

Chapter 34

Alyssa

A low moan escapes me as I stir, feeling the unmistakable pressure of his cock teasing my entrance. He's sliding up and down my slit from behind, his rough hands squeezing my ass with that possessive grip I'm beginning to love.

My mind barely registers the change in position before my body relaxes instinctively. I don't need to see him to know who it is.

But when did I get in his bed? And what time is it?

The last thing I remember was falling asleep on Niko after he—

No, I don't want to think about that right now.

"Are you sore, kitten?" King rasps into my ear, making me shudder.

"A little," I breath, recalling the wild, mind-blowing sex we had last night before he left. My body still aches in places I didn't know could hurt.

"I'll go as slow as I can," he murmurs, a hint of tenderness in his voice. "I just wanna feel you...sleep with my cock in your pussy."

Before I can respond, he's already pushing inside me, groaning as his cock stretches me open again. His hips roll in a lazy rhythm, the slow glide of his thickness sending sharp jolts of pleasure exploding through my entire body.

"How was work?" I ask, nearly laughing at how casual I sound, knowing what he does.

"Unsatisfying," he grunts, punctuating the word with a hard thrust.

"W-Why?"

"The motherfucker reminded me of Isaac, the way he spoke to his wife. The way I know he hurts her. But Gray said I couldn't kill him." His voice grows darker, his anger almost palpable. "Fuck, kitten. You don't know how badly I wanted to do it."

As fucked up as it sounds, it's the nicest thing I've ever heard. Though, I still don't want him to murder my husband, even if he and every man like him deserves to rot in hell.

Without warning, King shifts, pulling me to my knees as he drives into me hard from behind. So much for going slow. But I don't mind it. I'm so wet right now, I can hardly feel the soreness from before.

My knees buckle under the force of his thrusts, but he yanks me back up by my waist, holding me still with one hand planted firmly on my back. "No. Stay there. I need you like this," he snarls, pounding into me harder.

"Fuck, King," I whimper, my words barely coherent. I open my legs up a bit more, arching my back so he can reach deeper inside me, each thrust sending me further up the bed.

Niko's kiss suddenly flashes in my mind—so soft and passionate, the way they left my lips tingling. Some fucked-up part of me fantasizes about me being shared by King and Niko, King fucking me from the back just like this, while Niko plunges in and out of my mouth. Both of them taking me, using me.

Fuck, that would be so hot.

Wait, no. What is wrong with me? I can't want two men.

It's wrong. Yet I can't shake away the thought of both of them fucking me together.

Just this once, I allow myself to fantasize about this forbidden threesome. King and Niko taking turns filling all of my holes, their glorious bodies glistening with sweat, and oh god—the noises they would make. The thought alone is enough to push me over the edge.

Sensing how close I am, King growls, "That's it. Come for me, kitten. I can feel how much your greedy little pussy wants to be filled. How badly it wants to be bred." He smacks my ass hard. "Fucking come for me."

I come with a muffled scream into the pillow, my body convulsing as pleasure overwhelms all of my senses. King follows quickly, groaning as he spills inside me, but he doesn't let me go. Instead, he pulls me to his side so that my ass is cradled in his lap, my body still trembling from the aftershocks of my orgasm.

With one hand caressing my throat, the other presses against my stomach, holding me in place. I try to move, but his arm tightens around my waist. The feeling of his cock still buried deep inside me isn't uncomfortable, but it feels...different, unsettling in a way that makes my heart race for reasons I don't want to examine closely.

"Stay," he murmurs, and this time it isn't a command. It sounds like he's hoping that I want to.

"Y-You're just going to keep it in me?" I ask, confusion lacing my words.

"Yes. Problem?"

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Even before I was pregnant, Isaac would fuck me and then turn to his side of the bed, like he couldn't stand to touch me any longer than necessary. I didn't take King to be the cuddling type either. But here we are, tangled in a way that feels far too intimate for what this is supposed to be.

A boulder forms in my throat, the same one that formed when he took his time cleaning me off earlier. I swallow hard before answering, "I guess not."

He hums in response, his chest rising and falling erratically against my back. "Go back to sleep, Zuri will be up soon."

That's the problem. I've been sleeping way too much, and it's all his fault. He's been wearing me out, but I can't say I hate it. When he fucks me rough, I don't have to think about anything else.

Within minutes, King is snoring softly, his warm breath on my neck. I find myself smiling, a small, involuntary curl of my lips. It's not like I'm catching feelings for him or anything—it's just sex, but I'm enjoying it more than I care to admit. I'm seriously craving sex from this unhinged, dangerous man and I can't seem to help myself.

Yeah, the way we're locked together like this is definitely crossing a line.

As King's breathing deepens and I know he's fully asleep, I carefully pull my ass away from him, feeling his still-hard cock slip out of me. Then, I silently slip out of his arms and out of his bed.

Once I'm standing up, I peer at his face in the soft early morning light filtering through the window. Even in his sleep, he's ruggedly gorgeous, his sharp features softened by the strands of hair falling across his forehead.

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Fighting the ridiculous urge to crawl right back into bed with him, I creep out of the room and into the hallway bathroom. I need to rid him from my body before Zuri wakes up, but deep down, I already know my cravings for him will come back before the end of the day.

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