



# Adira's Omega

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, New Adult, Lesbian Romance

**Description:** I never expected to find my Omega, not in this world we had created, but when her lot came up, I knew she would be mine forever...

Omeegas were useful for nothing but breeding and status. Betas were simply there to make our lives easier but were sold just as easily.

Alphas, like myself, were the ones who ruled the world and demanded obedience.

That's the society our ancestors created for us. The one where I found Nyla at an auction, cowering and broken, like the Omega she was. Then I claimed her as my true mate.

Would Nyla kneel before me like a good little Omega, or would she break beneath me, showing the world their opinions of her worth were truer than she ever knew?

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# Page 1

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## Chapter one

Adira

“Sold!”

Poor girl.

I shook my head as I sipped my whiskey from the second row of round tables. Gregor was known to use and abuse them until he got bored, then they were thrown out like the trash he thought they were.

He always went for the Betas being auctioned off and seemed to go after the ones with red hair that mimicked the color of his lost mate. Pitiful fool.

I set down my glass and waited for the next slave to be brought up to the podium to be auctioned off. The room was the same as it had been for the last ten years. Red and black drapery covered the walls and tables of which there were around twenty. Some held a singular person like mine, and others were full with four attendees all hell-bent on torturing the young souls that found themselves in the wrong hands.

Alphas ruled the place, but we couldn't function without the Betas and Omegas. They did the dirty work and produced our offspring. No offspring, no future. I, however, had yet to find the one I wanted.

My parents pushed and pushed, telling me it was time to pick one at random that would produce strong and beautiful children to carry on our line, but that wasn't my

way. I was patient and knew one day I would find what I was looking for.

I uncrossed my legs, the deep red silk sliding over my soft skin as I adjusted. My stiletto heel clicked against the tiled floor as I placed my foot down. Raising my head high, I glanced at the others.

A few were regulars. Fillon, for instance, was here each month, as I was. He was pushing fifty but wanted as many Alpha children as possible. Despite having over twenty children at this point, only two were Alphas. The Omegas weren't of age yet, but knowing him, they would be put up for auction the moment they turned eighteen. As for the Betas, he had them working behind the scenes, ensuring his precious Alphas remained in power.

Hilda was another. She liked to have a house full of toys and playthings. She wasn't picky and went with her gut. Each new pet had a cage, and as long as they behaved, they had a decent life, despite the indignity of it.

My least favorite was a pair of twins, Martin and Moiri. They picked the feeblest lots, poked and prodded at them for however long they survived, claiming it was for science. I scoffed and picked at the pathetic hors d'oeuvres that were served to us at the beginning. You'd think with all the money they made off the rich Alphas, the auction owners would splurge a bit to please us.

There were times I outbid the harsher Alphas when I needed a few more servants, or wanted to gift a special one to someone I knew, but that wasn't often. It wasn't that I didn't have the funds, actually, I had the most here, but this was how things were. Besides, they set a limit on how many we could purchase at each auction, and I always held off, hoping someone would tickle my fancy.

Now the newcomers, they were an interesting lot. They fidgeted in their seats, nervous to be here. It was entirely too obvious even without the rest of us being

regulars. They didn't hold their signs up properly or with gusto, nor did they have that calm, posh air about them that the others radiated.

I wondered what they had come here for. Clearly, they had something, someone, in mind. Was it a Beta or an Omega? Were they keen on a worker for their business or house, or perhaps a fuck toy was needed? I gave a small unladylike snort as I thought of using an Omega because someone had impotency issues. Their pheromones were nature's cure for erectile dysfunction after all.

It wasn't unheard of and always made me giggle. As a lot, Alphas gave no respect to Omegas, but their designation as a whole solved many of our problems.

I took another sip of my drink, enjoying the slight burn it caused as it went down my throat when the auctioneer spoke into the microphone. "Next, we have lot number eleven." A worker pulled back the curtains and dragged a scrawny, blonde-haired Omega onto the stage. Her long hair covered her face as she kept it downcast. Despite being on the smaller side, her hips were rounded as one would expect of an Omega, and her skin was porcelain with a dust of freckles.

"Nyla is an Omega who just turned eighteen a week ago and went through the Omega training course at a hastened pace. We are told she is broken in quite nicely and is very obedient although shy and slow to respond." Their descriptions were always the same. What did they expect when they forced the Omega's hand and caused them to break?

Some Omegas with a nice Alpha parent stayed at home and under their parent's wing until they were used as a bartering chip instead of being auctioned off. Either way, the result was the same. Alphas wanted power, money, and connections, and Omegas were at the center.

"Let's start the bidding at five-hundred thousand, shall we? That seems fair for a

virgin Omega such as Nyla.”Virgin. I rolled my eyes. They should say what they truly meant: an Omega who had never gone into heat, not one who had never taken a cock inside them.

Nyla was shoved down to her bare knees. The only thing covering her was a skimpy lace number that barely hid her nipples and pussy. I had to admit, though, the black fabric made her stand out, only enhancing the soft glow of her pale skin under the harsh stage lights.

“Let’s begin.” As soon as the auctioneer started accepting bids, Moiri raised his paddle. When it was accepted as the first bid, Nyla looked out into the crowd, and her deep blue eyes collided with mine.

I took in a sharp inhale as realization hit. It wasn’t often a true mate pair was found given the way of the world, but when the connection happened, it was honored.

My chair fell back and banged against the floor as I stood, garnering the attention of everyone in attendance. The auctioneer didn’t hesitate, continuing on with the bids, but his efforts were for naught.

Marching across the room and onto the stage, I gripped Nyla’s bicep and pulled her to a standing position.

“Have you gone insane, Adira?”

I scoffed and set my gaze upon him. “She is mine. The auction is over.” I could feel Nyla trembling under my grasp. Did she not feel the connection? Was she not informed of how true mates work in our world? I glanced down at her, but she kept her eyes down. A part of me enjoyed the submission, but the other part wanted her to show the world who she belonged to.

Moiri yelled from his seat as he stood to challenge me. “That’s not how this works, Addie. If you want her, you will have to win her.” His face was beet red as he crossed his arms over his chest.

Addie. A nickname he kept from our childhood. The twins and I grew up together, and if we were appropriate designations, I had no doubt we would have been paired off to produce a strong lineage for our families. Wouldn’t Father be so proud?

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I sneered at him, tucking Nyla into my side. “Oh? Is that so, Momo?” Moiri jerked back as if I had struck him. “Had I stuttered before? Let me try again, but do listen because I hate repeating myself. She. Is. Mine.”

The room was silent for a heartbeat, then gasps rang out as realization struck.

The auctioneer was the first to recover. “Well, that changes things.” He cleared his throat, then addressed the room. “As long as Adira is willing to prove her true mate status, the rules are clear. Adira, if you would.” He gestured for me to prove my ownership, and I was happy to.

Omegas listened and obeyed every Alpha; any of them could impregnate an Omega as well. However, there were two key differences when it came to true mates. The first was a change in the Omega. Their slick production amplified, allowing for easier entry and showing their Alphas how much they wanted us, even when their mouths said no.

The second was what they were asking for. At the nape of each mate’s neck, a matching symbol appeared as soon as they locked eyes. You didn’t feel it, it wasn’t raised like a scar, but it was there for all to see.

Gripping Nyla’s arms, I turned her so her back faced the audience. My hands slid up her soft skin before sweeping her hair to the side, showing her neck and the symbol that resided there.

It was a small swirl with a stem that looked like a roughly sketched rose. Pride grew within me as I caressed the mark.

“And yours, Adira.” I turned around and lifted my long braid so everyone could see the symbol I knew was there. I didn’t need their confirmation; Nyla was mine. “There you have it, folks. A true mate bond was found before your eyes. I take it you’ve given up your bid, Moiri?” The auctioneer smirked, knowing the question was futile, as I turned back around to glare down at

Moiri.

He was an idiot at times, but he wasn’t a fool enough to fight me on this. Moiri nodded as I slid my hand across Nyla’s stomach and gripped her hip. She hadn’t moved from the position I had placed her in, and the auctioneer’s previous words rang in my ears. She had been trained and used, and I knew what that entailed.

Anger coursed through me as I twirled Nyla around and pulled her behind me as we left the stage. I didn’t stop until we were outside, entering the car that waited for me.

The privacy screen was up as always, but Vance didn’t need any instructions. As soon as the door was closed, we were off, and I pressed Nyla down until she laid in the seat beside me.

I ran my fingers across her lace-covered pussy and found what I had been afraid of. Their training had gone too far, and someone had spilled inside what was rightfully mine.

“You will tell me who soiled you, but I have to fill you first so it is my seed that remains inside you,” I ground out, leaning over Nyla. I felt my cock growing beneath my dress, and Nyla’s whimpers only added to my need to be inside her. “My little mate, I’m going to make you mine.”

Chapter two

Nyla

Adira, as the others had called her, groped at my body, feeling the scars on my skin and the wetness that didn't belong to me. I whimpered and tried to hide my face, ashamed of what had happened.

It was normal for the Betas and Omegas to be tested before they are auctioned off. From what the others had told me, they typically went through months of training with many tests throughout to see how their temperament was coming. My two weeks in the training were brutal and far shorter than was typical.

That was all thanks to my parents. They had planned to use me as a bargaining chip and raised me to be docile and trained me to be the best servant and breeder possible. My time with the trainers was short thanks to them, but it wasn't a blessing.

I shouldn't have been placed with them to begin with, but my father found out that I was not his biological child, that my mother, an Omega herself, had become pregnant due to the tests before he got his hands on her. I didn't know how he found out or how he could cast aside a child, a pawn, he raised himself, but he did.

That led me to the auctions and Theo, who demanded he test me like a product before I went on stage. They were supposed to use protection, but he managed to outsmart the others and went in without any. I wanted to fight back, but I knew I would be in more trouble if I went on stage with marks on my skin, especially my face. I let him do what he needed, then curled in a ball until I was dragged on stage to be sold off.

That's when I saw Adira. I couldn't explain the emotions coursing through me at the time, but when she stormed the stage and claimed me, everything clicked into place. I didn't know her, and this world was filled with cruel Alphas, so I was not relieved in any way, but there was some hope. Well, there was until she said, "My little mate, I'm going to make you mine."

At least there was some hope that she would get revenge on the horrible Beta for me, but I pushed the wish for kindness from my mate to the back of my mind, waiting for her to take what was hers.

Adira leaned over me, her long, brown braid falling over her shoulder and skirting across my exposed flesh. She inhaled at the base of my neck, then placed a tender kiss on my collarbone. I laid in shock at her actions, thinking I had gotten her wrong when she sat back and ripped the underwear from my body. The lace shredded with ease, and my entire pussy was now on display for her.

I bit my tongue, holding back the cries that wanted to escape. I was going through this for a second time today, and I was sure I would break. A tear ran out the corner of my eye, trailing into my hair. Another and another followed before Adira adjusted us.

She sat in the seat, pulling me up to straddle her legs. If she noticed the tears or my clenched jaw, she didn't react in any way to indicate it.

Adira hiked up her dress and shredded her own underwear, revealing her engorged cock that jutted from her pelvis. The anatomy of our world was fascinating. I had learned all about it thanks to my mother who insisted it would be easier for me to please my future owner if I knew how our bodies worked.

Adira was an Alpha female, the most complicated of the designations. At any normal moment, she would have a vagina like me with a hole and a clit, nothing out of the ordinary, but when aroused, her clit engorged into its true form: a cock with a knot that could outmatch the Alpha males of the world.

It was fascinating, and I wanted to look and see for myself, but I held back, holding my body stiff above her and waiting for the assault.

Her hands caressed my sides and down through my hips to my thighs before gliding up to my breasts. The bra was ripped from my body a second later, causing me to bite my tongue harder. I tasted the blood in my mouth and swallowed it down, hoping she wouldn't notice.

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Adira cupped my breasts, admiring her property, then pinched my nipples. I gave no reaction. Her right hand fell to my pussy, driving two fingers into me and massaging my clit with her thumb. Again, I gave no reaction.

The next moment, her hands gripped my biceps, and Adira slammed me down on her cock, forcing me to take every inch of her. I cried out at the intrusion, and my body betrayed me by producing more slick and greedily sucking her deeper, waiting for her knot to lock us together.

Adira chuckled and swept my blonde hair out of my face before entangling her fingers in it. “That’s more like it. Look at me, Nyla.” I hesitated, and she lifted me, then pounded back into me. I moaned, then bit my tongue again. “Look at me,” she growled.

I obeyed, meeting her green eyes.

“Let me make something clear. I want you to enjoy this, but I am fucking his seed out of you whether you want me to or not. You are my mate, and I will cherish you, but this world is not kind and neither am I. I will take you when I want, you will produce many children for us, and in return, you will have some freedoms and will never want for anything.” Another tear ran down my cheek, leaving my chin and falling onto Adira’s thigh. “Tears will get you nowhere, but you are so pretty when you cry.” She caressed my cheek, drying it with her thumb. Her eyes searched mine for something, but I refused to give her anything. “You will find your place by my side, and one day, I hope you find some love for me, but I will settle for obedience and contentment.” My eyes grew wide for a millisecond in shock, but Adira saw the minute change.

“I see. I am harsh, but I am not cruel to those who I call mine. Behave, Nyla, and you will find yourself thriving.”

I wanted to say thank you, but it didn't seem like enough, and I wasn't convinced her words had any merit, but time would tell.

Adira's mood changed, and her eyes darkened. The fingers that were still wrapped in my hair, pulled it back, and her mouth latched onto my nipple, sucking and teasing the perked nub. Her other arm wound around my hips and helped her shallowly thrust into me. I held back the moans as long as I could, but soon, I was pulling her closer and filling the backseat with far too much noise for my liking.

Slick ran down my thighs, coating Adira and the leather seats. I spread my legs wider, but it wasn't enough. My hips moved of their own accord, slamming down onto her cock and taking what was mine. I pushed those thoughts aside and focused on the pleasure she was giving me. I may not have consented, but this was far from the same as what Theo did to me.

Adira snarled and bit down on my breast, causing me to scream and squirm, but she wasn't having that. She chuckled and lapped at the bite before adjusting us on the seat. I was on all fours with my face pressed against the window for everyone to see, and Adira kneeled beside me before forcing her cock into my aching pussy again. I moaned and pressed back into her, wanting more, wanting her knot and seed.

The air in here was thick with our pheromones. Mine drove her to rut, making the knot inflate, and hers made me produce more slick and drove me to the point of begging for her to knot me.

Her nails scraped down my back before they dug into my hips. I felt her knot against the back of my thighs, and I needed it in me. I needed to feel full and wanted.

“Please, Adira, I—” She pulled me up so my back was to her chest and her hands cupped my breasts, rolling my nipples between her fingers. I arched my back and pressed against her, waiting for her to give me what I needed and what she wanted. “Knot me,” tumbled from my lips, and those words set Adira off.

She grunted in my ear as she pushed all the way in, and her knot completely inflated, filling every part of the empty space inside me. My muscles contracted, holding her in place, as I came on her cock. I screamed and tears blinded me as Adira gave a few more shallow thrusts, then filled me to the brim.

We stayed there, panting and locked together until her knot went down. Adira carefully maneuvered us so she was sitting on the soaked seat and I was straddling her thighs with my back to her chest. I leaned back and rested my head on her shoulder as she kissed mine and gently caressed my clit, forcing my need to grow again.

I groaned and stiffened again as I was not ready for another round, but Adira paid me no mind. She toyed with my body until I was panting on top of her. She turned my head and kissed me but stalled when she tasted the blood in my mouth.

“What the fuck did you do, Nyla?” she cursed, pulling my head away from her and glaring into my blue eyes.

I shied away, biting my tongue again. This time, Adira noticed the movement of my jaw and gripped it hard enough that my mouth was forced to open or my jaw would snap.

Shetsked. “No one, not even you, bites that pretty little tongue besides me.” Adira sighed, then continued, “As long as you do not go against me when there is company, you are free to speak, complain, demand, and so on.” My eyes grew wide in shock as I turned to look at her as best I could in our current position. She rolled her eyes.

“That doesn’t mean you will be listened to or that you won’t go unpunished, but you may speak your mind.” I cringed at the mention of punishment.

My father’s idea of punishment was being locked in a room while one of my siblings was used by their owner to show me how to behave. He wouldn’t risk beatings or starvation thankfully, but there were worse things.

“I think you’ll learn to like my punishments, Nyla. I am not someone you need to fear. Well, not in the way you are thinking. You will see.” I nodded subconsciously, having been taught to signal that I was listening even when I really wasn’t. “Now,” she said before grinding her hips upward, forcing her knot and dwindling cock to massage all the sensitive nerves inside me. “You’re going to come again for me.”

Adira made good on her words and made me come once more before we pulled up to her mansion. Her driver let us be since we were still locked together, but I looked out and enjoyed the similarities and differences I spotted to where I grew up.

Anxiety and hope whirled together inside me, but at least it was something other than fear and disgust. It was too soon to be thankful, but it was a start.

### Chapter three

#### Adira

My hand fell to Nyla’s lower back as I ushered her inside her new home. She wore a simple white dress that clung to her form, showcasing her perked nipples and slender curves. I couldn’t have her traipsing around and bare for everyone to see, so Vance procured the garments before I let her leave the car. Her feet were still bare, but that would be remedied eventually.

I spoke the truth when I said she would want for nothing. My family had plenty of

money to spare, and we had fewer and fewer things to spend it on.

I hadn't been prepared to find her, so nothing was set up for her arrival, but it would be handled in time. The nest would need to be cleaned, and supplies would need to be ordered for it with Nyla's input, and of course, Nyla would have her own card to purchase new clothing and whatever else she wanted.

As we stepped through the front door, Gian, the head butler, and Hania, the head maid, met us with slight bows. They were both Betas, and I would be amiss without either of them. They ran this place while I was gone and rarely needed instruction after so many years of working for me.

"Welcome home, Mistress Adira," Gian said before everyone's gaze landed on Nyla. "And who might this be?" I squinted at him and his nosiness, but he would need to know to inform the others. Besides, he had been taking care of my family since before I was born, so I allowed him some leniency. He felt closer to me than my real family at times.

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“This is Nyla.” She stood stiff as a board in front of me.

“And what will her position be? I will get a room ready and have uniforms ordered.” I smiled at Hania. She was always prepared and ready to take in any young Beta or Omega that I brought to her, but that wasn’t necessary this time.

“Nyla is my mate.” My arm snaked around her side and pulled her into my chest as my head servants gasped, then righted themselves far quicker than I had expected.

“Oh my.” Hania patted down her skirt and gave Nyla a soft smile. “Welcome, then, Miss Nyla.”

“Welcome,” Gian echoed and bowed again. “I will start sorting out everything for our new addition, shall I, Mistress Adira?”

“Please do, Gian. I will be relying on you for a swift transition since you have helped others with this before. Anything you can think of that she would need, procure it. Firstly, get her on my accounts, her own card, a laptop, and a cell phone.”

Nyla turned her head to peer up at me with confusion in her eyes. She started to speak, but I covered her soft lips with my free hand. “Nyla will pick out her own clothes and some new furnishings for her nest. Hania,” I turned to her, and she met my gaze for a second before dropping it, “have it cleaned and remove anything you deem unfit. Oh, and have Layla meet us in my suite.”

“Right away,” they said in unison.

I waved them off to do their tasks and chauffeured Nyla up the stairs and to the end of the west wing where my suite was located. This place had always seemed massive, even when my family was larger and took up more space. It dwindled, and I took over, so there was far too much space for one person plus the servants that lived here.

The walls were pearl with white trim, paintings of all sorts, and plants of various species. They added some life to this place despite it being a proverbial ghost town.

I gripped the iron handle, turned it, then walked in behind Nyla. The entry room was filled with a sitting area with two large chairs and a window bench overlooking the gardens, another with two couches and matching chairs in front of the stone fireplace, and a table fit for six people, so I could have dinner in my rooms instead of sitting in the empty dining hall downstairs.

Unlike the rest of the house, my suite had a bit of personality. The walls remained a pearl color, but the drapery, paintings, and other furnishings all held a shade of red. It was a stark contrast, and the red clashed against the off-white color, but I didn't care. This space was mine, and I would do with it as I saw fit.

Nyla stopped partway into the room, then turned around to look at me. She didn't say anything, simply stared into my eyes, wondering what was next.

"That door," I said, pointing to the one to our immediate left, "is one of the bathrooms. Specifically for guests. The next one is a small bedroom that I use as my office. Historically, it was for the suite owner's personal servant. The last one is our bedroom, which has two large walk-in closets and an en suite bathroom with every commodity you could imagine."

Nyla still said nothing. The room fell into silence as my explanation ended.

"No questions, comments, nothing?" I prompted.

She shook her head and turned away from me, heading to the window seat. She climbed up and looked out the large window. The garden was a radiant sight, or it had been. The lanterns were not lit, and the cloudy sky shielded the moonlight from illuminating the expanse. I found myself wandering around the various pathways when I needed to think, but unless instructed, the lanterns remained unlit at night.

Her forehead fell against the glass as she let out a hefty sigh. “This is a very nice prison.”

I let out a small scoff, but she wasn’t wrong. She traded one prison for another, but this one had some freedoms that no other would allow. “I’d say you could always go back, but I would never allow it. You are mine, Nyla. Get used to the idea, or your time here will be one of suffering in silence.” My words were harsh but true. I wanted her to enjoy life but not at the expense of my happiness.

I squinted my eyes at the back of her head and pulled my braid over my shoulder before starting to undo it and kick off my stilettos.

“There are worse prisons, mate. Does this new life really seem that horrid to you?”

Silence met me. I turned from her and had my hand on the bedroom door handle when she finally spoke.

“No, it doesn’t.” It was only a whisper, and I wasn’t sure it was meant to reach my ears, but I heard it nonetheless. Louder and facing me, she continued, “I am grateful, but—” I quirked a brow, and she stuttered to a halt.

“Continue.”

“But,” she began again, listening to my command which pleased me greatly, “a prison is still a prison even with false freedoms. I will have everything, want for

nothing, except it comes at the price of my own free will.”

“Free will is not real, Nyla. We are prisoners in one way or another. I was a prisoner of my family and am still a prisoner of the expectations they set upon me and the rules of this world. I can bend them, twist them until I find a loophole that suits me, but those chains still remain. To think that free will exists would mean you don’t believe in hierarchy, economic classes, emotional and physical restraints...” My hand dropped from the iron handle, and I made my way to her, kneeling in front of the bench and placing my hands on her knees. “Forget about free will, and make your situation work for you. If you want a hot tub in a tree house, it’s yours. An entire room filled with every style and color of shoe, get it. You only like a specific candy that was discontinued? Buy the recipe and a factory. Do you get what I am saying, Nyla?”

Her lips quirked in the corners as she fought a smile. “Yeah, Adira. I do.” Her gaze dropped, and her teeth kneaded at the lower lip. “You forgot to mention that I only get all of that if you get to use me when you want. That’s an important detail.”

The laughter bubbled up inside me before I could stop it. My head fell back, and the room filled with my laughter. Nyla chuckled in front of me as I stood up and gave her a kiss on the top of her head. “Yes, that too. You get to have it all as long as you are mine.”

A knock rang out against the door of the suite, and I called out, “Come in.”

Layla walked in and gave a bow. “Mistress Adira, Miss Nyla.” Her brown hair was up in a bun, pulled back from her round face. She had hazel eyes and olive skin and was only a few years older than Nyla. I allowed some leniency with my staff on what they wore, so instead of what some would deem the typical maid outfit, Layla had on a black shirt, pants, and shoes with a white apron tied around her waist that had a few pockets, a singular loop, and a small receiver attached to it that connected to her

earpiece.

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Of course, they had more appropriate attire that they were expected to wear when certain guests were around. Gian and Hania were always in those garments as they would greet the guests and signal to the others to change accordingly.

I pulled Nyla to a standing position, then over to Layla. “Nyla, this is Layla.”

“Hello,” Nyla said with a small wave of her hand.

“She will be your personal servant. Anything you need, she will take care of. I will also be able to find you through her as Hania is typically within yelling distance of me. She is a Beta and close in age with you. I saved her from Martin and Moiri when she turned eighteen as well.” Nyla looked up at me, wondering who I meant. “Moiri was the man I was initially bidding against for you. The one next to him was his brother, Martin. Nasty fucks.” Her lips formed an ‘O’, and she turned back to Layla.

“Are you happy here?”

My head spun toward her, and I glared down at the top of her head as she waited for Layla to respond. When she didn’t, I pushed her to do so. “It’s all right, Layla. Answer her question truthfully.”

Layla glanced between Nyla and me a few times before resigning herself to answer. With a sigh, she said, “As much as can be expected of a Beta servant who was once a sex slave and seen as nothing but a bargaining chip.”

I felt Nyla cringe at the mention of Layla being a sex slave, but I had a feeling that had to do more with her recent past than what Layla went through. Her body relaxed,

and she nodded.

“Then I’m glad Adira saved you. I could use a friend who knows what it was like.” Her voice was small as she spoke.

Layla nodded, then looked at me for instruction. “Going forward, unless I need to step in, you will receive your commands from Nyla, but for now, go get some sleep and be ready to help Nyla get situated tomorrow.”

She bowed and exited the suite, closing the door behind her.

As the door clicked shut, Nyla’s shoulders deflated, and she said, “I hate this world.” A single tear dripped down her cheek, and I as much as I wanted to agree, this world gave me her, so I couldn’t hate it if I tried.

## Chapter four

Nyla

Itossedandturnedin bed, wishing sleep would take me under, but I had no such luck. I was exhausted, mind and body, but I was also restless with thoughts from last night and the last two weeks.

I had gone from a loved child, although an Omega, to a slave being sold at an auction, to finding my Alpha mate in a very short amount of time. There hadn’t been a stable moment to process it all, but now that I laid here next to Adira, I had the time to do it. She could be harsh and demanding, but I knew I was safe here under her protection.

Staring up at the ceiling, I let all the emotions wash over me, but now that they had the chance to show themselves, they weren’t present. I felt like a blank slate in a way, but I knew they would appear at the worst time.

Sighing, I removed the blankets and made my way to the bathroom, splashing some cool water on my face. Some of the stress dissipated, but I was wide awake with nothing to do.

Making a decision, I wrapped a robe around my oversized tee and leave the suite in search of... Well, I didn't know what, but I didn't want to be locked up in the suite any longer, and a stroll through the mansion sounded nice even if I didn't know where I was going.

I weaved down hallways and stairwells, taking in the furniture and artwork. No piece was the same, but they were all very similar. I didn't look at any in detail, finding my mind was unable to focus on them or appreciate the artistry this late at night.

A large clock rang, and I checked the time. It was now three AM.

Looking around, I was unsure of where I was or how to get back to the suite, but I didn't really care. I knew I would be punished, but it wouldn't be in a way I couldn't handle. I wouldn't be raped or beaten or locked away without any food or a toilet like some slaves were.

Every time it crossed my mind, a small semblance of relief swept through me for myself along with sadness for the others.

It wasn't fair, but I was in no position to fight every person of the world. Adira saved a few here and there, and within our society, that was already pushing the boundaries of what was acceptable. I was thankful for her and what she did, truly, but it would never be enough.

Shaking my head, I turned around to go down a set of stairs. I thought it led to the main floor. Perhaps from there I could either find the kitchen for an early morning snack or remember the twists and turns we took to get to our suite.

Alas, there was no hope for me. I found a sitting room with comfortable couches and a large TV but no front door, kitchen, or anything remotely recognizable to make my way back.

I would be here until someone found me or until my bladder protested enough that I would have to find a bathroom or at the very least a way outside to relieve myself.

Plopping down on the couch, I grabbed the remote from the table and flicked on the TV. I scanned through the channels and landed on one that played old cartoons that I used to love when I was younger. I pulled a blanket on top of myself and snuggled down into the plush sofa.

The sound of the cartoons and the familiarity of falling asleep on the couch lulled me to sleep. I had no dreams, no thoughts, just a blank slate of sleep that was needed.

Screaming and pounding feet woke me from my slumber. I rubbed my eyes and sat up, wondering what was happening, then it hit me. I had vanished in the middle of the night and had fallen asleep where no one would think to search for me.

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I yawned and stood up, following the panicked voices until I rounded a corner and came face-to-face with Layla.

“Oh, thank fuck,” she let out before slapping a hand over her mouth. Haniatsked and started to reprimand her, but I stepped in.

“Please, don’t. She’s free to speak like that, at least when it concerns me.” Layla looked kindly upon me as Hania nodded, but her nostrils flared, telling me she wasn’t pleased with my decision. “So I’m guessing Adira is awake?”

They both grimaced but nodded. “Come with me, and let’s hope this goes well, shall we?” I followed Layla, trying to hold my head high. I knew Adira would worry, and I would accept my punishment whatever it might be.

Layla and I walked into the main hall where Adira was rampaging and telling a group of staff to look harder because I had to be somewhere, then Layla cleared her throat and stepped to the side, revealing me to my mate.

Adira’s dark eyes landed on me. Where they were once hard and panicked, they were now soft and full of relief. She stomped over to me and wrapped her arms around my waist, hoisting me into her arms. “You’re going to pay for this, Nyla,” she whispered into my hair.

A shiver ran down my spine as I responded, “I know, but I couldn’t sleep.”

Adira set me down and cupped my cheek. “That changes nothing, but we will work on it.” She turned away from me, dismissing the staff, except for Layla. “Layla, I am

going to leave her in your hands. Please ensure she gets ready for the day and has everything she needs. Gian knows what needs to be done. I have a few things to attend to but will be back later.” Adira looked down at me, and I knew what had not been said. She would be back later to punish me. There was a slight smirk on her lips, so there was some hope that a little part of me would enjoy it. If it was anything like the ride here... I pushed those thoughts aside as Adira kissed me goodbye, then left the mansion to do who knew what.

“Well, that was an exciting morning. Would you like to shower now?”

I let out a sigh and nodded before following Layla up the stairs and to our suite.

I took a long, scorching shower, then dressed in a pastel pink dress with white tennies before Layla led me to Gian, who piled a lot of information on me and filled my arms with a phone, laptop, a purse with a wallet loaded with cards and IDs, and an e-reader which I was incredibly grateful for.

“Is it safe to assume you know how to use these devices?” he asked.

“Yes, I can manage.” Thankfully, I grew up with everything. Well, not everything but enough to get by.

“Good, that will make this easier on all of us. Everything is set up to some extent. You can load them with passwords and accounts you still have access to. For the rest, use your new card and fill your closet and shelves with anything you deem needed or wanted. Mistress Adira has made it clear that we are to spare no expense, so have fun.” Gian gave me a smile. He had been so rigid before, but I think that had more to do with Adira than it did with him.

I had the urge to hug him, so I passed things along to Layla and wrapped my arms around Gian’s torso for a quick hug before saying, “Thank you.” Before he could pull

himself together and stop sputtering, I took back the phone from Layla and got to it.

“Can we go to the sitting room I was in last night? I like it there.”

“Of course. I think I know which one that was.” Layla led the way, and shortly, I was plopping back down on the sofa with all my new things and got to work setting them up.

The rest of the morning was spent shopping and chatting with Layla. By the end, I had ordered a closet or two full of clothes and books and a few other things that I wanted to put in our suite and the nest. I didn’t know if Adira would allow it in the former’s case, but it was worth a shot. I had always wanted a beanbag chair, so I got one for the room in black and a bright yellow one for the nest.

Before I knew it, it was lunchtime, and my stomach was making me aware of the fact that I hadn’t eaten since sometime yesterday.

As we made our way to the kitchen, Adira walked through the front door, and her eyes landed on me instantly. “Ah, my little mate, perfect timing.” She dragged me to her and crashed our lips together, shoving her tongue into my mouth. Mine battled hers, and I tried my hardest not to melt like I did yesterday, but despite it all, she was my mate, and my body reacted to her far too easily.

Our kissing became heated, but my stomach growled, and Adira pulled away with annoyance in her eyes. “Layla, has Nyla not eaten?”

Shit.

My head dropped, and my gaze landed on the floor at her tone. I felt a whimper working its way up into my throat, but I swallowed it down as she glared down at Layla.

“No, Mistress Adira, she has not. We were just—”

“Enough. If you cannot handle caring for Nyla, you will be dismissed and placed back into the auction.”

I gasped and nearly slammed the top of my head into Adira’s jaw as my head turned up to look at her. “No!”

“No?” Adira looked down at me with her brow quirked. “You are not in charge, Nyla.”

My breathing was ragged as I pulled away from Adira and stomped my foot like a petulant child, but I was overwhelmed and needed her to listen. Her eyes rolled, but I carried on. “No, you will not. She’s nice to me and lets me exist without treating me like something to be owned. Fine, you don’t want her to be my servant or care for me, but I will be keeping her as my friend.” I crossed my arms and held my head high, hoping this wouldn’t end badly.

I had never talked back like this, and I didn’t know where it was coming from, but I bonded with Layla and would risk this for her. Not for myself, but for her.

Adira stood there, staring at me with a blank expression. My resolve almost broke, but I held it together long enough for her to cant her head and look at Layla. “You’re very lucky, Layla.” Without explanation, Adira grabbed onto my wrist to the point of me wincing and dragged me the rest of the way to the kitchen where she proceeded to force me to eat and watch every single bite until I had finished the grilled cheese with spinach and ham along with a small bowl of grapes and blackberries.

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Everything was delicious, but I slowed my pace, knowing what was next. Not only was I going to pay for my disappearing act but also for undermining Adira in front of the staff.

This was going to be a long, long afternoon, but a part of me was ready to take on Adira again.

### Chapter five

Adira

Nyla stood in front of me, looking far too delicious for her own good. Not that it mattered at the moment. She vanished in the middle of the night, causing me great distress. I awoke to an empty bed, then I quickly realized it was an empty suite. I ran around the mansion and forced the staff to drop whatever they were doing to search for her.

Of course, no one found her until she showed up, sleepy and concerned.

Then she stood up to me in front of Layla, undermining my rule in this house. I knew Layla wouldn't spread word and cared for Nyla, so I allowed some weakness to show to her alone, but if any other had been present, I wouldn't have been able to brush it aside for the time being.

Now that Nyla was fed after what I heard was a long morning of shopping, I could show her what her punishments would look like.

I knew what other owners and mates would do. Depending on who it was and what the underling did, they might go without food for a few days or be locked in a cage to watch their friend or lover be used in some way. However, there was a line I didn't want to cross. Not because of Nyla, but because of my own beliefs. The only person I would force myself upon is Nyla, and my pheromones allowed that to happen with ease.

If I punished Layla too severely, getting Nyla back to the point of caring for me would be a challenge if not impossible. I had to weigh my options and dole out punishments to her and Layla that would put me in an acceptable position with them and show the world that I was still me and hadn't gone soft because of a new mate.

I tapped my finger on my hip and watched Nyla's breathing increase as time went on. We were in the main room of our suite until I made my decision.

"Nyla, what do you think your punishment should be? While you're at it, what punishment should Layla have for not taking care of you?" That got her attention. Her deep blue eyes bore into my green ones, but I didn't budge. I wanted to see what she would say. After all, she had a lot to say earlier.

Her nostrils flared, and her mouth popped open and shut a few times before she took a deep breath and answered me. "Sending Layla to live under another for the six hours you deemed she didn't take care of me would be suitable. Not someplace horrible but someplace to show her how lucky she truly is."

"Huh, I didn't expect such a decent answer. I thought you would want to save your friend and demand I not punish her."

Nyla rolled her eyes, then looked away, biting her lower lip. "I wanted to say that, but you wouldn't take that as an answer. I know how this world works, Adira. I hate it, but I know the rules."

She looked so sad, and I couldn't wait to change that expression to one of surprise and ecstasy. I felt my cock stirring inside me, wanting to break out and be submerged inside our sweet, little mate, but I needed to finish this conversation first. Nyla wasn't done yet.

"Punishment accepted. She will spend tomorrow morning at my father's." Nyla perked up at that, and she started to ask about him, but I waved her off. "You will meet my parents eventually, but we will not speak of them now." Her brows scrunched together in annoyance, but I ignored it. "Now, for your punishment." I crossed my arms and waited.

"I don't know. I can't—"

"Yes, you can, and you will, or I will make sure the punishment is far worse than the crime. Now, tell me," I growled out, stepping closer to her and towering over her small form.

I watched her gulp, then open her mouth to speak. "For vanishing, being locked away or suite-bound would be a typical punishment. The harsher owners would probably chain their property in a cell and forget them for a week. For undermining you in front of Layla, others might take my tongue, but I think you like my tongue, so—"

"Oh, do I?"

"Yes," she said without hesitation. "So not speaking for however long might be better fitting. I am sorry though. It was only Layla, and I wasn't thinking of her as a servant but as my friend."

"I know, and that is part of why you aren't being punished more harshly. However, I need you to understand that what you did was wrong and can't happen again. If you had spoken back to me in such a way in front of other Alphas, I would be debating on

how much I liked that tongue of yours.”

Nyla gasped but hung her head, allowing me to carry on.

“I think I will keep this punishment a surprise. Follow me.” I left the main room and entered our bedroom. Straps were attached to the bed, and a small chest of supplies was left on the nightstand. “Strip and hop up.”

With little hesitation, Nyla did as she was told. The dress fell to the floor, her shoes were removed from her feet, and she slid back onto the bed, waiting for further instructions. I moved around the bed, pulling each limb and strapping it down until all four were done. I took my time and made my way to the chest, opening it and pulling out a vibrator before kneeling between Nyla’s legs in my leather pants and deep red blouse that I had worn to my earlier meeting.

I flicked on the vibrator, turning it on the lowest setting at a constant buzz before pressing it against Nyla’s clit. She jolted and hissed. I pulled it away.

“Your punishment is this. I will pull the vibrator, my tongue, finger, cock, everything away the second you make a sound. A whimper, a hiss, a moan, anything, and it will be taken for an indeterminate amount of time, then when you do finally come, and you will because we aren’t stopping until you do, you will be left here, chained and alone until tomorrow morning.”

Nyla lifted her head, looking at me with a frantic look on her face, but didn’t speak.

“Let’s begin.” I placed the vibrator back on her clit, and Nyla bit her tongue, refusing to make a sound. I drew a circle with it, and Nyla started rounding her hips, following the vibration. I knew she was hoping to make this quick, but I couldn’t have that.

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Setting it up to still buzz on her clit, I slid off the bed and stripped down. My cock was half engorged and ready to slide into her dripping pussy. Setting back between her legs, I pulled the vibrator off of her and massaged the tip of my dick along her entrance, coating myself in her slick before thrusting myself in with one go.

Nyla wasn't expecting it and gasped, so I pulled out and made sure no part of me or the vibrator was touching her. She groaned for a second, then zipped her lips again. After a few seconds, I realigned myself and inserted my cock inside her in one flick of my hips again, hitting the back of her pussy and slamming against her cervix. I groaned at the thought of her heat that was coming up in a few weeks. Her cervix would open up and allow me entrance so I could impregnate her.

The thought made me harder, and my cock twitched. To Nyla's credit, she kept quiet.

I replaced the vibrator and swirled it and my hips in unison, driving Nyla higher. She was doing an amazing job at keeping silent, and it wasn't part of the plan.

I increased the vibration intensity and pressed the head of the vibrator directly on her clit as I pumped into her. That got a moan.

Pulling out my cock and dropping the vibrator to the side, I watched her throw a small tantrum on the bed. Her arms and legs flailed a bit in exasperation and desperation for release, but it didn't work too well in her favor since she was restrained.

I let out a chuckle and sat back until she calmed down. Once again, I waited a few seconds, then realigned myself and slammed in. This time, I left the vibrator out of

the equation, gripping her hips and thrusting into her hard and slow, over and over. Her head fell back, but her mouth and eyes were sealed shut.

Leaning over her, I sucked one of her nipples into my mouth, nipping at the sensitive flesh. A whimper escaped her, so I pulled back and let her tantrum again. I wondered how long I could keep this up before I was torturing myself alongside her. For now, I was having too much fun to let her find release. By my estimate, we had been going for about fifteen minutes, but my first goal was an hour, then who knew what would happen?

Again and again, I teased her, fucked her, licked her, and every time, Nyla crumpled and let out a sound, causing us to start over. My frustration was quickly growing with hers, so I knew it was time to let her come all over my cock.

Sadly, I wouldn't be able to knot her because of the second part of this punishment, but there would be plenty of time for that later.

I slid in with ease, her slick coating both of us and the bedding underneath. I groaned, and she remained speechless. I angled my hips, hitting all the right spots inside her before gripping onto the vibrator. Before pressing it to her clit, I said, "You are not to make a sound as you come either, Nyla. If you do, I will pull everything away, will place a clamp on your clit as punishment, and will leave you as promised."

Nyla's body tensed under me, but she nodded. I dropped the vibrator to the sensitive nub, and Nyla bucked up into me, her orgasm hitting her instantly. Too bad she didn't listen well enough because a small moan that she tried so hard to cut off slipped from her lips.

She cried out and tears ran down her face as I ripped myself away from her and placed a small silicone-covered clamp onto her clit, ensuring it would stay put with any thrashing she did. Without a word, I stepped toward the door, but Nyla's words

stopped me.

“Please, don’t do this, Adira. I need you. Please, fuck me again. Please, I—”

“No, you will accept your punishment.” I gripped the handle and pulled open the door. Without looking back, I said, “I will see you in the morning, Nyla. Enjoy your alone time. It may be your last.”

It took an incredible amount of willpower to not burst back through the door and knot her so I could get off, but I controlled my urges, reminding myself that I would have her again tomorrow and every day after that.

Nyla was mine, and she wasn’t going anywhere.

## Chapter six

Nyla

### One Month Later

Ashiverranupmy spine as I thought of the last punishment I received. I couldn’t imagine what Adira would do if she found out I was broken and useless as an Omega. She needed to know though. I wasn’t sure how she had gone this long without noticing, but Adira was busy quite often, so maybe she was distracted.

I shook my head. I wouldn’t know until I told her.

Taking a deep breath, I exited the bathroom in our suite and made my way toward the couch where Adira sat with her morning coffee.

“I’ve been here a month, Adira.” It was an awful way to start this conversation, but if

she pieced it together without me having to admit my faults, then all the better for me.

Adira pulled the cup from her lips and turned to look at me. “Hm, I hadn’t realized it had been that long.” A small smile graced her lips before setting down her mug. Standing and walking toward me, she said, “I suppose we were having too much fun to notice time flying by.”

The frown I had been fighting won and turned down my lips in a severe fashion, pulling Adira’s attention. My gaze fell to the floor as she towered over me with an annoyed glare.

“Nyla, what is this?” I had been very receptive to her after she punished me, finding that I enjoyed it a little too much. She had left me as promised, and despite having to pee myself in the bed and being plagued by my own thoughts, the alone time in a semi-safe space was delightful. I had been the perfect little mate, obeying her and giving in at every moment but speaking up when we were in private. She allowed me this, and it was working well until I realized three weeks had gone by and now four.

Adira’s hand flew up and gripped my jaw, pushing my gaze up to meet hers. Her dark, wet hair fell into her face, but she ignored it. I reached up and brushed the hair behind her ear before rewording what I had said before. “It’s been one month since I turned eighteen.” My eyes begged her to understand, and for a moment, I thought she would remain oblivious, then recollection flashed in her eyes before she pulled back.

“How is—no, you will be seen by a doctor before we make any rash decisions or form our own uneducated conclusions.” Adira whipped around and grabbed her phone from the coffee table, and in a few moments, someone answered. Adira ordered them to bring in her doctor for an emergency visit, and she wouldn’t take no for an answer.

Thirty minutes later, I was on the exam table in the small medical room in the

mansion. It was a decent size considering it was only used for basic exams, but the table was soft enough and cooled my lower half when the rest of me was burning up with anxiety.

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Adira stood leaning against the door, glaring daggers at Doctor Porter Neal as he sat on the stool in front of me. I twiddled with my fingers, knowing there was no good outcome.

“Now, Nyla, you’ve regularly been seen, yes?” he asked.

I glanced at Adira, and she nodded, giving me permission to answer any of his questions. “Yes, I had routine physicals with Doctor Livinton, who works for my—” I cleared my throat and started again. “For Sawyer Vacanti. Nothing showed up as odd until now.”

Hehmed and nodded before pulling a plastic cup with a lid from a cupboard behind him. Turning back around, he handed it to me. “Let’s start with a urine sample, then I will take some blood and see what we can find, shall we?”

Once again, I glanced at Adira. This time, she kicked off the door and beckoned for me to follow her into the attached bathroom. “Thank you, Porter. We will be right back.” She opened the door and guided me in with her hand at the small of my back. Once we were both inside, Adira closed the door and took up her position against the door as I made my way to the toilet.

I pulled down my underwear and lifted up my dress, but as soon as I sat down, I froze and nothing wanted to come out of me. Maybe it was the fact that I hadn’t had anything to drink this morning and had already emptied my bladder this morning, or it was Adira staring at me with fury-filled eyes.

“Can you stop watching me?” I mumbled with downcast eyes.

Adira scoffed, but I saw her avert her gaze from the corner of my eye. It helped but only a little. I pulled the lid off the cup and stuck it underneath me, aiming it the best I could so I didn't pee all over my hand. It took a minute, but eventually, it started flowing, and only a little dripped on the outside of the cup, narrowly missing my fingers.

With it sealed and me redressed, Adira led us back into the main room where Doctor Neal had prepared a blood draw for me. I grimaced at the tray but ignored the needles I knew were there. Setting the cup on the counter as I passed by, I then sat back up on the exam table, and I held out my arm, waiting for the needle prick.

Doctor Neal chuckled, then prepped my arm. Before I knew it, we were done, and he had three vials of my blood to test.

Looking at Adira, he said, "I will get these tested right away, but are you aware of the possibilities?"

Adira glanced at me, then replied, "Either she can't breed, or—"

"She is already pregnant."

I shivered as the cool room seemed to cave in on me. Neither option was good. Actually, both options were horrible. Either I was useless, or there was the possibility that I was pregnant with Theo's child. My child would go through something worse than I had. They would grow up knowing they were nothing but a slave to be used by others.

A tear slipped out of my eye as the doctor cleaned up and went on his way. Adira left the door open and stood there, giving me a moment, but it didn't last long enough.

"Let's go." Her voice was hard as if she were holding back a mix of fury and anguish.

I tried to calm myself. There was a greater chance that it was hers, and I had to hold onto that hope until it was ripped out from under me. We would soon know what was wrong, then if I was pregnant, we would have to wait to do a blood test to determine the other parent.

Waiting was not my strong suit, but Adira was even worse at it.

More tears ran down my cheeks as we walked the halls to the kitchen. I was finally getting the hang of the mansion's layout. I didn't know why we were heading that way, but I wasn't in the mood to argue or question Adira. I wanted to curl up in bed and sleep until we had some news.

Once we got to the kitchen, Adira and I sat at the large table in the center where all of the food prep generally took place. I refused to look at her, but her eyes never left me. We sat in silence for a few minutes, then some servants came in and placed breakfast in front of each of us. I had a bowl of mixed fruit, two waffles, and a small plate of bacon. Adira had the same except for pancakes instead of waffles. I could never agree with that decision, but it went with who we were. I liked the harder things, and she liked them soft.

A small smile quirked onto my lips at the thought. She was the hard to my soft, at least for now.

I nibbled on my breakfast, even though I didn't really have an appetite at the moment. The fruit was too mushy and tart, the waffles were too bland even with the syrup coating them, and the bacon was a little too crunchy to be enjoyable. Was it the food or the mood I was in? It was hard to tell.

Adira finished in record time and went back to staring at me. Finally, I had enough. I set down my fork, looked around the room to make sure no one was around, and locked eyes with my mate.

“Say it.”

“I have nothing to say yet.”

I rolled my eyes. “You always have something to say, Addie.”

Her nose scrunched up when I used her nickname. She loathed it, but it was a small way to show others that, although I was underneath her, we were still mates and loved each other. Well, we had been working on that. I was getting there but had no idea what this new development would do to her progress.

“I will have something to say when Porter gets back to me with the results, but if you are pregnant—” Adira’s jaw ticked, and she shoved back from the table and marched out of the room.

At least we were on the same page. I knew what was coming, and I had no way to prevent it. I was a ruined Omega with a proud Alpha that cared too much and somehow too little at the same time.

The next few hours would be hell, and I was determined to make them flash by as quickly as possible.

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Leaving the kitchen, I went to what I referred to as my living room and binged a ridiculous television show until Adira's heavy footsteps caught my attention. My anxiety skyrocketed as she stepped through the doorway, and my stomach dropped.

This can't be happening.

Chapter seven

Adira

"I can't be," fell from Nyla's lips as I walked farther into the room.

"You are," I ground out, clenching my fists at my sides. Rage rampaged through me at the thought of her carrying another's child. The tests all came back clear, except one. Nyla was pregnant.

She pushed herself off the couch and stared up at me with tear-rimmed eyes. "No! I can't, no, no, no!" She kept mumbling as she began to pace across the room, tousling her hair and biting her nails as she went.

A part of me wanted to comfort her, but the bigger part screamed for retribution. I knew my options, and I needed to think very carefully about them before making a decision. The real question was if I included Nyla in the discussion before making my demands.

Before I could decide, Nyla whirled toward me and spilled a story I hadn't heard before. "This is why my father cast me out and placed me in the auction. He found

out that I wasn't truly his, that somehow my mother got pregnant outside of her heat. I don't know how he did or how he could throw me aside so easily after raising me, but—"

"But here you are." I let out a small scoff and rolled my eyes. "I'd like to say I disagree with his decision, but at the moment, I know exactly how he felt." My eyes landed on her, and Nyla stepped back with fear glaring across her face. "Besides, now I have you, so his decision resulted in something good." I shrugged, moving toward the large chair and collapsing in it with all the weight of today.

"You can't mean that."

"Oh? Nyla, you are naive at times but not delusional. I am kind to you and let you have certain freedoms, but I am still an Alpha bound and raised by the society we live in. The man who raised you had every right to sell you after finding out you were a bastard child. But again, it led to me having you, so I really don't care what he did." I flipped my hand through the air and sat back, letting my thoughts run through my options again.

Nyla growled and stomped her foot with tears running freely down her cheeks. "Why are all you Alphas assholes? This world is terrible because of you. We are tormented and abused all because you think you're better."

"Watch what you say, little mate. I have a decision to make about that thing growing inside of you, and your actions might push me one way over the other."

Nyla jerked back as if she had been struck. "You can't mean—"

"Enough, Nyla, you know exactly what I mean. Now, would you like to discuss this, or shall I go tell Doctor Neal that I have already made a decision?" I sat up straighter, holding Nyla's gaze as her breath came out in pants. Moments passed and finally,

Nyla nodded and sat down. “Good. Would you like to start?”

She pulled her eyes from mine and glared down at the floor by her feet. “We can’t do a blood test now, can we? To determine who it belongs to?”

I shook my head. “No, it’s far too soon. We would have to wait too long to find out. We have to decide without truly knowing.”

“Do we know how far along I am? That could give us answers.” She picked at her fingers and clothing, trying to keep her focus without breaking down. It was admirable, but I didn’t think she would be able to hold it together the entire time.

“We can, but it isn’t exact.”

“Well, can we get that information first?” she asked, looking up at me. “There’s no point in discussing this if we don’t have all the information.”

I pulled out my phone, ignoring Nyla for a moment, and messaged Hania to have Doctor Neal prepare the test. “We will continue our discussion until they are ready for us.” Placing my phone on the chair’s arm, I continued, “Let’s say the test comes back showing you are a month along, then what?”

Nyla bit her lip and tried to hold back the tears that were rebuilding. “Then,” her voice broke, causing her to pause, but Nyla cleared her throat and started again, “then I know what your decision will be.”

“Do you not agree? Do you want to carry that man’s child instead of mine?”

Nyla’s head whipped around, and she glared at me. “Of course not, but that doesn’t mean I want to go through aborting it! There’s no fun, happy, easy answer, Adira. No matter what, I will be in pain. If it’s his, pain. If it’s yours, still pain, but at least I get

something out of it. A family.”

I smirked, then leaned forward, resting my elbows on my knees. “Well, I’m glad we are on the same page. If we find out that you are only a week or two along, then we will celebrate and prepare for our first child. If you’re even a day over two weeks, Nyla—”

“I know. At least I will have some solace that the child wouldn’t grow up to be thrown aside like I was.”

Nyla’s face dropped, and we sat in silence until my phone buzzed. Checking it, I saw a message from Hania, telling me that they were ready for us. Standing, I beckoned to Nyla. “Come.” I walked out of the room, knowing she would follow behind like a good little Omega.

I wanted this to go well for the both of us, but I refused to let anyone spoil what was mine. That’s why Theo was on his way here so I could carry out his punishment. He would never touch another Omega again, let alone himself.

A sinister smirk etched itself onto my lips as we walked up the steps, heading toward the exam room once again. Today was going to be a good day, one way or another.

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“Two weeks on the dot,” Doctor Neal announced, and a hefty sigh left Nyla beside me.

“Are you sure?” I ground out.

“Yes. We have refined the test to be accurate to the day. Some are working on a test that could reveal the very hour. You know how these Alphas are, Adira. If there were multiple involved, they want to know exactly who the parent is before a blood test can be done.” He shrugged and scooted back on his rolling stool before pulling off his gloves and throwing them in the trash can.

“Even if it was slightly off, it would only be by a day or two, so there’s nothing to worry about. Nyla is indeed pregnant with your child.”

Pride swelled inside me as I looked down at Nyla, my now-pregnant mate, who had fat tears falling from her eyes and had deflated in relief. The room was silent for a moment, except for Nyla’s happy sobs. I placed my hand on the top of her head and stroked her golden locks.

“If that is everything, I will schedule a check-up in one month, and we will go from there. For now, enjoy the good news and rest up.” With a final nod and goodbye, Porter left the room, leaving us alone to gather our thoughts.

I cleared my throat and faced Nyla before cupping her wet cheek. “There’s no more need for your tears now that you have what you want.”

Nyla slapped my hand away, scoffing. “Yes, because this is how I wanted my first

pregnancy announcement to go, Addie.” Then stood up before marching out of the room. I charged after her, catching a handful of the words she was mumbling under her breath. Mainly how Alphas were idiots. The fire in her made me smile, but it also made me want to force her submission.

Reaching out, I grabbed her arm and twirled her around until her back was pressed against the wall, and a small gasp escaped her lips as I entered her personal space. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“To our suite so I can take a bath and forget this day ever happened.” She clenched her jaw so tightly that I was concerned a tooth might chip in the process. Not that it couldn’t be fixed, but dealing with her pregnant and having to get a tooth fixed didn’t sound like any level of fun.

“Oh? You wish to forget the day you found out you were pregnant with our first child?” I leaned down so we were breathing the same air and watched as her breathing went from heavy with anger to full of lust.

“No,” she stuttered out. “I wish to forget the day you acted like an overbearing Alpha who only cared about their genes being passed on.” Her words were harsh, but her voice was airy. Nyla’s eyes glanced from mine to my lips and back again.

“Is that so? But we were on the same page, Nyla. You knew what would need to be done and didn’t fight me on it. You accepted it, knowing that for this to work, you needed to take my seed and no other. Isn’t that right?” I stepped back, causing a small whimper of disapproval to escape Nyla’s lips, then leaned down and gripped the backs of her thighs before hoisting her up and pinning her between the wall and me.

“Um, I...” Nyla tried to focus on her thoughts, but I ground into her, making things foggy in her mind.

“Don’t question me, Nyla. Don’t fight it. Give in and let me taste you, hm? I want to celebrate you being pregnant and pleasure you as a reward for being such a good mate who listens to their Alpha.” I could see the fight still in her eyes, but the flare of her nostrils said she wanted to give in because she knew the pleasure that would come from it.

I watched as she warred with herself. Would she keep her resolve and hold onto the anger she had, or would she take my cock into her slick-filled pussy?

Either way, I would enjoy it, whether I forced her into submission or she crumbled without the extra push.

Finally, Nyla huffed and let her head fall back against the wall. “Addie, you can’t fix every fight with an orgasm.”

My head flew back as I let out a loud bark of a laugh. “Maybe not one, but how about three or four? I have quite the pool of information, and making you come hasn’t failed me yet.”

Nyla rolled her eyes and looked at me. “For someone who claims to take what they want and not care what others think, you put in a lot of time trying to please me.”

I snickered and dropped my gaze. “Sometimes it’s easier to please you, and other times it’s easier to take what I want from you. Depends on the day, little mate. So which will it be today?”

“Put me down and find out.” I quirked a brow, but my curiosity was piqued, so I let her down and stepped back.

Nyla slowly side-stepped, then walked backward a few feet before turning and taking off. “Nyla,” I growled.

She turned around with a large grin on her face. “If you want me, then you’re going to have to catch me.” Nyla spun and was off again and took a corner, taking herself out of my line of sight.

I jogged along the hallway, taking my time, knowing that I was the ultimate predator and I would catch my prey. Tonight, Nyla was on the menu, and I would feast to my heart’s content.

## Chapter eight

Nyla

I heard Adira’s heavy footsteps in the next hall, slowly chasing after me. I knew her tactics. She thought I would get myself into a corner or run out of steam and go to the suite and wait for her to ‘find’ me. That’s not how I wanted this to play out.

She had some things to make up for and had to show me that she thought of me as more than an Omega she owned and bred. I knew a part of her would always think that, and I had accepted that fact, but there was a part that was coming to think more of me, and I wanted that side of Adira. The side she only showed when it was the two of us in our suite or when we snuck down for midnight snacks.

I was fine playing the role of the dutiful Omega, catering and listening to her Alpha when we were with others, but we weren’t right now.

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I rounded another corner, taking us in a circle and avoiding our suite. I knew she would follow me with ease. I wasn't trying to be quiet for now. That part came later.

Stepping onto the first step to the first floor, I heard a vase crash to the ground behind me and a shout from Adira. That would give me a bit more time to put my plan into action.

Making my way to the kitchen, I ran through, hoping to spot Layla. Adira had kept her word, and Layla was now my friend and no longer a servant, but she liked to help out and keep herself busy. I didn't mind. She was always there when I needed her as any friend would be, but we weren't inseparable. Layla had her hobbies, and I had mine. Mine just happened to be fucking Adira and testing boundaries.

"Is Layla around here?" I asked the servants quietly. They pointed to the back room, and I ran in there, nearly crashing into Layla.

"Good lord, Nyla, what are you doing here?" I covered her mouth and pushed her farther into the room.

"Shh, I'm hiding. Long story short, I'm mad at Adira, so I'm making her work for it. Also I'm pregnant, and that's a whole thing I can't get into right now, but I want you to tell her I went a different way than I did. Throw her off my scent, so to speak."

Layla pulled my hand off her mouth and gawked at me. "Are you crazy? I can't lie to the Alpha. She'd take back her promise to you in an instant and send me to Martin and Moiri without feeling any guilt." Her eyes were saucers, and I wanted to argue, but she was right. I pushed Adira enough. This would throw her over the edge, and

Layla would be dragged down with me, except she would get an actual punishment that wouldn't be enjoyable in any way.

I backed away and sighed. I should have thought this through, but my brain had been scrambled since I woke up and realized what day it was. I let out a long sigh. Today had been long and taxing. I wanted to sleep but knew it wasn't going to happen any time soon.

I looked at the door, then back at Layla. "Okay, yes, close your eyes so you don't have to lie." She did as I said, and I took off through the second door in the room which led outside for deliveries. This area was not as well known to me, but I made due, making my way around the house and walking through the front door.

Peeking in, I didn't see or hear anything. I pushed the door open enough to slide through and inch along the wall as I closed it. Still nothing. I sighed and turned to the right, heading for the entertainment room. It was enough out of the way that it would take some time for Adira to make her way there.

I slumped into one of the oversized chairs and relaxed for a moment. I was exhausted from the events of today and could only imagine how tiring the next nine months were going to go. I would want for nothing and neither would this child now that we knew it was Adira's, but that didn't mean the pregnancy was going to be easy.

Worries flooded my mind on what could go wrong, but one plus was on my side. Adira would throw money at the best doctors. Holding that thought in my mind, I stood up and grabbed a snack from behind the snack bar. There was a variety, but I went with caramel corn. The sweet saltiness was exactly what I needed while I waited.

Time went on, and before I knew it, nearly thirty minutes had passed, and I was getting a little worried. Not necessarily for Adira, but for me when she finally found

where I was.

My foot tapped against the hardwood floor, and I debated about what my options were. I could sneak out and see if I could find her, then run away again, or I could wait here. Neither was great, but the first option at least gave me plausible deniability.

Standing, I made my way to the door and pulled it open. Instead of revealing an empty hallway, Adira filled the doorway, towering over me.

“Found you.” A sharp grin pulled at her lips as she walked in, forcing me to step back or bounce off of her powerful frame.

My eyes were wide and round as I stared up at her, waiting for her to attack and take what was hers.

Finally, Adira stopped in the center of the room with me a few feet away, then without warning, she pounced, wrapping her arms around me and hoisting me up before spinning me and placing me face down on the pool table.

I squirmed, not liking the feel of the green fabric against my skin, but Adira held me down with ease. One hand rested between my shoulder blades, ensuring that I didn’t move, and the other flipped up the bottom of my skirt, then gripped my underwear before pulling and shredding the fabric. I was bare to her and felt the coolness of the room seep into my warmth.

“You hid far better than I expected, little mate, but that means you will have to go longer without an orgasm. Thirty minutes to be precise.” I gasped and tried to turn my head to look at her, but I was stuck.

Without preparation, Adira pulled out her hard cock and lined up, slamming into me

in one go. I should be used to this, but I still cried out at the intrusion. Her cock hit every nerve, lighting a fire within me that I knew she would tease and let fall to cinders until she revved it up again.

My legs dangled off the edge, unable to touch the ground or gain any leverage to change the angle in which she was pounding into me. The front of my thighs rammed into the table's edge each time Adira entered my pussy without remorse.

Adira pulled one of my legs up, placing my knee on the ledge and increasing the angle in which she drove into me. I screamed and tried to pull away, needing a moment to get used to the intrusion, but Adira wasn't having it.

"Take all of me, Nyla, like you have every night since you became mine." A shiver ran up my spine as Adira raked her nails along the underside of my thigh. "You will take my knot and my seed, but you will not come until I tell you."

I nodded into the rough fabric, knowing that was what she wanted.

"Such a good Omega," she cooed, but her forceful thrusts didn't stop. Her speed slowed, but she flicked her hips forward in a harsh snap, hitting every piece inside me and making my orgasm grow even with the pain.

"Please, Addie," I pleaded, hoping she would take me with her into orgasmic bliss. "I'm already so close."

"Is that so?" Adira pulled out and flipped me around. "If you're going to come from me fucking your pussy, then I will have to fuck something else. Your mouth or your ass?" she asked, waiting for me to answer.

Neither was my true answer, but she wouldn't accept that. I took a little too long to answer, so Adira decided for me, as she did quite often.

“Ass it is.” Adira flipped me back over, and I argued against it.

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“Please, no! My mouth, I choose my mouth!” At least I had taken her there before. I knew what to expect. With how she took me, I knew this wasn’t going to be pain free, and I wasn’t ready.

“What do I always say, Nyla?” she asked as she slid slick from my dripping pussy onto my unused hole before easing in one finger, making me gasp.

“You will take everything I give you.” Adira had repeated it many times, and I always complied. It would be painful, but I had to trust that she wouldn’t irreparably hurt me. Dropping my head to the table, I tried to relax as she inserted another finger, stretching me more and more. Finally, a third finger was added, and when Adira was pleased with her work, she pulled back, coated her cock and my ass with more slick, and lined herself up.

“Deep breath, Nyla.” I did as I was told, but the slicing pain I felt was so much more than I had ever imagined as she pressed the head of her cock inside me. I wiggled and tried to adjust to the tight fit, but nothing helped. “Relax. You were made to take my Alpha cock, and you will.” In and out, she slowly stretched the muscles, forcing them to comply with her demands.

The pain lessened and pleasure took over when she was halfway in, then Adira being Adira, she changed course, gripped my shoulders, and plunged herself deep inside me with a lustful sigh. I screamed and sobbed, but Adira kept at it, using my shoulders as leverage to rip herself out, then spear back in.

“Scream more. Can you feel my cock twitching inside of you? How excited it gets when it hears your pain?” I groaned and dug my nails into the top of the pool table.

Finally, the pain dwindled, and I felt Adira's knot hitting my ass cheeks, hoping for entrance. I wanted to rebel and say no, but pleasure peeked over the horizon again. My pussy fluttered on nothing but air, begging to be filled by her Alpha. The pain from my ass, the need to take her, and the anticipation from our chase all combined into a messy ball of lust that sat low in my belly.

My orgasm was a long way off, but I knew it would come, and one day, I knew I would get off with her using my ass as her toy. For now, I accepted my Alpha for who she was and all she had to offer.

As her knot inflated some more, Adira growled into the empty room and shoved her knot in, locking us in place. Tears ran down my cheeks, dripping on the green fabric by my splayed-out hands.

Adira pulled me to her and kissed the back of my neck and tweaked my nipples with her free hand.

If there was anything I learned from the time my parents put me up for auction to now, it was that life came with pain and pleasure. If you only had one, then you weren't truly living.

And I demanded to live, to experience, to thrive in this world that was built to break us.

The Omegas. The underlings.

As Adira came in me with a shout, coating my insides in her hot cum, I had one final thought.

Tonight was going to be long, and the coming months were going to be longer, but I wouldn't have it any other way.