

Owned by the Alphas

The Alphas

“What do you want?” I demanded, my fists clenching at my sides as the eyes met mine.

And then they were gone.

I turned, looking for them, but they had disappeared into the steam, taking the weighted, cold feeling with it. I sighed irritably, then went through to where the other girls were.

Most of them were curled up in bed, but there was a group left by the fireplace, chatting about their experience. I sat down on one of the footstools, too wired after the eyes to sleep.

“It hurt so much,” one of them whimpered, and I raised a brow. They were not screams of pain I had heard through the walls in the dining room.

“I know,” another girl said. “I am still sore. I don’t ever want to do that again.”

She huffed, and something twinged inside me. I wasn’t sure what it was, but I let myself feel it. It was like an instinct, a feeling that what she said was a lie, and then I felt the lie, felt it inside her.

I laughed out loud, covering my mouth quickly as the girls turned to me.

“Uh, sorry. I just, uh...thought of something funny.” I shrugged, and that earned me a bunch of glares.

Liars, all of them. They had enjoyed themselves, and it annoyed me that they were so ashamed of that feeling. I wasn’t sticking around to hear the rest of them lie and complain.

I stood up and went to find a spare bed. I pulled off my towel and slipped under the covers, turning to face the wall. I stared at it for seconds before I fell asleep.

I wasn't sure how long it had been when Braxton came and got me.

He woke me gently, and I looked around the room. It was empty. I was the last one, again. I could hear the other girls back in the steam room, but the door was closed.

I sat up and rubbed my face as Brax waited.

"Time to show me what Kai is smiling about," he said, and I smirked, rolling over and shuffling back on the bunk bed.

He frowned and nodded toward the door. "Come on," he said, but I patted the bed next to me.

"Get in with me." I grinned.

He rolled his eyes. "He always did like the stubborn ones. C'mon, Spitfire, to the designated rooms."

I shook my head. "I'm in my designated room. Can't you do me here?" I wondered, not sure why I cared but I did, and I wanted to see if he'd do it.

"The moon can't reach us here, so no," he said, then grabbed my hand and dragged me up.

I huffed and pulled my towel around me from the floor. "Fine, let the magical red moon perve then," I teased, then followed him through to his room.

It was almost identical to Kai's, except the pillars of the bed had water carvings, and it had dark blue accents.

I pulled my towel off as he came forward, lifting me on the bed. I lay down and he grinned, bending to kiss over my body.

I sucked in a breath as his lips touched my skin, heating it instantly.

"You know, we've been alphas for a few years now, and Kai's never marked a girl before," he said against me, then looked up as I smiled.

"Why are you telling me that?" I asked breathily.

He shrugged. "Just an observation."

“Hmmm,” I hummed as he took off his pants. I swallowed. If all werewolves were as big as the ones I had seen tonight, then no wonder they wanted to fuck all the time.

“I like the way it looks. A human, marked by a werewolf. It’s got appeal,” he whispered up my stomach as I closed my eyes, feeling it.

I gasped as I felt more than what I was meant to, channeling him. He was hot and filled with lust. A fierce lust that had me gasping.

He frowned and caught on to what I had done just as I lost control of my will and reached up for him, kissing him harshly.

Braxton growled, grabbed my throat, and slammed me back on the bed. I should’ve been scared, but damn, it felt good. He looked at me, his eyes narrowed, his chest heaving as he gripped my throat.

“No,” he snapped, and I should have nodded or agreed, but instead, I smirked.

“I’m not sorry,” I whispered against his grasp, and that was all it took before he was kissing me back, harsh and feral, his tongue on mine.

I tugged at his hair, wanting to see the blond waves with the blue braid fall, but he pushed me back.

“Don’t touch,” he warned, but I sighed and pulled back, leaning back on my hands.

“And if I said the same thing?” I challenged.

Braxton blew out a breath and shook his head, reaching behind him to pull out the tie that held his hair back.

His hair came out and I grinned, coming forward to run my hands through it, my body pressed against him, his impressive length nestling between my thighs, along my bite.

I moaned at the pleasure it gave me.

“You are a dangerous human.”

“As opposed to a werewolf?”

“Derik’s gonna have fun with you.” He laughed, and I shrugged.

“And what are you going to do with me?”

He didn’t answer. Instead, he gripped the back of my neck and shoved me down on the bed, spinning me so I was face-first in the covers, my breasts down, my ass up against him.

He bent over me, running his fingers along my damp folds, his lips by my ear, his hair brushing my shoulder. I trembled as he teased me with his tip at my aching entrance.

“I’m going to be the savage werewolf that Kai should’ve been,” he promised, before thrusting inside me.

I cried out, clenching around him as my body adjusted to being full again.

“So tight,” he groaned as he slammed into me over and over, no breaks, no talking, just fucking.

Brax grabbed my bruised hips in his tight grasp, pulling me back onto him as he threw my body into a storm of intense, carnal desire.

He was so wild, so erratic with the way he claimed me, my body had no idea how to absorb it, crashing against the pleasure so hard it took on his.

I channeled him, not intentionally, but I couldn’t control it. The call from his body to mine had me feeling everything he did. So connected to each other.

“Shit, break it, Lori,” he growled, and I felt the tug in my body, like he was trying but he couldn’t. He quickened his pace, slapping my ass as he tugged again. “Break it!”

I shuddered against him, moaning and gasping as his lust fed mine, our bodies in sync, racing fast and hard to the finish line.

I tried to pull back, but I couldn’t figure out where his emotions ended and mine started. It was all too much, a dizzying, chaotic storm that had my nerves seared with desire and ecstasy.

“I can’t,” I panted, slamming my ass back into his thrusts.

He gripped my hair, yanking it back as he leaned over me. “You’re human. You can’t go off that edge with me. Break it or I’ll have to, and it’ll hurt like a bitch.”

I couldn’t think. It was too much: his desire, mine, his thrusts, the tight, almost painful throb in my core as it demanded release—it was too much.

I cried out, my throat hoarse as I screamed, releasing the tension, falling off the edge.

“Lori!” He lost his control, fucking me hard and fast, wild and wanton as he gripped me, burying himself to the hilt and emptying his release inside me.

I felt every second of it. My orgasm dragged through his, taking over my entire body, almost winding me as I felt his.

It was so intense my whole body shook, the pleasure so ingrained in me that I couldn’t help the sounds I made, couldn’t help the tears that welled. It was so much to take in my body, like it wasn’t mine.

I scrunched my fists in the blankets, squeezing my eyes shut to block everything else out so I could absorb his pleasure properly with mine. It worked, and I breathed hard as my body finally let us come down from the high together.

I crumpled to the bed, exhaustion hitting me. Brax was there, holding me, brushing my hair from my face, both of us breathing hard. I could barely keep my eyes open.

“Hey, Lori.” He tapped my cheek, and I mumbled, but I didn’t have the energy to respond. “Lori, wake up.”

He shook me, but I was so tired. However we had just connected had sucked everything out of me.

“Shit, Nikolai is gonna kill me,” I heard him breathe, before he picked me up and carried me through to the bathing room.

I curled into him, closing my eyes, trying to fight the weakness, but I could barely stay awake. I felt the steam and heard the gasps as we moved into the tub room again.

“What happened?” Kai demanded, and I tried to smirk at the tone of his voice. So worried about a mere cursed human. It made me want to tease him, but I couldn’t find my voice.

“Take her to the fountain,” Derik said, and I heard the rushing of water.

I tried to open my eyes, but they were so heavy.

“She channeled me. She couldn’t break the connection before we finished,” he explained in a quiet voice.

Silence followed before there were fingers at my lips. I parted them, and icy water poured in. I wasn’t ready for it, coughing and spluttering, some of it making it down my throat.

The refreshed feeling hit me, my energy replenished. I sat up against Braxton as he smirked.

“Go clean up, Spitfire, and no more channeling.”

I smirked and made no promises, going to walk away. Kai grabbed me, pulling me into him.

“Kai,” Derik warned as some of the girls from the Water village in the tub closest gasped, one girl whimpering.

I wasn’t worried. Kai wasn’t looking at me like he wanted to hurt me. Not in a bad way anyway.

“You okay?” he asked, and I had to work not to show my surprise at the question.

I wasn’t sure why he cared, but I nodded anyway. I was fine, thanks to the magical water they had.

“Yeah. Just want to get in the tub,” I said, then pulled away and went back to the tub with my village’s girls. They were whispering as if I wasn’t there, like usual.

“She’s cursed.”

“My mom said she was born at midnight, in the dead middle of winter. It was snowing and everything.”

More gasps.

“Snowing? No baby survives the snow.”

“Her and her brother did.”

“I bet he’s just as weird.”

“My sister said it was one of the coldest winters we’ve had too. The villagers left them out in the snow, and they didn’t cry once the whole night. The next morning, they weren’t even dead. Mom says it’s the winter born curse. That she’s dangerous.”

And I’d had enough. I knew my past and had enough hatred for my village for what they had tried to do to me and my brother as babies, so I snapped my eyes open, leaning forward to their huddle, eyeing Portia, who was spreading her gossip.

“Did you hear the one where I was born with a tail and they had to chop it off? Same with my horns. Or what about the one where I slit the throats of gossiping little bitches?” I bit.

It was mean, it scared them, one squealed and curled into the other girl. Portia gulped, her color draining as the other one sobbed. Another two moved away from the group.

I just laughed and shook my head. Yeah, I was terrifying.

I scrubbed the sex from my skin, dipped under the water, then got out of the pool, heading to the beds to sleep, not caring that the door was closed and we hadn’t been invited yet.

Derik found me passed out however many hours later and brought me back to his room when it was my turn. His room, surprise surprise, was exactly the same as the others.

I hadn’t even bothered with my towel this time, climbing naked on the bed and turning to Derik, who sauntered over, dropping his pants.

No fussing, no pretense. He knew what we were meant to do as well as I did. He was already hard and unsurprisingly just as impressive.

Instead of climbing over me though, he slid into the covers of the bed that was perfectly made.

All of them had been, every time. I wondered who was changing them in between each girl, but Derik distracted me, holding up the blanket for me to get in with him.

I slid in against him as he kissed the top of my head, rolling on top of me.

He nuzzled into my neck, and I sighed.

"I'm not allowed to kiss you. I'm not allowed to touch you in any other way, but I will make it good for you. I won't hurt you," he said, but his voice was flat, like he was repeating a rehearsed line.

I chuckled, the sound slipping it out before I covered my mouth. He narrowed his eyes at me.

"You find that amusing, beautiful?"

"Just wondering how many times you've repeated those words tonight." I shrugged.

He tried to hide his smirk, but it broke through. "Too many," he sighed, and I laughed.

"Don't get too excited there, wolf, I might get ideas."

He chuckled and fell down next to me, happy to relax for a minute. He was different when he was alone, not as rigid, more of a smile on those full lips of his.

I turned to him, holding my head in my hand, leaning on my elbow.

"So what would you say to me, if it wasn't rehearsed? If I wasn't an offering and you were just going to sleep with me?" I asked, and he huffed, thinking about his answer, staring at the ceiling.

"That you have nice eyes." He turned his head to me. "And nice tits." He grinned.

I laughed and covered them. "Not physical," I prompted.

He shrugged. "I don't know if I'd say anything," he said, then turned to me, pulling me against him. "I'd rather show you what I think, what I feel," he said softly, and I smiled, holding the side of his face.

"You're always so tense. Who would've guessed you have a soft side to you."

He scowled, that tension coming back. "I can't afford to be soft. I'm the oldest."

"You have more responsibility?" I assumed, and he nodded.

"In a way. But that is not a conversation for a human. You only have one job tonight, beautiful."

He tried to shut off, but I didn't want him to. I wanted the open, soft version of Derik that I had just seen. *He* made me want to fuck him.

"That's right, spread my legs," I huffed, and opened them obediently.

He didn't say anything, just climbed over me, keeping the blankets up before holding my thighs apart, his eyes going to close. Like he was shutting me out, like he could pretend I was someone else, or not there.

I wasn't letting it happen like that.

His eyes still closed, I sat up and pressed my lips softly against his. "I'd rather show you how I feel." I whispered his own words back to him, then kissed him again.

He was surprised for a second, before his hands wound through my hair, holding me against him as he kissed me back, slow and sensual. It was a tender kiss that I hadn't expected from Derik.

I pushed him back, lowering him into the mattress before straddling him, rubbing myself along his length. He sighed against my lips as I moaned, his dick teasing me.

"We can't...kiss," he said, pulling away with hesitation.

I smiled. "Oops," I said, then lifted myself and held him at my entrance.

He smiled and sat up, helping me position myself. "We'll go slow," he said, like he was doing me a favor, but it made me frown.

“Why?”

He tucked my hair behind my ear. “Because you’ll be sore after the other two, and I don’t want it to hurt,” he said, and I smiled.

He was so different when he wasn’t in eldest mode.

I leaned in by his ear and said something I never thought I would say: “I like it when it hurts.” Then I sank onto him, all the way to the hilt, sitting on his lap, his dick throbbing, filling me.

“Yes,” I hissed as he sucked a breath in through his teeth, holding me as I pumped myself up and down.

He gripped my shoulders, pulling me down on him, nuzzling my neck, his breaths harsh on my raised skin as I moved faster. I wanted the sweet ache between my legs, I welcomed it.

I hung my head back as pleasure swirled in my stomach, my nerves sensitive and singing.

I clutched him, my arms around his shoulders, his body sliding against mine, my breasts on his chest, his thumb teasing the flesh of one like he couldn’t help but touch it.

I gasped as he thrust up harder into me, groaning against me as I quickened my hips, my thighs burning, sweat prickling. I panted through the pleasure building inside me, the burn in my core making me hot and desperate.

I wanted more. Harder. Faster.

I pushed him down on the mattress, pounding down on him as he held my thighs.

His fingers dug in, and I gasped when his claws broke the skin. He cursed and curled them into his fists, his head going back into the pillow, his eyes clenching shut.

The pleasure started leaking from my core, spreading through my body, making me moan, breaking into a cry as he forced me onto his dick even harder.

“You asked what I’d tell you,” he gritted out.

"You figured it out?" I breathed, still riding him.

"I'd tell you this is my favorite position and that I was dreading doing missionary even one more time," he snapped, and I laughed, the movement vibrating in my bones, taking the pleasure there.

I gasped at the feeling before leaning down by his lips.

"Since I saved you from that hell, how about you reward me with a kiss?" I tempted him, and he slid deeper inside, making me grip his hair and close my eyes, holding back the threatening tsunami my body was building toward.

His breath whispered across my lips before they connected. And then any hope of a controlled, sweet fuck was gone.

He rolled his hips with every thrust up inside me as I rolled my backside, landing on his lap over and over again until the tsunami crashed over both of us.

I threw my head back, crying out over and over as he pumped me with his release, his biceps bulging and tense as I gripped them, digging my nails in, shuddering through my own orgasm.

He slowed his thrusts as I came to a stop, leaning on him as he brushed my hair back from my face and kissed my cheek.

"You know we're not allowed to kiss, right, beautiful?" he breathed.

I nodded, keeping out the part that I'd already broken that rule. "Yeah. I won't say anything," I promised, still holding him.

He moved me off him, then climbed over me as I sank into his soft mattress.

"I'm guessing you've already made that promise tonight." He smirked, but I said nothing, keeping my promises.

He chuckled and stood up, dragging me with him. He grabbed my hand and led me back through to the tub room.

I went straight to the tub and sank in. The girls left.

I sighed and leaned my head against the back like normal. The water was so clean, like it was just as magic as the fountain, and I loved how clear it was, how it looked blue because of the blue tiles.

I cleaned myself off, then looked over my shoulder at the three alphas all at the fountain, talking, and a heaviness dropped in my heart.

It was the most fun I'd had in my life. I didn't want to go back to the village where I was the devil, the cursed one, the winter born. And I wanted to keep feeling what they made me feel.

It didn't matter though because I had no choice, just like with everything that happened in Werewolf Territory. It was tradition, and I had to uphold that.

I had to go back tomorrow for the choosing ceremony, have a man pick me based on my physical appearance, then spend the rest of my life serving them and probably alone in the women's village.

I swallowed at the idea of that. It sounded miserable. I closed my eyes, trying to shut out the tears that threatened.

"Lorelai," Kai breathed against my ear, and my eyes flung open.

I turned and raised my brow at him, then I saw the empty steam room and frowned. "Sorry, is it bedtime or something? Do we have a curfew?" I asked bitterly.

He laughed and shook his head. "No. It's almost dawn. The blood moon will be gone within the hour."

"Then we go home?" I looked down.

"Yes," he said, and I climbed from the tub.

"Guess I better get my last hour of rest then. Get my beauty sleep before I get judged for it tomorrow."

He smirked and grabbed my hand before I could walk to the room with the bunk beds. The door was closed, and I frowned at him. He pulled me into him.

"Or you can come back to the room with me?" he breathed, his lips hovering over mine.

My eyes widened. "Is that allowed? Where's Brax and Derik?"

"Does it matter?" He grinned and started walking out. "You coming, human?"

I grinned. "Hell yes."

And I ran after him, spending my last hour of freedom wrapped in his body, drowning in pleasure.

