

Alphas, chapter 23, Fight, Fight Between Alphas

Lana's POV

Walking out of the bathroom, I head downstairs to heat up Drake's dinner for him. A few minutes later he walks down with Tate. Both wearing flannelette pyjama shorts, both their chests bare, my eyes trailing over their muscular bodies before I look away when Tate smirks at my perverted gawking. It was hard not to, I may still be a virgin, but I wasn't blind to their godlike manly bodies.

"Sit" I tell Drake and he does, and I wait for his dinner to heat before placing it in front of him before kissing the side of his neck, his hand going to the back of my head before I kiss the side of his jaw.

"Eat" I tell him, standing up only to have Tate wrap his arms around my waist from behind. His face going to my neck as his stubble scratches against my skin making me shiver before cringing away as it tickled me. I feel him chuckle as one of his hands moves to my stomach pulling me flush against him, heat flaring to life in me as my core pulsed with a need I wasn't used to. His other hand going to my breast as he squeezes it through my thin shirt, my nipples hardening under his rough touch. He sits on the chair off the side of Drake at the table pulling me on his lap.

"Eat" Tate tells him.

"I would rather eat her." He says his eyes sparkling with I**t as I watch them bleed black. My panties dampening at the thought as arousal floods me. I could feel Tate's e*****n digging into my back when he suddenly places his legs under mine pulling my legs apart. His hand snaking into my cotton shorts. His fingers brushing my wet heat. Drake's eyes watching his hand.

"Do you want Drake to eat that tight p***y?" Tate growls below my ear, his lips moving to my neck as he runs his fingers through my wet folds and my hips buck when he comes in contact with my c**t.

My arousal perfuming the room and my cheeks heat with embarrassment knowing they can smell it. Drake growls low in the back of his throat, his beast fighting to come forward.

"Can I touch you?" Tate purrs his fingers stopping and I move my hips too embarrassed to tell him, I wanted him to.

"Words Lana?" He says, his fingers still not moving just putting pressure on my aching bud of nerves. Tate's nose moving across my shoulder and up neck to my ear making me shiver as he inhaled my scent.

“Do you want me to stop?” He asks his voice softer and not so demanding as he sucks on my neck where his mark would lay.

“No” I gasp as his teeth graze my skin. His fingers suddenly moving and my hips buck against them. Drake eyes not leaving Tate’s hand between my legs as it moves in circular motion. His dinner now forgotten as he watches. My head goes back on to Tate’s shoulder as a breathy moan leaves my lips at the feel of his fingers, touching my most sensitive area when he runs his fingers through my wet lips, his finger tracing my entrance before he slides a finger in me before sliding it out and adding another, my hips moving on their own grinding against his fingers.

“She’s so wet” He growls, his thumb rubbing my c**t as his fingers move in and out of me. The only sounds were my moans and the wet sounds my p**y was making as he f***d me with his fingers, my back arching off his chest when he curls his fingers inside me finding that sweet spot, I can never reach. I feel hands run up my legs, my eyes snapping open to see Drake had moved and was now on his knees between my legs which were spread apart.

“Do you want Drake to taste you?” Tate’s husky voice making me wetter before I feel Drake’s hot lips kiss the inside of my thigh.

“Yes” I gasp, rolling my hips against his fingers as they move slowly. I feel Drake grip my shorts and I lift my hips allowing him to slide them off. I watch as his face moves closer between my legs, suddenly feeling self-conscious at having his face so close to my private areas. I go to close my legs when he grips my hips pulling me closer to his face, my anxiety going out the window when I feel his tongue suddenly lick a line from my a*s to my c**t before sucks it into his mouth. Tate’s hands going beneath my shirt as he grabs my b****s before pinching my nipple and rolling it between his fingers, his lips assaulting my neck with open mouth kisses, as he licks and sucks at my skin. Drake tongue moving between my slick folds before plunging inside me, the sensation felt weird but oddly arousing as he f***d me with his tongue, making me buck. His grip on my thighs tightens holding me in place.

Heat making my toes curl, my skin becoming flushed as my breathing becomes shallow. He pushed my legs further apart, moving back to my c**t, his tongue swirling around the bundle of nerves as he sucks on it hard and I feel my stomach tighten, my body tensing before feeling my core pulsating as I moan loudly, my o****m washes over me in waves making my legs tremble. Drake licking up the fluids, leaving me breathless before he suddenly stands gripping the back of my head and forcing his tongue into my mouth and I can taste my arousal on his tongue.

Drake pulls back a silly grin on his face, my face flushing with embarrassment at what I allowed him to do. Tate’s grip on me loosening and I suddenly feel very exposed.

I feel Tate move underneath me, his e*****n pressing against me and I suddenly feel bad, he closes his legs allowing me to close mine. I try to hop up when he suddenly spins me around, pulling me down on his lap, my legs straddling his.

His hardened length pressing against my core through his pants. He grips my hips rolling them against him. Drake suddenly moves behind him, making Tate look up at him for a second before he goes to look back at me. Drake grabs his face forcing him to look back up before he kisses him, I watch as his tongue moves between Tate's lips and I feel his c**k twitch beneath me, arousal flooding me as Drake deepens the kiss earning a moan from Tate before he nips at Tate's jaw, a moan escaping my lips before I clamp my hands over my mouth to stop from ruining their moment. I watch Drake's canines suddenly protrude as he nips at Tate's neck. I feel Tate's shock slam into me, and he goes to pull away to make sure Drake was the one in control and not his wolf. Drake smiles at him, his eyes perfectly clear and his own before he kisses Tate's lips making him shiver. Arousal coiling like a spring within me at watching them before I hear Tate moan, as Drake sinks his teeth into his neck marking him and I feel him harden impossibly more beneath me.

Drake pulls his teeth from his neck before reaching over Tate, his hand going to the back of my neck before he kisses me, sucking my bottom lip into his mouth and biting down on it. I breath into his mouth before deepening the kiss, Tate's hands going to my shirt as he lifts it revealing my b*****s before sucking my nipple into his mouth making me gasp and pull back, as sparks rush over my skin moving south.

My fingertips trail over Drake's mark and Tate shivers, happiness buzzing through the bond making me smile, knowing how long Tate waited for Drake to accept him. Tate suddenly stands and I grip his shoulders to stop from falling back before he tosses me over his shoulder making me squeal as he walks up the stairs toward the bedroom, his hand coming down on my bare a*s and I hiss, feeling him chuckle before I feel myself tossed on the bed. Tate crawling onto the bed moving between my legs, his arms braced on either side of my head.

"Where's Drake?" I ask when I hear him call out from down stairs.

"Eating my cold a*s dinner" He yells up to me making me laugh. Tate grinds his hips against me, and I wrap my legs around his waist tugging him closer.

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