

## Alphas, chapter 17, Fight, Fight Between Alphas

### Lana's POV

Walking upstairs, I could hear the shower running as I walked past the door in the hallway, his scent wafting under the door as steam billowed out. Tate walking in behind me stops watching me for a second before walking into the closet and retrieving some clothes for him. The doorbell ringing downstairs and Tate looks toward the stairs.

“That would be Mariah, Elias’s sister, she was bringing groceries over” Tate says before walking out to greet her. I take the clothes Tate got out for Drake placing them on the bed so he could easily find them. Drake’s scent hitting me before I even have a chance to turn around, I could feel the warmth of skin he was that close. Turning around he was directly behind me, his hair wet, a towel hung low on his hips as I look down at chiselled abs and V line. I swallow before I even realise what I was doing. I run my fingers down his chest and the lines of hard muscle of his abdomen. He inhales deeply before grabbing my wrist as I reach his towel. My eyes snapping to his and I feel my face heat at my actions.

“I wouldn’t advise teasing me love” He whispers, and I shiver as his breath fans over my neck.

“What if I’m not teasing you?” I ask him, looking up at him under my lashes. His lips part slightly before he lets go of my wrist and raising an eyebrow, his eyes darkening to those of his wolf making me gasp at the pure hunger in them.

His lips turning up slightly at my shock before he steps closer, his hand going to my hip pulling me flush against him, his grip tightening almost bruising.

‘I f\*\*k you; I will mark you. Is that what you want my mate?’ His voice deeper, rougher as he leans closer, his tongue running over my neck and I shiver, sparks moving over my skin, my heart pounding in my chest painfully at his words.

“Titus” Tate warns from the doorway where he appears standing there watching. Drake’s eyes going to him, or that of his wolf anyway. He smirks before raising his hands in the air in surrender and taking a step back. I let out the breath, I didn’t realise I was holding. Note to self, don’t tease their wolves. Although I was quite willing until his eyes turned that terrifying shade of black. I watch as his eyes change back, Drake retaking the reigns. A smirk on his face as he looked me up and down. I go to dart out of the room when Drake’s arms snake around my waist pulling me back against him. I could feel his arousal pressed tightly against my lower back, his lips going to my shoulder and I see Tate watching him an intense look on his face, Drake moves a hand underneath my shirt while the other moves between my legs cupping my p\*\*y through my leggings while his other hand squeezes my breast. I melt against him, loving the feel of his hands on my body, firm and demanding as he continued to tease me.

Tate growls lowly in the back of his throat, my stomach tightening at the noise he just made, so primal and guttural, my panties becoming damp with arousal. Tate eyes bleeding black, and I see his hands twitch before fisting at his sides.

“Enough Drake” Tate spits out in a growl and I could tell he was fighting for control of his wolf with the way his hands trembled.

Drake dips his face in the crook of my neck inhaling my scent, running his nose along my neck to below my ear, before he sucks it in his mouth, and I melt against him going to putty in his hands.

“Drake!” Tate growls, but Drake ignores his warning instead putting more pressure on my now throbbing core and I moan before pressing my lips together, horrified at the noise that escaped me, shocking me.

“I wonder what will happen when his control slips?” Drake purrs below my ear and I feel my juices spill onto my thighs at his words.

Tate growls low and I watch as his wolf takes over his entire body trembling and Drake lets go moving out of the way before I find myself pinned against the wall by Tate’s wolf, my hands trapped above my head held in one of his, his face in the crook of my neck before I feel his tongue run up the side of my neck to my jaw. Before he kisses me, his kiss is demanding as he plunges his tongue into my mouth tasting every inch of it. His tongue fighting mine for dominance as he ravaged my mouth. Tate’s body pressed tightly against mine while his hand grips my thigh pulling it up to his hip as he grinds his hips against my core making a breathy moan leave my lips.

My gums tingling as I taste his tongue on mine, he bites down on my lip hard, drawing blood, my mouth filling with the metallic taste of my own blood. My gums tingling and I growl as my fangs protrude. Tate pulls back staring at my face as the room takes on a red tinge, my bloodlust taking over. Drake steps forward my eyes darting to him as he watches me fight for control over my own urges.

“Tate” I warn him when he doesn’t step back, my claws slipping from my fingertips and cutting into his hand that was holding my wrists in place. He lets them go, which was worse because I could now grab him. My control slipping as they become my prey yet neither of them move, instead Tate steps closer turning his head slightly offering me his neck. My eyes on Drake behind him who was watching with eager eyes. The sight of his neck and what it offered becoming too much as the burn in my throat was moving throughout me and I sink my fangs into his tender flesh, his blood filling my mouth and I growl, almost a purr as it extinguishes the flames burning in my throat. My eyes fluttering closed, and I hear Tate groan, pressing himself closer to me as my tongue moves over his skin, lapping at his neck.

My fangs retract as I force myself to stop, pulling back before running my tongue over it sealing it when it hits me. I just marked him, his emotions smashing into me and

if it weren't for the wall pressed against my back, I would have been knocked over. Tate grabs my face holding it between his hands, before kissing me and I kiss him back with the same amount of desire that was flooding me from him.

His eyes back to their normal colour when he pulls away before stepping back a smile on his lips, my eyes darting to his neck where I marked him. Yet I felt through the bond he felt quite happy and content about it and I was glad that he couldn't feel mine, because the thought horrified me, knowing he was tied to me, that I could literally destroy him if I walked away from them. I didn't like having that sort of power over someone, that sort of influence over someone that could potentially alter any decisions I might make. I knew mates were forever but that just sealed his fate to me, tied him to me even though I was yet to bear his mark.

"Lana?" Tate says and I could feel his uncertainty hit me.

"You shouldn't have let me do that" I whisper before I could stop myself. His brows furrow before he looks up at me and I could see the hurt behind his eyes.

"Tate, I didn't mean it like that-" I try to tell him, but he turns on his heel and walks out on me. Drake watches me for a second.

"Are you having doubts about the mate bond, about us?" He asks. I shake my head. I had no doubt they were my mates, but I wasn't unrealistic, relationships break down all the time, rarely for werewolves but still it has happened, and they were a fair bit older than me, what if they get bored of me? Or no longer want me, I have just tied him to me for life.

"No, it's not that I just... it's too soon" I grasping at air trying to explain, but no matter what I say it was going to sound like I was rejecting them when I wasn't, I have no intention of leaving them, but that doesn't mean they won't leave me. What if they later decide I am not what they expected, what they want.

"Two years Lana, you don't get to change your mind. Not now, not anymore" Drake says angrily.

"I'm not... I-"

Drake grabs his clothes before walking out on me leaving me alone and not giving me a chance to explain.

Rate this Chapter