

Chapter 39

Alyssa

I wake up naked and sandwiched between King and Niko, my body still humming with the aftershocks of what just happened. My skin feels hot from where their bodies press against mine, and it's so much nicer than I thought it would. Before I passed out, King cleaned me off while Niko stroked my hair, whispering how much of a good girl I was. But now, staring up at the ceiling, all I can think is: what the fuck is wrong with me?

I loved every second of it. I'm not going to lie to myself about that. But isn't it wrong that I did? What kind of woman gets off on being double-teamed by two men, especially when they're her brother's best friends?

I'm a fucking mess. There's no other explanation. I just gave one man a blowjob while the destroyed my vagina. What would my mother think if she could see me now? Probably shaking her head from wherever she is, disappointed and wondering where she went wrong. And what will Gray think when he finds out?

No. He can't find out. He'd kill them. No doubt about that.

And then he'd label me as a whore, as I'm sure his judgmental-ass wife will too.

"What are you thinking so hard about?" Niko's voice is a low murmur that pulls me from my spiraling thoughts. I turn my head to find him watching me, his eyes wide open, the dark room making them almost look black. Has he been awake this entire time?

"What are you still doing up?" I whisper back, trying to keep my voice



steady, trying to shove the built down where it belongs—buried deep.

"Making sure King isn't going to kill me in my sleep." By the tone in his voice, he's only half joking.

But why?

I'm so confused. If what King said earlier was true, aren't they like... together? Or is it a fuckbuddy thing? What is even happening between the three of us?

All I know is that lying here with them feels too intense, too dangerous. I already swore to myself that I wouldn't catch anything that even resembled feelings for either of these men. But the way I'm feeling around them—I don't know what it is, but I don't like it.

"I...I need to go..." I murmur, trying to shift away, but Niko arm wraps around my waist, holding me in place.

"Stay," he says, his voice firm, but not demanding.

"Why? So King doesn't kill you?" I ask with a low, nervous laugh.

He chuckles, the sound vibrating through body where our skin touches. "Yeah. Something like that."

I sigh, relaxing slightly in his hold, but my mind is still racing. "I don't get it. If you guys...do stuff together, why is he so possessive of me?"

"Well, for one, I only suck his dick sometimes." He says it so casually, like it's the most normal thing in the world to suck your buddy's dick, and my jaw drops. "And two, we've never shared someone before, so this is uncharted territory for us all."



"Will this...happen again?" I ask, hating how hopeful I sound. As guilty as I feel, I can't deny that my body enjoyed both of them together. It was too amazing to be a one-time thing.

And Niko didn't even get the chance to fuck me yet. I've already sinned and cheated on my husband, so why not go all the way?

"I don't know. It depends on how King felt about everything," Niko answers quietly, almost as if he's afraid of the answer himself. His uncertainty mirrors my own because where the fuck do we go after this? Tomorrow, will we just pretend that this never happened?

I glance at my clock on the wall; it's just before midnight. A smirk tugs at my lips. "Well, the night isn't over, so technically, earlier was just round one."

I lick my fingers and dip my hand beneath the blanket, finding Niko already hard for me. I grip his cock and stroke him slowly, feeling the heat of his pulse in my hand.

"Oh, fuck. What are you doing?" he groans softly, but he's already thrusting into my hand.

I place a finger over my lips, and stroke him harder, loving the control I have over him. It's a surreal feeling knowing that these two gorgeous men want me, out of all women.

They also want each other. But that's a thought I'm locking away for now. I can't deal with that right now, not when my own emotions are a tangled mess.

"I'm not asleep," King growls suddenly, his voice low and dangerous. I jump slightly, glancing over to see him propped on his elbow, those dark



eyes of his burning with jealousy and anger.

Oops.

Despite his very serious look, like he might just murder us both, a giggle bursts from my lips. "Does your cock need attention too, Daddy?" I tease, remembering what he said Niko calls him.

In an instant, King's hand snakes around my neck, pinning me flat on the bed. "Don't test me, kitten," he snarls in my face.

Niko continues fucking my hand with abandon as King shoves my legs apart, the tip of his cock nudging my entrance.

As he shoves into me, he rips my hand off Niko and holds it above my head. "Did I give you permission to touch him?" he demands, the malice in his voice sending a shiver down my spine. A twisted thrill courses through me, and I feel my pussy spasm around him.

I gasp, arching into him. "No, but I was ready for round two, and I thought you were asleep."

"Then you wake. Me. Up." He punctuates each word with a hard thrust, his dominance undeniable. "I told you that I choose when I share you. That includes you touching him too."

"B-But that's not fair," I manage to choke out as he fucks me like an animal, the room echoing with the sound of our bodies slapping together. My nails dig into his back, holding on for dear life.

"I don't give a fuck about being fair, Alyssa. You're mine," he says with total conviction before sinking his teeth into my neck. I cry out, heat flooding my body as my pussy spasms around him. I want to argue with him more, but the pleasure is all-consuming, turning my mind into



mush.

I roll my hips, meeting his thrusts, my feet digging into his muscular ass. His lips crush mine, his kiss possessive, almost punishing. I'm guessing he's more mad about me touching Niko than I thought. But I'm okay with him fucking his anger into me.

I know he'd never actually hurt me.

"Please...Daddy..." Niko's voice breaks through the haze, sounding strangled. King pulls away from me, eyes dark as he looks at Niko. I follow his gaze to find Niko stroking himself. It's so sexy, I can't tear my eyes away. "Can I please touch her?" he plead, his voice thick with need.

"Fine," King grunts, "But you're not fucking her. Not tonight." His gaze shifts back to me, and I can see the possessiveness burning in his eyes. He pulls out of me just long enough to let Niko move closer, then he's back inside me, filling me up again.

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