

Who's My Triplet's Alpha Daddy?

- Chapter #2

Chapter 2

I'm using the last functioning brain cell I have left to push against Kieran's chest. Even as my traitorous hips roll forward like they're auditioning for a position I definitely didn't approve.

My hands say '*stop*' while my body screams '*mount him like a fucking prize stallion*', and the mixed signals are frying my circuits faster than cheap electronics in water.

"Why?" I gasp, trying to make my mind override my body's demands. "You have Lia. You hate me. You both made that abundantly fucking clear."

The words taste bitter. Two years of systematic cruelty don't just evaporate because my hormones decided these are the Alphas they want to climb like trees. My body doesn't get to vote here—I do.

Except I'm losing. Badly.

Kieran's control doesn't just shatter—it fucking detonates as he yanks the guest house door open and drags me inside.

The door slams hard enough to rattle the windows, and suddenly I'm against the wall with his body caging mine, his breath scorching my throat while his hands frame my face with a gentleness that makes zero sense after how we got here.

"Lia was never my choice." His voice cracks like he's confessing to murder. "Never. Not once. Not fucking ever."

I'm trying to process this, trying to reconcile years of watching him with my sister against what he's saying now. But then his mouth is inches from mine and thinking becomes impossible.

The heat between my thighs pulses so hard I have to lock my knees to stay upright.

Then the door crashes open like the Moon Goddess herself is pissed.

Lysander stands there, eyes wild and purely feral as he snarls at his brother: "Get the fuck away from her."

Kieran doesn't move. His body shifts, shielding me, and the protective gesture sends a fresh wave of slick between my thighs that I know they can both smell.

Lysander's jaw clenches hard enough to crack teeth, taking in the scene. Me trapped against the wall, Kieran's hands on my face, the air so thick with heat pheromones.

"I saw your little encounter by the door," he says, voice deadly soft. "Came to check she's okay. But really, brother, do you think you get to claim her now? After everything?"

"Like you have any right to—" Kieran starts.

"More right than you." Lysander takes a step inside. "I never made her life hell for two years because my girlfriend told me to jump."

Kieran's hands tighten against my face, possessive. "Then where the fuck were you? If you gave such a shit, why didn't you defend her?"

"You made her untouchable!" Lysander's composure shatters completely and suddenly he's in Kieran's face. "Every time I even looked at her, you made it worse for her. You think I didn't notice? You think I didn't fucking try?"

They're fighting over me. The realization cuts through the heat haze—they're actually fighting over me like I'm something worth having.

They're right here, radiating Alpha pheromones that make my body clench around nothing, and I'm so empty it physically hurts.

Another wave crashes through me and I whimper—actually fucking whimper. Which should be mortifying but the heat has burned through my dignity and is now working on my self-preservation.

Both brothers turn to me with matching expressions of possessive hunger that should terrify me but instead makes me wetter. The argument morphs into negotiation through gritted teeth and barely leashed violence.

"She needs—" Kieran starts.

"I know exactly what she needs." Lysander's voice goes rough, primal.

"I won't share." Kieran's hands haven't left my face. "Especially not her."

"Then leave." But Lysander's already moving closer, until I'm drowning in both their scents. "Because I'm not walking away. Not again."

"Neither am I."

They're both looking at me now, waiting for something I don't have the capacity to give. A choice. Permission. Some indication that I want this absolute disaster of a situation.

"Please..." I manage, which isn't an answer to anything but somehow means everything.

Kieran's thumb traces my bottom lip. "Both of us?"

I should say no. Should tell them both to fuck off, that two years of psychological warfare doesn't disappear because my heat decided they're breeding material. Should have literally any self-respect left.

"Yes." The word comes out broken. "I can't... Fuck, please, I need—"

Lysander's hand slides into my hair, gripping just hard enough to make me gasp.

"We've got you," he growls against my ear, and the dark promise in his voice makes my knees buckle. "Not going anywhere."

Kieran's mouth finally closes the last inch to mine and I stop thinking entirely.

He kisses me like he's trying to crawl inside my skin and I'm melting into it even as some tiny rational part screams that this is wrong, dangerous, going to destroy me in ways I'll never recover from.

His hands slide to my waist, bunching my tank top. Lysander's teeth find that spot where my neck meets my shoulder and I'm gone, completely fucking gone, making sounds I didn't know I could make.

"Bed," Lysander says against my pulse.

The single word shouldn't be hot but everything is molten right now, everything is overwhelming and perfect and terrifying.

Kieran lifts me like I'm weightless. My legs wrap around his waist on pure instinct, and I can feel how hard he is through his dress pants, thick and pressing exactly where I need it.

Lysander's hand slides up my bare thigh as they carry me deeper into the guest house, and when my back hits the mattress, they're both above me looking like they want to devour me whole.

When Lysander's mouth claims mine this time, his tongue doing things that make me arch off the bed while Kieran's hands explore skin that's apparently made of live wires.

His mouth follows the path of his hands—throat, collarbone, the valley between my breasts—and I'm making these desperate, broken sounds that don't even sound human.

"You're ours." Kieran's teeth graze my nipple and I nearly come from that alone. "Say it."

"Say you're ours," Lysander echoes, his hand sliding between my thighs, finding me soaked through my shorts, "and we'll make you forget everything but how good we can make you feel."

His fingers press against my clit with devastating accuracy, and I'm gone. The heat crests, pulling me under, and my last coherent thought is that tomorrow I'm going to hate myself for this.

Tomorrow I'll have to face what I've done, what I've let them do.

But not now.

"Yours," I gasp as Lysander's fingers slip under the fabric, finding me bare and dripping. "Fuck, I'm—"

Kieran's mouth moves lower, his hands pulling my shorts down while Lysander swallows my moans. They work in perfect synchronization, like they've done this before, but the possessive growls they keep trading suggest this is new territory for everyone.

"Perfect," Kieran breathes against my inner thigh, so close to where I need him that I'm literally shaking. "You're so fucking perfect, Thalia."

I'm coming apart and everything is spilling out in desperate sounds that probably have the entire estate aware of what's happening. But I don't care. Can't care.

Not when Kieran's mouth finally...

"Please," I beg, dignity completely abandoned. "Please, I need—"

They give me everything. Kieran's tongue, Lysander's mouth. Their combined scents making me so crazy I'm clawing at the sheets, at them, at anything I can reach.

This was always going to happen. We were always going to end up here, tangled together and destroying each other in the most beautifully devastating way possible.

When Kieran replaces his mouth with his fingers and kisses me, I taste myself on his tongue and nearly black out from how obscene and perfect it is.

Lysander's mouth finds my breast and between the two of them, I'm coming so hard I see stars, clenching around their fingers while they murmur praise and promises against my skin.

"Just getting started," Lysander promises darkly. "Going to take such good care of you."

"Going to make you forget you ever hated us," Kieran adds, and the confidence in his voice should piss me off but instead makes me clench around nothing, already empty again, already needing more.

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