't control. Even the humans that were with us knew it wasn't their fault.

The pack hated what they had become, the link was fucked, and it had been a while since any of us had seen anything but each other.

We were like a volcano, a slowly erupting volcano, and the wolves were ready to go to war, but the humans that my father headed were getting clever, had poison and weapons that were lethal.

We had lost countless of ours and they had lost so many of theirs, but there was no rationalizing. My father was officially a madman, and the wolves were beyond reasoning with.

Even my alphas were spending more time as wolves to connect with the pack easier and help with their control, but there was only so much they could take on before they started losing the grip they had on their own turning.

It was terrifying, especially when the baby could come at any time and winter was already thick in the air. The snow had started falling, the air crisp at all times of the day and night.

I could barely carry the coats I had been given on my body with a stomach that now stretched my dresses.

My mother had been helping, soothing the aches and pains with whatever she could as she worked tirelessly with Galen to create concoctions for the humans to survive in the treacherous conditions.

The realm really had turned, like it was punishing every single one of us, and I had no idea how to get the balance back.

I didn't even know where to start to figure it out. Maybe my father, but I couldn't get near him in my condition.

Actually, no one could. The wolves had tried going after him, but he was staying deep in the villages with his army protecting him well. It was useless.

And now with the cold and winter in the air, we couldn't cover our tracks as easily.

With the way the wolves were, it was even more difficult. They couldn't follow plans, they kept going off on their own, letting their savage side take over.

My brother had been a huge help though. He had been spending his days with me when my mother couldn't, helping my body cope, helping me not worry, and distracting me whenever one of my alphas had to leave to help the pack.

Brax was always close too, helping the humans, but even he was wearing thin.

The entire city was morose and somber, filled with nothing but fear and chaos. It was not something I wanted to bring my baby into, but I wasn't going to have a choice if we couldn't sort out the divide between human and wolf.

I hobbled along the hall, my coat wrapped around me, still shivering as the cold seeped beneath to attack my skin. Brax walked with me, heading outside to where the women had gathered.

With everything turning to shit in the city and outside it, I wanted to know the humans were going to be okay and could defend themselves.

I descended the patio stairs into the garden clearing, shivering as the wind whisked around us. The humans were cold too, but I needed them to be in the weather, I needed them to understand that while the realm was against us, the conditions were too.

“Ladies, time to train up. We’re not going to let the men take over and be in control of us anymore.

“You didn’t escape to let them come in here and take what they think is theirs. You are not their property anymore.”

“But it’s all we’ve ever known,” one of the ladies said.

I wasn’t sure what her name was, though I was trying to remember all of them. My mother was the one with the crazy good memory. I was growing a hybrid baby, that was hard enough.

“Maybe, but that was before. Now you know what living with wolves is like, now you know that there is another option,” I said to the woman, who looked like she just wanted to snuggle up with a blanket by the fireplaces inside.

Tough. The fire needed to be inside all of them if they wanted to survive the rest of the humans and Fractum, not to mention the winter with a whole bunch of psycho werewolves.

“But we’re not them. We don’t have weapons like they do or teeth like the wolves. You expect us to win with a couple of punches and kicks in the right spot?” she piped up again.

I grinned, shaking my head, stepping away from Brax, who always preferred to hang back so he could sense everything easier.

“No. I expect you to do something they’ll never see coming. I expect you to fight back,” I said, and let it sink into the silence.

My mom’s clapping broke that silence, and then they all clapped before waiting for my next instruction.

I smiled and turned in the heavy wind to face Galen, who was watching from a small sitting area with his tea. He nodded, and I turned to the bushes where Anetta came forward.

She was a little more wary than usual, looking tensely over the humans like they might be the ones to bite.

“She is in control?” I whispered to Brax, and looked over my shoulder as he nodded.

“Galen gave her some herbs; she’ll be subdued for the next hour or so. I’ll keep an eye on things. Just do your thing, Spitfire.”

He nodded toward the humans and I smiled, my heart tightening at the trust and love I felt in our bond.

But not just that—it was the respect. That was more than I had ever had, and my alphas never questioned it. I loved them all the more for it.

I turned to the humans, and Anetta came to stand next to me.

“I’m Anetta. I help the alphas. I’m going to be honest, doing this is extremely hard for me, but I want the fighting to stop.

“I want to be out of the initiate phase of the pack, and I especially want you all to be able to fight back against what is coming,” she said honestly.

I appreciated it, but I wasn’t sure how the others were going to take her brutal honesty.

The wind whistled louder and harder, and I shivered, pulling my coat tighter before stepping back a little to let Anetta take over.

“I’m going to teach you how to defend yourselves. How to land a hit that will give you time to figure out your next move, whether it be run or get a weapon,” she explained.

I had been training with my alphas since they were the only ones they trusted to land a hit, but they went easy on me.

I told Anetta to get the humans used to her and then don’t go easy on them. My father wouldn’t for betraying him. Neither would the wolves.

I moved to stand next to Brax, and he hung his arm around my shoulders, kissing my cold cheek before pulling my lips to his and kissing those.

Anetta started her lesson, and I hung back, watching her show the women things they had never even seen before. It was slow.

The wind picked up, the skies grew darker, but I didn't feel like it was a warning for us, more like an ominous warning for everyone that the imbalance was brewing, that the war was going to be coming soon.

It hung thick in the air between everyone.

I huddled closer to Brax, and he held me tight, like he was trying to keep me together as much as my magic was.

I was beginning to understand why human bodies weren't made to carry wolves. It was one of the most difficult things I had ever done.

"I hope this helps." I shivered, and Brax nodded.

"It will. Even if they don't pick everything up, they'll feel better, and right now, we need that," he said.

I nodded. We were both feeling the weight of the darkness keeping so close. Like no one had enough light feelings to give our shadows the right feeling inside us.

We were both constantly on edge, and for Brax, it was worse. I had our child to keep mine as light as possible, but he didn't. He had the humans to feel, the wolves, all of their feelings and despair as we lost wolf after wolf.

My mind went to Kai and Derik, who were out there fighting with another part of the pack where a group of humans had been spotted around the east wall.

I hated that they had to leave the protection I had in the mansion, but they had to. They were strong, and the pack was stronger when they were closer.

I chewed my lip and tried not to worry, my body really sensitive to my emotions lately, but it was hard.

My heart clenched with worry. I missed them. I missed how it was. Light and easy.

We woke in the morning, fucked the day away, they took turns keeping me company and doing pack stuff, but the last couple of weeks hadn't been like that.

Derik and Kai were gone more often and always came back worse than when they left.

Derik would be hopeless and breaking with hurt, Kai would be viscerally angry and spend hours at the training field before making it back to me.

It was the hardest it had ever been between us, but I had to keep it together.

"They're okay, Spitfire. They know what they're doing, and we'd know if they were in trouble," Brax tried to reassure me as we watched the ladies try to learn the throat punch that was Anetta's favorite move.

I leaned into him, and he kissed my cheek again.

"I hope so," I breathed, shivering again, and he rubbed my arm over my coat.

"C'mon, they're fine out here. Galen and Anetta have complete control," Brax said, and I frowned up at him.

"Where are we going?" I asked, and he smirked.

"To warm you up," he teased, nipping my ear between his teeth.

I grinned and moved inside with him, glad we could steal moments of peace in between the chaos together.

With the other two mated, sometimes Kai got a little bristly when Brax bit me, but since he was always with me, I needed it most from him and it usually led to more.

Actually, it always did. Not that I was complaining. It was probably my favorite part of the day at the moment.

Especially since we only had a couple of hours of free time between Galen checking me and the baby, training, now human training, and my mates coming home covered in blood, bruises, and darkness.

"Don't think about that right now, Spitfire. Think about this moment, the one where none of that matters," Brax whispered, pushing me against the wall on

the inside of the mansion, not caring that anyone could walk in at any moment.

Neither did I. The humans were beginning to understand the needs of the werewolves as much as themselves. That sex was a huge part of their—our—lives.

Brax's hands ran down my sides, lifting a leg against him, slipping beneath my coat to caress my full breasts.

I sighed as his mouth moved along my neck, kissing and licking the tender flesh before his teeth grazed it.

My spine tingled with the rush of adrenaline that simple sensation gave me. My body knew what it meant, and the anticipation was almost too much.

I lifted my chin to give him easier access and ground my hips forward, pleasure tingling beneath my skin, running through every vein, kissing every ending until I no longer felt the cold.

"Brax," I breathed, pulling his mouth to mine, kissing hard as he slipped his hand beneath my skirts and panties, finding the damp folds there.

My breath hitched as he slid two fingers inside. I moaned, my thighs trembling, my spine arching as my body drew tight.

I rocked against his fingers, moaning and sighing until my body hit its crest.

His fingers were a fucking spell all on their own. They knew exactly where to press, where to caress to leave me a desperate mess.

His mouth moved against mine, his tongue dancing with my own, and my body was bending easily to his will, at his beck and call.

He told me how high to climb, how much pleasure to have, and I obeyed because I couldn't help it.

His shadows moved into me, infiltrating every part of me, and it had me clutching his shoulders, begging for more.

I kissed him hard, needing to feel more, when he pulled back, his teeth extended again, then yanked down the shoulder of my dress and sank his canines into the flesh there.

I cried out and almost collapsed, but he caught me under the ass, holding me between him and the wall.

I tightened my legs around his waist as his toxin filled me as fully as his shadows. Mixed together they were an intoxicating combination.

One that exploded in my body so fiercely I almost had tears in my eyes.

I clenched them shut and rode the feeling, riding his hand as he teased my clit, making the release that much more intense.

His toxin kept filling me, his shadows stirring it through my body until every ailment became easier to bear.

I felt lighter somehow. I wasn't sure how, considering I was wearing a beachball as a stomach, but magic was like that. Who was I to question it when it felt so damn good?

Brax pulled his teeth from my skin, licking over the wound he left and making me shudder around him before nudging my hips wider, nestling his leaking cock at my entrance.

We were still clothed, but the demand on my body when we were like this was always too much, and it didn't matter to me as long as I felt him inside me, had that physical connection that always made me feel so fucking good, like no matter what happened outside these moments, we were going to be okay.

Brax groaned as he filled me, the sound deep and guttural in my ear, making me moan right back.

I was on fire for the full feeling in my core. He thrust against me, finding my mouth again and tasting me as he entered me over and over again.

It was enough to make my head spin, my body tighten. My breaths were harsh as they came out of my throat.

He fucked me harder, demanded more from me until his shadows were tingling inside me, anticipating the explosive orgasm that was about to wash away all the darkness.

I felt his body tighten and shudder but he held on, fucking me hard and fast, with barely a breath in between, but I loved it.



There was no space for anything but us and the feelings between us.

He was my connection to everything I thought was wrong about myself. He made them feel so fucking right.

I met each of his thrusts, wrapping my arms around his shoulders, using him for leverage as he gripped my ass and slid me onto his thick cock again and again until his stamina finally gave out.

He growled. His teeth descended, sharpened, and his claws dug into me. His eyes went cloudy.

And then he came as I did.

It was a burst of light inside me, our shadows colliding in an epic, overwhelming explosion that had me arching into him, my entire mind wiping of anything cohesive, no room for anything but us.

I clutched him tight, screaming out the pleasure into his shoulder as we finished together.

I breathed hard, holding him still as his thrusts slowed to an end and we rested against the wall.

He held me to him, kissing along my shoulder and neck as his shadows caressed my nerves and core. They soothed every ache fucking like we did gave me.

Brax's aftercare was unrivaled, and it was almost as good as the sex. Almost. Like we were in the heat and he had to make sure I came down from the high at the right pace.

He kissed and licked, his shadows calmed and soothed. It had me sighing and kissing him right back.

I held his cheek as I looked in his cloudy eyes.

"Such a beauty," he whispered, and I smiled.

"Beauty is nothing in this world. Us? Our connection? That's beauty," I said back quietly, so our voices didn't disturb the silence.

"I meant in here, Spitfire," he said, then pressed his palm against my chest, over my heart, and I grinned, kissing him again.

"So are you."

"Hmm."

He didn't agree, but he would learn. I had as much faith in his heart as I did my own.

"We should go check on the humans," he said, and slowly put me on the ground.

I smiled and nodded, fixing my clothes as he did his.

"Do you think things will ever be okay between the wolves and the humans?" I asked.

He shrugged. "The ones here? Maybe. They've adjusted surprisingly well. Some resentment for the years before, but nothing malicious.

"And appreciation, respect for you too. It's a mix. But the ones out there?" He pointed out to the city, and I knew he meant my father's lot. "They're a wild card that I can't read.

"They're blinded, but without your father's influence, maybe they could be trained. I don't know that they will get that chance before we get to them," he admitted.

It was harsh, but it was the truth. Past the city walls, it was kill or be killed right now.

