

Chapter 35

Nikolai

It's been a week since I kissed Alyssa, and every day since, I've been bracing for King's wrath. I knew he'd punish me for finding her cuddled up next to me on the couch, but not like this.

Every night when King comes back from an assignment, whether she's asleep in her room or hanging out with me and Mason, he carries her into his room and fucks her like it's a goddamn ritual. And like the little addict he's turning her into, she loves it. It drives me fucking insane, knowing she's in there, getting her brains fucked out, and I'm not even allowed to watch.

Tonight, as soon as I hear the shower start, I make my move. I stride into King's room to confront him, but the second I see him, I know who's really in control. He's sprawled out against the headboard, the blanket barely covering his waist, looking like a fucking Greek god about to have his portrait painted.

His amber eyes lock onto mine, amusement dancing in them. "You're late," he drawls, his smirk widening. "Already missed the show."

My jaw tightens. "It's not like he was going to let me watch anyway," I snap, pushing the door just enough to leave it ajar. I want to hear the shower running, hear Alyssa's every move, but also have the door cracked just enough to bolt if she comes out too soon.

"I know," I say, closing the door enough that it's only open a crack. It's enough to hear Alyssa getting out the shower while also having enough time to stop before she sees us.

"What's wrong, slut? Are you feeling neglected?" King asks, his smirk deepening. He pulls back the blanket to reveal his large cock, still glistening with Alyssa's juices.

Fuck.

The sight instantly makes my pants tighten, my mouth watering at the thought of tasting her again. It feels like a lifetime ago when I fucked her with that bottle and licked up every drop of her sweet cum.

"You've got about fifteen minutes before she gets out," King says lazily, like he knows what I'm about to do is going to benefit me more than him. "Make me come, or I'll make sure she knows everything. I'll tell her how you couldn't resist sucking me off, how I fell asleep and woke up with your mouth around me, choking on my cock like the greedy slut you are."

His threat sends a jolt straight to my dick, turning my dick into steel. A sick part of me wonders what Alyssa would think if she walked in on us right now. Would she be disgusted? Would it turn her on? Fuck, I can't think straight.

"Get to sucking, slut. Daddy wants to come down your throat, and we're on a tight schedule."

Shoving my thoughts aside, I climb onto the bed, my tongue darting out to circle the tip of his cock. The taste of Alyssa and his cum burst on my tongue, and I groan, my eyes rolling back in my head. God, I want more of her.

I want all of her—her cum, her kisses, everything.

King knows exactly what he's doing, and he's enjoying every second of

my torment. "Good boy," he murmurs, his hand fisting in my hair as he pushes me further down his length. "You missed this, didn't you? My cock down your tight, greedy throat?"

I moan around him, swallowing more of his dick. I want to savor every remnant of Alyssa because I don't know when I'll get this chance again. I'm fucking desperate, an addict looking for a fix.

But then, King growls, "You haven't earned the right to enjoy her taste," and he punches his hip forward, forcing himself deeper in my throat. I nearly choke, my eyes watering as he fucks my face with ruthless abandon, soft groans slipping from his lips.

His sounds are always so fucking sexy, and I've missed them more than I'd like to admit. But he already knows that. He knows how much I need him.

I move to slide my hand into the waistband of my sweatpants, desperate for some relief, but King's growl stops me in my tracks.

"Don't you fucking dare. You know better."

I stifle a groan, frustration boiling inside of me as he continues to pound into my mouth. His pace quickens, his grip on my hair tightening, and I can tell he's close. I force myself to relax, letting him use me however he wants. His cock twitches as he gets closer to his release.

With a final, brutal thrust, he arches his back, burying himself all the way as he comes, hot and thick ropes of semen shooting straight down my throat. I swallow every drop, savoring the taste even as my cheeks burn from the intensity.

Wiping my mouth with the back of my hand, I sit back, my chest heaving,

and meet King's gaze. His amber eyes bore into mine, unyielding. "When are you going to finally let me play with her?" I ask, my voice hoarse, raw from his brutal fucking.

His gaze darkens, his voice cold. "When you stop sneaking around behind my back to get to her. She's mine, and I'm sick of having to remind you."

"Nothing happened—" I start, but he cuts me off with a snarl.

"Don't fucking lie to me," he snaps. "I already fucked the truth out of her so I could determine how severe your punishment needed to be."

Before I can respond, he grabs my shirt collar, yanking me toward him until our lips are nearly touching. His breath is hot against my skin as he whispers, "Touch or kiss her again, and I'll tie you up, and force you to watch as I take every hole she has for hours. Do you understand me?"

I shudder at his words, the threat sending a shiver down my spine.

"Yes, Daddy," I mutter, sighing in defeat. Suddenly, the water shuts off in the bathroom. King's gaze flicks to the door, then back to me.

"You're dismissed," he says, releasing me with a shove. Before I can catch myself, he grabs me again, and kisses me. His lips move roughly against mine, his tongue invading my mouth, tasting of power and dominance.

Nothing that I seem to have in his fucking presence.

I push myself to my feet, my dick throbbing painfully. Fuck. I better hope I don't bust in my pants before I even get back downstairs. King's sexual torture is going to kill me.

Chapter 35

I walk out of King's room just as Alyssa emerges from the bathroom, a white towel wrapped around her small body. Her eyes widen when she sees me, taking in my disheveled state, the flush on my cheeks.

I force a wicked smirk on my lips. "Good night, sweet girl," I purr, allowing my gaze to linger on her a second longer before turning on my heel and heading downstairs. I can feel her eyes on me the whole way down.

Maybe someday soon, we won't have to sneak around. I can have both of them as much as I want and indulge in every twisted desire that's been eating away at me since Alyssa came back into our lives.



Comments



Support