

TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

Chapter five

The kiss was very raw and far from gentle; It seemed as though this man had been hungry for me for months, despite having just met him that same day. His hands groped my face, my neck, my shoulders, then finally eased down my long cotton dress, grabbing my behind with rigor.

My lower belly came alive with desire, as the Alpha plundered my lips. I pushed aside all thoughts of this being wrong from my head. I had to do this to survive.

It isn't his baby! My wolf screamed in her head. I let out a low growl to shut her up, and she receded to a corner of my mind.

Finally, when I felt like I would burst apart with sexual tension, he pulled back.

"On your knees." the Alpha ordered.

He stepped closer, towering over me like a perfectly sculpted god. The truth of my effect on him stared me in the eyes. It was very much undeniable. I could see his erection, bulging beneath his trousers. I could almost hear it throbbing for me. There was no deception in the way he looked at me, foreboding and raw. It was no secret that he wanted me. It wasn't hidden anymore. There was something alluring about his sincerity. Something that ignited my core and made me wet for him.

At least he looked as though he was enjoying this. That made me feel a tiny bit of relief.

My chest expanded with murky anticipation as I sank down on my knees in front of him. The notion of being pregnant and doing this aroused me even further.

Immediately, I knew what was expected of me, what he wanted me to do. I had enough experience about this from being Alpha Denderick's slave. Keeping my eyes locked into the Alpha's, I fumbled with his belt buckle.

My insides clenched as I drew down his zipper and slowly tugged on his briefs. The Alpha sucked in a sharp breath as I coiled my hand around the base of his dick. Then I began to stroke.

His bright hazel eyes suddenly went all serious and dark, and they widened as I slowly, sensuously stroked my thumb across the head of his throbbing member.

His hard length immediately quivered under my touch. I ran a thumb over the tip of his erection, slowly, carefully. The Alpha groaned and grabbed my shoulders.

I wrapped my fingers around his dick again and gave it a small squeeze, and he placed his hand over mine.

"Do it like this," he whispered and closed his eyes, moving his hand up and down with a firm grip around my own fingers. I mimicked the motion. He closes his eyes again, and his breath caught in his chest. "Yeah, that's right, girl," He half-whispered, half-groaned. "You're doing good."

I leaned forward, while he still had his eyes closed. Gently I closed my lips around his tip and sucked it.

His eyes flew open. "Goddess, what is that?!"

"You like that?" I whispered, staring up into his eyes.

"Yes!" He panted. "Yes, please."

I sucked harder.

The Alpha grabbed a handful of my hair, pushing it away and holding it up for me. The pressure of his fingers in my hair caused wetness to pool between my legs.

"Get up," he ordered. I stood to my feet in silence, and gasped as his fingers wound round my neck. Before I could utter any more words, the Alpha reached down and pressed a hot kiss against my lips, forcing them open.

His mouth tasted of blood and grapes, a strange, warm taste that forced a whimper of longing from my mouth. His lips were forceful, prodding, trying to push inwards. But I kept my lips firmly shut, unwilling to betray my desire to him.

My hands stayed firmly by my side, even though they ached to reach up and rake through his thick, dark hair. I didn't want him to stop, and yet I didn't want him to know that I wanted him.

He pulled his mouth away, his green eyes darkened with desire. "Now, take off your clothes," he ordered again.

He didn't need to do so twice. I unzipped my dress and let it fall to the ground, pooling around my legs. I stepped out of the dress and sat on the table, watching him tower over me.

I hoped he didn't see the tiny paunch that was my eight-week-old pregnancy.

But I knew that desire had a way of blinding a man. I watched as quickly he slipped out of his clothes until he stood naked before me, all muscles and hard edges. His long hair had slipped from the ponytail, and was billowing around his shoulders now.

He was so beautiful it made my heart constrict.

He stepped closer to me, his large frame hovering above me. Quickly he forced my knees up, and before I could say a word, he pushed one finger into my folds.

I was already dripping wet for him.

The result was a gasp from my lips. He withdrew that one finger, then dipped in again, taking me inch after inch. My body grew warmer as he continued to finger me, driving me closer and closer to my orgasm.

Then he withdrew his finger and pushed into me in one clean thrust.

A groan slipped from my mouth as he filled me up with his warm, hard dick. The feeling was alien as if I had never done this before, even though I had done it several times with Alpha Denderick.

He pinned my hands up and drove into me with an animal-like growl, as we made love with a raw intensity. Each time I kept reminding myself that I didn't want this, and yet, with each stroke of his dick, the sensation of hot pleasure increased.

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"Turn around," he rasped, and I obeyed. I spun in his arms, my palms flat on the surface of the table. I gasped as he pulled out and his erection brushed against my behind.

He snaked his hand around my neck and held on, positioning himself at my core, and then he surged forward, slamming into me.

I gasped and held on to the edge of the table for dear life.

"Goddess, woman... you feel so good."

And so did he. He felt good. The literal definition of the word.

Insanely good.

As his right hand roamed every single inch of my body, stroking and twisting and flicking, I felt closer to the brink of heaven than I've ever felt before. I was close, so close!

His touch was rough and calloused. His breath stank of wine. His sweaty body rubbed against mine, and his strong hands held me in one position. Again and again, as he pounded into me, I was reminded of how similar this Alpha was to Alpha Denderick.

They were all the same....

The back of my head rested against his chest, my eyes closed as I imagined myself elsewhere. He filled me so well, so deep, stretching me open with every thrust.

And when his wandering fingers found that sensitive band of skin and nerves between my legs, it all came to a head, and we both cried out in climax.

The Alpha and I collapsed onto the top of the table in exhaustion. He rolled away from me, and suddenly I was aware of the silence that followed our lovemaking. But all that filled my head at that moment was ecstasy.

I had done it! I had made love to another man!

I smiled to myself slyly. Everything was wonderful; my plan had pieced together quite perfectly. The baby inside me now was as much this man's baby as Alpha Denderick's.