

## Fight B Alphas 24

### Chapter 24

Drake walks in leaning on the door frame.

"I was expecting you two to be f\*\*\*\*\*g by now, what's going on?" He asks and I realise he could pick up on the change in Tate's mood now that he had marked him.

"Nothing it's fine" Tate says standing up, I sit up crossing my legs, like no one wants to argue half naked like how awkward. I shake my head before grabbing a pair of panties from the draw and slipping them on.

"Well obviously something is wrong?" Drake says but I ignore him and Tate walks into the shower and I hear him turn it on. Drake following in after him and I can hear their hushed talking, feel Tate's aggravation through the bond making me feel guilty.

I slip under the covers before rolling on my side when I hear the bathroom door open and feel the bed dip behind me.

"Why won't you let him mark you?" Drake asks.

"You know why, not until he has marked you"

"Why does he have to mark me first, I have marked him already" Drake says with a sigh before wriggling closer and draping his arm across my waist before pulling me flush against him, his hand slipping underneath my shirt as he played with my nipple.

"Because you can still reject him until you are marked" I tell him.

"I can't let him mark me yet, not until I sort out this s\*\*t with my father" Drake says, propping himself up on one elbow before rolling me on my back and climbing between my legs. His arms braced on either side of my head.

"What about if you let him mark you, I won't mark you until after Tate has marked me" He says nipping at my jaw.

"Your wolf will want to mark me, as soon as Tate does" I tell him. He sighs before pecking my lips.

"I have control over Titus, he won't do anything to upset you" He answers, and I worry my bottom lip trying to decide if I should let Tate mark me before he has marked Drake. The bathroom door opens, a cloud of steam billowing out the door before the bed dips again on my other side.

"Over your funk?" Drake asks, and Tate makes a noise in the back of his throat annoyed before rolling over to face me. He shoves Drake's shoulder forcing him to roll back on the other side before tugging me against him.

“I am not in a funk” Tate says before closing his eyes attempting to go to sleep.

“Yes, you were. Chucking a wobbly like a two-year-old” Drake taunts him, earning himself a growl from Tate.

“Go to sleep, we have to be up early” Tate tells him and Drake sighs rolling over and being my little spoon as he drapes my arm over him making me sandwiched between them.

Sleep comes easily, staying asleep however was a different story as I tossed and turned, trying to get comfortable. Kicking off the blanket my entire body was restless, itchy and I was overheating. Tate pulls the blanket back up mumbling in his sleep, and I kick it off, sweat beading on my neck.

“Leave it off, it’s boiling in here” I whine pushing it back down.

“Its b\*\*\*\*y freezing” Tate snaps in his sleep, tugging it back up. I try to get comfortable, but their body heat was unbearable too. Drake snuggles in closer, his body heat making goosebumps rise on my flesh despite how b\*\*\*\*y hot I was. His skin brushing up against mine, sparks moving everywhere erupting on my skin and heading south. Tate rolls over draping his arm over me, as soon as he touched me, my body jolted in pleasure a strangled moan leaving my lips, my core throbbing to its own beat and I realise I have gone into heat. Of all the times to go into heat, it had to be when we were arguing.

“You’re burning up” Tate mumbles still half asleep. Drake snoring beside me completely oblivious to anything going on. Tate’s hand moves to my stomach, a shiver running from my toes to the back of my neck, and I grab his hand forcing it between my legs. His eyes snapping open before he sniffs the air. Tate’s sudden realisation and shock waking Drake when he feels Tate is awake.

“Make it stop” I cry out as the throbbing gets worse and I move my hips against his hand. Drake rolling over before a silly smirk spreads onto his face.

“What a predicament you have yourself in” He says yawning, his hand going to my breast as he palms it. My nipples were so hard they were aching. Their touch helping as Tate slips his hand into my panties and I groan at the contact, my folds slick with my arousal and the need to mate. I was like two seconds away from begging one of them to f\*\*k me or just climbing aboard and forcing them to.

Drake moves his hand away and I growl at him and he chuckles, and I see a mischievous glint in his eye. He wants something in return, and it was irking me seeing the cogs turning in his head.

“You want one of us to stop it” He purrs leaning over me, his lips brushing mine before lifting my head and kissing him, needing his touch anything to stop the building pain in my lady parts.

I moan into his mouth when suddenly Tate stops, pulling his hand from my pants. This was cruel, they knew they were the only one that could stop it and now they were playing with me.

“Tate!” I moan into Drake’s mouth as his tongue slowly move between my lips teasing me, I grab the back of his head ripping him onto me and deepening the kiss, I hear him snicker as I hungrily devour his lips moving my hips against him, my other hand pushing his pants down when he pulls back, and I growl annoyed.

“Let Tate mark you and we will make it go away” He says, and I growl at him now pissed off, he raises an eyebrow at me not intimidated in the least. When a new wave of heat rolls over me making my toes curl and my back to arch.

“What’s it going to be princess” He says.

“Fine, just make it stop, make it stop” I half cry out, half moan. My breathing turning to more of a pant as I feel my skin sizzling, my blood felt like it was boiling in my veins, my hair becoming damp with sweat.

Drake climbs off me and I grip his shoulder wondering why he was moving away when I said he could. Tate suddenly switches places with him, before kissing me hungrily and I wrap my legs around his waist, he wasn’t escaping so easily, he was giving me what I want, or I was flipping him over and riding him like a pony. My nails digging into his arm drawing blood, when my fangs suddenly protrude, bloodlust only fuelling the burning heat inside me.

Tate nips at my neck before running his tongue over where his mark would go, and I grind my hips against him before feeling him position himself at my entrance. I roll my hips trying to get him to push his length inside me, but he doesn’t move instead biting down on my collarbone while Drake leant over the top of him before kissing me, his tongue slipping between my parted lips as he fought mine for dominance. I refused to let him win as my hand went into his hair tugging him closer and holding him there.

I roll my hips against Tate who still had lips on my breast nipping and sucking on them. When I feel him suddenly move and Drake pulls away, my hand slipping from his hair.

“This may hurt” Tate whispers but I was too far gone to care, his c\*\*k slipping between my wet lips before he pushes the tip in, the feeling felt odd and I could tell he was holding back worried about hurting me when I tighten my legs around his waist, he shifts at the same time thrusting into me in one swift movement before stopping, letting me adjust to his size. If I weren’t so wet that definitely would have hurt. I cry out at the sudden feeling, but it wasn’t painful just a full feeling. I move my hips needing the friction and Tate pulls out before thrusting in again.

The heat subsiding, as the pressure within me builds. My hips moving meeting his thrusts, but he was still going to slow, I needed more, needed release before I combust. Moving quickly, I use my legs forcing him to roll onto his back, he grunts, and I hear Drake chuckle as I manhandle Tate.

“Someone is impatient” I hear Drake say before feeling him grip the back of my head kissing me. I move my hips against Tate, riding his length, letting him fill me. My nails digging into his chest as my pleasure builds. Tate moves sitting up and leaning against the headboard before grabbing my face bringing me closer, his tongue forcing its way between my lips. I feel Drake pluck at my nipple making me moan as I ride Tate.

All will power going out the window when I feel Tate’s canines protrude, his body stiffening underneath me, before he grips my hips slamming me down on his c\*\*k, my walls fluttering around his length as he continues moving my hips faster and my toes curl, my nails digging into his shoulders as my o\*\*\*\*m ripples through me, my walls clenching him and I feel him stiffen before feeling his canines break through my skin, making me moan loudly as I ride out my o\*\*\*\*m. The heat dying down and I

slump against him, my body turning to jelly. Drake grips my chin lifting my face off Tate's shoulder and I could feel my blood trickle down my shoulder from where Tate marked me. I could feel Tate's uneven breathing underneath me when Drake kisses me softly.

I climb off Tate rolling onto my back, out of breath but very relaxed as darkness starts to crawl over me sucking me under.