

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 7

Alyssa

"Holy-" The air is forced from my lungs as King's huge cock stretches me painfully. Isaac was nowhere near this big. Frankly, no one should be this big.

There was a rumor that went around our high school when he was a senior that he once sent a girl to the hospital because of how huge his dick was. I thought it was a bunch of bullshit, a rumor that King must've started himself, but I was very, very wrong.

"Fuck," King growls, pausing his movements as he fills me to the hilt. "If you didn't have a kid, I would swear you're a goddamn virgin. How is this pussy so tight?"

All I can do is whimper in response, my body trembling with the strain of accommodating him. Maybe it's because Isaac hasn't had sex with me since I got pregnant with Zuri. He said he wasn't attracted to my body anymore, that I needed to lose weight. But how could I do that knowing he was tracking my every move? Besides, I could never leave our daughter alone with him.

"Is my dick too big for you, little kitten?" King croons mockingly, snapping my attention back to him.

"No," I manage to say, despite the tears stinging my eyes as he stretches me to my limit. The pain is sharp, a burning sensation that makes me want to scream, but I grit my teeth and endure.

His cruel laugh echoes behind me. "Fucking liar," he growls. Without warning, he pulls out until it's just his tip inside me and then slams back in. The motion forces an "oof" from me and jolts me further into couch. The girth of him is too fucking much, but I won't tap out.

Not when I don't trust him not to snitch to my brother.

His fingers dig painfully into my hips, his thrusts rhythmic. Each movement is painful, but it's slowly morphing into pleasure. Pleasure I don't want to feel. I bite my cheeks to make sure no sound slips out.

"It hurts, doesn't it, kitten?" he purrs behind me. "But you're taking me so well. Just relax and enjoy it like a good fucking slut."

His words are a command, which infuriate me all over again. He's not the fucking boss of me, and he doesn't have any right to call me a slut. Especially considering he's the biggest slut there is.

"I'll never enjoy this," I manage to choke out, although I meant for it to sound angrier.

He chuckles darkly in that way that makes goosebumps rise on my skin. "Let's make a bet, then. Since you're being such a naughty kitten and holding in your mewls, if I make you moan even one time, I get to fuck you again. Any time of my choosing."

"What do I get if I win?" I ask, gritting my teeth even harder.

"You won't, but how about I swear that no one will ever know what happened here today. And...I'll buy you a car and a new phone," he says in a casual tone, as if he isn't balls-deep inside me.

I furrow my brows. "What?"

"I assume there was a tracking device in both. That's why you abandoned them on the side of the road, correct?"

My silence is answer enough.

"That's what I thought," he drawls, his cocky voice grating on my nerves. "So, what will it be, kitten? Is it a deal, or are you too afraid that you'll lose?"

The challenge instantly makes me wetter. I've always enjoyed betting against my stupid brother's best friends, and I've never lost.

I won't lose today either.

"Deal," I say with confidence.

I can practically hear him smirk. "You really shouldn't have agreed to that, kitten."

Before I can respond, he tangles his hand in my hair, and yanks my head back. Thrusting into me harder, I grip the edge of the couch, gasping silently.

Oh. Fuck.

"I fucking hate you," I say through clenched teeth, venom lacing each word.

He chuckles. "You may hate me, but your pussy doesn't. It keeps sucking me back in. Such a greedy little thing."

"I wonder how Gray is going to feel when he finds out I'm fucking his little sister," he muses. "He'll probably react better than finding out you fucked me just so I wouldn't tell him about your abusive piece-of-shit husband."

"Shut the fuck up," I nearly growl.

He's so annoying. Does he ever close his cocky-ass mouth?

He clicks his tongue disapprovingly. "Your mouth is so filthy. I think I'll be using it next time. You know, after I win."

"You won't win," I snap back.

I can't let him. Even if my impending orgasm threatens to break me.

"You sure?" he taunts. "I can feel your legs trembling already, and I've barely even started."

He's right. His thrusts feel lazy right now, like he's trying to take his time torturing me. How the hell am I going to be able to handle it when he speeds up? And what would it be like to be rage-fucked by him? Not that I'd ever be interested in something like that...

It's a relief that I can orgasm without making sound. I've done it plenty of times with Isaac sleeping beside me, this won't be any different.

As the pressure erupts from me like a geyser, my body clenches around King. I bite down on my lip so hard, I can taste the metallic tang of blood on my tongue.

King groans in delight. "Fuckkk, are you squirting? I bet this is your first time, huh, kitten? That's it, rain down on me. Soak my goddamn cock."

A silent sob rises in my throat at how fucking good it feels, but still, I don't make a single sound. What the hell is this? I gave my virginity to Isaac on our wedding night, but it was nothing compared to this. Isaac's never even made me come, but King made me orgasm within minutes.

It makes me hate him even more for making my body betray me like this.

The fucking audacity.

The moment my orgasm resides, leaving my body shuddering, I feel King's grip tighten on the nape of my neck. "Alright, enough fucking around. It's time to make you scream."