

Owned by the Alphas

The Marked

Breathing hard, sweating, my pussy aching, I cried out, orgasming again to his thrusts.

I don't think he was meant to have me more than once, but I couldn't help it, the need for him ran deeper than either of us had expected. He was just as weak as me.

I pushed him off me, straddling his waist as he grinned and lifted me, helping me put him at my entrance. He lowered me onto him as I gasped and he growled, his claws growing out for the fourth time.

He cursed and pulled them back in with a clenched jaw, but it had me laughing, reaching for his damp face, my own just as wet. My hair stuck to my neck, to my face, but I didn't care. I'd hydrate after. Whenever that was.

I kissed him, lifting myself on him then sliding back down, my core burning alive, the insatiable need demanding even more. I quickened my pace and sat up, gripping his chest for leverage, riding him like I had read I was meant to.

I could barely breathe through the hurricane we had created together. It was messy, passionate, and I couldn't get enough.

I'd never felt so much delicious pain and pleasure at the same time before and I never wanted it to end. But it had to, and that was rammed home when there was a knock at the door.

"Kai! Get off her and get your ass out here, time's running out!" Derik called, and I paused, smirking down at Nikolai, who had tensed.

"Technically I'm on him!" I called back, and he laughed, shaking his head, grabbing me and rolling us, pushing back inside me, back on top. I moaned at the feeling of him filling me again.

"Not anymore, human." He winked, then kept thrusting, harder and faster, the bed creaking, moving with the force.

“If you haven’t saved enough of her for us, I’m going to be pissed, Kai!” Braxton whined, and this time, I tensed.

I stopped him moving, clutching him with my feet and putting my hand on his chest.

“What the hell does he mean?” I demanded.

Kai hung his head and sighed. “All three alphas in the territory must claim the offerings.” He grimaced, and my jaw dropped.

“That is definitely something you should have disclosed from the start,” I snapped, trying to move out of his grasp, but he pulled me back, kissing me.

“Not allowed.”

“And since when did you care about—”

His hand came over my mouth, and I bit him. He narrowed his eyes then nodded toward the door, holding his other finger to his lips. I glared. Stupid werewolf hearing.

“Hurry up, Kai, we’re running out of moonlight to get this done,” Derik said.

“The other girls have already been to the bathing room. Get her cleansed so we can get on with it,” Braxton added, then they left, Nikolai looking down at me and nodding.

“I’m getting cleansed?” I laughed, and he shrugged.

“It’s part of it. Can I keep going?” he asked, looking down at our connected bodies.

Well, he was already inside me...

I rocked my hips against him as an answer, and he grinned before covering my mouth with his and fucking me again, finishing me off in another epic way that had me shuddering and crying out.

Nikolai pulled his pants back on, then led me back into the dining hall. It was empty.

He moved me through another door, and steam hit me. He shut the door and the steam cleared, revealing girls in white fluffy robes and towels lounging over three blue-tiled, giant, square hot tubs.

There was a platform at the end of the room with stained glass framing the wall in the shape of a window, and a fountain, the water pouring down from a hidden source, running through channels in the tiles to fill the tubs.

I tugged my dress around me like a robe, the silk ripped down the middle. I crossed my arms and followed Nikolai over to the platform where Braxton and Derik were, white towels around their waists.

Braxton was grinning, looking me up and down as Derik rolled his eyes. I didn't miss the whispers and gasps as I walked past the other girls, but I ignored it. I was used to that, being winter born and all.

Derik held out a towel.

"Put this on," he said, and I took it, looking for somewhere to change, but he nodded to where we were standing. "Here."

I sighed and took off my dress, pulling the towel around my body as the whispers and gasps got louder. When I looked up, Braxton and Derik both had wide eyes.

"What?" I demanded, hating that it made me blush.

Derik turned to Nikolai. "You marked her?" he seethed, and Nikolai shrugged.

"Couldn't help it."

I had the bite on my leg, but that was the only mark I could think of. Until I untucked my robe and peered at my body, sucking in a breath.

I had bruises on my hips, hickeys on my breasts, claw marks on my shoulder and down my thigh. I hadn't felt any of it.

"We have an accord with the humans for the offerings. Their conditions are no visible marks or bruises so you're not marked for your choosing ceremony tomorrow," Nikolai explained, and Derik hissed.

"Nikolai! She is not on the human council we converse with, it is not her information to have!" he snapped, and Kai smirked.

“Brother, calm down. It’s the night of the offerings, it’s meant to be fun. And like I said, I didn’t mean to,” he said, putting his hand on Derik’s shoulder before patting it and moving past him to stand by the fountain.

“Drink,” he ordered, and I raised a brow.

“From what?” I looked around and he grabbed my hands, cupping them. He pulled me forward and ran them under the water. It was ice cold. I hissed and pulled my hands back.

“That’s freezing,” I said, and he nodded.

“Yeah. Drink.”

“Why?”

Braxton laughed then and came forward, hanging his arms around me.

“You ask way too many questions, Spitfire. Drink the damn water, go bathe with your friends, and then we can move everyone on to the next alpha.”

He winked, and I had a feeling that meant that he was next. That should make me annoyed, especially since I had only just found out, but I wasn’t—and that was even more terrifying.

I looked over at Nikolai, who nodded once, then bent down and scooped up the ice water in my hands, sipping it.

As soon as the freezing water slipped down my throat, I felt better. Refreshed. And that single sip quenched my dehydration.

Then I turned to the tubs and went to the one filled with the girls from my village. Some were sitting on the ledge, dipping their feet in, their hair slicked back like they had already bathed, and a few in the tub itself.

I took my towel off and slipped in, sighing as the heated water relaxed my body completely.

I leaned my head back against the tub wall, my eyes closing as I savored the water on my aching muscles. Especially the ache between my thighs.

I tried to relax my mind, but I felt the stares. I opened one eye then sighed, meeting Perfect Portia’s narrowed gaze.

“What?” I snapped, not meaning to, but sick of being stared at.

“You’re covered in marks,” she observed, and I nodded.

“So?”

“But...it’s the choosing ceremony tomorrow.” She scoffed like she couldn’t believe that I wouldn’t care. The joys of not being cursed, I guess.

“I’m winter born, Portia, don’t act like you forgot. I’m not getting chosen tomorrow.” I shrugged.

It was a truth that my mother had tried to avoid, but I wasn’t in denial like she was. And I also didn’t care. So I’d never marry or have kids. Didn’t seem that exciting to me anyway.

“Everyone has to be chosen,” she scoffed, and it was true in a way.

If there were leftover women, then the higher-ranking men got to choose a second wife. Or the husbands whose wives had died during childbirth or something. If there weren’t enough women, then some men shared.

It was a strange system, but I wasn’t a part of it, so I didn’t care.

The rules didn’t apply to the cursed. I was lucky they hadn’t cast me to the Vampire Territory themselves, and I was pretty sure the only reason that hadn’t happened was because of my dad controlling the army.

“Maybe.” I shrugged.

She moved closer then. “Did it hurt? Those marks? Was he a savage because of your”—she lowered her voice—“curse?” she asked, and I laughed.

“Yeah, he was an animal,” I said, then moved away and slipped under the water, stopping the interrogation. I came back up, pushing my hair back, and all the girls had given me a wide berth again.

I smiled and sat back on the bench seat in the tub, closing my eyes, finally calm.

Until Kai spoke.

"It's time for the next part of the evening. You must be claimed by each alpha, each territory, for your offering to be accepted. We'll take you through, one at a time like last time. While waiting for your turn, enjoy the tubs and rehydrate from the fountain," he announced, but I didn't bother turning to him.

Brax stepped forward then, jumping off the platform and opening yet another camouflaged door in the wall. It was a room full of bunk beds. I looked over, straining to see in as the others did too.

"If you're tired and want to get some sleep while waiting, then use this room. There's a bathroom on the other end with another fireplace to keep warm. If you're peckish, there's some more snacks too," he said, and I smiled.

For werewolves, they were weirdly in tune with a human's needs. Then again, I didn't really know anything about werewolves. Maybe they had the same needs?

I stayed in the tub as all the other girls made their way to the bedroom, three girls from each territory being pulled away through the steam, back toward the rooms with the beds.

It wasn't long before I was alone in the tub room. The steam still floated around me as I relaxed, not wanting to leave but also starting to feel the tiredness in my aching muscles.

I drifted a little, my eyes fluttering closed, my mind pulling me back as the girls' laughter from the other room filtered through my darkening conscious.

I had just slipped into sleep when the red eyes appeared. I gasped awake and sat up, looking around through the steam. It was freezing, and the heaviness was still deep in my stomach.

I climbed from the tub and wrapped my towel around myself, securing it to my chest.

I could feel them on me; they were watching, and I was sick of it. I wanted to know what the hell it was, why I was being spied on.

I squinted through the thickening steam, squealing when the eyes appeared, bright red, right in front of me.