

My Alpha's Mark By JP Sina Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Mate !!

— Kacie —

I don't want this. I need him to stop. Will he stop if I beg?

"Please, Alpha."

"We still have time before they're supposed to arrive," he said.

He pushes me down on the bed and the dress drops to the floor, forgotten for now. He leans down, reaches out and grips my thighs. He doesn't look at me, his eyes are focused as he spreads my legs wide.

"You're so wet for me, aren't you, Kace?" He asked, his voice was husky and low. I shake my head.

"I'm n-not, Alpha," I whispered.

I close my eyes to the sight before me.

"I told you about closing your eyes, Kace. Listen to me," He growled.

"y-yes, Alpha," I answer, obediently.

He grabs my feet and plants them onto the bed and he groans.

"You are... so fucking beautiful, Kace."

His voice is filled with awe and he reaches down and plays with the material separating me from his gaze.

"I don't think you need these either," he says more to himself as he rips it off in one stroke.

He leans forward until his lips are on my inner thigh.

I feel myself tensing up but if he feels it he doesn't show that he does. He begins kissing up the sensitive skin. He unzips his pants and pulls his cock out.

It's angry and pulsing and I watch helplessly as he sits back. He starts stroking up and down his length as he slips a finger into me.

My body jumps at the intrusion.He pumps his fingers in and out of me.

I can hear the sounds of his fingers as my pussy clenches and squelches as his fingers move in and out of me.

“So wet, so beautiful,” he groans as he slips a second finger in.

It stretches me and I go into a full-blown panic as the front door opens and someone’s voice carries up to the room.

“Alpha, someones at the door,” I tell him.

He ignores me and continues ravaging my pussy.He sighs.He doesn’t look at me as he takes his fingers out and lifts them to his lips.

“Delicious,” he groans.

His cock is so close to my entrance, I’m so scared.He leans down and sucks on my clit causing me to jerk up and away from his mouth.He’s not going to stop.

This is happening.

His tongue darts out and slides up and down my slit.His tongue sucks on my clit as he slips a finger into my ass.

Pain and pleasure shoot through my body and I let out aloud moan.

“Ah, please, please, Alpha,” I whimper.

I’m unable to move.

He sits up enough to look at me, his finger still in me.

“It’s hard to leave you like this Kace.As much as I’d rather stay up here, the guests are important.”

He pulls his finger out of me and pushes his hard cock back into his pants.

Relief slams into me.

“I go down first, finish getting dressed and come down to get our dinner served,” he commands.

He’s wearing blue slacks and a white buttoned- up shirt.

“Yes, Alpha,” my voice trembles.

He tightens the button on his pants and heads downstairs.

"I'm sorry," my wolf says, trying to comfort me.

"It's okay Athena, we wouldn't have stood a chance against him," I tell her, as I sit up.

"He's an Alpha." I take my bra off and stand to my feet.

I step into the dress and pull it up.

It fits perfectly. I sigh and bunch my ripped underwear and bra in my hand.

"Let's drop this off before we head downstairs."

Heading down the stairs, I'm hit with a sweet cinnamon smell.

Did they bring dessert? I didn't prepare anything other than ice cream.

The smell only grows stronger the farther down I walk.

When I hit the bottom of the stairs, Alpha comes to me grabbing my head.

"What took you so long?" He growls.

He wraps his arm around my waist before he lends me to the kitchen.

The smell overrides my senses and I can feel Athena going crazy.

"Hurry and get our food onto the table, NOW." I ignore the smell, bow my head, and stare at the floor.

I don't wait for him to leave. I grab plates and start filling them.

— Viktor —

Pissed didn't thoroughly describe how much I didn't want to go to this meeting.

I've met with this pathetic excuse of an Alpha a few times. I know the real reason behind Jamie wanting me to come to this meeting. I could see it written all over her face when she tried to say it was about a new treaty with the Blood Moon pack.

Jamie has been trying to get me to take a chosen mate since I didn't immediately find a mate when I came of age.

Many packs still wait for their Goddess-given mate but I didn't have the same mindset. I don't have time or want a mate, goddess-given or chosen.

My Beta rings the doorbell for the sixth time and I'm about to snap when a disheveled man opens the door.

Sweat coats his forehead and he hastily tucks his shirt in.

"Welcome Alpha Viktor," he says, reaching out to take my hand.

"Thanks for having us," my Beta Jake says with a tight smile.

"Come on in, I was... distracted momentarily,"

Alpha Ken says with a smirk on his face.

We follow him into the living room.

It's a beautiful house and very tidy.

"My wife passed four years ago but I've had help managing the place," he says with another smirk.

"You have a beautiful home," Jake tells him as we walk into the dining room.

The door opens and we turn around to see a young girl walk through the door. She's petite and I'm guessing this is who Jamie is trying to set me up with. She freezes when she sees us inside, she obviously wasn't expecting company and her eyes hone in on her dad. She's tiny and has short blonde hair.

Her blue eyes are focused on her dad as she brings a hand to her hip.

"What's this Daddy?" I shudder at the name.

How old is she? She's still calling him that? I'm called daddy but it sounds all wrong here.

We'll have to fix that if I'm to take her as mine.

"Princess come and have a seat," he orders.

She huffs and puts her bags on the floor and comes and sits at the opposite end of the table. She crosses her arms in front of her chest before looking at her father.

"Where's Kacie?" She asked carefully.

If I hadn't been looking at her I would have missed the fear that flashed in her eyes.

Looking at Alpha Ken I see a vein beating in his temple.

“She’s fine, she’ll be right out,” he murmured in a dangerously low voice.

Alpha Ken’s eyes cloud over as he mind-links someone.

A few minutes later the kitchen door swings open and I’m hit with the sweetest smell. She smells like fresh-baked chocolate chip cookies.

I grip my thigh under the table to keep myself from running at her.

My wolf, Flash, is running circles mentally.

“Mate!” he howls.