

Fight B Alphas 37

Chapter 37

Lana's POV

I followed Tate up to the bathroom before sitting on the sink basin while he hopped in the shower along with Drake. "Do you think Chase will be mad when he finds out my sister isn't a virgin?" I ask remembering Chase telling me he was saving himself for his mate.

"By the way they were all over each other I don't think he cares, just pissed he caught her with Elias" Drake answers.

"Think Elias should keep his distance for a few days" Tate says with a sigh, Drake nods in agreement.

"Are you coming in or going to sit out there" Drake asks looking over at me.

"Not enough room" I reply.

"It has three shower heads" Tate answers.

"Yeah, but with you two in there doesn't leave much room for me"

"You are small you'll fit" Drake says reaching out the shower door and ripping me off the basin I just got comfortable on. "Remove them or I will drag you in fully clothed" Drake says. I roll my eyes stripping off before hopping in and squeezing between them. Shrieking when ever one of them would move because I would be pressed against the cold b****y tiles.

"See" I state trying to grab the soap behind Tate.

"I think it's cosy" He says.

"That's because your not getting your a*s chilled on the tiles" I retort finally grabbing the soap.

"I like it because you can't escape" Drake growls behind me making me jump and spin around to face him. His eyes turning black as Titus presses forward.

"Mark me Titus and I will put you on your a*s" I warn him before watching his eyes change back. Tate chuckles behind me, while Drake smirks before leaning forward kissing me. His hands going to my hips as he tugs me toward him.

"He won't, he was just playing" Drake mumbles against my lips, his hands going to my a*s as he lifts me. I wrap my legs around his waist kissing him back, my arms going around his neck as I lean into him. Drake growls softly before shoving me against Tate behind me. Tate shrieks coming in contact with the cold tiles.

"Hey, freaking cold" Tate says pushing back to remove himself from the shower wall.

“I think it’s cosy” I tell him throwing his own words at him. He steps closer pressing his chest against my back, his hands running downing my sides.

“I think Drakes right, definitely better because you can’t escape in here” Tate says before pushing my hair over my shoulder and kissing my mark. I lean into him his hands moving over my skin and brushing the sides of my b****s making my nipples harden under his soft touch, Drake nipping at my chin before kissing me and biting my bottom lip. I could feel Tate’s e*****n pressing against my lower back, Drakes pressing against my slit. I wriggle my hips and Drake rolls his, his hard length moving between my lips making me moan into his mouth.

Tate’s hand moving between my cheeks before I feel his fingers slide into my soaking wet heat as arousal floods me. His other hand going to my neck making me look at him over my shoulder, his lips crashing down on mine, his tongue tasting and exploring every inch of my mouth as he takes control of the kiss, his fingers moving in and out making me grind my hips against Drake as the friction builds up. My walls clamping down on his fingers before I feel his thumb pressing against my back passage before forcing its way in. My back arching off Tate’s chest, while Drake pinches my nipple between his thumb and finger his other hand holding me up, my stomach tightens my core fluttering around his fingers as I feel my climax reach its tipping point pushing me over the edge and making me moan as I grip Drake shoulders. It happens to quickly and I lose control as bloodlust takes over before I realise what I am doing, I sink my teeth into Drakes neck, his blood flooding into my mouth as I feed off him. He grunts pulling me closer against him as I lap at his neck.

“Ah Lana” Tate says when I feel Drakes emotions smash into me making me gasp and pull away, Drakes eyes turning black as Titus pushes forward looking back at me. I hear him growl and I scramble away from him forcing Drake to let me go.

“No Titus” I tell him as he reaches for me. Tate’s hand going to his shoulder holding him back, my eyes going to Drake’s neck as I stare at the mark I just left upon his skin. Drake’s entire body trembling as he fights against his wolf for control. I duck under Tate’s arm rushing out of the shower grabbing my towel.

Drake regaining control his eyes snapping to mine. “Lana?”

“No drake not until you have marked Tate, I shouldn’t have lost control like that, I’m sorry” I tell him rushing out of the bathroom and toward the bedroom. I feel his longing hit me through the bond and I realise how badly I just f****d up.

It is not that I don’t want to mark Drake, but the fact that I know he still hasn’t marked Tate and now all it takes is his wolf to force him to mark me all while still being able to reject Tate. I know he loves Tate but now feeling his emotions just reinforces the fact, he still isn’t willing to let Tate mark him, that his father still has a hold of him.

I could hear their hushed voices as Tate tries to calm Drake down, I just don’t understand why he doesn’t just get it over with already and mark him. Don’t understand how his father could have this much influence over our relationship when it is clear Drake does love him. I quickly dry myself and get dressed, slipping my pyjamas on while thinking, maybe if I could speak to his father, I could try and make him see this wasn’t some sort of sin, that loving someone of the same gender is no different than loving someone of the opposite s*x. I just couldn’t understand how a parent could just turn their back on their

child over something so ridiculous, love is love, it doesn't matter the gender, doesn't matter the species or race. He should only care about his sons happiness and I knew if he doesn't mark Tate as his, this mate bond wasn't going to work, I wasn't going to be torn in two different directions all because his father has some warped sense of what he believes is right and wrong.

"Don't even think about it" Tate says walking into the bedroom.

"What?" I ask looking over his shoulder for Drake.

"He went for a run, but don't try and get involved Lana, let Drake sort his own father out. I know what you are thinking and you getting involved will just make things worse, he needs to sort his own father out or come to terms with not having him in his life, but on his terms not on ours" Tate tells me.

"His father is an a****e," I state. Pulling my shirt over my head.

"Maybe so, but he is Drakes father, and we should let him deal with it" I roll my eyes turning away and climbing in bed. Tate walks over to me gripping my chin forcing me to look up at him.

"Promise me you won't interfere"

"I won't promise that Tate" I tell him honestly knowing he would be able to tell if I lie.

"You will only hurt Drake if you do Lana, as much as I hate his father, this needs to be something Drake sorts for himself"

"Yeah, but just a couple days ago you wanted to kill him" I tell him pulling the covers up.

"He steps on my territory I have no choice I will protect my pack; Drake knows this. But at the same time, I won't willing go after his father, that's Drake decision to come to, not mine. I will only step in when Drake asks me to, not before" He says climbing in the middle of the bed making me roll to look at him.

"Titus wants to mark you, you're better off sleeping away from Drake until he is sure he has full control, Drake doesn't want to mark you against your will, but Titus won't hesitate now that you have marked him" He says pulling me against him before leaning over me and flicking the lamp off.