

Owned by the Alphas

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THE CARRIAGE

“Carriage one,” he said to me before looking at Perfect Portia. “Carriage one,” he growled, and she nodded quickly, clamping her mouth shut.

“Rest of you to two,” Braxton ordered, and they all rushed forward to their carriages as the alphas moved to carriage one.

I didn’t move with them though. Instead, I ran to my family. I had two seconds before I was hauled off by three sexy werewolves. I didn’t want to wait until tomorrow when I could have a fleeting moment now.

A grin broke on Lucas’s face as I ran into him. My arms wrapped around his neck as his closed around my body, lifting me off the ground, holding me tight as tears fell from my eyes.

“Lorelai!” my father growled as my mother gasped.

“You must go!” she begged, but Lucas kept holding me as I held him. Warmth and love filled me as I closed my eyes against him.

“I’ll see you tomorrow. It was nice to meet you,” I whispered, and he squeezed me tighter.

Silence fell, until a feral growl broke it from behind me. My eyes flung open and Lucas put me down. I let go of him and turned to Nikolai’s stormy face.

“Sorry,” I tried, but he said nothing, looking between Lucas and me.

He stepped toward Lucas, but I stepped in front of him. The gasps of the villagers filled the silence. My mother gripped my wrist as my spine tingled in warning.

“You belong to the wolves tonight.” His chest rumbled before me and anger exploded in my chest.

I was wearing the stupid dress, the uncomfortable underwear, I was freezing, on display, and completely degraded for their sick virgin fantasies and he got mad because I wanted to meet my brother? Fuck him and the wolves.

“Are we going?” I demanded, pointing to the carriages, where the other two alphas watched on, wary eyes between me and Nikolai.

“Learn your place, human,” Nikolai warned, but I didn’t step out of his way, so he couldn’t get near Lucas.

“Can you stop? I haven’t met my brother because of this offering stuff, but I’m still here doing it, so can we get on with it already? It’s freezing,” I bit, sick of holding my tongue for the alpha when he was doing his best to prove what an asshole he was.

His glare turned to me, and I held his gaze. He spun on his heel and I followed, a lingering gaze over my shoulder before I climbed into the carriage with the alphas and Perfect Portia.

Enclosed inside with the alphas, warmth filled me. They were just so big; there was no way not to brush up against them.

I sat between Braxton and Derik, their biceps hard and smooth all at the same time against my arms.

Braxton sucked in a breath and looked at me, then at where his arms touched mine. “Shit, you’re cold,” he said, pulling me under his arm, rubbing my stinging skin.

I laughed. “It’s almost winter and you chose a tiny silk dress to stare at us in. Was I meant to be warm?” I asked, then bit my tongue.

I had to get ahold of my attitude. The alphas may be hot as hell, but they were savages that could break me in seconds if they got too angry at me.

With the look Nikolai was giving me, that seemed more and more of a possibility.

“What’s your name, spitfire?” Braxton chuckled. It was a deep, throaty sound that seemed so natural I almost believed he didn’t have ulterior motives.

“Lori.”

“Your full name,” Nikolai demanded, and I fought the urge to roll my eyes at his anger.

“Lorelai Katerina Rosalynn Valarian.” I said my long annoying name that I never used. “Happy?” I spat, and his anger rolled off him in waves of heat.

His eyes went to Braxton’s hold on me, and he growled. “Mine, Braxton,” he snarled, and Braxton let me go, the heat going with him.

Without thinking about consequences, like usual, I stood and sank into the seat next to Nikolai, forcing myself into the tiny space next to him and sighing as his heat fell over me.

I leaned against him as his eyes widened, looking down at me like he couldn’t believe I had just touched him without permission.

I laughed at his expression, trying to ignore how good it felt to be pressed up against him, his thigh against mine.

“I’m freezing and you said I’m yours, so either help me warm up or let him do it,” I said in explanation.

Braxton laughed a loud barking laugh as Derik smirked.

“She’s got you there,” Derik said with a shrug as Nikolai huffed.

Before I could tell him to stop growling, he pulled me onto his lap. I squealed as he did before his arms went around me, enclosing me in body heat. I couldn’t help the sigh that fell from my lips at the feeling that rushed through me.

I leaned against him, soaking in the heat as Derik held his hand out to Portia.

“Come sit over here, love,” he said, and Portia took his hand, settling in between them. She was tiny between them, or maybe they were just huge.

“I’m Portia Caldwell,” she stammered, and Derik grinned.

“We don’t need your name tonight, sweetheart,” Braxton said against her jawline as he ran his lips along it, breathing in her scent.

I raised a brow as Derik nuzzled into her neck. Portia sat still as a board, her eyes wide, her cheeks flushed.

“Mmmm, is that vanilla?” Braxton sighed. Portia nodded stiffly. He grinned. “My favorite, how’d you know?”

He groaned, tugging her hair between his fingers, bringing it to his nose and inhaling.

“You’re such a creep,” Derik teased, his lips pressing along Portia’s jaw.

She was barely breathing. Her hands clenched in her lap, and I had to look away. She was terrified, they had to sense that in her scent, and they kept going. They didn’t care.

Fucking alphas.

I went to climb from Nikolai’s lap, but he held me there.

“You made a big deal about this, now sit there until we get to the city,” he snapped, his fingers digging into my thighs.

I yanked his hand from me. “No.” I moved into the seat next to him.

He snarled and hauled me back, crushing me against him. “Mine.”

“Fuck you,” I snapped back, sick of the possessive growls and anger that contradicted his “mine” bullshit.

Braxton and Derik both growled at that as Nikolai roared. He grabbed my throat, pushing me down on the seat, leaning over me, his huge body suffocating mine as I tried to breathe through his grip.

I clenched my jaw, my hand holding his as the fury in his eyes swirled, but there was something else. The lust, the desire, the heat that melted my resolve.

I sucked in a breath and swallowed hard as the nature of his wolf teetered on the brink of his control. I wasn't taunting him, I was taunting his wolf—and that was dangerous. More dangerous than I had thought about in the moment.

I sagged back against the seat as he pressed me into it.

“Stop. Challenging. Me,” he bit, his lips brushing against mine.

I sighed against the touch. The intensity of him leaked into me, desire clawing under my skin.

I wanted him. I had no idea why being snarled at, why him holding my throat turned me on, but maybe I was fucked up from being winter born.

I looked into his eyes, heat passing between us, everything else melting away as I tested the waters. I ground my hips against him.

He was rock hard against my thigh, and I bit my lip at the rush of adrenaline that throbbed through me, settling in my core.

“Make me,” I whispered past his grip, and he groaned. I lifted my thigh, rocking my hips against him as I leaned into his hold. His breath came through as shaky rasps against my skin as my fingers danced up his impressive biceps.

“Kai.”

A warning voice broke through, and he glanced over at Derik. His body shook, and he looked down at me, closed off from the desire this time. I fought the urge to sulk as he let go of my throat and the promising storm of pleasure.

“Don’t tempt me, human,” he said, before climbing off me and moving away. He didn’t even fight me when I sat on the other end of the bench seat.

I looked out the window, my hands shaking as I stared up at the blood moon. It would be there for twelve hours. I shivered and leaned my head against the window, my eyes closing.

I had no idea why I felt the way I felt, but if I could bait the alpha into holding me like that again, I couldn’t help but be tempted.

I chewed my lip as a thrill rushed through me at the idea of it. Was I broken? Maybe. I was winter born, after all. I wanted the alpha to break me—well, I wanted him to try—and I wanted to be consumed by that fire in his eyes.

I glanced over my shoulder as Nikolai was glaring at Derik, who was scowling back. It took me a second to realize they were communicating.

“Can you talk to each other in your minds?” I asked, and Braxton paused his caressing of Portia as the other two turned their eyes to glare at me. That seemed to be their go-to though, so I brushed it off.

“Stop playing with fire, little girl. You’ve had your fun, but fall in line before we get to the city or we will have to show you that your kind of defiance won’t be tolerated,” Derik warned, and I knew he meant it.

“We are werewolves, not equals. Your little game just then could’ve gone horribly wrong, and you don’t understand how badly yet—but maybe you will before the night is finished,” Derik continued, and I shuddered at his words.

I didn’t bother responding; instead, I looked back out the window, watching the Grasslands turn into the Water area.

The city was in the middle of Werewolf Territory, surrounded by the Water area like a moat, stretching into the Grasslands and extending into the Forest area.

Beyond that was Vampire Territory, and I had never been brave enough to find out what that meant.

I had never seen the city either though. Villagers weren't allowed. The alphas didn't come to the villages unless it was for offerings.

The wolves swarmed the city, the howls reaching into the carriage as we arrived.

I shivered as it reached inside me. A huge wall surrounded the city, and the giant black gates opened for us. I stared out at the lake that was surrounded by trees and rocks.

A cold pit dropped in my stomach as I stared through the darkness, the red of the moon stretching across the black lake. I frowned at the feeling as it sank further, cold and hard.

I narrowed my eyes through the darkness and swore my eyes found a shadow.

One that stared back.