

## Alphas, chapter 22, Fight, Fight Between Alphas

### Drake POV

Getting home, I find Lana watching a movie with Tate. Walking in, I lean over the couch pecking her head, she smelt strongly of Tate like they had been around each other all day, jealousy flaring to life in me.

"I made chicken enchiladas for dinner" Lana tells me pointing to the table. I look over to see a plate with foil on it.

"What took you so long?" She asks her fingers rubbing my stubble as she looked up at me.

"I lost track of time" I tell her, Tate huffs beside her not believing me making Lana look at him. Stalking off upstairs, I walk to the bedroom flicking the bedroom light on when I hear footsteps on the stairs, Tate's scent hitting me a moment before he steps into the room closing the door.

"What's going on?" He asks, following me into the bathroom.

"Do you mind?" I tell him as I start stripping my shirt off.

"Not at all, by all means continue" He says, making me growl at him. I turn the shower on leaving my pants on while he jumped up sitting on the basin.

"What did you and Lana do today?" I ask.

"Paperwork took her to the pack training centre, girl can kick, like a f\*\*\*\*\*g horse I must add" He says making me look at him. He lifts his shirt, purple bruising running across his ribs and abs.

"F\*\*\*\*\*g broke my ribs" He exclaims though his ribs were healed the bruising was going to remain for a bit though.

"What did you do for her to do that"

"Told her she hit like a girl" He mutters.

"Obviously, she doesn't kick like one" I chuckle. The water heats up and I go to step in when he speaks again.

"Lose the pants geez, you ain't got anything I haven't seen already" Tate says.

"Will you stop telling me what to do?" I snap at him.

“Stop being a little b\*\*\*h and I won’t have to” He retorts. I strip my pants off ignoring him and stepping in and grabbing the soap.

“So, what happened?” Tate asks.

“Nothing, Chase left town, the rest I will handle”

“The rest as in your father? Because his warriors have been scouting my border Drake” He says yet he didn’t seem angry.

“My father said I need to mark Lana, or he is starting a war” I tell him.

“Let him, he won’t win, he will realise that pretty quickly”

“You seem sure of yourself” I tell him.

“Because I know our pack” He says.

“Our pack, I am not part of this pack”

“You are, always have been since I met you” Tate says. I feel my heart clench at his words, he is so willing to accept our relationship even after everything, even after me denying us for eleven years.

Suddenly the shower door opens, and I frantically try to get the soap out of my eyes stepping further away from the door. Opening my eyes, Tate was turning the other shower head on, his back to me. I watch the water cascade down his back, his muscles rippling as he adjusted the shower head higher. He turns around and I avert my eyes.

“We are mates Drake; you can look I don’t care” He says.

“I wasn’t looking” I tell him. He laughs grabbing the soap from behind me off the niche.

“You were, I could feel your eyes boring into my back. But that’s fine we can pretend” He says, his lips tugging up in a smirk as his eyes snap down between my legs.

“I have no problem looking at what’s mine” He says his eyes moving back to mine as he leans back. I shake my head about to get out and away from the feelings he was suddenly churning up, when his hand stops me as he holds the door closed.

“Why are you running from me”

“Because it is wrong” I tell him grabbing his hand to remove it, sparks running up my arm.

“Does that feel wrong to you?” He asks, stepping closer.

“Does this?” He asks before I feel his mouth on mine. His lips moving against mine and I press my lips together when he grabs my c\*\*k making me gasp, my lips parting and I feel his tongue brush mine, and he breathes into my mouth as he groans, biting down on my lip. His hand grabbing my c\*\*k as he runs his hand up and down my shaft before he shoves me against the shower wall. The cold tiles making me flinch before I kiss him back grabbing the back of his head, his tongue fighting mine for dominance before he pulls away nipping and sucking at my neck, his teeth grazing my chest as he moves lower.

“Tate what are you doing?”

“Close your eyes if you must”

“Yeah, because it’s only gay if we make eye contact, right?” I retort, I shake my head but don’t stop him from moving lower. I feel his mouth wrap around my hard length, my eyes rolling into the back of my head as I feel his tongue run along my shaft.

“God don’t stop” I tell him, grabbing his hair forcing him to take more of me in his mouth. I feel him gag around my length before relaxing his throat, my body tensing and b\*\*s tightening as I feel his warm mouth sucking me off, his hand stroking the parts of me he can’t fit in his mouth and I feel myself reaching the edge.

“Tate!” I warn but he doesn’t stop, my seed spilling into his mouth as he continues to s\*\*k me, swallowing it before stopping.

“Well, that was more entertaining than what I was watching on TV” says Lana making both of us jump, our eyes going to her sitting on the sink basin eating something. Tate stands.

“What? That’s it, I thought you would last longer than that” She says with laugh.

“Are you eating?” I ask her.

“Yep, should have brought popcorn but I would have missed the show waiting for it to c\*\*k, you lasted like two seconds” She says sending me a wink before jumping off the basin. Tate and I look at each other.

“Is that a challenge?” Tate asks her.

“Maybe, but I still don’t see your mark on his neck” She says, and I feel my face heat, shame hitting me.

“Why are you embarrassed, she clearly doesn’t care” He says, and I look to her. She shrugs clearly not fazed at all when her scent hits me, she was aroused making me

raise an eyebrow at her. I sniff the air and Tate's brows furrow before he does the same thing, his lips turning up.

"What? Girls watch p\*\*n, first time I have watched live p\*\*n or two men but hey, s\*x is s\*x" she states before walking out.

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