

Owned by the Alphas |

The Guard

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The werewolves' city was very different when the moon wasn't full and there weren't red rays everywhere. It was much more silent, still, almost peaceful.

The carriage took us through the gray brick buildings, the path lit by lanterns toward the same estate in the middle of the city where the alphas lived.

There weren't half as many wolves out tonight and none of them were in beast form.

I looked out the window as rowdy noises and laughter filtered through the carriage. Peering out, I raised a tired brow at the pub that was alive with patrons, music, and laughter.

I'm not sure what had made me think they wouldn't have places to socialize, but I had assumed they stayed in their caves or fucked nonstop.

"Werewolves can drink? Can you even get drunk?" I asked, getting closer to the window, my body forgetting how exhausted it was.

Derik snickered as Nikolai laughed.

"It's different than human alcohol, and you should ask Brax, he knows better than us," Derik teased, and Brax scoffed.

"I enjoy a drink every now and then," he muttered, but I got the feeling his "every now and then" was more often than my definition.

I smiled and looked back out the window.

There was a girl getting fucked against the wall in the alley outside the pub, and I raised a brow at the way the guy clawed at her, her claws and fangs out too. It was feral, animalistic, and it turned me on.

"Hmm, interesting," Nikolai said, looking out the window, seeing the couple, then looking back at me.

I shrugged, smirking. I couldn't be ashamed of my body's reaction to sex when I'd only been having it for two days.

And I couldn't wait to find out more about what my body could take, what it could handle, find out what I enjoyed more and what had me looking like the girl against the wall.

It got me excited, and Nikolai must've sensed that because he pulled me tighter into him as Brax closed the curtain.

"That's enough spying, human," Kai breathed against me.

I shivered at the way his voice felt vibrating against me.

"There's no magic water to heal you now that the red moon is gone," he said, his fingers brushing between my legs, the ache making me suck in a breath.

He was right. It hurt, but I still wanted it. I knew the pain went with so much more pleasure, so I wasn't scared of it anymore.

"I don't need magic water to feel better," I whispered back against him, pushing into his touch.

He sucked in a breath as Derik shook his head. "Not here, Kai. We're too close to the estate. Wait until we are inside," he said, but even I heard the strain in his voice.

Brax reached for me then, tugging me from Nikolai and putting me on his lap. "Come here, Spitfire, before Nikolai sticks his cock in you and alerts the wolves that we have our human lover outside our walls," he said.

Kai didn't disagree, so I knew it was true. It made me smile, a heady power running through me at having this beast under my control. It made me feel invincible.

"Don't, beautiful," Derik warned, watching me decide whether to keep testing Kai to see how far I could push his control.

I smirked at Derik, like I was so innocent, and he shook his head with a smirk, looking out the window.

The carriage came to a stop and I chewed my lip, waiting for instructions. I was all for testing the boundaries of my alphas, but out there? I had no idea what was going to happen.

"What now?" I asked, clutching Brax, who kissed along my neck, my shoulder, before putting me on the seat next to him.

He grabbed my wrists and held them out, then Derik was there with a rope. I raised a brow as they wound it over my wrists, pulling tight. I sucked in a breath at the burn.

"Sorry, you're being forced to be here, remember?" Brax smirked.

I nodded, understanding what he meant. “Do you want me to kick and scream for dramatic effect?” I asked, and they grinned.

Nikolai came over and held up a blindfold. I nodded once, and he slipped it over my head, placing it there before kissing me. It was soft and tender as my wrists were bound together.

There was a tug on the rope before it came around my neck. I started breathing faster, unable to help the anxiety creeping in. I trusted them, didn’t I?

But what if this was a trick? I suddenly wasn’t so sure. Were they punishing me after all? For being winter born? For kissing them and breaking the rules? For being late?

Panic consumed me, my heart beating so fast as I tried to fight it back, but the mistrust from years of hatred and condescension came to my mind. I trembled at the idea that I was walking into a trap, before there were lips on me again.

A warm mouth covered mine and I knew it was Braxton. He was harsher when he kissed me than the other two.

“Calm down, we’ve got you,” he whispered against my mouth, then kissed me again, the rope secured to my neck and connected to my bound wrists.

“I’m nervous,” I breathed, and Braxton kissed away my words, finding my tongue, sliding his along it, his hands brushing over my body as he did.

“We’ll reward you, Spitfire. Just trust us,” he said against my lips, before they helped me up and led me out of the carriage.

I had no idea where I was walking or what was on the other side of the blindfold, only what I remembered from last time I was there, but I hadn’t taken enough in. Aside from the orgies, everything else was nonexistent.

I didn’t need to worry though. Brax, Nikolai, and Derik each had a hand on me, leading me to wherever I needed to be, walking through whatever was watching.

And something was, or someone. I could feel it, the stares, and I thought I could hear the whispers too, but then, it could be paranoia.

The alphas led me up a few steps, then I heard a door click shut and they finally removed the blindfold. I gave them a smirk once they did, looking around at the lobby from last time.

“Was the blindfold really necessary? I’ve been here before.”

Derik nodded, his face stoic, and so were the other two. Okay, full alpha mode then.

“It’s the rules,” Derik stated, and I only just held back my snicker.

“You wolves and your rules,” I taunted quietly, and I saw the smirk on Brax’s lips, the glisten in Nikolai’s eyes, and then the glare from the eldest.

“Show her to her suite,” Derik said to Nikolai, and I grinned.

“Please?”

Nikolai chuckled and grabbed my bound wrists, tugging me forward as Brax fell away with Derik.

“See you soon, Spitfire,” he whispered as he passed me. “Keep her warm for me, would ya?” he called to Kai, who gave him the middle finger and pulled me up the stairs.

I hesitated, confused at the direction since last time we had gone through the door at the end of the lobby.

“Where are we going?” I asked, and he nodded up the stairs.

“To your rooms,” he said, and I raised a brow.

“Rooms?” I asked, and he nodded, tugging me along down corridor after corridor.

They were all empty, lined with more closed doors, until we finally came to the end of one. There was a huge bay window, a padded seat beneath it, and a big burly-looking guy outside it.

Peering out the window into the dark night, I saw a huge garden, filled with other people, guards who looked as scary as the one outside the door that Kai was opening.

“Lorelai. This is Hank. He’ll be guarding you. Let him know if there is anything you need, and he’ll notify us.”

“Guarding me? Or babysitting?” I asked with a narrowed gaze over the man who was as tall as the door and even thicker than Kai.

He eyed me with zero interest before sneering and leaning back against the wall with a lazy look about him. He didn’t look like he was that interested in guarding me anyway.

“Both. You will stay in your suites while we are not with you,” he ordered, and it made the bitch in me rise.

“And if I want to leave”—I nodded up at Hank—“the big guy is going to, what? Stop me?” I asked, and Nikolai nodded, narrowing his eyes at me.

“By any means necessary.”

“So if I got away from him, I would be free to wander until you found me?” I tested, and he laughed, even Hank having a little chuckle, his eyes roaming over me, both wolves making the underestimation I knew they would.

I’m a poor helpless human, of course they would never see me as a threat, but I could hold my own. Especially if I really needed to get out.

I had made sure to go over the painful places my dad had taught me in my head, and I still had the dagger from my brother in my bags, but that was back at the carriage.

I had no idea when it was coming, but I think I could still get away without it if I needed to.

“Please let me show the human her place,” Hank begged, a grin spreading across his pear-shaped head.

I smiled as Nikolai rolled his eyes.

“You have no idea what you’ve done, Lorelai. Behave,” he snapped, but I shook my head.

“I want to see what he’d do to me,” I argued, and Nikolai looked between us before huffing and undoing my binds. I didn’t need them undone though. He did anyway, then eyed Hank.

“Don’t hurt her. Stop her from getting away,” he warned, and Hank nodded, smirking.

“You’re actually going to let me try?” I asked, never believing he actually would.

He shrugged and nodded. “I have to while I’m here to supervise, otherwise, as soon as I leave, you’re going to try it on your own,” he assumed, and he wasn’t wrong.

That’s exactly what I was going to do.

“Okay, I’m ready then,” I said, and smiled at Hank, who was getting his giant muscles ready.

I didn’t need muscle. He was still a man, and they had a weakness that I knew would give me an advantage.

Nikolai waved his hand to let us go, and I ran at Hank. He went to grab me but I dropped, punched him in the nuts as hard as I could, then backed up as he crumpled to his knees cupping his balls, howling.

I laughed, then lined up my elbow to his throat, which was now right in my reach, and jabbed. My mother had shown me that one.

And then I ran.