

Chapter 9

PRECIOUS

After getting his fill from sucking my breast, he stood up and inserted two fingers in my pussy, while he started drumming inside of me. Each thrust was deeper than the last, and I threw back my head in pleasure.

"What's that sound coming from your room?" a hoarse voice sounded outside the room, and without having to see who it was, I knew who it belonged to—Alpha Rodriguez.

I panicked and pushed Duke away from me while I used the duvet that lay carelessly at the foot of the bed and wrapped it around my body.

"I'm watching an adult movie," I managed to speak, silently praying that he would not open the door. "Um, please, do not come in, Alpha."

Duke chuckled silently beside me, and I turned to give him one of my scariest looks, but that just made him laugh more.

"This is past midnight already, Precious. Turn off your phone and have some sleep before you wake the whole pack with your p**n movie," Alpha Rodriguez said a bit sternly, and I shouted back that I would before he went back to his own room.

I heaved a sigh of relief and lay back on the bed as I stared at the ceiling. Duke rested his head on my chest and muttered, "That was close."

"We are mates," I retorted with a laugh. I knew I was trying to justify my actions rather than admit the fact.

Duke lifted his face and looked at me expectantly. There were questions in his eyes, but I chose not to answer them. He sighed before asking, "Does that mean you have accepted us as your mates, my P-pie?" 1

I bit down on my lower lip and looked away from him. The question was too tempting. I didn't know what I wanted yet, so making any decision without thinking it through was bound to get me into trouble. I knew that better than anyone.

"Answer me, P-pie," Duke said seductively, his hands caressing my tummy, and I shivered with need. How the fuck does he manage to make me horny every time he touched me? He had completely eaten me raw a few minutes ago, and now I wanted him again like the greedy, hungry lion I was.

"Why do you keep giving me weird nicknames? First was Prishy Baby, and now P-pie," I said, trying to avoid his question. I reached out and gently placed my hands over his, our fingers intertwining as I sought comfort in his gentle touch.

Standing up straight, Duke raked through my hair and whispered softly, "Because I want to. I love your name, and I'm happy because it suits you. You are too precious to be anyone's mate, including mine." 1

I was surprised by his response but said nothing. We remained in that position until my eyelids became heavy and I fell into a deep slumber.

A knock on the door woke me up from my sweet sleep, and I grumbled as I still wanted to sleep more. It was as if I had only laid down for a few minutes only to be woken up.

I shifted back on my side and covered my head with my right arm as I tried to sleep more. Another knock sounded on the door, this time, louder than the first, and I groaned in displeasure.

"Who's there?" I shouted, not bothering to turn back. I prayed that whoever it was would forget what he or she came for and leave me alone.

But my prayer was not answered.

"It's your new maid," a tiny voice that I could barely fathom the age of said, surprising me to the core. I remembered when I first came here, the brothers, excluding Duke, had banned all the servants from serving me. I did all my chores without a complaint because it was nothing to me, and I was nothing to them as well. Except now that I was mated to them. That could be the reason why they assigned a maid to me. Bloody bastards! I still haven't accepted them, yet they are already taking responsibility towards me.

"Let whoever sent you know that I am not in need of your services!" I replied angrily. I was angrier with myself than I was with them. If I had rejected them immediately I realized they were my mates, then all this could have been avoided, including the lovely night I spent in the arms of Duke. Memories of the night brought heat to my face, and I slapped myself.

"Please, my Luna, I can't disobey the orders of the Alphas. They will be sure to punish me once I let them know you are uninterested in my services." Pain tugged at my heart because of her tone. To be someone's maid or servant was the worst thing that could ever happen to anyone. You would be blamed if the kids are not fed well or if there's anything broken in the house by the children, or rather when a naughty girl refused to do her schoolwork, and now I could cause her some trouble if I refused her.

"Come in," I ushered her in. The door flew open, and a young petite girl about my age walked into my room. Her eyes were teary, and my heart felt like it was stabbed with a knife. I didn't like making someone cry for any reason, and I felt ashamed of myself.

"Greetings, Luna Precious," she greeted, her eyes looking down as if trying to avoid making contact with me.

"What's your name?" I asked her, taking a moment to observe her face. She had a normal face, not beautiful and not ugly. Her hair was brown with curls that instantly made me feel jealous. I had always wanted curly hair, but the moon goddess had blessed me with very straight blonde hair.

"My name is Jane," she replied, still not looking at me.

"You may leave now. I will let you know when I need your services." I dismissed her and laid back on the bed. She closed the door after she left.

A few minutes had passed, and I got up from the bed when I felt soreness between my thighs. Duke had finally made my pussy ache,

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and I stood up and staggered to the bathroom. I knew I smelled of cum, so I bathed and rinsed my body in scented water.

Clad in a white towel, I stood before the oval-shaped mirror and started applying cream all over my body. I left no part out because I needed to smell good in case any of the brothers decided I was going to be his breakfast like how I served Duke supper last night. 1

I let the towel fall when the door opened.

Gasp.



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