

Fight B Alphas 61

Chapter 61

Tate POV

Ryker and I parted ways at the border, by the time I got home it was 8pm. Opening the front door, I expected to be greeted by my mates. Instead I was greeted by the sounds of snores coming from the living room. Walking in, I see dinner plated up and cling wrapped on the table. I adjusted my raging hard-on annoyed that it hadn't gone down, my b***s aching. I can't believe I have walked around with this all day, feels like all my blood rushed south.

Stepping in the living room I find Drake and Lana both passed out cold, Drake's head resting on the back of the lounge with his mouth wide open tempting me to go drop my aching b***s that he caused in his mouth.

Lana had her head in his lap fast asleep and I could just make out the sounds of my little ones breathing and the soft thuds of their heartbeats upstairs sleeping peacefully.

Stripping my pants off that were cutting off the circulation of my manhood I stand in front of the couch watching them sleep.

Lana sniffs the air slightly in her sleep subconsciously picking up my scent as she turns slightly snuggling into Drake's lap. Drake's hand moved, caressing her hair in his sleep and I chuckle softly at how cosy and relaxed they looked. I missed them being like this, comfortable in each other's embrace.

I clear my throat loudly, both of them stirring and Lana's eyes flutter open sleepily.

"So which one of you wants to be responsible for the embarrassment you caused me today?" I growl at them. Drake's head snapping up off the back of the lounge to look at me, while Lana the she-devil giggles like she never seen a d**k before. She snorts, choking on her laugh before sitting up.

"Wholly Moon Goddess it looks like it's gonna burst" Drake says.

"I will admit it is slightly uncomfortable, was extremely uncomfortable having this in front of your brothers and your father Lana, so one of you better get on your knees and fix it now" I demand my voice coming off a little harsher than intended but I didn't care it was going in someone's mouth and the sooner the better. My d**k was throbbing to its own beat.

Lana POV

I woke to Tate's hard on, in my face as he stood in front of us hands on his hips staring down at us.

"So which one of you wants to be responsible for this embarrassment you caused me today?" He growls nodding toward his c**k that was so hard standing tall.

I couldn't help the giggle that erupted from my lips, I snorted not able to contain my amusement before sitting up and gawking at the fine specimen of a man standing before me.

"Wholly Moon Goddess it looks like it's gonna burst" Drake says.

I sat up sitting beside Drake who was staring wide-eyed at the monstrosity between his legs, maybe he has horse genes too?

"I will admit it is slightly uncomfortable, and was extremely uncomfortable having this in front of your brothers and your father Lana, so one of you better get on your knees and fix it now" He growls.

I smack Drake on the chest with the back of my hand. "Take one for the team and get right on that would you" I tell him and Tate raises an eyebrow at my words.

"F**k no, you take one for the team. I ain't a snake I can't dislocate my own jaw" he says staring at it.

"Well one of you best get to it, or it's going in someone's a*s" Tate says and both Drake and I point to each other. I smack his hand away. I love you Drake but offer you as sacrifice.

"That's all yours Drake has your name all over it" I tell him. No way that thing was going anywhere near my a*s or my mouth, just looking at it made my jaw ache. How is it even possible for something to be so hard and angry looking?

"I will leave you with it Drake real champ you are" I tell him getting up and about to make a run for the stairs. When I get up Drake reaches over jerking me back down on the lounge next to him.

"That ain't going in my a*s," he whispers, giving it a sideways glance.

"Well you do have very pretty lips" I tell him squeezing his cheeks with my fingers.

"Paper scissors rock you for it?" Drake says holding up his hand. I look back at Tate and his throbbing manhood. Before shaking my head wasn't worth losing. No f*****g way that was coming near me, I needed stitches just looking at it.

"Still in pain here, I don't care which one of you gets on it, but one of you is" Tate says annoyed.

"You pair did it, you can both fix it. I have been walking around with this all day so for the love of God will one of you please touch it, anything to make it go away" Tate begs.

He was definitely uncomfortable, and could feel his discomfort through the bond. Drake edges closer to the edge of the lounge and I feel relieved knowing he would deal with Tate, I sit up about to leave when Drake rips me forward and off the lounge in front of Tate. F*****g traitor!

Tate's eyes sparkle back at me as I look up at him and Drake runs for the stairs.

"Thanks Lana owe you one" he calls out ditching me. I growl and Tate raises an eyebrow.

He stinks of rogue blood, mud and leaves. "You are showering before I do anything" I tell him and he Huff's annoyed.

"Fine but you're coming with me" he says reaching down and grabbing my hand, his c**k smacking my face as he bends down.

"Oi watch it, you could poke out an eye with that thing" I tell him and he shivers.

"What?"

"Literally watched someone have their eye removed today" he says before turning on his heel and marching us up the stairs.

"Huh"

"Nevermind just get your clothes off" he says walking in the bathroom and flicking the light on. He started the shower and I was tangled in my jumper trying to pull it off when I heard fabric tearing, my cotton shorts disappearing from my body. As soon as my jumper was off I found myself slammed against the sink basin, Tate's lips crashing against mine.

His tongue demanding as it plunges into my mouth, his arousal hitting me painfully, and I wrap my legs around his waist, his c**k pressing between my legs before he lifts me, his hands squeezing my a*s, my own arousal coiling within me at his manhandling of me.

Water running down and drenching my singlet, which is the only article of clothing on me before I feel myself pressed against the cold shower wall tiles. Tate rips my saturated singlet off, his teeth nipping at my skin, and I feel them slicing through it as he hungrily devours my flesh.

I reach between our bodies grabbing his hardened length and wrapping my hand around it, he groans moving his hips and thrusting into it.

"God that feels good" he growls as I move my hand up down his shaft. He kisses me, sucking my bottom lip in his mouth before biting down on it, I wiggle my hips and Tate lifts me higher while positioning him at my entrance, his grip tightens on my a*s, his nails digging into my delicate skin as he thrusts up into me. My eyes watering and a strangled gasp leaves my lips.

"Sorry" he whispers while I try to breathe. What the f**k did he take V****a and the entire box of it? I hear the bathroom door open before Drake steps in, stripping his clothes off while Tate is standing still not moving, trying to let me adjust to him. Drake steps in the shower before kissing me, his hand moving between our bodies and I shiver as his fingers brush my C section scar. I have a strong urge to curse at him before he rubs my c**t in a circular motion, my body relaxing.

Tate rolls his hips slowly and Drake steps closer, his other hand going under me and Tate moans as Drake tugs on his b***s.

Tate kisses me his tongue tasting every inch of my mouth and he speeds up his movements. Reaching down, I grab Drake's c**k. It twitches in my hand and he leans his face closer, Tate pulling back as Drake kisses and I feel him move and so does Tate, instead pressing me against Drake's warm chest, his lips going to my mark as he moves my hair over my shoulder sucking on it.

My toes curling at the pleasure rolling over me. Drake's fingers moving between my cheeks caressing the tight muscles of my a*s before I feel the head of his c**k press against it. I tug on his hip

wanting him inside me and he moves closer. Tate's movements speeding up as he slams me down on his c**k that was smashing against my cervix.

Drake thrusts inside me in one movement before stopping, his hand wrapping around my waist before going to my c**t as he rolls it between his fingers making me moan. I felt overfull, full to the brim but it felt so good, felt right as I felt both of them slipping in and out of my body building up the friction inside me.

Tate's claws digging into my a*s as he holds me and I nip at his chest, my teeth grazing the hard muscles of his pecs before I wrap my arms around his neck and he offers his neck to me. I sink my fangs into him and he moans loudly, Drake's teeth nipping at my shoulder and I pull my face back, my fangs leaving Tate's neck. I lick his blood as it runs down his chest when he grabs my chin bringing my face to his as he kisses me.

My skin heats and my stomach tightening as my o****m ripples through me making my toes curl. My p***y flutters around Tate's c**k milking him as he finds his own release just as Drake stills behind me, his teeth sinking into my shoulder and neck over my mark, prolonging my o****m and making me moan loudly.

I feel Drake slip from my body. Tate's breathing is ragged and I feel his now flaccid c**k slip from my body before he places me on my feet, pecking me on the lips softly.

We quickly shower and just as we get out I hear Titus cry.

"I'll go and make his bottle, I missed my little man today," Tate says, wrapping his towel around his waist and walking out.

I dry myself before walking into the bedroom and grabbing my pajamas from the drawer. Drake slips on some shorts. I climb in bed, laying in the middle. Drake walks out of the room hanging our towels up before returning and climbing in bed. A few minutes later Tate climbs in flicking the lamp off and I snuggle against Drake loving having him home, Tate spooning me from behind.

"I Love you both" Drake says yawning, I feel Tate's arm move over me and Drake's arm that isn't under my head moves. I feel them grasp each other's fingers before falling asleep snuggled between my mates and finally feeling whole.