



## 77 GET ON YOUR KNEES AND SUCK MY COCK(R-18)

My eyes widened in disbelief. 1

I flushed red.

"W-what?" I asked, unable to believe he had indeed said that to me.

"I said that I have a cut close to my dick." He repeated. "Someone stabbed me beside my balls. Now, get on your knees and clean it. Isn't that what you do, you whore?"

My heart began to race.

My first instinct was to flee from the room, away from him.

But if I did, people would notice something was wrong and words would fly around.

I couldn't take that, and I knew Alexander. He would use that as an opportunity to give me up.

I had tried my best and managed to avoid him for so long that I had begun to believe that I had

succeeded.

But now, here I was.

The other men were waiting for me, chatting with the members of their pack who had come along.

The large room was rowdy.

People were here.

"Are you contemplating an order?" He asked me.

"Aren't you supposed to treat me?"

I began to sweat.

Then he started to rise to his feet. "Well, it seems that Xaden might have something interesting to hear from me about you."

"NO!" I gasped as I held on to him and stopped him from leaving.

He smiled, but the smile didn't go all the way to his eyes.

"Please,," I said, trying to push him down.

I looked around to see if people had taken note of him.



But luckily, they hadn't.

"Please, I will check." I begged him.

He looked at me and then sat back down.

I went down to my knees before him.

He opened his legs apart for me, and I swallowed.

My shaking hands went to the zipper of his pants, and I undid it.

My eyes saw a prominent bulge and pushed my focus elsewhere.

This was degrading.

Insulting.

Here, I was in public with other Alphas while his manhood was to my gaze.

I looked to his left side, which was not cut, and then to his right.

He had not lied.

It was there a stab wound.

I was relieved, as I had something to deter my



mind from his penis.

I turned to my supplies and cleaned them with spirit and cotton wool.

When I was done, I picked up the needle and thread and began to sew.

I was at it, and I tried my best to keep my focus there and far away from his very hard manhood.

I was praying that no one was paying close attention to us.

When I was done, I cut the thread and rose up with relief at being done with him.

But he forced me down and pushed my face against his cock.

"So you're going to leave me there hanging?" He asked me. "Huh?"

He held my hair in his hand with such malicious intent that it hurt me.

I was in pain, but I reduced my voice so no one would take notice.

"You're going to suck my dick." He said it as he hoisted it towards me. "With the people around,





or I will expose your little secret."

My eyes widened, and I tried to back out, but he hauled me back down on my knees and forced it towards my face.

"Take it!" He said.

I struggled.

I was not going to do this. There were limits to what I could take, and I could not let him use me this way.

I struggled as I fought free of him.

He slapped me on both cheeks so hard that my face reddened.

"SUCK IT!" He yelled.

He forced it towards my face.

He was beyond angry at me. For what? I had no idea.

I pushed him away.

Then I felt him let go of me, and someone kicked him down to the ground.



He groaned hard, and whoever it was had his boots over his neck, pressing him to his ground.

I was bewildered, and I had been forced to sit hard on my bum to the ground.

I looked up and saw it was none other than Erik.

"Don't you ever lay a finger on a member of this pack!" He warned Alex.

When had he come? I hadn't even noticed.

Regardless, he saved me from him.

I looked around and saw that the men who could stand were standing, and those who couldn't were looking at me.

I became ashamed.

Had they witnessed what had happened, too?

I slowly rose to my feet.

"She is a slut." He said. "And I heard that she was a slave. Slaves are supposed to be passed around, isn't it?"

"This supposed slut you claim belongs only to Alpha Xaden." Erik said he was pressing his





boots further down Alex's neck. "And under no circumstances will you touch her."

Alex was choking.

"I am a member of the royal family," Alex said. "The King is my uncle. I can have your head for this."

"Till then," Erik said. "But for now, you are under my boot, and with one more pressure, you will be dead."

As if to show he was not playing around, Erik pressed his boot a bit, and Alex choked; blood sputtered from his mouth.

I was worried.

Worried that he would spill my secrets there and then.

Tell them who I indeed was.

I started to fidget and sweat.

"So now tell me, do you understand what I've just said?" Erik said. "She might be a slave, yes, but she is not your slave. She might be a slut, of course, but neither is she your slut. Do you



understand?"

Alex looked like he was going to murder everyone in the entire room.

"Fine!" He spat.

Then Erik took his feet off him, and Alexander drew a long breath as he turned.

"I think she is done with you." Erik told him.

"Your new injuries would be fixed by yourself, not by the slut. And, oh, one more thing. Your fly is undone. You should zip it up so no one sees your cock hanging out."