

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 9

Nikolai

With one final, brutal thrust, King's cum shoots down my throat. I swallow every drop of the salty discharge, groaning around his throbbing member in my mouth.

"Good fucking slut," King growls, withdrawing his cock and stuffing it back into his sweatpants. I kneel on the floor between his legs, waiting for his next instruction. He stares down at me with those intense, amber eyes. "What do you say?"

I bite my lip. "Thank you, Daddy," I reply, feeling my own dick twitch. I wonder what had him so worked up in the first place that he fucked my mouth like it did something wrong to him. My jaw aches, but I don't mind it.

This whole thing began a few years ago when I became curious about how it would feel to suck dick, so I asked King, and instead of kicking my ass like I thought he would, he yanked down his pants and forced his huge cock down my throat. It was honestly the hottest experience ever, and although we both still fuck women, I let him use my mouth when he needs it.

It's fucked up but I enjoy calling him Daddy, and I love any of the filthy, derogatory terms that he throws at me in return. Mason knows what we do. He once walked in on the act, but he's never spoken a word about it. That's what I like about him; he just minds his own business.

I notice that King's dick is still hard, the thick outline evident in his pants, as if not even the immaculate head I just gave him was hardly satisfactory. I swallow hard, my tongue darting out to lick my lips. "What's got you behaving like an energizer bunny tonight?" I tease, still staring at the monster I love between his legs.

A smirk curls on his lips. "Oh yeah, I just broke our truce today."

Truce? What truce?

I search my brain until the realization strikes me.

Oh.

My eyes widen. "You didn't!" I hiss, shooting to my feet. "How the hell did you fuck Alyssa Carter?"

"Bennett," he corrects me, as if I've just offended him.

"She's still married!" My voice rises slightly, the words laced with anger.

Amusement glints in his eye, his tone remaining calm. "Not for long. Not after I kill her husband."

I furrow my brows. "What?"

"He's been beating on her, like we suspected." He gestures upward with his head. "She's upstairs sleeping in the guest room, and she has a little crotch goblin now. Zuri. Guessing she has his last name, we'll be changing that soon."

Holy shit. She has a kid.

And with the abusive asshole we should have never let her leave with that night.

As pissed off as I am that he fucked Alyssa and broke our truce, I can't help but be a tiny bit curious about how that looked; her tiny body beneath him as he pounded into her. The image makes me hard as a fucking rock.

But we were so mean to her back in high school. How the hell did he ever manage to get her to agree to that? Unless...

"King, it was consensual right?" I ask hesitantly, narrowing my eyes.

He shrugs. "More or less. Either way, she fucking loved every second of it. You should've seen the way she moaned and squeezed her tight little pussy around my dick. Your throat feels good, but nothing compared to that."

Jealousy surges through me, and I know he senses it too. That should've been me who fucked her. Not him. If I knew he'd touch her anyway, I would've broken the truce first.

"What is she still doing here?" I growl, feeling pissed all over again.

I know he can feel my anger simmering, but he remains unbothered. "Being a good little kitten and staying out of trouble until Gray comes to pick her up," he answers.

"Gray? Did you not tell her he's currently on the other side of the world on his honeymoon?"

Gray will kill him once he finds out he fucked his sister, who has been off-limits to us since we were old enough to get a boner watching her prance around in those shorts she always wore.

King rolls his eyes. "Why should I? That's his business to tell."

"Well, for one, Gray won't be back for at least a week. And two, I'm sure she'd like to know where her brother is."

He lifts his drink to his lips. "Not my problem. By the way, she lost a bet with me and now I can fuck her again, whenever I'd like. Maybe I'll even let you watch," he says with a smirk, his gaze distant as he zones off into the fucked-up world in his head.

As tempting as that sounds, I can't allow him to deceive her.

"I'm going to tell her tomorrow," I declare.

His face twists into a snarl as he stands and grabs me by the collar of my shirt. "You won't do that," he growls.

I shake my head. "It isn't right, King. I know we shouldn't break the news that Gray got married without telling her, but we need to tell her something. She can't be left in the dark just hoping for her brother to call."

He cocks his head, his dark eyes piercing through me. "And who's going to protect her when she finds out he'll be gone that long, gets spooked, and runs away from us? That piece of shit will kill her and Zuri," he growls.

King has never liked kids and he uses women as fuck-toys. It seems like he's just enjoying the thrill of fucking someone who was once off-limits, and he'll end up hurting her in the end.

I have to protect her, not only from her husband, but from King as well. I'm sure after everything she's been through the past few years, she's fragile, on the verge of breaking. And King will be the one to push her over the edge and shatter her into a million pieces.

"I'm staying here then until Gray gets back. I want to see her anyway," I say, crossing my arms in defiance.

It's been a few years. I bet she's more mature now, sexier than ever.

I need to see her.

King kisses me hard. "Stop being a fucking brat," he murmurs against my lips, dipping his tongue in to taste himself. Our tongues tangle greedily for a long moment until we're both breathless. "Now, be a good slut and show Daddy how good you can suck him again."

Sitting down and leaning back in his desk chair, he pulls out his cock, pre-cum dripping from the crown of it.

Fuck. I think he's trying to turn me into an addict.

All thanks to his obsession with Alyssa fucking Bennett.

And as if I can't control my own body, I drop to my knees and eagerly blow him again.