

# Owned by the Alphas |

## The Mirror

I know that waking up with three sexy alphas on me should be a dream come true and if I had been dreaming, I'm sure I would have been wet as fuck, waiting impatiently for them to ravage me raw.

But the reality? Un-fucking-comfortable.

Nikolai's breathing made me feel like my neck was being tickled nonstop, Derik was so hot it was overwhelming, and Braxton snored like a damn train.

I coughed heartily, trying to indicate that I'd woken up, but that made Nikolai snuggle further into my neck.

Braxton wrapped his arms tighter around my waist as he lay between my legs, and Derik rubbed his damp body against mine as if checking I was still enclosed in his sauna.

I was.

Not to mention the intense ache between my thighs that was a delicious reminder of what my alphas had done to me but also made me even more irritated that they were using me as a pillow.

I liked my sleeping space, and I liked being able to breathe.

"Alphas," I said loudly, wriggling a little to try and wake them up.

They didn't even flinch. I rolled my eyes and squirmed, slipping a little from Braxton's tight arm clenched around my waist.

He grunted, his snoring stopping as he yanked me back, his head going back to my abdomen, snuggling into it, his train impersonation resuming.

I gritted my teeth, then shoved Nikolai's shoulder. "Wake up," I snapped, his dead weight heavier than expected.

He barely moved.

"I have not had any coffee, it's too hot with you lumps on me, and I need to use the bathroom. Either get off me or I'm going to channel all damn three of you and make you feel the exact same way, full bladder and all," I warned, and that had Nikolai's slumber breaking, his breath coming out in a chuckle as he shuffled away.

I let out a sigh of relief as Derik stretched out from me and Braxton grumbled something about “stupid morning people.” I didn’t care, just glad they had given me my breathing space.

With a satisfied smirk, I scooted from the bed, pulled on my nightgown that had claw marks in the back and was almost pointless, then went through to the washroom.

I used the toilet, then the wooden toothbrush that had been left there for me, brushed through my hair, used the washcloth all over my body, cleaning between my legs, and went back out to where the alphas were.

Braxton was curled up at the end of the bed, almost like a dog would, Kai was rubbing his face, leaning against the headboard, and Derik had his hands at the back of his head, lying on the pillows, facing the ceiling.

The sheets were around their waists, showing off every impressive muscle they had. And there were so many of those.

I leaned against the doorframe of the washroom and folded my arms across my chest. “So, when’s breakfast?” I asked, my stomach growling in response.

Nikolai smirked at me, his eyes roaming over me. I shivered under his gaze.

“Come over here and we’ll have a feast,” he teased, but I shook my head with a chuckle, heading to the wardrobe, stopping before I went in.

“With no magic water to cure my sore pussy or grumbling stomach, I think it’d be safer for everyone if I found some actual food. I’ve been known to go all winter born on the ladies of the village when I’m hangry.”

I laughed, then went into the wardrobe, finding a dress and undergarments.

I put them on, then pulled the corset bodice tight across my torso, tying it up in front of me, smiling as I purposely made it tight, pushing my breasts up the way the ladies of the village found vulgar and unnecessary—unless it was the choosing ceremony.

I didn’t care; it made me feel good, especially when I knew it would drive my alphas wild.

I ran my fingers over the purple silk of the dress, the sleeves cuffed on my upper arm, floating down in sheer wisps of fabric. The skirt of the dress moved with me, feeling beautiful and luxurious against my legs.

I went to leave the wardrobe, barefoot as usual, when the air froze around me. I sucked in a breath at the icy, heavy feeling that weighed down my entire body this time.

It wasn’t just my stomach that felt it. My arms, my head, my stomach, and then my legs.

I trembled and held my waist, breathing out misty air as I sank onto the small padded bench seat in the middle of the room. The oxygen I tried to breathe in was so stiff and cold, it made it hard to catch.

I shivered and checked the room, my eyes falling to the mirror. I gasped, my fingers digging into my arms as the red eyes in my own reflection stared back at me. As if they were mine.

I clenched them shut and turned away from it, taking a few breaths before looking back. A chuckle in the air whispered in my ear, and I flinched.

“What are you? What do you want?” I asked through a clenched jaw, staring back at the mirror.

The red eyes blinked back at me, my reflection standing from the bench and smirking. Not a nice smirk, a devilish one, and it made my skin crawl.

A tight fear gripped my chest, my heart racing as I slowly stood to face it, needing answers even though I was terrified of what they might be.

“We want in.” The voice echoed in my head, the lips in my reflection talking.

I frowned at the vague answer. “I don’t know what you mean. In where?” I demanded, my frustration taking over. If they wanted something, why’d they have to be so cryptic?

“Inside you. Let us in, and we will reward you,” the voice echoed, but I still didn’t get it.

My brother said I could trust them, that they were powerful. Did that mean he had let them in?

I didn’t understand how he could have when every nerve in my body was screaming at me not to, every instinct fighting back, making me damn sure that whatever these shadows wanted was not for good.

I trusted my instincts and shook my head. “Not interested.”

The reflection glared, a hiss piercing my brain as I winced and clutched it, the pain sharp with the sound.

“You have until the next full moon to change your mind.”

They chuckled darkly, and I raised a brow at the threat. “Or what?”

They didn’t answer, the chuckle louder.

“Did my brother say yes?”

The reflection nodded slowly, and I don’t know what made me think it, but I was suddenly sure that their threat hinged on his safety.

I pursed my lips and swallowed hard, fighting past the crippling fear that was making me want to turn away. Refusing to, I lifted my chin a little higher, as if I was brave.

“I’m not my brother. Stay the hell away from me.”

“We can give you power, unimaginable power,” they tried, and it was unnerving to see myself talking back to me, the red eyes growing angrier.

“I don’t want it,” I snapped back. “I just want you to leave me alone,” I repeated, but that had my reflection grinning, looking back at me through narrowed eyes.

“You will change your mind by the next full moon,” the voice warned, even more echoey.

I shivered at the intensity of the voice and hated that I reacted because the malice in my reflection grew.

Before I could ask what the hell that was supposed to mean or what they intended to do to me when I rejected them again on the next full moon, there was a deafening roar as Braxton rushed forward, his fangs bared as he ran at the mirror.

He collided with it, shattering the entire thing, shards of glass spraying everywhere as Nikolai’s arms came around me, spinning me around, hunching over my body as he protected me from the spray.

They cut through his skin, and he hissed but kept me tight in his hold as Braxton howled. I curled into Nikolai, his body so warm, defrosting mine.

The room fell silent as Nikolai stepped back and checked me over. Braxton came over and grabbed me, his hands going to either side of my arms as he leaned down to look in my eyes, his white.

I breathed hard, not sure what the hell had just happened, but snapped out of whatever focus I had been in. I knew I was in trouble by the glare of Nikolai on me and the way he stepped between me and the door.

“Her lips are blue,” Nikolai bit, and I reached up to touch them, sniffing as the coldness tried to make my nose run.

“Shut up,” Brax said, and his grip tightened on me. He just stared with those white eyes and then I felt him, inside me, moving through my body, winding through my organs before finding my mind.

It released a sharp pain and I cried out, trying to pull back, but he held me tighter.

“Stay,” he growled, and kept going, his breathing labored like he was struggling with something. I whimpered as the ache in my head intensified.

“Brax, stop,” I pleaded, clenching my eyes shut, trying to push out the niggling pain that was causing the ache.

When black spots started appearing in my vision and a nausea started low in my stomach, he finally pulled away, breathing hard, sweat beading on his forehead.

His eyes rolled back to normal and I let out a sigh of relief, sagging into his grip on me. Nikolai came up behind me and held me up as Brax stepped away, stumbling a little before narrowing his eyes on me.

“What the fuck were you doing?” he snarled, and I wished I could answer, but instead the dizziness claimed me, my mind spinning into a darkness before I could give any kind of explanation.

Not that I had one.

