

Owned by the Alphas |

The Human

“What can we do?” Brax asked as I curled further into my blankets.

My eyes were sore and scratchy, my head pounding as my blocked nose made me sound like I was breathing through a mask.

“Nothing, I’m fine. It’s just a cold. Humans get those.”

I sighed, closing my eyes, trying to sleep off the stupid sickness I had been blessed with thanks to the stupid Summit meeting.

Wolves didn’t get colds, but I was human, and my alphas were a little out of their depth when it came to comforting me.

They had no idea how to do it, getting on my nerves with their incessant worrying, but they were trying and I had to be grateful even though I just wanted quiet so I could sleep.

No chance of that though. Kai hadn’t left my side since my very first sneeze two days ago. They’d tried to stick a healer on me, even take me to Tabitha’s, but I was almost over it, they just had to find some patience.

Not their strength. Especially Kai’s.

“Your fever is coming down,” Derik said, his voice small as he placed the back of his hand against my forehead.

I knew it was coming down. I usually only got a cold for three days. It was the third day, and despite my symptoms lingering, I felt better than I had yesterday.

That had been funny. From my side. My alphas were not amused.

“Once you start eating again, then I’ll stop worrying,” Brax said, planting a kiss on my cheek before pushing my lemon and honey tea closer on the bedside table.

I smiled up at him as Kai tightened his hold on me. He was so hot though, and with my fever coming down, breaking almost, it was getting harder to have him constantly wrapped around me.

He kissed my dry lips before moving away. "I'm not leaving the room," he said, getting off the bed and leaning against the wall to watch me.

"You were in my head," I accused, and he shrugged.

"We have a link for a reason."

I rolled my eyes at him and buried further into my blankets.

I was pretty sure the only reason I had even gotten sick was not just the cold but because I had been going nonstop since I got back.

For the last three days, I had been using my shadows, mostly with Brax, as Derik prepared the wolves in case the cemetery turned into a fight. Kai had been going between me and the wolves, ready to get things over with.

Burning out enough to get sick hadn't been the plan, but I was starting to think that was my body's way of telling me off for going so hard on it.

I listened and had curled up in bed today to get rid of the cold before the full moon. It was scary thinking of what might happen, but I knew I had to go. Alone.

Kai growled at that. He still hadn't come to terms with sending me in, still refusing despite it being one of the conditions.

"You can't come with me, Kai. Don't worry, we have the link, you'll know if it gets bad and you'll see everything that happens through me."

"And what if we get there too late? If he kills you before we get to you?" he snarled.

I huffed and sat up, pulling my legs up to my chest and wrapping my arms around them, giving him a shrug.

"I have been getting better with my shadows. I can hold him off."

"You won't be holding Elias off, beautiful. It'll be your brother. Are you prepared for what that might mean?" Derik asked, and I shook my head.

"No. But I don't have a choice. I have to meet him. I have to know whether it is my brother wanting this or if it is Elias."

"And what if it is your brother?" Brax asked, and I had no idea what the answer was.

In my heart, I knew that facing my brother was going to be the hardest thing I had ever done in my life. I just couldn't guarantee that I could do what needed to be done to him.

If it was him. I was kind of just hoping that it was Elias all along and I didn't need to worry about it.

"The thing is, Lorelai, for Elias to have taken a hold, your brother must have agreed with it. He let him in. There had to be a reason for that," Kai said, his voice still stern.

I knew that, and I knew the possibility of my brother having something to do with Elias being able to take over was high, but I had to have hope.

Because if I didn't have that then Lucas had no chance at surviving, and I couldn't handle that.

I'd already lost so many years with him. I barely knew him, and I should, he's my twin, and yet all I had of him now was the look on his face when he let me fall off the edge of that cliff.

He had shown no mercy, he really believed I had betrayed him by choosing my alphas, and maybe, in the eyes of a human, I had.

But I'd do it again, so the consequences of that decision were mine. I had to be the one to face them.

"If I don't kill my brother, what will happen to him?" I asked, looking at Derik since I knew the final decision would fall on his shoulders in the eyes of the pack, who would demand retribution.

"The pack will," Kai interrupted, and I winced.

"Can't he just be a prisoner or something? Does he have to be killed?"

"Let's just see how things go at the cemetery," Derik tried, but I felt the hesitation, the worry, the doubt inside both of us.

I knew there was a slim chance of my brother surviving.

I swallowed away the emotion that stuck in my throat at the thought and took a deep breath, sniffing again as the deep breath made me feel worse, not better, thanks to my stupid human cold.

I had never gotten sick when I was a baby, or ever. But send me to a magical summit and then I break. Life was a bitch like that.

I leaned back against the wall, closing my eyes as I tried to ignore the outcomes of the next day.

I still had to figure out how to beat Elias. My shadows were easy to use, but they got along with Brax. I had no idea how intense it was going to be against shadows that they hated.

Elias also had my brother's, which made him annoyingly strong. And he didn't care about hurting me like I did him.

I was so outweighed it was getting harder and harder to stay optimistic about the outcome, but I had to try. I was the only one who could, unless some other winter born came out, but I knew that was a fool's dream.

"What if I just didn't go?" I sighed, hoping I could ignore the problem to make it disappear.

Derik chuckled then, and I opened my eyes to see him sitting on the bed next to me. Kai and Brax had left, and I quirked a brow at him.

"They were not being helpful with their responses to your questions. I sent them for a run."

He shook his head, and I smiled. He wasn't wrong; they didn't understand the thoughts and emotions behind the decisions I was making despite seeing them and feeling them.

"If you don't go, beautiful, then I assume Elias and your brother will use the dagger and the blood they have collected from their sacrifices to perform whatever ritual they have found to make them more powerful. And then we'll go to war."

He shrugged like it was inevitable. But I hated that. I didn't want him to think that was the most likely option, I wanted to be where he placed his bets.

He smiled, probably in my head again.

"You are where I hope this ends, beautiful, but it's my duty to think of the worst possible outcome," he said, the hurt in his heart piercing mine as I realized what he was thinking.

His worst fear. My death.

I shuffled closer, placing my hand against his face, my palm along his cheek.

"I'm not going to let that happen. I have my shadows and you three. I won't fail," I promised, and he nodded, his eyes meeting mine with a slither of hope that I locked on to before pressing my lips against his.

I kissed him slowly, softly, with all the tenderness he constantly showed me. He kissed me back, his arms going around me as he pulled me onto his lap.

I sat astride him, kissing him before I had to pull back to breathe. He chuckled and held my chin between us.

"You're still too sick," he said, and I shook my head.

"I'm fine. Please, Derik? Tomorrow is the full moon, everything could change, and I want to have you before then," I said, running my fingers down to the hem of his shirt, slowly lifting it.

He let me take it off. And then I was kissing him again, my lips tugging at his, his tongue finding my mouth as the desire swirled in my stomach.

I sucked in a breath as he pressed his lips against my throat and ran his fingers up my nightgown, along the sensitive skin of my thighs.

Goosebumps formed all over me, twisting my nipples into hard peaks through my white gown. I sucked in a breath as he found the nipple, tweaking it, sending pleasure straight to my core.

I pushed him down against the bed, finding his lips again as he gently pulled my nightie from my body.

“So beautiful,” he breathed, looking over me with a gaze that was so hot and fierce that I trembled, the feeling burrowing deep within me, leaking into my bones as I ground against his thick length.

He sucked in a breath before finding my mouth again. He rolled us easily. I never suspected him switching positions on me since we both knew missionary was a no from him.

I chuckled as I looked up at him, remembering the first time we had slept together. He grinned, reading my mind before kissing me softly.

“I’ll take you any way I can, but if the choices allow me to be buried inside you in any other position, then I will take it. But for now, I want to do other things.”

He grinned widely before tracing his lips down my stomach to the space between my thighs that was hot and throbbing with need.

He stroked my folds with his wet tongue, and I moaned at the intensity of the pleasure that it released within me. He was so good with that thing.

He started slow, tasting me, teasing me, working me up until I was desperate for more, needing more friction and demanding a way to get it, urging my hips into his mouth.

He kissed and nibbled, sucked and licked until I was crying out, all thoughts of tomorrow and my cold gone from my brain. It was the perfect distraction. *He* was perfect.

I clutched his head with my thighs, his hair going through my fingers as I gripped the strands hard, the blanket bunched in my other hand as an orgasm so powerful collapsed on me.

I screamed with a hoarse throat as his tongue stroked my walls faster, harder, making me shake through the pleasure as it claimed me.

Then he was licking up my release, then over my thighs, over the bites they had left scarred into my skin as I shuddered and arched into it.

I had no idea how they made it so intense every time, but it was enough to make me wildly obsessed with them.

“Derik,” I breathed, begging him to claim me the way both our bodies were demanding.

“I’ve got you, beautiful,” he breathed before sliding his hands underneath my ass, pulling me onto his waiting cock with a yank on my hips.

I gasped at the fullness that my body should be used to, but it wasn’t. It stretched for him again, intensifying everything inside me.

Derik pulled me onto him for a couple of strokes, then fell back onto the bed, bringing me with him so I slammed down on his length.

His hilt hit against me, his cock so fucking deep it had me clawing at his skin, trying to relieve the pleasure and tension. I moaned and gasped, riding him hard as my skin prickled with sweat.

I clutched his body with my thighs, the overwhelming force of pleasure and ecstasy on that cusp of coming down on me, but I held it together, breathing hard into it.

He thrust up inside me, meeting my body with his and staring.

His eyes never left mine, holding them, filling me with so much more than just pleasure. Love, comfort, safety, a feeling like home.

It was so much, I couldn’t hold back. I let the emotions crash in on me, crying out, my back arching, my eyes clenching closed as my head tipped back.

Derik growled as I orgasmed, my pussy milking him, luring him into his own release. He sat up, pinning me to him, fucking me hard as he came, burying his face in my neck, his skin sliding against mine as we finished together.

We finally slowed down until I was sitting on his lap, holding him against me, our breathing harsh in the silence. I ran my fingers through his hair, down his back as he caressed my legs.

“Lorelai?” he breathed, finally changing the silence.

“Mmm?” I asked, my eyes closed as I leaned my head on his.

“You know we’re not going to let you go alone tomorrow, right?” he murmured, and I tensed, pulling back.

"You have to." I frowned at him, staring down at his face, but he was dead serious. I should have known my alphas were not going to let that happen.

"No. We should, but we don't have to. And we're not going to. Elias has a plan, and I don't think that involves keeping your brother alive anyway. Which means we are not risking your life by letting you walk into a trap. Your life on the line is the only one we are not willing to risk," he explained.

I had no answer.

It didn't matter that I loved my brother or that I didn't want them choosing me or him, I wanted us both to survive. It didn't matter that I was the only one meant to be coming because they had made up their minds.

They were not going to let me go by myself, whether I tried to convince them to or not.

"I'm sorry, I wish we could just let you go, but we can't."

I hugged him tighter. "I know," I whispered.

I would be the same if it was them in danger, so I couldn't get angry that they were keeping their promise and doing whatever it took to keep me safe.

It showed how much they loved me, and having three alphas that willing to protect me was something out of a dream after the life I had lived.

I just had to hope that they were right and Elias wasn't willing to kill my brother over it.