



Knot Your Damsel

Author: *Layla Heart*

Category: Erotic, Romance, Dark

Description: For six years, Omega Vera and Alpha Caleb have been fleeing from the pack leader she was supposed to marry. But it seems their luck has run out...

The worst day of Vera's life turned into the best day when Caleb, a random passerby, stole her out of the wedding car and drove off. Their fated bond was intense and immediate.

But the two haven't had a moment of rest since then, always looking over their shoulders, trying to stay ahead of the people sent to return Vera to her promised husband.

In what's clearly a desperate move, the pack leader hires the criminal organisation run by the infamously ruthless Mathew 'The Cleaner' Page. The group is best known for their ability to find and transport anything, at a cost.

When they live up to their reputation and capture the couple, the pack leader tactlessly tries to renegotiate the fee and pays the ultimate price.

Now Mathew gives Vera and Caleb a choice, pay what he's owed or become 'his'...

Total Pages (Source): 101

Page 1

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

Stolen Omega

Her Vicious Pack 1

1

Vera

My nose and lungs are stinging as the heavy bag over my head traps the smoke-filled air inside. A constant reminder of our situation, of how they woke us up in the middle of the night, of how they burned down our house and everything we owned when they took us, leaving us nowhere to return.

I have no idea where we are, or how long we've been driving, as I have no way to estimate time or distance.

Our kidnappers were pretty thorough, they didn't just put the bag over my head but also put a set of thick headphones over it, making me unable to see or hear anything. My hands are bound behind my back and they've strapped us securely in the back seats of a car, the rough fabric of the seats uncomfortable against my bare skin.

There's darkness and silence all around me, combined with the vibrations and soft swaying of the car and my Alpha's fingers tightly entwined with mine. His touch the only thing that's keeping me grounded.

I rhythmically tense my fingers around Caleb's calloused ones, trying to soothe my nerves, trying to not freak out. I need a clear head, if we're going to get out of this

mess in one piece.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine.

I rub my pinkie over the rough scar on the side of his left hand. No number ten.

One. Two?—

The car swerves around another corner, nearly jerking us apart, breaking my counting.

Even though I can't hear it, I feel Caleb's angry growl through my body, letting me know he's still there. Ready to protect me. Ready to fight off any danger.

I have no idea how those fuckers finally got to us.

We've been hiding from them for years now. Moving from place to place, keeping a low profile, and then, suddenly, they were in our bedroom in the middle of the night.

We didn't go willingly, and they were clearly not expecting us to put up a fight. They prepared for a simple 'grab and go' job, not one where their victims would take out half their team before they overwhelmed us.

I grin.

I hope the bastard who tried to pull me from our bed wasn't planning on having kids...

The car takes another turn, slowing down, the smooth ride becoming bumpier. We must be nearing our destination.

I squeeze Caleb's hands twice, a quick pattern. As soon as we're able to, we should try to make a run for it.

He squeezes back once, long. Stay in place.

What?!

Why?

I struggle against the restraints, but he squeezes my hands again, long, slow, hard. Stay.

No running?

Fuck.

The car comes to a stop and, not too long after, cool air hits my exposed skin as they open a door.

Rough hands grab for me, trying to pull me out of the car, but I hold Caleb tightly, refusing to leave my Alpha, my protector, behind.

Where one goes, we both go. That's how we've been able to stay safe for so long.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

More hands, more tugging. And this time, it seems they're trying to get both of us out of the car at the same time.

The cold floor under my bare feet feels like concrete, the coarse sensation uncomfortable but also welcome after the sensory deprivation we've just been through.

I keep holding onto Caleb as they walk us through a room with cold tile floors, then smooth wooden floors and finally into a place with lush carpet.

The room is warm, welcoming, after the chilly ride we've just been on.

Suddenly, the headphones are pulled off and then the bag.

The bright light almost blinds me, and I squeeze my eyes shut.

Fucking hell. Some warning would have been nice, fuckers.

A low chuckle makes me freeze and I turn in the direction of the sound, slowly opening my eyes, blinking away tears as my eyes adjust to the light.

We're in some ridiculously expensive office. All wood panels and cream carpets and clearly designed for someone with way too much money and no idea what to spend it on.

The room even smells expensive, filled with a light fragrance that smooths out our pheromones.

A lanky man in a dark red suit is leaning against a massive wooden desk, his long dark hair spilling over his shoulders, nearly reaching the papers spread out behind him.

The overhead lights catch on the silver rings in his lower lip, one on each side, snakebites, as he smirks and looks us over. “Welcome, welcome. I’m so sorry for the rude awakening. We didn’t see another way.”

I glance to my side, at Caleb, and notice that he’s also just in his sleep shorts and he’s got some nasty gashes on his arms and chest. As I look down, I notice that a pool of blood is forming under one of his feet. That’s why he didn’t want to run. Fuck.

He meets my eyes and softly squeezes my hands. I know he’s trying to tell me that everything’s fine, but it very clearly isn’t. His wounds need to be cleaned, or they could get infected.

“I hear you put up quite the fight.” The lanky man saunters over, his expensive suit perfectly tailored to enhance his narrow waist. He moves like a cat on the prowl, exuding danger.

“Fuck off.” I glare at him, wishing I had a knife so I could slit his throat and get out of here. Though, with the state Caleb’s in, that wouldn’t be so easy...

The man leans closer, still smirking, as his long hair slides forward, brushing over my bare breasts, and goose bumps appear all over my skin. “They said you were pretty, but nobody told me that you were dangerous too.” His lips are close to my ear, his breath warm against my skin. “I like danger.”

Heat flashes through my body and, suddenly, I’m perfuming.

What the fuck?!

The man puts his nose against my neck, way too close for comfort, and takes a deep breath, letting out an appreciative sound as he smells my pheromones, before he pulls back, his eyes dark with desire.

Caleb growls as he pulls me closer against him, his Alpha pheromones flushing around us. "She's mine. Get away from her."

Then, everything happens at the same time.

The people who brought us in are next to us in a flash, pulling us apart, pushing me to the side as they hold Caleb down. Someone even has a knife against his throat.

I hit the floor hard, landing on my hip and my shoulder and a pained yelp escapes me. Like I don't have enough bruises yet.

The sound makes Caleb struggle more, his eyes wild, and I scream when a thin line of blood starts sliding down his throat.

"Let him go. Please. Let him go." I try to crawl towards them, but it's not easy with my hands still bound behind my back. "Please."

"Stop!" The man's voice is loud, his body rigid. "Step away from him."

They let go of Caleb, who's sitting on the floor uncomfortably.

"This is not how I had planned for this to go." The man comes over to me and carefully pulls me to my feet, cutting the ties behind my back. As he steps away, I notice a slight floral scent in the air and my pheromones slip out again.

What the hell?!

Page 3

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

Why does that keep happening when he's nearby?

Then he goes over to Caleb, helps him to his feet too and also cuts his ties. "There. Maybe this will stop everyone from being so on edge."

Caleb immediately comes over to me and wraps me in his arms, folding his broad body protectively around me. I lean against him, surrounding myself with his scent, trying to go up into him, as my fear slowly eases.

The man looks at us, not saying a thing, like he's waiting. He licks his lips and I catch sight of another piercing, one in his tongue, as he plays with one of the rings in his lip.

Damn. How many piercings does this guy have?

As I look him over more, spotting a few more piercings in his ears, I notice that his suit pants are a lot tighter at the front than they were before.

Is he turned on by this? By our fear?

Does he have a kidnapping fetish or something?

The man leans back against his desk, his dark eyes not leaving us, as he slides up the sleeves of his jacket, revealing the edge of a tattoo on one of his arms.

"I was supposed to deliver you unharmed. But with the trouble we had to go through, I guess the client should be grateful that we got you here alive."

“She’s mine.” Caleb’s voice is low, dangerous, his pheromones coming off him in waves. And this time I notice the way the other man’s eyes go wide. Not in fear or anger, but something more like... desire?

Then he pulls his smirk back into place. “My client tells me differently. From what I understood, you stole her from him.”

His client?!

The man Caleb stole me from?!

I start to shake.

No.

No way.

I’m not going back.

No.

Caleb’s growl deepens and he lifts me up against him, ready to haul my ass away from here. Bring me to safety.

I wrap my arms around his neck, trying to hide against him, trying to disappear into him. I’m not going back. I’m not.

“I’m simply doing my job. If you have any issues with it, you can take it up with the client.”

I hear a door open and a sickening scent seeps inside.

Hubert Russell. The leader of the pack that I was promised to. The man I was supposed to marry.

“You did it.” Hubert’s upbeat voice grates on my nerves. “I see you’re a man of your word, Mathew.”

“That’s Mr Page for you.” One of the men who brought us here steps forward, annoyed, but stops when his boss holds up his hand.

Mr Page?

My heart skips a beat, and I glance in their direction.

Mathew Page?The Cleaner?

What?!

Page 4

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

That's who Hubert sent after us?

"I am indeed a man of my word." Mr Page saunters from the desk to the door, standing between Hubert and us.

"Thank you so much." Hubert seems so excited, though every time he tries to look at us, Mr Page steps into his line of sight.

"We do have the slight issue of money. The price has gone up. You failed to provide us with some crucial details which made things a lot more complicated. You'll now also have to pay for the hospital bills, cover the pay for the hours that my men can't work because of injuries that could have been prevented and hazard pay."

Hubert tries to say something, but Mr Page keeps going, positioning himself between us and Hubert.

"It's the first time we've worked together, so I'll presume that not providing those details was an accident and not done maliciously. Which is why I'll be generous and round down the total amount to a nice simple million quid. How would you like to pay?"

Hubert sputters, moving his arms wildly. "How dare you! You're nothing more than a con man. For that price, I can hire twenty people to get rid of them."

"I doubt any of them would have succeeded." Mr Page's voice is calm, clear, but it sends a shiver down my spine. He's angry, furious. He's got a very short temper.

Caleb lets out a light rumble, like he's agreeing with Mr Page.

"I don't like to repeat myself. How would you like to pay?" I watch as a knife appears in Mr Page's hand, almost as if by magic, and he plays with it impatiently, like he's bored.

"For that price? Just kill the bitch. She's not worth that much."

"That wasn't our agreement." Mr Page's knife flips from one hand to the other, the ease of the movements impressive but also slightly scary.

"I don't care what our agreement was. I'm not paying you that much. If you won't do it, I'll take care of them myself." The last of his words disappear into a gurgle as Hubert grabs for his throat, blood gushing from between his fingers.

I'm frozen in place as I stare. Unable to do anything as Hubert slumps down to the floor, bleeding out.

Mr Page kneels next to him and cleans the knife on his shoulder, looking disappointed. "I don't like it when people take me for a fool. Once is an accident, twice becomes a pattern. I'm not letting you fuck me over three times."

Then he stands up, the knife gone again, and looks at us. "Now, what to do about you two?"

2

Caleb

I stare at the body on the floor, Hubert's blood pooling around him, soaking into the expensive-looking carpet.

The hatred coursing through my body is still strong, still running high.

That man has been hunting us for years. Ever since I saw him trying to manhandle Vera into a car to go to their 'wedding'.

The moment I caught sight of them, that I caught a whiff of her pheromones, I acted on impulse.

I rushed over, pushed him aside, grabbed her out of the car and ran off. Her big white dress billowing around us as I rushed to my car and drove as far away as I could.

She was still in my lap when I finally stopped driving an hour later.

She was so thin, barely more than a skeleton. Starved. Covered in bruises.

But the fire in her eyes betrayed a fighter's spirit.

And she was mine.

She was all mine, and I was all hers from the moment we met. It didn't matter that she was much younger than me, that I was a dirty mechanic and she came from a well-off family. It only mattered that we were fated to be, a perfect scent match, and we found each other.

I should have killed Hubert that day, it would have made our lives so much easier. But that no longer matters.

He's dead. He's finally dead.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

Mathew 'The Cleaner' Page, a pretty infamous 'mover for hire', turns his back to Hubert's body like it's just another piece of furniture and comes over to us, his eyes calculating.

I wrap Vera against me tighter. If he's going to try to kill her, he'll have to go through me first.

"No closer." My words are little more than a growl, but he stops, holding up his empty hands.

Like that's supposed to calm me down. I saw how he slid the knife from his jacket in a flash. He can take it out and put it away in the blink of an eye.

That he's not holding one right now doesn't mean shit.

"I'm not going to hurt you." He circles us, leaning against the desk instead, his lean muscles moving under his skin as he puts his hands on his desk at his sides. "How am I going to get my money back if I hurt you?"

Hismoney?

"What do you want from us?" Vera moves in my arms, glaring at him.

That's my girl, that's my sweet Omega, always ready to kick ass. A proud rumble starts in my chest as I nuzzle her hair. She's not afraid of anything.

"Well..." Mr Page moves some papers around on his desk, holding a few of them up.

“I still need to get paid. We went through all of this trouble to get you here, but I don’t think Mr Russell can pay for it now.”

“A million quid? You want us to pay you a million quid?” Vera stares at him, disbelieving, but also angry.

“Do you know how hard you two are to track down?” When we don’t answer, he keeps talking. “Not to mention, the hospital bills, covering the pay for the guys who won’t be able to work because of you, the two trucks we lost?—”

“Three,” I can’t help but offer.

“No, the third one was Mr Russell’s, not ours. And I don’t think he really cares about losing it now.” Mr Page smirks, glancing at the lifeless body.

His men are still standing near the wall, ignoring the body, like it’s the most normal thing in the world. Which, if I’m to believe even half the stories about Mr Page, is probably not far from the truth.

“Of course, I’ll have to add disposing of the body and redoing the carpet to the bill too.”

“That’s not fair! We didn’t do any of this. We didn’t ask for any of this.” Vera’s voice wobbles slightly and it seems the emotions and exhaustion of the last couple of hours have finally caught up with her.

Her pheromones are all over the place, making me automatically try to surround her with calming pheromones. I hate seeing her upset, it makes me growly and prone to not thinking situations through as much as I should.

“Life isn’t fair. Do you think that Mr Russell wanted you to get kidnapped on your

wedding day? Don't you think you should take some responsibility in all of this?" His tone is patronising. "I fear that these costs are only a fraction of all the money he's spent to get you back."

This grinning fucker has no idea what he's talking about, he has no idea what Hubert was like.

Mr Page has no idea what state Vera was in when I rescued her. Or if she'd even still be alive if I hadn't...

If I hadn't been there that day, would she still be alive? Would she have survived her wedding day? The first week of marriage? The first month?

With how relentlessly Hubert has been hunting us, has been sending all sorts of people after us, how would he have acted if my precious Vera showed him that stubbornness that I adore so much?

How long would she have been able to survive?—

"Caleb." Vera puts her delicate hand on my cheek, turning my face in her direction, her voice soft, her eyes sweet. She kisses my cheek and then nuzzles my neck. "He's gone. He can't hurt us anymore. He's gone."

It's only then that I notice the angry growl in my chest, the tightness of my muscles, the way I'm ready to jump anyone who poses a threat to her, and I force myself to calm down. If I do anything reckless right now, we might still end up dead, and it would be my fault for not staying in control.

Mr Page smirks, amusement in his eyes as he watches us, observes us. He licks his lips, his tongue piercing flashing in the light before disappearing.

“What do you want?” I ask him the same question as Vera asked him, my arm around her tense as I nuzzle her hair, soothing myself with her sweet honey scent.

“I believe you have two options. The first one, pay off the debts. But you will have to pay it back within twenty years and don’t think I won’t charge interest.”

“And the second one?” I glare at him.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

How the fuck does he expect us to pay him back? We've got nothing. His men made sure of that when they took us.

"Become mine." He smiles as he says it, like he's requesting us to attend a party, not sign away our lives to him.

"No." I won't give Vera up to some asshole. She's mine. I'm not giving her up.

"Okay." He turns around, giving me a great view of his ass in those perfectly tailored suit pants, and moves the papers until he finds a pen and a notepad. He holds the pen over the pad. "I'll have someone draw up a contract for a payment plan. What do you believe is a reasonable monthly amount to pay off the million quid, with interest?"

"Wait." Vera breaks from my grip, standing between us in just her thin night shorts, her eyes hard. "Don't I get a say?"

"Of course you do." Mr Page smirks and I notice the way his eyes linger on her, not in a lecherous way but like she intrigues him. "You just have to open your mouth. I'm not going to hold your hand if you're not willing to do some of the work yourself."

Vera eyes me, her gaze soft, before she looks back at him. "What would we have to do if we became 'yours'?"

An angry rumble starts in my chest again. No.

No, we're not doing that. I'm not handing our lives over to some guy who clearly doesn't value keeping people alive.

Mr Page puts the pen and pad down, folding his arms over his chest, his arm muscles flexing, pulling my attention and making my body very conflicted about the situation.

“You’ll have to help out around the house.” He pushes away from the desk, sauntering over to her, softly touching her shoulder, sliding her hair back, and my growl deepens as she starts to perfume lightly.

He eyes me, an amused dare in his gaze. “Help out with the company.”

He comes over to me, his fingers trailing down my stomach, nearly touching the top of my shorts, and it makes my pheromones flare. “And anything else that I can come up with.” His voice has turned husky.

Fuck. What’s this guy doing? He knows he’s playing with fire, touching and playing with a bonded Alpha-Omega pair like that, but he doesn’t seem to care.

“Would that include sexual favours?” Vera’s voice is cool, glaring at him, and a new scent reaches me. A clean floral scent, spiking my pheromones once again and I lean forward, trying to get more of it.

“Potentially.” Mr Page steps away from me and a waft of the floral scent flows over me again.

My hand shoots out, grazing Mr Page’s jacket sleeve, but he’s just out of reach.

Within moments, his men are restraining me, holding me back, a knife to my throat and my stomach.

Fucking hell. What’s with these fuckers? Why are they so fucking on edge?

“Let him go.” Mr Page’s voice sounds calm, but when he meets my eyes, I sense the

danger in them. This guy is not to be fucked with. One step out of line and we're out, for good.

But what choice do we have?

They burned down our house when they took us, burned everything we own. We don't have anything to go back to, nothing to start a new life with.

Nothing to pay him with.

Vera comes over to me, taking my hand, kissing my fingers.

It's not like we've got a choice...

I'll do anything, as long as I get to keep her at my side. As long as I won't be separated from my love, my mate.

"We'll do it." Her voice is quiet.

"What will you do?" Mr Page looks at her, smirking.

"We'll be yours. Under one condition."

"I don't think you have much bargaining power, little Omega." He comes over, staring down at her, his gaze intense.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

“A request, then. Don’t split us up. And you don’t get to whore either of us out.”

“That’s two conditions.” He leans closer to her and sniffs her again, taking in her scent, and I fight everything within myself not to punch him in the face.

She’s mine.

He knows it pisses me off, and he still keeps doing it. Pushing my buttons, trying to get me to step out of line.

Is he trying to get me killed so he can have her all to himself?

Then he leans back, looking at us both, like he’s considering what she said. “But I’ll grant them. I won’t split you up. And I won’t whore you out as you so elegantly put it.” He laughs, the first time he’s done it, and I don’t know if I find this or his smirk creepier.

“Right. Now that’s taken care of. If you two could follow me?” He turns around and starts walking to the door. There, he waits for us, his gaze cool. “I wasn’t kidding when I said I don’t like to repeat myself.”

Right.

I start hobbling after him, my arm over Vera’s shoulders to try to keep the pressure from my injured foot.

I make sure to keep myself between her and the dead body. I don’t need her to look at

that any more than she really needs to.

“Good. You seem to know how to follow orders.” Mr Page smirks again as we reach him. “Let’s keep going.”

We follow him up the stairs and down a hallway, until we reach a set of doors. He opens one of them and motions for us to go inside.

We step inside a luxurious bedroom. With a massive bed to one side, a huge window overlooking a balcony on the far end and various pieces of furniture strewn around the place.

Is he planning to cash in those sexual favours already? Is that why he’s keeping us around?

What the fuck did we just agree to?

3

Vera

The carpet in Mr Page’s bedroom is thick and warm, even thicker than in his office, my feet feel like they’re cradled by the stuff.

The room smells like some expensive incense and old wood. You know, that rich wooden scent you get from well-cared furniture that’s older than your grandparents.

Mr Page motions for us to step further into the room and then closes the door behind us, walking to the middle of the room as he looks around.

“This should do for now. I don’t believe either of you are in any state to run away, so

I won't put any guards outside the room or below the balcony." He eyes us, going serious. "But I would advise not to attempt it anyway. My men tend to be of the 'kill first, ask questions later' variety, especially when dealing with people they don't know very well."

He saunters over to the balcony, opening the door and letting in the fresh air.

I have a feeling that it's not just them who have that attitude, I suspect they get it from somewhere... If I go by what I've seen of Mr Page's temper.

"Why are we here?" I glance around, trying not to be too obvious.

It's clear that his favourite colour is red, as the carpet and most of the fabrics around the room are red, and the wood is all a complementary rich dark colour.

He's got one of those beds you only see in period dramas, with the four posts, a canopy and even curtains. In front of the window overlooking the balcony are a table and two chairs, also looking like they're straight from a period drama, perfectly matched to the colours of the bed.

Around the room are a few dressers and tables, all from the same dark rich wood. Though, I suspect that one of the doors going off this room is a walk-in dressing room as I'm sure he doesn't store his expensive suits folded up in a dresser.

This room alone is worth more than our whole house... How rich is this fucker?

"Right!" Mr Page opens another door, opposite the bed, smiling almost kindly. "You two can clean yourself off in here. You look horrible and reek of smoke." He pulls a face.

Which is rich, coming from a guy covered in blood splatter, including on his face.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

Also, why are we in his bedroom for that?

I'm pretty sure a place like his has plenty of guest bedrooms for us to use.

Or, you know, some hole in a hole in the ground where he usually stores his captives...

But I keep the question to myself. I'm in no state to try to protect myself in case I accidentally offend him, and neither is Caleb.

"Thank you." Caleb's voice is low, careful. "We appreciate that."

He's using his polite voice, the one he only really uses when he knows he's dealing with clients with a volatile temper, or people he doesn't want to set off.

Mr Page narrows his eyes at him, stepping forward, then he seems to reconsider what he was about to do and steps to the side instead, a polite smile on his face.

"You'll find everything you'll need inside. There are towels on the rack and I'll have someone bring you clean robes." He looks us up and down, his eyes less indifferent than before, lingering on us a tad longer than strictly needed, making me squirm and my pheromones flare.

His eyes darken and he clears his throat. "Since I'm fairly sure I don't have anything else in your size."

"Thanks." I pull Caleb's arm over my shoulders again and help him walk to the

bathroom. He's starting to hobble more and more. I really need to check out the cut on his foot, clean it out before it gets infected.

"I'll be right back. Feel free to use the shower, take a bath, maybe even use the sauna. Anything you like." Mr Page steps away from the door, and after one last look at us, he leaves the bedroom, leaving us behind on our own.

The moment the door closes behind him, Caleb has me in his arms, his nose in my neck as he breathes in strongly, taking in my pheromones. I let them flow as I take in his, finally calming down as I surround myself with his deep forest-y scent.

My tears start flowing and Caleb lowers us to the floor, keeping me cradled against him, letting out a low soothing rumble.

It's the same thing he did when he saved me from my ill-fated wedding.

I'd been refusing to eat for weeks before my wedding, ever since the man in charge of my parents' pack told me that I was going to marry Hubert Russell, the most vile man that I knew, become his pack's fourth Omega. I'd hoped to die before the day came, but they force-fed me enough to keep me alive, even if barely.

Then, when my family finally managed to wrap that ridiculous dress around me—even more ridiculous because I was barely a skeleton by then and it was one of those massive princess dresses—Hubert dragged me out of the house and tried to force me into his car.

I had to hold my breath every time he was near, his pheromones were so revolting, though the rest of the pack didn't seem to notice it.

And then, just as Hubert was about to shove me in one last time, his hands suddenly disappeared. He was pulled aside, thrown to the ground, and I was picked up in

strong arms, surrounded by the scent of the deep forest, and carried away. Carried away from my family, from the man I was supposed to marry, carried away from everything I'd ever known.

We sat in Caleb's massive truck, me in his lap, and he surrounded me with him, with his scent, with his sound, with his body.

I have no idea how long we sat there, listening to each other, wrapped around each other, learning each other's scents.

They were the most amazing moments of my life up until that point.

And I'd never felt safer.

Surrounded by the scent of motor oil, garage and forest, I felt safe for the first time in my life.

It must have looked so silly. Him in his coveralls, stained with grease and other things, and me in my pristine white wedding dress.

But it was the first time I felt happy and safe.

Caleb is my Alpha, my protector, my safety. From the first moment I met him, I knew he was mine and I was his, forever.

Once we both calmed down, he stripped his coveralls to his waist, took off his t-shirt and gave it to me.

I slid out of the now stained wedding dress, dumped it out of the window and put his shirt on. It was way too big on me, more a dress than a shirt, full of holes and covered in his sweat, but it immediately became my favourite piece of clothing.

Of course, you don't simply leave a guy like Hubert.

The moment he realised what had happened, and had recovered from the shame of his bride getting kidnapped on his wedding day, he came after us.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

I never realised how dangerous he and his pack were until they came after us. The first few times he sent some of the Alphas and Betas of his pack, but when they failed, he hired professionals and things really got dangerous.

For the last six years, we've been able to avoid them, move from place to place, never settle anywhere for too long in case they find our trail.

Mechanics are needed everywhere and Caleb is a damn good one too, so it wasn't hard for him to make money. And there's always work for a young Omega willing to wait tables or work the crappy shifts at hotels and such.

We were able to avoid Hubert for six years...

Until he finally sent Mathew 'The Cleaner' Page after us. Mr Page is the best in what he does, moving things. Most often, that means moving bodies, no matter if they're dead or alive. He gets it done.

I've known his name for years now, after we spoke to some people to see how we could get Hubert to stop. But we quickly dropped the idea as he was way out of our price range.

Finally having met him, Mr Page is nothing like what I expected him to be. With his reputation, I expected some big and burly brute, always screaming, using his pheromones to keep people in their place.

But he's lanky and well-dressed, has a smooth voice that makes you pay attention immediately and he doesn't look much older than me. He looks more like a business

man than an enforcer. But he's clearly deadly and not someone to underestimate.

A thrill shoots through my body, making me perfume again. He might not make me feel safe —quite the opposite, really— but he's interesting. He makes me curious.

Caleb lets out a rumbling laugh. “Do try not to get yourself killed, please. It would be a shame to have to kill such a pretty man because he hurt you.”

I look up at Caleb, his scarred face, his soft grey eyes. “You think he's pretty?”

He smiles, kissing my hair, tightening his arms around me. “It's hard to deny when he looks like that. Even covered in blood, that man is mighty fine.” His pheromones spike and I mingle mine with them, laughing.

“He's also pretty deadly...”

Caleb laughs again, giving me a long and slow kiss. “You know that that's a turn-on for me.” He nudges me, making me move out of his lap. “Now, if you look for something to even-out our situation, I'll warm up the shower.”

I stand up, helping him to his feet as he quickly strips off his underwear and steps into the shower, letting the water flow down his body.

I wish I could join him right now, but he's right. It's better if I get my hands on some weapons, in case Mr Page changes his mind and tries to get rid of us after all.

He might not feel like doing that right now, but it's better to be prepared. With guys who are used to getting their way, you never know what will set them off and make them decide that keeping you around is too bothersome.

And while I would like to get to know Mr Page better, find out more about him, I

know that our lives are only going to last as long as we keep being useful to him. As long as we don't bother him or piss him off.

And I would like to be able to protect myself when that happens.

Because I'm not ready to die. And hell will freeze over before I let him put a finger on Caleb.

4

Mathew

As I close the door to my bedroom behind me, I lean against the opposite wall, rubbing my sweaty hands on my suit pants as I try to will my dick to go down.

What the fuck?

What the fuck is going on?

First, that Russell asshole didn't think it was important to mention that the Omega he wanted captured wasn't just on the run from him but that she'd managed to evade multiple attempts at capture in the past.

He also failed to mention that she's bonded to an Alpha. She hadn't just been 'kidnapped' by the Alpha, the two are bonded.

Which he must have known about since this isn't a recent bond, their bond is years old, well established.

Then there's the fact that she's fucking deadly. They both are. Which he also failed to tell me.

I nearly lost four men to them, with another four injured enough that all eight of them are now at the hospital to get treated. That doesn't include the minor cuts and bruises that the others have.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

Sixteen people went after them last night. Only half of them managed to return mostly unharmed. Those are not good odds.

I should never have taken this job. I knew it was a bad idea the moment Hubert Russell gave me pieces of their clothing so we could more easily track them.

Changing your appearance and name is pretty easy, but changing your pheromones isn't. Even if you suppress or otherwise hide them, they're never fully gone, not all the time. So, this was an extra way we could track them down.

The first whiff I got of Vera's honey scent made me hard as rock. When Caleb's deep forest scent mixed with it, I nearly keened and had to fight to keep my face neutral. I couldn't let the asshole know how much these two scents affected me.

I knew it in that moment, they weremine. They were meant to be mine, not his.

I hadn't planned to kill Hubert.

Once Vera and Caleb were in my grasp and Hubert had paid up, I was going to let them choose what they wanted for themselves. Leave with the asshole or stay at my side. I was pretty sure they'd choose the latter.

When I heard how lethal these two were, the idea of having them at my side only became more and more appealing. I jacked off twice between the moment my team grabbed them and when they arrived here, and that was while trying my best not to...

I still had a boner the whole time I spoke to them. Their pheromones kept messing

with my head, made me want to claim them then and there, and the abject horror in Vera's scent as Hubert stepped through the door... It changed something in me, turned me into someone I've only been a few times before...

Someone very dangerous.

From that moment, the man's life had become countable in seconds, minutes if he was lucky.

But when he said that he wouldn't pay for the job because the price was too high and that I should get rid of them, or he'd do it himself...

He shouldn't have said that.

He shouldn't have threatened them.

That was his second biggest mistake.

His first biggest one was hiring me to find them. He brought them to me and they're mine. I was never going to allow him near them once I had them.

They're mine.

Willing or unwilling.

They're mine.

And I'm never letting them go.

I push off the wall.

Caleb and Vera need medical attention. I don't think that their wounds are too bad, but they still need to be cleaned and taken care of.

I go to the kitchen, finding the kitchen staff hard at work. I turn to one of the newer hires. "Could you bring two meals to my room? And could you ask someone to bring two bathrobes too?" I go over to our medicine box, looking through it before I close it and pick the whole thing up.

I'm probably going to need all sorts of things, better just bring all of it.

As I leave the kitchen Derrick, my right-hand man and the one in charge of last night's mission, comes up to me, glancing back at the office. "What would you like us to do with the body?"

"Get rid of it." I don't want to bother with any of that right now, I have more important things to worry about.

"And his truck?"

I think for a moment. "Take anything out that would be useful to a mechanic and burn the rest. Better yet, put the body inside and make a pretty fire somewhere. That should scare the rest of his pack off for the moment."

And maybe even some other pests thinking of pulling a similar stunt.

He nods, hurrying off.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

As I've taken a few steps, Timothy, one of Derrick's pack mates and the man in charge of our tech and the business dealings at the house, comes up to me. "What do you want to do about the carpet? Do you want to get it cleaned? The guy we normally use is on holiday, but I'm sure someone else in his company can do it."

"Yes. Wait. Actually. No. This is the fourth time in three years. Have them strip the carpet and replace it with wood." I think it over for a moment. "Yes. Have them bring me samples of wood flooring tomorrow morning."

"Will do." And he's off.

I'm about to go back to my room when there's a quiet voice behind me. "Sir?"

I twist around, about to tell them to leave me the fuck alone when I realise it's the new hire, holding a tray with two covered plates and bottles of water. I take a deep breath, calming down, I'm way too on edge.

"Right. Good. Bring that to my room." I nod, getting out of their way.

I follow the young Beta, opening the door for them and directing them to put the tray on the table in front of the window. Then I notice that someone already put two clean bathrobes on the end of the bed. Good.

Vera and Caleb's scents surround me, and I notice that my body is trying its best to perfume, trying to mix my scent with theirs.

No such luck. No such luck at all. I might release some stray pheromones, but that's

about it.

They're still in the bathroom. I hear the shower running, but no conversations or anything else.

I'm going to have to buy them new clothes, I can't have them walk around the house in bathrobes all the time.

Although... That might be fun too. It would give me easy access for fun times...

Once the young Beta has left, I put the medical kit on a dresser, take off my clothes and put them to the side.

It's only then that I realise they're covered in blood. I was so busy with other things that I totally forgot about that.

Dried blood is a hell to clean out of such luxurious fabrics. Fuck. But I guess it's the perfect excuse to have my tailor over and get all of us some new clothes.

I open the bathroom door, stepping inside in just my underwear. I'm too impatient to knock and they should get used to me doing whatever I want, because that's not going to change any time soon.

The big Alpha is sitting on the floor of the shower, the water flowing down his body, his face up towards the stream. His body is covered in scars and I notice he's missing his left pinkie finger, a nasty scar covering the side of his hand.

Without the grime and much more relaxed, it's even clearer that he's much older than Vera, or me. Though, his hard job and, from what I've understood, not so easy upbringing probably haven't helped either.

But none of that takes away from his very muscular body, which he clearly knows how to use, and that he's also very well endowed, very, very well endowed, making my body heat up just looking at him.

Fuck, he's going to be so much fun.

I take another step into the bathroom when an arm wraps around my stomach and I feel the tip of a knife hovering over one of my kidneys.

So, that's where the little Omega went. I like her spunk. I like her fire. Everything she does makes me want her even more.

Of course, it's my own fault for leaving them in my bedroom unsupervised. She was bound to find my stash of weapons.

"One more step and you're dead," she growls, the knife tighter against my skin. Her voice, her small but curvy body pressed against me, the confidence with which she holds the knife. It's such a fucking turn-on that my body desperately tries to perfume again.

I hold up my hands. "I was only here to check how you were doing and to get this blood off me. I don't have any weapons on me."

"You don't need weapons to be deadly." She doesn't move.

"True. But if I wanted you dead, you'd be dead already. I wouldn't be coming here in just my undies."

That seems to make her think and I use the lapse in her attention to turn around, twisting the knife out of her hand and pushing her up against the wall, the knife to her throat.

“Don’t you fucking dare do that again. I will kill you and I won’t even think twice about it.”

And I will curse myself for the rest of my life, but she doesn’t need to know that.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

The big Alpha growls and is on his feet in moments, coming over to me, his pheromones taking over the room. “If you touch her again like that, you will die. Get your fucking hands off her.”

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. That makes me so hot.

His growl, his scent, his protectiveness... I want him, right now.

Instead, I drop the knife into the sink, showing how both my hands are empty as I step from between them. It's better not to stand between a bonded Alpha and Omega.

Even when you feel they're yours.

Even when you feel you belong with them...

Their combined pheromones, so thick in the air now, make it clear how broken I am. No matter how hard my body tries to let them know that I belong with them, it's no use.

My fucking body is broken as shit.

My body is broken, just like my mind.

Twisted, broken, ruined beyond repair.

I can't bring life into this world, so I've taken it upon myself to rid it of the lives that deserve to be gone.

No matter how much I wish I could make Caleb and Vera mine, mind, body and soul, I can't because I'm broken. So, I'll have to use other methods, like making them 'pay off' what Hubert owes me.

It's the only way I can keep them near when they find out how messed up I really am.

Vera slowly comes over, her eyes soft as she touches my chest, running a finger over the wisteria tattoo, a reminder of what my pheromones are supposed to smell like.

"You're an Omega." Her voice is filled with surprise and warmth, and she sniffs my neck, like I did to her before, letting out a soft hum. "I thought you'd be an Alpha, maybe a Beta, but to think that Mathew 'The Cleaner' Page is an Omega." Her pheromones spike, her voice going husky. "Fuck, that's sexy."

I lean towards her, my eyes on Caleb, who's keeping a close eye on us. "Would you still think that if I had my hands wrapped around your neck? My knife at your throat? Like I've done hundreds of times?"

Caleb steps closer, his growl vibrating through my body. I'm playing with fire and I've not had this much fun, or been this hard, in a long time.

"You wouldn't dare." Her voice is quiet but sure, and she smirks as I meet her gaze. "You know that the moment you try that, Caleb will kill you. And I think you're way too curious about us to cut this all short."

She steps back, taking Caleb's hand and pulling him back into the shower. "I told you not to get up. Now the cut on your foot is open again." Her voice is soft, caring, almost like a mother chiding a child, nothing left of the husky confidence from before.

I watch them for a few moments, wishing it was me she was helping, wishing it was

me who was helping Caleb. Wishing I could join them in the shower.

Then I shake my head. That's not going to happen. I own them, their lives belong to me, but that means we'll never be on the same level.

And who would want a twisted guy like me anyway?

I don't do love. I can't feel the damn emotion anyway.

And what's the use when I'm broken, when I don't perfume or go into heat. When I can't be an Omega?

It's better if I keep my distance, treat them like my property, my pets, indulge myself by watching them, but never be with them.

Yes. That's the best plan.

5

Vera

Mr Page is sitting in the bath, the bubbles up to his neck, hiding his sexy body, as he watches us shower. He's keeping his distance, though I'm constantly aware of his eyes on us.

I can't ignore the way his pheromones made me feel earlier, and now that I know he's an Omega, I somehow want him even more. I want to try to coax more of his pheromones out, mix them together, create a delicious Omega scent mix and then have Caleb fuck our brains out. Maybe have Caleb knot him while he's fucking me, or... being sandwiched between them.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

I swallow hard, trying to get my pheromones under control. Flooding the bathroom with my horny scent is a bad idea, we're all way too much on edge already.

Caleb opens the bottle of shampoo and sniffs at it. He shrugs and pours it into his hand, reaching out for me, ready to wash my hair, but I grab his wrists, not so sure.

He gets really crabby if someone else's scent gets on me, even if it's from a product like shampoo and not actually their pheromones. So why is he so nonchalantly willing to use Mr Page's products?

I sniff at his hand, noticing the super generic scent. Then I glance at the bottle, noticing 'pheromone masking' on the label. Ah, that's why.

It's similar to what I normally use, though from a different brand and in a different scent. It makes sense that Mr Page would use it, to hide his scent when he's doing business, so people don't find out he's an Omega. He's pretty good at hiding them already, but I guess using masking products is a good way to be extra sure.

I let Caleb's wrists go and turn my back to him, so he can wash my hair.

Mr Page lets out a low chuckle, smirking. "You're okay with hiding your Omega's scent? You're a brave Alpha."

Caleb keeps washing my hair, not missing a beat. "It's easier if people think she's a Beta, gets her into less trouble." He grabs the showerhead and rinses out the shampoo.

Then he wraps his arms around me, his head on my shoulder as he looks at Mr Page. “She has a habit of pissing people off and they tend to let her get away with more if they don’t know she’s an Omega.”

“You want me to believe that other people believe that your cute-as-a-button, pocket-sized, perfectly-conforming-to-Omega-standards Omega is actually a Beta?”

I feel Caleb shrug against my back. “I can’t explain it. But when she doesn’t smell like an Omega, people give her less shit for being mouthy and strong willed.”

“Hey!” I smack his leg. “It’s not like you don’t use the products too.”

Mr Page sits up, curious. “You, an Alpha, hides his pheromones?” He openly looks Caleb up and down. If I’m the perfect image of an Omega, Caleb is the perfect image of a rugged Alpha: tall, muscled and strong.

“And people believe you?” Mr Page shakes his head in disbelief.

Caleb pulls up a shoulder. “Hubert had people looking for an Alpha and an Omega and he knew our pheromones. People tend to overlook two Betas, especially when they only have minimal pheromones.” He tightens his arms around me.

“But a guy like you already knows that. You already know that if people presume you’re a Beta, that life gets significantly easier. That going up in a crowd is so much easier when your pheromones are weak and boring, when they don’t stand out too much. Or you wouldn’t have all these products.” He nods to the shelf next to us.

Mr Page looks away from us, running his hands through the layer of foam in front of him. “It’s more precaution than anything else. More a habit of times gone by.” He stares into nothing, his eyes going distant. “I haven’t been able to release proper pheromones in over a decade. Nothing that would be noticeable unless people were

standing right up against me and, even then, it's fleeting."

He seems to come back to his senses, looking at us, his eyes turning calculating. "But it appears that I'll need to expand my range of products. It's fine this time. But I don't want you two to hide your pheromones. Pheromone masking products are off-limits to you after today." His voice is sharp, commanding.

What?!

That fucker...

Caleb pulls me more against him, his chest rumbling, too quiet for Mr Page to hear, but I can feel it. A warning to me, a warning not to speak out, not to upset him.

"Can I make a request for some good conditioner? Vera's hair is easier to manage with a good conditioner. It's taken me years to find out what works best for her." He turns me to him, looking at me, giving me a hard glare. "Right?"

"Right." I nod, my eyes down, getting my frustration back under control. We need to play nice. It's better not to anger Mr Page.

"You know, this isn't going to make your debt any smaller..." Mr Page chuckles, but it sounds sinister more than anything else. "New products, hair brushes and stuff, new clothes. It's all going to add up, you know?"

This time, I can't help myself. "Well, if your people hadn't burned down our house and everything in it. You wouldn't have had to replace anything. And we'd have been able to pay for it ourselves." I glare at him, getting really annoyed with him now.

He's acting like it's all such a bother, but he's the one whose fault this all is anyway. Without him, we wouldn't be in this situation anyway.

“You make it sound like my ‘people’ did that for fun. Like they didn’t have a purpose. Like they did it on a whim.” Mr Page’s voice falls, going cold, scary. But I’m too wound up to heed the warning.

“It seemed like they did. They had no reason to even be there. They were only there because you were hungry enough for more money to take orders from Hubert. Because he ordered you to.”

He pushes himself up out of the water, his movements slow, controlled, his muscles tight. “I don’t take orders from anyone.” He almost growls, before he glares at me.

Oh, fuck. This was a bad idea... Me and my big mouth. Crap.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

Mr Page steps out of the bath and crosses over to the shower stall.

Caleb crowds me behind him as he lets out a low growl, pushing his pheromones to Mr Page, trying to warn him to stay away.

But that only seems to make Mr Page smile grimly as he opens the shower stall, stepping inside. “I don’t think you understand the situation you’re in, little Omega. The very precarious situation you’re in. Especially if you keep talking like that.”

The danger in his voice makes me shiver and cower behind Caleb more.

Caleb’s growl intensifies, anger and protection coming off him in waves.

And my pheromones spill from me, trying to appease, trying to appease the danger around me. I don’t even want to do it, but it still happens. They respond to Caleb’s pheromones, they respond to his anger.

I trust his judgement, I trust that if my Alpha’s pheromones signal danger, that we’re really in trouble.

It’s instinct, it’s a deeply rooted instinct.

This, of course, sets Caleb off too, his stance widening, his pheromones becoming even stronger, ready to protect me at any cost.

“Oh, fuck.” Mr Page’s voice is thin, like he’s struggling to get air. “Fuck.”

A light flowery scent, the scent of wisteria, mixes in with Caleb's deep forest pheromones. It's only faint, a sliver of a scent, but it mingles with Caleb's, the emotions in them clear, fear, terror, appeasement. The same as I'm giving off...

"What the fuck are you doing?" Mr Page sounds nervous, unsure of the situation. "What the fuck is going on?"

I glance around Caleb, finding Mr Page trying to hold onto the door of the shower cabin, his eyes wide, his body shaking.

"What the fuck is this? Stop it immediately! Stop this right now!" He glares up at Caleb, finding me looking at him too and reaches out to me. Like he's trying to make sense of the situation and I'm the only one who can provide it.

The look in his eyes tugs at me, breaks me from my fearful state, breaks our pheromone loop.

Caleb grabs Mr Page's wrist, pulling him up, pushing him against the wall, one hand around his throat.

"Wait. Caleb. No." I push at him, trying to get him away from Mr Page, realising what's going on now. "Let him go. Let him go."

Mr Page's pheromones keep coming out intermittently, like his body is trying hard, but they're not strong enough to get through to Caleb.

I force my pheromones out, no longer out of fear, now trying to make Caleb stop, trying to protect Mr Page.

He can't defend himself, he can't show any intent with his pheromones, he can't do any of that. But he still reacted to Caleb's pheromones. He still reacted to Caleb's...

Oh, no. No, no, no.

This is bad.

I force myself between the two men, which gets another growl from Caleb, before he backs off, letting Mr Page go.

Mr Page grabs my shoulder as he tries to get his breath under control, his chest rising and falling quickly.

Caleb steps closer again, his pheromones angry, but I put my hand against his chest. "It's okay. It's okay. I'm not in any danger." Not right now, anyway.

"What was that?" Mr Page's hand tightens on my shoulder, his voice rough.

"An Omega's instinct to submit, resolve a situation. You're lucky that you weren't flat out on your ass on the floor. I was, the first time it happened." I let out a shivery laugh, trying to lighten the mood.

"He threatened you?" Mr Page sounds confused, though a sliver of anger slips through his words and he stands up straighter, glaring at Caleb.

"Oh, no. That wasn't what you responded to. Your fear response kicked in at the same time as mine did. It wasn't being on the receiving end of the threat that set you off." I turn off the shower.

"Let's get out of here. This place now reeks from all the pheromones. And we need to calm down before I explain it."

Page 15

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

“Yes. Good idea.” Caleb pushes the door open, grabs my wrist and pulls me out of the bathroom. His grip tight, tense.

I glance back at Mr Page, who’s still looking dazed, still trying to make sense of the situation. But I know that look too well, his racing heart, the sense of terror slowly leaving his body, the confusion.

There’s only one reason he would react like that to Caleb.

There’s only one reason his fear response would kick in at the same time as mine, while he was easily able to face off against Caleb before then.

There’s only one reason why I snapped out of the terror when Mr Page’s pheromones reached me.

He’s ours.

Mathew Page is our Omega.

6

Caleb

Fucking hell. The bathroom is thick with pheromones, mine and Vera’s, the various emotions in them messing with my head.

Luckily, since the door to the bathroom was closed but to the balcony open, the

bedroom is much clearer and that makes thinking a lot easier. Makes trying to make sense of the situation much easier.

“Here.” Vera hands me a towel, which she apparently managed to grab as I dragged her out of the bathroom. She looks a lot more ‘here’ than I feel.

What the hell just happened?

I carefully try to mostly balance on one foot, so the cut in the other foot hopefully won’t open again, as I dry myself off. My heart rate slowly starts to come down, my body no longer on high alert.

Then Mr Page steps out of the bathroom, a towel around his waist as he holds out another one for Vera, who’s standing between us like a shield. Though I’m not sure who she’s trying to protect from whom.

“I’d prefer to keep my bedroom dry.” His voice is still gravelly as he motions with the towel in Vera’s direction.

She accepts it and wraps it around herself, her movements careful as she tries to stay on top of the situation, glancing between us, keeping herself between us.

“What the fuck just happened?” Mr Page’s voice is rough, almost uncertain. “What did you do to me?” He manages to glare at me, though there isn’t much force behind it.

“It’s not a good idea to threaten Vera...” I step closer to her, sliding my arm around her waist, not pulling her against me just yet, but it would be easy enough to do and protect her.

He opens his mouth to reply, but we’re interrupted by knocking on the door. Irritated,

he glances in the direction of the sound. “Yes?” His voice is cold, angry.

“Sir. You’ve got a call. It’s important.”

“It can wait until tomorrow. I’m not to be disturbed today.”

I feel sorry for the poor guy standing on the other side of the door, he’s probably shitting his pants right now, with the fury in Mr Page’s voice.

“I’m sorry. I’m afraid that this is very time-sensitive. It’s about the job you took yesterday.” I’d be surprised if the guy isn’t fearing for his life right now.

Mr Page takes a deep breath, reigning in his anger, becoming the untouchable Mr Page again. “I’ll be downstairs in a moment.”

Then he looks at us, conflicting emotions crossing his face. This is the first time I’ve see that happen, he usually looks so controlled. What happened in the bathroom really rattled him.

“You can wear the bathrobes that are on the bed. There’s food on the table near the window and I brought up a medical kit.” He points behind him. “Feel free to watch TV, play videogames or do anything else, as long as you don’t leave the room.”

“What about the balcony?” Vera eyes him, her voice testy.

“You’re free to go onto it, as long as you don’t jump off or otherwise try to leave.”

“Yeah, yeah.” She smiles, though it’s still weak, nervous. “I remember. Your men are of the ‘shoot first, ask questions later’ variety.”

Page 16

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

“You’re catching on quickly.” Mr Page smirks, a pale imitation of the one he showed us earlier. Then he turns around, grabs his bathrobe from the back of the bathroom door and pulls it on. “If I’m not back before dinner, I’ll have someone bring you some food. And if you just want to sleep, feel free to do that too. You can do anything, as long as you don’t try to leave.”

And, with that, he walks out of the room.

Vera wraps the towel around her hair as she pads over to the bed and grabs one of the bathrobes, putting it on, before she takes the other over to me. “These are super soft. They make me feel like we’re in some luxurious hotel.” She grins as the mood shifts, getting easier.

I quickly dry myself off before accepting the bathrobe from her. “Only, you’re generally allowed to leave those.” I smile, giving her a quick kiss. “We should eat something.” We’ve not had anything to eat since last night’s dinner and I have no idea what time it is right now.

She softly shakes her head as she pushes me into a chair. “No, we’re first going to take care of your foot. I don’t think Mr Page appreciates you tracking blood all over his bedroom, even though it wouldn’t be that easy to see on this carpet.”

She picks up the medical kit and sits down on the floor next to me, resting my foot in her lap. She looks at the cut and opens the box, taking out something to clean it.

She’s pretty good at this, which isn’t too strange, with how often she’s had to patch me up. Either because we got hurt because of some people Hubert Russell sent after

us or because something went wrong at a garage.

Since I can't really work at garages that are fully on the up-and-up, with our need to be able to leave quickly and my lack of any recent places they can ask references from. I usually work in garages that have a habit of attracting people who prefer to solve their arguments with violence, or that don't take worker safety very seriously. Usually both.

Vera cleans the wound, frowning, and I twitch every time she touches it, making her frown even more. "It would probably be better if you got stitches, but it looks clean and shouldn't infect." She sighs. "I'll just wrap it up tightly and we'll see again tomorrow morning."

She expertly wraps my foot, her movements precise and steady. "How did it even happen?"

"Someone had pushed a glass from the counter during the struggle and I stepped in it. It was a careless mistake." I softly tug on her shoulder, pulling her into my lap, making sure that my good leg takes most of her weight. "What happened in the shower? Why did you step between us? We could have hurt you." The last words start a frustrated rumble in my chest.

I know she doesn't want to talk about it, she was so relieved when Mr Page was called away and then quickly changed the topic.

She leans her head against my shoulder, taking slow breaths, sniffing quietly as she plays with the end of the belt of her bathrobe.

I reach up, taking her chin between my fingers as I look at her, turning her face to me. "What's wrong?"

She pulls a face, her doll-like features distorting. “He was scared, terrified.”

“That was kind of what I was going for.” I try to smile but she shakes her head.

“Not that kind. If he cowered every time an Alpha tried to scare him off, he wouldn’t have lasted long in this business, right?”

“Right.”

“And he never responded to you like that before, even though you threw plenty of angry pheromones at him earlier.” She puts her hand over mine, leaning her cheek into the palm of my hand, taking a deep breath, like she’s steeling herself.

“In the shower, he reacted at the same time my instincts kicked in. We were in close quarters, you were trying to get him to back off, but he didn’t. We were trapped. I...” She closes her eyes, but not before I catch a glimpse of pain in them.

“You tried to appease us.” I lean closer to her, kissing her forehead, remembering the first time this happened to her, when her instinct was to submit, to appease the Alphas in the area so they would leave us alone.

We hadn’t been together for long, just a few months, and some of Hubert’s pack mates had tracked us down, cornered us in an alley.

My heart still races when I think of how she’d stumbled back, fallen over, her appeasing pheromones coming off her in waves. My brain seemed to disconnect for a moment as I took us both out of the situation, barrelling through Hubert’s pack mates and bringing her to safety.

That same disconnect happened this time too, only she stepped between us, no longer scared but actively trying to break me out of it.

“He did too.” Her voice is soft, quiet. “Mr Page tried to appease you too. At the exact same moment it happened to me.”

“I didn’t notice it. I would have backed down if I’d noticed it.” I hope I would. Attacking an Omega who tries to appease an Alpha with pheromones is very dangerous, it can lead to some really bad mental shit for Alphas. Because the only time an Omega goes into that state is when their Alpha is around.

It’s triggered when an Alpha reaches a certain state of ‘back off’ vibes, a frenzied state, when the Alpha knows there’s no way out but to go through, and can only be triggered when they’re around their fated Alpha.

When they’re around their fated Alpha...

I was the only Alpha around when it happened to Mr Page...

“Oh, no.” I close my eyes, leaning my head back, realisation setting in. “He’s ours.”

Page 17

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

“Yes,” she whispers, letting out a long breath. “And because his pheromones are so unstable and weak, he can’t get through to you when it happens. He can’t protect himself. You can’t ‘hear’ him when you’re like that.”

I nod, wrapping my arms around her tightly, pulling her against me, hiding my face against her. “When that happens again, please make sure to step in. I can’t...” I swallow hard. “I won’t turn into an Alpha who kills their own Omegas in a frenzied haze.”

Once an Alpha has crossed that line, there’s no going back. Being able to ignore the appeasing pheromones of your Omega and hurting them, or worse, killing them... That’s a dangerous type of messed up.

“I will. I’ll step in however many times I need to.” She looks up, kissing my jaw. “It just means we have to be extra careful not to repeat that shit.”

“And we’re going to have to explain it to him.” I eye the door he left through. “Why do I have a feeling that’s not going to be easy?”

Combine a bunch of volatile tempers and one of the people involved not having stable pheromones... That’s going to be a very dangerous mix, especially in Mr Page’s line of work...

I haveno clue how we're going to resolve the whole 'Caleb's instincts can be triggered by Mr Page's actions, but Mr Page can't do shit with his pheromones to get Caleb to calm down again' thing.

What if Mr Page denies what happened? What if he doesn't believe us?

I sigh, finishing up the last of my scrambled eggs.

Yesterday, we only had to worry about people not noticing us too much, today, we're dealing with some Omega criminal master mind who very likely is also our mate...

I look up at Caleb, who's staring out the window. "Do you want me to help you hop outside? Or maybe to the bed?"

He turns to me, smiling softly as he reaches out, putting his large hand over my arm, sending warmth through my body, heating my core. "No, I'm good here. The chairs are comfy and I've got a good view. I'll be fine."

"Okay." I stand up, going over to him and giving him a long kiss. Every time I looked at him I could see his muscled chest through the opening of his robes and it's been turning me the heck on.

He wraps his arms around my waist, almost pulling me into his lap as he deepens the kiss and I immediately get slick, wanting him so much. He chuckles, ending the kiss and putting me back on my feet.

"I know Mr Page said we could do whatever we wanted, but I'm not sure that includes having sex." His eyes twinkle and he winks. "Let's try not to get ourselves killed on the first day, okay?"

I pout, then smile. "Fine. I'll find something else to do." I've got a whole room to

explore, I'm sure there's something of interest in here. Or I can play with the stash of weapons I found earlier, also a valid option.

As I turn away, Caleb grabs the sleeve of my bathrobe, stopping me. "How long until your next heat?"

"At least a week, closer to two. I just..." I sigh deeply and he pulls me into his lap for real now. I didn't want to have sex because of my incoming heat or something, it just helps me to feel more normal and an easy way to deal with stress and I'm very stressed right now.

"I didn't mean to imply anything." He kisses my neck, his stubble scratching my skin lightly, almost making me rub up against him so he'll do it more. "I didn't think you wanted it because of your heat. I only asked to make sure that I had the right dates in my head. That's all."

I nod, holding onto his arms around me, relaxing in his embrace. "Do you want me to bring you his weapons stash? He's got some really interesting things in it."

Caleb chuckles and lets me off his lap again. "You know that I won't turn that down. Okay, fine. Bring them over to me, I'll see what we're dealing with."

"Yay." I give him a quick kiss on his cheek as I flash him my best innocent grin. "I'll go see how much I can find."

He opens his mouth, but seems to think better of it as he waves me off. "Go. Go explore and have fun. Don't worry about me."

Sometimes he can be such a bore. But then, his foot probably hurts and he's never very happy if he doesn't get enough sleep at night. Which I probably cause way too often...

Also, I suspect that he's saving his energy in case we do manage to get on Mr Page's bad side and we have to fight.

I go over to the set of drawers next to the bathroom and take out the bottom one.

It's where I found the knife that I took with me into the bathroom. It was the very first place I'd looked and I'd immediately found them. Either because it's such an obvious place or because this isn't his only hiding place and he's got the better stuff stashed elsewhere.

Only one way to find out.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

I bring the drawer over to the table as Caleb quickly moves the dishes out of the way. “Here, you can get started with this stuff and I’ll see what else I can find.”

Caleb knows a lot more about knives than I do, mostly because he’s much more interested in how they’re made and things like that and I only care if they’re easy to use.

His face lights up as he takes out a supple leather sheath and slides out the knife. “Ohh.” He carefully puts the sheath aside and turns to the window more, catching the light on the blade.

I grin, watching him for a few moments, enjoying his excitement. Then I turn back to the set of drawers and start opening the rest of them, curious what I’ll find.

The rest of the contents of this set of drawers aren’t very interesting. Apart from the weapon stash in the bottom drawer, the rest of them are filled with things you need right before you step out the door.

The top drawer has various bottles of aftershave and perfume, most of them are designed to hide the pheromones of the wearer and instead give them a more generic scent.

It appears that Mr Page prefers deep woodsy scents with warm and light floral accents. The floral accents are close enough to his wisteria scent that if for some reason his pheromones slip out, it wouldn’t be too noticeable, but the deep woodsy scents are very much not part of his normal scent.

I pick up one of the bottles that he's got six extras of and smell it. Then I spray it on my wrist and smile as I slowly move it in front of my nose.

Oh, damn... That smells good. Even if this is supposed to be balanced in a way that's similar to a Beta's pheromones, it turns me on anyway.

"What do you have there?" Caleb's voice rumbles from across the room.

"Mr Page's favourite scent." I put the bottle back into the drawer and go over to Caleb, holding out my wrist to him. "Smells familiar?"

He doesn't move closer, but his eyes darken with lust as he takes it in, then he looks up at me, meeting my eyes with a smirk. "If he wears that, you'll never leave his side. You won't even need me anymore."

I grin, giving him a quick kiss. "I'll always need you, you know that. I'm not that easily swayed by some sexy artificial scents."

The second drawer has cufflinks and pins and other decorative stuff, not that interesting and I wonder why they're not near his suits and other fancy clothes. Don't people normally store those things closer together?

The third drawer seems to be filled with random things, some handkerchiefs but also gloves and even some condoms. I have no idea what this drawer is about and quickly close it. Right...

I open the cabinet next to it and sigh, uninterested. This is where he stores his videogame consoles and stuff like that. I can explore that later, when Mr Page is back. I want to get into the things he doesn't want us to look at first.

The rest of the drawers and cabinets in the room aren't very interesting either. Just

normal personal items and some stuff he clearly wants to keep near even though they'd probably better fit in a living room or study.

I do find another drawer with weapons, though these don't look as fancy or interesting as the ones I gave to Caleb earlier.

If Caleb gets bored, I'll bring these over to him, but for now, they can stay in place. Caleb is having way too much fun with the ones he already has.

Right as I think it, Caleb lets out another happy sound and as I look at him, he's holding a knife with an intricately carved handle up to the light.

He glances my way, grinning wickedly. "I'm going to have to find out where he got these. They're really elegant but definitely not just for decoration, these are deadly."

"Now who's the one who won't be needed?" I grin back, my heart light at how happy Caleb seems. He even looks... relaxed for the first time in a long time, if that makes sense.

I'm sure I'm also way too relaxed for the situation we're in. But it's hard to stay on edge when everything in this room feels so comfortable and familiar, soothing.

So, I turn back to exploring, because I definitely need to find out as much about Mr Page as possible before he returns.

Mr Page has a set of bookshelves with all sorts of fiction books. Though most of them seem to be from his past as they're children's books and some of them have 'Mathew Page' written on the inside.

This is a curious location to store his personal books. Why wouldn't he have those in the living room or something like that? Why store these in his bedroom? Is he

ashamed of them?

Then, instead of snooping around in his bedside tables, I open the two doors that flank the massive bed.

They both appear to be walk-in dressing rooms, each of them half the width of the bedroom and about a quarter of the length. One of them has a lot of suits and other fancy clothes in it and the other one is empty.

It's not empty in a 'nobody ever comes here' way, heavy with dust and stale air, but in a 'simply doesn't have any items in it right now' way, clean, but empty. Strange...

I go through the suits that are neatly hanging on one wall. All of them are dark red, though in different shades and made from different fabrics. Some are clearly for super fancy events while others appear to be more for 'summer parties with rich people' type of events.

Page 19

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

When I open some drawers, I find dress shirts in various fabrics, and most of them are either white or a charcoal that's almost black. They're stunning and I carefully pick one up, letting the soft and supple fabric slide over my hands. They look tailored, not store-bought.

Damn, this guy is living large. I have no idea how much these clothes cost, but I'm sure that I wouldn't even be able to afford a fraction of them.

In some of the other drawers I find even more cufflinks, though these are neatly stored in boxes and seem to be paired with watches and other designer details.

If these are stores here, what are the cufflinks in the other drawer for?

I close the drawers. Enough of that. I'm sure I'll be able to explore in here more later. Maybe Mr Page can even explain the whole cufflinks situation then.

Finally, I get to the things I've been wanting to explore the most. His bedside tables. I haven't found anything too exciting yet, mostly just things I expected to find. But bedside tables tend to be way more interesting.

The reason I nearly cut off all of the 'downstairs' of one of Mr Page's men was because I kept my favourite knife in the bedside table drawer on my side of the bed.

Bedside tables can reveal a lot about a person, so I'm curious what Mr Page is hiding in his...

Mathew

Apparently, the asshole who hired me yesterday decided that he didn't want to wait for me to find out if his —just as much of an asshole— cousin was still alive and got himself killed. This was after I'd explicitly told him not to go to the location the kidnappers gave him and that I'd have some of my people take a look at it today.

He was too impatient to wait and stormed in, on his own, getting himself killed.

On the bright side, his cousin was still alive and the people who held him were so surprised by some guy storming into their 'lair' that they simply fled, leaving everything behind. Which will make tracking them down so much easier in the future.

I sigh.

Usually, I'm not hired by these types of people. They tend to end up hiring those whose starting rate isn't in the six figures, but more in the four or five figures.

That's what I get for doing one of my long-standing clients a favour, I get dragged into this kind of shit.

The long-standing client apologised profusely and promised me that he had no clue that the asshole would do this. That it was as much a surprise to him as it was to me.

I guess we all make mistakes. At least none of my team got hurt or even had to do much this time. Apart from checking out the 'lair' for any evidence that had been left behind that could be of use to us, before pointing law enforcement in the direction of the shipping container.

Yes, they called a fucking shipping container their 'lair', according to the texts we

were able to retrieve. They were a bunch of amateurs. Anyone could have figured this shit out, we really weren't needed.

I told the team to come home as soon as everything there was taken care of and then stared at the pool of dried blood on the carpet for a while.

Hubert Russell might be dead, but he was the leader of a sizable pack, he wasn't just a one-man operation. Things aren't going to be over just because he's no longer here. His pack are going to want answers and now probably want Caleb and Vera dead instead of just captured.

They'll probably want me dead too, but that's less of a worry than Caleb and Vera's safety. People much better connected than them have been trying to take me out and they've clearly not succeeded yet, and won't succeed any time soon.

I pull a notepad towards me, smiling as I look at what I wrote on it while waiting for Caleb to take the bait.

He's mine.

He'll be mine soon.

And so will she.

My handwriting's little more than excited scribbles, as my head had been swimming from their pheromones, making it very hard to concentrate and keep up my act of indifference.

I rip the page off, crumple it into a ball and throw it into the trash. Let's not leave that out in the open. Nobody else needs to see the that.

Knocking on the door pulls me from my daze and I growl, really not wanting to have to deal with any more problems today.

My mates are in my bedroom, they're basically naked and smell way too good. I want to be with them and not deal with work.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

“Yes?” I sit up straight, pulling my bathrobe closed and trying to look at least somewhat presentable in it.

Derrick slowly opens the door and steps inside, glancing around the room before he looks at me. “The body and the car are taken care of and Tim has managed to get an appointment with someone to discuss putting wood flooring in this room.”

“Thank you.” I lean back, relaxing.

Derrick has been with me for a long time, not from when I took over this business, but still very early on.

I trust him with my life, which is why he was the leader of the team that kidnapped Caleb and Vera. I wouldn’t have trusted anyone else to do it, and he came through for me.

His whole pack works for me. Most of them have met through ‘the job’, which is how he met Timothy—or Tim, as Derrick calls him—and they started the pack.

Their pack has grown significantly in the last couple of years, and his happiness over his mates and their kids has made me crave a family of my own. Even when I know that that’s likely never going to happen, not with my body this messed up.

Which is why I spoil their kids rotten.

They love their ‘Uncle Mathew’ and get anything they could ever wish for. I’m lucky that their Omega doesn’t mind at all, as long as we don’t bring our ‘business’ around

the kids, as long as they don't have to see what we do here, I'm free to spoil them as much as I want.

Though, Timothy did ban me from funding research into how to clone dinosaurs when their eldest hit their dinosaur phase and really wanted to be able to hug a T-Rex. He did draw a line then, but it's rare.

"Anything else that you need me to do?" Derrick waits patiently in the middle of the room, somehow always being perfectly professional until he's sure that he's off the clock.

"Could you try to make sure that nobody disturbs me for the rest of the day? And other than that, make sure that security stays alert. I have no idea how impulsive Hubert Russell's pack is. They might try to get revenge for his death."

"Will do." He nods but doesn't leave the room, still waiting for me.

"What?" I glare at him, wanting to be done so I can go back to my room.

"Do you need extra security for your room? Not to keep people out, but to keep them in?" The fucker tries not to smile as he says it, but he's failing. He's been way too amused with my situation ever since I took the job and realised who Caleb and Vera were to me.

"No. I don't think they'll be running any time soon, and if they do, we'll track them down. I'm more worried about retaliations from Russell's pack."

"Okay. I'll have someone monitor the pack's movements and actions. And I'll make sure to keep security tight until we've got a handle on them."

"Thanks." I turn off my computer and pile all the papers on my desk together. "If

there's nothing else for today, give my love to the family and kids. I'll come over soon to make up for keeping you from them last night and returning you to them in less-than-pristine condition."

"Will do." Derrick walks to the door, opens it, but then turns to me, giving me a shit-eating grin. "And make sure to get some sleep tonight. I'm not sure 'I got railed until five in the morning' is a good enough excuse to bite anyone's head off tomorrow."

He quickly closes the door behind him and the notepad slams against it with a dull 'thud'.

That fucker...

That insolent fucker...

I also totally forgot to ask him to ask Timothy to make an appointment with my tailor to get Caleb and Vera some new clothes.

As I cross my office, avoiding the pool of dried blood, I take out my phone and send a message off to Timothy. Then I push the notepad to the side with my foot and leave my office.

Taking care of business didn't take as long as I feared it would, it's still before dinner. So, I ask the kitchen to bring three meals up to my room around seven and then finally return to the room myself.

I'm really excited and nervous to see Caleb and Vera again. My heart is beating fast and my cock's already hard just remembering their scents, let alone imagining all the things we could get up to.

As I walk up the stairs, I notice that I've gotten slick just thinking of Caleb's cock up my ass or Vera's lips around my dick, and I know I'm in way too deep.

I'm their captor. I own them. These things I'm feeling right now are really not a good idea...

Opening my bedroom door, I'm flooded with Caleb and Vera's pheromones, making my body even more alert as I step inside.

Caleb is sitting in one of the chairs in front of the window, his bathrobe open, only held up by his arms, exposing the rest of him. Vera is sitting in his lap, facing him, her bathrobe in a puddle behind her on the floor and she's got her arms around his neck.

Page 21

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

As I close the door behind me, Vera lets out a squeak and looks at me. “Mr Page!” Her voice is breathy and her eyes are wide, her pheromones spiking in surprise.

“Mr Page?” I chuckle as I saunter over, sitting down on the opposite chair, getting a great view of the scene. “Who told you to call me that?”

Her cheeks flush darker and she glances down. “Back then... When... When... I just thought that...” She’s so adorable, her uncertainty, how she’s trying to find the right answer. But I’m not in a mood to tease her like that, not now.

“That’s only for fuckers who need to be put in their place. To you, I’m Mathew, unless you have a better name?” I smile as she slowly shakes her head, then she lets out a soft hiss and Caleb chuckles deeply.

“What were you two up to?” I look at them and Vera lets out another hiss as Caleb keeps her in place on his lap with his arm.

“Cleaning some of her cuts.” Caleb grins, putting a gauze on the table and taking a closer look at her ribs. “They’re not too deep, but I wanted to make sure to keep them clean.”

Though, their pheromones tell a different story. They’re both very turned on, even if they’re ignoring it.

“It still hurts.” Vera pouts and Caleb leans down, kissing her side, making her squirm with laughter.

“I know. I know. We’re nearly done.”

They look so comfortable doing this, taking care of each other, teasing and playing while they’re doing more serious things.

“Okay, turn around.” Caleb helps her off his lap and then sits her back down so her back is now to him and I get a good view of her curvy body, of how her boobs bounce with each movement.

Vera meets my eyes, smirking, as she opens her legs wider, showing off how wet Caleb’s massive cock is from her slick as she slowly rolls her hips over him, coating him even more. Each time she reaches his tip, she stays on him a little longer, nearly sliding him inside her, before moving away.

“Vera...” Caleb warns as he takes another piece of gauze and disinfectant to clean the cut along the back of her ribs.

I smirk back at her and let my bathrobe fall open, wrapping my hand around my dick and pumping a few times.

Vera moans, her mouth slightly open and her hips moving faster over the length of Caleb’s cock. “Please... I’ve been waiting for hours. Please?”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake.Fine.” Caleb puts the supplies aside, slides slightly lower into the chair and then lifts Vera up. He meets my gaze, his eyes filled with lust and desire, showing that his annoyance at her insistence is all part of an act, that giving into her pleas is turning him on even more.

I give a slight nod, dragged into their game, curious about what’s going to happen next, what they’ll show me next.

Caleb spears Vera onto his cock in one fluid movement, sliding all the way inside her, keeping her in place as she grips his arms tightly and they both moan loudly.

Oh.Fuck.Fucking hell.

She just...

She just took him inside, no prep, no problem...

Vera lets out gasping moans and meets my eyes, pleasure and pure bliss in them as she smirks. She got exactly what she wanted from Caleb.

Then, as if nothing happened, Caleb takes up the supplies again and starts cleaning the cut on her back, making her squirm on his cock.

She looks a lot less satisfied now and lets out a low whine as she slides up and down his cock, but he simply keeps going.

These two...

Only years of self-restraint prevent me from coming right this fucking second.

9

Vera

I knewthat Caleb wouldn't have a problem fucking me in front of other people. We've talked about it, of course, since I grew up in a pack and that's basically the norm in most packs. But we've never actually tried it before.

Mostly because Caleb doesn't like strangers around when he fucks me. Not even in

situations where the chances of being found out are very slim. He just refuses no matter how turned on he is or I am.

Page 22

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

But he clearly doesn't have the same issue with Mr Page —I mean Mathew— around, he's apparently not a stranger. If anything, it feels like Caleb enjoys this even more than usual.

He would normally never do this, fucking me while tending to any wounds I've got. Though not for lack of trying on my part, I enjoy the slight mix of pleasure and pain. He just prefers to clean up and then fuck me, not at the same time.

Mathew stares at us, his hand tight around the base of his dick as I move over Caleb, taking him as deep as possible, letting Mathew see how much I can take. Which seems to really turn him on as his eyes are locked onto where Caleb's cock disappears into my pussy.

The stinging sensation on my back as Caleb cleans the cuts is a bit distracting, which is probably a good idea or this would be over way too quickly...

I slide one of my hands up my thigh, resting a finger on my clit but Caleb swats me away.

"No." His low command is a rumble in his chest, shooting excitement through me, making me clench around his cock, which pulls a slight hiss out of him.

Fuck. I want him to properly start fucking me already. I've been wet and wanting for hours, trying to get him to fuck me, but he wouldn't do it, only finally giving in once Mathew came into the room.

Arg!

Mathew looks at us with a mix of desire and amusement in his gaze, his hand now slowly sliding up and down his dick.

I try to reach for my clit again, impatient, but this time Caleb grabs both my wrists in one of his hands and holds them behind my back while he gets back to work. I try to squirm in his hold, but it doesn't work.

Since I can't get Caleb to work with me, I focus on Mathew instead.

I look him over, from the piercings in his lips and ears to the tattoos over his chest and arms, to the one leading down to his dick.

He puffs out a slight laugh as he grins at me more, moving his hand faster, like he's showing me that I'm the only one stuck. Fucker...

Finally, Caleb puts the cleaning supplies aside and puts one hand on my hip, his other hand sliding up and cupping one of my tits, pinching my nipple between rough fingers.

A moan escapes me and I try to get more friction on his cock, which isn't so easy when he's holding me in place.

Then Caleb lifts me up until he's almost fully out of me and slams me back down on his cock, filling me all the way, shooting electricity through my body.

"She's taking you so deep." Mathew's voice is little more than a moan, making my insides clench around Caleb with how sexy he sounds and how hot the look in his gaze is.

"You mean here?" Caleb moves his hand from my hip to rest on my lower stomach, his hand over the slight bulge that forms when he's so deep inside. Then he softly

presses down, the change in angle so good I gasp, struggling to keep my orgasm at bay.

“Hmnhmm.” Mathew moans and when I glance at him, he’s gripping the base of his dick hard, preventing his orgasm.

Caleb chuckles darkly, sliding into a better position so he can fuck me even deeper. “Is it because of my size...” He pulls me more against him so the way his massive cock makes my belly bulge becomes even more obvious.

“Or because I’ll be filling her up with my seed?” As he says the words, he rubs his fingers over my clit and licks his mark at the base of my neck.

Mathew lets out a strangled sound and as the scent of his spunk hits the air, I come too.

The world is too bright for a moment as I clamp down around Caleb’s cock, trying to milk him, but while my orgasm was right below the surface, he’s got stamina for hours...

When my breathing slows down again, Caleb carefully moves me, sitting up a bit more, and wraps an arm around my waist while he teases one of my nipples.

I follow his gaze to Mathew, who’s staring at us, his chest covered in cum, his face bright red as his breathing is slowing down.

“You were right, my love.” Caleb chuckles, his cock growing inside me slightly, a moan escaping from my lips at the sensation. “I think he’s got a breeding kink.”

“How?” Mathew’s eyes dart around the room, his mouth opening and closing, as if he’s trying to make sense of the situation.

“I found some of your toys.” I nod towards the bedside table, where I artistically displayed some of the more interesting ones. I grin, feeling very satisfied. “And you made it way too easy to confirm.”

“Fuck...” He groans and wipes away some of his cum with his bathrobe, but his eyes are on us, taking in every last part of us and when Caleb’s fingers move towards my clit again, his eyes follow.

“Caleb...” I bite my lower lip, still way too turned on, and I know that I won’t last long for a second round.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:59 am

“What about you?” Mathew’s voice is rough and his hand is around his dick again, slowly pumping. “Is that something you’re interested in? Filling her up? Putting a baby inside her? Making her belly grow?”

His voice goes rougher as he speaks and every image makes my insides clench, wishing I was in heat so Caleb’s knot would lock me in place, fill me up all the way.

Fucking hell...

Caleb rolls one of my nipples between his fingers, making my back arch as I try to push into the sensation more.

“I’d love to watch her tits grow. Watch her belly grow bigger and bigger. Knowing that I bred her and made her mine.” His voice is rough too as his hips move in quick bursts, his fingers back on my clit.

“Lock me in place. Fill me.” I moan, holding onto Caleb with one hand as I play with my other nipple, electricity sparking through my body until it reaches my core, pushing me closer and closer to the edge. “Fill me up. Please.”

“Fuck. I want to watch you suck his seed right out of him.” Mathew’s voice seems to come from afar, even though he’s right next to us in the room.

“Go ahead. Watch me.” I groan and when I open my eyes, Mathew is kneeling in front of us, one hand around his dick, the fingers of his other hand fucking his hole, his slick running down his legs. He licks his lips, his tongue piercing blinking in the light before disappearing again. What would that feel like?

“Make her come with that special tongue of yours.” Caleb puts both his hands on my hips. “While I fuck her as deep as possible.”

Before I can prepare myself, Mathew’s tongue is on my clit, the piercing moving over me, the hard nub so different. So different from anything I’ve felt before. But also oh so good.

Caleb’s cock reaches deep inside as Mathew alternately sucks my clit and moves the piercing over it, his lust filled eyes focused on how my belly moves when Caleb slams inside me.

He stops jacking off, instead putting his hand over my lower belly, directly over where it bulges each time, and his low moans vibrate against my clit, making it even more intense.

I try to last as long as possible, but the double assault on my senses are too much.

“Come for us, my love,” Caleb whispers in my ear, rubbing his stubble on my shoulder. “Come for us.”

“Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.” I grab Mathew’s long hair, pulling him against my clit more as I come hard. My pussy pulsing tightly around Caleb’s cock, trying to milk him dry, even though I know that this still too soon for him.

Why did I have to end up with an Alpha with the stamina of a saint? Though, I know that once he does come, the experience will be amazing.

When the world comes back into view, my breathing is hard and I’m sensitive all over.

Caleb is kissing my neck and shoulders, softly moving his hands over me, slowly

bringing me back to earth.

When I look down, I find Mathew staring up at us, pure desire in his gaze, before his eyes flit down to where Caleb is still inside me.

A thought comes to me.

“Do you want to taste me on his cock? Have him fuck your mouth while I fill your hole with one of your toys?”

Uncertainty flashes behind Mathew’s eyes, before he nods, pulling at one of his lip piercings with his teeth.

“Oh, fuck. My little Omega has such a dirty mind.” Caleb’s cock grows inside me and he pushes up into me one last time before letting my hips go.

“You know that I do.” I give him a quick kiss and climb off his lap, immediately going to the bedside table and taking one of the largest toys that can squirt, testing it before I return.

Mathew lets out a moan. “You already filled it?”

“I was curious how it worked.” I kneel at his side and he grins at me, his eyes glazed with lust.

He leans closer, giving me a quick kiss. “I’m so glad you’re mine.” His words surprise me, but I don’t think he’s got a clue what he just said as he puts his hands on Caleb’s knees, pushes his ass back and starts to suck Caleb off.

Caleb’s fingers disappear into Mathew’s hair, and it’s interesting to watch him do the things that I normally only feel. Caleb meets my eyes, surprise in them too, but then

nods to Mathew's ass and raises an eyebrow.

Yes, we can deal with what he just said later. We've got something else to focus on right now.

I slide my fingers over Mathew's ass. He's so slick and his finger-fucking has prepared him enough that I don't think I need to do much more.

Page 24

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

I slide the toy between my folds, slicking it up, which gets appreciative moans from both Caleb and Mathew. Then put it at Mathew's entrance. "Can you take this in one go? Like I took Caleb's cock?"

Mathew lets out a keening sound, pushing his ass towards me more, and I smile as I slowly put pressure on the toy, slipping it inside him carefully.

His body shakes as he takes it in, a sheen of sweat on his skin as a blush spreads over him.

"You good?" I run my hand over his back, enjoying watching him trying to take both the toy and Caleb's cock as deeply as possible.

Then I reach around him and feel how his lower belly bulges slightly every time I push the toy in as deep as possible. Oh, that's going to be real fun.

Mathew makes a sound around Caleb's cock, his suction on Caleb increasing.

"Fuck him." Caleb's voice is rough and when I look up at him, I know he's close to coming. "Let's fill him up from both sides. Let's breed him."

I pull the toy out and push it in at the same rhythm as Caleb fucks his mouth, while letting Mathew rut in my hand. I watch the way both men barrel towards their release.

Mathew reaches it first and he pulls back from Caleb, his hand fast around his dick as I fuck him harder with the toy, until he's nearly there and I squeeze the toy so it squirts out the liquid inside him, filling him up, making him come even harder.

He lets out a loud moan as he comes all over his chest, his hand still moving over his dick at a furious speed until nothing else comes out.

“Vera. Come here.” Caleb’s voice is short and his hand is moving over his cock in erratic motions.

I crawl over to him, putting my mouth around the head of his cock and suck, right in time to catch his release.

He slides his hand into my hair, holding on as he comes with a loud moan, rutting into my mouth, shooting right down my throat.

As he lets me go, I look around, feeling so satisfied and strangely happy.

This was so fucking hot.

10

Caleb

The room reeked of sex and pheromones and it’s the first time I get a clear hit of Mathew’s scent. After an orgasm, they tend to be the strongest and his are still fairly weak, but they’re clearer than they’ve been yet.

I like his slightly sharp floral scent of wisteria a lot. Very different from Vera’s warm honey scent. But when they mix, that’s a heady combination and I’m pretty sure I’ll be able to go for another round in no-time if I don’t clear my head first.

I carefully pull Vera up, putting her bathrobe around her shoulders. She looks so happy and her pheromones are all satisfaction and bliss. She’s one well-fucked and thoroughly adored Omega.

Then I eye Mathew and when he notices my dilemma, since he just wiped away his cum with his bathrobe, he reaches out to me and lets me pull him to his feet.

“I’ve got another one.” He walks over to one of the dressers on unsteady legs and pulls out another bathrobe, another exquisitely made one, wrapping it around him. Instantly turning him from a normal person into someone who looks like royalty.

“Let’s sit outside. It’s easier to talk when we’re not surrounded by pheromones.” I hobble onto the balcony and sit down on one of the large lounging chairs.

I clearly overdid it when holding Vera on my legs while fucking her and I feel the bandages soaking through with new blood.

“Are you okay? Did it open up again?” She sits down on the chair with me, her eyes going to my bandaged foot.

“I don’t think it’s too bad. It just hurts.” I tug on her arm and she slides next to me. Her head on my shoulder and her arm over my chest as she looks at Mathew, who pulls one of the normal chairs to my other side so he can look at both of us at the same time.

Then he sits down, his eyes fixed on us, but he’s trying to shield his emotions. “If you think you might need stitches, I’ll have someone come over to take a look, patch you up.” His voice is level, detached.

“Thanks.” I nod, feeling awkward at his intense gaze when he’s also seemingly trying to create distance between us. “Though, I don’t think it’s needed.”

Vera jabs me in my side, making me flinch, glaring at me. She’s giving me that ‘I know you’re trying to downplay the problem’ look.

“Fine.” I hold up the hand I don’t have wrapped around her. “We’ll take a look at it later and decide then.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

She smiles, leaning up and kissing my chin. “Good.”

I snort, pulling her against me more, burying my nose into her hair as I take in her sweet scent. She’s so adorable and headstrong at the same time. I love her so much, especially when she’s like this.

A slight sound makes me look at Mathew and he’s laughing at us. A pure happy laugh that makes him look so much younger and a lot less scary.

“How old are you?” I blurt out, before catching myself. “If you don’t mind telling. You don’t have to. It’s not like...” I think it’s best to stop talking now, it’s not like I’m making much sense.

His face falls, regret in his gaze. “I’m older than Vera but closer in age to her than to you. I’m not comfortable sharing more than that right now.”

“Why not?” Vera’s voice is clear but curious, and she leans over me more, her focus on him.

“Because I’m sure that you’re aware of how long I’ve been in this business and it would bring up questions I’d rather not answer right now.” He looks out over the fields and trees, his gaze far away. “I’ll tell you some day, but I think we’ve been through enough today without diving into that too.”

“Why?”

Vera squeaks as I poke her in her side, I don’t think this is the best time to interrogate

the man...

“Because it includes a lot of things that only very few people know about me. And I’m not in any mood to explain them.” His eyes focus again and land on Vera. “Is it weird, having a bonded mate who’s so much older than you?”

She shrugs, nuzzling into my chest before looking up at him with a smile. “It’s not like we already knew each other or something like that. He wasn’t a teacher or some other adult I’d known from when I was young. He was just...” She lets out a soft sigh.

“He was the man who saved me and I was aware of his scent, of his body, of his protectiveness over me, well before I became aware of his age. I guess I was lucky that we met when I was an adult, it made things less weird.”

‘Less weird’ is definitely one way to put it. ‘Legal’ would be another one.

“Right...” Mathew’s eyes glaze over and he’s staring at something on the leg of my chair that I can’t see.

“Does it weird you out?” Vera’s voice is careful, quiet, and I keep my gaze on Mathew’s face, my heart hammering in my chest as I wait for the answer.

He closes his eyes, shaking his head slowly. “No. I guess it’s the same for me. I was aware of your scents way before I was aware of other details about you. I knew that you were mine before I even knew your names.”

I blink. “What?” Whoa, whoa, whoa! “What do you mean?” He already knows? Vera’s pheromones are as confused as I feel, unsure.

He keeps his head down, not meeting our eyes. “Hubert brought some of your clothes

when he asked me to find you. You know, to make sure we'd get the people with the right scents. I've known since then."

"And you still hunted us down?" Vera's voice is harsh, angry, her pheromones flaring with her emotions.

"I had to. You were mine. I had to protect you. The only way to do that was at my side." His head shoots up, glaring at her, at me.

"Protectus? You were the one who put us in danger. We were doing just fine before you hunted us down." She sits up, her body vibrating with fury and my emotions aren't much kinder than hers.

That fucker sent his people after us, put us in danger, even though he knew we were his?

"Doing just fine?" Mathew jumps up, his eyes wide. "Do you know how much money that bastard was willing to spend on getting you back? How many hoops he had to jump through to even be able to hire me? You might have been fine before, but he was getting desperate. I don't want to?—"

He cuts himself short and turns to the railing, grabbing hold of it, his knuckles white. "I don't want to consider what could have happened if he'd hired anyone but me." He grinds out each word, his body so rigid it looks ready to snap.

"I know I'm only an Omega. But these feelings... This fury... I know it's irrational... If I could, I'd go out and kill every person he's tried to hire before he came to me. Every person he gave your scents to. Every person who knows who you are. Because each and every one of them is a danger to you, to my mates."

Fuck...

To hear him say those words, to call us his mates...

That shouldn't feel this good...

The low angry growl in my chest makes him turn to me, his eyes full of emotion, full of anger and pain. "I'd gladly help you out with that. Nobody will ever touch you or her. Nobody."

I'd rather be killed than have them ever get hurt. Never again. Never.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Vera nods, her hair bobbing around her head wildly, though the anger hasn't left her and I suspect she might be angry with him for a while longer about the whole kidnapping situation. Which is understandable.

But if Mathew's this upset about one pack coming after us, I need to be sure about something else, about Mathew's past.

I take Vera's hand, bringing it to my mouth and softly kissing it. "Can you refill the bottles of water from before? I think it's important to stay hydrated, especially after all the 'exercise' we just had."

She glances at me, slightly frowning, but then nods when she sees the look in my eyes. "Sure." She turns to Mathew. "Would you like something to drink too?"

He eyes her and then me, meeting my troubled gaze, understanding what I'm doing. "Yeah, sure." He shrugs out of his robe and holds it out to her. "There will be cooled bottles in the kitchen. It's at the end of the hallway across from the stairs. If you wear my robe, they probably won't give you any trouble."

Vera blushes as she looks him over, her eyes lingering on his dick, his very hard dick, quickly licking her lips as she shrugs out of her robe and hands it to him. Then she puts on his robe and ties it around her waist.

"I think this colour suits me." Her voice is slightly hoarse and I laugh, smiling.

"Anything suits you." I grin and she rolls her eyes at me.

She comes over, giving me a soft kiss. “I’ll be right back.”

As she’s leaving, Mathew puts on Vera’s robe, hiding his delicious body from view, and leans back against the railing, his gaze suspicious.

“I thought you two shared everything? Why send her away?” He crosses his arms over his chest.

I let out a deep sigh, trying to control the fury that’s been trying to grow in my chest ever since I saw him naked for the first time. To give him some clue, I let a sliver of the emotion into my pheromones. Fury, but of a protective type, my need to protect him.

“How much danger are you in?”

He snorts, trying to smirk, but he’s not so sure. “In my line of work, I’m always in danger. I thought that was clear.”

“I saw the heart tattoo on the inside of your thigh.” I originally didn’t know for sure, I’d only caught a quick glimpse of it, but when he was finger fucking himself earlier, I got a much clearer look. To make things worse, it’s not just a heart, it’s a crowned heart.

“I know what it means. So, how much danger are you in?”

His uncertainty flips to anger in a flash as he stalks towards me, looming over me, his hands balled into fists. “Are you one of those bastards who...”

“No.” I stare at him, letting him know I’m sincere. “Before I met Vera, before we were constantly on the run, I helped some people escape from there.”

I take a quick breath. “I helped them get their feet back under them, tried to protect them until they got a new identity and hopefully a safer place to live. That’s the only thing I was involved with, helping them once they got out.”

He slowly nods and then sits down next to me on the chair, his gaze on his feet as emotions flash over his features. “Does she know?”

I shake my head, my heart aching for the pain he must be carrying inside. “She knows that I used to help runaways. But that’s all. It didn’t seem important to go into detail while we were on the run.”

He carefully takes my hand, running his fingers over the rough scar where my pinkie used to be. “Thank you.” His voice is rough. “Thank you for being a good person.” He quickly blinks, avoiding tears.

On impulse, I reach out and pull him against my chest as my heart breaks for him. He tenses for a moment before he relaxes into my embrace.

“I’ll kill anyone who dares to hurt you. As your Alpha, I promise you this,” I whisper into his hair, smiling as I catch a faint whiff of his pheromones.

I’ll kill anyone who dares to hurt my mates.

11

Vera

I don’t find anyone else in the house until I reach the kitchen and I’m immediately overwhelmed by chatter and noise from people who are cooking and doing other things.

The kitchen is massive. Bigger than the kitchens of most restaurants and hotels I've worked at before. It's filled with large stoves, plural, some almost industrial sized ovens and enough countertop space for ten people to work at the same time and there would still be space left.

As I'm staring, an Alpha stands up from a table near the door on the other side of the kitchen and comes over to me.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“Should you be here?” He looks me over, amusement in his gaze.

Then I realise that this fucker was the head of the team who kidnapped us. I almost didn’t recognise him in his normal clothes, but his voice is undeniable.

I put my hand into the pocket of the robe and pull out the knife I swiped from Mathew’s stash on my way out of the room.

As he notices the flash of the metal he takes two steps back and holds up his hands. “I have no wish to fight you. I promise.” He doesn’t look amused anymore, he looks very focused on the knife in my grip. “Once was enough for me.”

The kitchen goes quiet as everyone’s now staring at us. It feels awkward, but also, this fucker is the whole reason I’m here...

“You’re Vera, right?” Another Alpha steps through the door at the back, also holding up his hands as he meets my eyes. He’s clearly an Alpha, but he feels softer somehow, his presence almost calming. “I’m Timothy. That’s Derrick. We work for Mathew.”

He moves his hand to motion to the others in the kitchen. “We all work for Mathew. We have no intention of hurting you or your Alpha.”

“No ‘intention’ of hurting us?” I sneer, glaring at him and then back at the man in front of me. “Then, could you explain why we’re covered in cuts and bruises?”

Derrick takes another step back, lowering his hands, managing to look both

intimidating and sheepish at the same time. “Risk of the job, I’m afraid. Or, in your case, risk of being the job.”

I snort. Not able to suppress the laugh. “Is that how you usually run things? That sloppily?”

Derrick lets out a grunt as Timothy grins at him, then Derrick sighs. “We weren’t provided the full details, which we only realised when it was already too late. And I’m sorry for that. If we had been provided with all the details, things would have gone a lot smoother.”

I’m not sure if I believe him, but, at the same time, I’m sure that if what happened last night was normal for them, Mathew probably wouldn’t have the reputation he has...

“Are you hungry?” Timothy eyes me. “I heard that your dinner should be brought up soon.”

Oh, right. “I came here to get some bottles of water. I’m sorry for intruding or something like that.” Great, now I really feel awkward.

Between the anger over being kidnapped, sore from bruises and cuts all over my body and everything else I’ve had to deal with today, I’m not my best and I’m quickly running out of energy to act ‘normal’ around people.

Timothy laughs as he opens a fridge near him. “No worries.” He takes out the bottles. “I just wanted to make sure we’re not keeping you. I know Mathew can be impatient.”

He hands me the bottles. “I’m sure he’ll show you around the rest of the place soon enough, once he’s ready.” He grins which makes my cheeks flush. He clearly knows

what we've been up to...

"Thanks." I quickly turn around and bolt from the kitchen. That was awkward, way too awkward!

I take the stairs two steps at a time and slip inside Mathew's bedroom. The room still smells strongly of our pheromones, but it's not as strong as it was before. It also feels very comfortable and eases the tension in my body immediately.

As I step onto the balcony, I notice that Mathew is sitting at Caleb's side, leaning against him as Caleb plays with his fingers through Mathew's long dark hair, letting the strands run over his hands like water.

My heart twists for a moment, anger flashing —someone is taking up the space that's mine— before I notice the troubled look in Caleb's eyes.

Caleb looks up, giving me a soft smile as he moves his head for me to come over. Mathew moves slightly, glancing up, and then quickly sits up, wiping at what looks like tears on his cheeks.

I have no idea what just happened here, but Mathew looks wrung out, broken.

I put the bottles on the table next to Caleb and then walk around the large lounge chair, wrapping my arms around Mathew and pulling him against me.

He awkwardly pulls me into his lap, hiding his face against my neck as his arms are tight around me. I release calming pheromones, hoping to soothe him, as my heart feels troubled, angry at whoever made him look like this, pained at knowing that he's been dealing with shit all on his own for so long.

He lets out a soft content sigh. "Thank you. You have no idea how perfect you are."

He pulls back slightly and then leans in, his lips close to mine.

I put my lips to his and the kiss is electric, sending need and want through my body, right to my core and I let out a gasp in surprise.

His lips are soft and insistent, his tongue excitedly exploring my mouth as I try to keep up with him, his piercing running along my tongue sending even more sensations through me. He takes my breath away and fills me with life as I hold onto him as best as I can.

Next to us, Caleb chuckles, his body right against us as he wraps his arms around us. “While I’d love to watch you two make out, and join in myself. I think I just heard the door to the bedroom open again.”

“Dinner!” I pull back, looking into the room where Derrick gives me a quick wave as he and one of the others from the kitchen turn around and leave the room again.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Right on cue, my stomach rumbles.

“Dinner sounds like a good plan.” Caleb is about to get up but Mathew slides me onto the chair and gets up himself.

“I’ll bring them out here. The weather is too nice to sit inside.” He quickly goes inside, his dick clearly tenting the bathrobe and I can’t help my grin as I look after him.

I know what I’d like to have for dessert...

I’m woken up by an unfamiliar scent. I blink, fighting against sleep as Caleb’s heavy and warm body is wrapped around me, his drowsy pheromones and slow breathing making it really hard to wake up.

Then I realise we’re not at home and I remember we’re at Mathew’s place, in his bedroom.

Though, he’s no longer in bed with us.

I look at the door to the balcony and notice that Mathew is standing on the balcony in nothing but his boxer briefs, looking out, a cigarette in his hand. That’s what I smelled.

He looks troubled. His shoulders slumped, his stance hunched. He looks worse than he did a couple of hours ago when I found him with Caleb.

He looks so alone that it makes my heart ache, not able to stand the thought that he'd ever feel alone again. Not now he's ours.

Carefully, so I don't wake Caleb up, I slip out of his embrace and pad over to the door, my eyes never leaving Mathew's form.

"Couldn't sleep?" My voice is soft and groggy, but Mathew must have been so lost in thought that he didn't notice me as he twists around, ready to strike me, before he realises he's in no danger.

"Sorry." He clears his throat, stubbing out the barely smoked cigarette. "Did I wake you up? I'm sorry." He looks me over and gives me a soft smile, trying to hide his pain again. "I like you in my clothes."

He reaches out and wraps an arm around my waist, pulling me against him.

I'm wearing one of his button-ups, a simple white cotton one which is long enough to almost be a dress on me, and a pair of his boxer briefs, which manage to only barely stay on my ass. I prefer not to sleep in the nude and this was the best we've got.

"Maybe I should always dress you in my clothes. Would at least make it easier to make sure my scent is always on you," Mathew mumbles, but he already seems distracted by something on his mind as he leans into the corner of the railing around the balcony and stares out over the fields.

He keeps his arms around my waist, pulling me back against him, making me lean against him, the movement so natural, like we've been doing this for years.

I stare with him out over the fields for a while, watching the clouds pass through the starry sky —no moon, so it's quite dark. Slowly breathing in the warm summer air, filled with the scent of drying grass, flowers and a hint of Mathew's pheromones.

Then I glance at the ashtray and notice that all the cigarettes in it are barely smoked. Most of them only lit and then died out on their own.

His arms around me tighten a fraction, his huff of a sad laugh in my hair sending goosebumps all over my body. “I know, it’s a bad habit. I need something in my hands while thinking, and the scent relaxes me. I don’t actually smoke, not really. It’s just the...”

He moves his hand in front of us, his fingers making various shapes, like there’s an invisible cigarette between them.

I reach up, sliding my fingers between his, holding on. “You can hold my hand. You won’t need cigarettes now I’m here. You can just hold me.” My heart skips a beat, surprised by my own actions and my face burns.

That was so embarrassing!

I have no idea where the idea came from. But the way he’s holding himself, standing here so alone in the dark, it makes me sad. It makes me feel like he’s always been alone and has had to face everything on his own with nobody there to care for him.

And those thoughts make my heart ache, make me wish I could make everything better for him, make me want to make sure he’ll never be alone again.

He pulls our entwined hands against my chest as he wraps himself around me, his face in my neck, his breathing uneven. “I hope you’ll still be mine once you find out who I really am. What I’m really like.”

I hold onto his arms, trying to comfort him, as my heart races and I can’t stop my tears.

How can I feel this much for a man I barely know? For someone who kidnapped me?
Who brought me here against my will? Who could kill me without a second thought?

But I know why. Because underneath it all, I recognise the same fucked up
determination to live as I have in my own heart.

Like we're broken pieces that fit together in ways that could heal us or could be our
destruction...

Only time will tell which it will be.

12

Mathew

The darkness that I've been trying to keep at bay for years started to creep back in when Caleb demanded to know how much danger I was in, not in general, but because he knew the significance of my crowned heart tattoo. When the look in his eyes didn't turn to pity or revulsion, but into a promise to protect me and a promise of revenge.

As he held me, I could feel the walls that I built around my heart and mind slide away, revealing something raw inside, a raw pain, a wound that never healed, still as raw as the day it was inflicted.

As long as we were all awake and kept up the teasing and banter and mixed it up with a couple more amazing orgasms, I could ignore the way it was starting to loom over me more and more.

But once everyone was asleep, once I'd watched Vera and then Caleb fall asleep, my heart filled with joy at having them in my bed, at having them so close. Once that was over, it engulfed me and I had to get out, get away from them, or it could somehow hurt them too.

When Vera found me, she was like a lifeline in the darkness, and when she offered me her hand, when she told me that if I needed to hold onto something I could hold

her... That small offer of affection burned away some of the pain.

But I know I can't fully accept her, I can't fully accept them into my life, until they know what I'm really like. If they find out about the darkest parts of my past and still accept me, I'll gladly give up my life for them. I'll be theirs forever.

"What are you two doing out here?" Caleb's voice is a soft rumble and as I slightly untangle myself from around Vera to look at him I notice the mixture of worry and amusement in his gaze.

I lick my lips, fully unwrapping myself from around Vera, but not letting go of her hand.

My heart beats in my throat as I know what I need to do next. If I don't do this, I'll never be able to move forward. And I want to let them in, I want to let them in so badly.

The sooner I tell them, the sooner I'll find out how much of a monster they think I am.

"I need to show you two something." I pull Vera along, out of the bedroom, down the stairs and into the office.

As I step inside, I notice that someone has put a piece of cloth over the blood stain in the carpet. Probably Derrick or Timothy, trying to help me in their own way.

I sit Caleb and Vera down on the couch that's to one side of the office, looking out over the middle of the room. They're both staring at me. Waiting, worried.

Here goes nothing.

“I’m twenty-six. I’ve been head of this organisation for ten years.” I try to keep my voice from shaking, which isn’t easy when worry floods from Vera and fury from Caleb.

My age was all he needed to put together the story of a large part of my past and the fact he responded with anger and not disgust makes me way more grateful than I should be.

Because the part he knows about is not the worst part, that part doesn’t compare to the other things that I’ve done.

Their reactions give me the strength and courage to keep going, to explain how I got here, how I took over this organisation at the age of sixteen.

“My parents were pair-bonded Betas. I have—” I clear my throat.

“I had three siblings, all older than me. When I was eight, everyone was killed because my dad had messed with the wrong jackass and while trying to flee from them had fatally wounded the pack’s Omega. The only reason I survived was because they didn’t notice I was still breathing, that the blood on me wasn’t mine, but from my siblings as they tried to protect me.” I swallow hard, trying to get rid of the bile in my throat.

Their screams, their fear, they still haunt me. The carnage in our kitchen still seared into my memories, even nearly two decades later.

“At first, I lived in the streets. I was tall for my age so everyone thought I was older than I was. I quickly picked up some important skills, like how to use a knife and how to make sure that nobody could tell anyone where I’d been.”

Those days are mostly a cloud of grey in my mind, too horrible to try too hard to

remember, but not as horrible as what happened before or after.

I don't notice I've closed my eyes until Vera entwines her fingers with mine, making me nearly jump out of my skin, and then hold onto her tightly. I slide us both to the floor and wrap my arms around her, like my body can protect her from the things I'm about to tell her.

“After a while, someone noticed me. They brought me food and clean clothes, until I trusted them enough to follow them when they offered me a place to sleep and take a shower.”

This time, when Caleb's deep growl rumbles through the room, I don't jump, expecting his response. I carefully let go of Vera's hand and reach out to him. In moments, I'm wrapped in his embrace like I'm wrapped around Vera, protective.

Having them with me allows me to stay in the now, keep me grounded in the present while walking them through my past.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“They brought me to a building that was full of life, full of people. I shared a room with lots of other kids my age. They gave us three meals a day and we were even taught reading and writing. The only thing we had to do was to run errands for them, usually small things, a note here, a letter there, nothing that would seem suspicious to a bunch of excited kids.”

I play with Vera and my hair, winding our long strands together, until she takes my hand and calms the nervous movements.

“As I cleaned up and finally put on a bit of weight, some people started to notice me in a different way.”

Caleb starts to growl again and I smile as Vera does the same, though hers is much softer. But I still feel it against my chest where I’m pressed against her back.

I want to stop talking now, let them think this is all there is to me. But I know that’s not enough. That’s not enough to start our bond strong. If I want this to last, I can’t keep secrets from them.

“I was brought to a different part of the building. They put me in flashy clothes and made me bring drinks to the people in the bar. I was allowed to save some of the tips I’d get every night and even had my own little safe in a new room. Now with kids older than me, others who worked at the bar or other parts of ‘this’ side of the building.”

I close my eyes, remembering being awoken by people screaming in their sleep, terror rolling off them in waves, how I didn’t get a single night of uninterrupted sleep

in that room. And I'm sure I've woken up the others with similar nightmares plenty of times...

"Mathew?" Vera's voice is soft and she runs her thumb over my hand, soothing. I kiss her shoulder, letting out a long breath.

She's so precious, so lovely, I don't want to ruin her by telling her about my past, but I have to.

"I quickly became a favourite among the regulars. Innocent interactions would become less innocent over time. Part of that was because they were sure I was an Alpha. I was tall, strong and protective of the other kids, especially those younger than me. People would tease me, tell me how good I had it to be surrounded by so many pretty Omegas. I just wanted them to keep their filthy hands off them. I knew what was going on wasn't right, but I was a kid, there wasn't much I could do against them."

I growl and both Caleb and Vera's growl sync with mine in reply.

"When my pheromones began to lean Omega, they had me tested. I'd hoped that with the results, the attention on me would fade. Now I was just another Omega, nothing special. I was just like the others. But people became even more interested in me, because I was unique. An Omega who didn't look like one, an Omega who could pass for an Alpha. They liked that even more."

It's why my heart tattoo has a crown. I wasn't just any kid, I was the most desired one, the one bringing in most of the money.

My stomach rolls and I curl tighter around Vera, trying to soothe the bad memories with her scent, with her and Caleb's scent.

I'm safe. I'm safe here. I'm safe with them.

“At some point, they had me meet clients outside of the building. Those were often much richer, which meant more money. That's how I ended up here.”

My emotions slow down, anger and quiet settling in me. I'm skipping a lot now, but that doesn't matter, none of that matters in comparison to what happened next.

I climb from between Vera and Caleb, my eyes on the room, until they land on the desk.

“The previous guy running this organisation was obsessed with the idea of me. I was a tall and fairly muscular teen, someone who could easily pass for an Alpha, but who was in fact an Omega. That duality turned him on.” That duality turned all the creeps on.

I grimace, staring at the wall behind the desk where he used to have a photo of his picture-perfect pack.

“My pheromones were always on the strong side. Possibly a side-effect of some of the drugs they'd given me, or maybe it was natural, but my heats were irregular. They were sure I was nowhere near my next heat cycle, or they wouldn't have sent me here. They weren't kind, but they weren't that dumb either. Their most profitable Omega getting pregnant was very bad for business.”

I walk over to door to the garden, looking outside for a moment. It looks nothing like it was when I saw it for the very first time.

“I have no idea why, but, as I was standing in this room, my heat suddenly started and he was on me in moments. I had no time to get to my bag to take emergency suppressants.”

Vera gasps as Caleb jumps up, his angry pheromones rolling through the room. I ignore them, tugging on the corner where two pieces of carpet come together.

“Because I was used to my high levels of pheromones, I could keep a clear head and instantly went for the knife I had tucked into my clothes. Some clients weren’t very good with taking ‘no’ for an answer unless they thought their life was at risk.”

With a hard tug, I rip away part of the carpet, making Vera jump up too and quickly move to the side.

Then I tug at it again, and again, until a large dark stain is revealed in the middle of the room.

“I cut his throat and his spurting blood even hit the wall behind the desk.” His precious pack photo covered in droplets of his disgusting blood.

I look at Caleb and Vera, all angry and upset energy leaving me, their shocked expressions almost making me smile. “And that’s how I became me. A defective Omega who can’t perfume or go into heat, who runs an organisation of killers and rejects. And I’m apparently...yours.”

Vera

My stomach rolls as my heart races, while I try to make sense of what Mathew just said, while I try to make sense of his past.

From his family getting murdered right in front of his eyes, to living on the streets, to working in what sounds like an illegal brothel, to killing the head of an organisation and then taking the man's place.

No wonder his eyes are so dark, no wonder he looked so scared, so troubled. No wonder he doesn't have anyone around him that he trusts to let that close. No wonder he looks so lonely.

As if in a daze, I walk over to him and wrap my arms around him, trying to claim him with my pheromones, trying to rub as much of them onto him as I can, trying to erase his bad past.

"Aren't you disgusted? Scared?" Mathew's arms are limp at his sides, not moving, his voice without energy.

"Of you? Never." I look up, trying to catch his gaze but he's got his eyes closed.

"What should I be scared of? That you killed some bastard? So have I. That you were mistreated? Why should I be scared of you because of that? The fuckers who did that to you should be scared of me instead." I reach for his face, running my fingers along his jaw.

“Why should I be scared of you?” I keep my voice low and he finally opens his beautiful dark eyes.

“I could kill you in a fit of rage.” He finally moves, wrapping his arms around me, keeping his touch light, as if he’s ready for me to break away from him at any moment. “If I’m lost in one of those dark moments, I could hurt you.”

“So, what?” I put my head against his chest, embracing him, leaning against him, trying to let him know that I’m not going anywhere. “So can I. It doesn’t make you special.”

His arms tighten around me and he lets out a soft snort. As I look up at him, he’s smiling, though he’s trying to fight against it. “It doesn’t make me special?”

“No.” I kiss his chest.

“Then, what does make me special?” He nuzzles the top of my head.

“That you’re mine. What else would be important?”

“Nothing.” He breathes into my hair, softly laughing. “Nothing at all, my little Omega.”

I grin, glancing at Caleb, who’s standing to the side, keeping an eye on us but also an eye on our surroundings, clearly on edge.

Mathew notices my attention shifting and also looks at Caleb, his body tensing slightly. “What about you? Are you scared of me?”

Caleb smiles slightly. “Only because you can break her heart, and how much of a shame it would be to have to kill you when that happens.”

“Caleb!” For fuck’s sake, he doesn’t have to say that after what Mathew just told us!

“I won’t.” Mathew’s voice is strong. “I won’t hurt her. Ever.” Then he smirks at me, his lip rings blinking in the overhead light. “Unless she begs for it.”

“Mathew!” I pinch his nipple and break out of his arms as he lets out a surprised squeak. Not that the image isn’t tempting, but this really isn’t the time for that. “You two are bad! This isn’t... It’s wrong to talk like that after what just happened.”

Mathew eyes me, looking calm but also curious, much more at ease than I’ve seen him all day. “What would you like to talk about? Do you want details about certain aspects of my life? I can give details if you want.”

“No.” I shake my head. “I don’t need details. I don’t want... I don’t want them.” I’m fine knowing what situations he was in, without going into details. I’m pretty sure that what he’d tell me would be worse than what my mind can come up with by itself. Right now, I’m fine not knowing details.

“Then, what do you want to know?” His voice softens and he pulls me along to the couch, pulling me into his lap as he sits down.

Caleb sits next to us, one arm over the back of the couch over Mathew’s shoulders and the other one resting in my lap. “That night...” Caleb’s voice is low, careful. “Is that when you lost your ability to perfume? Was it drugs, or something else?”

Mathew lets out a slow breath, putting his head on my shoulder as he shakes it. “It wasn’t drugs. That’s all we know for sure. I’ve gone to see doctors and they told me that my pheromones are probably out of whack because of the trauma from that night. No medication has helped yet and, after the initial shock, I’m kind of glad that I don’t perfume. It does make running the organisation easier.”

I run my fingers through his long hair. It's so soft and smooth and he seems to relax against me more when I play with it. "Do you respond differently to other people's pheromones? I know that can be a thing with trauma, that it can get triggered like that."

"Not as far as I know. I might be less responsive to Alpha and Beta pheromones, but that can also just be me. I don't know if that's because of my issues or because I've always been like that and I'm just too headstrong." His soft laugh tickles my skin and I can't stop my own smile.

"Nothing else?" Caleb's voice is quiet as he leans closer. "Anything else we need to know?"

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Mathew chuckles. “I run an organisation that isn’t on the right side of the law. I’m surrounded by killers and other people who don’t shy away from violence. I sometimes go out to ‘take care’ of jobs myself, when my team either isn’t available or if it’s someplace they’d struggle to get into.” He looks at me, grinning. “Anything you’d like?”

I kiss his cheek. “A tour around the place?” I feel slightly nervous, especially since he’s been keeping us mostly in his bedroom since we got here.

He nods. “We’ll do that in the morning, once everyone has woken up and I can introduce you to the rest of the people who work and live here.” Then he looks at Caleb. “You?”

“Clothes.” Caleb grumbles. “I’d like to wear something else than a bathrobe.”

“But I like you in a bathrobe.” Mathew grins, then he smirks at the glowering look Caleb is giving him. “I’m taking care of that. If you walk around like that all the time, I probably wouldn’t be getting much work done.”

Before any of us can say anything more, there are loud footsteps in the hallway and angry voices.

Mathew slides me onto Caleb’s lap as he lunges for his desk and pulls a gun from one of the drawers before coming back over and dropping two knives onto the couch next to us.

He crouches behind the couch and we join him. My eyes on the door while Caleb

scans the garden outside for movement.

The door to the office slams open and a group of men and women barge in, dressed in tactical gear and all carrying weapons, scanning the room before their eyes fall on us.

Then the one in the front lets out a sigh and pulls his mask off. It's Derrick. "Fucking hell." He sighs deep, like he's trying to relax himself.

"It would have been nice if you replied to calls and messages. We thought they found some flaw in the security and had gotten to you."

He makes a quick signal with his hand and the people behind him leave the office, probably off to tell the others that they found Mathew.

I purposefully relax my hand and put the knife next to me on the floor.

"Why?" Mathew stands up, walking over to his desk to put the gun away.

"What do you mean, a flaw in the security?" Caleb also stands up, putting his knife on the table next to the couch. "What flaw?"

Derrick's eyes go from Caleb to Mathew and back, questioning, until Mathew jerks his head in Caleb's direction and he decides to answer Caleb.

"We don't know exactly. Tim just heard from one of the tech guys that they saw something strange in the security footage. They're still trying to figure out what it is."

He puts his finger to his ear, probably listening to an earpiece or something. "It looks like the system hasn't been breached, but they still can't explain what the strange thing was. They're about to finish a sweep of the grounds, but haven't found anything unusual."

“Okay.” Mathew sits down behind his desk and checks his computer. “Thanks. Tell Timothy to send me the details as soon as he has them.”

I stare between them, my heart only slowly coming down. Fucking hell.

This is very different from how Caleb and I normally live, much more high-tech and lots more people involved.

Then Derrick freezes and his angry and heavy clove pheromones roll off him as he listens to his earpiece intently.

I grab for the knife again and Caleb has me in his arms in moments, also holding a knife, while Mathew is at our side in a flash, holding the gun.

“Fuck.” Derrick stares at us, his eyes wide, alarm in them. “Someone put a bounty on your heads. Tim just saw it. It just went up.”

Mathew makes a dismissive motion, almost relaxing. “They put a bounty on my head all the time.”

“Heads,” I whisper. “He said heads. Plural.”

Derrick meets my eyes and nods. “Someone put a bounty on all three of you.”

My stomach drops and I feel sick.

No way.

No fucking way.

With Hubert dead, this was supposed to be over.

We were supposed to be safe.

We were supposed to be out of danger.

Are we going to have to run again?

Page 33

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Raging Heat

Her Vicious Pack 2

1

Caleb

I keep Vera against me as tightly as possible, my pheromones flowing out, a low growl in my chest.

Nobody is going to hurt her.

Nobody.

I'll give my life before any harm comes to her.

For the last six years, the fucker Vera was supposed to marry has been sending people after us, trying to get her back. But their methods were never lethal. They wanted to capture us alive.

Mathew was the first one to succeed. Only, since the bastard didn't want to properly pay Mathew, he's now dead.

Which the people from the fucker's pack clearly don't appreciate, and they now want the three of us dead too.

Shit escalated really quickly.

Mathew steps between us and Derrick, his voice controlled. “Check the perimeter and all the cameras. Replace them if there’s even a chance that they’ve been accessed by anyone but us. After that, return with Timothy.”

From the corner of my eyes I notice the way he keeps glancing our way, torn between wanting to be with us and taking charge of the situation.

“Will do.” Derrick leaves the office, already barking orders at his people, and as soon as the door closes behind him, Mathew puts his gun aside and comes over to us, wrapping his arms around us.

“I won’t let them hurt you.” His voice is rough and his pheromones are flowing from him, strong enough that I notice them mixing with ours, creating a cocoon of safety. “I won’t.”

“I don’t want to have to run again.” Vera moves slightly, looking up at Mathew, tears in her eyes.

“You won’t. You’re not going anywhere.” He looks at me. “Neither of you are.”

I raise an eyebrow at him. “You can’t keep us locked up in here all the time either. This place might be very fancy, but even a fancy prison is still a prison.”

That makes him smile slightly. “I won’t. While I’d love to, I’m not like that. Not usually, anyway.” He lets out a long breath. “What would you think of becoming my personal security team?”

“What?” Vera steps from between us, seemingly back to herself now, as she looks up at him in confusion. “What do you mean?”

“Well, I can’t keep you locked up in here. And I won’t let you leave my side. So, what better way to make sure that you’re safe while also always within view?” He smiles at her more and then glances at me, questioning.

I pull up my shoulders. “Seeing as we agreed to do whatever you asked of us, if you want us to be your bodyguards, that’s what we’ll be. I don’t see why that would be a problem.”

It’s not like we’ve got much of a choice. We either do what he wants or we’re going to have a really rough time trying to repay him a million quid...

Mathew’s face falls and he takes a step back, looking away from us as emotions flash over his features. “It’s not a command. I wouldn’t command you to put your life in danger for me. I just... It’s the best way to keep you safe, and you’ve got a somewhat vested interest in keeping me alive too.”

He goes over to his desk and sits down in the chair, typing something on the keyboard and the pale light of the screen illuminates his face. He stares at the screen intently, like he’s purposefully not looking at us.

Vera glances my way, troubled, then takes my hand and pulls me along to the other side of the desk.

“If it’s not a command, what is it?” Her voice is soft, but firm.

“A request.” Mathew clicks on a few things and a new set of live feeds from the security cameras show up, giving us a good view of his teams checking each of them and also the rest of the property. The place really is massive.

Then he turns to us, not looking so sure. “It’s a request as your mate. Since I’m the one who got you into this mess, this is the best way I know how to protect you.” He

shakes his head, glancing down, not meeting our eyes, and my heart hurts seeing him so dejected.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“You didn’t get us into this mess, Hubert Russell did. You know that.” Vera’s voice is stronger now. “If you want us with you at all times because we’re your mates, just say so. Don’t hide it behind ‘security threats’ or ‘keeping us safe’.”

Whoo. She’s not holding back, at all.

And she’s right.

Wanting us at his side because we’re his mates and wanting to keep us safe can look the same from the outside, but they’re not the same intention. And using one intention to get the results of the other one isn’t fair, on anyone.

“What else am I supposed to do? I can’t bond.” He balls his hands into fists on his lap, staring at them. “I can’t bond with you because I don’t go into heat. If you’re my ‘security team’, there’s at least a reason why you’re always with me. There’s at least a reason for you to always be at my side.”

Oh, no. Not that.

That’s no how we’re going to do things.

I slide my hand into his long hair, and turn his face so he’s looking my way properly. After I meet his surprised gaze, I kiss him, hard, letting him know that he’s mine. He’s my Omega, no matter what.

Mathew’s pheromones flare and, once again, they’re stronger than they were a couple of hours ago. Not as strong as Vera’s baseline levels, but still clearer than before.

When I break the kiss, we're both out of breath. "If you're worried about a bond mark, I'll mark you when Vera goes into heat. If it doesn't take the first time, I'll mark you over and over, until it does. Do you hear me? I'll mark you, and I'll make sure it sticks."

He nods slowly, his breath ragged, his eyes wide as he looks at me, his mouth ajar, showing off his lip piercings and the one in his tongue. Tempting me to play with all of them, curious how he'll react.

Then he lets out a surprised gasp and when we both glance down, he's got a red circle around one of his nipples and Vera is grinning up at us.

"I'll mark you too, if you want to." Her smile is bright and she looks so satisfied.

I can't help my own grin. She's so very possessive, has always been. My cute possessive Omega.

"I'd be honoured to wear your mark." Mathew smiles at her and pulls her into his lap. "I'll have it tattooed anywhere you'd like."

Vera's eyes shoot down and she raises an eyebrow as she looks up at him. "I think I know the perfect place."

He lets out a sound between a moan and a groan. "Ididsay anywhere." Then he kisses the side of her head, pulling her against him more. "I'd do anything for you. Anything." He looks up at me. "For both of you."

"Make sure you stay alive and protect our feisty little Omega at all cost." I run my fingers over Vera's cheek and she leans her head into my palm, looking up at me with absolute trust and love.

She's the centre of my universe. Without her, I'm nothing. I love her more than anything in the world.

"If we become your 'security team', what would you want us to do?" I lean against the desk, my eyes on my two Omegas.

All my Alpha instincts scream at me to never let them out of my sight, to lock them up somewhere safe until the danger is gone. But if we stay in Mathew's world, that danger will never be gone, that danger will forever exist...

"You'd join me wherever I go. Always stay at my side, keeping an eye out for things happening in our surroundings. Derrick and the others can't follow me everywhere, they always have to stay at a distance, but you two won't have to."

Vera lets out a soft laugh. "That doesn't sound like a security team, that sounds like we're your dates."

He pulls on one of his lip piercings with his teeth, glancing away. "I wish you could be, officially. But people will notice that you've only got one mark. And they'll know it's not mine, because it's too old for that. They'll figure out..."

Nobody but his closest team seem to be aware that he's an Omega, and they're doing everything possible to keep it that way. So, if we'd introduce ourselves as his mates but people notice that Vera only has one mark, they'll know he's not an Alpha or a Beta.

Mathew would be able to keep my mark hidden with the collar of his shirts and all, but for Vera to only have one mark would be suspicious.

"Of course, Derrick and the others will protect you. You won't be my shields or anything like that..." His words falter and become less and less sure. "It's just so I

can keep you at my side.”

“What about the people after us because of the bounties?” I glance over to the screen, which has just jumped to a new set of cameras.

“This isn’t the first time this has happened. Usually, not much comes of it once they realise who I am. But it’s always a good idea to keep security sharp, especially in the first couple of days and weeks.”

I nod. “What about us?”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

He smiles slightly. “I think it’s a good idea if someone lets slip how dangerous you two are. That should keep you safer. But...” He lets out a long breath.

“I think it’s a good idea for Derrick to give you some training.” He quickly continues. “Not because you’re no good, because you’re plenty dangerous as you are. But I don’t know if you’ve got experience with guns or anything other than knives?”

I shake my head and when he looks at Vera she also shakes her head.

“Caleb trained me, so anything he knows, I know too. But I’ve never shot a gun or anything like that.”

“It’s probably good to get some training, then.” Mathew lets out a soft laugh. “Plus, it’ll get Derrick off my back, since I’ve been neglecting my training lately.”

Combat training, actual training and not just whatever I’ve picked up over the years, that does sound interesting. And knowing that Vera will be able to protect herself better will hopefully help me to stress less about her safety all the time.

Not that she’s helpless, far from it, but I can’t help but feel nervous when she’s out of my sight. She’s short and cute and people tend to think they can bully her around, sometimes physically, which is why I taught her everything I know. But the fear that people might hurt her never goes away.

And posing as Mathew’s bodyguards doesn’t seem like a bad idea. Not if it lets us be at his side without drawing too much suspicion...

Vera

“One more round.” Derrick stands in the middle of the field as he has us run laps around it.

This is my fifth round and I’m getting tired. My stamina severely sucks, which Derrick seems to enjoy pointing out all the time.

My legs feel like lead and the rest of my body feels like a wet noodle, not much energy left in me at all.

How the hell am I supposed to last another round?

I thought we were going to do combat training, not running around fields all the time or jump over shit or anything like that. This isn’t combat training, this is torture.

“You can do it!” Caleb waves at me from the side of the field.

Since the cut on his foot is still healing, he’s not running as much as I am, which means I’m doing this with the people from Derrick’s team instead.

There are both men and women on his team, but they’re all way taller than me, so their strides are much longer, and they’re all clearly better trained. Making me run as much as them feels very unfair.

I catch a whiff of Mathew’s scent, just before his hand grazes my arm and he entwines our fingers.

“You’re almost there.” His voice is clear and he’s breathing harder, but he’s

definitely not wheezing the way I am.

He said that Derrick was giving him crap for not working out enough, but if this is him when he's slacking off, I don't want to know what he's like when he's actually seriously training all the time...

Though, seeing him in a pair of workout shorts and without a shirt is definitely the highlight of these sessions, especially when his abs are glistening with sweat. That's a great way to get my blood pumping.

"Aaaand, done!" Derrick pulls me from my thoughts.

The next moment, I'm swept up in Mathew's arms, the scent of his sweat and pheromones surrounding me, making my own pheromones spike and heat pool in my core.

Damn, he smells good... So fucking good.

Mathew picks me up and carries me over to Caleb, lowering us onto the grass next to him.

Caleb hands us both a bottle of water, before he starts to knead my legs, easing the stress and tension.

"You did so well." His voice is like a low purr and filled with pride. "This has been your best day yet." His hands make soothing motions over my calves and the next moment, Mathew is massaging my back, making me melt under their touches.

"I'm still sore every morning." I groan as Caleb rubs over a particularly persistent sore spot on my leg.

Both Caleb and Mathew snort and I try to swat at them, but my arms are too tired.
“Not from that. From running and all the other stuff we have to do.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“You should feel better in a week or two.” Mathew kisses my neck and I lean back against him, enjoying the way his chest muscles and abs move against my back as he takes deep breaths.

“Can’t we just move to the fun stuff? I want to do the fun stuff, kick people’s asses and things like that. Not run around a field all the time.”

I look at Derrick, who’s leading his team through a range of exercises with cones and all sorts of other things. They look way more fun than just running, but I’m too tired to join in.

“You’ll get there. He was exactly the same with me back in the day. Only, he was constantly on my ass... He would not let up until he was sure that I was fit and trained enough.” Mathew lets out a soft laugh, then he glances to the side and I notice that Timothy’s standing in the shadow of the house.

“Training is over. It seems I’ve got to get to work.” He stands up and then helps me up too as Caleb gets up himself. “You two enjoy yourselves in the bath upstairs, I’m going to take a quick shower downstairs. Or we’ll take hours to finish and I’ve got a few important things to get to.” He gives me a quick kiss and then kisses Caleb too.

I watch as Mathew jogs towards the house, his ass perfect in the shorts, making me want to squeeze it really badly. He’s way too sexy and I know he’s working out without a shirt because it turns us on... Showoff.

“How can he still have so much energy?” I groan as I lean against Caleb.

Caleb laughs. “Because he’s had a personal trainer for years, which really wasn’t in our budget.” He wraps his arm around my waist and pulls me against him, giving me a hard kiss. “We better make use of it now.”

“I know...” I put my head on his chest. “Just like we better make use of his amazing bath.”

The last couple of days, ever since the night we found out that there’s a bounty on our heads, we’ve been working out every morning. We have to get up early for it and the three of us aren’t that good at going to sleep on time, so we’ve been running on very little sleep...

I’ve never liked working out before, but being surrounded by sexy people and having my mates give me plenty of massages has definitely made it more bearable.

I slide on the desk in front of Mathew as he’s on a call with someone.

He’s looking so serious, but I know that it’s time for him to take a break soon. He’s been working all morning and it’s almost time for lunch.

I’ve been sitting on the couch in his office, listening to him making calls and reading sexy stories all morning, while Caleb has been reading the handbook about security and stuff like that that Derrick has given him.

About half an hour ago, Caleb got up and went outside to read, so I wouldn’t keep trying to undo his pants because I’m bored. Apparently, having sex on the couch while Mathew is on a call isn’t allowed.

Such a spoil sport...

Mathew’s hand slides up my leg, rubbing over the inside of my thigh with his thumb.

“I’ll have someone send over a template contract.” He slides his thumb higher, almost reaching my thong, but not quite.

I slowly open the button-up that I’m wearing—one of his fancy ones because they’re so luxurious against my skin—making sure he sees every movement. I like wearing his button-ups. They’re basically short dresses on me and as long as we’re at home, I don’t want to bother with anything else. The weather is getting really warm and summery.

Mathew smirks, pulling up one of my feet and putting it over his very hard dick. Then he winks. “There’s no rush, this is just a friendly conversation. The head of my security team recommended we work with you, and I’d heard good things from some of your other clients.”

He runs his hand from my foot all the way up my leg and when he rubs his thumb over my thong, it’s clear how soaked I am.

I can’t help it. I’ve got two very sexy men with me, who keep me well-fucked all the time, but it also means I keep wanting more.

Especially when I’m constantly surrounded by their pheromones, and my only real sources of distraction—the spicy romances I’ve been devouring—are more a source of horniness than a source of relaxation.

I rub my foot over his dick and his pheromones spike, though his voice doesn’t change one bit.

“Yes. We’ll be in touch.” He listens as he slides my thong aside and rubs his thumb over my clit.

I reach up, quickly trying to muffle my moan. Damn...

“We’ll have another conversation after you’ve read the template contract. Correct.”
He leans back, smirking at me as he rubs up against my foot.

He slips one finger into me, keeping my gaze, as I muffle another moan against my arm. “Have a good day.”

He puts the phone aside and sits up. “You’re being a very naughty girl. Trying to distract me while I’m making important calls.”

“I was bored, and you’re not even going with this guy. You’re just doing this out of politeness.”

Page 37

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“How would you know?” He tugs on my thong and pulls it off my hips, dropping it next to me on the desk, before pushing a few things aside and making me lie back, exposing all of me to him. His long hair slides forward over my sensitive skin as his eyes rove over me.

“I’ve been listening to your calls for days now. You sound different when you’re doing serious business—” The last word disappears into a moan as he slides two fingers into me and runs his tongue over my clit, playing with his tongue piercing over the sensitive nub.

Fuuuuuck, he’s good at that.

He could eat me out all day...

Then his other hand slides up and cups one of my boobs, before rolling my nipple between his fingers, sending electricity all through my body.

Fuck. Fuck...

I might be extra sensitive because I’ve been craving for Caleb and Mathew for hours now, but this guy is also way too good at this.

Our bubble of lust is broken when Derrick loudly knocks on the door. “Jorge is here. He wants to see you.”

Mathew stills, his eyes wide. “Oh, fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck...” He quickly scrambles back into his chair.

He looks panicked, but his pheromones tell me it's not fear, it's desire that's racing through him.

It's the same as when Caleb unexpectedly walks into the room while we're having 'fun'. A heady mix of alarm over being caught doing naughty things and craving for more, hopefully with him joining in too.

And now he responds like that to this 'Jorge' guy too. Interesting...

"Let him in." Mathew pulls me from the desk to sit on his lap, but I slide lower, kneeling between his legs as I look up at him. His eyes are blown large and he nervously licks his lips. "You're going to be the death of me."

"I know." I grin, pulling his chair closer so even if Jorge stands next to the desk, he can't see me.

Then I nimbly open the button and zipper on Mathew's suit pants before slipping his dick out of his boxer briefs.

"Oh, fuck..." Mathew stares down at me, his breathing hard, but when the door opens, he pulls a neutral mask in place.

Though, the way his fingers tighten in my hair as I lick all the way from the base of his dick to the tip make it very clear that he's not as relaxed as he tries to appear.

This is going to be fun!

3

Jorge

The security at Mathew's place is unusually tight today. They stopped me at the gates, insisting that I show them ID before they let me in. And then they wouldn't let me park in the garage but I had to park outside.

What's going on?

Did someone seriously threaten him?

An angry growl starts in my chest, but I quickly suppress it. That's not my place.

I can be worried about him as a friend, but I can't start growling like I'm his Alpha, that crosses the line. A very blurry line, but a line anyway.

Derrick tries to hide his smile as he lets me past him in the hallway. "Mathew's in his office." He looks way too relaxed for how heavy security is in the rest of the place.

If there was an active threat, he wouldn't be sauntering around the place, he'd be giving orders to his team. But if everything was fine, I wouldn't have been stopped at the gates...

Something weird is going on.

I open the door to Mathew's office and am immediately overwhelmed by the scent of his favourite cologne. It's a great scent, dark and sweet at the same time, very sexy.

Did he drop a bottle or something? It's way too strong. He's normally much better at knowing how much of it to use.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Plus, he usually doesn't wear it at home unless he's expecting someone he doesn't fully trust. In all other cases, he simply uses fragrances that smooth out and diffuse pheromones. Way easier on the nose than trying to overwhelm them with heavy scents.

I sniff, but I don't notice any unfamiliar pheromones, just the usual ones from Mathew and his people. Which makes the whole situation even stranger.

The carpet of half the room, the half with his desk, is crumpled and as I step inside, a hideously large couch looms between the door and the desk. That's normally not there and Mathew wouldn't have chosen it willingly, it's not his style.

What the hell happened here? I've been gone for a few weeks and this is what I find when I return?

Something is clearly wrong.

"Morning." Mathew's voice sounds slightly off, but he clears his throat and his voice is back to normal. "What do I owe this pleasure?"

I sit down in one of the chairs in front of his desk, noticing even more things that are slightly off. The pillows on the couch in front of the window are crumpled. The door to the garden is open but that's not easing the heavy scent. And Mathew looks sweaty, even though the room isn't very warm.

"I was wondering what was keeping you. You usually call me the moment I'm back in the city. I've been back for four days and still no call."

The sweet and forest scent of Mathew's cologne seems to affect me more than usual today, much more than usual. I know I've been looking forward to fucking him for days, but not so much that his cologne should make me this hard.

"Yeah, I was... busy." He jerks and clears his throat again. "You must have noticed the security. I've been really busy keeping an eye on things."

"I noticed. What happened? Were you robbed? Did someone break through your security?" I sit up straighter, alarm flashing through me, making my pheromones spill out.

The security here is top-notch, nobody should be able to get through it, at least not far enough to get into his office...

I swallow hard, suppressing the building growl in my chest, until the sweet tones of the cologne seem to get even stronger and I distinctly notice the honey scent.

What's going on?

I stand up, looking around and as I notice the bright red piece of lace on Mathew's desk, he seems to notice it too and quickly swipes it to the floor.

"Mathew?" This time I purposefully send my pheromones towards him and he closes his eyes, biting on his lower lip as he lets out a slight moan.

It's then that I notice the giggle coming from under his desk and I give him a level look. As I send out my pheromones again, I get another moan from Mathew and another giggle from under the desk.

"Mathew, why is your desk giggling?" I walk closer to him, leaning on the desk as I stare at him.

The honey scent intensifies and I go rock-hard.

Fuck, that smells good.

“Is it?” His second hand joins his first under the desk but whoever is enjoying themselves is not giving up as his eyes fall closed. “Fuuuuuck...”

The combination of his whispered curse and the sliver of Mathew’s pheromones mixed in with the forest and honey scents make me wish I was balls-deep in him right now.

“I’m pretty sure it was.” I walk around the desk, when there’s sudden movement and a short curvy woman with long brown hair slips from between his legs, sitting on his lap, her hands behind her back as she squirms.

The position makes her button-up fall open and exposes her beautifully soft body. She’s only wearing the open button-up, nothing else. So I suspect that the red lace thong was hers.

“Wait, don’t move yet. Don’t want to let everything hang out...” Her voice is sweet and husky as she’s apparently trying to close his pants behind her back, while rubbing all up against him.

Poor Mathew. If she keeps going much longer, he’s going to come inside his boxer briefs.

And I might too, this view is way too erotic...

“He doesn’t have anything I haven’t seen yet. You on the other hand...” I take a step closer and take in her honey pheromones. Fuck, she smells so good.

I want her. I want to lick her all over to see if she tastes as sweet as she smells.

Mathew glares at me as he quickly closes her button-up and wraps his arms around her. “Stop staring. She’s m—” He shuts his mouth, his pheromones flaring again.

Wait...

His pheromones have never been this intense before, and the way they blend with the young woman's honey scent is intoxicating.

On instinct, I reach out to them, but a low rumble from the other side of the room stops me.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." A tall and burly older male Alpha steps through the door to the garden, his deep forest pheromones almost suppressing the other scents in the room.

When I look back at the two Omegas, the young woman has a knife in her hand and she's looking at me with suspicion, ready to cut me up if I make one wrong move.

"Omegas are very protective when they've just found a scent match." The Alpha stops in front of the desk, glancing at the two Omegas and then looking at me. "I'm Caleb. The short one with the knife is Vera. And you are?"

"Jorge. I'm a friend."

Vera laughs, the sound bright and sweet as she looks at me dubiously. "Friend, right... Friends don't send out 'bend over and let me fuck you' pheromones when they see each other."

"We're friends, with many benefits, but still friends." I smile at the fire in her gaze and her snark.

She's very cute, I see why Mathew likes her. And, she smells heavenly, though the Alpha doesn't smell too bad either.

She cocks her head to the side, taking me in fully as her honey pheromones become stronger. "You're dressed just as fancy as Mathew, are you in the same line of work?"

"The same line of work?" I meet Mathew's gaze, not sure how much she knows about what he does for a living.

"Well, he's in 'transport'. Are you too?" She puts the knife down and takes a step in my direction, interest in her gaze.

"'Transport'?" I chuckle. "That's definitely one way to describe it. No, I'm in 'finances'. But we work with a lot of the same people."

"Hmmm." She reaches out and tugs at a button on my dress shirt, not caring one bit that her shirt has fallen open again or that my pheromones are clearly responding to hers. "Did you really come here just to fuck Mathew?"

"Vera!" Mathew and the Alpha, Caleb, call out at the same time and she grins, winking at me.

"I'm just asking... I wouldn't mind watching, or joining in..."

Caleb sighs deeply and reaches out to the cute but wicked Omega. "Let's get you some proper clothes, so these two can chat in private for a few minutes."

"Fiiiiine." She pretend-pouts, then she gives Mathew a quick kiss before she follows Caleb out of the office. "Don't start without me!"

She's a handful, clearly, but as she turned around to leave, I noticed something else...

I twist to Mathew. "She's marked! They're a bonded pair! What the hell are you getting yourself into?"

"It has nothing to do with you." The blissful look disappears from his face and he turns away from me, sitting back down at his desk. His voice is sharp and his body tense.

"Like hell it does." I cross the distance over to him, but he spins around and pushes me against the wall, a knife to my throat.

I don't fail to notice that this one is different from the one Vera was holding earlier and that the one she put on the desk is now gone. She must have swiped it on her way out.

"No. It doesn't." His gaze is intense, angry and upset at the same time. "It has nothing to do with you. From here on out, all we ever are are two people in the same business, nothing more." His voice nearly breaks on the last few words and his pheromones flare in distress.

The first rumbles of a growl break from my throat, but when that seems to intensify his distress I quickly shut it down.

No. Not good.

He must know what his words do to me, how much he's clearly hurting himself by saying them.

I reach up, touching his cheek, wishing I could kiss him but he would slit my throat if I attempted that right now. "Not this again."

“There is no ‘again’. They are mine. I’m theirs. You and me might be scent matched but we never bonded, so you’re free to find your own mates. I won’t be needing your ‘help’ anymore.” His words say one thing while his voice and pheromones tell a totally different story.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

The scent of his distressed pheromones is making me sick, making it hard for me to think clearly.

I know I shouldn't be saying this, the last time I told him this they had to dig a bullet out of my thigh, but it's my only hope. "I've been yours from the moment we met."

"No." His voice is tight. "No. We can't. I can't give you what you want. We have to stop here."

"And you can give them what they want?" Nothing about him changes when he's with them or when he's with me.

"With them, it doesn't matter. She's not broken like I am, so we can still make a family. I can't give you children. We can't start a family."

"What if I don't care about that?" How can he not see that I want him, I don't care about any of the rest. I just want him at my side and I have from the moment we met.

"But I do. I care."

I try to get through to him, but we've had this argument before, and it didn't end too well that time either. "We're a scent match. We're fated to be together."

He shakes his head as he drops the knife on a shelf next to him. "We might be a match, but we can't bond. So, what's the use?"

"A bond isn't everything. You know that." I grab the front of his shirt and reverse our

positions, pushing him up against the wall.

He lets out a gasp, grabbing for my wrists with both hands as his face flushes and he starts perfuming.

“Fuck. Your pheromones...”

These are not his normal pheromones, these are something else. I don’t know if it’s because he just scent matched to two new people and that has changed them, or because he’s distressed from trying to push me away, but I’ve never felt this intense of a connection to him before.

I lick my lips as my head swims. “If I could mark you right now, I would. I would have marked you years ago.”

I put my head on his shoulder, taking in his pheromones, mixed with Caleb and Vera’s scents, letting my own mix with them too.

Mathew grabs onto my shirt, his body shaking. “Jorge...” His voice is hoarse. “Please.” His arousal floods the air, forcing me to fight myself so I don’t rip his clothes off and fuck him.

This time, I don’t suppress the possessive growl that builds in my chest, letting it roll over him with my pheromones.

“You’re mine. And so are they.”

It’s only when I say the words that I realise the truth of them. I realise why Mathew’s cologne appealed so much to me, why I didn’t recognise Vera and Caleb in the room sooner, why their pheromones turn me on and don’t trigger a fight response even though they’re clearly all over Mathew.

They're all mine.

4

Mathew

My pheromones keep flooding out as Jorge's scent mixes with Caleb and Vera's and it's really turning me on. I want to whine, I want to bare my throat to him and let him mark me. Let all of them mark me.

Let them claim me as theirs.

That thought finally breaks through the haze.

Those aren't normal thoughts, they're not even normal 'being around your scent match' type of thoughts. Those are the thoughts of an Omega in heat, which I can't do.

This isn't me. These feelings aren't mine. Because I can't go into heat.

"Let me go." I put as much force behind my words as I can and the dejected look in Jorge's eyes breaks my heart.

I make my way over to the door to the garden and slump down in the grass, trying to take deep breaths, clear my head and body of all the pheromones, trying to get my mind back under control.

I jolt as Jorge sits down next to me, his gaze troubled.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“Since when are your pheromones back?” His voice is careful as he looks out to the rest of the garden, at the flowers and the trees.

“They’re not back. They just come out sometimes. You’ll barely notice them in a couple of minutes.” I fill my lungs as much as possible and the feverish sensation disappears from my body.

“Since when?” He doesn’t let go easily. One of his most frustrating traits.

“About a week. They’ve been getting stronger since I told Caleb and Vera about the night I took over this organisation.”

Jorge’s warm cedar scent spikes as he turns to me, surprise all over his face. “You told them? All of it?”

He’s one of the few people who know what happened that night, so he knows that me opening up to Vera and Caleb about it is very unusual.

“I didn’t go into detail. But I told them. They’ve even seen the stain on the wood.”

“Ah, that explains part of the mess in the office.” He smiles and I seem to finally calm down. “What about the ugly couch?”

“Different blood stain. I’m having the carpet replaced with wood, much easier to clean. I just haven’t gotten around to finalising the plans for it yet.”

“And the old stain?”

“I’m having it all ripped out and replaced. There wouldn’t be anything left anymore.” I need to finally let go of my past. I need to really move forward, and that means finally letting go of that night.

“Who’s the new stain from?” His voice is calm, like we’re talking about the weather, not who I killed this time.

“The fucker who hired me to capture Vera and Caleb. Big mistake on his part.” I pluck at some of the grass. “I would have just let him go too. If he hadn’t told me to ‘get rid of’ them because he didn’t agree with my fees.”

“And they willingly stayed with you after that?” Jorge sounds surprised, his pheromones spiking with suspicion.

“Not exactly.” I sit up, turning my back to him. “But that doesn’t matter right now.”

“Mathew...” There’s a growl in his voice, anger, upset.

“The fucker’s pack has put a bounty on our heads, all three of us. That’s why there’s more security right now. That’s why we’re all a bit busy.”

I get up, turning to go back into the house, but Jorge grabs my ankle, holding on tight.

“What did you make them do?” His growl deepens and I really shouldn’t be feeling this flicker of hope in my chest that he’s already this protective of them...

“Nothing that can’t wait until things have calmed down.” I glare at him. “Let me go.”

He glares back at me, but then slowly lets me go.

The door to the office opens and Vera bounces inside, wearing one of the bright and

flowy yellow summer dresses that I had made for her. It suits her perfectly, accentuating her full boobs and her luscious hips.

Though, as she twirls in the middle of the office, showing off to me, I notice she's not wearing a bra or underwear.

That girl...

I smile, reaching out to her and she twirls right into my arms. "You look lovely."

"Thank you." She grins, giving me a quick kiss, her warm honey scent like a comforting cloud around me. "Is your 'friend' still here?" Her pheromones ooze with desire and I'm rock-hard against her. She's very horny today.

"Yes, he's outside." I tighten my arms around her waist and then lift her up as I spin us both around. The dress billows out around us and her bright laugh makes my heart lighter.

Yes. We'll resolve the 'owning' thing once everything calms down.

For now, this is good enough. To see Vera relax and have fun and for Caleb to settle down. For both of them to feel safe for the first time in years. That's more important than anything else right now.

As I put her down, I slide my hands under her skirt and grab her bare ass, making her squeak. "You like him, don't you?"

Page 42

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

She rubs her nose against my shirt, grinning. “He makes you happy, even if you deny it. Your pheromones tell the truth.”

“That’s about me. What about you?”

She pulls back slightly, her gaze more serious. “You trust him. For now, that’s all I need to know. Scent match or not, if you didn’t trust him, I would have cut him up. Your safety is much more important than a scent match.”

My heart beats fast as I slowly nod, overwhelmed by her faith in me —a fucking hit man— and her protectiveness. How did I deserve her?

I nod towards the garden, where Jorge is still in the grass. “Go on outside. I’ll have them bring out lunch.”

“Okay.” Her hands linger on my abs for a few moments, before she turns around and disappears into the garden in a flutter of skirts and voluminous long hair.

Nobody who saw her would think that this cute creature could be deadly. But she is.

“Mathew.” Caleb is standing in the doorway to the hall, looking at me seriously.

“Can we talk?”

“Sure, come on?—”

“Out here, please.” He jerks his head to the hallway and disappears.

Okay...

I follow him into the hallway and he's standing near the stairs, his arms crossed over his chest and his eyes sombre.

"What's wrong?" I walk over to him. His pheromones are on edge, nervous, making me nervous too.

"Does this place have a room for a nest?"

"A nest?" I blink, surprised by his question.

"Vera's going into heat soon. I don't know how soon, but it's coming. She's going to need a nest. Unless you're going to order her suppressants?"

Oh, fuck. I'd totally forgotten about that, since I don't go into heat...

"This place doesn't have a nest. I don't need one and the fucker who had it built clearly didn't think any Omegas would be living here for any stretch of time."

Not that I was surprised by that, not from a creep like him...

Then I remember the second part of what he said. "Does she normally take suppressants?"

Caleb slowly shakes his head. "Not usually. Sometimes, when we're on the move or when we're temporarily staying in a hotel or something. But she doesn't usually, she prefers to ride it out."

I realise something. "Shouldn't she be involved in this conversation?" Keeping her out of this seems like a bad idea.

That makes him smile, he doesn't even look bothered. "I just wanted to know her options before I speak to her. I'm not going to tell her what to do, that never works out well. But I wanted to check a few things with you before I discuss it with her."

"There's no nest room. Other than that, she's free to choose what she wants. If she wants suppressants, I can order them and have them delivered within a few hours."

"Good." He nods, glancing to the open door to the office, where we can hear Vera and Jorge laugh in the garden. "He seems like a good guy."

I snort. "That depends on your definition of 'good'. I'm pretty sure that there are various warrants out for him because of his 'creative accounting' and possibly other 'creative' ways of dealing with problems."

He bumps his shoulder into mine, grinning. "I meant that he genuinely cares about you and that he seems smitten with Vera. I don't think any of us could be considered 'good' when it comes to being on the right side of the law. But that doesn't mean that we can't be 'good' in how we treat those we care about."

My chest tightens as I nod, looking away as my face heats up, remembering the look in Jorge's eyes the moment he saw Vera for the first time. I've never seen him look like that at anyone but me, he already adores her.

"True." My voice is rough and I clear my throat. "Should I get a move on with getting the office redone so I can put my bed there while she's in heat?"

The thought of being apart from her while she's in heat is doing weird things to my head and my pheromones, but Caleb and Vera are pair bonded, adding an extra Omega into that mix could be a bad idea.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

No matter my feelings on the subject, this isn't about me, this is about Vera.

Caleb slides his arms around me, pulling me into his broad chest, holding me tightly as he sends out calming pheromones. "You're going to have to ask her that. But I think she wants you with her, if her offer to mark you is anything to go by."

That makes me smile, remembering how she offered to mark me to let me know I'll always be hers. I want to always be hers so much.

"I want to be with her when she's in heat," I mumble into Caleb's chest.

The thought scares me, because the last time I went into heat wasn't a very good experience.

But with Vera... I want everything. I want to be with her every moment of every day, whatever she's going through. I want to be with her.

Caleb lets out a soft laugh. "I know that a bond between two Omegas is created differently than between an Omega and an Alpha or Beta. But I don't think you've got anything to worry about. I've got a feeling she's claimed you as hers full and well by now."

I look up at him and he looks so happy, his gaze soft and filled with love. It makes my chest easier and I nod, my cheeks heating up fast. "I think you're right. She's pretty good at letting people know what she wants and doesn't want."

That makes Caleb laugh more as he keeps his arm around my shoulders and we walk

to the office. “It only took her a few hours to make me hers the day I met her. And then we had to wait three weeks before she went into heat so I could mark her. Those were the longest fucking weeks of my life.”

I laugh. Yes, that sounds like her.

I look out to the garden and my heart feels even lighter as I watch Vera and Jorge.

Vera is sitting in the grass, her dress all spread around her—which I can’t imagine can be very comfortable without undies— and she’s animatedly talking about something, her arms moving wildly, making her boobs bounce and her long hair fly all around her.

Jorge is on his back in the grass, his head turned her way, his arms comfortably draped over himself as he’s listening to her every word, like she’s got him under a spell.

No matter how much I’ve been trying to keep Jorge away for years, I’ve always known that it would fail at some point.

And that point seems to be now, with Caleb and Vera in my life, with them at my side.

We’re a pack, all of us.

We’re Vera’s pack.

5

Vera

The four of us are having lunch in the garden, almost like a picnic. I'm nestled between Mathew and Jorge, who are feeding me pieces of sandwiches, fruits and veggies, while Caleb sits across from us, cutting the food into perfectly bite-sized pieces.

This is heaven.

The weather and the location are great. No notes.

It's still early enough in the summer that the heat isn't too overwhelming at this time of the day even when it's really sunny, and the slight breeze helps.

The garden on this side of the house is surrounded by trees and shrubs on three sides and the house on the fourth side, so it's pretty secluded and you can easily sit in the shadows for most of the day.

Flowers and colourful plants line the edges of the lawn, making everything look bright and happy, and their delicate scents form a perfect summer fragrance.

The company is great too.

Mathew and Jorge are apparently competing to see who can feed me the most. I don't have to do a thing myself, just sit there and try to properly swallow before accepting the next bite.

And Caleb is having the time of his life watching the two compete, while making sure that the bites they feed me aren't too big.

Every time I look at Caleb, my heart skips and I can't help grinning. My big Alpha, looking so serious as he cuts a cheese and cucumber sandwich into pieces that are exactly right for me, because he's done this hundreds of times since we met.

My lovingly doting Alpha, always taking care of me, always looking out for me.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Never before have I been spoiled this much by such handsome men. I'm the luckiest girl alive.

I tug on Mathew's shoulder and give him a kiss on his cheek before he can feed me another bite, then I do the same with Jorge, before climbing from between them.

They've been feeding me the whole time, but haven't eaten anything yet, and I'm getting full. Time for them to feed themselves for a change, or each other, I'm not picky.

I sit down next to Caleb and then slide down, making myself comfortable on the blanket while I put my head on his thigh, using it as a pillow.

"Are you done eating?" He slowly runs his fingers through my hair, sliding it behind my shoulders, before he runs his fingers over my cheek.

I nod. "Sleepy." A full belly, the warmth and his nearness are a perfect combination for sleepy feelings.

"Go have a nap." He lets out a soft laugh as he runs his hand over my arm and side. The motions and the quiet rumbling in his chest are soothing, making me even more drowsy.

Because of all the running every morning, around lunch time, I'm ready to crash, real bad. Luckily, this seems the perfect moment and location to nap.

I drift off, listening to the wind through the trees, the birds' cheerful singing and

Mathew and Jorge quietly arguing over who gets to eat the last bacon and egg sandwich.

Sleep overtakes me as I smile.

This is truly heaven.

When I wake up, I'm only hearing two voices, not three. Caleb and Jorge are discussing something about cars, but I don't hear Mathew with them.

I'm still with my head on Caleb's lap, and he's still doing his 'soothing' Alpha rumble that lets me relax properly when I go to sleep.

Jorge is sitting on the other side of the blanket and is the first to notice when I open my eyes. "Ah, you're awake. Did you sleep well?"

I nod, sitting up slowly, still feeling drowsy. Maybe sleeping like this was a bit too perfect?

Caleb wraps his arm around me, pulling me against him. "Welcome back to the land of the living." He kisses the top of my head. "Mathew's inside, making a few calls. Being the boss makes it hard for him to take a whole afternoon off."

"Right." I blink a few times and accept the bottle of water Caleb hands me. As I take a couple of gulps from it, I notice I'm really thirsty. "How long did I sleep for?"

"Maybe an hour, not that long. Why?" Caleb's arm around me tightens, his voice taking on a note of worry.

"Nothing. Just... I'm probably just drowsy from the food and the warmth." I sit straighter, taking a few more sips of the water, my head slowly starting to clear.

“Do you want to sleep more upstairs?” Caleb starts to get up but I stop him.

“No. I’m fine. I’m really fine.” With so many things going on in our lives lately, it’s no wonder I’m tired.

“Okay.” The look of worry doesn’t ease. He glances to the house and then to me, opening his mouth, before closing it.

“What is it?”

“What do you want to do when you go into heat?”

“What?!” I stare at him, nearly dropping the bottle of water, which he quickly grabs.

“Your heat is coming up soon. What do you want to do for a nest? Or do you want to take suppressants?”

“Whoa! Whoa! This is too soon after waking up.” I sit back, staring at him and then looking over to Jorge, who’s looking slightly awkward, listening in on our conversation.

“I just want you to start thinking about it. Okay?” Caleb gets up, picking up some of the plates and bringing them inside.

I stare after him, not wanting to think of what I’m going to do at all. But I know that I can’t keep ignoring it, especially since I’m sure that some of my spikes in pheromones and my increased sex drive aren’t coming out of nowhere.

My heat is only a couple of days away, if that. And if I want to make sure I have a proper nest, I can’t keep putting it off.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“Does he always boss you around?” Jorge smirks.

I glare at him. “Not always.” I take another sip of the water, finally starting to feel normal again.

“I’ve seen him do it twice now... First in the office, telling you to change into something else, and now with the whole nest thing.”

I grin. “That first one was to get me out of the room. Or would you have liked for me to have joined in when you two wrestled?”

“Wrestled?” Jorge raises an eyebrow, releasing a sliver of his cedar pheromones, which make my mouth water. The guy is delicious, in every aspect.

“I’m pretty sure I didn’t leave Mathew’s shirt crumpled like that, and your pheromones... Oof. That was some strong sexual tension.” I can’t stop the moan at the memory. They smelled so good together.

Jorge crawls over to me, his light blue eyes on me intense. “You like my pheromones?” He releases them again, letting them flow over me.

His voice, his eyes, his scent... If I was wearing underwear, I’d have soaked right through them.

“They’re okay.” I laugh, though my voice is a tad too hoarse to be convincing.

He licks his lips, taking the water bottle from my hands and putting it to the side

before he pushes me onto my back. Then he hovers over me, a predatory glint in his eyes. “Just ‘okay’?” His voice is hoarse too as I start perfuming.

“Veryokay.”

“Are you sure?” He looks down between our bodies, his short blond hair catching the light. “Because your body is telling me something very differently.”

I know what my body is telling him. My body’s telling him that I want to get fucked and that he’s very welcome to be the one to fuck me.

With a short growl, I reach up and pull his head closer, crashing our mouths together. I’m reaching my limit here.

I didn’t get an orgasm from Mathew’s tongue earlier because Jorge interrupted our fun time, and now he’s flooding me with his sexy pheromones. He better take responsibility for the state I’m in right now.

He leans into the kiss more, wrapping his arms around me, and then deepens it, slowly exploring my mouth with his tongue as our pheromones flow together. It’s such a heady mix, pushing me even closer to the edge, especially when he sucks on the tip of my tongue for a moment.

Damn...

I break the kiss, taking deep breaths, my head spinning, and he carefully pulls me into a sitting position, putting his forehead to mine.

“Your Alpha’s right. I think you should check out your nesting options.” His hand slides down my side, resting on my hip. “I have no idea if this is because we’re all together right now or if you’re very close to going into heat... But it’s getting very

hard to think straight.”

“I don’t want you to think. I want you to make me come.” I tug his hand lower between my legs. “Unless you don’t want to.”

He pulls me into his lap, my legs around his waist, my pussy right over his hard cock. “There’s nothing I’d love to do more right now, my delicious Omega.” He slides his nose over my neck, taking a deep breath, his pheromones flooding out. “But I’m pretty sure this isn’t a good idea.”

He might not have Caleb’s level of self-control, but he’s clinging to his right now.

The scent of wisteria floods over me and Mathew wraps his arms around me from behind, lifting me out of Jorge’s lap. His hard dick is pushing into my back and I rub up against him.

“Let’s find you a nest.” Mathew’s voice is full of need and I turn around.

“No, let’s find a nest.” I pull his face down, kissing him hard.

Mathew lets out a soft sound, between a moan and a surprised squeak, before he lifts me into his arms, making me wrap my legs around him, and carries me inside.

I love that he’s so tall, that they’re all so tall, they can carry me around like I don’t weigh a thing.

It makes me feel like a princess, which is so much fun when they’re all such sexy princes.

I spot my mated Alpha in the doorway to the office, looking at us with amusement. “Caleb!” I reach for him and he lifts me from Mathew’s arms.

“Yes, sweetheart?” He carries me bridal-style, softly smiling at me.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“I love you.” I grin and he gives me a slow kiss. My head is fuzzy and I want to hug all of them, touch all of them, fuck all of them...

“I love you too.” He nuzzles the top of my head and then carries me up the stairs. “You’re having the time of your life, aren’t you?”

I nod, wriggling for him to let me go as we reach Mathew’s bedroom.

While I think that most of what we’re feeling is because we just matched with Mathew a week ago and with Jorge today, and we’re in the stage where we’re learning about each other’s pheromones—which usually means lots of pheromone spikes and lots of sexual tension as we explore how well we fit together—I also know that my heat is very close and new scent matches can trigger heats early.

So, we better start preparing for when that happens, because I want my first heat with my three mates to be fun, not stressful.

6

Caleb

It’s hard to keep a clear head with the strong pheromones spiking all around us. Vera’s sweetness with Mathew’s sharp flowers and now Jorge’s woody scent.

I remember how Vera and I were ‘drunk’ on each other’s pheromones for a couple of days when we first met, and this feels the same, just a lot more intense. It’s exciting to meet your scent match and it’s normal to want to dive into that new connection and

never come back up.

But we've got a few things to take care of before we do that. Like making sure everything is ready for Vera's heat. Once that's done, we can explore each other as much as we want.

Mathew slips into his bedroom ahead of us. "I'll put something on that should ease our pheromones." He goes over to some drawers and pulls out a diffuser and a few small glass bottles. He reads the labels of the bottles until he finds what he's looking for and adds a few drops of it to the diffuser.

The room immediately fills with a light scent that seems to mask our pheromones somewhat. Not entirely, but it's easier to think.

Vera pulls me into the room with her and then goes over to the box with new clothes that arrived a day or two ago. Which she still hasn't put away because she's too busy doing other things.

She pulls her dress off and puts on a clean one, before dropping the dirty dress into the basket in the bathroom. "That feels better." She grins. "The downside of not wearing underwear is that something else gets soaked."

I close my eyes, letting out a sigh. Yes, she's cute, but some of the things she says... She has no filter.

"Maybe you should put some on?" I nod towards a smaller box next to the one that she just pulled the dress out of.

"Nah. I don't feel like it." She grins as she comes over to me, sliding under my arm and against my side so I've now got my arm around her shoulders and she's leaning against me. "Too much of a bother."

Jorge walks past us, his eyes wide as he grins. “Damn, this smells like a very different room now.” He saunters over to the bed and drops onto it before he brazenly nuzzles all the pillows, letting out a loud moan.

“Jorge!” Mathew doesn’t seem as amused. “Fucking hell. Stop acting like a horny teenager.”

Jorge smirks up at him, still cradling one of the pillows. “Even when I was a teen, I’ve never been this horny before. And you made me plenty horny with your scent.”

Mathew sighs, pulls a pillow from one of the chairs and throws it at Jorge. “If you can’t focus, take a cold shower or something, or get out.”

Jorge catches the pillow easily, grinning widely. “Normally, the only time you get this grumpy is when I’ve been teasing you for hours without letting you come. You must be desperate for an orgasm right now.” He openly stares at Mathew’s crotch, who lets out a frustrated groan and stalks over to the dresser next to the bathroom door, opening the bottom drawer.

It’s the same drawer where Vera found a bunch of Mathew’s weapons when we first got here, and Jorge clearly knows what’s in it too as his eyes go wide.

“Fine! Fine!” He sits up quickly, scooting over to the edge of the bed and stands up. “I would like to keep all my body parts intact, thank you.”

Next to me, Vera laughs softly, much more at ease than she was a couple of minutes ago, her pheromones are also much calmer. These guys are great at winding her up but also winding her down, that’s good to know.

I kiss her head and she turns to me, her eyes full of joy. “Let’s get started. That way, if we need to buy some things, we’ll hopefully still have time.”

She nods, looking at Mathew. “I suspect that this place doesn’t have a nest room, since this is the master bedroom and doesn’t have one.”

He shakes his head. “None. But you can choose any room you want, we’ll make a temporary nest out of it. And we can do some renovating or moving stuff around to get you a proper nest room next time.”

“Any room?” She eyes him, a mischievous smile on her lips.

He nods. “Any room you choose. I’ll kick everyone out of the fucking kitchen if that’s where you want to be.”

Page 47

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Vera's arm shoots out, pointing to the mostly unused walk-in-dressing room. "I want that one. I don't need anything else. That one."

"Are you sure?" I eye her. It's much bigger than she would normally choose.

It's not unusual for her to choose a closet or something like that for a nest, that's pretty normal, but this thing is a lot bigger than what she's used before.

She nods, going over to it and opening the door. "I want this."

"Well, that was easy." Mathew laughs, relieved, before he goes over to her. "Anything you want to change about it? We can switch out the lights and do anything else you want."

She steps inside what will soon be her nest and turns on the lights, blinking quickly. "I want fairy lights along the ceiling and a few small lights on the floor. You can keep the big lights, just don't turn them on while we're in here."

I follow them inside. "Do you want part of it partitioned off, or do you feel the size is fine as it is? We can always decide on it later, once we get the bedding in here."

She slips her fingers along mine, leaning against me as she looks around. With the way her eyes dart around the room, she's building a mental image of what she wants it to look like and she's clearly liking it as her pheromones spike, filling the space with her sweet honey scent.

"I don't know yet..." Her voice goes quiet. "I think... Maybe this will work? Maybe

it's..." She starts to frown, going nervous.

"We can do anything you want. Just say it and we'll do it." Mathew's voice is quiet as he stares at her, the blush on his cheeks revealing how much Vera's pheromones are turning him on too.

"Here." Jorge holds out a writing pad and a pack of coloured pens. "This might help. You can plan out what you want, and make lists and things like that."

Vera nods quickly as she accepts them. "Thanks. That's a good idea."

Being able to write or draw out her plans seems to calm her nerves again and she promptly sits down on the floor and starts looking through the pens for the colour she wants.

"We'll be out of your way. Let us know what you decide." I ruffle her soft locks.

Vera's voice is quick, short. "Mathew stays."

The guy blinks, surprised, but then carefully sits down next to her, looking nervous.

I push at Jorge's shoulder to get him out of the room and then close the door behind us.

The light scent from the diffuser is a welcome relief as I cross the bedroom and step out onto the balcony, taking in the fresh air.

I know it's better to leave an Omega to do their own thing when they're nesting. Alpha and Beta pheromones tend to only put them on edge when they need to focus on creating the perfect space to go into heat.

Vera is particularly sensitive to other people's pheromones when she needs to create a new nest. It won't help that she has to create one so close to her heat, especially when she just had her previous nest set up perfectly. That's a lot of changes at a time when she's already feeling fragile.

Jorge follows me outside, sitting on one of the chairs. "They're going to have so much fun together, building a nest. I don't think Mathew has ever made one before, at least not one where he could choose what it would look like."

"Hmhm." I look out over the fields, not sure how to start this conversation. "I hope you don't have any meetings this week. I don't think they're going to let you go any time soon."

"What?" He jumps up, standing next to me, frowning.

"I think Vera and Mathew will want you here when she goes into heat."

"I heard that part." He sighs, leaning on the railing. "I just think it's a very bad idea. It's dangerous, and not in a fun way."

"You're scent matched to Mathew and, from what I saw between Vera and you in the garden, she pretty much admitted the same." I lean back against the railing, letting out a long breath.

"No." Jorge shakes his head. "It's not safe. You're pair bonded to Vera, pairbonded, and you'll already have an unmarked Omega with you. That's going to give enough stress as it is."

He turns to me more. "Adding me into the mix, an unmarked Alpha... Your instincts could kick in and you could kill me." He looks me up and down.

“I have no idea how well trained you are, but you’re taller and broader than me. If you go into a frenzied haze because you feel that I’m threatening Vera just by being there, you could very well kill me.”

“I won’t.” I keep my voice as calm as possible because Jorge’s pheromones are agitated, which is not doing good things to mine. “I won’t kill you.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

That seems to stop him for a moment, before he starts again. “I could go frenzied and kill you. That’s not any better.”

“You won’t either.”

“How would you know?!” He pushes off the railing and walks to the other end of the balcony, moving with jerky motions. “You’ve been pair bonded to Vera for years. If she’s been perfectly fine all that time, then you’re both clearly meant to be pair bonded. Pair bonds don’t turn into pack bonds, that just doesn’t happen.”

His pheromones are distressed and my first instinct is to send out calming pheromones, but I don’t, not yet.

He doesn’t seem to realise that the reason he’s getting this upset is because he’s trying to talk himself into leaving, not because he truly believes we would hurt each other.

He’s trying to rationalise why what he’s feeling can’t be true, and focusing on pair and pack bonds is only an excuse.

There’s one way to get him out of that really quickly, though it might be a bit messy. “That’s what my ex thought too, that she was someone who would only ever pair bond. She grew up, like me, with pair bonded parents. Nobody in her family had been pack bonded in generations.”

I notice the slight spike in Jorge’s pheromones, his body tensing up, alert, like I expected. I keep going. “And then, she found her fated pack, days before our

wedding. Their wedding?—”

The growl Jorge releases is loud, his pheromones strong, angry, possessive.

Bingo!

I stop talking, giving him a level look, waiting.

It takes him a while to realise that I’m not saying anything anymore and he explodes. “How could she—” He growls again but stops when I hold up my hand and I finally send calming pheromones towards him.

“We were never scent matched. We were best friends who made a promise.”

Jorge lets out another growl and I growl back at him, stepping closer to him so he knows I’m serious.

“Don’t do that. She’s not a threat to us. Vera and her are the best of friends.”

“Please, stop talking about your ex.” Jorge looks down, his breathing ragged. “It... It does bad things to my head.”

“I know.” I put my hand on his shoulder, and after he tenses for a moment he relaxes under my grip. “But I didn’t feel like arguing with you about pair and pack bonds for the next hours. You’re part of our pack, whether you believe it yet or not.”

“Fuck. You’re a bastard.” He glares at me.

I shrug. “I’m in no mood to bother with drama right now. Not when our Omega is about to go into heat. We’ve got more important things to discuss.”

Even if he thinks I'm a bastard, at least I now know how possessive he is, which is a lot. Both him and Mathew are very possessive, and this will be the first time they're around Vera when she goes into heat.

We might not kill each other because we feel like the others are intruders, but I wouldn't be surprised if we might have to deal with some domination clashes instead...

Oh, joy.

7

Vera

"How are the four of us supposed to sleep in your bed?" I lean against Mathew as we're sitting against the wall in our new nest room. "Someone's going to roll off."

He tightens his arms around me, letting out a soft laugh as he kisses my shoulder. "So, on top of ordering bedding for your nest, you also want me to order a bigger bed?"

"Our nest." I look up at him and he smiles back.

"Fine, our nest." He looks away, his eyes uncertain for a moment.

I know that he doesn't believe me when I call it 'our' nest, but he'll play along with me for now and I'll keep repeating it until he does believe me.

"Yes, you're going to have to order a bigger bed too. Unless Jorge doesn't mind being pushed to the floor from time to time. Because I'm pretty sure that Caleb won't be the one rolling off at night." I play with my fingers over Mathew's arm.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

That makes him laugh and he nuzzles my neck. “I have a feeling we might want something a little more... sturdy for our bed. This one works fine when the three of us are having fun on it, but with four people, things might get tricky.”

“True.” I think for a moment. “I guess we’re going to need a pack bed. And to fit one in, we’re probably going to have to redo your whole bedroom.”

Mathew’s pheromones spike slightly, surprise. “You think we’re a pack?” His voice is quiet, nervous.

“I’m pretty sure you already know the answer to that. No matter if you keep trying to push Jorge away, he’s not going anywhere and you don’t want him to either.”

Mathew nods against my back and I slowly turn around in his embrace, putting my hand to the side of his face and he meets my eyes, nervousness in his gaze. Then he smiles slightly. “He really likes your scent.”

“I know.” I grin. “That was very clear in the office. He got very turned on when he realised that he wasn’t just smelling your cologne but that I was in the room with him. And he smells really good too.”

Remembering the moment I first noticed Jorge’s cedar pheromones makes me perfume all over again. I couldn’t see him, but I was very aware he was on the other side of the desk, making me release my pheromones on instinct.

Even if Mathew hadn’t started perfuming the moment Derrick told us that Jorge was here, I would still have recognised him as a mate immediately. He smelled way too

good not to be my mate.

Mathew chuckles quietly. "I agree, on both accounts." He gives me a quick kiss. "Your scents mixing was a big turn on. And he smells really good." He seems to relax slightly as he watches me carefully. "You're amazing, you know that?"

My skin heats up and I quickly look away, feeling awkward.

"Most people wouldn't so easily accept that they're part of a pack when they've been pair bonded for years. That you do makes you very special."

I grin. "I've got a good example. It's not like I've never heard of this happening before, and I know that it can work out really well."

He raises an eyebrow in question but I simply grin.

"I'll tell you about it some other time. We've got more important things to do first." I give him another quick kiss and get up, holding out my hand for him. "We've got a lot of shopping to do."

He lets me pull him up and then looks me up and down, like he can see my pheromones around me. "Online, I hope?"

"Yes, online. I'm not going anywhere like this." My pheromones are all over the place and it's definitely not safe for me to go somewhere with a lot of other people's pheromones right now.

The four of us are going to have to stabilise our pheromones before we go anywhere crowded, or things could get very tricky...

Especially since it's not a good idea to kill random people just because they triggered

angry pheromones from one of us...

Mathew's standing on a chair, attaching the fairy lights to the ceiling, as Caleb and Jorge are fighting the large mattresses to get them through the door into the room. They've already taken down all the shelves and drawers from the walls and covered the floor with rugs that are even softer than the carpet in the bedroom.

This is going to be so amazing!

Though, we can't paint the room or do any real modifications right now, since those won't be finished before my heat starts, but we're doing anything else we can.

Instead of painting, we've hung large pieces of fabric on the walls, which gives them a better colour, but also give a soft sensation to the room, which I like.

When Mathew told me that he could have 'same day delivery' from any place I wanted, I didn't know what to think. But now I feel very silly because he sent out people from his organisation to pick me up massive pillows and soft things from warehouses all over the city. Just because I wanted them...

It still feels unreal that he would send out hit men to pick up a massive three hundred quid pink heart-shaped pillow, because I liked the look of it when we saw it online. In reality, the thing is much bigger than expected.

I stare at the pillow, which is leaning against the bed, all soft and cuddly. It's ridiculously large, but also... It looks like a really good nest.

Quickly reaching down, I rub at the slick that's sliding down my legs with the bottom of my dress, trying to get it to dry. Caleb, Jorge and Mathew's pheromones are all over the bedroom, and they're making me really hot.

I spot Jorge's shirt on the bed and, without thinking, I grab it, digging my nose as deep into it as I can, taking in the mix of his sweat and cedar scent.

My insides clench as a wave of warmth rolls through me. He smells so good.

I swallow hard, glancing back at the nest room, but the guys are way too busy to notice what I'm doing. I sprint to the bathroom and go for the laundry basket, pulling it over and grabbing Caleb and Mathew's sweaty shirts from this morning's workout. Their pheromones on these are stronger than the shirts they just took off.

Then I go back to the heart-shaped pillow and stare at it.

Page 50

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

It's not good enough.

The thing is way too out in the open here, it's not secluded enough.

I pull all the shirts on over my dress, starting with Mathew's, then Jorge's and finally Caleb's. It's too warm, but I don't want to put them down.

As soon as I've got my hands free, I tug on the pillow. It's heavy but I think I can manage.

Climbing onto the bed, behind the massive pink thing, I push at it, until it rolls over, and then I push it again, until it rolls over again. I keep pushing at it until it's in the corner of the bedroom behind the door to the nest.

Better.

I take the blankets from the bed and jump into the middle of the massive pink pillow, letting it almost devour me as I pull the blanket over me. This way, all our pheromones will be trapped under the blanket.

Good enough, for now.

I rub my cheek against the pink fluff of the pillow, closing my eyes as I try to get as much softness against my skin as possible.

Hmm...

I pull all the shirts off again, then take off my dress and nudge it out from under the blanket, so it's no longer between me and the fluffy.

Oh, I like that.

I crumple the shirts into three balls of fabric, putting them next to me and then nuzzle each of them.

So good!

Soft, warm, good scents.

The combination of their scents, the softness surrounding me and the cosy feeling under the blankets makes me perfume really hard. I'm way too warm, but I don't care one bit, I only care that I want more, that I need more.

I slide my hands down my body, needing more sensations, needing more touch, needing more of everything.

Slipping one of my hands between my legs, I feel how wet I am with slick. Damn.

I rub my finger over my clit and moan out. I'm way too turned on. I've been horny all day and I've not come yet. I'm desperate to come by now.

I've not gone without an orgasm for this long in days, almost a week. Ever since Mathew took us in, I've not been without an orgasm at least once every few hours, either from Mathew or Caleb...

And now I've not had one in hours and hours and they all smell so good.

And their pheromones make it very clear that they really would like to fuck me, or

each other.

But nobody has been fucking yet, and I'm tired of waiting.

I slip two fingers inside, trying to get at least some friction, but it's not enough.

Maybe I should climb out and grab one of Mathew's toys? That should help relieve some of these feelings while the guys are too busy with moving everything into the nest...

I stop, considering that for a few moments.

Do I want to get out of here, out of my comfy place, to find one of the toys, or should I stay in here?

Hmm...

Luckily, I don't have to make the choice as the pillow jostles and Caleb's deep husky voice reaches me. "We're running out of time, aren't we?"

I nod, though I'm sure he can't see it. I reach from under the blanket, taking his hand and pulling it under with me. Then I rub my face all over his rough hand and hold it tightly against me.

Page 51

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

It's not enough, but it's something, it's more than I had before.

He lets out a low chuckle and his pheromones slip out, making me moan slightly as I scrape my teeth over the skin on the inside of his wrist, trying to make more of them come out.

“Let's get some food into you, before you devour me and before we're all way too obsessed to think about it.” He doesn't lift the blanket and doesn't try to move away, knowing that I'll bite if he attempts it. At least, that's what usually happens once my heat kicks in.

“Fucking hell.” Mathew's voice is hoarse, little more than a moan.

A low keening sound escapes me.

I want them in here with me.

I need them in here with me.

All three of them.

All three of my mates.

8

Mathew

I stumble back as Vera's pheromones hit me and Jorge catches me, keeping me on my feet, his grip careful but sure.

"You okay?" His voice is soft near my ear, his breath tickling the hairs in my neck, and I gasp, nearly overwhelmed by his pheromones.

"Yeah." I breathe through my mouth, trying to keep a clear head. "I'm okay."

I step forward, out of his arms, and stare down at the massive pink heart-shaped pillow covered in blankets and Caleb sitting next to it, one of his arms under the blankets.

We were so busy setting everything up in the nest that we hadn't noticed that she moved the thing by herself.

How focused were we? How did we not notice it?

We really should have paid more attention to her needs!

"Where's my shirt?" Jorge's voice behind me is confused, and when I turn around, I see that the door to the bathroom is open and the laundry basket has been dumped all over the floor.

I laugh, glancing back to the covered pillow. "I suspect Vera stole it. Just like she stole our dirty shirts."

Caleb nods, smiling. "She tends to do that. Sorry. It helps her through the early stages of her heat."

He doesn't look surprised that she did this, or worried that this means that we might not be taking good enough care of her. He looks... unusually calm. He was the one

insisting that her nest needed to be finished as soon as possible, and it isn't yet.

And now she's gone into heat with an unfinished nest...

"It's fine. I'm sure I've got an extra shirt here somewhere, or I can borrow one of Mathew's." Jorge walks over to my walk-in-dressing room and hunts around for one of the shirts he always leaves behind here.

Okay, maybe he doesn't exactly leave them behind... More like, they miraculously go 'missing' when he's getting ready to leave and he'll need to wear something else.

And then I sleep with it until it has lost its scent.

It's something we both know that I do but never talk about, because talking about it would mean talking about all the other things...

Which we don't do, ever.

"How is she?" I kneel next to Caleb.

Vera's scent is much stronger here, flowing from the gaps in the blanket around his arm. If it's this strong here, I can't imagine how heavy her pheromones are under there.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“Close, but I don’t think it’s hit her just yet.” He leans closer to me and sniffs my neck, humming, making me perfume and my skin flush.

Fuck, I’ve not perfumed like this in a long time and it takes me off guard.

Under the blankets, Vera moans and her hand appears next to Caleb’s arm, grabbing in my direction.

“She wants more of your scent.” He chuckles, pulling me closer, so I’m nearly sitting in his lap, his pheromones slowly surrounding me.

He’s trying to soothe me with his pheromones, trying to soothe us, and I realise he’s not as calm as he looks. He’s doing what he can to keep the situation under control.

I take Vera’s hand, and the next moment I’m almost hauled under the blankets as she pulls my hand as close to her as possible. She’s really warm, almost feverish, as she rubs her face all over my hand and arm, taking in my scent and leaving hers behind.

My pheromones spike again, at her actions, at the way her pheromones make me feel, at how much I like this. At how clearly she wants me...

It’s a heady feeling, knowing you’re this wanted by someone, and it messes with my head, making me emotional.

“Jorge.” Caleb’s voice is carefully restrained as his arm around me tenses. “Bring the rest of the new blankets and pillows into the nest. Then take everything off the bed and put that into the nest too. Don’t worry about making it nice, just do it.”

“Will do.” Jorge moves, but all my focus is now on Vera, who’s slowly pulling me into her pile, into her world.

I want more of her.

My breathing deepens and my skin flushes with warmth. I want her closer to me, so much closer.

Caleb tries to hold onto me for a few moments, but then lets me go as I slide under the blankets with Vera.

Her cocoon is so warm, but I don’t mind it at all as we’re skin to skin, her pheromones surrounding me, making mine spike higher than they’ve been in a decade.

She pulls me on top of her, her hands on my bare back, on my arms, anywhere she can touch my skin. Every time she moves her hands, the temperature difference between her heated skin and mine becomes smaller as my body warms up.

“You smell good.” Her voice is hoarse, quiet, next to my ear. “So good.”

“You too.” I kiss her shoulder. I can’t see anything under here, but I don’t need to see her, we can get by with only touch. “You smell good enough to eat.”

That makes her moan. “Please. I need to come. Please.” Her skin flushes hot and my mind clouds for a moment, unable to resist.

“Yes.” I swallow hard, burying my nose against her neck. “Yes.”

I slide my hand down her body, enjoying every soft curve, until my fingers are between her legs. She feels so fucking good.

A flash of heat shoots through me, taking me by surprise, and I still.

No.

This can't be happening.

"Mathew?" Vera's pheromones flood over me, desire and worry at the same time, and another wave of heat rolls through me.

Oh, no.

This can't be happening to me. This doesn't happen to me.

Suddenly, the warmth in Vera's cocoon is too much and I try to get out, but there are too many blankets and I can't find my way.

My mind clouds over, disbelieving what's going on, and it's hard to breathe.

"Mathew!" Vera's voice is stronger now and it's suddenly cooler as the blankets disappear.

"Mathew!" Caleb is at our side and his Alpha pheromones make me whine, making me perfume more, before I jerk away from his touch, fear flashing through me.

No!

This is bad.

This is not supposed to happen!

“No!” That’s Vera’s voice, loud, growling, as she pulls on me, dragging me along with her. Her honey scent the only thing making me feel safe right now.

She’ll keep me safe. She’ll protect me.

I stumble after her, not entirely sure where we’re going, until our surroundings darken without becoming stuffy again.

The nest. We’re in the nest.

I catch her, pulling her against me, burying my nose in her neck, trying to only smell her, block out all other scents.

“Vera? Mathew?” Jorge’s voice only faintly registers, before it’s drowned out by Vera’s growl.

“Out! Get out!” She keeps pulling me along, until we fall into a massive pile of blankets and pillows.

The cool sensation feels so good against my burning skin and I moan at the short relief. Until our mixed pheromones in the sheets register and I pull Vera as tightly

against me as possible.

“Fuck. Fuck.” Vera’s hands move over me, her pheromones strong and overwhelming and I breathe them in as much as I can. Until mine spike in reply, making heat shoot through me and my mind balks.

No. No.

I can’t. “I can’t.” I can’t go into heat. I can’t do it.

“You can do it. I’m right here with you.” She kisses my cheek and I pull her on top of me, her body hot against mine.

“I can’t.” My voice breaks as I bury my face against her, trying to become one with her.

Flashes from the fear I felt the last time I went into heat start haunting me. Making me gasp out, making me cry out.

Going into heat means pain.

Going into heat is a bad thing.

I try to suppress my pheromones, but it’s no use. They keep flaring up, they keep getting stronger.

“I’m scared.”

“I’m right here with you. Nothing bad is going to happen.” She holds me tightly, her pheromones all around me. “You’re safe here. You’re safe.”

Another flash of heat and pheromones go through me and Vera releases her pheromones at the same time, mixing them, taking away the edge of fear.

“See? It’s okay. I’m right here.” She runs her fingers through my hair, petting me softly. “We’re doing this together. You can lean on me.”

I nod against her chest, wanting her so much, wanting to be with her so much, wanting to taste her, feel her. Wanting to bury inside her deep, fill her up.

As my hands move down her back, grabbing her ass, she lets out a low laugh. “You’re doing so well. Let it take you. We’re going to have so much fun together.”

The next wave of heat doesn’t scare me as much, way too enthralled by Vera’s scent and how her slick is creating a slippery spot on my stomach.

As she rubs against me, we both moan out and she sits up, looking at me with open desire in her gaze.

“Let’s get you naked.” She crawls back, keeping her body against mine as she takes my pants and boxer briefs off on the way down.

As soon as she releases my dick, I grab for it, pumping a few times, as I can’t take my eyes off her.

Page 54

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Fuck, she's stunning.

Her skin is flushed deep and her boobs bounce with each hard breath she takes.

She keeps my gaze as she climbs back up, wrapping her hand around my dick, before she positions herself over me and takes me inside in one smooth motion.

We both moan out and I grab her hips, holding on tightly as I try not to come. Fucking hell...

Watching her take Caleb like this that first day we met, I nearly came, but being on the receiving end is a hundred times more intense.

"Fuuuck."

She slowly rolls her hips, moving me in and out and I stop her, before I really come.

"It's better to take the edge off first." She slides one of her hands down, moving it over her clit and her insides squeeze around me tightly.

Fuck.

I grab her hips, lifting her slightly, as I start fucking up into her. Slamming into her as deep as I can with every thrust.

As we race towards an orgasm that we've been craving ever since this morning, the last of my anxiety leaves me, letting my pheromones release freely, together with

Vera's.

This is so fucking good.

As long as I'm with Vera, everything will be okay, everything will be good.

My orgasm is really damn close now, but Vera reaches it first, coming with a loud moan as her pussy tries to milk me dry. And my body is happy to comply.

I slam into her two, three times more and come too, filling her up, coming all inside her, as her pussy keeps squeezing around me.

Once our breathing slows down, I lower her into the nest and stare at her.

She's so beautiful, especially with her adoring smile, just for me. I don't think I've ever felt this loved, this whole, before.

"What is it?" Her smile brightens more, her gaze soft.

I love you. I want to say the words, but it might be too soon.

"You're so fucking hot when you're bouncing on my dick. I can't wait for Caleb and Jorge to fill you up with their massive cocks."

She chuckles as she pulls me into her arms. "And I can't wait to watch them breed you, make you come as they spill their seed inside you." Her voice is husky as her pheromones spike with hunger and need.

My answer is a deep moan as I bury my face in her luscious tits, my pheromones spiking too.

Oh, yes. I'm ready.

As long as I've got her at my side, I'll be ready for anything.

Anything.

9

Vera

Even though I just came, I'm ready for another round. Especially now my heat-filled brain has latched onto the idea of doing what we could only speak about that first time with Mathew. Breeding. Knotting and breeding. Getting pregnant.

Fuck...

My pussy squeezes around nothing, only managing to mix Mathew's spunk with my slick and making it dribble down my thigh.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Mathew lets out a low laugh and slides his fingers through my folds, pushing the spunk-slick mixture back inside me, before pulling back and sucking his fingers off, letting me watch him roll his tongue piercing over and between his fingers.

Which makes my insides tighten up even more.

He's totally relaxed now, his gaze hazy with heat and his movements languid as he won't stop touching me, nuzzling me, simply enjoying himself. Revelling in our heat-induced bliss.

A knock on the door makes me look up.

"Can we come in?" Caleb's voice is strained and I realise that while we were fucking in here, they were out there, listening to us and smelling our pheromones but not allowed to come inside the nest. That can't have been easy...

It takes a lot out of an Alpha to stay away from their Omega while the Omega is in heat. But having two of their Omegas fuck each other while they have to wait, that must have been hell.

Mathew leans on his arm as he looks down at me, giving me a soft kiss and I feel his smile against my lips. "I think I'm ready. What about you?"

"I'm ready too." I'm so fucking ready.

"You can come in." Mathew raises his voice as he keeps my gaze, before he dives down and takes one of my nipples into his mouth, sucking hard, making me push up

into him as I moan.

The door opens and Caleb and Jorge's pheromones slip into the room ahead of them, mixing with ours, making me moan out again.

Fuck, they smell so good.

Within moments, Caleb is next to me, taking my other side, while Jorge slides behind Mathew, looking out over him and grinning when he meets my gaze.

"Fuck. You two look so sexy together." Jorge's voice is hoarse and he slides his hand over Mathew's side until he reaches my hip, softly touching me, sending electricity through my body.

Caleb grins, as he wraps his hand around his cock. "Are you ready for the next round?"

I turn to him, kissing him. "More than ready." I wrap my hand around his cock too, moving with him, enjoying the sensation but really wanting him inside me as soon as possible.

Fucking Mathew was fun, and it definitely took the edge off, but it can't relieve my heat, it can't satisfy my needs right now.

"Condom?" Caleb reaches above us, showing off the pack of condoms someone placed there.

I swallow hard, uncertainty going through me as I carefully shake my head. No condoms.

It doesn't matter if you use condoms or not when an Omega is in heat, the Alpha's

sex pheromones and knotting are what matters. Alphas don't have magical 'heat resolving' spunk. But condoms still protect against STDs and pregnancy.

Only, that second one is something I don't want to prevent this time.

Mathew searches my face before he breaks out into a massive grin, his pheromones spiking higher.

"Are you sure?" Jorge eyes us, though the need in his gaze deepens. "Mathew, you too?"

Mathew nods, wrapping his arms around me tightly, his skin flooding with heat, before he hides his face against me like he's suddenly shy. "Yes. I'd like to try. I have no idea if my body is too messed up. But, if I can go into heat, maybe... I'd like to at least try."

Jorge laughs, sliding closer against him as he meets my gaze, still talking to Mathew. "I knew you were into 'breeding' and all that stuff, I've seen your collection of toys, but I had no idea you werethisinto it."

He grazes his teeth over Mathew's shoulder, who lets out a low moan that vibrates all through me, and I squeeze my legs together, trying to create friction. "But you know that I'm up for it."

I slide my fingers into Mathew's long locks, making him look up to me, which he does, his face flushed a deep shade of pink. "Are we doing this?"

He licks his lips, his tongue piercing blinking in the fairy lights, and then nods. "We are."

I glance back at Caleb, who looks at us in amusement before pressing his body

against me, his cock against my ass. “Let’s show them how much we’ve been practising all these years.”

He lifts up one of my legs and slides his cock through my folds, coating himself in my slick and Mathew’s spunk.

I moan out, craving to have him inside me. My heat is building again, and with all the pheromones in the room, it’s getting much stronger now.

Page 56

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

I want him inside me. I need to have him inside me.

The next time he slides through my folds, he angles his hips differently and slips inside my pussy, stretching me around him, making me moan out loudly. Fuck, it feels so good when he does that.

I love the way it makes me feel claimed by him when he slides all the way in on the first thrust.

“In, in one go?” Mathew chuckles, making my skin vibrate.

“Hmm.” I don’t have the words to reply, feeling way too good, my head all fuzzy from the heightened pheromones.

Especially when Caleb rolls onto his back, pulling me on top of him, so I’m sitting on his lap, reverse cowgirl style. His cock deep inside me, filling me up all the way.

Without missing a beat, Mathew follows us, his fingers softly trailing over my lower belly, where Caleb’s massive cock creates a light bulge, before staring at where Caleb and I are joined. “You’re going to knot her, aren’t you?” The excitement is clear in his voice and pheromones.

Caleb lifts me up slightly, slowly pulling almost all the way out of me, before slamming up into me hard, all the way to the base.

“Fucking sexy.” Mathew leans between Caleb’s legs and kisses down my stomach, until he reaches my clit and rolls his tongue piercing over it.

I gasp out as I slide my hand into his hair and hold him in place.

Fuck, yes. I love it when he licks me.

Jorge comes over, grinning at the sight in front of him, as he slowly pumps his cock, before he leans over Mathew, sliding his long hair aside to kiss his shoulder. “Would you like to be knotted at the same time?”

I can feel Mathew’s gasp on my pussy, before his moan against my clit sends sparks through my body.

I watch as Jorge lines himself up with Mathew, his hard cock sliding between Mathew’s ass cheeks. Then he slowly pushes into him, slowly going back and forth, Mathew’s moans and gasps more desperate the deeper Jorge goes.

He doesn’t slam in like Caleb does, but the slow movements, the anticipation of how much deeper he’ll go this time, it’s a different experience.

One where Jorge shows how much he’s in control of the situation, making his claim that way.

The moans going around the room almost make me come. Damn.

Then I feel it, Caleb’s knot starts to fill.

It slowly stretches me even further, filling me up even more, making our pheromones flare and mix, sending us both higher. Making everything more intense.

My mind goes fuzzy, totally focused on the sensations of having Caleb inside me, of Mathew’s tongue playing over my clit and on the sounds and scents in the room.

Caleb sits up more, wrapping one arm around my upper body as he puts his other hand on my hip, letting him angle me better, letting him fuck me even harder.

I slide my hand down to my lower belly, feeling the way it bulges every time Caleb slams into me, pushing moans from me, bringing me closer and closer to an orgasm.

He's so deep. He's so fucking deep.

It feels so fucking good.

Jorge pulls Mathew back onto his hips, making them both sit up and Mathew's eyes go wide as he scrambles to hold onto Jorge's arms. The way Jorge has pulled him up makes Mathew stretch out, makes the way his cock makes Mathew's belly bulge on each thrust even more obvious.

I can't suppress my moan, wishing they were close enough that I could touch him, that I was close enough to feel it. Fuck. That looks so sexy.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. That's..." Mathew's hand shoots down, his fingers wrapping around the base of his dick to stop from coming right away. "Fucking hell. I had no idea a real knot would feel that good."

"Better than expected?" Jorge's voice is rough as he starts to rut into Mathew, his movements short.

"Much better." He moans as he lets his head drop back against Jorge's shoulder, his whole body in clear view.

Fuck, they look good. They look so sexy together...

Page 57

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Caleb starts to move faster, his pheromones surrounding me, and my insides clench around him, very much ready to come again.

He pinches one of my nipples and I gasp, feeling how I'm so close. So damn close.

When I'm not in heat, Caleb usually lasts multiple of my orgasms, but when I'm in heat, he can't. And he's nearing the point of no return together with me.

His lips brush against the back of my neck and I let out a keening sound. Yes, please.

I slide my hand further down, running my fingers over my clit, enjoying the haze of the heat, enjoying the hard and fast way Caleb is fucking me, as he goes into a rut. His movements faster, choppy, only focused on fucking me, on his release.

Fuck, this is the best feeling ever. I love it when he goes into rut.

Mathew and Jorge's moans reach me, adding to the fire building inside me, adding to my desperation. Our pheromones are heavy as they mix together, blending us all together, creating a pack mix that's full of need.

Please, yes. Please.

Caleb's grip on my hip tightens, his arm around my body pulling me even closer, like he's trying to meld us together.

He's so deep. So, so deep.

His mouth opens over my shoulder, the same place he marks me every time, his place.

I feel his teeth on my skin, pressing against it, slowly increasing the pressure.

I can't help myself, and with one last movement of my fingers over my clit, I come, hard. My pussy trying to milk Caleb's cock, trying to get every last drop out of him.

With a low moan, Caleb's teeth break through the skin of my shoulder at the same time as he comes, coating my insides, sending me into another orgasm. The world nothing more than a haze as my senses are overloaded.

With each rut inside me, he fills me up with his seed, fills my womb to the brim.

As our breathing comes down, I open my eyes, right in time to watch Jorge push Mathew forward, rutting into him hard and fast, his mouth around his shoulder as Mathew shudders and comes into the blankets under him, letting out a deep moan.

The room fills with the scent of their cum, mixing it with our pheromones, making my mouth water for more.

Fuck, that's good.

This might be the best heat I've ever been through.

10

Jorge

I carefully unlock my jaw from Mathew's shoulder, my head reeling from what just happened. I marked Mathew. I knotted and marked him!

Tension builds in me as he's limp in my embrace. Did I go too far? Was this too much?

Then I sense his satisfied pheromones and my nerves ease. He's just well-fucked and high on endorphins, nothing to worry about.

He turns slightly, kissing my arm before smirking at me, his eyes dark with lust and heat. "Not bad."

"Not bad?" I roll my hips sharply, my knot still stuck inside him, and he lets out a deep moan. I put my lips to his ear, so only he can hear my words. "That was everything I had ever hoped for, and more."

He lets out a shuddering breath, his pheromones spiking high and he clamps tightly around me.

We've been fucking for years and it's always good. Hell, there's nothing I love to do more than fuck Mathew all day long. But I never expected how different it would feel when he's in heat. How our bodies would react differently. How much more intense this is.

How much I like the idea that he could become pregnant with my kid.

Talking about things like that was always off-limits. He didn't go into heat, so he couldn't become pregnant, so he didn't even want to discuss it. And I never brought it up because I knew how much he wanted it and how much not being able to get pregnant hurt him.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

I didn't want to cause him even more pain.

And now everything is different. He could be pregnant with my child very soon.

Fulfilling one of his most desperate dreams.

All because our pack came together and made it possible.

Now, let's make sure that his dreams will come true.

"Do you want to go for another round?" I slide my hand over his muscled chest, down his abs, to his lower belly, now even bigger because he's full of my cum. I love touching him, I love to feel his strong body against mine.

"Give me a moment, will you?" He chuckles as he pushes back into me, allowing him to sit up more.

His eyes go over to Vera and Caleb as Vera slowly climbs off him, a drop of Caleb's cum sliding down her leg as she sits up.

She totally ignores it as she crawls over to us, her damp hair falling around her shoulders, her tits swinging with every move and I want to bite them to see how she reacts.

Caleb leans back, his eyes on Vera's ass as he strokes his cock, before he looks at us and he licks his lips as he looks at where I'm still locked inside Mathew. Like he's impatiently waiting.

I feel like that should annoy me. I've finally marked Mathew, something I've wanted for years, so I should want him all for myself. But the thought of Caleb fucking Mathew into a blissful state, filling him up, is actually really fucking hot.

I guess Caleb was right. We were always meant to be a pack, the four of us, we just didn't know it yet.

Then Vera sits on her knees in front of us and kisses Mathew's chest, licking away his cum, making soft satisfied sounds. Until she reaches one of his nipples and rolls it between her teeth.

Mathew gasps, jerking in my arms, as his ass squeezes my cock hard, making me suppress a moan against his broad back.

"Why don't you have piercings here? I thought that you would enjoy that." She looks him over. Then she looks at me and spots the small black barbels in my nipples.

I grin. "I got them instead. His nipples are sensitive enough as they are." I squeeze the one she just bit and Mathew tightens around me again, before swatting my hand away.

"You don't have to show it, she already knows." His voice is breathy.

Finally, my knot is easing down and I carefully help Mathew off my lap.

Knotting him feels odd, and really good, but still odd. The intensity of an orgasm is so much higher with a knot. I never thought that was possible.

Vera smiles as she wraps her arms around Mathew, her hands on his ass as she squeezes, pulling his ass cheeks apart and showing how my cum is slowly leaking out of him.

Naughty girl.

He pulls her hands off his ass as he moans out, trying to hide his face in her hair.

“You liked that, didn’t you, the way he was locked inside?” How can someone with the face —and body— of an angel have such a dirty mind? She’s full of surprises, very good surprises.

“I’m pretty sure you know the answer to that,” Mathew mumbles, and tightens his arms around her more.

I reach out, touching Vera’s shoulder, almost touching the new mark but realising in time that that might hurt. “Does he always mark you? I thought that marks were permanent?” I can’t imagine marking Mathew or Vera multiple times in the span of a week, just because they’re in heat. That must be so painful.

She glances at me from Mathew’s chest. “Usually just the first time when I’m in heat.”

“The need to mark isn’t as strong after the first time. Biting, sure, but not a full mark.” Caleb’s voice is low and full of desire as he looks at the two Omegas. “The knot, though, that stays the whole heat.” He smirks and my face heats up, my pheromones flaring.

Oh, right... The knot...

That seems to make Vera look me up and then down, her eyes on my cock as she licks her lips. “I could go for another knot...” She looks up at me, grinning.

Fucking hell. She’s so damn sexy, so damn fuckable. And her gaze is full of hunger as her eyes dart back down to my —somehow still hard— cock.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

With a light growl, I take her arm and let myself fall back into the pile of pillows and blankets of the nest, pulling her on top of me. Her body is so soft and curvy, her tits pressing against my chest sending delicious sensations through me.

“I think I could go for another round too.”

“Good.” She sits up and takes my cock, moving her hand up and down a few times, before she kneels over me. “Fast or slow?”

“Fast or slow?” I blink, too mesmerised by her to really think. “Eh, you choose.” Should be a safe bet, right?

She slowly smirks as she keeps my gaze, moving herself slightly, before winking.

Uh-oh. That was actually a bad idea. The devilish smirk on that angelic face makes me almost fear what she’s going to do next.

In a flash, she spears herself on my cock in one motion, from the tip all the way to the base, her soft heat enveloping me.

“Fuuuu...” I grip her hips, keeping her in place as I try to get my breath under control and my head to stop spinning.

Fuck, this girl...

She’s adorable and looks so delicate, but you couldn’t be more wrong.

No, that's not right.

She's adorable, delicate and devious, all at the same time.

The base of my cock grows again, my knot filling, quicker than last time. First, the rush of blood. Then, the base starts to expand and her pussy has to stretch to keep up. And, finally, when the knot is fully formed, I'm locked inside her.

Now we can't pull apart until I've come.

Well, technically, we could, but it would be very painful for both of us and could result in permanent damage... Better not to attempt.

She rolls her hips in small motions, squirming as my knot fills, and her tits move in a way that's hard to resist.

I grab for them, enjoying the size and weight, before I pull her closer to me by her nipples.

Her pussy squeezes around my cock and she lets out a soft gasp.

"Do you like that?" I kiss her deliciously red lips, catching another of her gasps.

She lets out a soft moan, surrounding us with her mouthwatering honey scent.

Then I catch one of her nipples in my mouth and suck. Her moans deepen and her pussy tightens around me as she rolls her hips faster.

"I can't wait for them to fill with milk and grow even more." My voice is hoarse and her fingers dig into my chest as she tries to keep herself up.

Her skin is hot and her pheromones are really strong now. Then she lowers herself slightly, making it easier for me to suck on her other nipple.

My head is starting to spin and I feel the first wisps of rut in my mind. She feels so good. She feels so fucking good. And she tastes delicious too.

She lets out a low chuckle. “Do you mean after you’ve filled me with your seed? When you’ve put a baby in me? After my belly has grown large?” Her voice is husky and her pheromones are strong, as she rolls her hips to accentuate her words.

I grip onto her tighter, rut starting to take hold of me more. “Yes.” I fuck up into her. “Like. That.” I push up into her with each word. “Fuck. You’re beautiful. You’re going to be even more beautiful when you’ve got a baby in you.”

The mental image of Vera with a big belly...

No, of Vera and Mathew, both with big bellies.

Bending them over, fucking them while I hold their bellies...

My mouth starts to itch and I move my jaw from side to side.

Page 60

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Fucking hell... I need to mark her. I need to claim her as mine.

“Fill me up.” Vera’s words are like a prayer, needy, her pheromones matching. “Fuck me and fill me up.”

I slam into her, barely aware of our surroundings, only aware of the moans, the pheromones and my deep need to mark Vera. To mark her as mine.

“You’re so beautiful. You’re so amazing. You’re mine.” I lick her shoulder, the one Caleb hasn’t marked, and put my lips over her skin.

She slides a hand between us. The moment she’s got her fingers on her clit, her pussy squeezes around me tightly.

I open my mouth, putting my teeth to her skin, scraping softly, and her moans push me closer and closer to the edge.

“Yes. Please.” Vera’s moans are deep, needy.

Fuck...

I bite down, breaking the skin as euphoria shoots through me and I come hard, coating her insides, filling her womb with my seed.

She follows me moments later, her pussy clamping down around me like she’s trying to squeeze every last drop from me.

She's like heaven. This is so fucking intense, out of this world.

I carefully pull my mouth from her mark and tuck her against me, holding her tightly.

"You're amazing." The soft words spill from my lips. "You're so amazing. I still can't believe you're real."

I don't want to let her go. I don't ever want to let her go. I wish I could stay inside her for the rest of my life.

I wish we could all stay here for the rest of our lives, together.

When I look to the side, I'm greeted with Mathew being fucked into the nest, his body tight, ready to release, but Caleb doesn't seem to be there just yet.

Mathew isn't small—he's built basically the same as me, as any well-built Alpha—but under Caleb, he looks smaller, he looks Omega. Seeing him with Caleb, he looks different, softer, though that might just be because of the way his body is flushed deeply from being in heat.

It's a side of him I've not seen before, but I like seeing it.

At my chuckle, Vera turns her head and also looks at the two, smiling.

She reaches out, running her fingers over Mathew's lips and he sucks one of them into his mouth, letting out a desperate moan.

Her pussy squeezes around me, like she didn't just come, and that makes me moan too.

Caleb puts his mouth to Mathew's shoulder, pulling him against him more, and as he

marks Mathew, they both come. Their pheromones flooding the room and somehow making my cock interested in another round.

I groan. While I enjoyed myself, I'm pretty sure I could use a few moments to relax before going for another round.

Vera nuzzles against me and I pull one of the soft blankets over us. While it's plenty warm in here, I know that Omegas prefer softness while they're in heat.

I tuck it around her while I nuzzle the top of her head.

She's a miracle.

She's such an amazing miracle.

I came here because I wondered why the man I've known to be my scent match for years and years hadn't called me yet. Because I was horny. Because I wanted to fuck him and forget about the world for a few hours, just be with him.

When I arrived, I found two new people in his life, this adorable Omega and her tall-as-hell Alpha, and they were both scent matches too.

Now I've not only marked Mathew, but we're a pack, all four of us together are a pack.

Page 61

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Life really can change in an instant...

11

Caleb

I struggle to attach a thin curtain to the ceiling of the nest as quietly as possible, to dim the fairy lights. Jorge is holding up the other end, waiting for me to finish.

Behind me, Vera groans. "Too bright." She rolls around, probably trying to hide her face in the blankets or in Mathew's chest, though likely both at the same time.

My heart hurts. She's so oversensitive to everything during her heat that even the fairy lights on their lowest setting are too bright.

"We're nearly done." I keep my voice as low as possible as I walk to Jorge's end and start attaching the curtain to the string of lights on that side too. No hammering or anything like that allowed right now, so tying the fabric to the string it is.

Jorge mimics eating to me, then nods at the Omegas before he quietly leaves the nest. Yes. Food. That's a good idea.

He and I managed to sneak in a few bites during the night and morning, but Vera and Mathew haven't had anything to eat since lunch yesterday. We really should try to get some food into them, or they'll be in heat and grumpy from being hungry at the same time.

It's not a good combination, I know from experience.

Vera groans again as my movements make the pile of pillows and blankets in the nest wobble and I carefully sit down next to her.

"The curtain is up. The light should be better now." I softly touch her cheek, she's still burning up. Then I reach out to Mathew, who's fast asleep next to her, probably exhausted, and he's burning up too.

It's their second day in heat, which tends to be the worst.

On the first day, the initial spike is overwhelming and all Omegas want to do is fuck. They won't pay much attention to anything but fucking and being fucked.

But the second day, the initial rush has passed and they become much more aware of their surroundings, their senses running high while the heat messes with their mind. Mostly, they'll become overwhelmed by everything around them, which is why most Omegas have small nests. Small, quiet, dim and filled with soft things.

On the third day, and the days after, their senses become less sensitive and usually the burning sensation of the heat also lessens. They'll still want their quiet and soft nests, but they won't retreat under the blankets at every sound or blink of light.

That then lasts until they're back to normal a couple of days later. Often very hungry and full of energy from having mostly slept for a couple of days straight.

When Mathew became aware of his surroundings this morning, after the initial spike wore off, he was overwhelmed by how big the room was. Which I had expected, so I'd made sure Vera and Mathew ordered plenty of both thick and thin curtains when they were preparing.

This meant that Jorge and I could quickly put some curtains around the edge of the nest area, closing the outside world out and making the nest much more intimate. It calmed him down immediately.

Then Vera got overwhelmed by the fairy lights.

The lowest setting on them was still too much, so we covered them with a thin curtain instead. Now you can still see in the nest, even though it's very dim, but it's dark enough that it doesn't bother her anymore.

Vera and Mathew's pheromones flood the nest, making me constantly hard and constantly horny, but they're still weak enough that we can ignore them. They're much stronger than they normally are, but weak in comparison to last night.

In a couple of hours, they'll have recovered enough to make things complicated again. But for now, they're weak enough that Jorge and I can make some adjustments to the nest and take care of Vera and Mathew's other needs.

Jorge slips between the curtains, a bowl in his hands. He sets the bowl on a pillow above us before sliding behind Mathew, wrapping his arms around him. Mathew seems to relax even more, softly snoring.

Okay, that's very cute, even if they don't mean to be.

"How are you feeling?" I touch Vera's cheek and she rubs her face against my hand. I smile.

She always does this, especially when she's in heat. I asked her why once and she told me that it's because my hands feel rough, but in a good way. That she associates the roughness of my hands with me, or something like that.

It probably didn't help that I asked her while she was in heat...

"Too hot." She pulls the fluffy blanket higher over her and I catch the confused way Jorge is shaking his head as he looks at her. He'll get used to that. Being too hot and needing fluffy things are two different issues for an Omega in heat.

I check the bowl that Jorge brought in and notice it's filled with chilled soft fruit. Perfect.

Page 62

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“Here.” I hold a strawberry in front of Vera’s mouth. “This should help.” It will at least get some liquids into her.

She opens her mouth and I pop the strawberry into her mouth. She closes her mouth around the fruit and lets out a deep moan as she cuddles deeper into the pillows, pure satisfaction on her face.

Then she opens her mouth again and I feed her another one. She does the same happy-cuddly movement in the blankets and I can’t keep my eyes off her. She’s so adorable, makes me want to spoil her even more.

“Can I have one too?” Mathew’s voice is sleepy as he looks at us.

“Sure. But don’t you want one from Jorge?” I look up at them, but then notice that the two are slowly rocking together.

Ah, I guess Jorge is filling another need he has.

Smiling, I take a strawberry from the bowl and hold it out to him. He catches not just the strawberry in his mouth, but my fingers too, sucking on them as he keeps my gaze.

Then he lets go of my fingers with a ‘pop’ and violently bites down on the strawberry, still not letting my gaze go.

Fuck! That guy...

I groan as my balls almost try to crawl inside my body. Nope. I definitely would not like that to happen to any parts of my body.

He smirks, sticking out his tongue, flashing his piercing at me. Then his mouth opens on a moan as Jorge slams into him harder.

“Naughty.” Vera tuts as she runs her fingers over Mathew’s chest, over the marks we’ve all left behind on his skin. “No threatening violence to body parts like that.” She leans closer, nipping at one of his nipples. “Especially not body parts we’re going to need.”

“Oh, do that again.” Jorge’s voice is hoarse. “He liked that. Wait.” He reaches up and wraps Mathew’s long hair around one of his hands, pulling Mathew’s head back, exposing his throat. “Try again.”

Vera climbs up slightly and licks her lips before she scratches her teeth over Mathew’s throat.

Mathew’s pheromones spike and he lets out a deep moan, grabbing for Vera, holding her against him like she’s a lifeline in the swirl of sensations.

See, this is why having Jorge around is fun, he knows so many things about Mathew that we hadn’t found out yet, especially what turns him on.

“Do you want my mark here?” She leaves a small mark on Mathew’s throat and he closes his eyes on a moan.

Jorge grins. “He loves being marked. He’ll do anything to hide them from strangers, but he loves it.”

“Shut up.” Mathew grinds out through his teeth as he tries to jab Jorge with his

elbow. “I don’t want to hear anything about marks from you. You have no shame, you actually show them off.”

“And you love that too.” Jorge looks so satisfied as Mathew is trying to stop himself from coming.

Vera turns around, pushing me on my back as she climbs on top of me. “I think marks are hot. Especially the ones I make.” She grins and nips at my chest, catching a small piece of skin between her teeth, making me buck up into her and hold her in place.

“And you love making them.” I kiss her hard, way too turned on again.

I’m not the only one as she grabs for my cock and takes it inside her slowly, softly letting out a moan.

Yeah, I suspect that things have gotten a bit sensitive after fucking all night.

“Are you okay?” I reach for her, slowly sliding my hands over her arms, over her tits and her waist, to her hips.

“Of course. You know that I can always take you. Always.” She grins, starting to roll her hips, teasing.

I flip us over so she’s under me and wrap my arms around her, holding her close. “You’re such a perfect little Omega. Just perfect.”

Then I start fucking her slowly but steady, making her moan out with each of my movements.

Next to us, Mathew’s moans start to sync with Vera’s, and the nest fills with heavy

pheromones, making me slowly lose all thoughts.

All, apart from one.

Page 63

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

I need to fuck her. I need to fuck my Omegas.

I need to fuck.

12

Vera

It's the fourth or fifth day of my heat, I'm not entirely sure, everything is a blur. But it seems to be finally subsiding as my body doesn't feel like it's on fire anymore and my mind is much clearer.

I slowly climb from between Jorge and Caleb, looking around for Mathew, but not finding him in the nest. That's strange.

His scent is only weak. How long has he been gone?

I slip between the curtains that separate the nest from the rest of the room and go into the bedroom. Then I hear it, the running shower.

With a sneaky smile, I cross over to the bathroom and open the door.

I'm immediately greeted with hot steam from the shower and a sight to behold. Mathew is leaning against the wall in the shower, letting the hot water spill down his back, creating tempting streams of water that I want to follow with my fingers.

Without thinking, I reach out, and the moment I touch him, he spins around and grabs

my wrist, pulling it up as he pushes me against the wall, his eyes wild, unseeing.

I let out a startled sound as I hit my head against the wall from the force, and that seems to snap him out of it.

“Fuck. Vera. I’m so sorry.” He wraps me in his arms, pulling me close, cradling the back of my head in his hand. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t realise you were here.”

What’s going on? What’s going on in his head to get him this wound up?

“Are you okay?” I’ve not seen him this on edge since the day we first met.

He slowly nods, but keeps me against him, so I can’t see his face. “I’ll be fine.” His heart is racing, his breaths short and choppy.

It’s then that I notice something, or, more precisely, I don’t notice something. “Your pheromones are gone.”

“Yeah. I think they just... They probably only come out when they’re really high. I think?” He pulls me tighter against him, his voice breaking slightly. “I don’t know. I thought that maybe they’d be back to normal after I’d gone into heat. But now... They’re still messed up.”

I break from his grip, looking up at him, noticing the pain in his gaze. “Does it really matter that much?” Is that’s what’s got him this upset? His pheromones?

He pulls at one of his lip rings with his teeth, closing his eyes. “I like smelling your pheromones, I want to... I want to share mine too.”

“But I can smell them. Not all the time, but that makes it extra special when I do.” I reach up, carefully touching his face, pulling him down for a soft kiss. “Plus,

wouldn't it be very impractical for your job if you suddenly start spreading Omega pheromones around when everyone out there thinks you're an Alpha?"

He snorts, grinning, the haunted look in his eyes fading. "I'd love to see their faces when they realise they've been getting their asses handed to them by an Omega. When they realise they've been getting outsmarted by an Omega for the last decade."

Then he kisses me, back to his normal self. "And my pheromones won't matter anyway. If I'm pregnant, it'll become clear that I'm an Omega really soon anyway. It's kind of hard to hide a belly in a fitted suit."

"That too." I look at him. "Are you okay, though?"

He nods, more at ease now. "Yeah, I'm okay. There were just a lot of changes at once and I've had to take off work for a couple of days and I have no idea how Derrick or Timothy explained why I couldn't show up for meetings. It's a mess and I don't even know where to start."

"Simple." I shrug.

This is something I've got experience with from the Omega side of things and that plenty of Alphas and Betas have to deal with every day.

I take his hands, putting them against my cheeks as I smile up at him. "Your adorable Omega unexpectedly went into heat. You've not been together for very long and it's the first time it happened, so you didn't get a chance to plan for it. Pretty sure that's easy to accept for them and the truth."

He nods slowly. "I guess."

"And they'll probably want to celebrate with you instead of complaining that their

meeting had to move. At least, that's how people seem to react when Alphas or Betas have to take time off because of their Omega."

Page 64

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

He lets out a soft laugh as he leans his forehead against mine. “You’re probably right. And how are you so clear already? My head is still fuzzy and I feel wrung out, mentally.”

“Because this wasn’t my first heat in a decade. I have more experience with it. Honestly, that’s about it. You get used to the feeling when you do it more often.” I grab the shampoo. “Though, the icky-sticky feeling at the end doesn’t get much better. You just learn to ignore it better until you can take a shower.”

“Good to know.” He smiles. “Let me.” He holds out his hand and I give him the shampoo.

His fingers feel like heaven as he massages my scalp, almost making me sleepy.

Then I remember what he said about not being able to hide a belly in a fitted suit.

We might soon be pregnant.

I linger my hand on my lower belly.

If everything goes well, my body will start to change. Our bodies will start to change.

Wow.

“Can you read these and sort them by ones I need to look at immediately and ones that can wait a few more days?” Mathew hands me a tablet, his email app already open on it.

We're fresh from the shower and cuddling up in the big pink heart-shaped pillow in the corner of the bedroom. We didn't want to go back into the nest room because it's stuffy and still full of pheromones. We'll need to air it out before we go back into it.

"I thought that Timothy did stuff like that for you?" I eye the long list of emails. There are over a hundred unread ones... Fuck.

"He does. These are the ones that he thought were important enough to send through to me and not take care of himself." Mathew makes himself comfortable against my side, his head on my shoulder, tapping on something on his phone.

He acts exactly how I am with Caleb the morning after my heat has ended, all soft and cuddly. Only, Mathew is a lot bigger than me, so the balance is totally off.

It's still really cute and I like it when he looks soft like this. It makes my heart flutter.

"And while I do your work, what are you going to do?" I side-eye him, even though he can't see it.

"Checking if Timothy's team found anything about the bounties. If someone has shown an interest yet. And then check on how far they've gotten with updating the security systems."

The bounties...

Crap. I'd almost forgotten about them.

Though, we have been pretty busy these last couple of days, but still, I can't believe I'd forgotten about them. I can't believe I forgot that people want us dead. That they're willing to pay a lot of money for people to kill us.

I still can't believe that Hubert Russell's pack would go that far.

Mathew moves, pulling us so I'm now nestled against his side, as he lets out a soothing rumble. "Don't worry about it. It's a bother, but I've dealt with this plenty of times before. There's nothing to worry about." He kisses the top of my head. "You're perfectly safe."

He might say that, but his actions say something different with how focused he is on improving the security and wanting us at his side at all times. His actions say that he's also worried about things.

But it's also clear that he doesn't want to talk about it right now.

I stare at the tablet. "Is it okay for me to see all these emails? Won't there be anything in there that could be sensitive or something like that? I know that they're work emails, so not anything private. But I mean... something like trade secrets or whatever." I ramble, trying to change the topic, trying to stop thinking of horrible things.

At least, horrible things that involve us...

He chuckles, pointing at the tablet with his phone. "There won't be anything in them that you've not heard me discuss while you were listening in on my phone calls. And you already know what I do, there shouldn't be any surprises."

"Right..." It still feels weird.

"Or you can read one of your naughty books or do something else. That's totally fine too." He nuzzles the side of my head. "I just thought that you might be interested in learning more about the business. It would be nice to run this operation together, you know?"

“I’m interested. I’ve just never done anything like this before. I’ve only graduated high school, so nobody ever put me in charge of the admin side of anything.” I stare at my hands. “I have no idea if I’m even smart enough to do work like this. I have no training or anything like that.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

He sits up straighter, his attention shifted as he looks at me in excitement. “Would you like to learn about running a business? I think I’ve still got my old books. And anything you don’t understand, just ask Timothy. That’s what I did.” He grins, his eyes shining.

“Are you sure?”

This feels weird, not in an uncomfortable way, but in a ‘I’m not sure I’m allowed to do this’ kind of way. What if I mess things up? What if I disappoint him because I’m not as smart as he thinks I am?

“Of course.” He leans closer, looking more serious, but his eyes still full of spark. “If there’s anything you want to learn or do. Just tell me. I’ll make it happen.”

Then his voice softens. “You’re no longer on the run. You’re no longer living day by day. You’re living here with me now. I’ve got the money to fulfil all of your dreams.”

My cheeks heat up as I glance down his body, ending on his boxer briefs, which are tented. “All of my dreams?”

“All of them.” He chuckles. “But let me show you the library first. And I’ll have Timothy prepare a laptop for you, so you can use that whenever you want.”

He pulls me up from the pillow, holding me in his arms. “I only want the very best for you. So, anything you want, tell me, I’ll make it happen.”

“Thank you.” My heart beats fast and I start perfuming, surprised by his actions. I

know that he cares about me, he cares a lot, but this is still so much more than I expected.

“I’m your mate. Anything I can do, I will.”

I never expected that I’d ever get a college degree, or anything more than a high school diploma.

From a young age, I’ve always known that once I graduated high school, I’d be married off to some other pack and, from that moment on, whatever would happen would be up to my new pack.

I was fine with that. I didn’t really have many things that I wanted to do in life and there wasn’t anything in school that I was particularly good at. So, doing whatever a new pack told me to do was fine with me.

None of the Omegas who raised me had more than a high school diploma, so it’s not like I knew anything else. That’s just how things were for pack bonded Omegas.

It wasn’t until I met Caleb that I realised that there was more out there for Omegas who were part of packs. And he’s always wanted to get me enrolled in some sort of classes, but because we moved so often, that was never practical.

So, I mostly learned whatever I could on the jobs that I did and he taught me everything I needed to know about household finances and other practical things.

But to be able to choose something to learn, to be able to learn anything that I would like, that’s new.

And very exciting.

Jorge

When I walk into Mathew's downstairs library, I find it filled with people, making me smile. I don't think this room has been this busy in years.

The last time was probably when Mathew was finishing up his master's thesis while also negotiating some business deal he'd been trying to get for months. That guy has so much willpower.

He never had much of an education growing up, which makes sense with his situation.

But as soon as he took over this organisation, he hired multiple tutors to get him not just up to a 'normal' education level for his age, but to get him into a good college which then allowed him to do a master's degree. All in just a handful of years.

Some admittedly very stressful years, taking more than a normal load of classes while also running this organisation, but he still managed it.

No wonder everyone respects him so much. Even if they have no idea where he started, they respect him for where he ended up.

Mathew spots me and saunters over, grinning. He's wearing much more than I've seen him wear in days, which isn't hard because he was naked most of the time. Right now, he's wearing some soft-looking red suit pants and a cream linen button-up.

Basically, this is summer-casual for him.

The guy doesn't do jeans or t-shirts, all suits all the way. He's got plenty of options

for what types of fabrics they're made of, but he always looks very stylish. Which is, honestly, very sexy.

“This almost makes me want to get my PhD.”

Page 66

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“What brought this on?” I wrap my arm around his shoulders and pull him against me. His pheromones are nearly gone again now that his heat is almost over, but I can still sense them enough to want to take in as much of them as possible.

“Vera. She wants to go to college. So, Timothy is making her take some tests to see if she needs tutoring before she can start.” His eyes are shining, full of excitement and... is that pride?

Well, that explains Vera at the large table with her hands in her hair and Timothy sitting at her side, walking her through something on the paper in front of her.

They look very focused and as I watch them for a few moments, I notice how serious Vera is taking it, how much she seems to want it.

I guess I understand why Mathew is so excited, her focus and drive are contagious.

It doesn't explain Caleb and Derrick on the other side of the room, papers piled all around them.

“What about them?” I nod to Caleb and Derrick.

Mathew's face falls. “Caleb is taking this whole ‘bodyguard’ thing a bit too seriously.”

“And that upsets you, why?” Because it's good that he takes it seriously. Right?

Mathew's eyes shoot to Vera, before he turns us so she can't see his face. “Because

he knows about the Suits Syndicate. He knows what my tattoo means, the crowned heart one.”

My stomach drops as I eye Caleb.

There’s knowing about the Suits Syndicate in general terms, and then there’s knowing about the Suits Syndicate and being aware of how they mark their victims. If he knows about the tattoos, he’s already in deep.

“Did he confront you about it?”

Mathew nods, not meeting my eyes. “In a way. He asked me how much danger I was in, and then made it clear he meant from the Suits. The papers around them are everything we have about the syndicate.”

“It’s good that he wants to protect you, right?” I struggle to understand why he’s so upset about it.

Caleb already knows about the Suits, that means he’d be an asset to Mathew and his teams. He could help them out. All of that is good. So, why is he upset?

Mathew sighs, frowning deep, and tugs on one of his lip rings with his teeth.

“Well?”

“I don’t want him to put himself in danger. Not any more than he’s already in because he’s my mate,” he grumbles, glaring at his feet, clearly aware he’s being unreasonable and still saying it anyway.

I can’t hide my smile and run my fingers down his neck, following his blush. “To see you make that face and say those words. That’s fucking cute.”

He glowers at me, swatting my hand away. “Fuck off.”

“I mean it. It’s a nice change to see you worry about someone that much.” I glance in Caleb’s direction, understanding where Mathew’s worry is coming from. “But, if he already knew these things before meeting you, then he isn’t in any more danger now than he’s always been in.”

“Of course, you’d say that.” Mathew shakes his head, somehow getting even more frustrated. “You’re just like him.”

I grin, leaning closer, nipping at his jaw. “I guess that means you’ve got a type.”

“Yeah. My type is bastards who refuse to stay out of danger,” he mutters, shooting me another glare, but not moving out of my grasp.

“Or who care enough about others to want to do the right thing.” I tighten my arm around his shoulders a moment before I let go. “And we’re not letting you fight those fuckers on your own. You know that.”

I saunter over to Caleb and Derrick, eyeing the papers next to them.

“Anything interesting going on here? I heard you’ve got experience with our ‘friends’ over in the syndicate?” I pull a chair closer, sitting next to Caleb.

“Do you want to hear how I know about them? Because it involves someone you told me I wasn’t allowed to talk about.” Caleb grins, leaning back, somehow appearing relaxed, though his pheromones aren’t.

I swallow down the growl in my chest. Great... Just who I wanted to think about right after these last few amazing days, Caleb’s ex...

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Also, what is he doing? Why the act?

Caleb grins even more as he watches my face. “I wasn’t involved in anything heinous. I was simply someone who would watch over the people who were rescued from the syndicate. Give them a place to live, get them back on their feet, things like that. Out of everyone, I was probably in the least amount of danger.”

He glances past me and I realise he’s using the glass of the cabinet behind me to keep an eye on Vera and Mathew on the other side of the room. Then he looks at me.

“I mostly dealt with people who escaped from the Diamonds, but I know that this area is under the control of the Hearts. So I asked Derrick to show me everything they’ve got on them. That way I can memorise the faces of the bastards here. Makes things easier when we’re out and about, if Mathew ever lets us leave this place.” His lips are curled in a smirk, but his eyes are stone cold.

“What did you find?” My heart tightens. Caleb is trying not to let Mathew, Vera and Timothy in on something, but it’s clear that something is going on.

His face falls as he slides three pages to where I can see them better. “These three men. Derrick told me that they’re part of one of the organisations under the Hearts? Are you sure?”

I glance at the pages, remembering looking into them about half a year ago. “Yeah. I checked them out. I followed the money, it’s all Hearts money.”

He thinks for a moment, shaking his head slowly as his face twists in disgust. “This

makes me extra glad that I took Vera that day.”

His angry pheromones slip out before he manages to reign them in. “They’re part of the pack Vera was supposed to marry into. These are guys she went to school with, who she’s known most of her life. These are the guys who pushed the pack leader to keep coming after us, questioning his leadership if he ever let up.”

What?!

It takes a few moments to piece together the picture, and when I do, it feels like someone has poured a bucket of ice over me.

Oh, fuck, no.

Not only are these guys connected to the Hearts, but they were egging their pack leader on to the point where he got himself killed?

I know that some packs can be ruthless, especially packs that are constructed and not made up of scent matches. But this feels a bit much, even for a constructed pack.

“Do you think they knew about Mathew’s connection to the Hearts before their pack leader hired him?” I keep my voice as quiet as possible, my pheromones in control. This is bad.

Caleb eyes the pages. “I don’t know. But they were the ones right under him in the leadership, always looking for an opportunity to rise in the ranks.”

Derrick frowns. “For people that high up, it’s strange that they weren’t here when their leader negotiated the original deal with Mathew.”

There could be an innocent explanation. “They could have fallen out of favour?

Maybe he didn't agree with what they were doing?"

Caleb lets out a dissatisfied sigh. "They would have had to fall out of favour within the last few weeks. As far as I know, they've always been at negotiations."

Since it's not really that important, I'm not going to ask how he knows that.

If Caleb and Vera managed to stay ahead of their pursuers for years and apparently barely blinked when Mathew killed the pack leader, they probably have their ways to get information out of people.

Derrick's angry clove pheromones slip out. "Which means they stayed away on purpose because they knew Mathew doesn't deal with Hearts and they probably guessed we would recognise them."

He lets out a low growl, putting the hairs on the back of my head on end. "And we made it extra easy because we told him he had to come here on his own the second time. Fuck." He stands up, his eyes hard. "We have to check the security footage again, especially from the perimeter cameras."

Timothy is on his feet immediately. "What's going on?"

Derrick eyes his mate and then Mathew and Vera. "We've got a problem. I need all the security footage from the time that Mr Russell came here to hire us and when he came here the second time. Also, anything we have from his other communications."

Mathew stands up, frowning. "Why? What did you find out?"

Caleb turns to them too, keeping his whole body controlled though the fury in him is clear. "It likely wasn't a coincidence that Russell hired you. I think the Hearts are behind it. They probably thought they could take a shortcut, two birds with one stone.

Gain the loyalty of a whole pack by helping them bring home a runaway Omega?—”

“And check out my security and my team.” Mathew curses. “And by killing Russell, I played right into their hands. Now they don’t even have to bother coming after me themselves, they can just let the pack do the job for them.”

I nod to Derrick and Timothy. “Go check the footage. Comb over every last pixel. Find them.”

The two leave the library without another word, leaving the four of us behind on our own.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Vera glances between us, looking lost. “Who are the Hearts?”

Mathew’s voice is quiet, though tense. “The people I escaped from. They’re part of the Suits Syndicate, a collection of organisations split into four groups based on the four suits in a deck of cards. They’re the Hearts, the Clubs, the Diamonds and the Spades.”

He looks at the papers on our end of the table, disgusted. “They’re all in the same types of work, human trafficking, illegal porn, prostitution, those things. The four groups each have their own regions that they work in. This area is overseen by the Hearts.”

Caleb goes over to Vera, wrapping his arm around her waist, keeping her close. “Three of the guys from Hubert’s pack work for them.”

“Gross.” Vera’s voice is quiet. “I never liked the pack, but that was a personal thing. They were well respected in our community. To think that they would work with people who do things like that...” She shudders.

“Jorge?” Caleb eyes me. “Do you think you can check the finances of the whole pack? Maybe they have more connections to them than just those three.”

“And my parents’ pack too? I can give you names and numbers.” Vera’s eyes are hard and she looks ready to murder people.

Fuck. That girl is angry. Very angry.

“I’ll see what I can do.” I look at Mathew, who’s way too quiet. Then I notice the calculating look in his eyes. Oh, no. “Don’t go rushing in there without us. Promise me.”

He looks away, his jaw set.

“Mathew!” I drop my voice, using my Alpha status to try to make him listen. I’ve marked him now, he no longer has an excuse to wave away my objections.

Before, he would tell me that I had no power over him as long as I hadn’t marked him, but he no longer has that excuse. If I worry about him now, I’m well within my rights to do something about it, no matter how annoying he might find it.

“Fine. I won’t go in alone.” Yeah, I don’t believe that for a moment.

“No.” Vera grabs his arm, her voice alarmed. “Promise me. If we go in, it’ll be the four of us together. The four of us, or nobody. Promise me!” It almost breaks on the last words, her distress over his safety somehow managing to get through to him.

He meets her gaze, his resolve slowly fading as he nods. “I promise. The four of us, or nobody.” He takes her in his arms, holding her close, his body filled with tension.

It’s clear how much he needs her, how much having her with him makes him less reckless, more grounded in the real world. But it also means that he has another person to protect, another person to worry about in this dark world of ours.

Fuck.

And here I was, thinking that things were going so well lately. But the Hearts have been able to get way too close to us for comfort and without Caleb we might not have noticed it until it was too late.

Fucking hell...

Lethal Alpha

Her Vicious Pack 3

1

Mathew

The door to my office slowly opens, letting in light from the hallway, illuminating the crumpled carpet in the middle of the room.

With everything going on these last few weeks, I've still not gotten around to getting it replaced. I really should do it soon. I can't really have clients over if it looks this messy, it's not professional.

Not that I've had any meetings in here since the night Vera and Caleb arrived, things have been a bit too hectic for that.

First, I didn't want anyone around while I was getting to know them, then Vera and I went into heat and then we found out that the organisation that used to own me had gotten much closer to me than I thought.

So, for the last couple of days, we've been pretty much locked in here while we're redoing the security.

The office door closes again, the room returning to darkness, as footsteps softly come towards me.

Caleb's deep forest scent spreads through the room, easing my nerves. He's in his boxer briefs and a t-shirt, he didn't even bother to grab a robe to come look for me.

"Why are you sitting here in the dark?" His voice is quiet as he makes his way over to the desk. He stops behind me and puts his hands on my shoulders, softly kneading, massaging the tension from my muscles. "What's on your mind?"

I lean my head back, against his chest, looking up at his worn face in the gloom, not sure what to answer him. I don't want to make him frown or worry, I want him to be happy and smile at me. I want him to be able to finally relax, and what I'm working on won't do that.

He meets my gaze, sliding one of his hands up to softly run his calloused fingers over my cheek. "Can't sleep?"

I shake my head, reaching up and taking his hand from my cheek, realising it's his left hand, the one with the scar. "I keep wondering, how did this happen?" I rub my fingers over where his pinkie is supposed to be.

He snorts, grinning, as he pulls his hand back, going over to the couch and sitting down. "Nothing fancy. I was working on the engine of an old car and got my hand caught. I was lucky I only lost my pinkie and not the rest of my fingers too." He rubs over the area with his other hand.

"All of it? The whole side of your hand just gone?" I follow him to the couch, sitting next to him, leaning against him, craving to be near him now he's here. "I'm surprised the scar's not bigger."

"I didn't lose all of the side, just a good chunk." He holds up his hand before he slides his arm around my shoulders and pulls me against him more. "They removed the last bits of the bone in the hospital. No use keeping them in and potentially bringing me

trouble later.”

“Did it happen before or after you met Vera?”

“After. She was really upset when she found out. I’ve rarely seen her so angry as when she was cursing me out that day. She was furious that I’d been so careless as to put my hand into a running engine.” His voice is soft, his pheromones warm and soothing, loving.

“I can imagine it.” I smile, pulling my legs onto the couch and leaning against him more. “She must have been quite the sight.”

“You won’t have to imagine it for long. I’m sure it’ll happen to you plenty of times.” He laughs, moving slightly so it’s easier for me to lean against his chest. “If she’s angry, you’ll know it. She will not keep quiet.”

I let out a soft laugh, not able to suppress my smile. “Oh, I believe you.” Vera doesn’t really hide her emotions, either because she doesn’t want to or because it’s not something she’s very good at. It’s what makes her so much fun.

She might have been upset with me a couple of times in the last weeks, but I’m sure I’ve not seen her angry-angry yet.

And while I wish I could avoid it, I also know that I’m too much of a risk-taker to not take a couple of risks that work out poorly, which will definitely anger her in the future.

My eyes slowly slide shut, my body warm and comfortable, and I notice the soft rumble in Caleb’s chest. It’s the same rumble he always makes when Vera’s sleeping against him.

“You’re trying to make me fall asleep.” My accusation gets lost in a deep yawn.

“Is it working?” He rubs his hand over my arm, the motion soothing, like he’s rubbing the stress out of me. It feels good, really good, but this isn’t the right time.

“For a moment, yes.” I sit up straight, blinking fast, trying to clear my head. “But I can’t fall asleep. Not yet.”

“Why not? You need sleep. You can’t keep skipping sleep, it’s important.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“I know.” I eye him, really wishing I could just fall asleep against him, but I’ve got other things to do first.

I stand up, going back over to my desk, and move the mouse so the screen wakes up. Even though the brightness is on the lowest setting, I still blink against the light.

“What are you working on?” Caleb follows me, pulling one of the other chairs along with him, and sits next to me, apparently not going to sleep either.

Well, I guess there’s no harm in telling him. Since I’ve not been able to make much sense of it on my own.

“Jorge found these transactions between someone from the Hearts and the three from Hubert Russell’s pack. It’s how he initially found out they were connected. These are all from before you came here. I’m trying to figure out what the transactions are for. As far as I know, nobody in Russell’s pack has a business that moves these kinds of numbers.”

I show him the breakdowns and the dates. “Do they make sense to you?”

Caleb looks at the numbers, slowly shaking his head. “Do you know what the money is being used for?”

“Normal stuff, groceries and things like that. There are no unusual expenses, they’re mostly just leaving it in their accounts. It’s like everyone’s pretending it’s not even there.” Which is confusing.

There aren't even any small expenses that could be gifts, either for themselves or others, or anything like that, just business as usual. Mortgages, groceries, bills, boring normal stuff.

It would almost be too normal, but we've got numbers going back years and it's all the same. This pack doesn't seem to do gifts much, and doesn't seem to splurge on much at all. It's all very confusing.

At the same time, it's a constructed pack, so keeping things as consistent as possible is very important to keeping the peace.

Caleb's voice is calm, but his pheromones shortly spike in anger. "You've checked all the usual reasons why the Hearts might give people this much money?"

I nod. "Hearts don't buy their victims, they just take them. There are enough kids living at the edge of society that won't be missed. They don't need to take them from places where people will notice when they're gone."

"Finder's fee?" The angry growl in his voice is unmistakable and I put my hand on his knee. I know how he hates the 'business' that the Hearts are involved in. And every time it's brought up, he gets furious about it.

Before he met Vera, he helped out kids who were rescued from organisations like that, so he knows what they go through. Which makes his anger very understandable.

"The others from the Suits Syndicate might do that, but the Hearts don't." It's possibly their only redeeming quality, though definitely offset by their lack of concern about the age of their victims. "You're more likely to end up dead if you try to pull that off than to get paid."

"Could they be paying for housing? Storage locations? Transport?" He takes my hand

and entwines our fingers, rubbing his thumb over the top of my hand. It's like he doesn't even notice he's doing it, but it seems to calm us both down.

“Not as far as I can see in the pack's other records. It's all accounted for, both going back years and years and since you've gotten here.” I pull up a shoulder, trying to look disinterested. “The only thing out of the ordinary was a pretty fancy funeral a few weeks ago, but nothing else.”

He shows me a slight smile, satisfaction clear in his pheromones before he suppresses them again. “Well, that might have been out of the ordinary, but wasn't unexpected.”

“Very true.” I scroll through a different list, this one with all the ‘normal’ transactions.

Caleb lets out a long breath. “No other connections between the Hearts and Russell's pack? Might they be working for a lesser-known sub-organisation? Maybe from one of the other Suits?”

“Not as far as we can see. It could be possible, but it's not very likely. They don't do business with many companies outside of the Hearts' area and nothing that stands out.”

His anger flares, his body tensing. “Could the money be for selling you out?”

I shake my head. “I had considered that, but it doesn't make sense. They got the money before the last three attempts that they made to get you two back. Why accept the money and then hire three different groups before hiring me? And they didn't need the money for any of it, they already had enough money to pay them or me.”

“Why do you feel that doesn't make sense?” He lets go of my hand, balling his into fists as his pheromones are filled with anger and disgust.

“To me, it makes all the sense in the world. The money they got might have simply been a nice bonus for some other thing they got out of the deal.”

He stands up, stalking over to the window as he stares outside. “To be able to hire you, they have to have connections with certain other people first, correct?”

“Correct. Russell had connections with multiple of them.” I watch as Caleb opens his mouth so I quickly continue. “He already had those connections before the three got the money. Even more confusing, he had those connections more than a year ago. So he could have hired me much earlier, but never did.”

I stand up. “The Hearts know where I am. They know who I am. Why would they pay some random guys to hire me? Actually, why would they pay some random guys to make them make their pack leader hire me?”

Caleb’s eyes go wide and he suddenly looks really focused as his eyes land on me. “Why didn’t anyone know that the three of them were part of Russell’s pack? Why didn’t Jorge find that out the first time?”

Page 71

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

He lets out a frustrated growl. “According to what Derrick showed me, they were listed as three Alphas ready to form their own pack. But they’d been part of Russell’s pack for years when I met Vera. From what I understand, they were the ones pushing him to marry her. So, why wasn’t that in the information?”

It’s like I’m dunked into a frozen lake as my breath stops a moment and chills go through my body. “Fuckers. They’re messing with Jorge’s sources, that’s why he didn’t make the connection the first time. This goes much deeper than we thought.”

“Not just that.” Caleb’s voice is a dangerous calm, though his pheromones aren’t. “They either suspected or already knew that you would recognise them, so they made sure to not come here. This was planned long ago. Well before you were hired.”

“Fuck.” I shake my head, trying to calm my body down.

What the fuck are the Hearts doing?

Why put Hubert Russell in a position where they knew that his horrible personality would rub me the wrong way and could get him killed?

What’s in it for them?

And why now?

Why are they doing this right now?

Vera

I stare at the screen of my laptop, trying to come up with something to do, but failing. The others are all in Mathew's office, trying to piece together what the Hearts might or might not have been doing. I was in there with them until about five minutes ago but couldn't deal with the stress anymore.

They kept going between silently trying to find more evidence and then loudly—more like yelling— discussing it with each other, arguing what was and wasn't part of it.

At some point, it all got too much for me.

I hate yelling, I hate all of it.

So, instead, I decided to go to the library and maybe do something for myself, like taking another look at all the online courses I could be taking.

There are so many things I can choose from. Something practical like the basics of running a business or maybe I could study creative writing or something else to do with the arts.

But with my head so filled with stress and worry, I can't bring up the excitement to make these types of choices. Everything just feels very 'bleh' right now.

I've been on the verge of tears for the last two hours and didn't want to break down in front of the others. I didn't want to add that to everything else they were dealing with. I'm not even upset, I'm mostly really tired, and stress makes me cry.

"Hello." A quiet voice reaches me from the door and when I look up, a young girl with long light brown hair and blue eyes is nervously staring at me.

“Hello.” I try to keep my voice light. No use scaring the girl with my bad mood.

“Do you know where my dads are?” She glances behind her down the hallway and slips into the library, her eyes darting around before settling on me. She’s wearing a light blue shirt with dinosaurs on the front and her jeans have dinosaur patches on the knees.

I’m pretty sure I know who this girl is. From the stories I’ve heard of Derrick and Timothy’s kids, this must be Lily, their eldest.

Timothy told me that the kids usually don’t come into the main house, since their Omega, Eli, doesn’t want the kids to see what their parents do for a living and things can get a little violent around here at times.

Because of that, I’ve not actually met any of them, since I’ve not been out to their house yet, even though it’s on the other side of the kitchen.

“I think they’re still in Mathew’s office. Do you want me to get them?” I’m about to stand up when she quickly shakes her head, looking bummed.

“It’s okay. If they’re in Uncle Mathew’s office, it means they’re working. I shouldn’t disturb them when they’re working.” She glances down and I notice the tablet she’s holding in her hands.

“Is it something I can help with?” I hate it when kids look sad. It always makes me feel like crap and I can’t help but want to solve whatever is making them sad.

“How much do you know about prehistoric animals?” She takes a few more steps into the library, looking slightly more hopeful.

“Not much, I’m afraid. But I do like learning about them. I think they’re very cool.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Anything that a kid gets excited about tends to be fun when you let them ramble. And you often learn something new to boot.

“I have to do a presentation at school about my favourite animal. I chose the a-nu-ro-gna-thus.” She speaks each syllable slowly and carefully. “It’s a type of pterosaur.”

“Pterosaurs are the flying dinosaurs, right?”

I do remember some of what I learned as a kid, and with lots of siblings, you tend to learn about some things over and over again. But it’s been a long time since I last thought about dinosaurs.

“No. That’s what a lot of people think. But pterosaurs aren’t actually dinosaurs.” She grins as she slides into the chair on the other side of the table.

“They split off from the group of animals that would become dinosaurs before they became dinosaurs. But they did live at the same time.” She puts the tablet on the table, flashing me a toothy grin, showing off that one of her top front adult teeth is coming in. “I’m Lily.”

“I’m Vera.”

“I know. You’re Uncle Mathew’s Omega, it’s why he’s been so busy lately.” She doesn’t say it with anger or negativity, but like she’s stating a fact. “You’re very pretty. It makes sense that Uncle Mathew would like you.”

She taps on the tablet and then climbs on the table, sitting next to it so we can both

see the screen.

I quickly close my laptop and put it aside, giving Lily all my attention. I already like this girl, she's expressive and not afraid to say what she's thinking.

"At school, this will be up on the big screen, not my tablet. But we don't have a big screen here." Her small fingers move over the tablet at a high speed and a presentation pops up, showing the image of a small flying creature and the word 'Anurognathus' under it.

"These are the a-nu-ro-gna-thus." She keeps breaking the word up, like it's the only way she can remember the name. "It's a small pterosaur that lived during the late Jurassic. They're really cute."

She shows me another picture, one where it's flying with its mouth open to catch what looks like a butterfly.

"Their bodies are really small, but if you measure from the end of one wing to the end of the other, that will be more than five times as long as their body."

Her eyes go wide. "And they're fluffy. They have a sort of early type of feathers all over them. I think they would be really fun to cuddle, if they lived now."

She flips to another picture. "Oh, and do you know what their name means?" She beams at me, clearly very excited to have found an adult to share her interests with.

"I don't know. What does it mean?"

"You have to guess!" She grins wide.

"Does it have to do with that they fly?" I have no frame of reference for what

anurognathus could mean.

“Nope.” She moves to another picture. “It means frog mouth. Because they have such big mouths.” She pulls her cheek to the side with her empty hand, like she’s showing off how big their mouths are.

“That’s very cool.” I can definitely see why someone would name it for it’s very large mouth. It does indeed remind me of a frog, just a lot more hairy.

“I know, right?!” She slides closer to me, so I can see her tablet even better. “They did research and found that they eat insects by flying around with their mouth open.” She opens her mouth wide, moving her head like she’s trying to catch imaginary insects.

“It must be hard to see where they’re going when they do that, though.” She frowns slightly, thinking.

“Are there other prehistoric animals that you love?”

“So many! But I had to choose one for the presentation, I couldn’t do more than one. I wanted to do hal-lu-ci-ge-nia, which is from even longer ago, but Daddy Eli thought that could be too confusing...”

The laughter bubbling up inside me feels good. Lily is fun and bright and she seems very excited about her upcoming presentation.

“There you are!” Eli is standing in the doorway, drying his hands on a towel. “I was wondering where you were sneaking off to.”

Lily’s face falls and she takes her tablet, climbing off the table. “I wanted Dad Derrick or Dad Tim to look at my presentation. I didn’t mean to bother Aunty Vera.”

I quickly glance at Eli. “She was no bother. I liked learning about anu?—”

“A-nu-ro-gna-thus.” Lily helps out.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

“Those small pterosaurs, yes.” I grin, and Lily beams that I remembered they’re pterosaurs and not dinosaurs. Then I look back at Eli. “I don’t mind keeping an eye on her for a while longer, if you’re busy.”

Eli smiles softly. “While I appreciate it, and I might take you up on it in the future, I’m actually here to tell you that lunch is ready. It’s waiting for you in Mathew’s office.”

He holds out his hand to Lily. “And our lunch is waiting in the family kitchen.”

Lily waves at me as she follows Eli. “Bye, Aunty Vera.”

“Bye, Lily. And good luck with your presentation.”

She nods excitedly as the two disappear into the hallway.

Lunch, right. That’s probably a good idea.

I stand up, stretching, as I take a deep breath. I kind of don’t want to go back to the office if everything is still doom and gloom in there.

As I look up, I find Caleb leaning against the doorway, his eyes on me warm and filled with joy. “I heard you were hanging out with the resident dinosaur expert.” He reaches for me and I step into his arms, nuzzling his chest.

“Prehistoric animal expert, and yes, I did. It’s like listening to a small and excitable version of Timothy. She’s very polite, if she remembers to be.” I take in his deep

woody scent, liking this moment of calm with him. “How is the mood in the office?”

He lets out a low laugh as he wraps his arms around me. “I’m sure it will be better once you’re there. We’re just going in circles at this point and the other two are butting heads.” He sighs deep.

“I’m tempted to lock them in the nest so they can fuck it out, or fight it out, whatever they prefer.”

That almost sounds better than when I left, but I’m not entirely sure.

“Hey, don’t worry too much.” Caleb’s voice is soft as he kisses the top of my head. “We’ll figure it out. And they’ll figure things out too. Part of it is just the stress we’re all dealing with right now.”

Well, yes. That, we’ve got enough around here.

Caleb puts his hand under my knees and lifts me up bridal style. “Let’s get some lunch into you. If you’re going to grow a little person inside you, you’re going to need all the energy you can get.”

I lean against him, smiling. “I’m pretty sure that that’s not going to be a problem. Eli has been making us very nutritious meals, so I’m sure that energy won’t be a problem.”

Rest and stress on the other hand... That might be tricky.

I feel like I kicked a hornets' nest when I picked out the three Hearts guys. I'd simply been surprised to see them and curious why they weren't listed as Hubert Russell's pack mates, I hadn't expected that it would set off all of this.

Mathew has been on edge ever since. For the last couple of nights, I keep finding him in his office after everyone else has already gone to sleep.

He's been so focused on finding out why the Hearts would go after him now and how it's all connected to Vera and me. It's become an obsession for him.

Which worries me a lot.

Not just for his mental health, which is clearly not doing too well, but also for his physical health.

We don't yet know if he's pregnant or not, we won't find out for another few weeks, but if he is, these broken nights and the stress on his body can't be good. His body is already going through enough, with going into heat for the first time in a decade and all, and he doesn't need this on top of it.

I glance at him from the couch in his office. He's sitting at his desk, Vera in his lap, and she's feeding him pieces of the pasta salad Eli made us for lunch as he's intently reading something on his tablet.

He really doesn't stop working once he starts, not even to eat. When he's focused on something, he'll see it through to the end.

I can see where he got his name 'The Cleaner' from, because once he's got you in his sights, he'll erase you from the face of the earth if he wants to, he won't leave a single trace of you behind. He's very intense.

It's interesting but also a little scary at times. Especially how he seems to forget the rest of the world when he goes into that state of focus. It's not healthy. But, I guess, if you don't have much aside from your job, it's easy to fall into these bad habits.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

Jorge saunters into the office from the garden, his empty bowl in one hand, his phone in the other. “Let’s go out for dinner tonight.” He doesn’t say it to anyone in particular, it’s more a declaration of his intent than really a conversation about plans.

“Why?” Mathew’s voice is oddly tense as he looks up from his tablet and the bite of pasta Vera was about to feed him now hangs in mid-air as she stops moving, nervous.

Jorge shoots Mathew a look. “Because I feel like it and because people are wondering where you are. Especially since you usually go out for dinner multiple times per week and you’ve not been seen for at least three weeks.”

Three weeks, that’s when we came here. Mathew, Vera and I haven’t been away from this place since then.

Mathew has been getting people to come here to do things like measure us for new clothes and Eli goes out to get groceries or they get delivered, but we’ve not left the property at all.

“I prefer to eat at home right now. Fewer headaches.” Mathew starts reading on his tablet again, like this is the end of the conversation.

I glance at Vera, who’s also looking troubled. Taking on new mates and keeping us locked away while ‘his Omega’ is in heat is one thing, but changing his schedule so much that people start to become suspicious, that’s not good.

Especially not for people in Mathew’s line of work.

“Mathew.” I stand up, going over to him, leaning against his desk, waiting for him to look at me. It takes a few moments, but then he looks up at me reluctantly.

“You can’t lock yourself and us away. I know that there’s a lot going on right now, but this isn’t how an Alpha in your position would act. They would want to show off their new Omega. They would want to show off their brand new pack.”

“It’s too dangerous.” His voice is clipped as he glances away from me, his pheromones spiking just a sliver. “If we go out, I have no idea what could happen, who might be looking at us, who might be following us. I can’t risk it.”

“This isn’t you.” Jorge’s voice is soft. “This isn’t how you would normally act. The last couple of times there was a bounty on your head, we went out for dinner every night, and usually clubbing after that, just to show them that you’re not scared. Why are you hiding this time? It’s not like you, and people out there know that.”

Mathew carefully slides Vera off his lap before he stands up, putting the tablet down a little too forcefully. “Well, I’m not like ‘me’ anymore. I’m not the same person I was even a month ago. I have different responsibilities now. A different life. I can’t risk—” He stops, shaking his head, staring hard at the floor.

“You can’t risk, what?” Vera reaches up, sending comforting pheromones to him.

His shoulders sag. “I don’t want to put you in danger. Taking you out there with me, it puts a target on you. I can’t risk that.”

Oh, no. We’re not doing this.

We’re not doing any of this shit.

Just because he’s now got a pack doesn’t mean that the world is suddenly out to get

us or whatever. At least, not more than it was before he knew us.

I grab his jaw, turning his head so he's looking at me and I release some of my pheromones, letting him feel how much control I have as his bonded Alpha. "You might be the boss of this organisation, but you're not the boss of this pack."

Mathew snarls, trying to jerk his head away, but I keep holding on. "Fuck you."

I don't want to do this, but his reaction reeks of fear, it reeks of the fear of someone who's finally found something good in his life and is terrified of losing it. His obsession with the Hearts and how everything is connected makes so much more sense now.

It's his way of trying to stay in control of a situation he has no control over. It's not that he's scared of what the Hearts will do next, he's been dealing with them for nearly two decades, he's using them as an excuse because he's scared to leave this protective bubble the four of us are in right now.

That's not good and won't make anyone happier or safer in the long run.

"You're going to go against your Alpha?" I stare at him hard and his eyes widen for a moment.

I like how he's surprised that I'm invoking my status over him. He might be the one with the power and the money, but that doesn't mean he always knows best. And right now, he definitely doesn't.

"Fuck you." His voice is less harsh this time. "I don't fucking take fucking orders from a fucking Alpha, bonded or not."

"And I won't let you lose everything you've built in the last decade because you've

suddenly realised you've got something to lose. Stop hiding. That fear won't go away just because you're hiding us away in this fortress you've created. It will only make it worse." I let him feel the calm certainty through my pheromones.

I know how he feels, I've been through it before with Vera. The fear of losing her, of potentially losing your mate, someone who's more precious to you than anything in the world. But going into hiding isn't the solution.

"You're Mathew 'The Cleaner' Page. You're feared because of your ruthlessness, because you take on jobs that other people think are too dangerous and you make it look easy. You make other people look like fools for being pessimistic."

I pull him closer, whispering against his lips. "You're the most dangerous person I know. And that's what I like about you. Don't lose that, it'll get us all killed."

Page 75

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

He lets out a short laugh, before crashing his lips into mine, kissing me hard. When he pulls back, his eyes are full of defiance. “I guess we’ll see who’s in charge of this pack.”

See? That’s a challenge that I like. Or, at least, that my cock likes, a lot.

Okay, so maybe I shouldn’t have pushed Mathew to take us out for dinner...

I expected that we’d be going to some local place, you know, with large portions of food, plastic chairs and where everyone knows everyone.

If he goes out to eat multiple times per week, he would do that at a place that’s comfortable, right?

Wrong, apparently...

Because when does Mathew ever do things the ‘normal’ way?

I didn’t expect to have to wear a really expensive suit and act all proper and stuff.

Luckily, Derrick was able to talk Mathew out of making me wear those really fancy shoes, but instead let me wear the same ‘acceptable’ but functional boots the security team are wearing. Very happy about that.

Vera is wearing a stunning light purple dress that hugs her every curve without being too exposing, including hiding her neck so you can’t see her marks, and she’s got her hair all up in pretty loops.

She managed to get Jorge to pick her up some simple make-up while he was getting a 'better' suit from his place.

Mathew and Jorge are both wearing fancier suits than they normally do. And I have to admit, even though I know very little about suits, these do look more expensive and the way Mathew's suit stretches across his body is very distracting.

Luckily, the restaurant isn't one of those ultra modern ones where everything is white, steel or glass and where the food comes in shapes and structures that don't look the way food is supposed to be, like frothy potatoes and stuff like that.

This place is one of those expensive ones that are more classic, with wood everywhere, the colours of the fabric all complementary to it and there are plants and candles on each table.

It's not exactly comfortable for someone who isn't used to money like this, but at least I have some idea of what to expect from the food and drinks here.

Derrick has the security team spread over a couple of the tables in the restaurant and before we left he ran me through the security team protocols all over again since I'll be closest to Mathew all evening. It did make me nervous, but I guess it's good to know that we're not alone in here.

Once we got inside, Mathew and Jorge were immediately greeted and lots of people came over to congratulate them on starting a pack. That was very stressful for a couple of minutes, but then everyone stepped back and we were seated at Mathew's usual table.

It's been overwhelming, to say the least.

Mathew lets out a low laugh as he leans to me. "Try to relax. We're here to have fun,

not start a fight. You look like you're ready to punch anyone who even glances in our direction."

"Would it be bad if I said that that's exactly how I feel?" I lean to him, the easy way he moves making me at least a little less nervous. This is his normal hangout, at his normal table, doing his normal things. This is perfectly normal for him...

I turn my head in his direction before I quickly turn back.

He's wearing his pheromone-altering perfume again, and every time I get near him I automatically try to catch some of his real pheromones. I didn't realise how used I've gotten to doing that, being able to smell him whenever I want, because I really can't do that when we're out in public.

Also, while two Alphas who are part of the same pack kissing isn't too strange, Mathew is the one in charge here, so I need to let him lead, I can't just start kissing him out of nowhere.

His hand slides up my arm, before he softly holds me. "If you manage to keep your cool, I'll reward you at the end of the evening." His voice is low and sexy and my pheromones spike for a moment. Yes, please.

I'd love to slowly take that suit off him, like I'm opening a very expensive present. "I'll hold you to that." I cover his hand with mine, grinning.

Then Vera's sweet pheromones catch my attention and I look at her on Mathew's other side. Her eyes are trained on someone who just walked through the door.

"Who's that?" Her voice is soft, but filled with barely contained desire.

Mathew and I follow her gaze.

A tall and attractive female Alpha with long deep brown hair walks into view. She shrugs out of her long black leather jacket to reveal a beautiful dark red dress that expertly shows off the tattoos on her arms and back.

Mathew's pheromones flare slightly, together with Vera's, and I shoot a look at the two. Really?

Page 76

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

We're doing our best to keep Mathew's pheromones hidden and he gets turned on so much by some Alpha that he's about to undo it all.

Jorge chuckles as he leans over the table slightly, his pheromones all cheerful and pleased. "I'll introduce you to her if you promise to keep your pheromones in check." He eyes Mathew who gives him a short nod.

I let out a sigh as Jorge stands up and saunters over to the woman.

This evening was supposed to be simple and easy, but I have a feeling that things have just gotten a whole lot more complicated.

4

Riley

I hand my jacket over so it can be hung away as I curse myself internally. I'm way too early for my meeting. That's what I get when I'm in an unfamiliar city and out of my element.

One of my usual clients asked me to scope out this city since they recently gained a new source here, but the source couldn't look into things themselves. So, they sent me over, with a very nice allowance to spend on whatever I want, I have to admit.

Luckily, the city isn't totally unfamiliar.

Someone I've worked with a few times told me that this is his favourite place to eat

and that it's a great place for networking and making connections in the industry.

So it made sense to have my first meeting here, somewhere that I know at least a little bit about.

Speaking of the devil.

"Riley!" Jorge's always upbeat voice pulls my attention away from my brooding and his cedar scent manages to ease my nerves. "What are you doing in my neck of the woods?" Somehow he seems even happier to see me than usual.

When I met Jorge for the first time a couple of years ago, we immediately hit it off. He can be silly and impulsive, but he's reliable and easy to work with. We don't see each other very often, but when we do, it's always fun.

And he's easy on the eyes. Even though I have no sexual interest in him, I can still appreciate a well-built body.

If he wasn't waiting for his Omega to pair bond with, I would have proposed we'd start a pack together. We enjoy being together, we work well together, and I could see a future for us.

But he's not interested in packs, just to be paired with the Omega he's had his eyes on for years. So, I make sure to enjoy our time together to the fullest, because it could end at any moment.

"You told me that this was a good place to eat. So, since I'm in the city, I thought I should check it out."

"Work? Pleasure?" He looks me up and down, his eyes sparkling when he notices I'm dressed up more than usual.

“Work, sadly enough. Though, I had been planning to call you to see if you were free later this week. But it seems I don’t have to.” Talking to him makes me a lot less nervous about the rest of the evening.

The host comes back, looking very awkward. “I’m sorry, Alpha Faulkner. Your guests haven’t arrived yet. Can I offer you a complimentary drink and a table while you wait?”

Of course, they’ve not arrived yet, I’m over an hour early. The host doesn’t have to look so uncomfortable about something that’s very obviously and clearly my own fault. But I guess that’s how things are done in fancy places like this.

“Or, you can join me and my companions? I’m sure we can keep you entertained until the others arrive.” Jorge offers me his arm.

“Are you sure?” I don’t want him to do something he shouldn’t, which he has a habit of doing when we’re together.

Sometimes I feel like I’m his big sister when he acts like this, and at other times... At other times it’s very clear that his feelings for me are not familial at all. Not in a sexual sense, but like we’re already part of a pack.

Many people mistake us for pack mates when they meet us for the first time. Which we aren’t. Which always makes things awkward and complicated.

He leans closer, lowering his voice conspiratorially. “I was sent here to get you. My companions would really like to meet you.” He winks, smiling broadly. That would explain his excitement at seeing me.

“I think I’ll take you up on that drink.” I look at the host. “Thank you. I’ll be joining his table while I wait. I’d be very grateful if you could come get me once my guests

have arrived.”

Then I turn to Jorge. “Who are these ‘companions’ of yours?”

“You’ll see.” He grins as he puts my hand on his arm and almost drags me over to one of the tables in the large dining area.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

People at various tables start to rise, but at a quick shake of Jorge's head they sit down again.

They're not dressed very formally, though well enough not to stand out too much. The way they moved, they're well trained and I noticed the way their hands went to their weapons. Security.

But, why?

Jorge doesn't travel with security, so they're not here for him. Even though they seem to listen to him.

Odd.

Other guests have noticed the commotion and are now staring at us, but Jorge keeps pulling me along to a table where three people are waiting, their eyes on us the whole time.

I feel a strange thrill go through me. What's going on?

"Relax. It's all good." Jorge keeps his voice low as we slow down and stop in front of the table.

The gaze of the male Alpha sitting in the middle is intense as he takes me in, his eyes filled with guarded curiosity.

He's very attractive with his long dark hair pulled back, putting all his piercings on

display. And the dark red suit and black dress shirt fit him perfectly. He looks good and he knows it too.

He's clearly the one in charge.

The female Omega sitting on his right side is looking at me with open desire and delight.

The light purple dress looks both appropriate and comfy as it hugs her every delicious curve. The way she's pulled up her hair makes her cute face look even softer, accentuating her Omega-ness.

Though, the look in her eyes is a lot less cute and a lot more dangerous, for my ability to control myself, anyway. That girl sees something she likes, and the feeling is mutual.

The male Alpha on his left side is assessing how much of a threat I am, and I haven't passed yet. Good, because he's clearly taking things seriously.

He's broad, probably taller than I am, and covered in scars. His dark grey suit is well-made, though he looks uncomfortable in it. He's probably not used to wearing them, he looks like he'd be more comfortable in jeans.

The Alpha looks older than Jorge and the others, older than me even, but the way he sits with them, he's very clearly part of the pack.

He doesn't turn me on like the Omega does, or pique my curiosity like the Alpha in the middle, but he looks like he'd be fun to go out drinking with or have at my side while we kick some ass. I probably wouldn't mind either, even both in a single night.

"Everyone, this is Riley Faulkner." Jorge lets go of my arm and motions towards the

Alpha in the middle. “Riley, this is Mathew Page, and his pack.”

I blink, not sure how to react.

One moment I’m trying to control my pheromones over some very interesting and attractive people, and the next moment I’m introduced to Mathew Page?

Jorge —someone who tends to take life a little less seriously than he really should— is casually introducing me to Mathew fucking Page?!

The criminal organisation head whose ruthlessness is infamous even outside of our circles. And he introduces the guy like this?

I was aware that the two men knew each other. Jorge has mentioned that he regularly works for Mathew, but I didn’t know the two were this familiar with each other. That he can introduce one of the most feared men in our line of work so informally?!

Wait.

What was the other thing he said?

Mathew’s pack?

I didn’t know Mathew had a pack. As far as I know, he’s on his own, unmated.

When did that happen?

Mathew Page smiles slightly as he shoots Jorge a sharp look. “You could have done that much more tactfully. It looks like you fried her brain with that information.” Then he looks at me, his eyes starting to twinkle.

Page 78

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:00 am

And I have a strong need to grab him by the front of his shirt and kiss his pierced lips, tug on the rings to see if that makes him moan.

Fuck. I need to keep my pheromones in check.

This is very unprofessional. I'm talking to a fucking legend here...

I've got to keep my cool.

Mathew chuckles softly. "I'm sorry, he meant to say our pack."

I twist to Jorge, surprised. Why didn't he tell me about this before?

Jorge holds up his hands. "It's still very new."

"We last saw each other two weeks ago..." He didn't tell me a thing back then.

"Very, very new. As in, it happened a few days after I came home." He grins.

I stare at him for a few moments, confused. Then my heart aches and I struggle to keep a pleasant expression on my face.

How can he look so happy?

How can he look so comfortable?

He's been waiting to pair bond with his scent matched Omega for years, and now

he's suddenly part of a pack? And not just anyone's, but Mathew fucking Page's pack?!

Jorge's eyes soften. "I'll explain it later. It's a bit of a long story. Please, take a seat." He motions to the seat next to the cute Omega and then sits down on a chair that seems to have been magically added to the table on my other side.

Mathew smiles as he catches my gaze, either ignoring or not noticing the storm of emotions going through me. "Let me introduce the rest of the pack. The girl who's flooding you in her honey pheromones is Vera, our Omega." His voice is filled with tenderness as he touches her arm and she beams at him.

Then he nods to the very tall Alpha on his other side, an interesting look passing between the two. "And this is Caleb, her first Alpha."

I glance to Jorge again. He never told me that the Omega he was waiting for was already bonded to someone. He must have known, right? But he only mouths 'later'.

Vera leans closer and the desire in her pheromones makes my mouth water, pulling my attention away from Jorge for a few moments. Fuck, not only does she look so freaking good, she smells good too.

"How do you know Jorge?"

"We met on the job a couple of years ago. And when he's got business in my area, we usually meet up for dinner or to hang out." The words spill from me, happy to focus on something else, but I wonder if I might have said too much when the mood at the table changes.

Mathew's eyes widen in surprise before he shoots Jorge a dark look. "A couple of years ago?"

Jorge shakes his head slowly, looking uncomfortable. “I don’t want to get into that right now. We’ll talk about it when we get back home.”

“Years?!” Mathew’s voice turns cold.

The word feels even more sinister because he’s able to keep his pheromones under control so well that they don’t fluctuate at all, not even when he seems furious.

“At. Home.” Jorge nearly growls the words as his pheromones flare, not so much in anger but in discomfort, fear.

I have no idea what’s going on, but the anger in Mathew’s eyes and the way Jorge seems to cower starts a low rumble in my chest.

Jorge puts his hand on my arm, using his pheromones to try to ease the situation. “It’s fine. It’s okay.”

This doesn’t look ‘fine’. It looks like something is off here, very off. No matter how attractive Mathew Page might be, the way he acts towards Jorge is not okay.

I know that Mathew is famous for being ruthless, but with his own pack mates?! How can he treat his own pack mates like this?

“Mathew.” Caleb’s voice is low and his dark wood scent rolls over the table. A warning to behave and not make a scene.

Page 79

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

The rumble in my chest stops dead in its tracks and I stare at the tall Alpha.

It wasn't even meant for me, but I still responded.

Huh?

What's going on here?

The pheromones at the table are all getting mixed together and messing with my head.

I feel like something big is happening, I'm just not clear what it is exactly. It's like I'm missing something, some key piece of information.

"Riley, would you like something to drink?" Mathew's anger seems to have disappeared as he looks up to catch the attention of one of the servers.

"Yes, thank you." I glance around the table, trying to figure out what choice would be the appropriate one, when I notice that both Jorge and Caleb are drinking wine but Mathew and Vera are drinking water.

Mathew catches my look and smiles. "Moral support. This lovely creature here can't drink for the next nine months, and I didn't want her to feel like the odd one out." He slides his hand up her shoulder and she leans into his touch. If she could purr, she would, as her pheromones are filled with bliss.

Oh, that's interesting. "I don't want to be rude, but are you pregnant by any chance?"

Her face flushes as she nods, making me crave to reach out to her and feel how warm her skin gets. “Hopefully.”

“Congratulations.”

“Thank you.” She smiles brightly and when she looks at me, it’s hard not to reach out and touch her. She must notice something because she carefully touches my hand, sending electricity through my body and nearly frying my brain.

How can I react this strongly to someone I only met moments ago?

I want to nuzzle her neck, take in her pheromones as much as possible, touch her all over and hold her tightly against me.

Is this what it feels like to meet your scent matched Omega? It’s overwhelming but feels good too.

Something seems to come through the haze, an awareness, though I can’t describe what it is exactly.

I glance up at Mathew and the sadness and longing in his gaze as he looks at the way Vera touches me makes my heart ache. It makes me wish I could take him in my arms and comfort him.

What’s going on?

Why would Mathew look like that? It isn’t jealousy at Vera touching me, it’s... It’s about me!

It’s like he wishes he could touch me like she’s doing.

Why would an Alpha look like that?

And why would I want to comfort him?

Why would I instinctively want to comfort another Alpha like that?

Something isn't adding up here.

5

Vera

The situation at the table is getting strange and I don't really know what to do.

The moment Riley walked into the restaurant, I immediately noticed her. It was like there were massive arrows pointing at her, screaming 'This one! Pick this one!'.

After the initial introductions seemed to go fine, things got weird when Riley said that she'd known Jorge for years.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

If she did, why was Mathew unaware of her?

Jorge must know that she's a scent match, so why did he never tell Mathew about her?

Now Mathew is upset with Jorge for keeping such a big secret, which seems to have gotten Riley into 'protective Alpha' mode.

Which is very unfortunate because the way Mathew is leaning in her direction—while always making sure I'm between them—and the way his pheromones spike every time she looks at him, he's feeling it just as much as I am.

That connection, that pulling sensation when you first meet a new scent match, especially when that match is an Alpha.

Only, since everyone here thinks Mathew is an Alpha himself, he can't do or say anything about it right now.

Before we left the house, Derrick insisted that—since Mathew's pheromones are so unstable right now—we always make sure there's at least one of us between him and anyone not part of the pack or not part of his organisation and that he can't touch anyone in case his pheromones accidentally stick to them.

It's all to keep up the profile that Mathew has had for the last decade, as a strong and resolute Alpha leader.

It made sense when Derrick gave us the instructions, but we didn't really plan for a

situation where Mathew might want to get close to someone new...

Mathew's pheromones slip out again and I lean against him, rubbing my head on his shoulder, trying to get as much of my pheromones on him as possible, while making it look like I'm simply a needy Omega.

He slides his arm around my shoulders, nearly pulling me into his lap as he nuzzles the top of my head. "Are you feeling cuddly, my sweet Omega?"

I nod excitedly, sending out extra pheromones, so he'll be covered in them. Though, as I do it, I notice a floral scent, it's different from Mathew's sharp wisteria scent, this scent is deeper, rounder, like sitting in the sun on a warm summer day surrounded by large dark red roses.

As I glance up, Riley is staring at us, her eyes lightly hazy, her cheeks darkening.

Oh, fuck. Not what I was going for. I was trying to hide Mathew's scent, not turn on Riley.

With a surprisingly loud sound, Caleb pushes his chair back as he stands up. "I'm going for a smoke, who's joining me?"

I look at him, trying to decide what he's up to, but the look he's giving Mathew makes it clear. This is for Mathew's sake. Neither of them normally smoke, but it's one of the few ways to hide the scent of pheromones in something repulsive and that won't make people question things too much.

Mathew lets out a soft hum and kisses the top of my head, but not before giving me a tight hug. "I could use one too." He slowly stands up, making sure I'm safely sitting in my chair again and then kisses my cheek. "I'll be right back."

I angle my head so he can give me a proper kiss and when he covers my lips with his, I can feel him smile. “I’ll be lonely, you know.” I pout playfully, laying on the ‘needy Omega’ persona I’m playing.

He laughs and then gives me another quick kiss. “I’m sure these two can keep you entertained for a while.” He turns around to go outside as I meet Caleb’s gaze, trying not to show my worry.

There’s only so much we can do to help Mathew hide his pheromones, and it seems that Riley is spiking them quite a lot. It doesn’t help that they’ve been unstable since he went into heat, which can have many reasons, and his anger with Jorge probably makes them worse too.

I know that I could make up some excuse so we can all go home, but that’s not going to solve any of the issues. I guess we’ll just have to learn how to deal with them, or we’ll be locked up in that house forever...

Instead of following Mathew, Caleb comes over to me and kneels next to my chair, his hand on my leg as he surrounds me in his calming dark wood scent. The way his and Riley’s scents mix makes me feel comforted and cosy.

“We’ll be right outside. We won’t be long.” He puts his hand to the side of my head and as I lean into it, he gives me a long slow kiss, easing more of my nerves.

He’s right. They won’t go far, and with Mathew out there, at least we won’t have to worry about his pheromones for a few minutes.

Then Caleb gets up and, with a nod to Jorge and Riley, he follows Mathew, quickly catching up to him and jovially putting his arm around his shoulder as he navigates the two of them out of the restaurant.

I smile. I guess we're lucky that people don't seem to question why Caleb and I are so touchy with Mathew.

Though, Mathew's pretty good at playing a 'reluctantly accepting Alpha', since I know that he's very, very, very much into being touched all the time. It's like he's been touch-starved for years and is trying to make up for it now.

"Have you been with Caleb for long?" Riley's question pulls me from my thoughts and I look at her, not able to stop my smile.

"Yeah. We've been together for six years." Talking about Caleb is easy, since there's nothing in our past that could be a danger to us right now.

"Wow. And you still look at each other like that. Must be a good bond." Her voice goes soft, together with her gaze.

Page 81

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

I nod slowly. “He’s a very good Alpha, and a good person in general.”

“I can attest to that.” Jorge laughs and breaks the odd mood, lightening it. “Of course, I’ve only known him for a few weeks, but from what I’ve learned about him, he’s very good at taking care of his Omega.”

He winks at me, his eyes twinkling, making it clear that he doesn’t mean in general but has a very specific situation in mind.

Riley lets out a deep sigh, rolling her eyes as she playfully pushes at his shoulder. “You horndog. Not everything’s about sex.”

Jorge grins wider. “But some things definitely are.”

Then Riley smiles at me. “Well, if he can stand this one, he must be a good person, or have inhuman patience.”

I’m pretty sure it’s both, as Caleb does have a very high level of patience. Though, I know that Jorge can be serious too, but he tends to act silly to try to distract people from situations that he doesn’t want to talk about.

Riley’s smile falters and she glances to the chair that Mathew just vacated. “I don’t want to bring down the mood, but the way Mathew talked to Jorge just now didn’t sit right with me. I know this pack is very new, but... It feels like things have been moving too fast and might not be very healthy.”

She turns to Jorge and her worries are clear in the way she’s frowning and the

tightness of her shoulders. It seems to make Jorge very uncomfortable.

“You said that you were waiting for your scent matched Omega to finally accept you. What happened to your Omega? It’s not Vera. Don’t even try to lie to me. You would have told me if your Omega already had an Alpha. So, what happened? Why were you convinced that you were going to pair bond with one Omega, but you’re now in a pack with a totally different one?”

Oh, no.

Oh, no, no, no.

No wonder she’s being so protective of Jorge.

She has no clue who Jorge’s scent matched Omega is.

Of course, it would make sense that he’d confide in her, at least some things, but she’s totally got the wrong picture of what’s going on here.

Also, Jorge did finally bond with the Omega she’s talking about, but he won’t be able to tell her about it right now because that would reveal Mathew’s secret.

What a fucked up situation.

Tears slowly start sliding down my cheeks and I quickly wipe them away. Fuck. I don’t want to cry, but the whole situation is so messed up.

Things that should have been happy announcements now can’t be, which gives Riley the wrong idea of what’s going on here and... And...

“Vera.” Jorge wraps his arms around me and pulls me against his chest, surrounding

me in his cedar scent and letting out a low rumble, trying to calm me down but he's clearly not that calm himself.

"I'm sorry." Riley's hand on my arm is warm, her rose scent tinged with worry. "I didn't mean to upset you. I'm so clumsy with words sometimes, and I'm bad at knowing when my words are too blunt. I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to imply you're not good enough or something. It's just..."

I take her hand as I nuzzle against Jorge's chest more. Clearing my throat, I glance in Riley's direction, my vision still blurry from tears. "It's okay. I know it's not about me. But it's good to know that someone has been looking out for Jorge, that you worry and want to make sure that he's okay. I'm just very emotional right now, I'm sorry."

The constant worrying, the waking up in the middle of the night and finding Mathew and Caleb gone, only to then find them working hard in Mathew's office a few hours later, it's all taking a toll. All the stress of the last hour or so hasn't made it any better.

"Still, I didn't mean to make this dinner awkward. Maybe I should excuse myself and wait somewhere else."

"No." I grip her hand tighter. "Please, don't go. I'll be okay in a few moments. I'd like to talk to you more, learn more about you." I want to know all about her. Though, I'm sure one dinner won't be enough for that.

"You know what, maybe I should go out for a smoke before the food arrives." Jorge kisses the top of my head. "I'll be right back. You two have fun gossiping about me or something." He flashes me a grin and then gives me a soft kiss.

"Just as long as you won't get jealous if I'm sitting in Riley's lap when you return." I grin back and he raises an eyebrow, his gaze heating up in a way I'm all too familiar

with.

“I’d be disappointed if you weren’t.” He walks off towards the entrance and I catch Riley following him with her eyes.

“So, what good gossip do you have about him?” I wriggle my eyebrows at her and she smiles, seeming to relax.

“Do you want the juicy stuff or do you want things you can embarrass him with later?” She flashes a grin as she leans closer to me, though she still hasn’t let go of my hand.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

I don't know if she notices it, but I'm fine with that, as long as she keeps touching me, as long as I can learn all about her.

She's definitely part of our pack. Things might be confusing and weird at the moment, but she fits right in. The way she sat down at the table and simply became part of our group makes that obvious.

Though, we better explain everything to her very soon, or she's going to keep worrying about Jorge and she'll keep having the wrong idea about Mathew, and that can't end very well...

6

Jorge

As I step out of the restaurant, I follow the scent of cigarettes. It's mostly the scent of normal cigarettes, probably Caleb's, but I also catch the light undertone of Mathew's special ones.

Most people would think that he simply prefers his cigarettes flavoured—which might still be true—but it's mostly to hide the scent of the pheromone suppressing chemicals. Flavoured cigarettes hide the chemical scent better than unflavoured ones and don't give off a different scent than normal flavoured cigarettes, so it's perfect.

Walking around the corner of the building, I find Caleb and Mathew leaning against some benches. Caleb looking only lightly irritated while Mathew's face is scrunched up in anger. Ah, fuck.

I'd hoped that if I followed them a little later, he would have calmed down some, but that clearly didn't work.

Maybe I should have gone outside with them immediately, that could have at least saved me the awkward questions from Riley...

The moment Mathew spots me, he stalks over, his eyes blazing. "Why didn't you tell me about Riley? Why did you keep her a secret?"

"You kept Vera and Caleb a secret from me." Though, even as I say it, I know that it's a bad excuse. They're two very different situations.

"That was a week, and you and I had zero contact in that time. You kept Riley from me for years." He stalks back over to Caleb, stabbing out the lit but unsmoked cigarette in the ashtray.

As long as I've known him, he's never actually smoked a cigarette, always lighting it and letting it burn until he would put it out. It's like the actions of lighting it and the scent of them are what's important to him not the smoking itself.

I follow him, anger boiling in my chest. "I kept her from you for years?" My voice is quiet, but the way my heart races is far from it.

He's making this all about himself, not considering Riley or my feelings. Not everything is about him. He can't always get his way. And this time, I chose to do something that was in Riley's interest, not his.

"Yes." He turns to me, though something changes when he meets my eyes, something angry but also sad. "You kept her from me. She's mine."

"No, she's not yours. She's ours, and I did what I thought was best for her. You

wouldn't even accept my scent match. You were already pushing me away, refusing to bond with me. How was I going to allow you to treat her like that too? It was better if neither of you knew of the other."

I shake my head slowly, years of anger and frustration flowing through me. "Why would I let you put her through what you were putting me through?" I turn to him more.

"Were you going to bond with her? Before Vera and Caleb came into your life, would you have accepted a bond with her?"

Would you have accepted her while you were denying me?

Even though the thought of him accepting Riley but still pushing me away hurts, if I thought that there was even a slim chance that he would have done it, I would have introduced the two. But I never believed that he would have, which is why I did what I did.

He looks surprised at my anger and shakes his head. "No. I wouldn't have." His voice is quiet, almost apologetic.

Which makes me even angrier. "Then what the fuck would have been the use of introducing you two? You were already feeling guilty enough that you couldn't go into heat, so you couldn't form a full bond with me. I wasn't going to add even more to that by telling you about Riley. And I wasn't going to put her through the same pain as I've felt for years. Why would I hurt either of you like that?"

I've felt plenty guilty over not introducing the two, but I'm still convinced it was the right choice. This way, Riley at least had a chance to find someone who wanted to be with her, even if that person wasn't her scent match.

We didn't have to both go through the pain of being near but never bonding with our scent matched Omega.

"When did you meet her for the first time?" Mathew's voice is soft, hard to read.

"About a year after you and I met. You'd already made it very clear that because you couldn't go into heat, you didn't want to be more than friends with benefits and that I should find some other Omega to start a family with." Those words still hurt, even now.

"When did you realise that she was a scent match?"

"Immediately."

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

That makes him look up. “Really?”

“Yes.”

“How often do you see her?” It’s like he’s speed-running through trying to get to know her, at least what I know about her.

“About four or five times a year. Only when I’m in her area and she’s not away on business. Which isn’t very often.” And definitely not as often as I would like.

Even if we’re not into each other sexually, she’s great to hang out with and still makes me feel like I’m at home.

“Have you ever had sex with her?”

I burst out laughing, shaking my head as I pluck the pheromone cigarette from between his shaking fingers, lighting it up and taking a drag.

“I’ve never had sex with her. Neither of us have any interest in each other in that regard. We just hang out, complain about our jobs, lack of a love life and eat food.”

Pheromone cigarettes don’t do much for me, my pheromones are too strong to be suppressed with them, they’re only really useful if you already use other suppressing methods, or barely have any, like Mathew. But since he’s got this scent around him, me also being covered in it will make it more convincing.

Caleb’s voice is deep, quiet. “Why is she so angry with Mathew?”

The one question I'd hoped to put off until we were back home...

I think back to what Riley just said and try to come up with a way to say it without Mathew getting angry with me.

"She knows I've been waiting for years for my scent matched Omega to finally accept me, to create a pair bond with me. And now she suddenly finds out I'm part of a pack with an Omega who clearly isn't the Omega in question and it's also run by a ruthless Alpha. She's just being protective."

I glance at Mathew. "I never told her your name or even gave a clue that you could be the Omega. She thinks my scent matched Omega is someone who works at a company I sometimes work with. That's all she knows. Which could literally be hundreds of Omegas."

He looks surprised. "She never asked more?"

"We don't really share details, safer that way in our line of work."

"Right." He nods. He looks surprisingly calm after I just confessed that I've been waiting for him for years. Though, he probably already knew that, no matter how much we both tried to ignore it.

"I only did what I thought was best. If you had at any point shown any interest in bonding, I would have introduced you two. But I wasn't going to do that if it was only going to make both of you unhappy."

"I still would have wanted to know. You should have told me." He looks sad, though not angry anymore, which is progress.

"No, what Jorge did was right." Caleb finishes up his cigarette. "He made the right

choice. If you weren't going to bond with her, it was better to let her find her own path."

He looks at both of us. "A chosen relationship instead of a scent match might not be the ultimate goal, but it beats waiting for someone who might never return your feelings. He did the right thing."

I stare at Caleb, not sure what to say. I expected him to get angry with me for keeping a secret, not that he would agree with me.

"So, now I'm the bad guy for getting upset?" Mathew crosses his arms over his chest, glaring at us.

"No. But that doesn't mean that what Jorge did was wrong. If you want Riley to stop being suspicious of you, you're going to have to act friendly with Jorge. Any anger you still have, you can deal with when we're at home." He looks at both of us, quiet for some time, then he nods, like he's made a choice.

"We'll stick to Derrick's plan. Always have one of us between you and her. Then, you can ask her over for dinner or whatever tomorrow, so we can explain the situation to her in private. Unless either of you doesn't want her to join the pack?"

I watch Mathew, who looks down to the ground. "I want her to join. She... She smells really good and I think Vera really likes her too."

It's pretty clear what Vera thinks of Riley, she's been eye-fucking her from the start.

"You? What do you want to do?" Caleb eyes me.

"I want her to join. I want to tell her the truth." There's been nothing I've been wanting more for years, to finally tell her the truth and to stop lying.

Just one more evening. One more evening of keeping all of this a secret and it will all be over.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

An image pops in my head, it's of how Riley was staring at Vera and Mathew, the total adoration she seemed to feel for them, even if she didn't fully understand why.

And the way Vera and Mathew were looking at her, the way their full attention was on her, like the rest of us had disappeared for a moment.

This is the right time. After all these years, this is finally the right time.

7

Mathew

I'm stillangry with Jorge that he didn't tell me about Riley before, about how he'd found someone else who was a scent match with us, that it wasn't just the two of us as I thought for years. It would have made finding Vera and Caleb less of a shock.

But Caleb's right, if I want Riley to stop glaring at me and trust me, even a little, I'm going to have to put that all aside for the evening.

Caleb's hand is warm on my lower back as he keeps his voice quiet. "We can go home right now, if you want to. We'll make up some excuse why we have to leave so suddenly. Things have been intense enough lately and being around Riley for longer might be hard with your pheromones being so unstable."

He leans closer. "We can still invite her over for dinner tomorrow, but maybe calling it a night is for the best."

My heart clenches even considering leaving Riley behind right now and I shake my head. “We’re staying. We’re here to show our faces, to show that everything is fine with me, to celebrate our new pack. If we leave now, that’s all for nothing. We’ll leave after dinner.”

“Okay. You know what’s best.” Caleb’s voice is even as he takes a step back, his warmth disappearing, and I quietly curse. I’ve gotten so used to him easily touching me all the time, having physical contact with him, and now we’re out in public, we can’t.

Wait.

Why not?

Fuck that.

Alphas being intimate with other Alphas isn’t common, but the Alpha pack leader being physically close with the other Alphas in the pack isn’t unheard of.

And it’s not like anyone here knows Caleb, so who says that he’s not into Omegas and Alphas?

Plus, people here already know that I’m pretty flexible when it comes to my sexuality.

So, fuck hiding how much I like being touched by him.

I turn to Caleb, stepping closer, and grab the top of his dress shirt. “Kiss me.” The position is a bit awkward, since he’s taller, but I don’t care, I like the way his gaze heats up when I demand his affection.

He slides one arm around my waist, pulling me against him, letting me feel how hard he is. “As you wish.” He crashes our mouths together.

His breath is warm, his stubble scrapes against my skin and the possessive way he holds me is making my pheromones flare. Fuck. This is so good.

I’ve been wanting to kiss him ever since he put on that suit. It’s been so hard to keep my hands to myself, to play the role of the emotionally detached Alpha leader.

With Jorge, I’m usually able to keep myself in check when we’re out in public, but with Caleb, it’s so much harder.

Though, this evening, it’s been harder with Jorge too. Maybe it’s because we’ve finally bonded, or maybe it’s because we’ve gotten used to being physically close all the time and having to keep my distance is hard.

Caleb chuckles as he pulls back slightly. “You smell so good right now. Going inside is going to be a little tricky...” He glances down between us and our cocks are pressed tightly against each other. Yeah, that makes things complicated.

I look back to Jorge, who’s looking at us with an amused smile. Fuck, the suit he’s wearing looks so good on him, I don’t think I’ve seen him wear this one before. It’s like it fits him even better than his usual ones.

I wish I could pull his pants down right now and blow him, watch how he comes undone just from my mouth.

Everyone’s pheromones have clearly been affecting me, especially now that my shock and anger have disappeared.

“That’s not making things any better.” Caleb’s voice is filled with lust as he presses

his hips against mine more. “Are you really sure we shouldn’t go home? We could even do it in the car in the parking lot before we leave. I’m sure that would be an interesting experience.”

No matter how tempting it is, we can’t.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

Jorge closes the distance between us and takes my chin in his hand, his pheromones flowing over me, making me moan. “If we fuck you right now, at least our pheromones would be so overwhelming that we wouldn’t have to worry about anyone smelling yours for at least a couple of hours.”

Fuck. These guys...

My slick is starting to soak into my boxer briefs. If they keep going much longer, I might take them up on a quick fuck in the car before we go back in...

“Mathew? Caleb? Jorge?” Vera’s voice reaches us.

With a quick kiss and a smile, Jorge lets go of me as he turns in the direction of the front of the restaurant. “We’re here,” he calls out as he walks in her direction.

Caleb lets me go slightly, but only enough so I can turn around in his arms, his hard cock now pressing against my ass, my own not going down one bit.

“So desperate to fuck me?” My voice is hoarse as I put my hands over his.

He pushes against me more. “I’ll take anything I can get before I have to go back in there and act all proper in public.”

“Horny fucker.” I lean back against him, enjoying his nearness.

Vera comes around the corner of the building and Jorge immediately wraps his arm around her shoulders, pulling her against him and her easy laugh at his actions makes

me smile. Fuck, they're so good together.

Then, moments later, Derrick follows them and the mood shifts.

That's not a good sign.

Vera stops in front of us, her face a mixture of happiness and nerves. "The people Riley was waiting for just arrived. She asked if we wanted to join them, since some of them apparently already know you two?"

Tonight was supposed to be fun, not a work dinner. But also, spending more time with Riley is really tempting.

I look to Derrick, what he has to say about it, since it's his responsibility to keep me safe.

He pulls up a shoulder. "I don't see why not. Some of them are indeed people you've had interactions with before, others are unknown to me, but Tim is working on that."

Jorge eyes me and then Derrick. "It would probably be good for networking, right?"

"Yes. Tim said that they could bring in more work, of the nearly legal variety, which is good for business."

My stomach sinks and I step out of Caleb's embrace. There goes our easy evening, time to be professional. "Let's do it. Where are they?"

Vera slides her hand in mine, her touch soft. "They rented out one of the back rooms. She said that she'd be waiting for us at the front."

"Sounds good." I pull Vera against me, taking in her sweet scent one last time. "Will

that be a problem with security?” I look at Derrick, who shakes his head.

“Those rooms are fairly safe and I’ll have some people out in the staff areas at the back, just to keep an eye on things.”

“Sounds like a plan. I’ll see you back inside.” I nod and he walks away, back to the rest of his team to put everything in place.

I take a long breath as I try to become Mathew ‘The Cleaner’ Page, the ruthless Alpha running a strict organisation. It feels strange to do it with Caleb and Vera around, but I’ll have to get used to it soon enough if this going to be our lives from now on.

“Anything we need to do?” Caleb’s posture has changed too, the ease gone, all business now.

“Stick to the plan. Keep an eye out for weapons or people who might pose a threat. That’s all. I’ll be doing most of the talking anyway. You can answer questions or tell them about your past. You’re part of the organisation now, so I guess this is a good first run in how that’s going to work.”

“What about me?” Vera looks at me with determination in her gaze.

“Just be your cute self. This will be the first of many meetings like this. So, see what works for you.” I kiss the top of her head. “Find something you’re comfortable with, don’t put on too much of a character, because it will get tiring after a while.”

I meet Jorge’s gaze, but we’ve done this plenty of times before. The only difference this time is that he’s now technically part of my organisation instead of being a freelancer like he was before.

We'll have to figure out the details of how that's going to work soon, but not tonight.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

He reaches into Vera's bag and pulls out a bottle of my pheromone-altering perfume. "Here." He opens the cap and holds it up. I hold out the arm that I'm not holding Vera with and he sprays some on my wrist, which I rub over my neck.

Better safe than sorry, even though I'm now surrounded by the perfume and have a hard time smelling Vera, Caleb or Jorge. Better that than being found out...

But it also helps me to feel more like my professional self, which does make things easier.

"Let's go in." I keep hold of Vera's hand as I walk to the front of the restaurant, Caleb and Jorge right behind us.

It would have been nice to have another night of just us, but maybe this is good too. This way, we can't get nervous about it or start to worry ahead of time. We just jump into the deep end.

As we step through the doors, Riley is waiting for us, her smile widening as she spots us, before she pulls her face into a professional mask. Fuck, it's so clear that she belongs with us. But we're going to have to pretend for a whole night that we're simply people who are in the same line of business.

"Are you planning on joining us?" She keeps her voice professional, but her eyes start to slide down my body before she licks her lips as she looks at Vera. We're clearly not the only ones who have a tricky evening ahead of us.

"Yes. Since we're all here anyway, it seemed like a good opportunity. We can get to

know each other better while also making new business connections.” I try not to stare at the way her dark red dress hugs her tits or her ass. Fuck, she looks so good.

“Well, then, shall we go?” She walks ahead of us to the back and Vera’s pheromones spike in amusement as my eyes are drawn to the rose tattoo on Riley’s back. The bottom of it disappears behind the top of her dress and I wish I could take it off her to get a better look.

Fuck. While I was outside, I totally forgot how absolutely gorgeous this Alpha is and how it turns my brain into a total mess.

This evening is going to get very complicated.

And we might have to move up the ‘get to know each other’ timeline, because I don’t know if I’ll want to let her go at the end of the evening...

8

Vera

The room we’re in is big, much bigger than I expected it would be, it easily holds fifteen or more people at a single table with plenty of room for servers to move around. I’ve worked at plenty of restaurants but none of them had rooms like this. I’m kind of curious how they manage everything on the staff side of things, but that’s something I’ll have to ask Mathew about at a different time.

Riley was apparently meeting a group of Alphas and Betas, both men and women, who knew someone that she knew who thought they should get connected —or something like that, I didn’t fully pay attention.

They’re all wearing expensive suits, suit dresses or other fancy clothes. I now

understand why Mathew chose this dress for me to wear tonight, anything else I've got would have been way too underdressed, and even this is on the 'casual' side.

I'm sitting between Riley and Mathew again and Caleb is sitting on Mathew's other side while Jorge is sitting opposite us. The rest of the people are spread around the table. They introduced themselves to us, but there were so many people that I haven't been able to remember a single name.

Listening to Mathew talk to them is interesting, the way his voice changes when he's his professional persona and not just himself.

I've heard it plenty of times when he's been on calls with clients, but it's still different when he does it in person. The way his face moves even changes, becomes more severe, more intense. It's like I'm sitting next to a different person almost.

Opposite us, I notice the same change in Jorge as he talks shop with the people next to him, even his aura is different from his usually more playful nature. Though, when he glances my way and catches my gaze, his sweet smile makes my stomach do happy flips.

"Are the appetisers too heavy for you?" Riley leans closer, keeping her voice low so only I can hear her, though with all the loud talking in the room, it's hard for anyone to overhear her. "I can ask them to prepare something lighter for you, if you prefer."

I glance down at my plate of bread, butter, cheese and other things to nibble on. I'd totally forgotten about that, way too absorbed in all the conversations. "No, I'm good. Thanks for asking, though." Her worry makes my cheeks flame, she's so considerate.

I'm about to grab a piece of bread, but Caleb reaches across Mathew, takes my plate and swaps it for his. He's already cut everything up into small pieces, ready for me to eat, and I can't help the way my heart beats faster.

Damn, that guy. Even with everything going on around us, his first priority is still me, making sure I'm taken care of.

I lean forward to thank him, but he's already in conversation with someone on his other side. Like this is the most normal thing in the world to do, to cut your Omega's food even when you're at a fancy place.

Which, in our case, it is...

My pheromones flush with pleasure as I pick up a piece of bread with cheese and put it in my mouth, slowly chewing on it. The food is really good, which it should be, for that price...

Riley laughs quietly and when I look at her, she seems wistful. "The small things that mated pairs who've been together for years do, it always looks so loving and natural. It's different from a brand new bond. When it's all brand new, you still have to create all the habits that you fall into later."

"They're sickeningly sweet, aren't they?" Mathew puts his head on my shoulder. "These two are just too adorable." He says it teasingly, but it somehow sounds almost sad. Like he wishes he could be treated like that too.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

With a soft sigh, I pick up a piece of bread and put it in his mouth. “If you want me to feed you, just tell me.” I turn my head and kiss his cheek. “You don’t have to pout.”

“Do you want me to cut your food too?” Caleb laughs, slowly reaching for Mathew’s plate, but before he can touch it, Mathew smacks his hand away.

“No thanks. I just like to be fed by my cute Omega.” He winks at me and my skin flushes hot.

I’m not used to someone flirting with me in public, especially not when there are three other people who are very clearly staring at us and who would love to join in.

Fuck. I guess this is life as part of a pack instead of just a pair bond...

Then I notice the other Alphas and Betas staring at us and I quickly look down at my plate, taking another bite. That’s way too much attention...

I finish the pieces of fruit first, hoping that they’ll help me cool down some. As I look up to take a sip of my water, suddenly there are more pieces on my plate and they’ve disappeared from Riley’s plate.

“I saw you liked them and the rest of your pack already finished theirs.” She winks, seeming calmer than before.

I have no idea if she’s noticed it herself, but her pheromones have slowly started to mix with ours, like she’s become part of our pack already.

“Thank you.” I quickly put one in my mouth so I don’t have to say anything else because I feel my cheeks burning and my pheromones flaring.

Fucking hell. I’m pretty sure that’s considered flirting, and she’s doing it right in front of the others, like it’s never been any different.

Her attention feels good and it’s hard to ignore the way her pheromones intensify every time we exchange words. It’s heady.

For the rest of the meal, I keep listening in on the conversations around me. Though there are so many going on at the same time that I have a hard time following most of them. Some names I recognise from Mathew’s phone calls or emails, or from his conversations with Jorge or the others, but most of them I’ve got no idea about.

On the one hand, the fact that everyone keeps ignoring me is annoying because it’s so fucking obvious that they’re doing it.

It started the moment we were introduced. They congratulated Mathew and Jorge on finding an Omega and starting a pack, which looked genuine. Then they quickly introduced themselves to Caleb and me, which seemed to be more of a chore than real interest on their part.

Once all the introductions were done, they went out of their way to only talk to Mathew, Jorge and Caleb, fully ignoring me.

Even if they wanted to know something about me, they would ask one of them and not even look my way, referring to me as ‘the Omega’, not even using my name. It’s so fucking obvious, but I don’t feel like making a scene, so I ignore the bad feeling it’s giving me.

Other than my mates, the only other person who’s been talking to me all evening has

been Riley. And it's clearly because she wants to and not because of some other reason, as her smile is genuine and warm, making my stomach do flips.

On the other hand, the others ignoring me does make it easier to listen in on their conversations and hopefully hear something that will be of use to Mathew or Jorge later.

If they want to pretend I'm nothing but empty air, then they shouldn't be surprised that their 'private' conversations are being overheard by that 'empty air'.

Caleb is turning out to be a pretty effective bodyguard. Every time someone tries to get close to Mathew, he moves between them, cutting off their path.

It has made some people upset, but they don't want to make a fuss as they know they won't be able to take Caleb in a fight.

Pack rules say that Alphas are well within their rights to protect their pack leader at any cost, and 'I thought they threatened my pack leader' is a perfectly valid reason for a brawl. Which most people in this group will very clearly lose if they're up against Caleb.

I lean my head on Mathew's shoulder as I push the pieces of cherry pie around on my plate.

"Are you sleepy?" His voice is soft as he runs his fingers over my cheek.

"A little." All the impressions are overwhelming and while my pack's pheromones are nice, some of the people in this room have pheromones that really rub me the wrong way. Constantly having to ignore them is hell.

I guess that's one advantage for Mathew, the perfume he uses also lets him ignore

bad pheromones more easily.

“Do you want to sit in my lap?” He leans his head against mine, his fingers slowly sliding down my neck, making me lean against him even more.

“I’m not a kid.” Though, I don’t move away.

He lets out a soft chuckle. “I know, but you’re my sweet Omega. And you’re adorable when you sit in my lap.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

“No, thanks. I do have some dignity.” I sit back straight and take a sip of my water.

“Maybe next time.” He weaves his fingers through mine and kisses my knuckles as he keeps my gaze, making my pheromones flare at the desire in them. “We should probably go home soon, before you fall asleep.”

“Possibly.” Going home sounds like a good idea. Not so much to sleep, but more because it’s quiet there and we won’t have to worry about what other people see or do.

Next to me, Riley stands up. “On that note, I have a very early meeting tomorrow morning. So, I’ve got to be going. It was very nice to meet all of you today, and I hope you’ll have a great rest of your evening.”

She meets my gaze, softly smiling. “Sleep tight. I’m sure we’ll see each other again later this week.”

“What about tomorrow evening, dinner at my place? Jorge will send you the address.” Mathew’s voice sounds calm, but his hand in mine is tight. He’s finally got an opening to ask her, and it’s making him nervous.

Cute!

Riley glances at Jorge and then at Caleb before she looks at Mathew. She’s not as tense as before around him and they’ve actually had some nice conversations. Which I guess is good progress from how they were a couple of hours ago.

Then her gaze lands on me, and she smiles softly before she answers him. “Sounds good. What time?”

“Around seven?”

“I’ll be there.” She nods and softly puts her hand on my shoulder, managing to touch both me and Mathew at the same time, sending electricity through my body. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow.” I manage to say as I tingle all over. I want to get up and hug her, insist that she comes home with us tonight, but that’s not the plan. I’ll only have to wait until tomorrow to see her again, that’s not too long, that’s doable.

On the other side of the table, Jorge also stands up. “I’ll walk you to your car.” He glances at Mathew, who gives him a slight nod before Jorge makes his way to the door.

“Thanks.” Riley leaves the room and, as the door closes behind them, a whine starts in my chest.

Surprised, I put my hands over my mouth, my body going cold in embarrassment.

Fuck.

That’s never happened before. But then, I’ve never been apart from a scent matched Alpha after meeting them but before bonding with them.

The first couple of weeks that I was with Caleb, before bonding with him, we were never apart for more than a few minutes at a time. With Jorge, I bonded with him within hours of meeting him.

And with Mathew—even though he’s an Omega and our bond is different— we were never far apart, he was only a few rooms away from me at most. Never more than that.

But we won’t see Riley again until tomorrow evening. She’ll be out there, in the world, and I won’t have a clue what might happen to her until I see her again.

Another whine starts up, more intense this time.

Mathew pulls me into his lap, tucking my head under his chin, against his chest. “It’s okay. It’s okay.” His voice isn’t a whine, but the way it vibrates in his chest is very close to one.

I don’t know if it’s because of my reaction or because he can’t be apart from Riley either, but it makes the pain in my chest worse.

“It’s all going to be okay.” Caleb rubs his hand over my back, releasing calming pheromones.

I feel strange. I don’t like this at all. I don’t want to let her go.

How did Mathew do this for years? How could he let Jorge leave in the morning? How did he manage without breaking down?

I want to run after Riley, catch up with her, insist that she comes home with us right now. But I know that I can’t.

Not tonight.

I’ll only have to wait a day.

I'm strong enough for that, right?

9

Riley

Leaving Mathew Page's pack—and especially their Omega, Vera— behind in the restaurant feels strange, it feels wrong, but I ignore it for now. I'll figure that out once I'm back at the hotel. That's not something to deal with in public.

"Do you have any other meetings this week?" Jorge leans against the car, glancing my way, his gaze controlled.

"A few. I'm meeting some people for a client. But I'm mostly free to go wherever I like. Why? Do you have plans for me?" I try to smile, but the seriousness in his gaze stops me.

"I feel like Vera might have." He looks at the restaurant, clear that he wishes he was in there with her. But he's also never been very good at letting me go after meeting up.

He's such a protective Alpha, unable to let the people he cares about out of his sight.

"What's the story between you two?"

"Not much to tell. They were already staying over at Mathew's place when I met them and then she went into heat. And the rest is—you know— history, I guess." He almost smiles, though looks sad too. "I'd only known her for a few hours before I bonded with her."

I blink, surprised. “That’s very fast.”

“She was already close to it, so meeting me kicked it off.” He lets out a long breath. “She is... something else. I’ve never met an Omega like her before. She’s amazing.” His pheromones are flooded with how much he adores her.

Not just because she’s his Omega but also because of something else, something that makes him glow with pride.

Something I’ve only ever seen him do when talking about one other person...

I reach out, just managing to smack him in his side. “You’re clearly in love with her. But I still want to know what happened with?—”

He cuts me off before I can finish my sentence. “I’ll explain all of it tomorrow evening. Just know that I’m okay. It’s complicated, but I’m really happy where I am right now. You don’t have to worry about me.”

I don’t know if he understands how I always worry about him, since he’s so good at getting in trouble. I’m also the eldest child from a pack—I’ve got twelve siblings—worrying about those younger than me is pretty much what I’ve been doing all my life.

“How’s that Caleb guy?”

“Very easy to get along with. Though, he’s perceptive and knows way too much about our world for someone who isn’t directly connected to it.” There it is again, the way he chooses his words.

Jorge is keeping something from me and it’s getting annoying. But I guess it’s another one of those ‘I’ll tell you tomorrow’ things.

“He makes you look small.” I smile and Jorge grins back, now finally showing a real smile.

“I know, right? That guy is tall, and he’s got the strength to match.” He tisks as he shakes his head. “Makes even you look like a Beta, and you’re already taller than me even if you don’t wear those skyscraper heels.”

I’m about to reply when I notice movement in front of the restaurant.

Vera!

For a moment, I get excited to see her again, until I notice the distressed way she’s moving, like she’s searching for someone.

Jorge’s pheromones turn dangerous and mine match them.

Something’s wrong.

“Jorge!” Vera rushes over and he takes her in his arms immediately. Then she notices me in the car and her eyes are full of relief. “Riley.” My name is little more than a squeak.

“What’s going on?” Jorge’s voice is strong, but his pheromones fill with more worry than before.

“I went to the bathroom and when I came back, the door to the room was locked but I still heard sounds inside. I tried to find Derrick and the others, but they’re not in the restaurant.”

“Fuck.” Jorge checks his phone as I get out of the car, walking around it to join the other two.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

“Are you okay?” I look the short Omega up and down and while she seems worried, she’s keeping a pretty clear head for a bonded Omega with two Alpha mates in danger. Unlike Jorge, whose distressed pheromones are getting stronger by the second.

“I’m not hurt. I just need to get them out of there.” She shakes her head, looking up at Jorge. Part of her worry is for him, how he’s handling things.

He glances at her and then at me. “I can’t reach any of them.” He sighs, he’s now looking much more distressed than Vera.

Which is strange, since his bonded Omega is out here, safe, and two of his Alpha pack mates are inside. He should be calming down with her here, but he’s getting worse.

Then I notice it too, something strange tugging on me, growing inside, worry, the need to go back in there. I push the sensation aside, I’ll deal with that later, I’ve got other things to do right now.

Next to me, Vera pulls her hair back into a quick braid, her face a mask of determination.

“Fuck. I guess we’re on our own for now.” Jorge puts his phone into his pocket. “We’ll go in through the staff entrance on the side. They probably locked the door to the restaurant, but maybe they didn’t lock the one to the kitchens.”

He’s now got a gun in his hands as he looks at us, before he blinks and looks me

over. “You should go to the hotel. You don’t need to get involved in this.”

“Like hell I don’t. I’m not letting you go in there on your own.” Who does he take me for?

“He won’t be on his own.” Vera’s calm voice shocks me, but not as much as the easy way she’s holding a knife in one hand and I notice the gun at her side, hidden by the small bag she’s been carrying around all evening.

Okay, what the fuck?

Who is this girl?

How can that cute as a button Omega I’ve been talking to —and staring at— all evening suddenly turn into this, someone who’s so comfortable with weapons?

It kind of creeps me out that I hadn’t noticed it before and it’s my fucking job to notice who around me might be dangerous.

“I’m still coming with you.” I push at Jorge’s shoulder. “Where’s that entrance?”

“Are you sure?” He eyes me, though he’s anxious to go back inside.

“Yeah, I’m sure. I can’t leave my scent matches behind when they’re in danger.” Fuck. I said it. But what the heck. I’m pretty sure our lives are on the line and I’d rather say something now than never getting the chance later.

Jorge looks at me, exasperated, but then motions to the side of the building. “Let’s go. I’ve had to use it as an exit a few times, I’ve never used it as an entrance before.”

We start walking and Vera easily keeps up with our long strides.

“You’ve got a plan?” Her voice is calm, her steps measured, like she’s done this plenty of times before. Which scares and confuses me. I’ve suddenly got a lot more questions, for her and the rest of that pack.

At first, I thought that a happy-go-lucky girl like Vera might not be such a good match for a pack in our line of business, but now I’m wondering what other secrets she’s got.

“Go inside. Figure out what happened to Derrick’s men that he put in the hallway at the back. Then check if the doors to the kitchen are still open. And we’ll go from there.” Now Jorge’s got part of a plan, his pheromones are more stable, but they’re still heavily in distress and I notice that mine are starting to join in.

What the fuck is going on? Is this another one of those ‘we’ll explain it tomorrow’ kind of things? Because I would like some fucking answersnow!

“Are you sure you should be doing this, since you’re possibly pregnant and all?” I catch Vera’s attention.

“I can get pregnant again; I can’t get new mates.” She pulls up a shoulder. “And if we all die, it doesn’t matter anyway. I’ve been living on borrowed time for years. If this is the end, I’ve had a good run.”

My heart falters a beat at her words, at the thought of her dying tonight and how she’s so calm about it. But before I can think of a reply, we stop in front of the side door.

Jorge tries it and it’s locked. Not for long, as someone opens it from the inside, nearly slamming it into his face.

From his clothes, it’s someone from the kitchen staff.

“Are they in the hallways?” Jorge grabs him by his shoulder, pulling him aside, as he makes sure the door can’t fall shut.

The shaking boy nods as he stumbles outside. He’s shivering and in shock, but I don’t notice any blood on him. He’s unharmed.

Page 91

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

“Go.” Jorge pushes him away from the door and looks inside before slipping in.

I know that Jorge has some experience with this, but he’s usually more on the financial side of things, not the sneaking around and killing side of things.

That’s my area of expertise.

“Let me.” I push past him and glance down the hallway. I hear struggling deeper inside the building, but this area is quiet. “Stay behind me.”

I slowly make my way down the hall. There are a few doors on the other side, but from their locks, I guess they’re storage rooms. As we go forward, the sounds of struggle become louder and my heart jumps as I hear gunshots.

Fuck.

I grab for my gun in reflex. But I don’t hear any screaming, the shots either killed someone instantly or they didn’t hit their target.

One is bad, the other is dangerous. Because you can do a lot of accidental damage when your aim sucks, and not just to the people you want to hit...

Two people in white clothes round the corner and I aim at them before I realise they’re more kitchen staff.

I put my finger to my lips and motion for them to keep going.

Please, don't scream.

Please, don't scream.

Please, don't scream.

The two pass us by, with only the sounds of their shoes on the floor marking where they are.

Then, we reach the corner towards the kitchen and the back of the larger dining rooms and I press my back against the wall. I look back at Vera and Jorge, they're both focused and serious, their weapons ready, their bodies tense.

A strong feeling comes over me. I can't let them get hurt. I have to protect them at any cost.

Anycost.

I take a few deep breaths, before glancing around the corner, and my breath gets stuck in my throat.

Oh, fuck.

10

Caleb

I thought the mood was slightly off during the dinner. I chalked it up to my own discomfort, this being the first time I'm in one of these situations, and some of the other people being uncomfortable around Mathew because of his reputation.

A couple of the people in the group that Riley was meeting up with already knew Mathew and Jorge, either personally or knew of them through others, and those people seemed perfectly happy.

The people who didn't know Mathew and Jorge yet were the ones who were less comfortable during the dinner. Which was easily explained by them being nervous to be around Mathew.

From everything I've seen this evening and the respect people show him, new people being in awe and nervous around him makes total sense. The restaurant staff and the other diners treated him like royalty when he came in.

It seemed like a logical explanation.

How wrong I was...

When Vera slipped out to go to the bathroom, the mumbling started.

First, on the other end of the table, too low and too far away to hear what was being said, but it was clear it wasn't good.

They kept staring at Mathew and then at me. The first word I noticed that they were mouthing was 'Hearts', which was a bad sign.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

I was about to stand up, to check what they were up to, when Mathew stopped me, showing me the screen of his phone. Showing that Derrick and his men were getting in place to barge into this room in case trouble broke out.

One of the men openly started staring at Mathew, a look of triumph on his face.

“What?” Mathew levelled a look at him and the man smirked darkly.

“Don’t you remember me, Michael? To think that I’d ever meet the famous ‘King of Hearts’ again. Are you still playing at being an Alpha, while being bred like the disgusting Omega whore you are?”

Fuck.

That must have been one of Mathew’s former ‘clients’, one of the men who used to ‘rent’ him while he was still a fucking child.

Only they would know that Mathew used to be the ‘king’ of the brothel he was being kept at and that his unique feature was that he was an Omega with a body closer to what’s expected of Alphas.

And he just told the whole room about it. Everyone in this room now knew Mathew’s secret, which he’d been hiding for over a decade.

Bile rose in my throat as my pheromones spiked, and when I stood up the second time, Mathew didn’t stop me.

I stalked over to the man, who looked panicked at the knife in my hand.

Then, two things happened at the same time: as I grabbed the disgusting man's hair, pulled his head back and slit his throat in one fluid motion, Derrick and the rest of the security team barged into the room.

Blood spurt over the table and the man's companions scattered away, some of them looking surprised and confused and others grabbing for their weapons, training them at me or Mathew or the security team.

"Who else dares to insult my mate?" I barely recognised my voice, the pure fury in it.

Though things got worse when the man who'd been sitting opposite the one I killed tried to shoot me but instead hit the wall behind me.

My vision narrowed and I lunged for him, driving my knife into his bowels and cutting him open, making his insides spill onto the floor in front of him as he bled out.

Things after that point became blurry as I realised there were now multiple unknown people between Mathew and me and I had to get to him.

Everything in me told me to get to my mate, no matter what it would take.

"Caleb!" Mathew's voice breaks through the mess in my head as I've got my arm around him, my body a shield around his.

"We have to get out of here." I don't let go of him, hiding my nose as close to his neck as possible so I can smell his wisteria pheromones. They're the only thing keeping me from ripping the heads off everyone in this room.

“Not possible.” Derrick is nearby, clearly on edge. “They called for backup a while ago and took out the men I’d stationed in the staff hallways at the back. Going out the front is a bad idea too. Too many innocents and potentially more of the Hearts too.”

“Bastards.” Mathew’s voice is harsh, filled with anger and he pushes at my chest, making me take a step back. “At least Vera, Jorge and Riley aren’t in here with us. At least they’re safe.”

Vera... A growl takes over my chest, setting my pheromones on edge. Don’t theydarehurt her. Don’t theydare.

“As long as she doesn’t come back in, she’ll be safe. We just have to get out of here ourselves.” Mathew fixes his dark eyes on me and I nod.

Yes. We have to get out of here.

I have to get Mathew to safety. I have to protect him.

The door to the staff hallways opens and unfamiliar people spill into the room. This must be the backup from the Hearts that Derrick was talking about.

A tall male Alpha steps through the door and Mathew stiffens next to me, pulling me back by the back of my shirt as he lets out a growl.

I guess I’ve got my target. It’s someone Mathew recognises and clearly doesn’t like.

“Grab the one with the long hair!” The tall male Alpha points in our direction and I put myself between Mathew and them.

Like hell I’ll let that happen.

Page 93

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

Derrick and the rest of the team spring into action and fights break out all around us while I keep my focus on the Alpha. He's the one in charge and he's a danger to my Omega, to mymate.

I'll not let him hurt Mathew again. Never!

Loud shots stun me for a moment, the sound so close that my ears are ringing, but a quick internal check lets me know that I'm still whole and a glance at Mathew shows that while he's fighting someone off, he's still unharmed too.

Good.

I grab another person trying to pass me by, a female Alpha, and snap her neck before letting her fall to the floor.

These people clearly aren't used to fighting with others nearby and seem to have no idea what they're supposed to do when faced with multiple attackers at the same time.

While I might have cursed Derrick for making me train for hours every morning while Mathew and Vera were allowed to sleep in or do other things —since we wanted them to be cleared by a doctor before they went back to training— the man clearly knows his shit.

And also, since I always train with the security team, they don't set off my destructive instincts when they appear at my side.

Three men appear in front of me, two Alphas, one Beta, and these three do seem to know how to work together. They start circling me, constantly aware of where the others are. These are trained.

I keep my head clear, keeping an eye on each of them as they move closer.

The Alpha on my left is the first to jump forward, grabbing for my arm, trying to bring me to the floor.

As I'm shaking him off, the other two jump me too. The sudden weight pushes me off my feet and I slam the back of my head on the hard wooden floor, making me see stars for a moment.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. They were stronger and better trained than I initially expected. Fuck.

I have to get up.

I have to get up right now.

I have to?—

A fourth weight lands on my body and Vera's face appears next to the Beta who's sitting on my chest. Her eyes are filled with darkness and she gives me a quick smirk.

Then she pulls the Beta's head back and slits his throat, his warm blood spurting over me, drenching me in it.

That's my girl. That's my sweet little Omega.

The two Alphas seem stunned by what just happened, but before they can react, Riley

has shot one of them at point-blank range and someone from the security team has taken care of the other.

I scramble to my feet, pulling Vera against me, making sure she's okay.

"I'm good. I'm good. You know I wouldn't let them hurt me." She sends out confident pheromones, which ease my nerves, but only for a few moments. We've been in situations like this often enough that I know she can handle herself, even if I really don't like it.

I look around, trying to find where the Alpha bastard that's after Mathew has gone. I'm not letting him put a hand on my Omega, no fucking way.

The room is so crowded that it takes me a few moments to find him. The Alpha is with Mathew and Jorge.

Jorge is standing between Mathew and the Alpha, a gun in one hand, a knife in the other, as Mathew is doing the same.

But something weird is going on. Jorge is trying to protect Mathew, but also doesn't seem to feel particularly safe with Mathew at his back. It's like he's fighting himself not to turn around, which is keeping his attention split.

What the fuck is going on?

"Fuck!" Vera slips from my grip, into the mass of fighting bodies. I try to reach for her, but it's like the mass closes right behind her, making her disappear from view.

Fuck, indeed.

Vera

This is bad. This is really fucking bad.

It's hard to see where I'm going, since I'm way shorter than most people. But being this short also helps with slipping between the moving bodies as I make my way across the room, hoping they don't notice me.

I keep pushing in the direction where I spotted Mathew, Jorge and some Alpha. I recognised the stance Jorge had taken, and the look on Mathew's face. Jorge has reached a frenzied state, triggered by Mathew being in danger.

And while Mathew is trying to appease Jorge—which isn't possible with his low pheromones, but is something Omegas instinctively do when their Alpha is frenzied—he's also preparing himself to defend against not just the Alpha opposite them, but also against one of his own Alpha mates.

My heart races as I try to get to them as quickly as possible, still remembering how Caleb couldn't snap out of the frenzied state the first day we met Mathew because Mathew's pheromones couldn't get through to him.

If Jorge doesn't snap out of it, he could come to see Mathew as a threat while also trying to protect him at the same time.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

We really should have talked about this sooner, but with everything else going on, it

kind of slipped my mind.

I duck away as a struggle breaks out in front of me, nearly tripping over a dead body, but I manage to stay on my feet.

Shit. The floor has gotten slippery with blood and my heels are not helping one bit. Fuck.

“Vera!” Mathew’s voice is tight and when I look up, he’s staring my way, holding out his hand the same way he did that first time. Even in this state, he seems to recognise me and knows I’ll protect him.

As I get closer, I sense Jorge’s angry pheromones coming off him in waves. This way, he lets everyone around him know that he’ll kill anyone who threatens his Omega.

Which is good, because it shows their bond is strong, but also really fucking bad when he can’t differentiate between his Omega and any attackers because he can’t sense Mathew’s pheromones.

Someone bumps into me from behind and I go sprawling over the floor, the beautiful dress now covered in blood as it sticks to my skin. Ugh. Gross.

“Vera!” Mathew’s voice peaks and when I look up my heart sinks.

Jorge has noticed Mathew’s outstretched hand to me and has grabbed it, his growl deepening. To Jorge, Mathew is some unknown person behind him, threatening not just one but now two of his Omegas.

The unfamiliar Alpha uses the moment of distraction and stabs Jorge in his arm, making him groan out in pain, his attention now split in three directions.

Before they can do anything else, Riley appears a little while off and shoots the attacking Alpha through the head. Because of the silencer, there isn't much of a sound, and she's gone the next moment, almost before the body has even hit the floor.

I quickly get up and make my way over to Mathew, sending out calming and determined pheromones as I come closer, hoping to break Jorge out of his frenzy.

He's still holding Mathew's wrist, now fully turned to him, staring at him without recognition, not saying anything. Mathew is staring back at him in fear, wisps of his appeasing pheromones come out, but they're not strong enough to get through to Jorge.

I wrap my arms around Mathew, sending out my pheromones again, hoping to be able to snap them both out of it, or this could go so wrong.

Come on, please.

Snap out of it, please.

"Jorge!" I try to get his attention and he takes way too long to move his eyes from Mathew's face to mine. "He's your mate. This is Mathew. Don't hurt him." I swallow hard, carefully reaching up and slowly trying to move each of Jorge's fingers so he'll let go of Mathew.

My heart is beating loudly as this could easily backfire and could make Jorge turn on Mathew even more, but slowly but surely, Jorge is letting go.

"Jorge?!" Derrick's voice booms from nearby and Jorge snarls at him, his grip tight on Mathew's arm again.

"No!" I jump between Jorge and Derrick. "Don't!"

I know that Derrick only wants to protect Mathew, but this isn't making it better. If he hurts Jorge, shit is going to go down and we'll only be in an even worse situation.

"I can fix this. Let me fix this," I plead with Derrick. I've done this before, but it only works if nobody else interferes.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

Jorge's growl intensifies and he wraps his arm around my waist, pulling me closely against him, his gun trained on Derrick. His pheromones nearly trigger my appeasing instincts but I'm too amped up.

This is good and bad. Good, Jorge has let go of Mathew's arm. Bad, he still hasn't broken out of his frenzy and now thinks Derrick is threatening me.

"Mathew?" I carefully call out to him. I need to know that he's okay.

"Here."

"Are you back?"

"Yeah. Somewhat."

"Get from behind us. Show Jorge that you're safe." My pheromones alone aren't doing it, not as long as Jorge's instincts still think that Mathew is in danger.

I focus on sending out calming and confident pheromones, letting Jorge know I'm safe, that his mates are safe. That we might be in a dangerous situation but that we're not in any immediate danger ourselves.

Mathew appears on the side away from the fight and I feel how Jorge's attention shifts to him.

"We're all safe. See?" I put my hand over Jorge's, trying to soothe him. "We're all safe."

The growl in his chest softens and his grip on me lessens.

“We’re all safe.” I look up at him and he stares back down at me, his light blue eyes finally seeming to focus.

Then I catch a movement out of the corner of my eyes. Someone is behind Mathew, has grabbed him, because all his attention was on us.

“No!” I try to jump forward, but can’t because Jorge is still holding me.

Then the female Alpha’s brain explodes all over Mathew and I look up to find Riley keeping a close eye on us.

We have to get out of here. We can’t stay here any longer.

“Jorge?” I try to move in his arms and he lets me go. “Are you okay?”

He nods, out of breath, then holds up his arm where he was stabbed. “Hurt, but otherwise okay. What happened?”

“I’ll explain it later. Don’t get into a situation where Mathew is stuck behind you. Just, don’t.”

He nods again, looking at Mathew who slowly comes over to us. “Are you okay?”

Mathew pulls a face as he wipes brain, blood and strands of hair from his face. “I feel gross, but I’m not hurt.”

“Good.” Jorge looks around, back to himself and trying to get an overview of the situation.

There are still fights going on, but the heaviest fighting has now eased. Riley is helping some from the security team to get rid of the last of our attackers as Caleb is coming over to us.

“We have to get out. I have no idea if more of the Hearts’ people are coming, but I’d rather not find out.” He looks me up and down and when I glance down, I realise that my light purple dress is now dark red.

“It’s not mine. I promise.” I take his hand and hug his side.

“Good.” He wraps his arm under my ass and lifts me up against him, tucking me against his side protectively.

I quickly wrap my arms around his neck and take in his pheromones, trying to calm the roller coaster of emotions down. As soon as I’m in his embrace, the tension from the last minutes leaves me and I’m crying.

Fuck. That was scary. That was way too scary.

I’m fine with physical fighting. I have no problem with death. But having to step between Mathew and Jorge was draining. That fear was way stronger than I’ve ever felt.

Caleb lets out a calming rumble as he rubs my back in soothing motions.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

“Let’s get out of here.” Mathew clears his throat. “Before the cops or more of the Hearts’ people arrive.”

“Let’s go.” Caleb rubs his large hand over the side of my head, pulling me against his shoulder more.

As Caleb starts to walk towards the —now broken— door to the staff hallway, Mathew steps behind him, his eyes on me filled with worry.

I reach out to him and he takes my hand, softly kissing my blood-covered fingers. I’m so glad he’s safe, that he’s fine now.

We really have to come up with a solution soon.

Him not being able to use his pheromones to calm his Alphas down when they go into a frenzy trying to protect him is really dangerous. This has happened twice now and both times I had to resolve it. But no matter how well we plan things, I won’t always be at his side to help him out.

“Riley, are you—” With a jolt, Caleb’s words are cut off and he turns abruptly, ripping my hand out of Mathew’s. Within moments, he’s grabbed Mathew and has dropped all three of us to the floor, covering us with his body.

Then I hear the bullets as they hit the floor and wall just above our heads.

I glance over Caleb’s shoulder and some bastard is looking down at us from one of the large vents high up in the wall.

Next to me, Mathew's moves are fluid and precise. He grabs his gun and shoots the attacker, hitting the man in his shoulder as he tries to get away, but not killing him.

That slows the shooter down for long enough that the second bullet hits him in his head and he slumps down. He's dead.

Fuck.

"Caleb, are you okay?" I crawl from under him, looking him over, but I have no idea what blood is his and what blood is from other people.

He lets out a soft chuckle as he pushes himself up. "I'm okay. I just landed poorly and got a few extra bruises. Are you okay?" He reaches out and takes me in his arms.

I nod, not able to say anything anymore. I'm too tired and just want to go home with my mates. Just...

Home.

12

Jorge

Riley is staring in shock at where the dead shooter's hand is hanging from the vent. It's right above her, which is probably why Caleb noticed him when he looked her way.

"Riley?" I walk closer to her and she blinks, focusing on me. "Are you coming home with us?"

I don't think it's a good idea to let her go back to her hotel, in case the people she met

up with know where she's staying and decide to take revenge on her when she's on her own.

"I guess so." Then her eyes slide down to my arm. "You're hurt!"

"It's fine. I'll have someone patch me up back at home."

It's only a cut. It hurts like hell, but I can still move all my fingers and the bleeding isn't too bad. It can wait until we're back.

I still when I hear loud footsteps in the hall, only for Timothy's clear voice to calm me down. "Check the bodies. Take all ID. Don't leave anything behind. We need everything we can get."

He appears in the doorway, his body tense and controlled, until he sees Derrick and he lets out a long breath. Then he seems to pull himself together. "Get everyone the help they need. Get a move on!"

Those two can deal with cleaning up, it's what they always do. I've got more important things to worry about.

I cross the room over to Caleb, Mathew and Vera.

As soon as we reach them, Caleb jerks his head to the door and I nod. Yeah, getting out of here is our first priority.

Vera takes Mathew's hand and they follow Caleb, walking side-by-side, while Riley and I follow them.

Page 97

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

We carefully make our way through the hallway, avoiding the bodies and the pools of blood, as the adrenaline is slowly leaving my body.

What just happened will probably hit me in a couple of hours, but for now, I can handle it.

The silence feels awkward as I stare at Mathew and Vera's backs.

As my head is starting to clear more, I realise what happened with Mathew and how things could have gotten much, much worse if it wasn't for Vera's quick thinking.

I must have gone into a frenzy, though the details are blurry.

Then, a very clear picture pops into my head, Mathew's face as his eyes were filled with terror. Not because he was afraid of someone else, but because he was afraid of me...

My stomach rolls and I swallow hard. Fucking hell.

No way.

That...

I can't believe that I did something to make him fear me.

"Mathew..." I reach out to him, tugging on his arm and he turns to me slightly, his eyes normal, exhausted, but normal. "What did I... Did I...?" My eyes shoot over his

body, trying to find anywhere I could have hurt him. “What...”

He stops, turning to me more as he takes my hand. “You didn’t do anything to me. I promise.” He steps closer, sliding a hand up over my shoulder as he cups the back of my head. “I promise.”

Then he crashes his lips into mine, kissing me hard, and I grab hold of him, pulling him as tightly against me as I can, kissing back as hard as he’s giving me.

As he kisses me, his pheromones become stronger, soothing and sexy, but no trace of anger or fear in them. Whatever happened between us that made him look like that, nothing of it remains, we’re still the same as we were before.

After long moments, he pulls back, keeping my gaze, making sure I understand what he’s trying to tell me through his pheromones. “Nothing bad happened. I just want to go home.”

I nod.

I’m sure that a lot of things happened, including something that made him look at me in terror for some reason, but none of that matters until we’re back home. We can deal with it then.

As we’re about to leave through the side-entrance, Mathew stops Riley, his gaze troubled. He waits until Caleb, Vera and I have walked past them before he talks.

“Before we go any further, I need to know something. Depending on your answer, I might have to kill you, as taking you with us could put all of us in a lot of danger.” His voice is cold, making shivers run down my spine, and I catch the glint of his knife as it appears in his hand.

Fuck. He's seriously willing to kill her, even though he knows she's a scent match for us and it will leave a scar in our pack forever.

"Okay." Riley looks at him calmly, like this is somehow a reasonable request.

What the hell?!

She just saved our asses. She's good people. Why is he suddenly suspicious of her?

I was the one who didn't introduce them before, that didn't have anything to do with her.

He has to understand that, right?

He can't blame her for that. Right?

I can't lose her. We can't lose her. She sours.

"Mathew! Stop it! She's not a danger to you!" I try to go over to him, but Caleb grabs my arm, holding me in place.

"Don't interfere." His voice is low as he uses his Alpha powers, his gaze intense as he looks at them. He knows what this is about. He's waiting for Riley's answer. He's waiting for Riley to give the right answer. Whatever that may be.

"What?! You can't be serious." I stare at him and then notice the light distress in Vera's pheromones.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

“What’s happening?” She stares at Caleb and then at Mathew and Riley. “He’s not going to kill her, is he? He can’t. Please.”

“Shut up.” Mathew glares our way and the fury in his gaze makes my blood run cold.

Oh, no. I’ve seen that look before.

It’s been years, but it’s hard to forget the first time you watch your fated mate’s face go from laughing to murderous in a fraction of a second and for them to stand up from the table, cross the restaurant and kill someone.

It wasn’t the first time I’d seen him kill, but it was the first time it had happened out in the open, outside of ‘work’ situations. It was the moment I realised how dangerous he really was.

There’s only one thing that I know that makes him like this: when he’s confronted with people who knew him when he was still held by the Hearts.

The fact that he’s asking her to explain herself and he hasn’t killed her yet means that he doesn’t want to, he really doesn’t want to have to kill her. But he will if she’s a danger to him, or to us...

Riley, what did you get yourself into? Was I really so wrong about you?

“What do you want to know?” How does Riley manage to look so calm when he could kill her in moments? She must know that he’s not joking.

“Are you working for the Hearts?” His voice is cold, and Riley’s face goes white as a sheet as she covers her mouth while shaking her head. Even from this distance, the caustic note in her pheromones reaches us.

“No. Fuck no.No way in hell.” Her words are like venom as she spits them out.

My body runs hot and cold, relieved at her answer but still nervous about why Mathew would be suspicious of her in the first place.

“Any of the other Suits?” He looks to relax only a fraction.

“No. No way.” Then she glances back down the hallway, anger and upset in her gaze. “You think that some of the people I met with tonight were part of the Hearts?”

“I know for sure. Someone recognised me.” Mathew turns around and I don’t know why until I realise I’ve got my arms around him tightly.

Trying to wrap him in my pheromones, trying to cleanse him of all the bad memories, trying to cleanse him of the bad scents that haven’t touched him in a decade.

Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.

Someone recognised him. No, not just that.

Someone recognised him and was confident enough of their safety to confront Mathew with his past. That’s what set off the fight.

Fucking hell.

“Timothy checked them.” My voice breaks. How can we have been so careless?

“It was someone we hadn’t met before. So we didn’t have any real information on them.” He grips the back of my jacket and leans his head on my shoulder.

I wrap protective pheromones around him, trying to soothe him, trying to show him I’ll always protect him, that nothing bad will happen to him as long as I’m around.

Then I glance at Riley, who looks at us in confusion, looking even more confused than she did before. “Did you have any idea?”

She shakes her head. “No clue. I would never do business with anyone from the Suits Syndicate. Nofuckingway. I’d kill myself before I’d ever consider taking a job from them.”

Mathew slowly lets go of me, looking at her. “How did you meet them?”

“I’ve never met any of them in person before. They were acquaintances of acquaintances. They heard I was going to be in the area and they wanted to meet, see if we could maybe work together in the future.”

She eyes Mathew. “If I’d known that they were connected to the Hearts, I would have killed them before the meeting could even start.”

Mathew sighs. “None of us knew. We’ve done business with some of them before and they’re clean. But the people they took with them were connected to the Hearts. Which is troubling.”

Which means that Timothy, his team and I will be doing a lot of work in the coming days to figure out where the hell things went wrong. Because, once again, the Hearts have gotten much closer to us than we thought and we didn’t have a clue.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

“Can I ask?” Riley’s voice is careful. “What did you mean when you said that they recognised you? From where?”

Mathew runs his tongue piercing along his teeth for a long moment, the sound cold and sharp, as he stares down the street, not looking at anything in particular, lost in his mind. Then his eyes go to Vera and Caleb, resting on the large Alpha, before they meet mine.

He lets out a long breath and my heart breaks as I wish I could stop him from saying the words. As I wish I could avoid the pain he’ll have to reveal. Even though I know that he’ll tell her, no matter how much it hurts.

“Before I was Mathew Page, I was Michael, King of Hearts. That was more than a decade ago. I was the top performer at one of their brothels. The person who recognised me was apparently one of the ‘clients’ I met at the time.” He keeps his voice level.

Angry pheromones roll off Riley as she realises what he just told her. The implications of his words.

“And, another thing. There’s something I should clear up before we go any further.” Mathew’s voice doesn’t change, though he’s moving tensely now. “Unlike what you may have heard, I’m not an Alpha, or a Beta, I’m an Omega.” He undoes the top buttons of his dress shirt and then pulls the back down, revealing his marks.

He slides his hand into mine, his palm sweaty, his grip slightly shaking. “I’m the Omega Jorge has been waiting for for years.”

My mouth drops open as I stare at him. Did he really just?!

He glances my way, his face red from blushing as he gives me a shy smile. “Could you not be that surprised about something you’ve known for years? I thought you wanted me to tell her.”

With a grin, I wrap my arms around his shoulders, pulling him close.

I might have known for years, but this is the first time I’ve heard him tell anyone about us, and the confident and cool way he did it simply fried my brain.

Fucking hell.

I had no idea he could make me feel this proud.

13

Riley

Mathew Page is an Omega. Mathew fucking Page, a man feared for his ruthlessness, is an Omega.

I stare at the two men in front of me, not sure how to react as they’re somehow being very awkward and cute together.

It does clear up a lot of the confusion I’ve had all evening. Why I felt so attracted to Mathew. Why I kept wanting to touch him. Why Jorge looked so happy. It all makes a lot more sense.

But there’s one thing that doesn’t make sense. “Why can’t I smell your pheromones?” Even the strongest suppressants usually leave some trace, but I didn’t notice anything

all evening.

Mathew eyes me, tugging on one of his lip rings with his teeth before he answers. “I barely have any. And I use products to make sure they stay hidden.”

Then he looks at Jorge’s arm, the one with the cut, which is still around his waist and the comfortable ease —from years of being together— is so clear. “Let’s go home so you can get stitched up.” He leans to Jorge and kisses his cheek, making Jorge smile goofily.

Then I realise why Mathew got so angry with Jorge at the start of the evening, when I told them I’d known Jorge for years. Of course, if we’re all scent matches, then Jorge has been hiding us from each other for years.

I guess I’m going to have a chat with Jorge later...

“Are you still here?” A gruff voice comes from the hallway and one of the people from what I assume is Mathew’s security team comes over to us.

“We’re just about to leave.” Jorge grins, going over to Vera and Caleb.

“Get your arm checked out before you lose so much blood you need to go to the hospital,” the security guy calls after Jorge, before sighing and looking at Mathew. “What’s the plan?”

“I think Riley is coming with us?” Mathew eyes me, a slight nervousness in his gaze.

“Yeah.” There’s no way I’m going to the hotel right now. I’m pretty sure there’s a target on my back and I’m not getting myself killed all alone in some hotel room.

The security guy holds up his hand to me. “If you give me your keys, we’ll get your

car to the house. You can go with them in the van.”

Ooookay? Bossy much?

Page 100

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

I want to tell him to mind his own business, but when I meet Mathew's gaze, I let out a deep sigh and take the keys from my bag. I know that after the evening we've just had, driving isn't the safest thing to do, and I'd rather be with Mathew and Vera than be on my own right now.

"It's a rental. Try not to get it too dirty, they tend to ask questions when you return a car with blood stains." Sadly enough, I can speak from experience on that.

"Will do." He jabs his thumb to the end of the alley. "There's a van waiting for you. We'll make sure everything here is sorted out."

"Thanks." Mathew nods, and he eyes me. "Let's go home. I really would like a shower."

"Same." I smile, somehow feeling quite calm around him now I'm no longer confused why I keep wanting to be near him.

I tug on Caleb's much too large shirt as I stare out over the night garden.

Luckily, it's a brand new shirt that he's not worn before, so the main discomfort is that it doesn't fit me, it's not because his pheromones are all over it or anything like that. Which would have been much worse.

He's the only person whose clothes I somewhat fit into, since Vera, Mathew and Jorge are all shorter. And no matter how muscular Mathew and Jorge are, even their wide shirts would not go over my tits.

I really hope I can drop by the hotel tomorrow to pick up my suitcase so I can wear my own clothes, since the dress I was wearing got ripped and really needs a deep clean before I wear it again.

The door to Mathew's office opens and Caleb's woodsy scent fills the room and spills out the door towards me. It's a good scent. It's much stronger and heavier than Jorge's, but it suits the tall Alpha. Matches his rough exterior.

"Is the size okay?" He steps through the door, and sits down on the chair next to mine, letting out a long groan as he stretches his legs. "I really should not have done that last move. I'm going to be so bruised tomorrow." He lets out a deep laugh that relaxes me and makes me smile too.

"I'm pretty sure getting shot is going to hurt more than some bruises." I glance his way.

Despite his size and looks, he's pretty unassuming most of the time. He's able to blend into his surroundings and not make you notice him much.

But the few times he's used his Alpha powers, they were very strong. Knowing that I'm part of his pack makes that make some sense, but it doesn't explain all of it. He naturally has a lot of power.

"Are the others still in the shower?" He glances back inside.

Mathew, Jorge and Vera decided to share the upstairs bathroom, probably to fuck each other senseless, while Caleb and I took showers downstairs.

While joining them was tempting, I needed to mentally sort through what happened this evening first. Also, I'm not interested in sharing my Omegas with other Alphas during sex, so Jorge being there made it less appealing too.

“Yeah. I’m pretty sure they’re still upstairs. I have a feeling, they might take a few hours.”

“Probably, yes.” He chuckles, but then goes serious as he turns to me. “Erika and the gang say ‘hello’, Whisper.”

My heart stops for a moment as I stare at him, my hand wandering into my bag that I’ve got next to me, reaching for my gun.

“I thought it was curious, someone in the same line of work as Mathew suddenly coming here to ‘meet new clients’ even though you’ve never been here before. Especially after Erika had been so bummed that Vera and I couldn’t check out the area ourselves.”

He pulls up a shoulder, appearing way too calm, but the tension in his muscles is clear if you know what to look for. He’s ready to fight if I show any signs of aggression.

“At first, I thought it might have been a coincidence, until you reacted so strongly when Mathew asked you about the Suits Syndicate.”

“Who are you?”

There are very few people who know that I work for Erika from time to time, usually when it aligns with other things I’m doing. And he’s right that she sent me here, to check out the area. But she wouldn’t reveal that to random people, not even if they also work for her. She’s smarter than that, or she wouldn’t have lasted this long.

“I’m Erika’s ex-boyfriend, from before she met her pack.” He takes his phone and shows an old picture of him and Erika together, at what looks like a college party or something like that.

Herex-boyfriend? This guy is herex?

“You can ask her if you’re not sure. I know you can do a lot with modern technology, so if you don’t trust me... Feel free to check with her.”

“I might later.” I probably should, though he seems trustworthy.

“Good.” He leans back in the chair. “Was Erika the person who wanted to introduce you to the group of people today?”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 10:01 am

“No. It was through a different client. I did give her all the names I knew ahead of time, but there were more people at the restaurant than expected.” Which, looking back, was kind of suspicious.

“Hmm.” He looks at the night sky. “The Hearts are up to something. We’ve found connections with the Hearts through the pack Vera was supposed to marry into. And now there are Hearts at your ‘friendly’ networking dinner. In both cases, it wasn’t revealed until later.”

He pulls up a shoulder. “And both cases ended in death, but I’m not sure that’s relevant here.”

Honey pheromones surround us as quiet footsteps reach the door. When I look up, Vera sticks her head around the door, her face red, her pheromones drenched in orgasmic bliss. She’s wearing a thin night dress that makes my mouth water with how it hugs her curves.

She looks at us both and her blissful pheromones ease as she steps outside, looking more serious. “I’m tired of waiting. I’m tired of being scared. I’ve been running for way too long. I want to fight back, take the fight to them.” Her jaw is set, her eyes dark.

“It’s not that—” Caleb starts, keeping his pheromones calm, but she glares at him.

“I know it’s not easy. Nothing is ever easy. But we have to try. I don’t want to wait for them to make another move. We’ve been waiting and running for years. I’m fucking tired of it.” Her voice hitches for a moment. “I’ve finally got a pack.

We've finally started a family. I don't want to be scared anymore that it could be taken from me."

I take a deep breath, trying to calm the emotions that her words and pheromones are stirring up in me. "Taking down an organisation as large as the Hearts isn't going to be easy. It's much too big for a small pack like us."

"We don't have to start at the top." She seems much more focused now. "We start at the brothel that used to hold Mathew. They're probably the ones who are threatening him anyway."

I glance at Caleb. If he's aware what Erika's organisation does, he knows how dangerous of a task that is, how big of a task that's going to be.

It takes Erika months or years of work and hundreds of people to take down one brothel or other location and deal with the aftermath of it. How are we supposed to manage that with just a handful of people?

Vera's pheromones change, taking on a spicy edge. "They threatened us. They hurt Jorge and the others. We have to get rid of the Hearts."

I'm surprised by the way she's changing, how this soft and sweet Omega turns murderous when people she loves are in danger. I've seen this change in her before, earlier this evening, but that was in very tense situations, this time, she does it without being provoked.

This isn't just something she does when there's danger, this is who she is, this is a side of her that's always there, and that's attractive and a little scary at the same time.

The scary part is mostly that I know that if she points, I will kill for her, without a doubt.

She's my Omega, I'll do anything for her.

That includes murder...