



Chapter 40

King

As I impale Alyssa on my length, Niko wastes no time in touching her. He squeezes her breasts together, weighing them before he sucks one of her pink nipples into his mouth. Her breath catches, and the raw, desperate sound that escapes her has my cock twitching in response.

I shouldn't be feeling this way, but I do. The moment she started touching him without my permission, something dark and possessive snapped inside me. I could've broken his neck, but instead, I let her distract me. I let her have this—just this once.

Niko's voice is low, barely a murmur as he praises her. "That's it, sweet girl. Take his big dick like we both know you can."

The sight of her pulling him in for a kiss twists my gut. Does she want him more than me? Will she choose him now that she's had a taste of him?

My jaw clenches. "Enough, Niko. I'm about to come."

Without hesitation, he obeys, and raises his head to tease my nipples with his tongue.

"Goddamnit," I growl, feeling my balls tighten up.

Alyssa's eyes are wide, her pupils blown wide with lust as she watches, and I can feel her clench around me. She's close. Niko must sense it too because he reaches between us to rub her clit. "Oh, fuck," she moans, her body trembling as she tips over the edge. The feel of her perfect pussy clamping down on me is too much. I lose control, my hips slamming into her as I come hard, filling her with everything I have to give.



Alyssa's eyes flutter shut as she shakes beneath me. But I'm not done with her yet. If she wants pleasure, I'll give her all the pleasure she can take. "Suck my cum out of her," I order Niko, my voice a low growl. He better be glad I'm letting him have this after he last tasted her without my knowledge.

Like a good boy, he buries his face between her legs, slurping every drop of my release from her cunt. Alyssa whimpers, trying to push him away, but Niko's grip on her thighs tightens, keeping her in place.

"One more, Kitten," I demand, my eyes locked on hers.

She shakes her head, her voice trembling. "I can't -"

"Listen to him, baby. Yes you can," Niko cuts in, his voice gentle like he's fucking babying her. His tongue works her faster, coaxing out another wave of pleasure from her already spent body.

Her moans turn frantic, her hands fisting his hair as she grinds against his face. "Niko, fuck...that feels so good," she gasps, her body surrendering to the onslaught of sensation as her eyes squeeze shut.

"Open your eyes," I growl, my tone brooking no argument. "Watch him as he devours you."

She pries her eyes back open to watch Niko licking her pussy like it's his favorite dessert. Her gaze flickers between his and mine.

"Fuck. You taste so good," Niko purrs. "Your pussy is ours, sweet girl. Only ours."

Ours.

I stroke my beard, determining how I feel about that. Alyssa looks at me,



searching for my reaction, but I keep my expression unreadable, even as I relish the sight of her unraveling under both our hands. Can she see now what I'm willing to do for her? How much I'm willing to push my own boundaries to satisfy her?

"Come for us, kitten," I demand, my voice rough with command. It's all she needs. Her body bows off the bed, another orgasm slicing through her, and Niko moans as he drinks in every last bit of it.

"Fuckkk!" His eyes roll back as he pulls away, sitting up to stroke himself. He comes hard, spurting across her thighs and pussy, marking her. My blood runs hot, the sight of him claiming like that stoking a dangerous fire inside me.

A low growl rumbles in my chest. "I didn't say you could come on her, Niko," I snap. "Clean her up with your fucking tongue."

"Yes, Daddy," he moans, immediately leaning back down to lap up his mess. He's thorough, making sure not a drop is left behind for my sake.

"Good boy," I praise him with a kiss before I turn my attention back to her. "Good girl. Let's get you cleaned up."

I head to the bathroom, grabbing a second washcloth to wipe her down. She watches me with heavy-lidded eyes, Niko stroking her hair like this is our new routine. I take my time cleaning her up before I pull the covers over her.

I've noticed that she usually waits until I'm asleep to slip back into the guest bedroom, but not tonight. I need to feel her, to hold her close. I roll her on her side and gently tug her against me. She sighs, relaxing in my arms, and within a minute or two I can tell she's fallen asleep. 1



I chuckle softly at how exhausted we made her.

"Well, I'm going to go sleep in the guest room," Niko mutters, trying to slip out the bed without waking her.

"No," I murmur, my voice low. "Stay."

After something intense like this, I don't think any of us need to be alone.

He hesitates, but then nods, settling back down beside us. The room falls into silence, and I can feel my thoughts spiraling, chasing themselves in circles. I know that she'll want more. She wouldn't have wanted to start a second round if she didn't.

But can I handle it? Sharing her with him permanently?

I glance at Niko, his gaze fixed on the ceiling. "I realized tonight I don't mind sharing her with you," I say finally, drawing his attention to me. I don't talk about my feelings ever. But tonight, everything has changed. "Just as long as she stays mine."

"You think I'm going to steal her, or she's going to choose me over you." It's not a question.

I don't answer, but I hate how right he is. I'm not gentle like him. I'm rough, demanding, pushing her to her limits because I know she can handle it. I've never been the first choice. Shit, my mom even chose her boyfriend over me, and tossed me out into the fucking street. So now that Alyssa has chosen me—even if it's just to fuck her brains out every night—I can't risk losing that.

I'd do anything to keep her.

"Look, when we made that pact, we swore that neither of us could have



her. So, would it be so crazy for her to belong to both of us?" Niko asks thoughtfully.

I grunt, mulling over his words. It doesn't sit right with me — not entirely. I want her to be mine and mine only, but I also like to play with him. It feels good to be in control of both of them, to turn them into sluts for my cock. But doing this will mean she'll yearn for his cock too.

Could I accept that?

I guess I could give it a try—for her. I can learn to be okay with this.

Both of us fucking her.

Both of us claiming her.

Her being ours.

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