

The Alpha Train - Oh Good 91[805 words]

He has ruined me! What kind of woman has an orgasm, albeit not the best I've had recently, but still, Sebastian made me come on the table in class last night and I walked away feeling like I wanted more? My body, which is still healing, felt disappointed that I was only getting one mediocre orgasm. What the hell is wrong with me?

Sebastian Webb, that's what's wrong with me.

I swear my traitor of a pussy was practically weeping for me to go knock on his door and ask for more. And what's worse? The orgasm I gave myself wasn't nearly as good as his! What the hell? I've been responsible for my own orgasms for over a decade and now, one Alpha has unlocked the key to the best fucking orgasms of my life, and I can't compete? Something is very wrong here. Because I don't have a better excuse, I'm chalking it up to being injured.

I huff as I get out of bed, feeling the stiffness in my hip immediately. Shit, no running today. I get dressed then strip my sheets and blankets off the bed, putting them in a laundry bag. Then, I grab my laundry basket and begin limping my way downstairs. I've just gotten my clothes sorted and started along with my sheets and blankets when Tyler and Ezra walk in with their laundry baskets.

"Oh thank the goddess we didn't miss you," Tyler says, setting his laundry basket on a washing machine.

"I second that," Ezra says. Both men look like they rushed down here. Tyler looks like he ran his fingers through his hair to try and tame it quickly and Ezra is wearing a ball cap.

"Okay, what do you two know about laundry?" I ask them

They stare at me, look at each other, then look back.

"Nothing," they **say** in unison.

"Okay, we'll start with basics. These are washing machines. These are dryers," I say, pointing as I go. "Normally, your omegas would separate your whites from your colors so they can bleach your whites. But, if you don't want to use bleach and you don't have anything that will bleed color, you can wash all your clothes together."

"That sounds good," Ezra says, picking a washing machine and dumping all of his clothes into it.

"Which is better?" Tyler asks.

"It's a matter of preference, **I'd** say, or how dirty your whites are."

Tyler looks thoughtful for a moment then begins separating his clothes. “I’ll try it the omega-way at least once so I know what they have to do.”

“Aw, shit. That’s a good idea,” Ezra says, looking into his washing machine.

“If you’re going to do it, now’s the time,” I tell him.

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He looks at the laundry a bit longer. “Nah, I’ll leave it. I have several more weeks to try the omega-way of doing laundry.”

“I’m here!” Liam says, rushing in with his clothes practically falling out of the basket he’s carrying.

“Quick catch up,” I say while Tyler is separating his clothes. “Washers, dryers. If you want to separate your clothes so you can bleach your whites, pick two washers and do that now,” I tell him.

“Okay.”

He, like Ezra, dumps his clothes into one washer.

“Up here, you have detergent, that’s what gets your clothes clean, and you have bleach, which gets your whites white. Detergent can just be added to the washing machine using the measuring cap, but there’s a spot here for bleach,” I say, pointing to it in one of the washers.

“Once you’re done, you’ll close the lid, the machine won’t turn on if the lid is up. Close the lid, turn on the machine. here, then chose your cycle. Permanent press is your most common cycle, heavy would be something you’d use for your winter clothes, bedding is as it says, used for your bedding. None of you brought your sheets and blankets down, but I’d suggest you don’t go longer than two weeks without washing them. If the instructors start to get a whiff of body odor coming out of your rooms, they’ll say something. If you have any delicate clothes that would tear easily, they would go on the delicate cycle. When you wash your whites with bleach, you’ll want to make sure your water temperature is hot. Otherwise, use warm or cold so your clothes don’t shrink. Questions?”

I watch as Tyler adds detergent to both of his loads, then watch him with the bleach before checking on the other two again.

“If you don’t have any more questions, I’m going,” I say, starting to walk out.

“Christina, you can’t possibly run. Your bruise still looks awful and you’re limping,” Ezra says as we walk out.

57.1 %

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I’m going to walk it out. I feel stiff this morning so I’m hoping a nice walk will do the trick.”

“Want some company?” he asks me.

“You’re going to walk?” I ask him.

“I’ve got my own injuries that are healing. I understand now why they give us the weekend off strength training. I think most of us need to heal.”

“Fine with me,” I say, and we begin walking in companionable silence. We’re about a mile into our walk when Ezra speaks.

“I’ve been thinking about you...”

I turn and look at him, raising an eyebrow.

“Not like that. I mean, it’s not that you’re not hot ... shit! I have too much respect for you to hit on you. What I mean is, I’ve been thinking about you never finding your mate. That’s what you said right?”

“Yeah. I’m pretty sure if he’s alive that he took a chosen mate by now,” I tell him.

“The sad thing is, he’ll never know what he missed out on. You would have been worth waiting for,” he says, and I raise my eyebrow again.

“Are you sure you’re not flirting with me?” I ask him.

He laughs. “I guess, it’s made me think about finding my own mate. I mean, not all of us find our mates right away. I always thought that if I didn’t find her, that I’d take a chosen mate. But now, after getting to know you and seeing what an amazing Alpha female you are, I’m changing my mind. I think, if I don’t find her right away, I’m going to wait. What if my mate is someone like you and our paths don’t cross for several years. I’d hate to waste the gift that the Moon Goddess gave me because I rushed into a chosen mate bond.”

“Most Alphas don’t think that way,” I say thoughtfully as Tyler laps us on the path. “Most Alphas want to settle down, start their family, and run their pack with a Luna by their side.”

“That’s true. I know running a pack is harder without your mate, but I wonder if it’s harder in the long run if you don’t wait for your mate. I mean, look at you, if your mate had found you at say, twenty-five, he’d have been running the pack on his own for nearly seven years. But when he met you, you’d have walked in and made his life so much easier by taking a huge part of the load of the pack off of him. He would have appreciated you even more because of that. I just think it’s worth a little extra work on the front end to have the woman I was meant to be with for the long run. Does that make sense?”

“It absolutely does.”

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“What about you? You deserve to have a life with someone who loves you,” he says.

I smile at him. “Is Communication class?”

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He shrugs. “I like you. I hope that when this class is done, that we can call each other friends. You could come visit my pack. I have some eligible wolves your age,” he says.

“So, this is match-making 101?” I laugh.

He stops and looks at me. “I have a lot of respect for you, Christina. You would make any pack you lived in stronger. It doesn’t sit well that someone with your skills, your strength, and your compassion ends up being alone. You have too much to offer someone.”

“I agree,” Tyler says, jogging up and stopping beside us.

Christina

2

“Have you two been talking?” I ask, looking between them. They have the decency to look abashed.

“You’d have made a damn good Alpha, Christina. I know we haven’t known each other long, but I want to see you happy. Everyone deserves happiness and I’m sure your wolf would love to find someone to spend the rest of your life with.”

They’re not wrong. I feel the loneliness, and so does my wolf. But what choice is there for me? I’m too old for the young Alphas and too young for the retired, widowed Alphas.

Sebastian’s heated look flashes into my head, but I push that away. He’s an instructor. I’m an assistant. As intimate as our interactions have been, he’s made sure to keep them as objective as possible.

“Did you invite her to your pack?” Tyler asks Ezra.

“Yeah, I did.”

“You’re invited to mine too, Christina. I’d be happy to have you. As a matter of fact, you should come for my birth- day. It’s the week between semesters, so you could attend and then, maybe you’ll be like Laura and find your mate.”

“I don’t know if I should be irritated by you two or touched,” I say, frowning at them.

57.2 %

The Alpha Train - Oh Good 93[804 words]

“Touched,” Tyler says, smiling as he shoulder bumps me.

“I’ll think about it,” I say. “For now, we should go move our clothes from the washers to the dryers.”

“That might have been my secret reason for walking with you this morning. I didn’t want to end up with wet clothes that I didn’t know how to dry,” Ezra says, smiling at me.

“You’re a bit different than I thought you would be,” I tell him.

“What do you mean?” he asks as we walk back.

“My first impression was a hardcore, no-nonsense Alpha. But I saw you with Charlotte that first night at the sex class and now this... almost playful side of you,” I say.

He shrugs. “I’m so used to being in ‘Alpha mode’ all the time that I don’t get a lot of opportunities to relax and just be me. Here, where everyone is more or less equal, I’m finding it a bit easier to relax. At least in some instances and with some people,” he says.

“I kind of like this softer side of Ezra,” I say.

“Shhh, don’t tell anyone and if you come visit my pack, DEFINITELY don’t tell anyone.”

“Your secret is safe with me, Alpha,” I say, laughing as we walk into the dining hall on our way to the laundry room.

My eyes meet Sebastian’s across the room, as if drawn to him like a magnet. My traitorous pussy begins throbbing almost instantly.

“Of course, maybe the person you’re looking for is right in front of you,” Tyler says quietly.

I shake my head. “He’s an instructor, I’m an assistant. That’s not how it works.”

“Things change,” Ezra says.

“Alpha Liam, what the hell did you do?” I hear Mia ask.

- The three of us are instantly rushing to the laundry room. When I get there, I stop, my hand slapping over my mouth so I don’t laugh out loud.

“Christina said to use bleach for your whites,” he says, holding up a pair of boxes that are now pastel pink.

“I said if you separate your clothes, you can use bleach, not to use bleach when you put all your clothes in one load!” **I say.**

He looks in the washing machine. “Everything in here is pink! Even my red shirt is now pink.”

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Chapter 93

He turns and looks at us with his eyes wide. “How do I fix this?”

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“Alpha, you’re going to need to call home and have them send you some new clothes. I don’t know if there’s enough bleach in the world to get all this color out of your whites and your dark clothes won’t ever look the same again,” Mia says, looking through the clothes he’s pulled out of the washer.

Ezra looks panicked as he opens his washer, but he didn’t use bleach and his clothes are fine.

Liam scrubs his hands over his face. “Note to me, don’t do laundry before I’ve had coffee.”

*Come on, Alpha, let’s see what’s salvageable and what’s not,” Mia says to him. I guess this means she’s forgiven him for what happened earlier this week.

I put my clothes in the dryer, using the opportunity to show Tyler and Ezra how to use the machines and then I head into the dining room to get breakfast.

“Everything okay?” Sebastian asks me as I walk up.

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“Fine and dandy,” I say, ignoring the pleading pulse of my pussy begging me to let this man make her feel good. Even my wolf feels like she’s strutting herself in my head, presenting herself to Sebastian as if she’s ready to let him mate her.

What the actual fuck? I need to get my shit together.

I pour some coffee and poke my head into the kitchen saying hello to Haley and Laura.

“Have you seen Alpha Liam? He went to check on his laundry, but he hasn’t come back yet,” Haley says. “He’s on breakfast duty with us.”

“Uh, he had a slight mishap,” I say as Tyler comes up to say good morning to Haley.

“What kind of mishap?” Laura asks from where she’s chopping fruit for breakfast.

“The kind with bleach,” Tyler tells them. Both women stop and look at me.

“How bad is it?” Laura asks, her lips twitching. It’s not the first time an Alpha has ruined their clothes by doing their own laundry.

“There’s a whole lot of pink,” I tell her, and she bursts out laughing.

“There’s always one,” Sebastian says behind me. His deep voice feels like a caress down my spine.

“I would have guessed Alpha Logan would have been the one,” Haley says, making Tyler smile.

“Well, he hasn’t done his yet, so maybe there will be two this semester,” I say.

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Chapter 94

Weekends are more relaxed at mealtimes, especially in the mornings when we don't have classes. So, I grab some

eggs, bacon, and fruit and find a seat, needing to get away from Sebastian.

He, however, follows me out with his own food. "Is everything okay this morning?"

"Yep, fine and dandy," I say, willing my body to act normal.

He frowns at me. "You said that already."

"Did I?"

"Yeah, you did. Are you taking medications for your hip?" he asks.

"No."

"Are you in pain?"

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"It hurts, but it's better now. It was pretty stiff this morning, but I was able to walk off most of the stiffness," I say, focusing on my food.

He continues to frown, watching me as we eat. Others join us, but I feel the need to get out of here, away from him before I jump him like a damn bitch in heat.

I drop my tray off and duck out the other side of the dining hall. I've just gotten to the floor where our rooms are when a hand clamps around my arm and spins me around.

"I don't like being lied to, Christina. Have enough respect for me to tell me what's going on. You're acting strange. You're not prone to hysterics."

"I am not being hysterical," I say.

"By your standards, you are. What's going on? I want the truth. Have I done something to offend you?" he says.

"Believe me, you don't want the truth," I say.

He takes my arm and leads me to his room, gently pushing me inside before following me in and closing the door. He crosses his arms over his chest and leans against the door as if forbidding me to leave.

“Out with it!” he demands. I glare at him a moment before it all comes pouring out of me.

“Yes, I’m offended! I’m offended that my body is betraying me by practically weeping for another one of your fantas- tic fucking orgasms and that I’m apparently no longer as good at giving myself orgasms as you are! I feel like Pavlov’s fucking dog! I see your face and my body begins aching to have you touch me. And since you’re an instructor and I’m an assistant, it’s not exactly convenient for me to feel this way! There! Is that what you wanted to hear?”

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Chapter 94

Okay, maybe I am being a little bit hysterical. My body feels out of control with desire this morning.

His arms fall to his sides as he fights his smile. “You could have just asked for my help.”

“You’re lucky I didn’t sleepwalk to your room last night. My entire body feels off.”

“Like you’ve lost control?” he asks calmly.

I sigh. “Yeah, maybe that’s it.”

“For what it’s worth, I would have been happy to help you last night. I’m happy to help you now, if you’d like.”

“I haven’t showered and I’m all sweaty from my walk,” I say and even I can hear the pouty tone in my **voice**.

“Lucky for you, there’s a shower right through there,” he says, jerking his thumb toward his bathroom.

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I hesitate. I know I’m practically desperate for him to relieve this stress or pent-up frustration inside me, but I also know this is a dangerous line we’re balancing on.

“We’ve been practicing at night because it was convenient, Christina. But there aren’t any classes this morning. We have time. But it’s your choice.”

I look at him a long moment before I turn and head into his shower. I'm never going to be able to focus today until I get what my body and my wolf are demanding.

Him.

Sebastian

I know it shouldn't matter. If anything, I should feel bad. Instead, I feel like a damn boxer dancing around the ring

my arms in the air after winning the fight of my life.

with

That's right Christina. I OWN your orgasms!

My wolf is howling so loudly that it's giving me a headache. I honestly didn't expect her to give in and go to the shower. She must really be desperate. I am more than happy to oblige, and I'll do it under the guise of practice. But being here, in my room, on my bed? If I haven't ruined her for any other man yet, I fully intend to do it right now.

I lay the blanket I've been using for her over my bed. I haven't washed my sheets yet, so they probably smell strong- ly of me. Rather than worry about that, I'd rather just keep scenting this blanket with her smell. That, I won't wash for . a while.

When she comes out of the shower, she's wrapped in a towel looking equal parts mortified and desperate.

"**Lay** on the bed, face up," I tell her.

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"Don't bother asking for permission. We both know why I'm here," she snaps.

I can't tell **if** she's irritated about me giving her such great orgasms, or if it's because she's so desperate to have one that has her to on edge. I just know, this isn't my usual Christina. And while I like her desperate for me, I want her calm. I want her to know that I will help her if this happens again.

She lays down on the bed, her hands clenched into fists. I start by sliding my hands over her body, feeling her skin which is still damp from the shower. Her nipples instantly pucker at my touch and her hips move, **just** a little to let me know that her body, at least, is happy to be here.

The moment I slide my hand over her breasts, she opens her hands and grips the blanket. Her moan is louder than usual as she arches up.

“You’re very sensitive this morning, Christina,” I say, watching as goosebumps light up over her body.

“That’s what I was trying to tell you. I feel fucking desperate, and I don’t know why,” she says.

I watch my hands as they caress her body. Her body is always very responsive to me, but this **is** more than the normal.

“Christina ...” I stop, not sure if this will embarrass her or not.

When I look back, she’s watching me.

“How close are you to having your period?”

I watch as she blinks, then frowns, then looks back at me as realization dawns on her.

“Very close.”

I nod. “That makes sense. By tomorrow, I’ll bet your body will be too sensitive for me to touch. How long does your cycle usually last?” I ask, wondering about Tuesday night’s class.

“Four to five days,” she says.

“We’ll work around that. Most of the others will have to work around it as well at some point. It’s why we give **two** weeks for Alphas to give their partners an oral orgasm. **It’s** very common for our assistants to be in their child-bearing years,” I tell her before leaning over and sucking her nipple into my mouth.

Her hand goes into my hair, gripping it tightly as she holds my face to her breast while arching up into my mouth. Damn, **this** is fun. I probably won’t be able to touch her again for a couple of days without it being uncomfortable for her, so I’m going to enjoy this.

I kick **off** my shoes and crawl onto the bed beside her, laying my body against hers and using my free hand to stroke her other breast.

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Chapter 95

“Sebastian, yes! This is what I needed!”

“Don’t worry, Christina. I’m going to make you feel really good.”

“Thank you,” she breathes as I move from one nipple to the other.

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I slide my hand down her stomach, feeling her muscles quivering at my touch. When I slide them between her thighs, she opens her legs wide, giving me easy access to her.

I growl, pulling off her nipple with a soft pop. I look down at my hand that **is** soaked with her arousal.

“Fuck, you’re so wet.”

I slide two fingers inside her and I can already feel her inner walls fluttering around my fingers. Fuck, I’m not exactly prepared to come in my shorts. It’s a good thing I planned on doing laundry today.

I slide up her body, capturing her mouth with mine as I quickly and easily bring her to her first orgasm. I swallow her moans and her sweet cries of pleasure and force her to hold the orgasm, making it continue as I push the heels **of** my hand onto her clit.

Her body jolts around me and I’m pretty sure I hear the material of my shirt tear as her nails rake down back. She rolls her body toward me, hooking her leg over my hip as we kiss and I continue to push her body to maintain her or-

gasm.

She pulls away from the kiss, throwing her head back.

“Yes! Yes, this is what I needed! Yes, Sebastian!” she yells.

I fight hard to keep my canines inside my gums as I stare at her exposed throat. I growl and because it’s offered, I suck on her marking spot, making her body shoot off again even harder this time. I don’t stop, sucking her sweet spot and forcing her to come all over my fingers.

When I finally bring her down, I know she'll have a mark on her neck. I shouldn't have, but my wolf wanted to leave some sort of mark on her, claiming her as his. This was the only way to make sure my canines didn't come out.

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Chapter 96

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Chapter 96

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Chapter 96

I push her onto her back and slide my fingers out of her, pulling them between us as I roll over top of her.

“Look how soaking wet you are,” I say. My hand is covered with her arousal.

I watch her dark eyes as I suck my fingers into my mouth, greedily licking her arousal off **of** them.

“You taste so fucking good, Christina,” I growl before I start kissing my way down her body.

I suck each nipple into my mouth, sucking harder this time before releasing them and continuing down her body. I hook one leg over my shoulder and the other I press to the bed, looking at her glistening, swollen pussy lips.

I take one long, slow lick, savoring her rum and berry taste, searching for that hint of vanilla that **is** like the fucking cherry on top of the most incredible taste in the world. I'd intended to savor her taste longer, but my own need to de-

vour her overtakes me.

My mouth latches onto her sweet pussy and I look up to see her watching.

“Yes, Sebastian. Fuck, right there, YES!”

I growl against her pussy, and her body jolts just before she explodes on my tongue. She holds my gaze as her body shatters around me, jerking with the force of her orgasm as I continue to lick and suck at her sweet taste.

I don't bother counting her orgasms this time. My goal is to make her forget to count so I eat my fill, watching when her head falls back to the bed, her hips pressing up into my face.

When I slide my fingers back inside her, her body is still coming, still clenching, drawing my fingers into her. It's like she sucks my fingers into her body, begging for me to stroke her in the way that she needs to be stroked.

Fuck, I can't wait for the day that it's my cock deep inside her. I bet she'll feel like fucking heaven.

I let myself get lost in her scent, her taste, her moans, her cries of pleasure followed by whimpers as her pussy pulses against my tongue. I love hearing her scream my name over and over again.

Her voice is long gone when I finally pull off of her, blowing air on her very swollen pussy lips. I glance at the clock and realize that I really did get lost. It's nearly lunch time.

"How do you feel now?" I ask her.

"Fucking incredible," she rasps.

I slide up her body, flicking her nipple with my tongue as I go, making her body jerk from the overstimulation.

"We may have to spend a few days letting you practice on me while your body gets past the sensitive time. I'm fine with that **if** you are," I tell her.

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She nods, not opening her eyes.

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"If you don't need to study, we could start tonight. But I've taken up your entire morning, so you may need that time. Just let me know what works for you," I tell her.

She nods again.

I slide her hair out of her face. "Hopefully that will hold you through your afternoon classes," I say.

“I feel so much better right now. So totally relaxed. I can’t thank you enough.”

“It was my pleasure, trust me. I meant it when I said you taste divine. I guess that’s why I got carried away and went down on you for over two hours,” I say.

Her eyes flash open and she sits up quickly.

“Oh shit!” she rasps.

“Yeah. You have lunch duty, right?” I ask her.

“Yes!” she says, hopping off the bed. She collects her clothes, then stops, turning to look at me. I’ve stayed on the bed, just watching her.

“Three hours? You made me come for nearly three hours straight?” she asks with awe.

I shrug. “You were pretty desperate.”

She shakes her head before pulling the sports bra over her head.

“Ruined,” she murmurs. Then, as if it just dawned on her, she looks at the front of my shorts.

“Oh yeah, I came a lot too,” I tell her.

She gets a devious grin on her face. “We should use tonight as my practice time. Maybe I should get a head start on this week’s coursework and you could lay on your back tonight,” she rasps.

My cock twitches in my shorts at the thought of her hands wrapped around my hard length.

“See if you have time. If you do, I’m willing.”

“I’ll have tomorrow morning to study,” she says, finally tearing her eyes away from my shorts to put her spandex shorts on. “I’ll see you at lunch.”

“See you there,” I say.

She gets to the door and turns around. “Thanks again, Sebastian. I really do feel a lot better now.”

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“Any time, Christina. I mean that.”

She nods and walks out. I flop onto my back and stare at the ceiling.

She hasn’t seen the mark I left on her yet. I hope she’s not angry with me when she does. I’ll face the consequences if

she is. I did it, and I’ll apologize if necessary and somehow make sure it never happens again.

That thought doesn’t sit well with me or my wolf, so I reframe the thought in my head, settling both of **us**.

Somehow, I need to make her agree to be mine.

Christina

I rushed to my room and showered quickly before getting dressed and heading downstairs to get ready for lunch. I feel fucking fantastic. My body is still humming after hours of orgasms. I will have to practice often in order to become the best possible lover I can be so I can even hope of getting to Sebastian’s level of skill.

When I walk into the kitchen, Tyler is there.

“Hey, are you on lunch duty with me today?” I ask him.

“I am and I feel even more out of my element than I did in the laundry room.”

“Well, lucky for all of us, Haley is a master in the kitchen, and she’s developed meal lists with necessary ingredients,” I say to him, pulling the list out so we can both look it over.

“Hey, umm, it’s not my business but after this morning, I’m just a bit surprised,” he says.

I turn and look at him frowning. “What are you talking about?”

“I mean, you obviously still have Alpha Sebastian’s scent on you. But you seemed pretty clear that things weren’t like that between the two of you.”

“You know I’m his assistant in the sex class,” I say, feeling a bit lost. It’s not like Tyler to try to make me uncomfortable. If it were Logan or maybe even Liam, sure, but not Tyler.

He looks at me, his own frown deepening. “Have you looked in the mirror?”

“I was rushing to get here, why?” I ask.

“Uhh,” he says, tapping his neck in his marking spot.

I reach up and touch the spot, remembering how Sebastian had sucked on it making my orgasm so much stronger.

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Chapter 97

I give him a look like I still don’t know what he’s talking about.

“Go look in a mirror, Christina,” he says.

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I turn, walking quickly into the downstairs bathroom. As soon as I see it, I gasp. Sebastian left a hickey on my marking spot. A dark one.

Part of me is appalled. What does it even mean? But another part of me, a much deeper part of me, something instinctual, is rejoicing at having his mark on my neck. I stare at it. He couldn’t possibly have meant to put a claim on me. He must have gotten carried away, or maybe he was just so invested in helping me to work out the stress that he didn’t realize how hard he was sucking.

But as I look in the mirror, I know those are excuses. Sebastian is an Alpha. He knew exactly what he was doing. He knew exactly where he was leaving his mark. So, the question is, why? Why did he mark me?

I rush out and poke my head back in the kitchen. “Tyler, **I’m** going to go change my shirt.”
2

“Good idea,” he says, giving me a look before I rush upstairs quickly. I duck into my room, grabbing a button-down shirt with a collar. I check myself in the mirror this time and growl. If I’m not careful, it will show. I grab some make up and dab the concealer on the mark. It’s not perfect, but it’s better. If I’m careful, you won’t be able to see it. Hopefully, it will be gone by tomorrow.

When I walk back downstairs, Liam is in the dining hall, looking miserable.

“I think pink’s your color, Alpha Liam,” Alpha James teases him.

“Don’t let him get to you, young Alpha. At least you have a black shirt,” Sylvie says to him. He is wearing a black shirt, but his shorts look like he tie-died them pink and white.

“That’s what Luna Mia says. I already called home to get more clothes sent over,” he says, looking miserable.

I say hello and I’m about to go back to the kitchen when Logan walks in, looking furious. I hear Alpha James snort coffee through his nose behind me.

“What the hell happened to you?” Sylvie asks Logan. It’s everything I can do not to laugh out loud.

“No one told me I wasn’t supposed to use high heat!” Alpha Logan grumbles.

48.5 %

The Alpha Train - Oh Good 98[822 words]

“Did you ask anyone?” I ask him. His clothes are all about three sizes too small. The shirt looks like it’s going to shred if he moves too much and the shorts... oh goddess, the shorts are so tight that you can see EVERYTHING. It looks like he raided his younger sister’s dresser and is wearing her clothes.

“There was no one around to ask!” he says. “And now, all my clothes look like this!”

“See, Alpha Liam, pink isn’t so bad, is it?” Mia asks walking in and not bothering to hide her laughter.

“What the fuck are you wearing?” Alpha Daniel asks, walking in.

2

I make my way into the kitchen, finding Tyler. He’s pulled out the ingredients but hasn’t started prep yet.

“Better?” I ask him.

“Much, you’d have to look for it to find it now. You should be careful, Christina. Alphas don’t leave marks arbitrarily. Everyone has been warning Haley about the amount of time that she and I are spending together. I have no intention of hurting her, I really like her. I care about her. But she and I have talked about it. We both know the risks we’re taking. Have you and Sebastian talked about it?”

“Things are a bit different between he and I. He’s not a young Alpha waiting for his mate. I’m not a young Alpha either, even though I never found mine. He’s always very clear about what he is going to do and why. This time, well, we weren’t in the classroom, so it felt a bit different. Maybe that’s why,” I say.

He shakes his head. “I don’t think so, but you know him better than I do. Just be careful. You need to guard your heart too, Christina. Alpha Sebastian is a really good man from everything that I’ve seen of him. But he’s also a widow. If this **is** just for fun and you’re in agreement, great. If not... just be careful.”

I shoulder bump him as we chop vegetables. “I feel like I’ve gained a younger brother.”

He smiles. “You feel like the sister I never had. So, what was all the commotion out there before you walked in?”

“Oh shit! Go poke your head out and look at Logan,” I say, laughing.

“That good?” he asks.

“Let’s just say, Haley was right about him and the laundry.”

He sets his knife down and walks around the chopping table, looking out into the dining hall. I hear him bark out a laugh before coming back in.

“Couldn’t have happened to a nicer guy,” he says, smirking.

“How the hell is he going to spar in those clothes?” I ask as I start to put the lunch trays together.

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Chapter 98

“Spar? How is he going to sit down without splitting those shorts?”

Just as he says it, we hear the sound of ripping fabric followed by Logan’s string of curses.

“Do you have anything that isn’t cotton, Alpha Logan?” I hear Laura ask him.

“My running shorts looked like they melted in the dryer,” he growls.

“Alpha, you’re going to have to find something to put on because I have no interest in seeing your cock and balls hanging out while I’m trying to eat lunch,” Alpha Benjamin says to him, sounding disgusted.

“What the fuck am I supposed to wear?” he growls.

“Find something,” Alpha Will says. “Your hairy ass is making me lose my appetite.”

“There may be something in the lost and found, Alpha Logan. Let’s go have a look,” I hear Sebastian’s deep voice. My body shivers involuntarily.

Tyler glances over at me but doesn’t say anything.

He notices entirely too much. Or, more accurately, as the future Alpha of his pack, he notices everything which is part of what will make him a fantastic Alpha.

Sebastian

I’m not sure if I should be thankful or not that Christina hasn’t mentioned the mark. I noticed at lunch that she was do-

ing her best to hide it, so she obviously saw it, but she didn’t say a word about it.

Of course, right after lunch, classes started, and that probably had something to do with it.

After dinner, she gave Tyler a token for ‘keeping her secret’. I wonder if he’d asked about the mark I left on her. Based on the looks I caught him giving me over dinner, I’d say yes. Christina got several tokens for helping with laundry and Mia even gave one to Liam for the best massage she’s had in a very long time. When Christina approached my table, I couldn’t help but smile.

“Just take whole lot of them. I don’t have any idea how many orgasms I had. That may not even be enough,” she said, not quite looking at me as she set the entire bag of coins in front of me.

55.9 %

The Alpha Train - Oh Good 99[797 words]

Chapter 99

I open the bag and pull out three coins. "I'll take one for each hour, how about that," I say, pushing the bag back over to her.

She finally looks at me, the question in her eyes that I know I'll have to address tonight, but she nods and takes the bag, leaving me with my reminder of how many hours I'd given her orgasms this morning.

Now, I'm waiting for her to arrive at my room for tonight's session. I take a deep breath, preparing myself for what's next. When she knocks, I open the door and let her in.

Gone is the button-down shirt that was hiding the mark. In its place is a tank top that clearly shows the residual bruising from this morning's mark.

Seeing my mark on her, even though it is temporary, has my body responding and my wolf howling his claim over

her.

"I think we should start tonight by talking about this," she says, tapping the mark on her neck.

"I apologize for that. I should not have marked you like that, especially without your knowledge or consent," I say.

"Why did you?" she asks.

There are a lot of different ways I can answer that question, but I choose the easiest and most honest.

"I lost control."

"You never lose control," she says, frowning.

"I do with you."

"Is that a bad thing? Should I or we do something different?" she asks.

"Have a seat, Christina. I expect honesty from you, and it wouldn't be right if I didn't give you that same honesty in

return."

When she sits, I sit across from her. I'm in a towel again in anticipation of our session tonight, so I'm careful not to flash her. We all had enough of that with Logan today.

“I’m drawn to you, Christina. I don’t know what that means but the pull to you is strong enough that I want to see how things play out between you and I. I know you may not feel the same, and I know that our relationship is different given the instructor/assistant roles that we have. But that’s why I lose control around you. There is something about you that calls to something deep inside me.”

I watch a myriad of emotions play across her face. “You don’t have to respond tonight. I know I just put a lot on your

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Chapter 99

288 Vouchers

plate. Think about it. We still have classes to teach, and you have classes to excel in,” I say smiling at her. “I don’t want anything that may or may not happen between us to impact that or your ability to do well this semester. It’s probably better if you don’t think too much about it until after this semester is over anyway. I don’t want to become a distraction for you. I want you to have your chance to do well, but in the interim, you may have to set clear, firm boundaries with me if you feel like I’m overstepping or what I’m doing is causing you to lose focus on your classes. Can we agree on that?” I ask her.

“Yes. It’s probably best if you don’t leave marks on my marking spot. It just brings up questions that I’m not prepared to answer,” she says.

“That’s fair. But does that mean I can leave marks in other places? Places that others couldn’t see,” I ask. I’m pushing, I know, but I need clear boundaries.

“Like where?” she asks.

I shrug. “Your inner thigh. Unless you’re having sex with someone else and I don’t know about it, no one would see a mark there. Maybe your breasts? I won’t leave any on your stomach as your stomach is bare during strength class. But there are other places I can leave a mark.”

She looks at me a moment, and I hold my breath. Have I overstepped?

“I would be okay with that,” she finally says.

“Thank you.”

She nods. “Is there anything else we need to discuss tonight before we get started?”

“No. Did you want me on my stomach or my back?” I ask her.

She only hesitates a moment. “Your back.”

I walk to the bed and pull the towel off, leaving it beside the bed, positive that I’ll need it. Christina walks over to me, smiling at my already hard cock.

“Do I have permission to use my hands and mouth on you, Sebastian?” she asks, her fingers trailing gently over my arm. Goosebumps ripple across my body and even such a gentle touch has me gasping.

“Yes. But I’ll remind you, first points in class are for an orgasm through touch only. The second points are through oral stimulation.”

50.9 %

The Alpha Train - Oh Good 100[826 words]

Her hand slides over my stomach. “Is there anything that says I have to give you more than one orgasm using the same approach? Or can I decide as I go, as long as I give them in the correct order?” she asks, her free hand running under my shoulder to my neck. Her thumb slides up my neck, searching for tight areas.

“There’s nothing about that. Usually, Alphas struggle to make their partner come from touch alone.”

“I can see why it’s important to leave your ego at the door. I’m struggling to maintain my own ego which is unusual for me. I feel pretty confident that I’ll be able to make you come tonight, Sebastian,” she says.

“I am completely confident that you will, Christina. I’ve had multiple orgasms just from making you come. I can’t imagine what it will feel like if you’re actually trying to make me come.”

She shifts, sitting on the bed by my head.

“So, how do you like to be touched, Sebastian. The gentle touches make your body respond with goosebumps, but the deeper touches make your breathing change, like it relaxes you.”

“That’s the point of the massage, right, to relax the person,” I say.

“Yes, that’s true. Maybe I should try to relax you completely before trying to make you come.”

“Are you trying to make this harder for yourself?” I ask, smiling up at her.

“No, but it doesn’t seem fair that it would be this easy for me.”

She massages my arms which feels great, then she begins rubbing her hands down my chest and stomach, sliding them to my sides as she works her way back up.

“You hold stress in your waist and sides along with your lower back,” she says, softly.

I open my eyes and see her breasts staring back at me as she massages my upper body. Up close like this, I can tell she’s not wearing a bra. Her nipples are puckered as if begging me to suck on them.

She looks back at me from where she’s leaning over me.

* “Sebastian?”

I grit my teeth. “I have a very strong urge to suck your nipple into my mouth, since it’s right here.”

She slides back up my body watching me. “Would it make your orgasm better?” she asks.

“Yes,” I say without hesitation. “Hearing your moans and gasps is a huge turn on for me.”

She watches me as she pulls her tank top over her head then moves so her breasts are hanging over my mouth again.

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Chapter 100

This time, I slide my hands up her sides, hearing her gasp as she begins to massage my upper body again.

“You’ll have to tell me if you’re too sensitive,” I say.

I wrap an arm around her and gently pull her closer to me, sucking her nipple into my mouth.

288 Vouchers

She gasps and just as my cock twitches, I feel her hand wrap around me. It feels just as incredible as I knew it would.

She begins stroking me, following the movements of my tongue. I take long, slow, circling swirls around her nipple and she follows the rhythm with her hand, slowly sliding up and down my cock.

She pulls out of my mouth, moving farther down my body and a moment later, I **feel** her warm mouth on the tip of my cock, her tongue licking the precum off the head.

“Fuck, Christina. First orgasm is touch only,” I growl, my body already about to explode.

“I wanted to taste you,” she purrs. “You always say how good I taste, but you taste pretty delicious too, Sebastian.”

Because of how she moved, her pussy is now above my face, and I can smell her intoxicating rum, juniper berry, and vanilla scent. My hands roam up and down her sides until she moves back, allowing me to suck her nipple back into my mouth.

I feel a pillow press against each of my sides and then she’s leaning over, resting her elbows on either side of me, freeing both her hands to stroke me. She begins a twisting motion stroking the full length of my cock.

I bite down on her nipple in the way I know she likes, my tongue swirling in quick motions. She cries out and her hands tighten around my cock, stroking me faster.

I pull away from her breast, letting my teeth graze over it as I do.

“Fuck, Christina, I’m going to come!” I tell her, reaching for the towel I left beside the bed.

She quickly slides it under my cock then resumes stroking me.

I grip the sides of the bed as I feel my balls tightening and only a couple of strokes later, my body explodes. I roar against her stomach as she lifts up, stroking me through my orgasm and drawing every bit of aftershock out of me.

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