



Bound to the One-Night Stand

Author: *Vivian Murdoch*

Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult

Description: My innocence was meant for my husband—not the man I married.

The man I loved was ripped from my life by the Governing Body, forced to wed another against both our wills. Leaving me with an intact hymen and a lifetime of shattered dreams. And my own forced wedding on the horizon. I am not without options, however. If the government won't give me the husband I chose, then I'll damn well choose who gets my innocence. Except, the man in the club I all but throw myself at refuses to take me. He gives me pain and pleasure beyond my wildest imagination, yet leaves me yearning for that final claiming. But not for long. Because by some sick twist of fate, the man waiting for me at the end of the aisle is the Alpha who denied me just the night before. Now I belong to him...and nothing will stop my new husband from finally claiming what was rightfully his all along.

Bound to the One-Night Stand is a darkverse arranged marriage story with themes that might be appropriate for some readers. Please read the front of the book to see if this story is right for you.

Total Pages (Source): 43

Page 1

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

CHAPTER 1

JESSICA

Tears blur my vision as I stare at the text message in front of me.

Alec

I have been chosen by the Governing Body to get married. I hope it's you I see at the end of the aisle.

Two days have gone by.

No messages and no emails for me from the Governing Body.

Nothing.

It wasn't me who met him down the aisle, but some other omega. It's some stranger warming his bed while I sit here like an idiot at work trying desperately not to cry. A different woman is cooking his meals and kissing him goodbye as they part ways in the morning.

Someone else is fucking him.

Someone else is enjoying the pleasure of his touch.

Someone else.

Not me.

It will never be me.

Not unless the six months pass and they're just that unhappy with the pairing. Maybe then it can be us again. But who knows where I'll be? Perhaps the Governing Body will have already put me with a different Alpha.

Glancing up at the people bustling about their workday, my heart sinks. So many have been paired up, matched by some algorithm the government created to find the perfect pair, the perfect match — a soulmate.

As if computers can see into the soul. As if some piece of machinery can look past biology and take in chemistry, history, and... well... life.

But even now, I see how happy these couples are. Based on what I've seen and heard, it's rare that a couple leaves after the six-month trial. My Alec will probably be the same.

I can't count on him pining away for me like I am for him. Dropping my head back to look at the screen, I type out a quick message. As usual, I get the same response.

Alec

The person you are trying to reach has blocked this number. If you feel as if this is in error, please have them contact a servicing station for a systems scan.

It's not in error. I know because it popped up later that night. After the wedding. While they're probably on their honeymoon.

I get it. He wants to give this new relationship a chance. It would be impossible to do

so while clinging to the past. Not to say it still doesn't sting every time I see it.

Though it's idiotic of me, I keep trying, thinking maybe he'll be so unhappy with the match that he'll want to pick things back up. But that's not fair to me either.

At some point, I have to let go. Even though doing so seems to hurt even more than the initial rejection. In my soul, it feels like I'm just giving up, but I guess that's what I have to do.

Setting my phone inside the drawer, I go back to my computer screen and try to concentrate. Thankfully, everyone here knows about what happened between Alec and me. They know I'm distracted and not at my best. At some point, however, that's not going to hold up.

My fingers fly over the keys as I look at the coordinates for a new property we're assessing. Same type of house. Same type of lien. Nothing new or exciting in this one.

I type in the information as well as general observations into the sidebar, so I have everything I need to make a report later. Once that's done, I glance over my shoulder, making sure no one is watching me. They're all busy doing their work and seem to pay me no mind.

Pulling up another screen, I type in Alec's phone number and wait for the system to do its work. It's a level of stalking I never thought I'd stoop to... but here we are. It takes a few moments, but soon, an image pops up on the screen.

My heart plummets as the cursor blinks. He's in Greece. He's in fucking Greece. The place he said he was going to take me once we got paired by the Governing Body.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

But he's taking her. Somehow, I thought he'd still be in the city. Hell, the state even. Never in my wildest nightmare did I think he was going to take her to Greece. Not a perfect stranger.

Unless he already knew her? So many questions pelt my brain as I sit there, slumped over, my head in my hands. How could he betray me like this?

Our spot? The place I dreamed of ever since we made our pact? The place where I was going to give myself to him. All of me. Nothing held back.

And for what? So he can take some stranger instead of me? So he can fuck her on the beach as the waves roll in? Granted, that idea was just the result of one too many drinks and a romcom binge sesh.

But it doesn't make the pain any less real.

"Hey Jess." My work bestie Kessily pops in behind, scaring the ever-loving shit out of me. Her tight, jet-black curls bounce and quiver with every minute movement. "That doesn't look like a foreclosure property."

As quickly as I can, I hit a few keys, and the screen disappears. "Just looking at some ideas for a girls trip."

She crosses her arms and shakes her head, narrowing her amber eyes. "Right. And I'm the queen of England."

A sigh flits past my lips as I hang my head and push away from the desk. "He

blocked me.”

“I mean, what did you expect him to do?” Though her voice is soft and gentle, her words still strike a chord.

“He could have done something. Said something.”

She gathers me into her arms and squeezes. “Would you have let your new husband text an old girlfriend?”

A flash of jealousy sears me for a moment, stealing my breath. Unfortunately, she’s right. Not that I want to admit it. We stay there for several moments, neither of us saying a word. But then... we don’t have to.

Hurt continues to sting, like a wound that refuses to close. It should have been us. It makes no sense why it wasn’t us. Eventually, I pull back as a cramp sends a far different sort of pain signal to my brain.

“Look,” Kessily hedges, gesturing at the screen. “You’re never going to get over him if you stalk him like this. I have a better idea. The club I go to is having an open membership night. Why don’t you join me for some sexy fun?”

I wrinkle my nose and shake my head. “Kinky fun, you mean. I’m not into all that stuff.”

She laughs and crosses her arms. “Oh, I’d beg to differ. Weren’t you the one who loved dipping her fingers into candle wax while it was still hot?”

Heat fans my face, but I refuse to duck my head. “Okay, but that was like-”

“Last week,” she butts in, a knowing smile on her face.

“It’s not like I got off on it.”

“Okay, fine,” she retorts. “Weren’t you also the one who enjoyed sticking safety pins into your fingers and palms?” This time, she raises her eyebrow and taps her foot.

As much as I hate to admit it, her show of authority sends a shiver down my spine. It’s a weakness of mine, and she knows it. Screwing my lips up into a fierce frown, I cross my arms.

“Okay, but that was during my school days. Everyone was doing it. Not just me.” Despite how much I try, I can’t seem to keep the whine out of my voice or the humph at the end.

Kessily’s eyes sparkle as she tilts her head back and laughs. “Not everyone. Remember how grossed out Becky was?”

Giggling, I let the memory wash over me, soothing the hurt and replacing it with something else. “We’d both go up to her and wave our hands around. I’m surprised she didn’t throw up.”

“She did!”

“What? When did that happen?”

For the next several minutes, I forget all about the Alpha I was supposed to be with and rest in the moment with my best friend from forever. However, the moment we stop laughing and wipe the tears from our eyes, that familiar ache comes back.

I wasn’t supposed to be alone like this. Alec and I were supposed to be together. Forever.

“So, am I picking you up?” Kessily’s voice permeates my brain, bringing me back to the present.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“I don’t know. There’s a difference between inflicting things on myself and letting someone else do it to me.”

“But that’s the fun of it! Giving up control is so exhilarating.”

With a smirk, I go back to my monitor and move my mouse around, letting the screen light back up. “And here I thought you were the one doing the controlling and not the other way around.”

“What can I say?” She shrugs. “I like both. Sometimes I like to submit, and other times, I like to bring the pain. It works for me.”

“That tracks. You’re exceptional at being a pain in my ass.”

“Only ‘cause you take it like such a good girl.”

Heat travels up my cheeks, but I refuse to acknowledge her blatant attempts at making me uncomfortable. “Don’t you have some work to do?”

“Don’t you have some work to do? You know, besides stalking your ex like a creeper?”

My heart squeezes in my chest. I suppose he is my ex now. With a soft sigh, I close out the screen and pull up what I’m supposed to be working on today. I’m so far behind as it is. Thankfully, Kessily isn’t actually my boss, or I’d have that to deal with on top of everything else.

The rest of the day drags by, but soon, I'm able to clock out and leave. Kessily slides back over, her smile crossing from ear to ear. "You don't have to decide right now," she continues, picking up our conversation from earlier. "But just know, they only allow new members in twice a year, and you have to be vetted. Miss out tonight, and you'll have to wait for a bit. Pretty sure no one else in there knows you and can vouch you're not a walking red flag."

She pauses for a moment and looks me up and down. "Granted, I'm not so sure I can say with all certainty that you won't be an issue. I did catch you stealing company time to be a weirdo." The humorous glint in her eyes softens her words.

Besides, it's not as if I've never taken a jab at her. It's what makes us great friends. We can tease each other, and we both know, at the end of the day, we'd die for each other. She's honestly the sister I never had.

"Look, I appreciate it, really. But I kinda wanna be alone with my new men tonight." Her brow furrows, and I can't help but chuckle. "You know, a certain ice cream duo. They've been calling my name since last night. It's about time I give in and stuff my face with some chocolate chip cookie dough."

"Orrrrr, and hear me out. You get your face stuffed by a hot dominant who makes you call him Sir."

As much as my pussy spasms at that thought, it's just too soon. I need time to grieve, to mourn. Alec didn't strike me as the type of Alpha who would dominate me either in bed or in the rest of my life. Granted, it's not as if I know that exactly. But then, it's not as if he did anything rough while we were just touching and feeling.

The oral and fingering was great. At least to me it was. Unfortunately, there's only so many variations on that sort of thing before it starts to become repetitive. Penetrative sex would be different. I just knew it. The main thing is we had a connection, and

that's all that really counts.

Shaking my head, I squeeze Kessily's arm. "Thanks, but no thanks."

"Well, if you change your mind, I'll be ready to pick you up. Club opens at nine tonight."

"Sure thing. I'll see if my men can part with me."

"Y- you do know they're not real. Right?" She places a hand on my forehead for a moment. "You'll find someone else. Trust me. Alec seemed like a great guy, but obviously not the one for you. I have faith in the Governing Body. All my friends who have been matched up couldn't be happier."

"I know. I know. Trust the process. Got it. See you tomorrow."

Kessily snorts. "Babe. It's Friday night and I'm about to get beat. You really think I'm going to come over Saturday and watch movies with you? I mean, yes. I am. But nice of you to not think I would have other plans."

"Please. The moment you have other plans is the moment we both get taken down the aisle and you know it."

Sliding her bag up her shoulder, she crosses herself before kissing her fingertips and lifting to the sky. "I swear, if they try to pair me with some vanilla guy, I will not be happy. I'll pull my Domme boots on so quickly that Alpha won't even know what hit him."

"Can I watch?"

"Duh. You'd have front-row seats."

Tears prick my eyes as laughter bubbles up. This time, when I give her a hug, I take a little bit to let go. She may pray for a kinky Alpha, but I just pray her match keeps her close to me. I'd hate to lose my soulmate and my best friend.

As she walks away, I pat myself down, making sure I didn't leave anything at my desk. Before I can reach the door, a slim omega makes her way over to me, her red chaotic curls bouncing about her face.

"Jessica, wait up!"

Angie smiles and pulls me off to the side, setting off warning bells in my brain. Why would she want to talk to me before I leave? I only ever see her in the cafeteria. Usually, those who work in the genetic matching department don't mix with others in the same building.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“Hey! I’m glad I caught you.” She glances around before pulling me further into the shadows.

What could she possibly tell me that requires such secrecy? “Is it Alec? Has he called off the experiment so soon?” Hope blossoms in my chest as I search her face. “I didn’t think he could do that.” He must love me if he’s willing to defy the Governing Body like that.

At my words, however, Angie’s face falls. “I’m sorry. I don’t have access to that sort of information. And if I did, I wouldn’t be allowed to tell you.”

“But you’re a matchmaker. You have to know.” Desperation floods my voice, turning it harsh and raspy.

Again, that look of pity crosses her face, making my stomach churn. “I’m an assistant. Not a proper matchmaker yet. Even then, we only know the omega side of things. As a matchmaker, I’d still not be able to tell you anything about the Alphas.”

Irritation races up my spine. “Then what do you need to tell me? I’m running a bit late to a dinner date.” I bite the inside of my cheek as the lie slips from my lips.

If Angie notices, however, she doesn’t say a word. In fact, she looks even more uncomfortable as she shifts back and forth on her heels.

Again, she looks around, as if seeing if anyone is eavesdropping. Whatever it is, it must be something either super important, or something I really don’t want to know.

“I- Well... Um. I don’t...” Her words start and stop as if she’s trying to find the right way to tell me.

This must mean it’s bad then. Balling my fingers into my palm, I brace myself, worrying over what it might be. Am I fired? Is she the one telling me I no longer have a job? But why her? She has nothing to do with my department.

Panic grips me for a moment. Fuck. It was because I was spying on my ex using their computers. Isn’t it? But then, shouldn’t my supervisor tell me this and not her?

Her lips move again, but then close. This is ridiculous. Whatever it is, I wish she’d just say it instead of doing all this cloak and dagger shit. I’m not sure how much more my heart can take at this moment.

Pausing once more, she tucks a bit of hair back behind her ear. “What I mean to say is, you’ve been matched.”

My vision wavers as everything goes dim for a moment. I sway a bit before grabbing onto a nearby railing to steady myself. Both relief and heartache slam into me at once, nearly making me pass out. At least I’m not fired. Not yet anyway.

But then that leaves me with confronting exactly what she said. Matched. I’m fucking matched. So soon? How could they pair me this soon? There has to be a law against this. Something. But then, it’s not as if the government really takes our feelings into consideration.

Angie reaches out and grabs my arm as she looks around the empty hallway. “Look, I’m not supposed to even tell you this, but I know how disappointed you were when Alec-”

“And there’s no chance they made a mistake? Could it be him then?”

Angie shakes her head, her lips pulling down. “I don’t know much, but I do know the omega who got paired with him. As of today, she is still within the experiment. Whoever you meet down the aisle tomorrow, it will not be him.”

Nausea bubbles in my stomach as my gut churns. This can’t be happening. What were they thinking? The only thing flitting through my head right now is what sort of Alpha are they going to pair me with?

If I thought Alec was my soulmate, would he be just like him? Or will he be so different it will be beyond jarring? Confusion muddles my brain as thoughts swirl, refusing to land.

“And the groom?” I manage to croak.

“You know I can’t-”

“Yeah, yeah. You can’t tell me. Can’t or won’t, I wonder.”

Her lips thin. “Can’t. I literally don’t have any information in my system about the Alphas. All I can say is that he’s local, whoever he is. Normally, if he’s somewhere else in the country, the omega has to go to him. Since the ceremony is downtown, he has to be in this ordinance.”

Great. He could be anybody. Hell, he could be Kenny the copy guy. Bile rises in my throat at the idea of that boring guy being my mate. Is he even an Alpha? I don’t even know. Since I thought Alec was my one and only, I didn’t really pay attention to any other men, Alpha or otherwise.

“I want Kessily to be there.” If I was going to have to go through with this governmental farce, I want my best friend front and center.

“You certainly don’t have to worry about that. She’s at the top of the list of people to request for your bridal party. But hey, at least tomorrow is a Saturday. It’s not like you have to plan this around work.”

I’m not sure what my expression looks like, but based on how Angie backs up, it must not be the most pleasant. “Gee. I have to marry a stranger and I don’t get to take off from work? Just toss the confetti and pop the champagne right now.”

“Look. I know it’s not ideal-”

“Not ideal? This whole thing is absurd! What right does the government have to interfere with marriages, anyway?”

Page 5

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“Shhhh. You don’t want the wrong people to hear you.”

“And do what? Oh, heaven forbid. I can’t get married because I’m in jail. Like the two are any different.”

“Please,” she begs, fear rolling off of her so hard it nearly chokes me on the sour stench. “I can get terminated and imprisoned for even telling you this. You’re not supposed to know until the official text tomorrow. I just... I thought it would be better hearing it from someone you know and at least kinda like.”

Numbness pervades my limbs as I shake my head. “You’re right. This isn’t your fault. Thank you. At least I can start packing tonight.”

“I mean, you needn’t do all that. The Alpha you’re with might want to move in with you.”

A dry laugh rumbles in my chest as I pull away. “Doubt it. I have nothing to offer an Alpha.”

Not physically, anyway. My mind churns as I pull out myphone. I only have one thing an Alpha would be interested in, and I damn well refuse to give it up to some stranger the government pairs me with.

I shoot off a quick text to Kessily, telling her I changed my mind. After assuring Angie I’ll keep my mouth shut, I make my way out to hail down a cab. Tonight, I’ll lose my virginity to someone I damn well choose, and I’m not going home until I do.

CHAPTER 2

JESSICA

Music pulses under my feet, pouring out of the unassuming building in front of me. It's a sensation more than an actual auditory experience. From the outside, La Petite Douleur looks more like a French restaurant or bistro than a sex club.

Others climb out of sleek cars and make their way over, their elegant dresses and suits more suitable for the red carpet than the debauchery that apparently awaits us. Their masks glitter in the glow of the neon sign blinking from up high and the various lights shining around us, making them look as if they're encrusted with diamonds. In comparison, I look plain and drab.

The mask is one Kessily let me borrow and is nothing more than a cheap Halloween piece of plastic held together with an elastic cord. My dress is whatever is clean and not wrinkled. Not like them.

Thankfully, Kessily looks about the same, so I won't stand out too much. Glancing over, I jerk my head toward the entrance where The Elegants, as I call them in my head, make their grand entrance. They seem to float on air, just exuding money and class. Definitely not like Kessily and me.

Nervousness trickles down my spine as I tug on my simple clothes. "How much does it cost to join this club, anyway? I didn't think we made enough for all that."

Kessily follows my gaze and gives a soft chuckle. A soft sigh drifts from her lips as she shakes her head. "Don't let them fuck with your mind too much. Not everyone looks like that. They like to show off. It's part of their kink, I guess. What you're wearing is just fine."

Again, I tug at the cheap fabric and frown. “I don’t know... They seem like they fit here. Not like me at all.”

Turning, she plants her hands on her hips before letting out a sound that’s not quite a growl, but not friendly either—exasperated is more like it.

“Look, I’m not here to set you up for failure. We look the same. It’s not like this place has a set dress code. You have to look presentable for the people outside. Basically no wearing fetish clothes or showing up naked. But once you’re inside, anything goes. There’s nothing saying you have to wear elegant clothes. Just come as you are.”

“I suppose...”

“Look, they come here pretty often, so I know them well. They get off on the high-end side of things. I’m pretty sure any play equipment they have at their house is probably hewn from solid mahogany or something. Please. Trust me. If I can afford this place, so can you. That is, if you want to join after tonight. This visit is on the house.”

Dread drips down my spine as I watch them make their way to the door. They’re so perfect, so elegant. Everything I wanted to be but could never have. My stomach twists as Kessily threads her arm through mine and drags me toward the door.

“Honestly,” she continues. “It’s what I love about this place. Everyone is accepted, rich and poor alike. Behind these doors, we’re all equals. The man you saw sporting the Rolex and tux will soon be on his hands and knees, begging to be whipped. The woman next to him will be doing the disciplining. Before the night is over, their third will probably be spit roasted like the dirty little whore she likes to be.”

My eyes widen as I follow their movements, noting the reservation and absolute

elegance in their stance. Nothing about them speaks to anything so deviant. But I suppose it's the facade they wear. If I passed them on the street, I'd think they were heading to an opera or a soiree. I certainly wouldn't dream of anything as depraved as all this.

As if she can sense my unease, Kessily wraps her arm around my waist and gives me a squeeze. "You'll be fine. And once we're inside, you'll see they're the exception and not the rule. Their scenes are spectacular, though, so don't let the little green monster keep you from watching them."

The doors part, but instead of people hanging from the rafters and fucking every which way, there's a nice bar and restaurant. Narrowing my eyes, I look at the people milling about or sitting and having a drink. Nothing about them looks out of the ordinary.

"Okay. Is this a big joke? Did you lie to me to get me to come try out some new restaurant instead of stuffing my face with ice cream? I mean, I'm not complaining, but..."

"But?" she teases, giving me a wink. "Disappointed or relieved?"

"A little of both, I guess?"

"IDs and membership cards." A burly man holds out his hand, looking every inch a refined bouncer.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Again, that sinking feeling churns in my gut. Digging around in my purse, I hold out my license along with Kessily.

“And here’s my membership card,” she chirps, tapping the laminate with a perfectly manicured nail. “She’s my plus one for the evening.”

She elbows me in the side, and that’s when I notice her mask is up. My fingers tremble as I lift mine as well. Until now, I didn’t realize just how much I enjoyed the anonymity of having part of my face concealed.

He squints at my license and holds it up, comparing my face to the sad picture. “Skill level.”

“Pardon?” I choke out, bringing my mask back down. “Are you asking how good I am at sex?”

Next to me, Kessily snorts, not even trying to contain her laughter. “She’s a complete newb,” she chuckles, ignoring my glare.

“And you vouch for her?”

“Absolutely.”

“Fill this out.” He hands me a clipboard and motions to a nearby table.

As I look over the form, everything seems standard. At least, I can only assume, since this is my first time at a sex club. Thankfully, they don’t ask any personal questions.

It's mostly non-disclosure statements and things to cover their asses if something goes wrong.

The bouncer looks it over for a moment, and as his gaze touches on each section, I can't help but feel like I'm being personally judged. After several moments, he seems to be satisfied, but still gives a heavy sigh as he hands us a wristband.

"Two drink maximum for all players. If you wish to drink more, your playing privileges will be revoked, and you'll only be allowed to observe and not join in. As you read and signed, we do not allow impaired individuals to play. That includes other substances as well. If we have any doubt of your sobriety and ability to make informed choices, you will not be allowed to participate in anything."

Swallowing, I look back over at the bar. Perhaps if I get myself shit-faced, I won't have to even try anything tonight. But then, the whole point of me coming here is to lose my virginity to a man of my choosing. Can't do that if I'm not allowed to play.

As I slip my band on, the bouncer continues, pointing to a couple of small divots mostly hidden from view. "The bartender will punch these holes each time you purchase a drink. In the event you choose to go over your maximum, he will remove the band and give you a bright green one, indicating you are an observer only."

I hold my wrist up next to Kessily's and note the dark black rubber nearly blending in with her arm in the dim lighting. It's a stark contrast from the pale pink standing out like a virginal siren against my skin. Great. Now everyone will know just how innocent I am.

"The color indicates you're not only new to this club, but new to the scene," he states before waving us away. "Don't read too much into it." His tone is abrupt, but at least I get to scuttle away from his intimidating gaze.

At least that explains the coloration and isn't some siren indicating the cobwebs I have growing between my thighs. Attempting to distract myself, I grab Kessily's arm and turn it this way and that, looking at the dark band. "Damn. You're a kinky fucker then. Aren't you?"

"Have I ever said otherwise? Come on! I wanna show you the actual club!"

She tugs on my arm, the enthusiasm fairly vibrating off of her as she pulls me along. Unfortunately, I need at least a dash of liquid courage before entering the kinky depths of this place.

"Or," I groan, pulling back a touch. "And hear me out. I get a drink first?" With a sigh, she drops my hand and motions toward the mahogany bar. "So magnanimous of you," I tease before turning to the bartender to put in my order. "I'll have a-"

"She'll have whatever has the least amount of alcohol because my girl here is a lightweight."

My face screws up into a glare as I shoot her a dirty look. "I'm not a lightweight."

"Says the girl who passes out after taking some nighttime cough medicine."

"It's supposed to put you to sleep. That's its job."

"Ladies," the bartender interrupts, her soft chuckle barely audible over the din. "All our drinks are pretty tame. So just tell me what you want."

"I'm good, thanks," Kessily waves. "I'm just here for moral support."

"I'll have whatever tastes the least like alcohol."

“Got it. One water and one mudslide coming up.” She motions for my wrist and slides a punch between the rubber and my skin.

One drink down and one more to go. Nursing my mudslide, I watch as others come in, all of them different and unique. Though the masks make it harder to tell exactly what type of person I’m looking at, it’s easy to discern age and gender for the most part.

More people stroll in, dripping in finery, while the majority look more like Kessily and me. That’s a relief at least. I now know I won’t be alone looking like I shopped at some discount kink store.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Next to me, Kessily drums her fingers on the bar and jumps around in her seat. She's so very excited while I'm still trying to gather the courage just to get up and go face my fears. It's so easy for her that she doesn't seem to understand that I'm scared shitless.

Not only is it terror at the idea of trying something new but also knowing before tonight is over, I'll no longer be a virgin. It feels enormous, and yet, so many have already lost theirs and not given it a second thought.

I suppose it's because I know this is final. If I do this, I'm officially saying goodbye to Alec and allowing a stranger into my life. Tipping my head back, I down the last of the mudslide and set the glass on the table.

When I pull my wallet out to pay, Kessily rests her hand on mine. "I got you tonight." She looks over at the bartender. "Pull it from my account and add a tip."

"Thank you kindly. Have fun, you two."

As I get up from the chair, I sway a bit, but not so much that it's noticeable. Kessily wasn't lying when she said I was a lightweight, but even this feels excessive. I didn't even taste the alcohol, and yet, I can feel the warmth spreading through my body.

It loosens me up a touch, allowing me to put one foot in front of the other until we reach another door. Without saying a word, the man opens it up and steps to the side so we can duck in. For a moment, I'm frozen, unable to move.

Until now, I had an idea in my head about what things would look like, but it's

nothing compared to the visual feast in front of my eyes. Thick, plush lounges dot the space, giving people a sumptuous place to sit while watching the activities. Furniture fills up the room and alcoves, but I have no words for what they are. They seem so ordinary, yet so different.

The people are in various states of undress, their bodies on display for anyone to see. I turn and shield my eyes for a moment, unsure of where to look. But Kessily simply laughs and shakes me.

“It’s okay. They want you to look! That’s part of the point.”

“I mean, I refuse to get naked.” Forcing myself to look back up, I wrap my arms around my chest.

“No one is making you take your clothes off. But it will make some things a lot harder to do.”

Fuck. She has a point there. I guess I’ll have to remove the cloth shield from around me at some point, then. Hopefully, it will be in some dark alcove where not many people can see. It’s not because I harbor ill feelings about how I look. It’s more that I’m not ready for a complete stranger to see all of me.

That will be after tomorrow. I don’t want to hasten it any quicker than I have to.

“Kessily!” A loud, feminine voice booms out from nearby, drawing my gaze.

A tall, thin woman with hair in pigtails comes bouncing over, her breasts about to pop out of her midriff with every wriggle. My gaze travels up and down her body, noting the high school-girl skirt and old-fashioned saddle shoes.

“Hey! There’s my favorite Little girl. Have you been a good girl today?”

“Uh-huh!” she squeals, rocking back and forth on her heels. “So good. I did all my homework so I could play this weekend.”

“You know what that means, don’t you?” Kessily looks over at me and winks as if I could somehow possibly have the answer.

“It means good girl spankings!” the woman cries out as she dances in place.

“Exactly. Good girl spankings. But I need you to be patient for a little bit and let me get my friend settled in.”

The woman crosses her arms and gives the most adorable humph, making her look more like a sulking teenager than a grown woman.

“None of that, young lady,” Kessily scolds, wagging her finger in her face. “Good girls don’t pitch a fit. Now sit over on that bench until I’m ready for you.”

Again, she has that tremor of authority in her voice, the one that makes things tingle on me that really shouldn’t. With a sigh, Kessily turns and gives me a soft smile.

“Sorry, sweetie. I promised Little Amelia that I’d do a scene with her tonight if she was good. Will you be okay watching the scenes going on while we play? I’m not trying to abandon you.”

“I’ll be fine. I promise.”

The look she gives me is skeptical as she raises her eyebrow. “Listen. The band tells everyone you’re new here. The main players have all been vetted and are good people. They won’t take advantage of you. Do not engage with people with the same color band. I don’t know them personally. Only people with dark red, black, or blue. Promise me.”

I stifle the urge to roll my eyes. “I promise. Now go have fun. I have plenty to keep me occupied.”

She continues to look at me, concern in her gaze, but eventually she turns to the woman and gives her all the attention. With a sigh of relief, I mill about, watching all the different activities. Despite my earlier thoughts and feelings, I can't help but feel the threads of arousal winding through my body as I watch couples of all types engaging in all sorts of scandalous activities.

Though several beat each other with implements that are foreign to me, many seem to have sex where everyone can watch them. Granted, the sex is far rougher than what I'm used to seeing online, but they all seem to enjoy themselves. Off in the distance, a loud cry pierces the air, drawing my attention.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Many people gather around a couple as he draws back his arm and lets the whip fly. Shock roots me to the spot as my pussy spasms with each crack in the air. What the hell is happening to me? It must be all the Alpha pheromones drifting about. It's the only rational explanation as to why I'm practically dripping with slick.

It's definitely not my heat. My suppressants see to that. But I find myself inexplicably drawn to the scene, my feet carrying forward despite the voice screaming in my head to stay back. What would it feel like, I wonder.

CHAPTER 3

DEVIN

The sounds and sighs of pleasure fall muted upon my ears. There's a hush throughout the room that shouldn't exist, but somehow does. It's what makes La Petite Douleur worth every bit of the notoriety it possesses.

But then they dilute that magic by allowing in newbies twice a year. It's not always bad, though. Most times, there's at least a handful of people who know what they're doing. They just hadn't had the chance to join yet. Perhaps they were new in town or missed an open house before.

Either way, they mingle in with the others as if they belong. Tonight, however, it's a far different story. The newbies stick out like a sore thumb, standing around gawking and pointing. Even without their pale bracelets, I'd be able to pick them out of a crowd. They wander aimlessly as if they've never been to a club like this before.

There should be a BDSM course they have to take before even thinking of stepping foot into this place. Though I've voiced this concern, I've been shot down. Elitist is the word they used. Gatekeeper was another.

So what if it is? There are other clubs who I'm sure can cater to people so inexperienced. La Petite Douleur should be a haven, a place of refinement and class. And I'm not just talking about the clothes people wear as they do their scenes. I couldn't care less about the diamonds dripping from someone's throat.

What I'm more interested in is the graceful submission of someone who knows their place—be it Alpha, beta, or omega. The trappings of fineries are just window dressing. I yearn to find the willing submissive underneath all of that.

Exasperation travels down my spine as I adjust my mask. Whoever thought of making this a masked gathering was out of their mind. How are we supposed to engage with the newcomers if we can't even see their faces?

It makes sense when everyone already knows who they're playing with, but this just seems downright dangerous. For once, I'm grateful not to be a dungeon monitor. It still doesn't stop the itching in my palm when I see some pink-bracelet buffoon doing something reckless or stepping out of line, though.

Shaking my head, I glance around at the people playing, my teeth grinding as I watch the affair, desperate to detach myself. After tonight, it will go back to the regular crew, and I can allow myself to play without worrying about everyone else. Unfortunately, that's not tonight.

I'm not even sure why I came in the first place. Rising, I dust my hands off on my pants and move to leave when a bit of movement catches my eye. Justin wields his whip, his movements fluid, like lightning arcing. It's always a pleasure to watch a master work.

Off to the side, a small woman, an omega by the looks of her, inches forward, her eyes trained toward the movement. Her pink bracelet stands out like a beacon, nearly glowing in the light. Fucking newb.

Any moment now, she'll stop. She has to. But she doesn't. I look around for a dungeon monitor, but they seem fully engrossed in a conversation with someone else. Not my circus. And yet, I can't just let her get into harm's way.

Justin rears back, not realizing someone is so close behind him. But I know his movements. I have just a few moments to get this stupid girl to safety. With a growl on my lips, I stomp forward and wrap my fingers around her arm, hauling her away.

A surprised squeak drifts up from underneath the mask and goes straight to my balls. They shouldn't tighten from her reactions. Not when she's being this stupid. For a moment, she follows me, allowing me to take charge of this situation.

However, that show of submission is short-lived. Like a live wire, she explodes into movement, jerking her arm out of my grasp. Electric blue eyes snap at me as her full, lush mouth turns down into a frown.

"I didn't consent for you to touch me," she bites out. "Let me see your bracelet."

My jaw drops as I stand there, stunned. The omega beneath me is a quiver of fury, a mass of indignation... as if she has the right to be upset at me. Refusing to answer, I cross my arms and pin her with a glare. Only, after a few moments, I realize she probably can't see the damn thing because of the ridiculous mask.

"Who are you to demand anything of me?" I inquire, wishing to know just where she gets the hubris to be so demanding.

"Kessily said-"

“Kessily,” I sputter. “You know Kessily?”

Her shoulders drop a touch. “Well, yes. She’s my… My… Um… I’m her plus one?” The omega before me searches for the words, again showing just how naïve and unknowledgeable she is.

“She’s your handler?”

“Well, that’s not how she put it, exactly. She vouched for me.”

“I see. And did she realize she was vouching for a moron?”

“Hey now,” she snaps out, her eyes flashing in the lights. “That’s very rude.”

“No.” My lips twist into a sneer as I lower myself to her level. “You making demands of me after I kept you from harm is rude. Where is she, anyway? If she vouched for you, she needs to be keeping you safe.”

Page 9

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

The omega gives a helpless shrug as she looks around the space. “She took off with a schoolgirl. Something about good girl spankings. I don’t really understand it. She said to only interact with people who have dark red, black, or blue bands. I promised her.”

A heavy-laden sigh flits from my lips. No doubt Kessily is deep in her scene. It wouldn’t be fair to her or Little Amelia for me to interrupt. I guess it’s up to me to keep this newbie safe. Holding out my wrist, I show her my solid black band.

“Satisfied?” The growl in my voice seems to travel over her skin, making her shiver.

“I suppose you’ll have to do.” There’s a mournful note in her voice as she looks over at the whipping scene.

Justin is wrapping up by the looks of it, and soon, he’ll be in the aftercare room with his submissive. A twinge of jealousy trips through my heart as I watch him lean down and kiss his bound mate. If only I could be so lucky.

All around me, Alphas become paired left and right. Most of the time, it’s with people they know. It makes sense. They just fit. So far, no one has been found for me, and no one feels right.

Keeping myself distant night after night, playing with omegas but not allowing my heart or cock to get involved is starting to take its toll. But it wouldn’t be fair to them to toy with their bodies and their emotions only to have the Governing Body rip me away. The Alphas who do, in my opinion, are worse than scum.

“What does it feel like?” the omega asks next to me, interrupting my thoughts. “Does she really like it? Or is she just trying to make him happy?”

A soft smile tilts my lips as I look down at her, noting the inquisitive look in her gaze. “I mean, I could have let you walk face-first into the tail and let you see for yourself.”

The scowl she gives me makes a chuckle well up deep inside. When was the last time an omega made me laugh like this? Perhaps newbies aren’t all bad. But then, perhaps I shouldn’t allow myself to think this way.

“And here to think I was this close to asking you to fuck me.”

Those happy feelings disperse like a bit of fog disappearing into the bright sun. “And who’s to say I would have obliged you?”

“I mean...” She waves her hand around toward the others engaging in all manner of carnal display. “Isn’t that what the point is?”

In the dim lighting, I can’t tell if she’s blushing or not under her mask, but with the way she shuffles from side to side, she seems uneasy.

“No,” I grind out. “Not always. For some, yes. Sex is the end goal, but not for everyone.”

“You mean, not for you.”

Her words seem more like a statement than a question. It’s almost as if there’s a hint of accusation in her voice. But that doesn’t make sense.

“Look. I don’t know what Kessily told you would happen here, but I’m pretty sure she didn’t guarantee sex. That’s not like her.”

“Figures,” the omega mutters, kicking her toe against the floor. “She only said those things to get me to come. I would have been so much happier at home getting stuffed in a far different way.”

Without even stopping to clarify what she means, she whips her head back and forth, aggravation wafting off of her like acrid smoke pouring off a doused fire. Again, I look around for Kessily, but she’s nowhere to be found. That must mean she’s off tending to Little Amelia in the aftercare room. I can’t begrudge her, but babysitting her newb is grating on my last nerve.

As if she makes up her mind, she throws her hands in the air. “Ugh. Fine. I’ll just go find someone else. There’s got to be some other Alpha here willing to fuck me.”

Fear stabs me for a moment as I once more grab her arm, stopping her in her tracks. Though I trust most people here, I cannot in good conscience allow her to come to harm. She’s not my responsibility, but I somehow feel beholden to her.

Anger flits through my gut as I haul her closer, drinking in her intoxicating scent. “You’re being stupid and careless. You don’t know the first thing that happens here in clubs likethese. I can’t just let you wander off. Not until your handler comes back to collect you.”

Again, she wriggles out of my grasp, annoyed that I’m trying to keep her safe. “Kessily is my best friend. She’s not my handler. She only brought me here to cheer me up. To... To...” she trails off and crosses her arms, turning her head.

Unfortunately, it’s not before I see the pain shining in her depths. This omega hurts and hurts badly. It’s a dangerous combination to throw together a submissive looking to purge themselves and a Dominant who drinks in pain like a drug.

Though I can’t speak for the other Dominants here, I know my resolve. I can give this

omega what she needs without losing myself completely. It's a skill I've trained for out of necessity. Running my hand over my beard, I watch as she peers at the other couples.

There's a desperation there I hadn't felt before. Or is it that I didn't want to feel it? With a sigh, I roll my head on my neck and groan as the bones pop. "I'll give you what you need, little omega. But you'll have to trust me."

I half expect her to laugh in my face, to shove me further away as she cackles. Worse than that, she stands there, looking me up and down as if measuring me as the man I am. No, not merely a man—an Alpha. A Dominant.

Meeting her gaze, I glower down at her, silently demanding her to say what's hovering on her tongue. I can see the words forming on her lips, but still, she remains silent. With a sigh, I shake my head.

"Kessily won't mind if you're a little preoccupied when she's done. If that's what you're worried about."

Page 10

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“Well, I wasn’t. But thank you for adding that to the list.”

“Then what is it? What are you so concerned about? You were so willing to have me fuck you, and now you just stand there with nothing to say?”

This time, the blush is evident as it creeps up her neck and flushes her face, disappearing under the mask. “I’m still okay with that.”

“So that means you trust me?”

“I didn’t say that.”

Again, irritation niggles its way up my spine, but underneath that, there’s this persistent endearment. She’d be so cute if she weren’t so stubborn. If only I found her before whatever made her so callous and jaded. But then... that’s the realm of fairy tales and not reality.

“Care to allow me to show you this new world?” I ask, a lump forming in my throat. I shouldn’t care about her response, and yet, I cling to the silence, waiting for it to break.

“You mean the kinky stuff?” Her nose wrinkles as if she smells something foul.

“Well... Yes, the kinky stuff, as you put it. That’s the point of being here.”

Her lips purse as an annoyed sigh flits on the air. “I just wanted-”

“Sex. I know. You’ve made that abundantly clear. I won’t fuck you, but I promise it will be just as good.”

“I highly doubt that.” This time, her voice doesn’t sound so sure.

Little by little, I seem to chip away at whatever wall she erected around her. Normally, I don’t care. Normally, I’d just shrug and let her get into trouble. For some reason, with this little omega, I find myself inexplicably drawn, making this game even more dangerous.

“I ask again. Will you trust me?” I hold my hand out to hers and keep the excitement at bay as she slides her much smaller palm across mine.

“I guess I have no choice.”

“With me, you will always have a choice.”

“Does that mean you’ll actually allow me to choose to have you fuck me?”

A grin slides up my face as I look at the little brat in front of me. “Loopholer with the best of them, I see. No. In that regard, you will not have a choice.”

Silence hovers between us for a moment before she eventually gives in. “I trust you.”

CHAPTER 4

JESSICA

The moment the words leave my mouth, I instantly regret them. How can I trust a complete stranger? But then, I was willing to fuck the guy. Might as well see what this other stuff is all about. There’s no way it can be nearly as intimate.

Glancing around the room, I watch as the others engage in all forms of delicious, deviant activities. In one corner, a woman drops to all fours and sticks out her tongue, panting like an animal in heat as the dominant Alpha looms over her, stroking his massive shaft. Dumbstruck, I find I cannot pull my gaze away from the scene.

Have I ever craved Alec like that? Even with the mask on, the lust is evident in her eyes. Her nipples jut out hard and stiff as she rocks back and forth, waiting impatiently for him to coat her mouth with his cum.

“Do you want me to do that to you?” a voice purrs behind me.

For a moment, my brain lies to me, making me believe it’s Alec asking this question of me. But it’s not. It never will be. Shaking my head, I turn back to the stranger, words choking in my throat.

He shimmers for a moment, blurring as tears dot my eyes. Before he can notice, I do my best to shake them away. “I don’t think I’m ready for that.”

“Fair enough,” he chuckles, holding out his hand. “But I’m sure you’ll still be panting soon, begging for me to satisfy you.”

My pussy spasms at his words, and I have no doubt of their validity. Slick gathers at my folds as heat climbs my neck to flush my face. Even with Alec, it took more than a few dirty words and unspoken promises to get me this revved.

Perhaps it’s the desperation? That has to be it. There’s no other explanation I can think of at the moment. Then again, it’s not as if I’m able to think of all that much right now, anyway.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

With my hand planted in his, we wind around the various bits of furniture and scenes going on, but my eyes and brain don't absorb any of it. I'm far too consumed with the delectable smell rolling off of his body. It's like dark chocolate and coffee had a baby and wrapped it in leather.

My mouth waters as he leads me over to a padded red X leaning against the wall. Though I have no intimate knowledge of what this is, I've seen enough tonight to have a decent approximation. My insides quiver as I reach out to touch it, exploring the supple texture.

The Alpha lets me take my time, not rushing me or making me feel dumb for needing this moment to ground me. It's as if he understands more than even my own brain can comprehend in this moment.

“You're going to tie me to this. Yes?”

“Would you like me to?” There's a growl of unspoken promise in his voice that rakes across my skin.

I feel it just as keenly as if this stranger touched me. But as I turn to look at him, I note his arms firmly crossed in front of his chest. It's all in my mind. He hasn't even moved.

Unsure of how to answer, I shrug my shoulders. I don't even know what the hell I want, so how can I communicate the need thrumming through me? But I need something, anything.

“Just do whatever, I guess.”

“That’s not how this works, sweetheart.” His voice drips from his lips like hot sugar.

“Then how does it work?” Though I despise the petulant sound to my voice, I can’t help the exasperation flooding my system. “I know nothing of this world. You know everything. Tell me what to do.”

He steps forward, his eyes gleaming in the dim lights. It’s as if they’re on fire, lit from within. They match the fierce frown drawing down his lips.

“Kessily didn’t tell you anything?”

“No. Just that we were going to a club so I could forget-” I clamp my mouth shut, not wishing to reveal just why I’m there.

“Forget what?”

I shake my head, refusing to tell him. With a sigh, he slides his knuckle under my chin and forces my gaze to his.

“This won’t work between us if you don’t talk to me.”

Unable to control my actions, I jerk my face away from him. “It’s only for one night. What do you care?”

It’s far too embarrassing. Besides, if he found out I was trying to fuck him just to get over an Alpha who got too close to me... Well, I already know how he feels about that. I can’t handle his ire on top of everything else.

“Fine then. Keep your secrets. I’ll find another submissive who can give me what I

need tonight.”

As he turns from me, my heart plummets. Yet another Alpha abandoning me. I can’t let him just walk away. I can’t let him go off to Greece and fuck some stranger instead of me. I can’t... I can’t...

“Alpha, please.” Falling to my knees, I cry out to him, the agony shredding my heart with each step he takes.

He turns, his gaze taking on a concerned glint. Could he actually care? Would he still want to play with me, knowing how I let another get too close? Within a few moments, he’s back at my side.

Dropping to one knee, he forces my gaze to his. “What is it, omega?”

“I- I just need to forget. I need one night. Please. Please help me forget him.”

Thankfully, he doesn’t ask for any details. He simply gathers me into his arms and lifts me up. “I’ll do as you request.”

Relief flutters through my chest like a flock of birds piercing the sky. A weight falls off of me as I once more snuggle into the large, enveloping circle of an Alpha’s affection. Guilt and pain twist and strain, threatening to steal my breath.

When it becomes too much, all I have to do is listen to the Alpha’s steady heartbeat. It guides me, calms me, and allows me to see reason once more. I’m not doing anything wrong. Alec is away fucking his wife, leaving me here all alone.

I can certainly slake my urges with another. It’s not like I’m cheating when he’s probably not coming back to me. It would be one thing if he messaged me, telling me to wait for him, but there’s not even that. The silence continues to stretch between us,

hurting almost as much as knowing he's on our honeymoon with another.

Before I can stop myself, I bury my face into this stranger's chest, inhaling his intoxicating scent. This Alpha smells nothing like Alec. It's stronger, deeper, more masculine somehow. Deep down, I know I shouldn't think ill of my ex, especially since his marriage was not his fault, but it eases the pain from the ragged wound a little.

“Would you prefer I just hold you? Is that what you need?”

Page 12

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Dipping my head a little lower, I pull up the mask and wipe my eyes where he can't see me. Once I'm put back together, I look up at him. "I'd like to see at least a little of what you do. I'm so new to all of this... I don't even know where to begin."

An odd look shutters his gaze for a moment, but it's gone almost as soon as it comes. "I'm not normally the one to tutor newbies like you. But I guess I'll make an exception."

Ugly emotions bubble to the surface as I squirm out of his grasp. "Don't bother," I spit out, turning to find some other Alpha to give me what I need.

He's right behind me, his breath hot on the nape of my neck. Before I can escape, he grabs my shoulders and whirls me around, slamming my back against a padded wall. My mouth drops open to tell him off, but he grabs my wrists and pins them high above my head.

Haggard breaths come in gasps as he leans in close. "I see now. You like it rough, don't you? You want me to work for it?"

"I- I-"

"Don't even try to lie," he murmurs against my neck as he plants a kiss against my rapid pulse. "I can smell the arousal dripping from you. If I were to touch your pussy, would I find it dripping?"

My brain and mouth fail me as I merely gape at his words. Such command. Such liberties. I didn't know it could be like this. Until now, I had no idea how much I was

missing out on with Alec. Unless he harbored this side of him in secret, only to unleash it on me in marriage?

“I will not ask again, omega.”

“There was a question?” My voice squeaks as I bite down on my lower lip.

I cannot seem to think when he’s around. It’s both a welcome relief and disconcerting all at the same time. His dark chuckle fills my head, making my knees knock together.

“Oh, you poor, naïve, innocent little thing. I think I’m going to enjoy corrupting you.” My legs buckle, but he’s right there lifting me up. “You’re not going to escape me that easily.”

Lifting me into his arms again, he takes me back over to the X. “While we’re playing together, you will call me Master. I’ll call you slave. How does that sound to you?”

I should be furious at the suggestion, and yet, I find myself even wetter at the thought. “I- I don’t hate that.”

Again, he chuckles. “No, I don’t suppose you do. Don’t worry, little slave. I’ll bring you into the kinky light and unlock desires hidden inside you that you didn’t even know you had.”

Somehow, I don’t doubt he will. With a soft push, he presses me up against the X until my breasts squish into the small pillow in the middle. His massive hand encircles my wrist as he draws it up, lashing it to the supple leather.

The cuff holds me tight and secure as he goes over to the other hand. Not that I want to fight. At this point, all I want to do is see where he takes me next. It’s this burning,

insatiable curiosity that keeps me from fighting him.

“I know you’re new to all of this, but try to answer my questions to the best of your ability.”

“Okay.”

His hand stills for a moment as he threads his free fingers through my hair and grips the strands. It’s not hard enough to hurt. Not really, but a delicious sting and burn sizzles at my scalp, scattering my thoughts. My pussy clenches with each tug, bringing another wave of arousal flowing through me.

“That’s not how you answer me. If I ask you a question, it will be ‘yes, Master.’ Or ‘no, Master.’ Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master,” I manage to gasp as I dig my nails into the leather.

“Good girl. Let’s try this again. You will answer all my questions to the best of your ability. Understand?”

“Yes, Master.” In my brain, I know I should feel ridiculous calling him that, but it somehow feels so right.

“Is there anywhere on you that marks cannot show?” His question bounces around in my head as he wraps the cuff around the other wrist, leaving me helpless and at his mercy.

I try my hardest, but the question doesn’t make sense. “Master?”

With a soft laugh, he trails his fingers down my arms. “Depending on how much your body craves and how it reacts, some of my toys might leave a mark. Is there

anywhere on your body you don't wish others to see?"

"Oh. Um." I wrack my brain, trying to make sense of what he's asking me. "I guess my forearms, Master? I don't usually wear anything super revealing at work."

"Very good. I'm going to start you off gently by using my hand, then my flogger, and possibly a paddle. I'll allow you to feel each of them before I use them. Is that agreeable to you?"

My mouth dries as my pussy drips. "I believe so, Master."

Page 13

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“That’s my good girl,” he purrs, making the arousal slam into me even harder. “And what about your clothes? Do you care if anyone here sees you naked?”

For a moment, my brain just stops. I’m honestly not sure how to answer that. When I thought we’d be fucking, I didn’t actually care who saw what.

Now that we’re going to be doing something else, do I actually care? “Ummm. Can you keep my underwear and bra on at least, Master?”

“If that’s what you need to feel secure, then that’s what I’ll do. There are no wrong answers here, slave. I’m not going to be upset with you for having limits. Especially when you’re so fucking new to this lifestyle.”

My breath comes out in a whoosh as I rest my head against an arm of the X. That’s a relief at least. From behind, I feel the heat and weight of his palm as he rests it against my upper back. It makes me feel safe, grounded, and secure.

“Last question, slave. I want every fucking hole in you to be available for my use in whatever way I deem possible. That’s not to say I’ll actually use them all, but I want the possibility there. Are any of them off limits?”

CHAPTER 5

DEVIN

I watch the omega carefully, noting the quiver in her body. It’s not from fear, however. I know that just by scenting the air. The poor thing is beyond aroused and

desperately needy.

Her mellow scent of flowers and sugar changes as I wait for her answer, deepening into a darker, honeyed scent. The arousal practically pours off of her, drowning me, intoxicating me, to the point where I can't think straight. No other omega has affected me like this.

It must be because she's so innocent. That is the only logical explanation. What's so frustrating is the desire within me to take her, mold her, and guide her into the submissive I know she wants to be. But I can't risk getting my feelings involved. I just can't.

Tonight is it. If I see her in the club after today, I'll simply pass her on to another dominant. Unfortunately, red tinges my vision at the thought. Which is beyond ridiculous.

I know and trust every member in here. So then why can't I just give her away? Maybe if I get her out of my system...

Reaching forward, I lean my chest into her back, pressing her deeper against the cross. "Well, slave? Are you going to answer me?"

"I'm thinking," she snaps, her voice trailing off as I grind against her.

Flipping up the flimsy hem of her dress, I yank on her underwear, forcing the fabric up between her cheeks. "That wasn't very respectful, was it? Seems like I'm going to have to punish you before giving you any pleasure."

My cock hardens as I palm her round ass cheek. Some naïve girl shouldn't bring out this reaction in me. I like them ready and able to serve. Yet this omega seems to push buttons I didn't know I had. Her feistiness does something to me, brings out an

answering ferocity in me.

“Sorry, Master,” she whimpers, arching into my touch.

Does she even know she’s doing it? Somehow that innocent movement makes her even more endearing. I dig my fingers into her pliant flesh, forcing my thoughts back onto the submissive in front of me.

“Answer me correctly. Are any of your holes off limits?”

“No, Master,” she eventually sighs, sinking down onto the cross.

Gripping her hair with my other hand, I turn her face so she can look over into the room. “See those male and female Alphas with the bands around their arms? The ones that glow under the lights?”

“Yes, Master.”

“They are the dungeon monitors. They’re here to make sure everyone is safe. If at any point things are too much, say the color red. Things will stop immediately. If they don’t, that’s where they come in. Anyone who cannot abide by simple consent is not allowed to be in this club. Understand?”

“Y- yes, Master.” There’s a slight quiver to her voice, one that I can’t interpret.

“Are you scared?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Of me?”

“No, Master.”

“Of what then?”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

She hesitates, and the silence between us grows. The music pulses, a driving beat which pounds in time with my heart.

Eventually, she sighs and buries her face into the cross. “I’m scared I’ll like it too much. That I’ll never be able to go back to how I was before this.”

My hand stills. I wish to tell her I fear the same, but I must be a show of force, a commanding presence she can feel safe in. Resting my lips against the back of her head, I give her a gentle kiss and breathe in her scent.

“I understand your concern. But this is a one-time thing. A kinky one-night stand, if you will.”

“Yeah, yeah,” she grumbles. “Only I’m not getting laid. Just tormented.”

As the words leave her lips, I crash my palm against her backside. The strident tone of her yelp as she surges forward zips down my spine and settles deep into my balls. At her soft whimper, my knot swells and throbs.

Fuck. I’ve got it bad. And I don’t even know this omega’s name.

The question hovers on my tongue, but I’m already in too deep. I already want her too badly. A submissive omega justripe and ready to be plucked. It’s a pipe dream, really. One that I can’t afford to allow myself to partake in.

Knowing her name is just the tip of the iceberg. Then I’ll want to know everything about her, to devour every morsel of information until I know her just as deeply as I

know myself. Where does she work? What friends does she have? Besides Kessily, that is.

Shaking my head, I clear my thoughts and concentrate on the squirming omega. “So disrespectful,” I murmur against her ear. “It’s as if you don’t want any pleasure at all. Just punishment. Is that what you want, little omega? You want me to punish you?”

I drift my hand lower, wedging it between her thighs. Soon, I’ll have them splayed open so I can touch what I want, when I want. For now, she resists me a bit, squeezing them even tighter together. No matter.

Dropping to my knees, I wrench her legs apart and fasten them to the cross, leaving her open and vulnerable to any invasion of my choosing. Her soft whimpers are music to my ears as she quivers there on the cross. She’s finally understanding that she has no power here.

Not unless she wants to call red. Again, I rise and press against her, letting her feel my massive weight against her tiny body. She gasps for air, heaving against me as her arousal swims in my veins.

“I can end this here and now, slave. All you have to do is say red. Do you want me to stop? Or do you want me to have my wicked way with you?”

“P- please, Alpha,” she moans, arching her ass into me. “Please. I need. I... I need.”

“What, my little slave? What do you need?” My voice is harsh, raspy as I slide my fingers around her hip to cup her pussy through her dress.

Just as I thought. Soaking. She rocks her hips back and forth, seeking pleasure on my fingers, smearing her arousal on me. With a chuckle, I pull away and walk around the cross so she can see my face.

Bringing my fingers up, I watch as her eyes glaze over as I taste her. Sunshine and fucking ripe berries. God, but this omega tastes far better than she has any right to.

“Such a naughty, willful little slave. You don’t get pleasure without my permission. Now stand there, still, like a good girl, while I punish your delectable ass.”

Her pupils widen as she sucks in a breath. She looks so innocent, so vulnerable. A flush pinkens her cheeks as her lips drop open. “Please. I... Please, Master,” she groans. “Punish me.”

“You beg so fucking sweetly,” I growl against her lips.

But I pull away before I can kiss her. That way only lies madness. Besides, she has another set of lips I can kiss before tonight is over. As I ease back, her face falls forward, as if she, too, wanted that kiss. Steeling my resolve, I walk back around where I can’t see her lips parted in expectation.

Yanking up her dress again, I tuck the hem into the band of her bra, keeping it out of my way. With one hand, I grip the white, virginal lace of her underwear and hold it taut. Her ass is a thing of beauty. Round, smooth, a blank canvas for me to paint with my hand.

The moment my palm connects to her other cheek, she jumps up on her tippy toes, as if she can somehow escape me. But there is no escape. Not unless she says red and chooses to leave.

But I can’t think about that now.

I need to concentrate on giving this newb the best scene possible. That way, she’ll know better what she wants for the future. I strike the opposite cheek, drinking in the sounds of her discomfort.

All the while, I keep a close check on her body, her movements, and her scent. The instant any of that shifts and morphs into fear or discomfort, I'll stop and check in. For now, she seems to enjoy my rough treatment, despite how she howls and carries on.

After smacking the underside of both cheeks, I slide my fingers under the hem of her underwear and across her slick lower lips. She's so fucking wet. Behind the confines of my suit pants, my cock pulses as precum pearls to the tip, smearing across my lower abdomen.

The need to taste her overrides all logical thought. Dropping to my knees, I unzip my pants and free my erection. Though I will not fuck her, there's nothing saying I can't find my own relief.

I sit on the floor, putting her pussy right in my face. Like a man famished, I lean forward and inhale her arousing scent. It makes my mouth water.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Yanking the small bit of fabric to the side, I slide my tongue over her clit, tasting her slick, growling as the flavor explodes on my tongue. I groan in unison to her soft moans as my hands drift over my shaft. My balls draw up tightly, tingling with the need to spill my seed into her willing body.

It's agonizing holding back, but we didn't negotiate me filling her up with my cum. She's not in heat, so pregnancy isn't a concern. It's just so intimate, so... raw and savage. I can't allow myself even one thought of pumping my cum deep inside her lush little body.

My free hand drifts up to her entrance. Without even pausing, I slide two fingers inside her, invading her, and spreading her open. She gasps and tightens around me, drawing more precum to my tip.

How would she feel tightening around my cock and my knot? No. I can't let myself think that way. Drawing my hand away from my pulsing shaft, I focus on the omega and her pleasure. That's safest.

She writhes on the cross, jerking her hips back and forth, grinding on my face as I pleasure her. Desperation tightens her muscles around my head and perfumes the air, making my mind fuzz about the edges. Soft gasps morph into long, plaintive wails. Every now and then, as I pull away, I glance out at the club.

From around the room, others stop their scenes and watch, their gazes trained on the omega in the throes of pleasure. It fills me with a sense of pride, knowing I can make her cry out like this. Though what I'm doing to her isn't exactly kinky, she's gone a long way from not wanting anything to do with this to begging me not to stop.

She's getting close. So fucking close. With each thrust, her inner walls quiver and clench as her moans become far more insistent and punctuated with each slide of my fingers deep inside her. But I'm not ready to let her come. Not yet.

I want to see just how far I can push her. I want her so desperate for me she can't even think of going back to her vanilla life again. Granted, I won't be the one to explore that with her. My heart clenches at that thought, and I force my brain to put it away for later.

Dragging my fingers out from the warm haven of her body, I stand up, zip and straighten my pants, and walk around to the back of the cross so I can look deep into the omega's eyes. Already they're glassy, glazed over as subspace threatens to overtake her. So responsive, so needy, and so perfect.

For someone else.

I want to pull my gaze away from hers, but I find myself stuck. Her lips part as she looks up at me, hope and wonder in her eyes. How easy would it be to lean down and kiss her, to make her mine? What the fuck is wrong with me?

As much as I want some distance between us to get my raging hormones under control, I can't just leave her on the cross. Motioning to one of the dungeon monitors nearby, I point to my bag near the sitting area.

"My elk flogger, genital flogger, and my black paddle, if you please." Their faces light up with a smile as they nod and rummage through my bag.

The omega, however, seems as if she hasn't even heard me. Her eyes still gaze up at mine like an adoring slave wishing to please their master. I can't wait to see how submissive she is once she gets the first taste of my leather.

Once the dungeon monitor comes over, it's as if cold water splashes on her, waking her up from a stupor. She looks up at where her hands are bound, then back at me. Her brows furrow as she yanks her wrists and ankles, desperate to be free.

"Why did you stop?" she whines, the plaintive note skittering on a nerve.

Whiny brats are not my thing. Yet, for some reason, I can't wait to hear her beg some more.

"It's my prerogative as your Master. As I've said, you'll come when I allow you and not before." Grabbing the genitalflogger, I hold it up in front of her face. "Be a good slave for me, and I'll let you come on my leather. How does that sound?"

She wrinkles up her nose as if she's smelled something disgusting. "Depraved," the omega finally spits out.

Unable to help myself, I tip my head back and laugh. The sound is so strange, so foreign, that many of the other dominants turn and look, as if they can't process the sound coming from my lips.

"It's a good thing we're in this club then. All sorts of depraved things happen here." I hang the short flogger onto the wrist restraint where she can see it and focus on the pleasure coming later. "This is my elk flogger. It's got more of a thud than a sting. You'll probably like this more than the others I own."

My cock twitches as she runs her fingers over the falls. I bite back a groan as I picture her touching me like that, her fingers tentatively trailing across my sensitive skin while she's cuffed and bound. As if she can discern my thoughts, a light blush pinkens her cheeks as she bites down on her lower lip.

"It's so soft," she murmurs. "I don't know what I expected, but this wasn't it."

“Want to feel it on your backside?” My heart slams in my chest as I await her answer.

“Yes, Master. I think I’d like that.”

CHAPTER 6

JESSICA

My fingers drift up and down the soft leather, my head spinning as I study the beautiful purple color. So far, everything this Alpha has done to me has felt exquisite. Would this be any different?

I turn my glance over at the smaller flogger hanging from my wrist restraint. It’s so short compared to the other one. How could it be effective? I know he called it a genital flogger, but that doesn’t mean anything to me.

The Alpha’s eyes darken even more until I’m unable to tell the difference between his iris and pupil. Alec would get that way at times, but very rarely. Only when he was about to go into a rut. Is that what’s happening now?

Page 16

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Fear and elation war in my chest as my breath comes out in raspy pants. This Alpha seems so in control, so commanding. The very opposite of Alec in a rut. My ex would run off, keeping himself locked away during those times, presumably to keep me safe.

Am I not safe now?

I glance around the room as best as I can, noting the Alphas with the reflective stripe. Just like he and Kessily told me to do. They would keep me safe. They have to.

“I can smell your unease. Do you wish to call red? Is this too much for you?” His tone is matter of fact, not taunting as I thought it would be. Like he actually cares about my well-being and safety.

It shouldn't make me feel warm and fuzzy inside. This is a one-time thing. A one-night stand. At least it would be if we were having sex. Somehow, with that off the table, I find I'm able to enjoy our interactions a bit more.

There's less pressure, less anxiety to perform well. Especially for an Alpha who's clearly skilled and experienced. But then, if he's about to rut, does all that go out the window? Will I lose my virginity after all?

“Do we need a monitor over here to make sure you're okay?”

The Alpha steps back, his brow furrowing enough to move his mask a bit. “Do you feel unsafe with me?”

“Well, no. Not yet anyway.”

“Explain.”

“Your eyes. I- I mean. Aren’t you... you know.”

“Am I what?” His question comes out in a growl, rippling over my skin.

“About to go into a-” I pause and look around before lowering my voice. “A rut?”

His body goes still as he tilts his head. For a moment, he looks like a dog trying to figure out a command. Only, he is far more massive than any dog I’ve been around. With slow, measured steps, he walks back over to me and rests his hands against the X, leaning in until he’s close enough to kiss me.

“What makes you think I’m close to going into a rut?”

“Your eyes. They are, well, they were, nearly black for a moment there.”

Again, he chuckles, but this time, there’s no humor in it. It washes against my skin, nonetheless, making my body quiver in need.

“No need to worry about that. I was aroused, is all. Haven’t you seen an Alpha aroused before?”

My heart stops for a moment as my brain replays everything between Alec and I in fast, disjointed clips. He got hard. That much I know. I’d given him oral plenty of times. Granted, he never wanted to finish in my mouth.

He had to have been aroused. And yet, his eyes never did that thing. Not unless he was going to rut. But then... is that not what happened? I look back at the stranger

before me, searching his gaze as I try to make sense of everything.

They're no longer dark as pitch black. Now, I can easily tell the difference between the brown of his iris and the black of his pupil. Did I just imagine it?

Irritation floods down my spine as I shake my head, dispelling the painful memories. "Well, of course I have." How dare this stranger make me question the love Alec and I shared. "His eyes never did that, but I know he was aroused."

"And how did you know he was aroused?" The conversational tone of his voice turns irritation into aggravation.

"I just know."

"Please enlighten me. I really want to know how you know." There's a hint of a chuckle there, as if he's making fun of me, but behind the mask, his gaze looks deadly serious.

"He got hard, okay? Is that what you wanted to hear?"

His lips turn down into a frown. "And his eyes never changed color? Are you sure he was an Alpha?"

"I'm not an idiot," I screech, the pain welling up inside me, slamming into me full force.

"Hey now," he soothes. "I never said you were. Obviously, you have a lot of experience. I apologize. It's not as if I've fucked any Alphas, but the several I know have the same response to arousal. Perhaps the Alpha you knew was different."

"Perhaps." The emotions leech out of me until I sag against the X. "His eyes did

change. But he said it was because he was approaching his rut. He'd leave for a few days until it went away. Then he'd come back home. That's why I was worried."

Page 17

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

The Alpha's head jerks for a moment as he leans back. "That's not... How often did he have these ruts?"

"I mean, just the normal amount? About once a month?"

"Right. Once a month. And I'm assuming that's how often you went into heat then? Kinda selfish to just leave you like that."

"Oh," I cry out, shaking my head. "No. I'm on suppressants. Please don't think ill of Ale- the Alpha. He was just protecting me from his savage lusts. You know how Alphas can be."

The man in front of me rubs his hand across the beard on his chin, bringing my awareness back to his lips. How I wish we could stop talking about Alec and have him pleasure me again. As it is, it's the only thing keeping those errant thoughts at bay.

"Yes," he finally murmurs. "I know how Alphas can be. Rest assured; you are in no danger from me. But if you'd rather feel safer, I can release you and let you go back to your friend."

Do I want that? Do I want to be safe? Part of me longs to run back to Kessily and just sit at the bar all night. Besides, if I go over the drink maximum, I'll not be allowed to play. Right? That would be an easy out.

But then, I've never been a coward. It would be a shame to start now. Tossing my head back, I shoot him a grin, pushing my bravado to the forefront. If he thinks it's an

act, he doesn't let it show. After a moment or two, he answers in kind, smiling back at me.

Only, his is far more feral than Alec's ever was. Again, that tingle of apprehension flows down my spine. Instead of turning into nervous sweats or quivering limbs, however, it morphs into an infernal heat between my thighs and butterflies squirming about in my stomach.

"Do your worst."

"Oh, you poor, naïve little omega. Don't bait a sadist like that. A less honorable man would take you up on your offer. As it stands, I'm here to give you a taste of the forbidden. That's it."

I shouldn't feel bereft at his words. I shouldn't want the promise of forever. I shouldn't want this stranger to hurt me until the pain goes away. But I do. God help me. But I do.

When he walks back around the X where I'm unable to see him, my breath quickens, expanding my chest and deflating it just as quickly. My vision swims as my brain screams for oxygen. But I can't stop. I can't seem to slow it down.

I stand before the precipice of the unknown. Soon, this stranger, this Alpha, my temporary Master, is going to shove me off. My nails dig into the wood as my senses heighten.

The surrounding noises seem to fade as I focus on his footsteps. Too far. They're so far away. Did he leave me? Does he not even want to do this? Before my mind can race too far into the future, the first lash hits my skin.

A loud yelp erupts from my lips, but not from pain. The sensation catches me by

surprise. It's far nicer than his hand was, and I certainly didn't expect that. For some reason, I anticipated agony.

Instead, pleasure rushes through my limbs, sending relief flooding my soul until I hang there, allowing my Master to strike me with the leather. The whole time, I keep my gaze trained on the smaller flogger, waiting for the additional pleasure he promised.

My thighs ache and burn as I rock back and forth, desperate for more—more sensation, more arousal, more everything. But he doesn't change up his rhythm. Over and over, he strikes my flesh. Right shoulder, left ass cheek. Left shoulder, right ass cheek.

He lulls me into this odd state of being, this liminal space between consciousness and wakefulness. The only other time I felt anything like this was when I was going under for surgery.

It's this flipping of my stomach, an ache deep in my gut as the world threatens to tip over and spill at my feet. I want it to end and never stop. It's this odd dichotomy that threatens to fracture me at the seams, all while keeping me held together.

"Now then, little slave," he growls in my ear, sending shards of pleasure bursting through my body. "Ready for a taste of my paddle?"

He grazes what feels like the edge of the wood down my spine, allowing me to feel the unyielding curves before doing the same to my ass. He teases me, touching me all over until I yield.

"Yes, Master. Please," I beg, my senses overwhelmed.

I'm beyond overstimulated. The only thing keeping me grounded is the short flogger

in front of me. It's my touchstone, my focus point. Straining against the restraints, I glide my fingers over the soft falls, smiling as the sensations travel up my arm.

"Tell you what. You take four hard swats from me, and I'll give you the relief you long for."

That sounds simply divine to me. "Deal," I manage to croak out.

Is it my imagination, or do my words sound slurred? I try to shake my head but find I'm unable to move. All I want to do is lie there and feel this Alpha break me apart.

My breaths are slow and even, as if on the cusp of sleep. But I'm very much awake. Before I can fully drift off, his hand is there, hard against my ass. It should hurt or sting like it did earlier, but it doesn't. All I feel is a shaft of warmth sliding over my skin, pulling me down even further.

"Is that how you answer me, slave?" The Alpha's voice in my ear brings me back from the brink.

He's asking a question. I know he is. I just have to piece everything together. My brain works far too slowly for my liking, but he gives me time to process. And there, as if a flashlight goes on, illuminating the thought I'm supposed to have, I understand what he's asking.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“Sorry, Master. Deal, Master.”

His chuckle washes over my skin as he trails his fingers up my spine. I lean into his touch, a soft moan hovering at the back of my throat. He feels like heaven against me.

“How are you, little slave?” I blink up at the man in front of me. How did he get there? He was behind me. Right? He peers down into my eyes and smiles. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you were in subspace right now.”

“Sure, Master,” I grin, no doubt looking goofy and stupid. “Spank me already so I can get off.”

He slides the edge of the paddle under my chin and tips my face up to his. “Only because I choose to. Not because you demand it.”

As he walks away, I rest my head against my arm and sigh. I honestly can’t remember the last time I was so relaxed, so languid. All those thoughts flee the moment he connects the paddle with my ass.

“Count them out for me, slave. And end each number with Master. Oh, and make sure to thank me for them, too.”

“W- what?” I shake my head, desperate to regain my sanity.

“Do I need to start again?”

“O-one, Master. Th- thank you, Master,” I manage to bark out.

From behind me, his laughter flits over my skin, wrapping me up into a warm cocoon. “That’s a good little slave.”

He smacks the other cheek, driving me up onto my tiptoes. “T- two, Master. Thank you, Master,” I squeak, gripping the wood under my hands.

It’s not that it hurts exactly, but the sensation is far stronger than the flogger. The bastard lulled me into a false sense of expectation. Still though, I can’t find it within me to hate how it makes me feel. I wish I could.

He strikes the first cheek again, a little stronger than the last. It steals my breath and propels me forward. The moment the wood lifts from my skin, his hand is there, soothing the sting.

“Have you forgotten your count already?”

I resist the urge to rub my ass into his caress. “No, Master. Three, Master. Thank you, Master.”

“Good fucking slave,” he groans, gripping my ass. “Last one.”

He strikes the opposite cheek, forcing a squeal past my lips. “Four, Master. Thank you, Master.”

Again, he soothes the sting with his touch, rubbing me until my body relaxes. “There now. Not so bad.”

“No, Master. But pleasure now. Yes?”

“You incorrigible minx,” he chuckles. “Yes. I suppose you earned it.”

Reaching over my shoulder, he grabs the small flogger and runs it over my shoulder as he drags it backward. I shudder as the light touch rocks me to my core. Even now, I feel my arousal dripping down my thighs as my need ramps up with every little bit of sensation he bestows upon me.

I never thought of myself as kinky, but maybe I was wrong. Maybe I just needed someone to show me. My gasp stills in my throat as the Alpha walks to the other side and brings his face close to mine.

His eyes are jet black, and yet, he maintains so much control. It's evident in the jump at his jaw, his rigid stance, and the pure dominance wafting off of him. It's like his own personal cologne—dark, heady, and utterly addictive.

Reaching between my thighs, he grazes my clit, making me jump as a moan drifts past my lips. “What’s that about you not liking kinky stuff? You’re soaking wet, my dear little slave. Your clit is so hard. Admit it, you like it rough.”

When I don’t say a word, he pinches my clit. Not hard enough to cause pain, but enough for my knees to threaten to buckle.

“M- maybe,” I cry out, not wishing to reveal just what he’s doing to me.

But then, he already knows. God help me, but this stranger already fucking knows.

CHAPTER 7

DEVIN

Page 19

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

I'm playing with fire. I fucking know it. And yet, I can't seem to stop myself from teasing this omega, bringing her to the cusp over and over again just to prove I can. Though I can't see all of her face, her eyes tell me everything.

They bare her fucking soul and demand I do the same. Why does she have to be so damned tempting? If she was only just a brat, then maybe I could keep the walls in place. It would be so easy to just punish her, then shove her off to some other Dom to finish things.

But she's not.

There's a pain there, a vulnerability I see peeking through her shuttered expressions. As much as the sadist in me wants to cause her the discomfort her body clearly craves, a part of me wants to scoop her into my arms and kiss her senseless.

I want to know more about the bastard Alpha who makes her question so much. Though I don't know the guy, I know one thing for certain: he wasn't being honest with my little slave. Why he was lying, I can't say.

Ruts only happen when there's an omega in heat nearby. If she's on suppressants, there would be no reason for him to fall into a rut. More than that, omegas only go into heat about four times a year. So even if her suppressants failed, abandoning her every month didn't mean he fell victim to a rut. Something else was going on.

So much doesn't make sense. I want nothing more than to strap her down and interrogate her, finding out just what happened between them. But that can't happen. To get any closer would be to lose myself in a stranger.

What I told her was the truth. I will never entangle myself with an omega. Not until I'm matched by the government. To engage like that is wrong on so many levels. It's a manipulation I refuse to commit.

Other Alphas and omegas seem to be able to do this carefully orchestrated dance where they meet each other's needs, but don't go past a certain point. I'm not so lucky. When I engage with someone, it's with my heart and soul. There is no in between.

That's why betas are safer. That's why this club is my second home. At least here, I can get out my frustrations then go jack off if no beta is available to see to my needs. But to use an omega like that? To allow them to think there's a future when the government could pair either of us at any moment?

Unconscionable.

Even though the omega stares up at me, her eyes fathomless, dark pools of need, I have to be the stronger person. For both of us. She may hate me for it. She may despise me for not giving her the one thing she asked for—a good, hard fucking. But in the end, she will thank me when she gets an Alpha of her own.

An Alpha who is not me.

Again, my heart constricts as I continue to pleasure her, sliding my fingers across her soaking pussy. Until now, I never cared about the plague that transformed us into the dynamics we have today. I didn't give two shits about the mating program put in place to ensure the strongest relationships survived.

I didn't have to.

My life was perfect. A neat little bow. But somehow, this stranger waltzed in and

shattered my illusion. Now, all I can think about is her getting paired off to some other guy. Someone who won't know her darker needs.

Not all Alphas are kinky like me and my friends. Some actually find the practice of kink and BDSM abhorrent. They state 'facts' and 'statistics,' equating our brand of physical contact to be abusive or disgusting. True, there are always bad players, but it doesn't make our needs any less valid.

It doesn't make this omega's needs any less valid. Especially now that I've opened this door for her, showing her how great a relationship like this could be. What's going to happen to her after tonight? Next week? Next month? Next year?

I shake my head, dispelling the impending gloom threatening to overtake me. She's not my responsibility. Hell, she didn't even want anything from me except my cock and knot. She'll be fine. I'll make sure of it.

As long as she sticks to this club, I can watch her from the shadows, ensuring no one harms her in any way. That's something, at least. I can't give her my heart, but I can sure as hell give her my protection. Even if it's from afar.

Pulling back my hand, I smile as she sways forward until her body presses hard against the cross. Her lips screw up into a fierce frown as she rocks back and forth, pounding her hands against the wood.

"I was so close. Why? Why are you torturing me like this?"

"Why?" I step in closely, allowing myself to drown in her scent for just a moment more. "Because I can. Because I'm a sadist. Because I love having this control over you."

Her soft whimpers of need go straight to my cock. There's no way I can visit a beta

after this. The need is far too ferocious to expend upon a body who can't take it. Looks like it will be my hand after all.

Dropping the genital flogger to my side, I swish it back and forth. The tails are so short, they don't connect with her skin, but I know she feels the movements as the breeze grazes her sensitive nerves.

"Slave," I growl, infusing my voice with an Alpha command. "Look. At. Me. Until you come, you will not remove your gaze from mine. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Master," she wails, the desperation tightening her body.

"Good girl. Now breathe in and out. Easy. Slow. Measured." I bring my hand closer, allowing just the tips to touch her pussy.

Her eyes widen at the contact, but she doesn't pull away. Her breath hitches for a moment, but then goes back to the regular cadence. It causes my own breath to stutter at the trust blazing in her eyes.

"That's it," I murmur, bringing my hand even closer. "Keep breathing. Just like that. You're doing such a good job for me." At my praises, her arousal perfumes the air, threatening to drag me down.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Again, I come in just a bit closer until the falls fully smack against her pussy. Her soft moans and whines wash over my skin, sending shards of painful pleasure cascading down my body. Will she actually be able to come from this?

I've brought her to the edge so much tonight, and her clit is so very sensitive. No doubt she can. I've never made an omega come this way before, and I'm anxious to see if this little newb is up to the task. Growling under my breath, I adjust the intensity, ratcheting it up until the falls pound into her.

The omega cries out, her body writhing as she keeps her gaze trained on me. Her breathing, though still slow and even, comes out in harsh pants with each exhale. Her body tightens as her fingers wrap around the cross.

She's close. So fucking close.

"You can do it, slave," I purr. "You can come for me like this. I know you can. Be my good little slave and come for me. Show me how beautifully you fall apart."

Her eyes stay on me, but I sense the need in her to look away. Her face, at least what part is visible, goes through a gamut of emotions as she sways into my rough pounding. Sweat gathers at her brow as she focuses on her breathing.

So close. So, so close.

Her lips part as a loud cry pierces the air. For a moment, it drowns out the music pulsing through the space. Looping the handle over my wrist, I drop the flogger and use my hands to drag out the orgasm rolling through her.

She clenches around my thick digits as she writhes, jerking back and forth as she rocks against my hand, her throaty moans filling my ears. How badly I want to kiss her.

In a moment of weakness, I press my lips against hers, drinking in the fevered sounds as I thrust my fingers up and down inside her. The desperation leeches off and pours into me, making me hunger for the woman trussed up on the cross.

Jerking away, I slide my fingers out of her and bring them to my lips. She watches, her eyes widening as I slide them into my mouth and lick her cum off of them. “God, you taste so fucking good,” I growl.

Undoing my pants, I pull my erection back out and stroke up and down. Her head bobs along with my actions as her tongue snakes out to lick her bottom lip.

“Ready to get down on your hands and knees and take my cum into your mouth like the other submissive?” I barely get the words out before she nods feverishly, nearly knocking her mask off her face.

Pity. I’d love to see the face of the woman I just pleased. But perhaps it’s for the best. Going to the cross, I release her from her bonds and help her down to the floor.

Her body quivers, nearly giving out as she kneels there. I’ll have to make this fast for her sake. Sliding my thumb along her bottom lip, I urge her to open for me. Thankfully, she’s given me enough visual fodder that it takes little effort to get back to that place from earlier, when my face was buried in her pussy.

Just thinking about the flogger slapping her aroused flesh is enough. A soft grunt spills from my lips as I glide up and down my shaft, using the rest of her arousal on my hand as lubricant. But it’s not enough. I want more.

Kneeling in front of her, I slide my hand between her thighs and gather some of her slick and use that. Her scent surrounds me, filling my brain, making it fuzzy. Her lighter notes combine with mine to make a decadent mixture. But I can't let myself think about that.

I rise, pulling myself away from her willing body, so eager to be devoured and defiled. Her moans are so much softer. Her scent is far less potent. It's safer here. Above her, I can remain in control, an Alpha just using this omega's mouth as my receptacle.

"Keep your mouth open," I grunt, gripping my knot so hard colors explode behind my eyes. "I want you to lap up every bit I give you and swallow every drop down that pretty little throat. I want my cum to fill your belly."

"Yes, Master." Her voice is soft, husky, as she opens her mouth wide for my cum.

Her eyes glaze over as she waits for me, ever the patient, dutiful, obedient omega. Fuck. Why couldn't she have been a beta? Why couldn't I have thrown all my morals and ideals to the side and just taken her on the floor like she asked me to?

Stepping closer to her mouth, I keep my tip just out of reach. If she were to lick me now, my veneer of civility would snap. I'd not be able to control myself. Tingles travel up and down my spine as my balls tighten. Just a few strokes more.

With a loud roar, I empty myself into her mouth, groaning as my seed disappears behind those luscious lips. She moans as she tastes me, her hips rocking back and forth as new arousal glistens on her thighs. Such a beautiful fucking submissive, just waiting to be trained and used.

Pulling away, I wipe off the rest with a nearby rag and tuck my softening cock back into my pants. Still, the omega sits here, hands on her knees, waiting, expectant.

“Good girl. Now come, let me tend to you until it’s time to leave.”

“You’re going to fuck me after all?” The hope in her voice slices through me, shattering me a little inside.

“No. I’m not. I’ve explained why. I will not do so again.”

Her shoulders slump as she leans forward a bit. A small pout turns down her lips as she wraps her hands around her waist. “That’s fine. There’s nothing else I need from you. I’m going to find Kessily and go home.”

That’s not what I want at all. Even though I can’t allow myself to have sex with the girl, it doesn’t mean I don’t want to feel her in my arms as we snuggle in the aftercare room. I step forward, about to insist when she stands up and pulls her skirt out from the band of her bra.

“It’s my duty to make sure you’re well after a scene. Allow me to attend you.”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“Unless attending is code for fucking me senseless, then I don’t want it.” The brat rises back up as she crosses her arms, pinning me with a glare.

With a sigh, I take the loop off my wrist and hand her the small flogger. “I can’t force you. But here. Something to remember tonight by. It’s fluid bonded to you, and I refuse to use it on another.”

She takes it from me, holding it at a distance as if it’s something distasteful. “I guess I’ll find something to do with this, then.”

“Trash it for all I care,” I bark out, my anger rising. “It’s yours now. Do whatever the fuck you want with it.” Taking a deep breath, I force my irritation back down. It won’t do to lash out at her like this. “Either way, promise me you’ll get lots of water tomorrow. And treat yourself to something. Anything. It can be a piece of cake or some other snack you like.”

Her eyes glisten, as if she’s holding back tears. What could I have possibly said to upset her? Can she not eat sweets? Before I can make amends, she turns from me and races toward the front of the club.

What’s the use? It’s probably better for both of us that we part this way. Nothing but heartache will come from indulging in our feelings any more than we already have. Still though, I can’t help the niggle of unease thrumming through me. She’s not mine to protect, and yet, I wish she was more than anything in the world.

CHAPTER 8

JESSICA

I stare at the alarm clock on my phone, wishing death and dismemberment on whoever thought it was a good idea to wake up this early. Just because it was me doesn't mean I like it any better. Pressing the snooze button, I roll back over and grab my covers.

The text hasn't come in yet. Does this mean Angie was wrong? Maybe the Governing Body made a mistake and is trying to correct it. With a soft grumble, I grab my phone and turn onto my back as I pull up my text messages.

Alec

I have been chosen by the Governing Body to get married. I hope it's you I see at the end of the aisle.

I should stop torturing myself like this. Honestly, the moment I realized we weren't going to be together, I should have just deleted his number. Blocked him like he blocked me. Unfortunately, I'm now stuck in this limbo where I worry if I do anything, I'll miss something from him.

A ding pulls me out of my thoughts, and my stomach plummets. An unknown number flashes across the screen. This must be it. Switching over to the new message, my gut churns as bile rises in my throat.

Unknown Number

Hi! We have found you a mate. To ensure proper preparations for your big day, be at the Abernathy Civic Center by 12pm sharp. Please do not be late. Your happiness depends on our ability to transform you into the bride of your dreams. Your presence is non-negotiable. If you are not here at the designated time, officers will be sent to

your location to retrieve you. Enjoy your day to the fullest!

That's it. Just like Angie said. Granted, she didn't know who the groom was. Could she be wrong? Is there still a chance it's Alec after all? My fingers tremble as I flip back to his texts and fire off a message.

My breath stills in my throat as I wait, hoping, praying he's unblocked me because he's going to be the one marrying me. The seconds crawl by like hours as I stare at the screen. Nothing. But at least this means he's unblocked me.

However, the moment I feel any sort of elation, the phone dings again with that hellacious message.

Alec

The person you are trying to reach has blocked this number. If you feel as if this is in error, please have them contact a servicing station for a systems scan.

Still blocked. It won't be him at the end of the aisle then. A groan wrenches from my throat as I plop the phone on the bed and turn back over, shoving my face into a pillow so the neighbors can't hear me scream. Four hours until my life is over.

Eventually, I pull myself out so I can breathe, my pulse pounding in my ears. Inside my head, I can't help but think of the Alpha I saw last night and his commands as he drove me closer and closer to orgasm.

Just breathe. If I did it last night, I can do it right now. I place my hand over my heart, forcing it to settle. Eventually, my breathing slows down as well until I'm finally able to think things through rationally. It's just six months. I can survive anything for six months.

Turning to look at my desk, I spy the small flogger hanging from the edge. I should have thrown it away the moment I got home, but something in me, something stupidly sentimental, wanted to keep it. I roll off the side and onto my feet and walk over, running my fingers across the dark purple strands.

The things this stranger did to me... The things he made me feel... Alec never did. Granted, with us wanting to wait until we were married to go all the way, perhaps he just wouldn't have been able to control himself if we played sexual games like this.

But then, the way the Alpha kept his composure, even while coming into my mouth... I didn't know Alphas were capable of such restraint. My heart twinges as I force my gaze away. It's not right to disrespect Alec. Even if he's married to another, he'll come back for me.

He has to.

For a moment, I stand there frozen as my mind jolts into action. I don't even know what to do right now. Am I allowed to tell my friends? My family? I suppose they'll already know if the Governing Body contacted them. I've only been a friend and witness to a few of these, so I can't really recall what I was supposed to do.

There was a text similar to the one I received a moment ago, but it wasn't nearly as foreboding. I was actually given the option of standing by my friend's side as opposed to being ordered there. From what I remember, it was fun.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

We tried on dresses. We drank champagne. Basically, we did any and everything we could to take our minds off the fact that one of us was soon to be married to a stranger. Granted, those few friends ended up far happier than any of us expected.

Maybe the Governing Body knows what they're doing after all? No. I can't allow myself to think that. If they did, they would have paired me with Alec instead of leaving me all alone while he gallivants across Greece with a woman who probably didn't even want to go there in the first place.

How would she even know that she would want to go there? Alec knew I wanted to go there. He probably booked the flights the moment he got the text, thinking we were going to go together. Will my new Alpha even care that I want to go somewhere? To just get away from everything so we can plan out our future? Would they even think ahead like he did?

I pick up my phone, debating whether or not to message Kessily when there's a knock at my door. It's certainly not masculine. Not like Alec showing up to sweep me off my feet and take me to the wedding himself.

Shaking my head, I force these thoughts out of my mind. Dwelling on him won't do me any good. Not now. Not ever. I just have to get through these next six months whilekeeping myself at arm's length until Alec and I can be together again.

That is, if he even still wants me.

I'm barely able to unlock the door when it bursts open, revealing Kessily. She beams at me as she barrels her way in, scooping me up into a big hug. "You got the text,

right? Tell me you got the text, and you don't think I'm just some psycho showing up like this."

A soft chuckle vibrates in my chest as I hug her close. "I mean, I do think you're a psycho, but not for this."

"It's the memes and videos I send you. Isn't it?"

"They don't help your case any."

"Dammit. I knew it."

Just having my best friend helps ease a lot of the anxiety and worry until I'm able to take in a full breath again. Thankfully, she doesn't bring up the impending marriage or anything. She just talks as if we're about to hang out for a girls weekend.

Just like normal. As if every fucking thing is normal. Even when it's not.

Tears gather in my eyes as she wanders around my apartment looking at my stuff, poking and prodding things every now and then. Until that moment, I didn't realize I'd have to merge my life with someone else. Someone new and strange.

With Alec, we were going to just move whatever fit over to his place. Now that I'm having to contemplate moving in with a stranger, I have no clue what of me will fit with them. Will they have their own dishes? Will I like them? What about clothes and furniture?

At least with Alec, I knew how big his house was. We already made plans and talked about what of mine I was keeping and what I was getting rid of. Now, I'm back at square one with no idea and no strategy in place. Kessily continues to talk a mile a minute while my heart starts to skip a beat every few seconds.

My limbs feel heavy and wooden as I sit down on the edge of my bed. Fuzzy lines intersperse my vision and don't let up until I close my eyes. Though I sway back and forth, my bed seems able to anchor me. At least a little.

Kessily continues to talk. I can hear her, but now it sounds muffled. It's as if I'm underwater and she's screaming at me from shore. Drowning. That's how this feels. I don't dare open my mouth for fear of letting the water in.

Strong hands wrap around my shoulders, and for a moment, my brain conjures up the Alpha from last night. If I just keep my eyes closed, it's as if he's right there with me. I can almost smell his dark, masculine scent surrounding me, enveloping me.

Breathe. Just breathe.

CHAPTER 9

DEVIN

Anxiety races through my spine, twisting me about as I look at my computer screen. Though I rub my chest, it doesn't get any better. I'm not normally prone to my heart racing. Panic is not something I'm used to feeling.

Closing my eyes, I force myself to breathe. In. Out. In. Out. Just breathe. After a few minutes, everything begins to calm, allowing me to concentrate on my job. I try not to work on the weekends, but a certain blonde-haired, brown-eyed omega has twisted my thoughts around until she is all I can think about.

It's not like me to be so obsessed, especially with a perfect stranger. It's probably my worry for her that has me so consumed. Most submissives enjoy aftercare in the dark, secluded room. But not her. She refused my offer. It stung, to be sure, but I'm not going to force it on her. If only I knew who she was and how to get a hold of her.

If she were a normal submissive I played with, I'd have no problem checking in on her, making sure she was taking it easy today. Perhaps I should have the club contact Kessily forme? No. That would make me look like some sycophant chasing after a woman who doesn't want me.

Clearing my throat, I pull up the phone records of the guy I'm supposed to be gathering intel on. Nothing there seems amiss, but I know if I dig deeper, I'll find a burner phone. The current records are too sporadic and don't match with the photos sent to me by the private eye who hired me.

It's like a puzzle, and soon, I find myself immersed in the mystery, all thoughts of a wayward submissive leaving my brain. I'm so caught up in the task that I barely hear the ding of my phone. With a loud groan, I pull myself away from the screen and stretch.

The unknown number makes me sit up as I scroll, my brain whirling a mile a minute, trying to figure out who's messaging me. And that's when everything stops. The number is unknown because it's not the original number.

Government officials don't work that way. My lips twist as I look down at the screen, studying the text message from the Governing Body. I've been matched. I guess it's about time, but it certainly wasn't expected.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

I should be happy, but I can't deny the disappointment flitting through my chest. Part of me wanted to see that omega again, maybe learn her name. Perhaps it's better this way. Now, we can't hurt each other. I'll be married to another, and more than likely not be at the club anymore.

Unless the woman at the other end is kinky like me, she probably won't want to engage in the type of stuff I enjoy. Then again, if the geneticists are to be believed, fetishes are hereditary. It would make sense that my sequences would be compatible with someone more in line with my way of thinking.

Sigh heavy on my lips, I note the time. Two hours until I have to be at the civic center. I should get there early though to make sure nothing goes amiss. Grabbing my keys, I head out to my car. Two hours is more than enough time to get my head on straight.

I've been the friend and witness at enough of these to know I don't have to do anything beforehand. The Governing Body will provide my tux and any accessories I think I should need. The only thing they don't provide is a honeymoon.

Since I've never planned one before, I should probably seek their advice on what I should do. They know who I'm marrying better than I do. It just stands to reason they'd know what my future intended would want.

Personally, I don't care. We could go anywhere. This would be something just for her. A gesture to help make all this feel normal. I could take her back to my home, but it wouldn't be fair to put her so off guard so fast. A honeymoon would be a nice, neutral place to start our lives together.

Determined, I head over to the civic center, hoping someone can help me in this quest. No doubt many of the Alphas just don't care, but I'm not like those men. Since I want to ease my bride over into the darker, kinkier side of life, I have to take extreme care not to overwhelm her in the beginning. Baby steps and all that.

My stomach twists as I pull out into traffic, but it's not nervousness or anxiety causing my heart to pound in my chest. Now, it's excitement. Pure and simple. I finally have an omega I can call my own, and I can't wait to meet her.

Do I dare hope it's the submissive from the club? Could the fates and government be that kind? Shaking my head, I dispel those silly thoughts. As much as I'd love to hope, it's not something I can allow myself to feel. I refuse to be shattered like so many other Alphas and omegas going through this process.

Stepping out in front of the civic center, I note the plain exterior. If this was an occasion I could plan, it would be somewhere far nicer. Unfortunately, the Governing Body stripped that from us. In trying to make sure the human race continues, they seem to have forgotten what made us human in the first place.

I slough off these morose feelings threatening to pull me under and step inside, noting the clinical sparseness of the place. How will they get this appropriate for a wedding in just mere hours? Off to the side, a door opens, revealing an obviously married couple.

They look stiff and uncomfortable next to each other as they walk side by side. In fact, they barely look at each other. Misery rolls off of the omega as she follows behind the Alpha she'll have to live with for the next six months. It shouldn't be like this.

Hopefully, once they get to know each other, it will be different. Honestly, I just hope whoever comes down the aisle doesn't automatically hate me outright. I feel like

that's the best thing I can actually hope for.

A sigh slides from my lips as I make my way over to the desk. "Devin Adler."

The receptionist looks up at me, a frown marring her face. "I'm sorry, sir, but you're not due for a few more hours. We are not set up to prepare you yet."

Over on the other side, a titter of laughter rings out into the room. It sounds so familiar, but I can't seem to place it. "Is that her? Is that my bride?"

The receptionist's face turns red as she hurries out from behind the desk. "It's bad luck to see your bride. Don't you know that?"

"I'm not seeing her. I'm just hearing her. I think. It's her, isn't it?"

"Forgive me, sir, but I'm not allowed to say. Please come back in a few more--"

"Don't worry about it, Stephanie. I'll take care of him. You go back to manning the phone."

She lets out a loud sigh of relief and makes her way back as another woman with curly red hair bounces over. "Hi. I'm Angie. This way please."

I follow her over to a long hallway with doors all the way down. "You really don't have to be early," she laughs. "Just not late."

"Well, I'm certainly not here for my health. I was hoping to get some information."

Angie looks over her shoulder for a moment before declaring in a loud voice. "I am unable to help you. Everything you need to know about your bride, you'll discover at the ceremony." Holding her finger to her lips, she opens up and door and motions for

me to come inside.

“Very cloak and dagger, don’t you think?” Though I try to infuse some humor into my tone, the hairs on the back of my head stand on end.

“You don’t understand. I could lose my job by telling you anything. Hell, I could get jail time. So please, respect me if I tell you I can’t say anything. Now, what is it you need?”

I rub the back of my neck as I sit down, presumably in front of her desk. Messy piles of paper take up most of the surface but leave enough open space so we can talk face to face.

“This is going to sound stupid, but I was hoping to plan a honeymoon. Or, well, at least some facsimile. Somewhere we can go that’s neutral ground for the two of us to hash things out. I’m sure this omega has no desire to just have an Alpha she doesn’t know inserted into her life. Hell. Maybe she does. Maybe all of this is a waste of time.”

“I think it’s sweet. Most Alphas don’t seem to care. They just get matched and go. Granted, it’s not like we follow them. Perhaps they plan a trip together. You are in luck, though. I happen to be at least friendly with your intended.”

My heart pounds in my chest as I sit up. “And?”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“And while I can’t tell you anything about her, I can tell you she has always wanted to go to Greece. Santorini, specifically. Now, they don’t give me any information about the Alphas who get married, so I’m not sure if you can swing this-”

“She’ll have the honeymoon she’s wanted by the time we say I do. Is there anything else you can tell me?”

“I’m sorry, but I’ve already said too much.”

Rising, I give her a nod and head out into the hallway. Thankfully, I have enough time to book our flights, resort, and tell my work I’m taking off for a bit. At least I got the data over to the private eye before I left. That’s one major thing off my plate. Now, I can concentrate on one thing and one thing only—my bride.

I stand thereat the end of the aisle, refusing to fiddle with my tie. Every time I looked in the mirror, it was perfect. There’s no way it’s askew now. Even so, my fingers drift up to touch the knot and straighten it one last time.

With a groan, I pull my hand away. Closing my eyes, I once more conjure the little omega who knelt so prettily at my feet last night. God, what I would give for my bride to be her. Even now, I feel my heart wrench at the inevitable heartache.

I have to remain firm in my resolve. It won’t be fair to my future bride to be wishing for someone else. It’s why I try not to entangle myself with omegas to begin with. And yet...

With a frustrated sigh, I clench my hands before I rake my fingers through my hair,

messing everything up. But honestly, that's what I feel like right now. A mess. On the outside, everything looks perfect. On the inside, part of me feels like I'm dying.

I just need this to hurry up so I can get these feelings out. Once I see my new bride, I'm sure everything will click into place. It has to. Even if I have to demand myself to love, honor, and cherish this stranger above the small, vulnerable newbie submissive, I will do that.

Because that's what Doms do. That's what good Alphas do. That's what I will have to do.

Unfortunately, everything still seems to take forever, allowing time for my mind to continue churning. And yet, a quick glance at my watch shows no matter how much time has actually passed, I'm still early.

Dammit. I just want to get this part over with so I can start building a future. Honestly, that's all I ever wanted. Just an omega, and hopefully a slave, to call my own.

When the music swells, my heart pounds in time. Soon. So soon, I'll see my omega. Soft voices float out into the room from the side hall. Again, I feel as if I know that voice. I wish to God I could place it.

The first person walks out, a bridesmaid by the look of her. I've never seen this woman before in my life. Nor the next. Or the next. Strangers, all of them. However, when the next person steps out, my jaw nearly drops.

Kessily flounces down the aisle, her dark skin nearly glowing in the pale lavender dress. She's all smiles until her gaze catches mine. When her jaw drops, I can't help the chuckle that escapes.

Instead of the slow, processional walk, she nearly sprints down the aisle and bypasses her seat. “Devin? Oh my God. Devin? Oh. Oh man. Just you wait. You-”

“Please, miss,” the officiant says. “You must be seated.”

My fingers twitch as I turn around, straining in the silence, waiting as the doors open. The music swells again, and it’s all I can do to keep looking at the wall in front of me. She’s so close. I can hear her footsteps as they move tentatively down the aisle.

What’s worse is I can almost smell her. It’s an odd scent. One that teases my memory. It’s a sugary, floral smell. Like a decadent dessert one enjoys on a picnic. No. No, it can’t be.

“You may turn to greet your bride.”

Though she had a mask on last night, nothing can hide those beautiful brown eyes or lovely blonde hair. It has to be my one-night stand from last night. Could I really be so lucky? Could it really be her?

“Devin Adler, I’d like to introduce you to your bride, Jessica Langley.”

“That’s my bestie!” Kessily cries out, removing all doubt.

“Oh, my dear little Jessica,” I purr, feeling out her name on my tongue. “Such a pleasure to meet you.”

CHAPTER 10

JESSICA

What. The. Hell? Standing before me, in all his imposing glory, is the man from last

night. It has to be. Though his face was covered, there's no denying his intense brown gaze as he looks down at me.

He smiles as if he wants to devour me right then and there. How could this have happened? One night. I was only with this Alpha for one freaking night. We didn't even have sex! And yet, he's the one I'm paired with?

I was with Alec for a few years and nothing. None of this makes sense. I should have been far more compatible with Alec as opposed to this kinky bastard. Glancing down at his outstretched hand, I contemplate taking it.

If I take his hand, it's done. The deal is sealed. I'm his for six months. Six months with a man who likes things rough and depraved. Six months with a guy who isn't Alec. Six months where another Alpha will want to possess my virginity.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Granted, it's not as if I have a choice. I've never investigated what the punishments were for saying no to the Governing Body. And it's not like I have friends who have refused. So I'm going in blind. I have no clue what they'll do to me. Fines? Jail?

Before, I didn't even think about saying no. Now, I'm wondering which prison will be worse. At least with this Alpha, I'll get to experience pleasure instead of only suffering. That has to be worth something, right?

My fingers tremble as I reach out and take his hand. It feels so warm and strong in my grasp. Secure. Just like last night, he seems confident, as if he knows what he's doing. That makes one of us.

"Oh just get up there, already," Kessily barks out, dispelling the gathering tension.

Everyone chuckles as I turn and shoot her a glare. Of course, she's happy about this pairing. It's her best friend and some Alphahole she knows from the club. What's not to be happy about?

Though she's never said anything mean about Alec, she sure didn't seem as enthusiastic as she does now. Perhaps I should take a cue from her and actually give this a try? My heart shatters, sending agonizing shards through my chest as I allow my new husband, or is it Master, to help me up the stairs so I can join him.

Looking out into the crowd, I note Kessily's enormous grin. Handing off her bouquet to one of my other bridesmaids, she gives me a thumbs up, all while flashing her signature wide smile. On the other side of the aisle, I see a few men standing there, all as strong, silent, and sure as Devin.

Are they Dominants from the club, too? Perhaps I'll ask when we're done. So many thoughts continue to pound in my brain, nonsensical musings that no one in their right mind would care about. I'm so caught up that I almost miss the officiant telling everyone to sit.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together to watch as I join this Alpha and omega together in holy matrimony. Remember, though this is only for six months, it is a legally binding marriage."

I almost snort as he says this. Right. Because that's something I'll easily forget. Once that ring is on my finger, we have to make it work, come hell or high, kinky water.

Turning to me, the officiant smiles, his grin not quite going up to his eyes. "Allow me to present to you, Devin Adler. What his friends want you to know is—"

"That he's a kinky sumbitch," Kessily cries out as the men on the other side turn red as they try to hold back their laughter.

"Please," Devin barks out, sliding a glare over to her. "Leave my mother out of it."

"May we have decorum, please?" The poor officiant wipes his face as he looks at everyone in the audience in turn. "This is an official proceeding and will be treated as such."

"Sorry, boss," Kessily laughs. "Just trying to help you out."

"Try less." Shaking his head, he clears his throat and turns back to me. "What his other friends and family wish for you to know is that he is a good, kind-hearted, strong, and dependable Alpha. He will never think twice before helping someone out. To have him for a husband means you'll have the most loyal man you can ever hope to marry."

My heart pounds in my chest as Devin looks down at me, his expression earnest. Maybe I could have done worse for a husband? But then, there is all this messy kinky business we'll have to talk about.

The officiant turns to Devin. "May I present to you, Jessica Langley." Pausing, he gives Kessily a glare.

Instead of saying a word, she shrugs and pretends to zip her lips before grabbing her bouquet back.

"What Jessica's friends and family would like you to know about her is that she can be a little bit of a workaholic. It's an escape for her at times that she'll use to get out of certain family obligations."

My mouth drops open as I process what was said. That's what they have to say about me? Devin gets all these praises and accolades, and I get workaholic?

"I object!" Kessily cries out, her lips turned down into a frown.

This time, the officiant's face turns so red, I'm a tad worried about his health. "Madam, I will eject you from these proceedings if you cannot be quiet."

"No. I don't know who you interviewed, but it wasn't any of us. Let me guess. It was her mother?"

"I'm not at liberty-"

"Oh, you don't have to say," she growls, handing her bouquet off again as she storms up to the stairs. "I know exactly how that woman feels about Jess."

Ignoring the officiant, she stands next to me and crosses her arms. "Let me tell you

what she's really like. She is sweet. Kindhearted to a fault. She's always putting others' needs before her own." With a frown, she turns her gaze to me. "Often to her detriment. She's willing and eager to please."

"Not like that," I cry out, trying to cut her off.

"Exactly like that," Kessily counters. "Treat her right, and she will make you the happiest Alpha on the planet. I love this girl like my own flesh and blood. Don't you dare fuck this up."

Devin crosses his arms and looks down at her. "Is that all?"

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Kessily's eyes tear up as she leans over and hugs me. "I promise you. Devin is a good guy and a great Dom. If you open yourself up to him, he'll make you so fucking happy."

Tears dot my eyes as I hug her back, clutching her close. "I love you hardcore."

"Hardcore, bestie." With a final squeeze, she heads back down and takes her place amongst the rest of the bridal party.

"May I proceed?" the officiant seethes.

She gives an elaborate bow, making me smile again. There's no room for tears when Kessily is at the helm.

"Now then. Since we've had a lot of complaints about this not being a proper ceremony because of the lack of rings, we've decided to add it in. So, at this point in the ceremony, you will exchange the rings you picked out earlier."

I slide the ring off the bouquet and hold it in my palm. It's warm from where I've had a stranglehold on the stems, but it feels solid. Just like the man in front of me. Though I wasn't sure what type of ring he'd like, I picked out something I wouldn't mind seeing on him.

Granted, I chose it with Alec in mind. Perhaps that wasn't the best idea, seeing as the man in front of me is nothing like him. Shame floods my body as I pull my hand back, not wishing for him to see.

“Don’t worry, Jessica,” he murmurs. “I am not so hard to please. Besides, there’s nothing saying we can’t pick out something else later if we wish.”

Right. He does have a point. These rings were chosen for strangers. Perhaps once we get to know each other, they’ll either seem like the perfect fit or we choose something else.

Sliding my hand forward, I turn it palm up to let him see the ring. It’s a simple silver band with a black edging. Something masculine. Gritting my teeth, I ease it over his ring finger and gasp.

Though I picked it out for Alec, it looks like it belongs on Devin. Honestly, now that I see it on him, the other options just wouldn’t have looked good. Somehow, I made the right choice.

He holds up his hand and smiles, moving it back and forth. “It suits me. But what do you think? You’re the one who’s going to have to live with it on me.”

“For six months, at least.” As the words leave my mouth, I hold my hand over my lips. “I didn’t mean-”

“Yes, you did,” he growls, a small smile teasing the edges of his lips. “But I don’t hold it against you.” He slides in closer, wrapping his arm about my waist and drawing me in. “I’d rather hold something else against you instead.”

Heat fans my face as I try to push him away, but Devin holds firm. How easy would it be to just relax into his arms, soaking in the strength he wears like a second skin? Would it really be so bad to give in?

Before I can make up my mind, he releases me and holds out his hand. “I’m most anxious to see what you think.”

When he opens his hand, I drag in a quick breath. Though I'm not sure what rings they had for him to choose from, this is most like the one I would have chosen. Where his is thick and manly, mine is thin, delicate, with a beautiful marquise cut diamond in the center. Tiny diamonds go down the sides, making it a truly stunning piece.

My vision blurs as he slides it over my finger. Why does it have to be so perfect? Why does he? The moment he lets me go, I bring it closer to my face so I can inspect it.

It has to have some flaw. It just has to. But no. It's perfect.

"Now then, Mr. Devin and Miss Jessica. I now pronounce you husband and wife. Though you are not required to kiss, you may do so if you wish."

Devin smiles down at me, his eyes darkening. "I'm going to kiss you, my lovely little bride. Now is your only chance to say no."

The word hovers on my lips, but I can't say it. I ache to be in his arms again and feel his lips against mine. Ever since leaving the club, I've wanted to be back by his side. And now I am. Possibly forever.

Sweeping me up into his arms, he tilts my chin up and gazes into my eyes for a moment. "Good. No protest." He slants his lips over mine, kissing me with a ferocity I've never felt before.

It's as if he's devouring me. His tongue forces its way past my lips and teeth to tangle with my tongue. How is it he was holding back so much at the club yesterday?

Every inch of me tingles as he commands me with this kiss. As much as I dreaded the idea of him dominating me as my husband, I find myself melting toward the notion.

If it's anything like last night, it can't be that bad... Right?

Around us, our friends whoop and holler, no doubt taking yet another year off of the officiant's life. Scooping me up, he cradles me to his chest. "How about we split this joint and go on our honeymoon?"

Shocked, I pull back and look up at him. "Honeymoon? But I have work. I-"

"You better not think one more thing about work," Kessily snaps. "They all will know you got married today. We can handle a week or two without you. Now go get fucked!"

Again, that niggles of unease slithers through me as Devin's chuckle vibrates along my skin. Get fucked. I guess that's bound to happen at some point. Might as well be on my honeymoon.

Page 27

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Doing my best to distract my mind, I fiddle with Devin's tie. "Where are we going?"

"Well, that depends. Do you do better with surprises or knowing what's going to happen?"

"While I do love a good surprise, I don't think I can handle any more at the moment. Can't you just tell me?"

He sets me down next to a sleek black car and unlocks the door for me. "We, my dear, are going to Santorini, Greece."

Blood drains from my face. Santorini. That's where Alec is. That's where I was supposed to be. What twist of fate is this?

"We're going like tomorrow, right? Maybe sometime next week? I mean, it will take time to get flights, hotels--"

"Already done. I have friends and connections. Don't worry. Anything we need, we'll get while we're there."

The smile he gives me is blinding, making my gut churn. I can't tell him. Not now. Not after he's gone through all this trouble. Staring out the window, I watch as the coastline whips past.

This is bad. This is very, very bad.

Want to know how the story ends? Make sure to sign up for my newsletter to know

exactly when the rest of Devin and Jessica's story comes out!

In the meantime, if you want more Omegaverse goodness in your life, check out *Bound to the CEO*!

For those who devour my books and want even MORE, join my group! I don't bite... hard.

The End... For Now

CHAPTER 11

DEVIN

It's torture being this close to my bride and unable to touch her. Not only are we not on a flight where we can sit right next to each other, but there's an emotional wall in place I cannot seem to penetrate. I look over to where Jessica glances about, her eyes wide as she takes in her little pod.

I'm guessing this is her first time flying first class. At least first class is nice. Seems as if I'm bestowing a lot of firsts onto my little omega. Part of me can't wait to see what other new experiences I can spoil her with, but first we have to at least be able to meet in the middle.

A soft chuckle slips past my lips as she presses on various buttons. She's like a kid in a toy store—not sure which thing to play with first. The near silent squeak as she finally presses the button to close the doors has me stifling a laugh.

Though I think I do a good job covering it up, I apparently didn't do it fast enough. Jessica gives me a glare as the doors continue to close in slow increments until her face is gone. Perhaps it's best to give her these hours to herself. It's going to be a long

flight as it is.

A longing thrums through me as I look across the aisle separating us. Perhaps I should have booked regular or business class seats. Maybe then she'd be forced to be next to me instead of able to squirrel away and hide. Damn me for wanting to make this excursion something special.

I'm paying for it in a way I never expected. It's not as if I was planning on molesting her while we were flying. Tease her a little, maybe. Sexually frustrate the hell out of her, definitely. Now, I can't do anything but look at the closed doors.

We haven't even negotiated our dynamic in a way where I feel comfortable ordering her to keep the doors open. If we had, there'd be a whole hell of a lot more I'd have her do for me and to herself at my command. Maybe I should push my luck and strike up the conversation as soon as she opens the doors.

Closing my eyes, I rest my head against the plush pillow and sigh, a worried frown pulling my brows down until a dull ache pounds behind my eyes. How did it go so wrong so quickly? When I kissed her, I felt the arousal pulsing through her body. But when I mentioned Greece, she froze.

Could Angie have been that wrong? She claimed to be a friend. Or at least an acquaintance who should know something about my new wife. Shaking my head, I pull out my phone and send Kessily a text. If only I knew earlier who I'd be with. Then I could have gotten all the intel I needed from a reputable source.

Soon, she responds, but all it does is make my head ache even more. Angie wasn't wrong. It's not Greece. Apparently visiting Santorini has been a bucket list item of Jessica's ever since Kessily knew her. Then what else could it be?

Is it because I insisted on stopping by her apartment to change first? I thought she'd

love to get out of the formal dress and into something a bit more casual for the trip. However, since the moment I crossed the threshold, she's been even more sullen and drawn in.

None of this makes any sense, and my gut tells me if I pry too soon, it will do nothing but back her into a corner even more. It's as if she's a wounded animal and she sees me as a predator. My lips part into a feral smile at that thought.

I am a predator, but not one who actually wants to make her suffer. If she'd only talk to me, she'd know that. Granted, all of this is as sudden for her as it is for me. Perhaps she just can't handle the stress of things moving so quickly.

Another ding pulls my attention back to the phone, and this time I manage to keep the laughter at bay. Seems as if my little newb is stuck and cannot open her door. It does make me happy to know she's not hiding away from me on purpose.

With all the buttons in front of her, I can just imagine the panic at not being able to find the correct one. Pocketing my phone, I wait for the announcement to come on that we're allowed to roam around the plane. The instant I'm able to, I head over to her little cabin and knock on the door.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“Kessily told me you’re stuck.”

“It’s not funny,” her muffled voice flits through in a sullen huff.

Closing my eyes, I rest my head against the door and hold back the laughter threatening to rise to the surface. I can almost see her in there, sulking like an errant brat. However, as much as I want to take her in hand, I need to get her to open the door first.

I shake my head and pull away, keeping my tone as neutral as possible. “No one said it was.”

“I can hear it in your voice!” This time, she’s a little louder, as if possibly screaming.

This won’t do. Making a scene will only make matters worse. Dropping my voice into ‘Dom mode,’ I lean in closer so nothing I say is missed. “Keep acting like that, and I’m definitely going to laugh at you.”

Small vents near my face pop open, revealing a set of wide eyes blinking at me. “You shouldn’t laugh at people.”

“If you don’t want people laughing, then you shouldn’t be acting like a brat,” I counter.

She slumps down, disappearing from view. “I’m not acting like a brat.” Again, her tone turns sullen—a clear hallmark of a brat in need of taming.

“Your petulant tone begs to differ,” I counter, willing my erection to flag.

The last thing I need is a hard-on while trying to coax my skittish bride out of her enclosure. It’s hard enough to think when her scent coats me from the inside out.

Again, she pops back up, her gaze blazing. “It’s not petulant!”

“Wanna try that again?” I raise my eyebrow at her, the Dom in me stirring to the forefront once more.

I’m more than happy to give her space, if that’s what’s needed. What I will not do is allow her to continue acting like this without giving me just cause.

“Sorry, Master,” she whispers, her gaze lowering to the floor.

My cock surges up again as arousal strangles my brain. It must have been my tone. I certainly wasn’t expecting her to use my honorific from last night. Does this mean she’s far more receptive to being my slave than we both originally thought?

Maybe beneath this icy veneer, what she really needs is for me to take her in hand. Could I really have been that blind? Should I have just taken her over my knee and spanked her the moment her mood shifted?

No. There’s no way that would have helped anything. I am, however, filing this interaction away for future study. Craning my neck forward, I look past her submissive stance to the buttons I can see.

“Press that red one. See what it does.”

All traces of submission leave as she glares up at me and plants her hands on her hips. “Don’t you think I tried that? It’s the button that closed the damn doors to begin

with.”

Taking in a deep breath, I pinch the bridge of my nose. “I understand that. But I want to see what it does. Nothing more. Nothing less. I’m not calling your intelligence into question.”

The look she gives me seems doubtful, but she does what I tell her to do. Nothing. Not even a hint of gears grinding to work. Odd. Stepping back over to my side, I press the button and wait as the doors close.

Pressing it again, they open without a hitch. “Try holding the button for five seconds then press it again. Maybe there’s a lock feature we don’t know about?”

I wait as she fumbles about, but still nothing. “I don’t know what else to do,” she wails, panic lacing her tone.

The sound claws at my chest as I stand outside, helpless. My one job is to protect her, and yet, I’m already failing. More than that, we haven’t even gotten to Greece yet and I can’t make her happy.

“Hold tight. I’m going to get a flight attendant.”

“Right,” she grumbles. “As if I have anywhere else to go.”

My fingers clench as I press against the vents. “I’m sure you’re going through something right now, but I will not allow this disrespect to go on any longer. I have no problem spanking you on this plane, if that’s what you need.”

Her face turns red, but she remains silent. “Is that what you need?” I goad her, my voice raspy with need. “Would a good spanking to set things right?”

“No, Master.” Her voice is soft, barely a whisper, but I hear her.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

My soul hears her words and the longing hidden within them. She needs something all right. But not until we get to the resort. If only this flight wasn't so damned long. If only I had the time to book a private plane instead. Then none of this would have been an issue.

Thankfully, the flight attendant is able to get her door open with ease. The bad news is that it's a malfunction. Now, instead of being right across from me, she's a few rows down where I can't even see her.

Some start to a honeymoon. Storming my way over to the bar, I get a shot of bourbon for myself and a juice for Jessica. I have no clue what she likes, what she doesn't like, what she drinks, eats, or anything. Stopping short, my brain threatens to short-circuit.

How in the hell am I supposed to make it work with a complete stranger? The only thing we really have in common is our sexual appetite and proclivities. Granted, she'll probably deny it with her dying breath.

Walking over to her little booth, I stop short as I watch her looking at her phone. She doesn't seem to see me yet. Her shoulders hunch up around her ears as sorrow drifts off of her, souring the air.

Who could be texting her? Is it her mother? Seeing as I know nothing about her family except what the officiant said, it stands to reason her mother is making her miserable about this. The moment we're back in the states, I'm going to insist on meeting them so they can know once and for all Jessica's happiness comes first. Even with them.

When I hunch down to hand her the juice, she jumps and turns off her screen. An odd niggles of suspicion slithers down my brain, but I refuse to allow it to take hold. We're just now at a point where we can learn about each other. It wouldn't help to allow my emotions to get the better of me.

She glances up at me under her thick lashes and blinks. "Hi. I didn't see you there."

"I can tell. Didn't mean to scare you."

"Oh. You didn't. I was just... Um. I was just looking through my messages."

"Anything particularly troubling?"

Her lips turn down. "No. No messages at all."

"Ahhh. Maybe everyone is giving you space since you're on your honeymoon."

"I suppose."

When her mood doesn't lift at my words, I sigh and hand her the drink. "All settled in then?"

"Yes. Thank you." She turns the glass in her hand and frowns at it. "Are you trying to get me drunk so you can have your way with me?"

The bark of laughter vibrating in my chest is genuine as I lean over and kiss the top of her head. "I don't need to get you drunk to do that. I didn't know what you liked, and juice seemed to be a good, neutral starting point."

Jessica nods, takes a sip, and smiles. "Good choice. Mother always gave me apple juice when I was feeling out of sorts." Silence looms in the distance as she tips the

glass back and drains it as expertly as taking a shot.

My lips quirk into a smile as I take the empty glass from her and gaze down at her face. “And does this mean you’re in better sorts now?”

She hangs her head and twiddles her fingers for a moment. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to take it out on you. When I get scared, I can turn into a little bit of a brat. I get it if you don’t want to be around me for a little bit.”

Frowning, I tuck my finger under her chin and turn her gaze to me. “I’ll never abandon you. Even if I’m mad as hell, we’ll talk it out.”

“Oh.”

That little word speaks volumes, and if I ever get my hands on the asshole who made her feel like this, they will rue the day. Taking her hand in mine, I kiss her knuckles before turning it over to kiss her palm. A shiver jostles her arm, drawing a smile to my lips.

So fucking responsive.

“I’m going back to my cabin. If you need anything, you know where to find me.” Grabbing my phone, I scroll back through the messages from Kessily until I find Jessica’s number. It takes a moment or two to send her a text. “That’s my number. If you need anything, text me. You don’t have to use Kessily as a buffer.”

“Yes, Master. I understand.”

Again, I tilt her face up. “In public, there’s no such need for an honorific. Devin will do just fine.”

A small grin teases the edges of her lips. “Yes, Devin. I understand.”

Leaning forward, I gently kiss her lips, pulling away before I can lose myself in her soft sighs. “Good girl.”

My mind churns as I make my way back to my cabin and pull out my laptop. Though I’m not planning on working during this trip, I can’t help but feel like my omega is hiding something from me. Even as I type her number into my screen, a sick sense of dread makes my stomach churn.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

I shouldn't be spying on her like this. She's my wife and not some criminal I'm helping track down. Still though. Just one push of a button and I'd know everything. Glancing over my shoulder, I click and let the program do its work.

Nothing. Just as she said. No incoming texts and no outgoing texts. There's not even anything in her deleted folder. Granted, with how she's acting around this newer technology, maybe she doesn't even realize all deleted texts never truly disappear.

As much as I hate snooping on her like this, it's good to know she's not the devious sort. Not from what I can see, at least. With another sigh, I put my laptop up and close my eyes, forcing my brain to settle down.

Darkness descends as we continue our long trek to Athens. Again, I look over at the empty cabin and sigh. She hasn't called or texted, but I suppose it's a good thing. Maybe she's just waiting for me to make the first move?

As I get my phone out, a bit of movement catches my eye. Jessica stands outside my door, pillow in hand. Her expression is unreadable, but she doesn't seem averse to being in my space. That's good at least.

"I was wondering... That is... I... Could you-"

"Come in here, sweet girl."

The moment she squeezes into my space, I hit the button to close the door behind us. Anxiety rolls off of her as we both watch it close shut. My fingers wrap around her slim waist as I pull her down onto my lap, gripping her tightly against me for a

moment.

“Don’t worry, love. I’ve checked my door, and it works perfectly. Besides, I can still grab hold of a flight attendant from in here.”

With a soft chuckle, she smacks her forehead. “I guess I should have thought about doing that earlier.”

“You were distressed. No one really thinks clearly when they’re not mentally okay. Now what is it you wanted to see me about?”

“I was wondering if you wanted to watch a movie with me. Something funny to pass the time?”

A wicked grin tilts up my lips into a half smirk. “Are you sure there isn’t anything else you’d rather do to pass the time?”

She ducks her head as a pretty blush fans across her face. “I’d rather not, if that’s all the same to you.”

“I’m not going to force you, Jessica. When you’re ready, it will happen.” Tucking her to my side, I scroll through the movies until one catches her eyes.

As much as I want to enjoy watching something with her, I find I’m far too distracted by how the curve of her body fits so perfectly against mine. Every laugh forces her breasts to rub against me, making my cock pulse and ache. For her benefit, however, I suffer in silence.

Dinner is a slight reprieve as she sits further away from me while we talk about mundane things. It’s good to learn about her, but I’d much rather have her back in my arms, regardless of how tortuous it is.

When she's full, we put on another movie as I hold her close, memorizing the color of her hair, the way she sighs, what makes her laugh, and what makes her frown. After another hour or so, she's completely asleep beside me.

Unable to resist, I softly kiss the top of her head and pull the blankets up around her shoulders, allowing her to sleep as long as she can. As long as she's in my arms, I'll stay awake, keeping silent vigil over my newest prized possession, a submissive I never thought I'd have the privilege of receiving.

CHAPTER 12

JESSICA

Exhaustion lines Devin's face as he helps me out of the taxi near the cable cars of Fira. Perhaps having Santorini as my honeymoon bucket list locale wasn't the smartest thing ever. With both of us still tired and jetlagged, it's not as if we're enjoying anything.

As much as I want to stay in the hotel room, Devin seems bound and determined to take me out and about, showing me everything Greece has to offer. Granted, it's certainly better than being cooped up in the hotel room debating whether or not to sleep with my husband. Even now, my fingers inch down the side of my pants to where my phone lies heavy in my pocket.

He almost discovered my secret longing, the feelings I harbor for my ex, when he so graciously brought me some apple juice. Even though I had done nothing wrong then, I still feel the guilt now. It constricts my ribs with every breath, making my heart hurt with the effort.

Pulling me off to the side, Devin gives me a wide grin. "Ready to enjoy your honeymoon, my newbie submissive?"

His words cut me to the heart. Here he is thinking about me and us growing together as a couple, and yet I can't stop thinking about Alec. Is it because things were never really resolved for us? Could it be that being in Greece, the same country as him, is messing with my head?

Mustering up a smile, I let Devin lead me off to the side, away from people and traffic. The moment we're enclosed in a small alcove, his scent washes over me, making my head swim. When he's close to me like this, I forget all about Alec and the broken promises forced on us by a government who thinks they know better.

Maybe they do know better. Despite the heartache of feeling like I'm betraying Alec, I can't deny the need to have Devin kiss me, touch me, or do all sorts of filthy things to me. Closing in the gap, I kiss him, allowing myself this moment of weakness.

Arousal floods my system as he presses me against the stone and devours me like a man starving. Alec rarely kissed me like this. It was more polite pecks or a soft sliding of our lips together before he would pull away. Moaning against Devin, I thread my fingers through his thick hair and grind against him as need pours over me.

"Perhaps I should cancel dinner and just devour you instead." His eyes are nearly black as he stares down at me.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

His cock presses against my hip, and I can't help but remember his thick shaft bobbing above me as I opened my mouth to drink up his cum. Was that really just a handful of days ago? It seems longer somehow.

"I- I would love to eat," I stammer, unsure of what to do.

As much as I want to give myself to him, I find that I'm still stuck somehow. Perhaps he'll have to force me after all. Unbidden, a shiver rakes down my spine, making me quiver at the thought.

"You're not scared of me, are you?" he teases, pulling back a touch.

"No. Of course I'm not scared. Why would I be scared?" My voice squeaks, betraying the bravado I try to put into place.

"You tell me, my little newbie. Is it because you think I'll ravage you the moment you spread your thighs for me? Because you know the moment you say yes, I'll consume you until there is no you or me, only us."

My throat constricts as my mouth dries. God, but that sounds heavenly. I slide my hand up his abs and over his heart. It beats strong and sure, implacable, like the Alpha hovering above me.

"You begged me to fuck you just the other day," he growls, his hot breath washing over my skin.

It's as if cold water douses me, extinguishing the molten need coursing through my

veins. “And you said no.” As I say the words, the hurt blossoms again.

I had no clue his rejection had stung me that much, but apparently, it did. He pulls away another fraction, allowing a slight breeze to come between us. It’s a gulf that seems ever expanding.

“Yes, I did. And it was for a good reason. Now, there is nothing preventing us from exploring every inch of each other. Trust me, my little Jessica. I can wait as long as you need me to. You’re worth it.”

He drops his hand to his pocket as my world seems to implode around me. Have I ever been worth it to anyone else? Well, Alec seemed to think I was. When I first told him my idea of waiting, he seemed bothered, but eventually, when I did other things for him, he seemed okay with it.

He waited for me, too. But why do I get the suspicion that it’s far harder for Devin than it ever was for Alec? Shaking my head, I watch as my husband pulls out a small device.

It looks like a rubber teardrop or something. At my puzzled expression, he takes my hand and places it on my palm. Still grinning, he pulls out what looks like a remote and presses a button.

Though nearly silent, it rolls about on my hand with strong, pulsing vibrations. I nearly drop it, but Devin chuckles and rescues it from a concrete death.

“Well? Want to see how long you can hold out?”

“F- for sex? Is this just a way to get me to beg you quicker?”

His eyes flash for a moment as he jerks back his hand. “I will never manipulate you

that way. This is all supposed to be in fun. If you'd rather not, we don't have to."

Again, that frisson of guilt slams into me as I wrap my fingers around his wrist. "I'm sorry. I'd love to play with you. I don't know what came over me. I--"

He silences me with a kiss as he presses me back up against the wall again. I'm breathless as his tongue invades my mouth, thrusting in and out, just like I want him to do further down. A moan rips from my throat as my senses leave me. I could let him fuck me right here, right now.

Unfortunately, he pulls away, leaving me panting as he smirks down at me. "Trust me, little omega. My cock will not slide inside of you until you beg me. And I will make you beg. Have no doubt about that."

My body tingles as I pull the vibrator from his hand and look for a bathroom. I don't dare speak because I know what will come out of my mouth will be spoken in the heat of the moment and not with my rational brain. One thing is for certain, though. Devin has made it quite clear he can hold out. Can I?

Shuffling into the stall, I check to make sure no one else is around. Heat burns my cheeks and ears as I prop my leg up on the seat and tease my entrance with the bulbous toy. I'm already shamefully wet and just from him kissing me.

I ease it inside me, aided by my slick, until the thick head rests against my G-Spot. It's as if Devin can read my mind from all the way out there. The moment the vibrator is in place, he turns it on, sending the strong pulses through me. It's not enough to make me come, but it's certainly enough to put me on edge.

Knees clenched together, I hobble out of the bathroom to see Devin leaning against the wall, his body exuding sexual confidence. It's enough to make my legs nearly buckle and I second guess why I'm holding out in the first place.

Groaning, I join him as he takes me from store to store, showering me with gifts and trinkets. I'd like to think he's doing it out of the kindness of his heart, but every time I give him any sort of hint that I like something, he kicks the vibrator up a notch, then turns it down after he's done paying.

My thighs burn and tremble with the effort it takes to keep walking straight. I want so desperately to beg him here and now, but I can't give in. Not when he's looking so cocky and self-assured.

Eventually, he sends the packages back to the hotel as he takes me up the cable car to the top of Fira. The views are so spectacular I almost forget about the buzzing of the vibrator and the humming arousal that doesn't seem to ever stop. Wrapping my arm around his waist, I snuggle in as tears dot my eyes.

It really is a beautiful location. Before my emotions can get away with me, he pulls me in close and runs his lips over the top of my head, making my heart pound in time with the pulsing between my thighs. It's all so perfect.

It should be perfect.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Why can't I get my brain to just accept that Devin is my husband now? Closing my eyes, I turn my face into his chest and breathe in his scent. It surrounds me like a comforting cloud, soothing my jangled nerves. It could be so easy.

At the top of Fira, he takes my hand and guides me into this amazing restaurant high up so we can enjoy the views. Thankfully, as we sit, he turns off the vibrator, allowing me a bit of peace. The smile he gives me as I sag into the chair makes my heart pound in my chest and more slick to gather at my entrance.

Reaching over, he takes my hand in his and runs his thumb over my knuckles, pausing when he gets to the wedding ring. "I didn't know who to expect at the end of the aisle, but I'm glad it was you. After you left that night, I couldn't get you out of my mind. Trust me when I say you're the first omega I ever contemplated breaking my rules for."

As flattering as his words are, part of me wishes he had. Then, I wouldn't be sitting here, a virgin, trying to figure out if or when to fuck him. That part would have already been done with. There would be no extra tension, no apprehension, just peace.

"I don't regret marrying you," he continues. "Do you regret marrying me?"

My breath stills in my throat. "No," I manage to croak out. "Not exactly. It just takes a bit to get used to. I've never been married before."

"Hey look there. Something we both have in common."

I know he's trying to put me at ease, and I'm forever grateful for him doing his best to lessen the tension between us. Still though, I can't rid myself of the gnawing apprehension as he continues to stroke my hand. It feels so nice, so warm, so strong, so... so right. A sigh flits through my lips as I force my gaze to meet his.

"Thank you," I finally manage to whisper.

"For what?" The confused look on his face would be comical if things didn't feel so serious.

"Just... You."

He chuckles as he pulls his hand away to grab the menu. "Remember that when we start negotiations on our dynamic. I'm allowing you to ease into the marriage, but at some point, we're going to have to address the kinky stuff, as you put it."

Though his smile is friendly, there's a hint of ferocity in his gaze. As much as I said I didn't want it, my body seems to crave it. I want to know what it's like to be desired like that, to be owned. All I have to do is get my heart and mind to finally come to an agreement.

Looking out over the beautiful water, I allow Devin to order for both of us. It's a small step toward what he'd probably want in a slave, but baby steps are all I can do right now. I'm so overwhelmed, so fractious. It's as if I'm about to burst at the seams.

Dessert comes far too soon, because I know after this, we'll be heading back to the hotel. A decision will need to be made soon. It's agonizing to think of choosing the right action.

The server wheels a cart over and sets the plate in between us. Based on the color and shape, it looks like a little volcano. When they tip over an amber liquid, steam erupts

as it bubbles. A thrill of happiness winds its way through my soul as I watch the show.

From across the table, Devin doesn't even seem to pay attention. He's far too busy looking at me. There's an odd expression on his face. It's tenderness and desire all wrapped in his molten gaze.

Without breaking eye contact, he slides a spoon into the food and holds it out for me. "Open."

I don't even hesitate. There's something in his voice that compels me to obey, and it's not an Alpha command. I know what that feels like from my father, and this is anything but.

He eases the spoon between my lips, groaning softly as I lap up the delicious meringue. Underneath, a fruity tang bursts on my tongue. Famished, I swallow it down and lick up any remaining bits.

"More?" His question is dark, husky, and full of promise.

"Please, Devin." I note how his eyes darken as he slides the spoon in again.

This time, as he hovers it in front of my lips, he turns on the vibrator once more before spooning it in. When I moan, it has nothing to do with the delicious food and everything to do with how he controls me.

Dropping the spoon onto his plate, he places some bills on the table before coming over to me and extending his hand. "I think it's time we head back. Don't you?"

Not trusting myself to speak, I take his hand and allow him to lead me through the restaurant. Despite the tinge of humiliation at knowing I have a vibrator shoved up

mypussy, no one seems to notice us. Everyone is in their own little bubble. Their own little world.

Once we clear the busier parts of Fira and get closer to the cable car, Devin pushes me into another alcove and slams against me. His fingers dig at my thigh as he kisses me, tasting meringue, fruit, and desire on my lips.

“Tell me to stop, and I will,” he gasps, his hand sliding up my skirt to cup my mound.

“I wish I could,” I helplessly groan. “But I can’t.”

His fingers strum my clit, eliciting a moan from my lips. With a deviant grin, he places his free hand over my mouth. “Quiet, love. You don’t want anyone coming to investigate, do you?”

I shake my head a moment before I lean back against the wall, arching further against him. Pleasure coils through me, as he brings me near the edge, taking me right up to where I’m about to come, before pulling away.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

A frustrated grunt buzzes in my throat as I rock my hips back and forth. “What did I tell you at the club, my little slave?” he murmurs in my ear. “All your orgasms belong to me. Even Grecian ones.”

CHAPTER 13

DEVIN

I grin down at my spitfire little omega. Her eyes blaze as she strains against me, desperate for that O hovering just out of reach. At least for now she’s not stuck in her head.

It’s been agonizing trying to interact with her on this trip, only to be shut out. I wish she’d just tell me what her worries are. There’s no doubt we can puzzle through them together.

As far as I’m concerned, there’s nothing so insurmountable that we can’t make it work. True, the marriage is only mandatory for six months, but I’m not looking at things in the short term. When I said I do to this little omega, I meant until death separate us.

Hopefully, she takes our vows just as seriously. I’d hate to find out at the end of six months I was the only one giving it an honest try. Sliding my free hand around the back of her neck and up into her hair, I grip the strands by the roots and tip her head back.

Already her eyes take on a slightly hazy sheen as I control her, manipulate her. She’s

made it very clear with her words that she's not into this kinky stuff, but her body says otherwise. Perhaps that's what the gulf is between us?

"Talk to me, baby," I whisper against her lips. "Tell me what's going on in that head of yours."

She hesitates for a moment, pulling back as she blinks up at me. At first, I think the spell is shattered between us, but soon, she snuggles back in, using her body to tempt me to give her what she wants.

"I want to come," she murmurs, her face taking on that adorable blush of hers.

"Oh, I know that. It's very clear to me how badly you want to orgasm on my fingers. I'll tell you what. How about we play a little game? When I get you into that cable car, I'll spread you open on my lap and tease that desperate little clit of yours. If you can come in the four minutes it takes to get to the bottom, you can have me do whatever you want to your body when we get to the hotel."

Her breaths come in delicate little pants as her eyes dilate just a touch more. "And if I can't?"

My lips curve up into a wicked slash. "We get to do whatever I want."

"Kinky stuff?"

"Fuck yeah, kinky stuff," I growl. Before she can respond, I capture her lips with mine, shoving her hard against the stone.

Her soft whimpers as she claws at my chest go straight to my balls, tightening them to the point of pain. Pinpricks of pleasure stab through me as I grind against her hip, desperate for a little relief of my own.

Honestly, in this game, even if she wins, I'm not going to lose. It would be nice to hear from her own lips what she wants. And if she loses? Well, I will have more than enough fun tying her down to the bed and making her beg for her release.

Wrenching myself away, I help her straighten her dress, my cock pulsing as I know I'm going to mess the pretty fabric up very soon. She gives me a shy smile as she steps away, presumably to put some space between us. I don't allow it.

With a soft growl, I wrap my arm around her waist, the possessive feelings surging through me as I lead her to the cable cars. People stand in line around us, shuffling back and forth as they wait for a free car.

It will ruin my plans to have to share a space with anyone. Sliding over to the man helping people on, I slip him some money, making it very clear my new bride gets anxious around strangers. It's a lie, but certainly for a good cause.

When it's our turn, Jessica turns beet red and refuses to look at me. Off to the side, others give knowing glances as they hide their smiles behind their hands. A chuckle rumbles in my chest as I hold my hand out, assisting her into the cab.

The moment it takes off, I haul her onto my lap and pull up the edge of her dress as my knees spread her thighs wide. She tries to hide her face as I expose her, but I won't let her get away that easily.

"Look out at the beautiful scenery while I stroke this pretty little pussy," I purr, wrapping my arm around her waist so she can't get away. "You've got four minutes, little slave. Are you going to come for me?" With a flick of my fingers, I turn the vibrator up so it undulates against her sensitive inner walls.

"Y- yes, Master," she cries out as my fingertips glide along her slickened clit. "I'm going to try."

“That’s all I ask.”

Our breaths come in rapid gasps, one in opposition to the other. Her body bows and twists as soft moans and cries pepper the air. We’re so close to the end, and so is she. But still, she doesn’t come.

Her thighs quiver around my legs as she rocks back and forth. I keep my rhythm steady, insistent, and relentless. “We’re almost there, love. How about you?”

“Close,” she cries out. Her body tensing. “So close.”

“What do you need?”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“Something. Anything. I- I don’t know.” There’s a panicked tinge to her tone, as if she really doesn’t want to lose.

It amuses me to watch her fight against my dominance so hard, and yet it’s the one thing that will send her over the edge. Tightening my hold around her waist, I growl in her ear, my lips curving into a smile as she shudders beneath me.

“You’re overthinking it, love. Just let go. Feel me touching you, owning you. Breathe for me. In and out. That’s it. That’s my good little slave.”

She whimpers, her body tensing even more. Just a bit closer. She’s almost there. I so badly want her to come, to win, and to learn that her body craves this, craves me.

“You’re going to come for me, slave.” I continue. “Is that understood?” I roughen my touch, pinching her clit just enough to give her a slice of pain.

“Yes, Master,” she howls, her body going ramrod.

Nonsensical sounds, whimpers, and words flow from her lips as she grinds against my hand. After a moment or two, her body explodes into a flurry of movement as she tips forward, planting her hands on my knees.

“Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God,” she murmurs long and low. “Fuuuuuuuuck.”

After a few more moments, her movements stop until any extra stimulation on my part makes her jerk back with a soft whimper. And not a moment too soon. In a mad scramble, I slide her off my lap and help her compose herself.

“Thank you for using our cable car,” the attendant chirps as he opens the door. “I hope you have enjoyed your visit.”

Next to me, Jessica can only mumble her replied thanks. Giving the man a large grin, I nod and thank him profusely. My omega’s steps are a touch unsteady as I help her navigate away from the crowds.

“By the way. My name is Devin. Just in case you forgot.” She looks up at me, her brow furrowing in confusion.

“I know that.”

“Just wanted to make sure. You said, ‘Oh, God,’ but the name is Devin.”

Her laugh rings out against the older stone as she swats at my arm. God, what I would give to hear her laugh more often. Pulling her into my arms, I give her a soft kiss.

“You won,” I tease, pulling back away. “What is it you want from me?”

With a grin, she bites down on her lower lip and rises onto her tiptoes, leaning in as if she’s about to impart some great secret. However, a split second later, she jerks away as if I’ve burned her. Jessica’s nose juts up in the air as she sniffs.

I scent the air as well, looking for any sort of threat, but only smell a mixture of Alphas, betas, and omegas. “What-”

“Jessica?” A deep, masculine voice booms behind me, making the hairs on the back of my neck rise.

Turning, I slide my omega behind me and look this newcomer up and down. For an Alpha, the man is small. If he didn’t smell differently, I’d think he was a beta. Next to

him, an omega looks around, her expression bored.

“Who are you?” I can’t seem to keep the growl out of my voice as I hunch down, prepared to protect my bride.

“I’m-”

“Alec.” A hint of sorrow threads through Jessica’s voice as she pushes me out of the way. “I- I don’t understand. Why are you here?”

He glances over at me for a moment before grabbing the other omega by the arm. “I got matched. You know that.”

“Yes,” she grinds out, the pain evident in that one syllable. “I know that. But why are you here? Greece...” she swallows. “Greece was our thing.”

This must be the ex she mentioned. Narrowing my eyes, I cross my arms, making myself a show of force behind my omega.

“Jess. You had to understand. It’s just Greece.”

“Just. Greece.” Her body bristles as she clenches her hands into fists by her side. “Just Greece? I... We... There were plans.”

“Plans? Babe. Come on.”

I refuse to stand by while my omega is clearly hurting. Pulling her to my chest, I wrap my arm around her shoulders, hugging her tight. “You will refrain from referring to my bride with any pet names. That honor is no longer yours.”

Page 35

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

He snorts and crosses his arms. “Seems six months really is too long for you to hold out. Or was it just me?”

I glance down at Jessica and note the redness in her face. “What is he-”

She pushes forward, almost breaking out of my grasp. “You blocked my messages. You didn’t even talk to me. You didn’t let me. Let me-”

“What was I supposed to do?” he roars, stepping forward.

On instinct, I drag Jessica back and bare my teeth. “That’s close enough.”

“Let me guess,” he continues. “You fucked him the moment you left the ceremony. Didn’t you?” Fury fills his gaze as he growls at my wife.

I grab Jessica and turn us around, giving my back to the Alpha. “Eyes on me, Jessica,” I command, tipping her face up. “Eyes on me.”

The moment she looks up, her expression guts me. Sorrow, anger, and hatred all war for precedence. “I’m sorry. I-”

“Do not apologize. Do you wish for me to dispatch of him, or do you want to do it?”

“Y- you’re giving me a choice?” Her gaze shifts to one of confusion.

“Yes. I’m not an ogre,” I tease, attempting to diffuse the situation.

“Forget this,” Alec spits out.

“No.” Jessica cries. “I won’t.” I move, allowing my omega to push past me. “How could you?” she sobs.

As much as I want to gather her back into my arms and protect her from the nasty feelings swirling inside, she has to do this herself.

“How could I? How could I?” He shoves his omega to the side and doesn’t bother to help her as she stumbles.

This already tells me everything I need to know about the bastard. Behind Jessica, I crack my knuckles, snarling at him as he gets too close. Raising his hands in the air, he backs away until he’s far enough away I can allow my shoulders to relax.

“What did you expect me to do?” he screams, his face turning a violent shade of unhinged red.

Jessica’s face falls. “You knew how much Greece meant to me.”

“Yeah. You wanted your first fuck here. How did it feel? Did he satisfy you?” As he tries to step forward, I loom behind Jessica, glaring until he backs away again.

“I waited,” she sobs back. “I didn’t... I couldn’t...”

As she fumbles for words, I gather her back into my arms and allow her to sob on my chest. “What is it you want?” I bite out.

Alec smirks at me and shakes his head. “Good luck with that ice princess. She’ll keep teasing you, stringing you along. At least you got that ring. Maybe she’ll open her thighs.”

“Enough. You will keep a civil tongue in your mouth when you speak about or to my wife.”

“Wife,” he spits out. “Fucking manipulator is more like it.”

Jessica’s tiny hands claw at my chest as she grips my shirt. It kills me to feel her vibrate with what I can only discern as enormous grief. This has to be the jackass who lied to her about his ruts.

A feral grin eases over my lips as I look the asshole up and down. “It must have been so hard for you to control your ruts around her. How many was it? Monthly? You must be such a prime specimen to experience that many that often.”

His face pales for a moment. “I did nothing wrong.”

Jessica peers up at me, her brows furrowing. “I told you. He did it to protect me.”

“Oh, I’m sure he did.” Keeping one arm around her waist as an anchor, I pull out my phone. “What’s your number?”

“As if I’m going to give it to some psycho like you.”

Page 36

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Jessica glares at him for a moment before rattling off his number. “But you won’t find anything. He’s shown me his phone before. There was nothing.”

Alec crosses his arm and gives me a cocky grin. “Right. There’s nothing to show because there’s nothing that happened.”

After a few moments, my program spits out his text information. True, there’s nothing untoward on the surface. Just like Jessica. However, when I go into his deleted folder, all of it comes to light.

Instead of saying anything to him directly, I simply hand the phone to my wife. She’s the one who needs to see his massive betrayal. At first, she squints her eyes, as if she’s not believing the messages going back and forth between him and an establishment where you pay to have sex with willing omegas.

“What are you reading?” he sputters, daring to take another step forward.

I growl at him and continue to shelter Jessica in my arms, allowing her to process everything. Like clockwork, once a month, he’d leave to go to this place. The explicit and provocative texts and pictures leave nothing to the imagination.

Finally, she hands me my phone back and turns to Alec. “Why?”

He stands there, silent for several moments. “Why do I even care anymore? It’s not as if we’re actually ever going to get married.”

“You didn’t know that,” she cries out, hysteria lacing her tone. “How could you sleep

with all those omegas? How?”

“How? You wanna know how? It was simple, really. I’d goto the place where we were supposed to meet, spread their legs, and slide in my cock. It’s all simple, really. Well, simple for someone who’s fucked before. I guess it’s rocket science for someone like you.”

Jessica’s jaw drops, her eyes glistening with new tears. “That was uncalled for. You agreed to wait.”

“I agreed because I didn’t think you’d actually wait that long. I thought you’d give it up after at least a few months. What was I supposed to do? I had needs.”

Jessica steps forward, her stride purposeful. Raising her hand back, she smacks him hard across the face. Fury blazes in his eyes as he, too, raises his hand.

Before he can let it fly, I step in and grab him by the wrist. “Lay one finger on my wife, and I will snap every fucking bone in your hand. Trust me. I know how to make you hurt with an accuracy and precision that will leave you pissing your pants and crying like a baby.”

Alec looks at me, his face turning white as a sheet. “She’s not worth it,” the omega cries out behind him. “You’re married to me now.”

“Yes,” I seethe. “Go to your bride, and I will see to mine.”

“Wait.” Jessica pulls herself from my grasp. “Just one more thing.” Before any of us can prepare for it, she balls up her fist and punches Alec right in the dick.

He hunches over, crying out as he cups himself. For the first time since she saw her ex, a soft smile dances across her lips. While he groans and rocks, she wraps her arms

around my waist.

“I can still have anything I want. Yes?”

Confused, I drag my gaze away from the sobbing Alpha. “Yes, my pet. Anything you wish.”

“Make me yours. Erase Alec from my heart and mind. I want you to take me in the way that only you can, Master.”

CHAPTER 14

JESSICA

A strangled roar floods my ears, making me turn around. Alec wrenches his neck up and glares at me, his feral gaze drilling into my soul. It steals my breath, but not in the same way as Devin.

My new Master makes me feel safe, desirable, and like the most beautiful thing on the planet. The way Alec looks at me makes me feel far more unsafe than I ever thought he was capable of making me feel. How could he act like he loved me then look at me with such hatred, such hostility?

Despite trying to be strong, I snuggle back into Devin, needing my Alpha's strength. He brings his arms back around me and purrs. The soft sound seeps into my body, making me limp in his grasp.

Somehow, this only seems to make Alec even more furious. His bride comes over to his side to help him up, but he shoves her away. Her soft shriek of surprise slams into me as if it's a physical sensation.

In an instant, Devin's gentle purr turns into a warning growl. He unwraps me from around him and eases me behind where he can stand in between Alec and I. Bringing his hands forward, he cracks his knuckles and eases his head from side to side to pop the joints in his neck.

With a snarl, Alec rises, keeping his body low, hunched down to the ground. "You'd protect her? That manipulative ice princess bitch?"

"With my life," he responds, his voice even-keel. "You will do well to keep her name out of your mouth if you want to leave here unscathed."

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“You know nothing about her!” he screams, his eyes going black as a feral madness tinges his voice. “For two fucking years, she promised she’d let me fuck her once we were married. Two years I waited. And one ‘I do’ from you and she’s already spread her legs? Don’t I get a turn? I’m the one who waited.”

My insides twist and I step forward, pain, anger, and humiliation churning deep in my gut. However, Devin holds his arm out, preventing me from coming any closer. Turning, he gives a small shake to his head, the wicked wrench of his lips brooking no argument.

“She owes you nothing. Not her body, not her time, not her heart. Nothing. She set a boundary, and you agreed to it. You could have simply told her you didn’t want to wait. You could have pursued other omegas. But you didn’t. You lied and cheated. She deserves better than that. Better than you.”

“Oh, and I suppose you’re so much better? How many omegas have you fucked?”

“None. Not that my sex life is any of your business.”

“Please. You can’t stand here and tell me you’re a virgin,” he spits out, venom lacing his tone. “Perhaps I should still be her first. That way, she has someone who knows what they’re doing.”

Devin’s spine goes ramrod. “Trust me. I’m skilled enough to make my little bride scream to the heavens. I’m not a virgin, but she will be my first omega. I know better than to toy with someone belonging to a vulnerable dynamic, something you apparently know nothing about.”

My heart stills for a moment. I'd be his first? Just like he'd be my first. Somehow, it feels right. A tendril of arousal slithers up my spine as I rest my cheek against Devin's back.

Honestly though, it wouldn't matter to me even if I wasn't his first. Just knowing he's honest about everything is enough for me. Pulling back, I go to urge him away from my ex when Alec races forward.

Devin reaches behind and shoves me over before lowering down into a protective stance. I watch, dumbstruck, as the men wrestle about. Alec's bride stands off to the side, her mouth ajar as she, too, takes in the scene.

Poor omega. Sliding over beside her, I take her hand in mine and give it a squeeze. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize he was like this."

"Neither did I," she murmured. "He was so sweet at first, so..."

"Attentive," we say together.

Shaking my head, I watch as Alec tries to punch Devin, but my Alpha simply dances away, his movements controlled where my ex is erratic. Calm in every crisis, it seems. A small crowd gathers, but neither seems to take notice.

"She won't be any good, anyway. Fuck her. See if I care. She's nothing but a stuck-up little prude."

At his vitriolic words, Devin balls his hand into a fist and slams it against Alec's jaw. A sickening crack echoes through the air before Alec cries out and crumples to the ground. Government officials race in, pulling the two apart.

"No!" I cry out, running to Devin's side. "He was protecting me."

Alec's bride shuffles forward, tears dotting her eyes. "He's my newly appointed husband. What she says is true. He just... he became unhinged."

"Bitch," Alec stammers out, the word pained, slurred, and a bit muffled.

The officials scoop him off the ground before giving each of us a look. "This isn't over. You will come to the station with us for an official report."

"Anything you wish," Devin nods. "We have nothing to hide."

By the time we get back to the resort, my body is stiff and sore. Glancing down at the time, I groan. Far too late for anything good. Instead of wanting a nice, long, luxuriating time with Devin, I just want to curl up in his arms and sleep.

He pulls me in for a hug, smirking as he holds me close. "Don't worry, little newb. I won't initiate you into my world tonight."

As much as I wanted hot, decadent sex with the Alpha who stood up for me, rewarding both of us for the traumatic event we went through, I'm so grateful he feels the same way I do. The moment he opens the door, he scoops me into his arms and carries me over to the luxurious bathroom.

He sets me down on the lid of the toilet, leaving me there while he prepares the bath. We're both silent as he turns on the faucet over the massive tub, allowing the sound of watersplashing to fill the silence. My mind grinds over and over, replaying the events of the day. Not all bad, but certainly soured by the last interaction.

Turning, he unbuttons his shirt with such slow, agonizing precision. If I wasn't so tired, I'd get down on my hands and knees and beg him to take me then and there. Unfortunately, as much as I enjoy the show, I sway back and forth as fatigue hits me. It's as if my body knows I'm finally safe and is determined to just let everything go.

“Whoa now,” he murmurs, dropping the shirt to the floor. “I know I’m hot, but I didn’t peg you as the type to faint at a set of chiseled abs.”

“Ha ha,” I tease back, stifling a yawn. “I’m sorry. I’m just-”

“Letting go. It’s okay. If anyone has earned it, it’s you. Now let’s get you naked.”

With a wink, he helps me up and quickly rids me of my clothes. He’s far faster at disrobing me than he was removing his own clothes. Standing there in just my bra and underwear, I shiver, finally feeling a touch self-conscious.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“Sit down on the edge of the tub and spread your legs.” His deep voice permeates my brain, breaking through the mired thoughts threatening to drag me down.

Again, that tick of nervousness thrums through me until I wrap my arms around my front in a poor attempt at hiding myself. “Here? Now?”

His chuckle washes over me, making me shudder with need despite the exhaustion weighing on me. “I need to get the vibrator out of you. That is, unless you want to do it yourself.”

“N- no,” I stammer, doing my best to relax. “You can do it.”

“Are you sure?” He looks down at me with such concern, such care.

“Not really,” I sigh. “But I’ll have to get used to you touching me.”

“That you will, little new,” he rasps out kneeling between my splayed knees.

His fingers brush against the lace of my underwear, dragging a soft moan from my lips. Tipping my head back, I open even wider, my body craving his touch. Instead of teasing me, however, he slides the fabric to the side and pulls tugs at the vibrator.

The thick, bulbous head grinds against my G-Spot, sending shards of arousal through my body. My legs quake with the strength it takes to keep them open. Need pours through me, causing slick to gather at my entrance.

Thankfully, Devin doesn’t seem unaffected. His breath comes in harsh grunts as he

pulls the toy out of me and tosses it to the side. “So fucking responsive,” he growls, standing back up so he can put some distance between us.

“Somehow, it seems to only be that way with you.”

“Regardless of how or why, I can’t wait to explore every inch of your delectable body.”

A nervous laugh escapes my lips as I do my best to change the subject. “You’re a bit overdressed, aren’t you?” I gesture toward his unbuttoned pants hanging dangerously low on his hips. “If I have to be naked, so do you.”

“Oh really? And who made that rule?” He raises his eyebrow, affecting a comically stern expression.

“You know. Smart people.”

“Uh-huh. Remind me to look that up later.”

“Or you could just take my word for it. I am smart too, you know.”

He chuckles and shakes his head. “That was never up for debate. I have no doubt you are highly intelligent. It certainly takes smarts to find loopholes as fast as you do.”

“I was hoping you’d forget about that.” My lips quirk up into a sheepish smile. “Hey. Can’t fault me for trying, though.”

“No. I certainly cannot. However, if you want me more undressed, I think it’s only fair you do it yourself. I did help you undress after all.”

My fingers tremble as I reach out and grab the end of his belt. How is it I was so calm

and collected at the sex club, yet here I feel like a fumbling idiot? Devin lowers his hands to mine and holds on.

“It’s okay. You don’t have to do this.” His voice is low, soothing, a hum almost.

I shake my head and slip my hands out of his. “Yes, I do. I need to force my body to forget to-”

“No one is forcing you to forget.”

“But I want to. Don’t you get it? I don’t want to remember helping him take his clothes off. I don’t want to close my eyes and picture him naked when all I want is you.”

“Love.” He slides his knuckle under my chin and gently tips my head up. “You barely know me. We met for a night of kinky passion and then were married the next day. You don’t know me. Not really. Part of you still feels the need to protect itself. And I respect that.”

“But our marriage...”

“When I said I do, I didn’t mean for six months. I didn’t go into this thinking about leaving. Unless there is something just fundamentally incompatible between us, I’m not looking for a way out. Are you?”

My head drops to my chest, guilt flooding through me. “At first, I was. But that’s when I thought Alec was, too. But after I met you... I can’t really see myself trying with anyone else. I want to give this a fair shot. To do that, I need to get rid of this baggage weighing me down.”

“My silly little newb,” he chides, wrapping his arms around me. “There will always

be baggage. No one comes into any relationship without something. But it's how we work on it and work through it that counts."

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Tears gather in my eyes as I look up at him. “But you haven’t even had sex with an omega. What baggage could you possibly have?”

Devin heaves a sigh as he pulls away and goes back to the tub. After turning off the water, he sits on the edge for several moments, just staring off into space. “Come, let’s get you in here and I’ll tell you.”

We work at our clothes, slipping them off and tossing them to the side. Once we’re both naked, Devin slips into the steaming water and holds out his hand. With such care and gentleness I’ve never known before, he helps me in and settles me between his thighs so my back can rest on his chest.

A soft groan slips through my lips as warm water and Devin’s heat surrounds and soothes me. For a while, we’re both silent. But then, for some reason, it doesn’t feel like any words have to be said. Not now. Not just yet.

“I’ve never known a life before the Governing Body forced marriage upon us. However, my parents were not of that generation. Every day, I watched as he brought one omega after another into the house, promising them forever, only to cast them out the first chance they did something he didn’t like. Hell. I don’t think I even know who my birthmother was. He never talked about her. Never brought her around.”

My breath hitches in my throat as I reach behind me to pull his arms forward. As much as I enjoy the comforting circle of his arms, this time I want to be there for him. It’s not as if we can switch places, so hopefully me holding onto his arms will give him a similar comfort.

“He was never physically cruel to them, mind you. But his words would cut through them. It was as if they were disposable. Women to be used then cast out. I saw the tears, heard the pain in their voices.” For a moment, he pauses and holds hard onto me. “The same pain I heard in yours.”

A soft sigh drifts over me as he settles deeper into the water. “Once I was old enough to know how to use my dick, I vowed to never cause that type of pain. Granted, once I discovered kink, I realized there were other types I could inflict, consensual types. But I refused to be like my father.”

“But that’s a good thing,” I murmur, stroking his forearm. “Isn’t it?”

“Yes, and no. In many ways, yes, because I never led an omega on. I never did what Alec did to you. But on the other hand, I deprived myself of some potentially good relationships. But honestly, at what cost? How agonizing would it have been to form a connection then leave? At least with betas, they know eventually an Alpha will pair with an omega.”

“Sorry. I’m not trying to be cruel, but I’m still not seeing how that’s baggage.”

His chuckle rumbles through my back. “It may not be as traumatic as yours, but even now, I’m still having to tell myself that it’s okay to have you. It’s a constant argument I fight within myself that you’re mine. I can finally taste what I’ve denied myself for so long.”

“Like me.”

“Like you.”

“Would me saying I consent to you sleeping with me help?”

He tightens his arms around me once more, enveloping me in a tight hug. “It does help, my little newb. Thank you.”

“Don’t you mean slave?”

This time, his chuckle deepens into a full laugh, jostling me and the water. “Whatever term of endearment I give you, you’ll take it, and you’ll like it. Understand, my little loopholer?”

“Hmph. Fine. I guess I don’t really have a choice then. Do I, Master?”

“In this, you do not.”

Again, silence descends upon us, but it’s more tranquil and not froth with unspoken words between us. As his fingers kneed my shoulders, I drift between sleeping and wakefulness.

“Come on, my sleepy little bride. Time to put you to bed.”

CHAPTER 15

DEVIN

Jessica feels so tiny in my arms as I carry her back to the bed. Even now, she snuggles into my chest, yawning as she protests, needing sleep. Though we certainly don’t know each other as well as we’d like, I already know she’ll be a handful.

After I tuck her in, I pad over to my suitcase and rifle through my belongings. Since we were coming into another country, I didn’t want to risk bringing anything super suspect, but I’ve never needed toys to impart my dominance. Grabbing a few hanks of rope, I set them on my nightstand and slip in between the sheets.

Even in her sleep, Jessica turns toward me, seeking me out. My heart thumps painfully as I gather her into my arms and rest her head on my chest. Before, when it was at the club, my responsibility ended the moment I parted ways with whoever I played with. Now, she's mine for life.

To her, the baggage I carry may not seem like a lot, and granted, it's certainly not as horrific as hers. What she doesn't understand, however, is the sheer amount of responsibility I feel pressing down on my shoulders. It's a burden I gladly bear, but it's a burden all the same.

I didn't have a happy home to look to as an example. Instead, I have my kink family to rely on. I know how to be a good dominant and a trusting partner in that way. Bringing it to marriage shouldn't be all that difficult.

Resting my chin on the top of her hair, I breathe in her scent. She's so delicate and yet so fierce. Despite the exhaustion beating at my body, my cock stirs as I remember meeting her for the first time. A spitfire, someone I'd never normally play with at the club.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Though I'm not one to believe in fate, something tells me our meeting wasn't by accident. She's not who I would have asked for, but somehow, I can't see myself living without her. I close my eyes, a smile drifting across my lips.

The sun pours into the room, casting a golden glow against my bride's naked body. She lies there, splayed, as if no one else has to share the bed. Shaking my head, I force the chuckle to stay in my throat so I don't wake her. Not yet.

Grabbing the hank of rope off the nightstand, I take my time, easing her limbs apart as I tie her down to the bed. She already gave me permission to take her. All I have to do is indulge.

With her thighs spread apart, I can easily lie there and feast, breaking my fast with the sweet taste of her slick. Groaning into her pussy, I lap at her as if she's the last bit of water in a vast desert. I slide my hands underneath her ass, cupping her as I bring her closer to my face.

Her soft moans are music to my ears, making my balls tighten as my knot tingles. I can't wait to be inside her, but first, I want her coming on my mouth and tongue. I want her to wake up knowing I own her and her pussy, and no one will ever take that ownership away.

She squirms in her sleep, her breaths coming in small pants. Soon, she rocks her hips back and forth, her body tightening as I devour her. Sliding my fingers into her pussy, I groan against her slick flesh as she clamps around them.

Mumbled words full of incoherency fly from her lips as she jerks about, her body

writhing as pleasure floods her system. Her cries are thick with sleep as she wakes up, unsure of what's happening or where she is. Pulling back, I watch as her eyes flutter open and look around.

“Good morning, my bride.”

Before she can say another word, I reach down and stroke Jessica's clit, sending her over the edge. Her erotic screams pelt my skin as she bows up, jerking against her bonds. Still, I continue to stroke her, forcing her to come again and again.

“Please, Devin,” she whines. “I can't take anymore. Please.”

I pull my fingers away from her clit to smack the sensitive flesh, sending a jolt through her. She howls and bucks into the air, her body desperate for more bites of pain. A smile eases over my face as I smack her again.

“Is that how you address me in private, slave?” More slick gathers at her entrance at my words.

“No, Master,” she cries, her voice tinged with hysteria. “Please, Master. I can't take it. Please.”

Smirking, I withdraw my fingers and lean over her, making a grand show of licking each digit clean. “Mhhhh. You taste like ambrosia. You are my nectar of the gods.” Her pupils dilate at my words, making my cock pulse. “One day, I may not be so merciful. I may tie you there and torture you with orgasms. What do you say to that?”

“M- maybe, Master.” Her voice is so small, so far away.

Such a responsive little omega. Alec was an idiot to treat her the way he did. No matter. She's mine now, and I plan on worshiping every inch of her even as I make

her cry out in desperation.

Kneeling between her thighs, I drag the head of my cock, engorged and swollen with abject need, down her soaking slit. With a groan, I tease her clit once more, torturing me as well in the process.

Her pained whine as she jerks away from me only causes me to crave her more. Gripping my thick base, I ease the tip into her entrance. She looks up at me, holding her breath as she tenses.

Smiling down at my beautiful bride, I ease my free hand up to her chest. “Just like the club, my little newb. I need you to breathe for me.”

This time, her face screws up into a frown. “You’re just as much a newb as I am at this.”

Leaning forward, I chuckle before sliding my lips over hers. “In fucking an omega, yes. In making you see heaven while still residing on earth, I happen to be a pro. Or do I need to force another orgasm out of you before I consummate our marriage?”

“I... Uh...”

I ease in just a touch more, making her breath hitch. “Think quickly, my little slave. I want to fuck you with everyfiber of my being. You twitching beneath me only shatters my calm one little clench at a time.”

At my words, she flutters around my tip, drawing a lurid groan from my lips. She answers in kind, arching up, drawing me in a touch deeper. I allow her this time. Seeing as it’s her first, I’m more than willing to let her set the pace.

“Please, Master,” she whimpers. “Please fuck me. Make me yours. Stop tormenting

me.”

“Well, when you beg so nicely, I suppose I can oblige.” Sliding my hand up, I cup her neck and press lightly. It’s not enough to choke her, but to let her know I’m still in control. “Breathe, baby. I’m not going any deeper until you breathe for me.”

Like a good girl, she takes in a deep gulp and blinks up at me. Her expression would be adorable if things weren’t so erotically charged. I give her a wicked smile as I push myself forward even more, stretching her out around my shaft.

Her eyes roll back into her skull as she undulates beneath me, forcing me deeper inside her. She feels like heaven wrapped around me. Electricity zaps through my brain as I draw out, ignoring her needy whine.

This will be the first time I’ve ever knotted someone. The enormity causes my balls to clench and said knot to tingle with anticipation. Until now, I have never allowed myself this luxury. Mostly because betas find knots difficult and painful.

As much as I love causing delicious agony, I draw a line at actually harming someone. But Jessica is different. She’s an omega. Her body is built for this, built for me.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

Groaning, I dip back in, sliding even further until I fill her up completely. This time, I'm the one who can't breathe as I look down at her, noting the awe and pleasure flitting over her face. I'm doing that to her. I'm causing her to feel all these wondrous, unique sensations.

A shiver runs up my spine as I pull out and ease in, her slick aiding my movements. I keep my thrusts gentle and slow, invading her with such exquisite agony. It kills me just as much as it probably does her, but I want this moment to last.

Though it's our first, it will never be our last. As much as I wanted our first time to be a little kinky, I can't deny that I miss feeling her wrapped around me. I want this moment to be a bit more intimate.

Easing out of her, I laugh at her pitiful mewls as she thrashes about in her bonds. "Do you want me to fuck you hard and fast or not?"

"Yes, please, Master," she moans like a dutiful submissive.

"Then be still while I untie you." Starting with her left ankle, I remove the rope and slide my tongue along the little indentations left behind. Jessica moans and writhes against the sheets, purring like a cat in heat. I make quick work of her other ankle and then her wrists, pausing to taste each limb before I crawl back between her thighs.

"Wrap your legs around me. I want to feel you surrounding me. I want every breath to be laced with your scent and taste."

Her slim legs do their best, but my body is so broad her heels don't even meet.

Gripping her ass in my hands, I hold her close to me as I impale her on my cock, drinking in her moans as I smother her lips with mine.

She ripples around my shaft as I piston in and out, slamming into her with a force I never thought possible. But knowing she won't break, won't shatter beneath me spurs me forward, allowing me to pour out all my pent-up need and longing into her willing body.

My cock jerks deep inside her as I hold her close. I'm far too near completion for my liking. I want to drag things out, to take my time with her. But with Jessica, it will never be enough. Each stroke feels like I'm coming home, like I finally belong.

It's a feeling, a high I'll chase for eternity. Nuzzling her neck, I drag her scent into my lungs. Her shoulder is so close. I could claim her now, and no one would blame me. It would be so easy to tie her to me forever.

But deep inside, I know I can't. Not yet. Not until we both are in agreement. It's the one thing she has that I cannot, will not, steal from her. Jerking away, I force myself to look deep into her eyes, locking on as my knot begins to swell.

She bucks against me, clawing at my back as she rocks back and forth, meeting my thrusts with eager ones of her own. Pinpricks of pain rake down my spine as she digs into me, screaming my name against my shoulder. My little slave has claws, and I find I like them very much.

"I'm going to knot you, baby," I groan, cupping her head. "I can't resist your sweet little pussy any longer."

Letting a purr rumble through my chest, I slam into her one final time as my knot swells, locking us in place. Curses litter the air as I finally indulge, giving into the one thing I never allowed myself to have. Her pussy clamps around me, squeezing me

tight.

Black spots dance before my eyes as cum shoots into her, filling her up. Pleasure courses over every inch of my skin, making my breath catch in my chest. Reaching between us, I stroke Jessica's clit again, not giving a damn if she wants to orgasm.

I need to feel her clenching around me, squeezing my knot in a way that only an omega can. "Come for me, my little slave," I growl against her, turning my purr into a silken weapon.

Her soft moans drench my skin as she bucks against me, her inner walls clamping down and clenching tight. We both groan as her release races through her, vibrating through me by proxy. Heavy sighs flit past our lips as I hold her close, refusing to let her go.

"God, newbie," I groan, turning her over so she can lie on top of me. "You are going to be an addicting problem."

Jessica giggles against me, her body languid as it drapes over mine. "I'd say ditto, but your head is already so big."

"You don't have to say anything, love. Your body tells me everything I need to know."

Taking in a deep breath, I wrap my arms around her, holding her close. She's the treasure I never knew I needed, and heaven help them if anyone tries to take her away from me. I will fight with my dying breath before ever giving her up.

EPILOGUE

JESSICA

Six Month Checkpoint

A low hum of excitement ripples through the club as everyone looks up at the dais. My stomach churns as I stand there, patiently waiting for Master Devin. With each flick of my gaze, I take in their hungry, eager glances as they stare at my naked body.

“I can do this. I can do this,” I murmur under my breath, too low for anyone to hear.

“Yes, you can, my beautiful slave,” Devin chuckles behind me, sending a tendril of arousal flooding my system. “You’ve already sat down with the Governing Body official and told him you wish to be mine forever. This is just solidifying that.”

He stands next to me, a long box in his massive hands. curiosity sizzles through my brain, but I know better than to ask. All he’ll do is make me wait even more, dragging it out until I’m begging to know.

Looking down his toned body, I note he’s just as naked as I am. Slick gathers at my entrance as his cock pulses and thickens. His body promises pleasure that I know he’ll soon deliver.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

“Kneel, slave,” he booms out, his deep voice echoing around the club.

Even if I wanted to resist, my body refuses. In one fluid movement, I sink down, just like we’ve practiced. A low murmur of approval ripples through the crowd, giving me a slight tremor of excitement. But they’re not the ones I care most about.

Looking up, I take in Devin’s smile and preen. He’s the one I want to please. Not them. He slides his hand over the top of my head, holding it there for a scant moment before holding up the box.

“In my hands, I hold a collar. It is meant for the one who will be my slave for life. After speaking with Jessica, she is in agreement that she is mine, just as I am hers. This collar represents far more than just mere ownership. It is a bond between her and me, a physical representation of the love and care I have for her.”

He pauses for a moment and clears his throat. His words are thick with emotion, causing tears to prick my eyes. “This collar is a symbol, not only of our shared love, but of the responsibility I take for her as my slave. With this collar, I promise to care for her, honor her, and protect her, until death parts us. Jessica, if you are so willing to accept my mastery and ownership of you, knowing the responsibility I pledge, please rise so I may collar you.”

For a moment, I can’t move. It’s not because I don’t want this. I do. With every fiber of my being, I want to be owned by the man who possesses my heart. It’s the ferocity of his love that glues me to the spot.

Lifting my hand, I allow Master Devin to help me stand. I want so desperately to

slide my lips over his, to seal this union with a kiss, but it would undermine the somberness of the proceedings. And so I stand there, drinking in his scent as he comes around to my back.

The collar is cool against my fevered skin as he clasps it, locking it behind my neck. It's small and delicate, but strong. He slides his fingers underneath and tugs, showing me just how sturdy it is.

"Just like my love for you," he whispers. "This collar is unbreakable." Coming back to my front, he gazes down into my eyes. "Ready to seal this deal with a kiss?"

"I thought you'd never ask!"

The instant his lips descend upon mine, I'm like an omega possessed. I need him, want him, crave him with every bit of me. Scooping me up into his arms, he leads me over to the cross and straps my wrists to the supple leather.

It's just like the first time we met. Only this time, I'm facing out into the crowd, watching them as they watch me. More than that, I know it's going to end in sex. Shivering with anticipation, I let my head fall back as he scores his nails down my arms.

"Eyes on me, slave. Before we go too much further, I want you to know my plans for you."

"You mean besides fucking me into oblivion?" A goofy smile crosses my lips, but I can't seem to stop grinning.

Chuckling, he plants his lips against mine in a quick peck. "Well, obviously. That part is a given." Then he soberes. "But more than that, I'm going to claim you. This is your one chance to say no."

“I only have one request.”

“I’ll entertain it.”

“Allow me to claim you back.”

His lips part into a wide grin. “I wouldn’t have it any other way. I am as much yours as you are mine.”

“That part’s a given,” I tease, parroting his earlier statement.

After a moment, his eyes darken, his demeanor far more serious. “Once we do this, there’s no going back. You are mine until death rips you from me.”

“Then make me yours.”

With a dark snarl, he grabs my thighs and hoists my lower half up. In one long, pleasurable stroke, he impales me, stealing my breath. I don’t care about the others around us watching and touching themselves. All I can think about is how impossibly full I am.

From this angle, every slide of his shaft inside me sparks along my nerves, sending pleasure pooling low in my gut. My body clenches with need as he pounds into me, driving in and out with relentless strokes. Higher and higher he takes me until I cannot think, cannot see, cannot breathe.

All there is, is him.

His scent surrounds me, making my head spin. My vision blurs as he leans forward, skimming his lips up my neck. The moment they travel down to my shoulder, my body spasms.

It's oh so right it almost hurts. The need welling within me to claim and be claimed beats at my head until it's all I can think about. My teeth ache with the need to imbed them into his chest, but I must refrain. Until he allows me, I cannot set my teeth to his skin.

A feral groan rips from his lips just moments before he trails his tongue over my skin. "Kessily," he barks out. "The collar."

As he continues to pump in and out, cool, slim fingers slide under the metal and lift it out of the way. His cock swells inside me, thickening as he nears his release. My pussy stretches around his massive knot as he jerks in and out, his rhythm slowing.

He's so close. Soon, he'll be mine for eternity. The instant his hot cum bathes my insides, his teeth dig into my skin. Pain and pleasure coalesce until I cannot tell one from the other. Frantic whimpers rip from my throat as his teeth bare down, breaking through the skin.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:41 am

From behind me, Kessily hums while she strokes the back of my head, giving me a small amount of comfort as the agony rips through, triggering a massive orgasm. The cries flying from my lips sound raw and anguished to my ears, but my body feels nothing but Master Devin in me, outside of me, and surrounding me with his comfort and warmth.

Silken strands wrap around us, like a cocoon, sealing others away. It's only him and me. Pleasure ripples through my body, but it's not just mine. It's his too. I can feel the sensation of my pussy clamping down on his knot, milking him as more cum pours into my body.

Another earth-shattering orgasm sears me from the inside out, turning me molten in his arms. Eventually, he pulls away, and Kessily is there once more, staunching the wound. Part of me should worry that she's seeing me this vulnerable, but I can't bring myself to care.

It's as if we're coming full circle. Gone is the shy newb who didn't know what kink was or even wanted anything to do with it. Now, I'm tied up to a cross, impaled by my Master's thick cock, and wouldn't want to be anywhere else in the world.

Master Devin holds me up with one hand as the other undoes my arms. They flop down around him, weak and ineffectual. But I don't need my arms to claim the man I love.

The moment he eases my head down to his chest, I nuzzle his skin, memorizing the feeling of this moment. My head aches with the need to complete the circle to make us one in every way possible. I set my teeth to his skin, barely hesitating before biting

down.

His feral roar shatters the silence, raking over my skin as the coppery tang of his blood coats my lips. In that instant, the strands become larger, far more solid, like twisted metal cables anchoring us together. If I were to get poetic about it, it's like the cables holding up the cars taking us up into Fira.

Closing my eyes, an odd sound flits past my lips. An omega hum. Have I ever hummed before? I have no memory of ever being this satiated, this complete. Pulling back, I blink up into Master Devin's eyes and smile.

"Not bad for a newb, huh?"

"Not bad for a mate. My mate," he growls.

"Forever?"

"Forever and ever."