

Chapter 37

King

Niko and Mason have been off doing whatever bullshit Gray's assigned them all day. I've got a rare night off from assignments, and I'm planning on spending it ravishing my kitten.

She deserves it, after all. She's finally opening up and allowing everyone her pathetic piece-of-shit husband forced her to push away, back into her life. I usually don't like people in my house, but for her, I'll do anything.

After her friends leave, I watch her through the cameras, the feed giving me a clear view of her giving Zuri her final bottle for the night. Then, she takes her upstairs for their nighttime routine. I usually don't bother with these cameras—no one's foolish enough to break into my place—but after realizing I can't trust Niko alone with Alyssa, I've started using them again.

I let her be for thirty minutes, enough time to log payments and strategize who to hunt down next week if they're late.

When I finally prowl upstairs, Zuri's room is dark. That means Alyssa's waiting for me in my bed, likely aching for the pleasure she knows only I can give her.

I push open the door to my bedroom and find her lying on the bed, her body already moving to the rhythm of her desires. Her fingers tease her clit, and the smell of her arousal hangs heavily in the air. If I wasn't hard as fuck before, my dick is nine inches of solid rock right now.

"What a naughty girl, starting without me," I tease, my lips curling into a



smirk as I yank my shirt over my head. She gazes at me from between her legs, her eyes dark and hooded. "Is my kitten ready for her nightly breeding?"

She bites her lip, one hand moving to tug on her nipple. "Yes, Sir. I need it," she moans, her voice dripping with need.

Within a week, I've managed to corrupt her, turning her into my personal little whore. She craves my dominance, the way I take control, making her world fade into nothing but the pleasure I give her.

I raise an eyebrow, a challenge in my gaze. "Oh, you need it? Then show me how fucking much."

She doesn't hesitate, crawling to the edge of the bed like the sexy kitten she is, and tugs down my sweatpants like she can't get to my cock fast enough. I nearly combust at the urgency of her movements. Wrapping her hand around my length, she dips her tongue into the slit, eagerly lapping up my pre-cum.

"Fuck," I groan. "Such a greedy fucking slut."

I can tell she's desperate for me as she takes me in, her throat working around my cock. The heat and wetness of her mouth drive me fucking wild, and I find myself already fucking her pretty face.

"You like me fucking your throat like this, don't you?"

She moans around me, her tongue sliding along the underside of my length, sending shockwaves through my body. Her hazel eyes lock onto mine and I see the submission, the hunger, the complete trust she's placed in me. My hips rock hard and fast, setting a brutal pace that she takes so goddamn well.



"That's it, take everything I give you," I purr, clenching my fists tighter in her hair, using it as reins to keep her exactly where I need her. She shudders under my control, but her mouth only works harder, swallowing me deeper.

Fuck yes.

Minutes pass in a blur of heat and pleasure until I feel my balls tighten, my climax building as they slap against her chin. I can barely hold back, my restraint hanging on by a thread. 1

"Are you hungry for my cum, baby?" My voice is a low, dark growl now. "Ready to swallow it all, so I can fuck that greedy cunt of yours?"

I don't give her a chance to respond before I'm filling her throat, a soft groan escaping me as my body shudders with release. Her throat constricts around me, milking every drop as she swallows it all down without me even having to tell her to.

"Good girl," I praise, swiping my thumb across her swollen lips, admiring the way they look after I've claimed them.

She stares at me, a question lingering in her gaze.

"What is it?" I ask, tilting my head, my eyes narrowing as I sense her hesitation.

Her cheeks flush deeper, and she averts her gaze momentarily before looking back at me. "I wanted to know what Niko was doing in your room last night."

Panic surges through me, but I make sure that my expression betrays nothing. "What do you think you saw?" I ask calmly.



She tries to look away, but I grab her jaw, forcing her to meet my gaze. "What do you think you saw?" I repeat, firmer this time.

I need to hear her say it. I need to know if she's put two in two together. There was a risk with Niko coming to my room last night, and I'm sure that fucker did it on purpose.

He wants her to know.

I've been wrestling with the idea of finally sharing her with him, but I'm still hesitant. He's shown me that he doesn't have any control when it comes to her, and that's a fucking problem. I don't want to end up having to kill him just because he's trying to steal her from me.

"I don't know. He seemed...aroused," she murmurs.

I hum, pausing only a beat to come up with a believable lie. "He told me that he was listening to us fuck, and he wanted to know when I would let him join in," I say smoothly, watching her expression carefully.

I'm sure the truth would scare her off, and I'm not willing to lose her over this.

Alyssa's eyes dilate, even as she blushes harder. Interesting. "Does that make my kitten horny? Do you want both of us to use you like our own personal fucktoy?"

She shakes her head, but her teeth sink into her bottom lip.

"Don't lie to me," I growl. She opens her mouth, but I dip my fingers between her legs, discovering just how wet she is from the idea.

A low chuckle rumbles in my chest at the shame and humiliation on her face.



"Fuck, you want it that badly, huh? All you had to do was ask." Then, I grab her jaw again, holding her gaze. "But make no mistake, Alyssa. You are mine, and I choose when I get to share you."

She nods slowly. "Okay," she whispers.

I can't tell if she's just saying that because she's so horny, she's out of her mind, or if she's truly accepting that she's mine, but I take it.

"Good. Now, lay down on your fucking back. I need to taste you."

When she obeys, I roughly shove her legs apart, my eyes locked on her wet, glistening pussy. I lean in, savoring the taste and feel of her as I lick and tease her folds, my tongue working in slow, deliberate strokes. Her hips buck, trying to meet my mouth, but I push her back down.

She knows who's in charge here.

"Be still," I demand, biting her thigh in warning.

She yelps at the sensation, but then I feel her grow more aroused, her slickness coating my tongue. If there's anything I've learned about my kitten since I started fucking her, it's that she's a masochist—a true submissive that thrives on pain as long as it isn't her abusive fucking husband.

"C—Can I untie your hair?" she asks breathlessly. "I like it down."

"Do it," I murmur, my focus only on feasting on her pussy.

Her fingers work quickly, releasing my hair from its tie, and then she runs her fingers through it, her nails scraping against my scalp.

Fuck. That feels amazing.



I graze my teeth over her clit, and she whimpers, "Fuck, King."

The way she says my name spurs me on even more. I bury my tongue in her pussy, licking it from the inside out. It isn't long before her body tightens and I know she's close.

"Come for me," I growl, curling my tongue around her swollen clit.

Her legs clamp around my head, her back arching as her orgasm rips through her, her sweet juices gushing into my mouth. I groan, my hunger insatiable as I drink her in, addicted to the way she tastes, the way she feels as she unravels under my control.

"Oh god, King. King. King," she moans, her body writhing as I continue to lick her pussy. Finally, she pushes my head away, causing me to chuckle lowly.

"Good girl," I praise, kissing her lips roughly. The taste of her cum and my cum mingle together, tasting so fucking perfect and addictive. We kiss until we're breathless, until my dick is throbbing so painfully, I can't stand not being inside her for another second.

Growling, I flip her over like a rag doll, gripping her hips, and yanking her up to her knees. Without a moment's hesitation, I thrust into her, burying myself to the hilt in her perfect cunt.

Just as I start to lose myself in her, I hear the sound of the door opening downstairs.

Niko's home, and it's time for me to decide if I'll let him play with her or not.



Chapter 38

Nikolai

After a day spent riding herd on the new prospects, making sure they didn't screw up their tasks, I'm fucking beat. Mason was too, which is why he went home, mumbling something about needing a real bed tonight because his back is killing him.

I pull into King's driveway and cover my bike before I step inside, noting how dark the rest of the house is. It's only 9pm, so I doubt King and Alyssa are sleeping this early.

I go upstairs and push open King's door to find exactly what I expected.

King is fucking Alyssa from behind, her body arching towards him as he tugs on her ponytail. The sight of them naked and fucking like animals makes all of my blood travel south.

Holy fucking shit.

Alyssa gasps when she sees me and tries to pull away, but King yanks her back, his grip firm on her hip.

"No, kitten," he growls, his voice low and commanding. "You'll stay here and show him how much you love my cock." His gaze shifts from hers to mine, his eyes dark with desire and something possessive that sends a shiver down my fucking spine. I'm frozen in place, but he notices the way my pants strain at the crotch, and his lips curl into a knowing smirk.

Fuck. That's his invitation to at least watch again.

And there's no way I'm turning it down, no matter how tired I am.



I swallow hard and close the door behind me, the click barely audible over Alyssa's moans. My movements are measured, careful like one wrong move will set King off.

Alyssa tries to focus on me, but her eyes keep rolling back, her mouth forming into a perfect "O" with every hard thrust King delivers.

"Niko, please..." Her voice is a breathy whimper, and my cock twitches painfully at the sound of her begging. She's finally admitting that she wants me, but the real question is if he will give her what she wants.

King lets out a dark chuckle, his hand sliding from her hip to her throat, pulling her back until her head rests against his shoulder. He sucks his earlobe between his teeth, his voice laced with a possessive edge. "Does my greedy little slut want him too?"

For a moment, I can't read his expression. His eyes are locked onto mine, challenging me, daring me to take what I want. Suddenly, he slaps Alyssa's pussy and she yelps in response. "Yes, Sir," she cries out.

I try hard to keep the shock off my face. He's really asking for her permission?

Maybe I was wrong—maybe she's changing him just as much as he's changing her.

King pushes her back onto all fours, his intense gaze never leaving mine. "What are you waiting for, Niko? You heard her. Get your ass over here before I change my mind."

I hesitate, my thoughts racing. Crossing this line means there's no going back. Just like when I first tasted her, I will never get enough. But that means I can only have her when King allows it.



Can I live with that?

Before I can answer that, I need to test the waters, see how King really feels about this. If I push too far too fast, he could snap, and I'm not in the mood to die tonight.

I step closer, my heart pounding, and lift Alyssa's chin with my finger. Her eyes meet mine, dark and hooded with lust. I lean down and gently press my lips to hers, tasting heaven for the second time. I groan, deepening the kiss as King continues to fuck her relentlessly.

I break the kiss, breathing hard, my head clouded with lust. I need to be inside her, to claim a piece of her for myself. If King is taking her pussy, I won't be picky about which hole he allows me to fill.

I just need her.

As if he can read my mind, King suddenly flips her onto her back, her head hanging over the edge of the bed. My arousal and excitement spike, but caution tugs at the back of my mind. One wrong move, and this could all fall apart.

I stroke her cheek gently, watching her eyes flutter closed as she leans into my touch. "I'm going to fuck your mouth now. Is that okay?" I murmur, brushing my thumb over her bottom lip.

She nods quickly, her eyes wide and glazed over with lust as I release my cock from my jeans. I may not be as long as King, but I'm thicker, and the way she stares at it makes my chest swell with pride. 1

"Open wide," I groan, pressing the tip of my cock against her lips. She opens for me, and I push forward slowly, savoring the warmth of her mouth. She immediately begins to suck my soul out of my body. "Fuck,



that's a good girl. You're taking my cock so well."

I used to fantasize about the day I would finally feel her plump lips around me, but I never imagined it would feel this incredible. The sight of her like this, her eyes watering as she swallows me deeper, nearly makes me bust right then and there. I try to keep my pace steady, so I don't hurt her, but it's clear that she fucking loves this as much as we do.

Finally hitting the back of her throat, she gags slightly before relaxing, her cheeks hollowing as she tightens her lips around me. I glance up at King, watching him as my hand travels down her neck to pinch her perky, pink nipples. She whimpers, and I stop immediately, glancing down to make sure she's okay. "Sorry, sweet girl," I murmur. "I'll try to be more gentle."

"Stop babying her," King growls, rutting into her even harder. "She knows she's a mindless fucking slut that we can do whatever we want to. Isn't that right, baby?" Alyssa moans, the sound muffled by my cock in her mouth, and I can feel her pussy tightening around King's cock, even from where I stand. I bet she's dripping on him right now.

The roughness in his tone, the way he degrades and praises her in the same breath, makes my blood boil with arousal. There's something so fucking hot about seeing her submit to him, to us, taking everything we give her without breaking.

"King's fucking you so good, isn't he?" I rasp, and she groans, her body trembling beneath us.

King's pace quickens, his grip on her hips tightening as he pushes her higher and higher. Meanwhile, I pump into her mouth, my own orgasm building rapidly. The headboard hammers against the wall, the sound blending with the wet, filthy noises coming from her throat and pussy.



"Harder, Niko," King commands gruffly. "She's close."

Alyssa tries to speak, but I fuck her faster, cutting off her words. "Fuck, you feel so good. You don't know how long I've waited for this."

King's hand suddenly wraps around the back of my neck, pulling me closer, and before I know it, he's kissing me. His tongue sweeps into my mouth, stealing the taste of Alyssa right off my lips. We're biting, growling, a mess of tongues and teeth, and it sends a shot of pleasure straight to my cock.

"Fuck, she tastes so good on you," King groans against his mouth, and I pull back just enough to see Alyssa watching us, her eyes wide and glazed over with lust. She likes this—watching us together. I wonder how she'd react if she knew I suck his dick too, that I sucked her cum off him last night.

"I think she liked that, King," I tell him, smirking.

His grin is feral, his eyes igniting with wicked intent. "Yeah, she does. Her pussy's gushing around my cock. Maybe later, why don't you show her how good you suck Daddy's cock?" 1

His words must trigger something inside her because I feel her entire body convulse as she screams around my dick. Even with her mouth occupied, the ecstasy etched across her face is everything.

With one more thrust, King roars as he comes inside her, and watching both of them orgasm together is my fucking undoing. I tighten my fingers in her hair, thrusting into her mouth hard and fast as I chase my climax. When I finally spill down her throat, it's with a shuddering gasp, fireworks bursting behind my eyelids.



I hold her in place, ensuring she swallows every drop before I gently pull out, my body shaking from how intense the orgasm was. I collapse onto the bed with King, both of us spent, while Alyssa remains where she is, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she struggles to catch her breath.

"Fuck," I breathe, trying to process what just happened. A thousand questions race through my mind—was this a one-time thing, or the beginning of something far more complicated?

But for now, I'm content to lie here in the aftermath, savoring the high that comes with finally having what I've wanted for so goddamn long—both of them, together.

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