



Binding Breanna (Annual Game Night OV)

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: With medical bills piling up all around her, Breanna decides to work for a service that provides omegas to alphas for the Second Annual Game Night. While she's only doing this to help her family, she can't deny that there's a thrill to meeting two strangers for something so taboo. Being inexperienced means she's not sure what to expect, but she's excited to see where the night takes her.

Fourteen hours. That's all that Mitchum and David have to indulge and explore new levels of depravity. Not wanting to spend the whole time hunting for an omega, they use a service that guarantees them a fresh and pure little thing for the night. Except that these two alphas have no intention of letting her go. They'll use her up. Right to the last drop.

Note: This novella is currently included in the Bound: Annual Game Night Year 2: A Darkverse Romance Anthology. It is a dark story with very little romance. Read those warnings and enter at your own risk.

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THE brOADCAST

Attention: This is a message from the Universal Governance Council ABO Security and Surveillance Division.

Missive: Game Night

The UGC acting in accordance with the verdict cast forth from the ABOSSD has declared a trial. The unrest amongst the Alpha Elites has been brought to the attention of the governing body. As a result you will be granted one night in which your cerebral monitors will be turned off. This will allow you to experience all the emotions, drives, and aggressions of an Alpha. You are free to act on these impulses as your aggression center will no longer be short-circuited, inhibiting your actions.

This freedom will last for a period of fourteen (14) hours from 7:00 pm Eastern Sector Time on Oct. 31st until 9:00 am Eastern Sector Time on Nov. 1st

NOTE : This is for Sector 5 only. Any Alphas from other sectors that wish to participate will need to be processed at any one of our border control hubs by Oct. 29th at the latest.

Since the number of registered omegas in Sector 5 have far surpassed critical level, it is now safe to suspend Alpha Ordinance 12: "Dynamic Interbreeding Permissions Act" for this one night. It is our goal that this one night of reprieve will help with the growing unease and allow you to bleed off your need to hunt and capture. May you find freedom in this Game Night and make this experiment a success.

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DAVID'S OFFICE

Mitchum

“Mr. Survelle.” Tia rises from her desk, quick to greet me. “I don’t have you down to see Mr. Gall today.” Her smile grows tight as she says, “Is he expecting you?” She hates it when I pop in, but David is the fucking CEO. He can take a few hours out of his day for me without his secretary copping an attitude.

“I don’t have an appointment,” I say, not bothering to explain myself. I’m an Alpha and if I want to see my boyfriend, I will. “Is David free?”

Tia takes my jacket and bag. I hold the thick manila envelope a little tighter, making it clear that I don’t want her to take it. “I’ll have to check,” she says, and I instantly know he is, otherwise, she would have given me some excuse and asked me to wait in the parlor.

“Let him know that I have a little surprise.” I hold up the envelope.

“Of course.” Tia’s smile stays firmly in place as she hangs my jacket on the hook next to David’s office door. Her tight lilac dress hugs her trim waist and narrow hips. I do love the way she dresses, so fresh and young.

I turn, admiring the vast room. I take in the sleek light fixtures overhead and the modern art hanging from each wall. Clean lines and vibrant colors cover the canvases. It makes the space look more like an exhibit than the top floor of a corporate skyrise.

“Mr. Gall will see you now.” Tia gives me another tight smile as I pass.

“What are you doing here?” David stands to greet me as I step into his office. He rounds his desk, his arms out to hug me. “Are you worried I won’t get off work in time?” His dark eyes sparkle.

“I know how much you’ve been looking forward to Game Night.” I press my mouth to him, loving how his beard tickles my nose. The sides fade from blond to the same salt and pepper covering his temples. He’s so fucking sexy.

“What can I do for you, my love?” He tucks a strand of my dark brown hair behind my ear. I’ve been thinking about cutting it short, but David says he prefers it long. He likes that it makes me look younger than I am. After all, I was in my twenties when we met, but after three years, people aren’t nearly as shocked to see a forty-five-year-old Alpha with a thirty-year-old. It’s not as taboo. Not as thrilling.

But we’ve found something new to inject some excitement into our sex life.

“I got you something,” I say, “and I was too excited to wait.”

David leans in, his sexy smile shifting, growing more mischievous. “Is it for tonight?” His voice is a deep rumble, pushing straight to my aching cock. My goodness, this man can so easily undo me.

“Actually, it is.” I move to the lush green couch next to the massive window. It overlooks the city, showing countless buildings and tiny people milling about along the streets. “Come here.” I sit down, patting the spot next to me.

“What are you up to?” David’s voice lifts, almost playful.

“Game Night is in,” I check the app on my phone, “four hours.” I set the envelope on

my lap, giving my Alpha a heated look.

“You are killing me,” he chuckles. “Spill. What do you have planned?”

I give him a flirty smirk, loving how easily I can command all of his attention. “We can both agree that last year’s Game Night was unbelievable. Right?”

A deep rumble pushes from my Alpha’s chest. “Yes.” He leans in, his sweet breath fanning across my face. His spicy aroma makes my heart race. I love it.

“I know you didn’t like being forced to find the omega on our own. It was...” I scrunch up my face, trying to find the right word. “Frustrating,” I settle on that word, and David nods.

We both thought the hunt would be exciting, but my sexy Alpha found it more anxiety-inducing than anything else. He was enraged, pissed that we only got a little over an hour with our prey once we nabbed him. I, personally, loved all of it, but I also like the idea of having a full fourteen hours with our next victim. The things we could accomplish in that time.

“This year,” I place my hand on David’s knee before handing him the envelope, “I’ve decided to go with a service.”

“A service?” He glances down at the thick packet of paperwork.

“Yes.” I tap it, urging him to open it. “In four hour’s time, we will be served a lush, ripe, untouched omega.”

“Really?” David’s eyes light up, and his hands tremble as he rips open the envelope. His eyes fly over the company’s letterhead before reading over the terms of our agreement. He skips over the bill—money isn’t an issue for us. “Mitchum,” he gasps

as he comes across the one-sheet for our omega.

Breanna Clark.

She's young, only twenty-two, with long dark hair and hazel eyes. There's no picture, but the description of her body type is pretty thorough.

"Oh, Alpha," David rumbles as he stares at the last line: CERTIFIED VIRGIN

Lust flashes in his warm brown eyes, then he winces hard. The chip in his head steals away his joy. I'm enraged for him. But I quickly calm myself, not wanting to be zapped as well.

"I wanted to make sure we didn't run out of time this year." I squeeze the back of his neck. "I want to see all the wonderful things you can do when time isn't an issue."

Memories of last year's Game Night flit through my mind. Slick and sweat-tinged with a hint of virgin blood. He was a really good omega. It wasn't our intention to kill him, but he was so fresh and clean, tasting like pure innocence. By the time we realized he was dead, it was too late.

But the memory has injected something wonderful into our relationship. Our sex has been hotter, more carnal, ever since.

David is a savage when he takes me, biting my neck and back as that fucking chip does its damndest to steal away all our joy. But in four hours, we'll both get to indulge in all those wonderful sensations once again.

Hard, violent, delicious sensations.

A quick jolt erupts in my temple, shooting down my spine. It steals my ability to

think, and I blink repeatedly. My face warms as that fucking chip recalibrates my brain, forcing me to be calm.

I hate it.

“Getting a little excited, too?” David chuckles, slipping his hand across my thigh, to my straining cock.

“You have no idea,” I moan as he squeezes me through my pants.

“Oh, I do.” He squeezes me again. “I’ve been sitting here with a raging hard-on all fucking day thinking about the way that sweet omega begged and panted.”

“It was hell not biting him. Wasn’t it?”

David laughs, pressing his forehead to mine. “It really was.”

I bite my bottom lip, trying not to get too worked up again. “You know...” I slip my hand down his chest. “I was thinking. Maybe we could bite this one. Knot her, mark her, fully stretch her out.”

“What?” David jerks, sitting away from me. “You want to mate her? Do you want to be saddled with the kind of omega that would sell their body for money? Do you not want us?—”

“No,” I quickly cut in. “I’m not talking about keeping her. Just enjoy her, and then,” I shrug, giving my Alpha a heated look. “We can get rid of her...just like last year.” I wink.

A slow-spreading smile fills David’s face, making his eyes sparkle and his breath hitch. “Oh, you dirty, dirty Alpha.” A sexy rumble leaves his chest. “Are you going to

strangle this one too?"

My eyes float closed as I think about the way the light went out of that omega's eyes and his body went limp. I expected to feel bad about it once Game Night was over, but the only thing I regret is not using his corpse a bit more.

"It was fun to play with him once he was dead, wasn't it?" I skate my tongue over my bottom lip, loving the way David's eyes follow the movement.

"It was fun watching you shove that fat cock in his slack mouth." Then he flinches again, groaning as he's zapped again. "Shit," he hisses, squeezing his eyes shut tight. "I'm assuming there's a fee for damaging the omega?" He grits out, clearly trying to refocus his mind.

"There is a pretty hefty fine." I snort at the absurdity of the amount as I take the contract from him. I flip to the clause on death, finding the bottom line. I'm nervous as I hold it out. David can afford it, but it's still a lot. He might not want to spend that kind of money on one night.

"Wow." David's brows shoot up, then he laughs. "That's a bit excessive."

I nod, rolling my eyes. "It's clear the company doesn't want the omegas damaged too much, but what can they expect? We Alphas are savage beasts, spending our whole lives controlled and restrained. This is our one chance to let loose."

David quickly agrees, kissing me on the cheek. "I guess we can consider this an early anniversary present." And my heart soars.

I knew he'd give me what I wanted.

THE WAITING ROOM

Breanna

It smells weird here. Like bleach and metal shavings.

The small lobby is decorated with obviously new rust-colored couches and the walls look freshly painted, but the wear on the carpet and light fixtures gives away how old this place actually is. I honestly thought this hotel was condemned, but it appears that it was renovated—maybe specifically for tonight.

Last year's Game Night was a huge success—at least that's what the news keeps saying. There were a few reports of omegas that were hurt and some that went missing, but the authorities say the number is minuscule. It makes sense that they'd have places like this pop up for this year's Game Night. It somehow feels safer to agree to use a service and meet in a controlled space than to roam the streets praying I'm not snatched up. Plus, the money is good. So good that I've done everything I can to prepare for tonight.

I went through a few of my romance books, memorizing a few of the dirtier lines. I even watched some porn. It was more funny than sexy, and a few scenes were even kind of scary, but I'm confident I can put on a decent show.

Alphas love it when you whimper and squirm. They want to be told their knots hurt and their strength is too much. It's all so stupid, but I'm going to do it all. After all, if my date likes how I perform, they can tip me extra, and every cent will help. I have no intention of spending the rest of my life tied to an Alpha who doesn't love me.

And the money I'm getting from this will set me up for life.

Nervous, I searched for my phone in my tattered purple backpack. It's not as sexy as a small clutch or purse, but I needed something big enough for a change of clothes and my first aid kit.

I bring my phone up to my face to check the time.

Three hours until Game Night.

The heavy front door creaks open, and a young male omega steps inside. His dark hair is wild from the wind. He's wearing a simple pair of jeans and a t-shirt with a bright yellow messenger bag slung across his body. It makes me wonder if my dress is too formal for tonight. The few omegas I've seen arrive and escorted off have all worn casual clothing, whereas I'm sitting here in a knee-length red dress with a fitted bodice and heels. I didn't want to risk being underdressed and disappointing my paying customers. Clients? I have no idea what to call them.

All I know is that I'm meeting two Alphas. Two giant, rich, horny Alphas.

What the hell am I doing?

"You look nervous." The male omega types his name onto the tablet at the front desk. "First time?" He smiles as he takes a seat a few chairs down from me.

I force a quick smile, nodding. My knees won't quit shaking. I shove my phone back into my book bag, fumbling when my first aid kit almost falls out. I snatch it before it can fall, putting it back where it belongs.

"Did your doctor give you a medical kit, too?" The omega pulls out a similar rectangular tin from his bag. It's the same color and size, but the label on the back

looks slightly different. “I’m hoping I won’t need it, but better safe than sorry. Am I right?” He laughs, the sound so soft and genuine. It makes some of my nerves fall away.

“I was a little worried when my doctor insisted I have one,” I say, squeezing the tin in my hands. “I mean, the Alphas aren’t allowed to hurt us.” Uncertainty settles in my gut. “Right?”

The sweet omega pulls up his sleeve, showing me a long scar on his forearm. Fear pools in my belly. His mark is just a simple single line, but it’s long, running from his wrist down to his elbow. I can only imagine how painful it was.

“The Alpha got a little carried away last year,” the omega says with a half-hearted sigh. “I wasn’t scared I was going to die or anything like that, and the bonus for getting injured was nice. But I could have used some pain meds.” He pops open his kit, showing me the contents. All the bandages and tiny bottles are organized beautifully around two long needles in the center. One holds a yellow liquid, and the other is a milky white. “If you get hurt, use the yellow one,” he says, pointing at one of the needles. “It’s morphine. It’ll cut the pain until you can get to a hospital.” He leans toward me, his expression serious. “Just make sure you inject it into your muscle and not into a vein. It could kill you.”

“My muscle?” I listen carefully, wishing I had asked my doctor to go over the kit like she offered.

“Just pop it into the top of your thigh,” he says, as if it’s that easy.

“Do you know what the other one is?” I ask, pointing to the milky white liquid.

“It’s a sedative,” he says. “And my doctor told me it’s a pretty strong one. So don’t use it unless you have to.” He sits back up, smiling wide. “My name’s Ash.” He

extends his hand.

“Breanna.” I shake his hand, loving how warm his skin is. My fingers are like ice. “So...” I lick my lips, hoping I’m not about to ask anything too forward, “Did you use this service last year?”

“I did.” Ash sits a little taller. It’s almost as if he’s proud to admit it. “Of course, the damn Alphas were sneaky about what we were signing up for, but it all worked out. Don’t worry,” he says, taking in the tension between my brows. “Now that everyone knows about Game Night, it’s got to be safer.”

A thousand thoughts rush through my head, and I lean toward him. “Was it worth it?” I whisper, as if someone is listening in. Even if they were, would it matter? “Did you regret it?”

“It was definitely worth it.” Ash’s eyes flash with excitement. “I got fifty thousand credits last year, and you have no idea how happy I am that that number went up.” He hitches his thumb toward the ceiling. “After tonight, I’ll be set, and I won’t have to do this again.”

A nervous laugh bubbles from my throat. “Two hundred and fifty thousand is a lot of money.”

“Oh!” Ash’s eyes go wide as if surprised at the amount. “You must be a virgin.” He gives me a knowing smirk.

My face burns red hot as I nod, the motion jerky. I don’t know why it embarrasses me so much.

“I’m getting a hundred thousand, but I’ll get a bonus if my heat starts,” Ash says as if he’s excited about the prospect. I had a shot to prevent my heat from starting, so I

won't have to worry about days on end of suffering once the night ends. "I signed up last year for a romantic dinner date with an Alpha," Ash continues, rolling his eyes at the obvious lie. "I did it to help with my sister's medical bills—she broke her leg, and it has caused all kinds of issues," he adds as if making casual conversation. "The whole thing has been really stressful and expensive, but tonight should cover what's left of the bills with a bit left over." His voice drops as he says, "My parents are against me doing this again, but we don't have any other options. They're both betas, working in the service industry. They don't make much."

I nod again, not sure what to say. "I wish I had a noble reason like that."

"Yeah?" Ash sits back in his chair, looking very relaxed. "What's your reason?"

"I want to get away from my family." I give him a sad look. "There's an Alpha that's approached them, interested in mating me. But there's something about him that I just don't care for." Deep fear grips my chest as I think about his stern demeanor and lust-filled gaze. "They don't care that I don't like him." I lower my lashes, staring at my lap. "They just like that he has a powerful job and will open a lot of doors for them."

"Hey now...." Ash rests his warm hand on my forearm. I'm so cold. This building holds no warmth. "Helping yourself is just as noble as helping someone else."

I lean into his friendly aroma, letting it settle my nerves. "I wish there was a service where you could pay an Alpha to give you a mating bite, then go away." I let out a nervous laugh. It's reckless to say something so bold out in the open, but thankfully, Ash giggles, quickly agreeing with me.

"Alphas are so ridiculous." He rolls his eyes. "One little mark on your neck from another Alpha, and they suddenly don't see you as mating material," he says the last few words with a mocking tone, mimicking the articles and TV shows that advertise the best way to attract a good Alpha.

“As far as I’m concerned, the best Alpha is one that leaves me alone,” I say, feeling a little bold. “But I’m twenty-two and unmated. It’s only a matter of time before an Alpha snatches me up...whether I want it or not.”

Ash nods as if he understands.

“Breanna Clark?” A beta appears around the corner, and all the breath flies out of me in one whoosh. It’s the same middle-aged beta that has come to collect each omega one by one. He’s wearing a worn brown suit, and he’s got a shiny bald head with a cigar hanging out of his mouth. “Breanna?” He looks from the tablet in his hand to me.

“Yes.” I grab my book bag and force myself to stand. My knees shake as I walk, and for a moment, I honestly think about running.

“This way.” He wraps his hand around my upper arm, pulling me down the long hallway. His grip is firm, almost as if he knows I don’t want to be here anymore. “Do you have your paperwork?” He releases me right in front of the elevators, tucking the tablet under one arm.

Trying like hell to gather my courage, I pull my doctor’s note out of my book bag. It’s a bit crumpled.

The bald man takes his time looking over my paperwork which confirms I’m untouched. After what feels like an eternity, he finally nods, shoving it into his jacket’s breast pocket. Then he looks me up and down before grabbing the tablet and typing something out.

“Verify your account number.” He turns the screen to me.

I squint at the numbers along the top, then zero in on the deposited amount: 250,000

credits. My heart pounds, excitement and relief pumping hard in my veins. “That’s right.”

The bald beta nods once, then taps the screen. “Transferred.” He shows me the tablet once more, and there it is. That whole beautiful amount is sitting in my bank account. Freedom.

“Ready?” he asks, and just like that, all of my relief vanishes, and fear takes hold once again.

“Yes,” I force the word from my throat, then glance at the elevators. I try to remember all the sexy things I want to say and the flirty ways I need to move. “Where will I—” Something pinches my arm, making me yip.

The bald beta has a syringe in his hand, his dark eyes watching my face with so much intensity. “Don’t fight, omega. Just let it take you under.”

I take a step back.

I can’t do this. I need to get out of here!

But before I can take even a single step, my legs give out, and the floor rises. I’m face down on the rough carpet, my vision blurry.

“No,” I manage to mumble the single word before darkness consumes me.

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THE WINFRED HOTEL

David

I hold Mitchum's hand as we step inside the Winfred Hotel.

Thirty minutes to go.

I can't remember the last time I was this amped. This fucking hard.

The lobby has a rather lengthy line to the front desk. I suck in a slow breath through my nose, trying like hell to cling to the last few dregs of patience I have left.

"Soon." Mitchum squeezes my hand. He's so good at sensing my agitation. He's a wonderful partner. So loving and passionate.

"This is going to be an amazing night." I circle my hand around the back of his neck, holding him close. His woodsy scent fills my lungs as I admire his shoulder-length hair, stunning blue eyes, and cut jawline. He's so fucking handsome.

I'm a very lucky Alpha.

"Name?" A young blonde beta in a very tight, gray dress smiles as we approach the desk. The small blue neckerchief around her neck makes her look more like a flight attendant than a hostess.

"It'll be under David Gall," Mitchum says, slipping off his black wool coat and

pumpkin-colored scarf. “I just want to confirm the additional requests we made.” He leans against the counter and I stare down at his firm ass, resisting the urge to squeeze it.

“Here you are.” The beta smiles at the computer screen. “It says here you reserved a single female. Virgin. You chose the bondage package with preselected black lingerie.” A twist of concern lines her brows. “It says that you didn’t request any specific physical characteristics and that you have no issue with your date being on heat-suppressors.” She looks up, glancing between me and Mitchum. “Is that correct?”

“That’s right,” Mitchum says, flashing that charming smile. “We just want young, pure, and tied-the-fuck-up.” He gives me a quick wink and my cock once again twitches. Trying to be discreet, I palm the front of my pants, adjusting the fucking thing. But it does no good. The pressure is too much, making me almost uncomfortable.

“A gentle reminder to not maim or kill the omega,” the beta says as she prepares our keycard. “If you do, your account will automatically be charged for their medical expenses, and there is a hefty fine for anything that results in death.” She plasters a rehearsed smile on her face, waiting for us to acknowledge the agreement.

“Of course,” Mitchum says, acting as if we aren’t planning to snuff the poor girl out before it’s all over. There’s something about the forbidden nature of what we’re planning to do with her that has my cock leaking. Even on a night when Alphas all across the sector can indulge in our wildest fantasies, there are still rules and codes of conduct. But tonight, me and my sexy mate are going to break all of them.

“Room 1014.” The beta places a keycard on the counter in front of us. “The elevators are to the right.” She points with a flat hand. She definitely looks like a flight attendant. “You’re on the tenth floor. Please consider leaving a tip for the cleaning

crew when you're done. And if the omega really pleases you, you can tip her as well."

Mitchum immediately takes the key. "Thank you so much." He flashes his million-dollar smile.

There are a decent number of people already waiting at the elevators. It's frustrating as hell, but when we finally get on the damn elevator, I realize there are only sixteen minutes left until Game Night starts and the fucking chip in my head is turned off.

My mind begins to swirl with thoughts of slick-soaked sex and the hot prick of virgin blood. But I try to concentrate hard on something else. I don't want to get zapped right before we start.

The elevator stops at the fourth floor, then the seventh, letting several Alphas off. Finally, Mitchum and I are alone as we head up to the tenth floor. I inhale deeply, letting his woody, citrus scent steady my excitement.

"They really don't want anyone bitching about having to pay a fine," Mitchum snorts, pointing to a sign above the buttons. He lets out a laugh, reading it like he's a news anchor. "Reminder: There is an exorbitant fine for maiming or killing your date ." Then he reads the fine print along the bottom, " We have the legal right to remove the funds from your account without prior approval or appeal ."

"They should let us pay the fine upfront," I say, squeezing my aching cock. "All these bullshit reminders are a bit much. I mean, we did pay to indulge and destroy a perfectly pure pussy. We should be able to pay to destroy whatever else we want, too."

"I completely agree," Mitchum says. The elevator dings, and the doors open. It's not as fluid as it was downstairs. One side of the door sticks, and I have to force it to one

side so Mitchum and I can comfortably exit.

My heart races as we step onto the floor. The light directly overhead is bright, allowing you to see the elevator buttons, but the hallways to the left and right are bathed in dark red lighting.

“Are they going for a haunted house vibe?” Mitchum laughs as we follow the signs to our room.

I don’t say anything. I can’t. My heart pounds and my blood rushes with thick anticipation.

“Room 1014,” Mitchum says, giving me a coy look before swiping the card. Cool air fans across my face as he pushes the door open. It’s a good ten degrees cooler inside the dark room.

Mitchum slowly walks forward. I can smell the excitement pouring off of him as we make our way into the spacious hotel room. It must have been a suite before they renovated it. The walls are dark and the ceiling is high. Red light streams down from a cheaply made chandelier overhead, giving the whole room a violent glow. The long wall that would normally hold the television in a regular hotel is covered in all kinds of devious toys. Handcuffs, paddles, floggers, butt plugs, and dildos of various sizes. There’s even a bondage board, folded up and resting against the wall.

I scan the back of the room first, turning slightly to check out the furniture. The big window has been boarded up—making it almost impossible to tell what time it is. There’s an armless chaise lounge positioned right in front of it, a sex swing hangs in the center of the room, and then there’s a long metal table with our virginal toy strapped to it.

Breanna is small with dark hair falling over her blindfold. She’s wearing a black silk

negligee and thigh-high stockings. I angle my head down, pleased when I can see the soft slit of her pussy. Mitchum did an excellent job of having her prepared just the way I like.

Unable to stop myself, I inch forward, watching as her breath quickens, making her chest rise and fall.

She's awake.

"Hello?" The single word is timid, maybe even slurred. Her arms tense as if trying to move her hands, but they're secured over her head. There's a leather strap across her belly to hold her down, but her legs are completely free. "Hello?" She turns her head one way and then the other as if trying to see through the blindfold.

"Did they drug her?" I ask, stepping up to the metal table.

"They drug the omegas to get them into position." Mitchum steps up next to me. He inhales deeply, sucking down her sweet aroma. It's an intoxicating mixture of honey and cream.

"Fuck," I snarl, gripping my cock through my pants. I squeeze hard, trying to ease some of the pressure, but it does nothing. I want to touch the precious girl, but not yet. I don't want to get zapped. It always takes me a few minutes to recover from that fucking chip and I don't want to risk losing even a single second.

"Two minutes," Mitchum says before shoving his phone back into his pocket. "Let's get ready."

Too excited to wait a second longer, we both strip down. Mitchum hums with relief when his thick cock springs free. I eye the bead of precum on the tip, licking my lips as I shuck off my underwear.

I quickly fold our clothes, then toss them under the metal table. There's a bag under there already, and what looks like a dark dress and a worn book bag—probably Breanna's personal belongings.

“Where should we start?” Mitchum gives me a heated look as he reaches up, taking something off of the wall of toys. It's a mask. The kind that covers just your eyes. “Do you want to claim her pussy, ass, or mouth first?” He steps forward, slipping the mask over my head. He smooths down my hair around the band at the back of my head, making sure I look presentable.

I smile down at my sexy lover as he cups my face. He loves to play with costumes. They aren't my thing, but they get him off. So I'll wear whatever the hell he wants.

A soft chime echoes around the room, followed by a fuzzy buzzer. Then a woman's voice carries over invisible speakers. “Seven pm. Game Night has commenced.”

There's a chime, and Mitchum's lips slowly part. I know he's feeling the same thing as me.

Freedom .

That fucking chip is off, and we're finally free to indulge.

“Don't be scared,” Mitchum's voice rises as if speaking to the omega, but he's looking right at me. “We won't hurt you too much, little omega.” And a wicked smile slips across his face.

“I know,” the omega says, her voice a little stronger. More awake. “I'm ready.” Her body trembles as she slowly widens her legs, spreading herself wide open for us to see. I love seeing the conflict in her movements. She's obviously scared, but she's too turned on to stop herself. It's intoxicating.

“Look how pretty...” Mitchum moves to her, staring at the apex of her thighs. She’s glistening with virgin-slick, her body giving in to the natural reaction of being so close to two primal Alphas.

“I want to see those eyes, Breanna.” I hook my finger on the edge of her blindfold, then I tug it down. Her pupils are blown wide as they dart around the room, taking in her surroundings. It’s too dark in here to see what color they are, but it doesn’t really matter.

“F-fill me...” The omega’s chin quivers and she sucks in a steadying breath before whispering, “Fill me up.” I think she wants to sound confident and sexy, but the fear in her eyes gives her an innocence that no dirty words can tarnish.

“Do you want to be used, omega?” I place my thumb on her bottom lip, tugging the soft flesh down.

Her throat works as she swallows. “Yes.” There’s so much apprehension in her voice, and I love it.

“Yes, what?” I say firmly.

Twin lines settle between her brows before she whispers, “Yes, sir?”

I nod, happy with her eagerness to please. “Open,” I command, pleased when she obeys.

Gripping the base of my shaft with one hand, I cradle the back of her head with the other, then I guide my cock into her waiting mouth. I thrust a few times, slipping over her wet tongue. She doesn’t suck or lick, clearly not having a clue what to do. It’s cute. Her inexperience of it all is somehow infinitely hotter than an expert suck.

Suddenly, the omega's eyes go wide and she lets out a garbled yell around my dick. Looking down her slight body, I take in the sight of my gorgeous mate eating her unused pussy. He laps and sucks, drinking down every drop of her pretty slick. I wonder what she tastes like...

"Good girl," I say absentmindedly as I pat her cheek, letting my cock slip from her mouth.

She licks her wet lips, then looks down at Mitchum's head buried between her legs. The omega's nipples harden against the silk nightgown when he flicks her clit, making the swollen nub pop back and forth.

I can't help but wonder if she's ever had an orgasm before.

Surely, she has.

But I like to pretend she has no idea what's in store. I want every ounce of her pleasure and her pain to be brand new.

"Raise that ass," I say in a gruff tone as I move around Mitchum. "I want to fuck you while you're face first in her cunt."

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BOUND TO THE TABLE

Breanna

The long-haired Alpha's tongue feels bizarre against my sex. It's wiggly and wet, squiggling in all different directions. I can't tell if I like it or not. It doesn't feel bad. Just weird. Especially when he hits my clit. It sends jolts through my body, making my stomach clench. It's nice. I think?

"Raise that ass," the masked-man says. A waft of his spicy, warm aroma swirls around me as he moves. "I want to fuck you while you're face first in her cunt."

I tug at my restraints, hating that I can't use my hands. Why did they tie me up? Why did they drug me? I didn't agree to this. But there's nothing I can do about it now.

Game Night has already begun.

"That's it. Let that ass suck me up like a good boy." The masked-Alpha's voice is strained, but I don't look down at him. I'm too distracted by the Alpha between my legs.

My eyes float closed as he flicks my clit, and I let myself fall into the feel of his mouth on me. I don't know why, but it suddenly feels good. Very good. I'm pouring slick. It's everywhere, covering my legs and back as it pools beneath me on the cold metal table. The rough strap across my ribcage is the only thing keeping me from sliding right off.

Rough grunts fill the room as the long-haired Alpha pushes his tongue deep inside my entrance. I gasp at the intrusion, then keen when his teeth scrape across my clit. It sends sparks straight to my core and my back arches.

“She liked that.” The masked-Alpha chuckles. “Do it again,” he says, and the long-haired Alpha quickly obeys.

A swift moan leaps from my throat when a thick finger pushes inside me. He curls it and my knees draw up. Every muscle in my body seems to coil as he sucks and flicks, lapping wildly at my overly-sensitive clit.

I should say something sexy. Something dirty and wild, but I can’t think of anything beyond the pressure building in my body. It’s like a stretched rubber band, growing harder and harder to hold on to. Then it snaps and my orgasm is ripped from me. My thighs tense and my toes curl as wave after wave of unimaginable pleasure consumes me. It’s like nothing I’ve ever felt before. It’s not the sweet, slow-building orgasm I give myself when I’m all alone, but a raging fire that makes my whole body shake violently.

“Fuck!” Someone yells out as my orgasm makes my abs flex, curling my body inward. It’s like I don’t have any control over my body.

“What—” I pant, not even sure what I’m trying to say. “What—” I lift my head, watching the two Alphas kiss each other next to my feet.

They’re both so stunning.

The younger Alpha’s dark hair hangs into his face. His body is cut with lean muscle, and his skin appears to be tan. He looks like he belongs on a beach somewhere, flirting with silly girls in tiny bikinis and surfing in the sunset. The masked-Alpha looks older with salt-and-pepper hair and a matching trim beard. He’s a bit taller and

bulkier than his lover, his abs chiseled with deep, distracting grooves. They both smell amazing. One of them is spicy and the other woodsy with a hint of orange.

“Fuck me, David,” the long-haired Alpha says, and I’m happy to have a name for at least one of them. “I love you.” He pants as they crash their mouths together once again. It’s a wild, almost animalistic kiss. The kind filled with a violent passion.

And just like that, need hits me like a tidal wave, followed quickly by shame. I don’t know these Alphas. They’re strangers, yet my body doesn’t care. Wicked biology has taken over, forcing all sane thought from my mind.

“P-please...” I whisper, hoping to get their attention.

It works.

They break the kiss long enough to give me a heated look. My pussy is throbbing at the thought of one of their fat cocks inside me. “Please, take me,” I say, hoping I sound sexy, but I fear I just sound silly. Maybe even pathetic.

“Do you want her first?” the long-haired Alpha asks, his lips brushing against David’s. “Do you want to feel that virgin stretch, or do you want to fuck her hole filled with my cum?”

A deep rumble of excitement pushes from David's chest. “I want us to fill both her holes at the same time,” he says in a gruff whisper, and my bottom clenches.

I knew this might happen.

I knew these Alphas might want to take my anal virginity as well. I did everything I could to prepare myself for that possibility, but it’s still kind of scary. Will an Alpha’s cock even fit there? Will it hurt? Could I tear?

“Please,” I say again, but this time my voice is louder and high-pitched. “Don’t hurt me,” I gasp as David tugs at the strap across my middle.

“Move her to the chaise,” David says to the long-haired Alpha, ignoring my plea.

“Yes, sir.” The other Alpha reaches for my hands, quickly freeing me. “I want to see you take her ass.”

“Please, d-don’t hurt—” I yelp as I’m roughly lifted into David’s arms. I stare at his face, wishing he wasn’t wearing a mask. It’s a rough texture, similar to leather, and his eyes appear to be brown, but the red lighting makes it impossible to tell. He carries me toward a boarded-up window, where a weird chair sits. It’s long, more like a bed, but it’s curved like an S, with no hard edges. “Please, go slow,” I say as he sits down, forcing me onto his lap.

“Quiet,” the long-haired Alpha says firmly, moving to the foot of the squiggly chair. “And relax.” He uses his harsh Alpha tones. My abs instantly unclench, letting the knot in my belly unfurl. But while my body obeys, my mind is still spinning.

Will they even care if it hurts me?

Will they stop if I ask them to?

“Put your feet on my knees,” David commands as he forces my back to his firm chest. His skin is so soft and warm, and his scent is almost spicy. Like pink peppercorns and maybe even cinnamon. It’s a harsh aroma, and I’m not sure I like it. “Spread those legs wide so my Alpha can see that pretty virgin pussy.”

I don’t want to do what he asks, but my body trembles with the need to surrender and obey. Slowly, my knees rise, and I place my feet on the top of his thighs. David’s cock settles between my parted legs, resting against my slit. It’s so long—almost

poking my belly button—it makes my palms sweat.

“That’s a good girl,” David hums, lifting the silk nightgown up and over my breasts. It makes me feel exposed, which is ridiculous given what these Alphas have already seen. “Can you see her, Mitchum?”

Mitchum? The name doesn’t fit the younger Alpha at all. It’s too stuffy.

“Fuck, she’s gorgeous,” Mitchum grips his shaft, pumping up and down. He’s just as long as David and maybe a little thicker. This is going to hurt. “I need...” He stops stroking himself, glancing around the room. It looks like he’s searching for something.

“What’s wrong?” David asks when Mitchum rushes to the other side of the room. His big hands still palm at my chest, squeezing and plucking at my nipples. The sharp sensations have my body spun, and the need to orgasm again edges out my fear— but only slightly .

“I want to see this.” Mitchum grabs a tall lamp from the corner of the room. I take the chance to scan the rest of the room, noticing a wall covered with various objects. There are chains, whips, and dildos. There are a few items that I can only guess are sex toys. A particularly shiny object catches my eye, and I stare at it. It looks like a mask made out of straps of metal, but the part that covers your mouth seems to have metal teeth poking out of it.

What the fuck is that?

“Get that fat cock in her pussy,” Mitchum says, plugging in the lamp right at the foot of the chair. I squint as the bright yellow light fills the room, making it difficult for me to see. I pray my eyes will adjust quickly. “I want to see you pop that cherry before I fuck her too.”

“As you wish,” David says right in my ear. His breath is so hot against the back of my neck, making goosebumps flash up and down my arms. “Help me get it in,” he says to his mate— at least, I assume they’re mated . Maybe they’re just friends or casual lovers, but it doesn’t feel that way. They seem more connected than that.

“Tilt your hips upward.” Mitchum slaps the side of my thigh as he sits down at the foot of the chair. The urge to cry grips me, but I suck in a deep breath, determined to do this. After all, I literally signed up for this, and I’m getting paid very well for it.

David reaches over my stomach and between my legs. He grips his shaft, tapping it a few times against my overly sensitive clit. The sharp sensation makes my body jerk and my hands fly out, gripping David’s hips beneath me. I don’t want to touch him like this, but there’s nothing else to hold on to.

“That’s it.” Mitchum reaches out, pushing his hands under my bottom. He forces me upward until David’s cock is right at my entrance.

I close my eyes, pulling in a deep breath, but before I can completely fill my lungs, my body is shoved down, and I’m instantly impaled. “Gah!” I scream, my hands flying out. It stings then burns, sending a swift pain up my spine and down my legs. Tears fill my eyes and my chin quivers.

Mitchum chuckles as if pleased, and I force myself to look at him. His dark eyes flash as they bounce between the cock wedged inside me, and the tears slipping down my cheeks. “Does it hurt?” he asks as if he’s hopeful it does. Does he want me to be in pain?

Not sure what to say, I sniffle and the intensity in Mitchum’s expression seems to double. He definitely wants it to hurt . It doesn’t feel that bad, but it’s clear that’s what they want to hear. “Be honest, omega.” Mitchum leans in, his gaze settling on my mouth. “Does it hurt?”

David thrusts up, making me yelp as a fresh wave of pain stabs my sex.

“Yes,” I hiss, clenching my jaw as David thrusts again and again.

Mitchum’s smile grows and his hand moves to his cock. “Is he tearing you apart?” He pumps himself, squeezing the tip hard.

I suck a harsh breath in through my nose and grit my teeth, “Yes. Please,” I pitch my voice even higher, trying to sound distressed. “Take it out,” I pretend to whimper. “It hurts too much. It’s too big.”

A happy growl erupts from David’s chest, and his hands grip my hips hard enough to bruise. It takes everything in me not to moan out loud. It feels good. Maybe it’s the Alpha-sized dildo I have at home, but this isn’t as painful as I had expected. In fact, the prick of pain somehow makes it feel even better.

“She’s so fucking tight.” David’s voice is strained with pleasure. “You have to feel her, Mitch. It’s fucking heaven.”

I look down at the long-haired Alpha, watching as he stares intensely at my pussy. The cock inside me slips repeatedly in and out of me, and Mitchum’s eyes go wide with excitement.

“She’s bleeding.” His chest rises and falls with obvious excitement. “You’ve got blood streaked down that fat cock.” He looks up at David, and I can actually feel the intensity in the room grow. It’s suffocating, pushing down on me as that damn cock continues to abuse my hole.

“Get it in her ass.” David pushes my hips upward, forcing his cock to slip out of me. I wince at the slight stabbing sensation that follows, but then I frown. I want him back inside me. Even though it was uncomfortable, it felt good. Like my body needed the

intrusion no matter how unbearable.

“There’s so much slick,” Mitchum laughs as he guides David’s member to my back entrance. My asshole instinctively clenches and a shadow crosses Mitchum’s face. “Relax,” he barks as he glares up at me. “Spread your legs wider,” he commands slowly in his Alpha tones, “and relax that ass unless you want to be ripped in two.”

Once again, my body betrays me and my muscles relax. The effect an Alpha has on an omega’s body is wonderful and cruel at the same time.

“Slowly,” David grunts in my ear as his cock forces its way into my hole.

It does not feel good.

I yelp and whine, trying to lift my hips up and twist my body, but both Alphas grab my hips, forcing me down, down, down onto David’s impossible girth. “No!” I scream as my legs begin to shake from the painful intrusion. “Stop!”

But it’s no use, neither one of them is listening to me.

“One more,” Mitchum says, his voice a gravelly whisper as he positions his own dick at my pussy.

I squeeze my eyes shut tight and hold my breath, bracing myself as he pushes forward. But it somehow doesn’t make it worse. In fact, all the pain in my wrecked body evaporates, leaving me feeling full and relaxed.

It’s as if the pressure of two cocks inside me has somehow stuffed out my body’s ability to feel anything other than pleasure.

“See? That’s all she needed,” Mitchum chuckles, his hips spreading me wide as

inhuman sounds rumble from David's throat. "Nothing soothes an omega like two big cocks in her dirty virgin holes."

Then he thrusts, forcing me to slide across David's firm chest as they both fuck me in different places.

And it feels... amazing .

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ON THE CHAISE

Mitchum

Breanna is already on the verge of coming again. She pants and moans, her pussy clenching tight when I thrust harder. I can feel David's cock through the thin wall of flesh between us. The pressure is insane, rubbing and slipping against me, pushing all three of us to the edge.

"It's too much," Breanna whines. Her eyes are squeezed tight and her mouth hangs open. The whole room smells of her sweet slick and thick desperation. I love omegas. Their bodies can't lie. Even when their lips say no, their wet pussies give away their true desires. "Please," she pouts, arching her back. "I can't....c-can't...."

Unable to help myself, I crash my mouth to hers, pushing my tongue between her pink lips. She has no clue how to kiss, but she tastes so fucking amazing that it doesn't really matter. I can't get enough of her sweet, soft scent. Vanilla and fresh cream. She's downright decadent.

"I want to feel her come on our cocks." David pushes his hand between mine and Breanna's bodies, inching down toward her cunt. His fingers begin to work over her clit, making the omega's eyes fly open.

Her nightgown slips down, hiding her tits from me. Frustrated, I grip the silky fabric, then tear it clean off her slight form. Breanna yips from the force I use but David bucks upward, making her body bounce hard on our cocks.

I swipe my hand out, slapping her plush tits. One and then the other. She gasps, then moans as her flesh tinges pink. It's fucking gorgeous.

Everything about this is perfect: David's powerful body commanding Breanna's. Her soft, little body pinned between my chest and his. His perfect cock pushing up against mine. I want to come everywhere: In her cunt, her mouth, his ass. I want this whole room bathed in our pleasure.

"I...I'm close..." Breanna's head falls back against David's chest. Her neck is long and pale, completely unblemished. The urge to bite her pumps hard in my veins as we push her closer and closer to her next orgasm.

But I can't bite her yet .

We only have fourteen hours to enjoy her, and I want to make the most out of every minute. I want to watch David ruin her ass, then her pussy. I want to see how far we can bend her sweet body before biting her, knotting her, breaking her, then ending her. While I'm very much looking forward to playing with our lifeless doll, a live one offers so many possibilities that I don't want to miss out on.

I reach up, collaring her throat with my hand. I apply the smallest amount of pressure, making the omega moan. A fresh gush of slick pours from her pussy and her scent perfumes, filling the whole damn room with her intoxicating aroma. My balls draw up, and my cock grows harder and thicker. I'm leaking precum deep inside her. With each pump, the thick fluid pushes up around my shaft.

It takes everything in me not to squeeze even harder, cut off her airway, and watch her eyes bulge. Will she come when I really strangle her? I'd love to see her pussy spasm while the life leaves her eyes.

But it's not time.

Not yet.

“How does that virgin ass feel on that cock?” I ask, running my fingers through David’s hair. His mask slips a bit, and I quickly adjust it for him.

“She feels fucking amazing.” His eyes meet mine, giving a heated look. “But I think we should see how she takes the board.”

I kiss him hard, pushing my chest against Breanna’s soft tits. She groans as I press tighter against her, sucking David’s tongue out of his mouth.

“Yes,” I growl against his tongue.

David’s lips quirk up into a pleased smile. “I’ll get it.” He sits up, forcing Breanna into my arms. I hitch my hand under her knees, then lift her as I stand. David’s cock slips from her abused ass, but I stay buried inside her, continuing to fuck into her slight body.

“What...” Breanna’s eyes float closed, and her fingers curl into my shoulders. She’s a wonderful omega, her body so primed and responsive. It’s a shame to waste something so perfect, but that’s also half the fun.

David grabs a folded bondage board on the opposite wall, placing it at my feet. The black leather contraption is all folded up, resembling a suitcase. David kneels and his hands tremble as he fumbles with straps.

“Fuck!” he snaps when the buckle won’t pull free. He’s getting cagey, his big cock, swaying red and angry, between his legs.

“Switch me.” I push Breanna face-first onto the dirty carpet. She whines when my cock slips from her, but she doesn’t have to suffer for long.

David quickly takes my place, tugging her ass a little higher, then pushing his big dick deep inside her. “Fuck me.” His words are breathy, as if deeply relieved. He’s on the verge of falling into his rut. I can feel it.

And, fuck, I hope he does.

I’m sure our little Breanna is on some kind of heat-suppressor, but the proximity to an Alpha in rut has been known to override the blockers. And it would be amazing if she fell into her heat.

“That’s a good girl,” David growls as he settles back on his feet, pulling Breanna’s ass with him. She’s on her hands and knees, her face pressed against the carpet as she gets fucked like the little whore she is.

Circling my hand around my shaft, I pump myself, watching as my Alpha lands one hard slap on Breanna’s ass. She screams out, her voice a mixture of pain and pleasure.

“Do you like that?” David grunts, digging his fingers into her hips. She’s going to bruise. And it’s going to be so lovely. “Do you like it when I slap that fat ass?” He spanks her again and again, making her flesh jiggle and bounce. It doesn’t take long before her skin grows rosy, and the puddle of slick beneath her grows. David peppers slap after slap to her ass, alternating cheeks.

I want to see him flog her.

Turning to the wall of toys, I scan from floor to ceiling, looking for the right paddle, but before I can find it, two shiny metal objects catch my eye. I race to them as Breanna lets out a violent scream, her orgasm ripping through her. David growls with pleasure

“Pull her up,” I command, my pulse hammering at the base of my cock.

David curls his hand around Breanna's throat, letting out a hard grunt as he jerks her body to his. Making her back flush with his chest. Her head lolls from one side and then the other, clearly spent from the force of her last orgasm.

Moving slowly so I don't hurt her too much, I pinch one of her nipples, making her flesh pucker out at me, and then I place the tiny metal clamp at the base of the bud. Breanna keens then hisses, and I quickly attach the second one.

“Fucking gorgeous.” I squeeze the tip of my cock while I admire her straining flesh.

“Suck them,” David growls, cupping her tits and lifting them up for me. I open my mouth wide, then lean down, feeling the metal and tight flesh beneath my tongue. Another strained growl pushes from David's chest, and I can instantly sense the tension in his big body.

I release Breanna's tits to take in his expression. My Alpha's pupils are blown out wide, black consuming his once honey-brown eyes. “Do you want to move her to the board?” I ask, a little concerned about the growing intensity in his scent.

“No,” David snarls. “I want...” His arms wrap around her chest and shoulders, still moving his hips. “I need...” He squeezes her tight, and I realize he's on the verge of snapping. And while I don't want to kill our play-thing just yet, it might be for the best. After all, tonight is all about losing control and indulging in the forbidden. It would be ridiculous to make David hold himself back. Not to mention how hot it would be to watch him bite her, knot her, then snuff her out so we can spend the rest of the night fucking in a pool of her blood.

Yes. That sounds heavenly.

Heat pumps in my veins and my hard cock twitches with excitement. “Do it, Alpha.” I lean in, running my nose along the shell of his ear. “Don’t hold back, my love. Mark her. End her. Do whatever you want.”

Breanna groans, but she doesn’t move. I’m not even sure she can understand us. Omegas are so fucking weak.

“Are you sure?” David’s throat works as he swallows hard. There’s so much apprehension and excitement swirling in his dark eyes.

I nod, and the corded muscles in his neck flex. He’s right on the edge, ready to lose his last threads of civility. “Do it.” I drift to his mouth, letting my warm breath fan across his lips. “Go wild, my love. Be what nature intended.”

David’s eyes flash as he rocks Breanna’s head to one side, giving him access to her pretty neck. She moves easily for him, almost as if she’s passed out. I’m a little sad that she doesn’t know what’s coming. I’d love to see the fear in her eyes.

Keeping his eyes locked on mine, David leans down to the crook of the omega’s neck. He bares his teeth, shiny and white.

He strikes.

And my ears ring with Breanna’s agonizing scream.

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WHAT HAPPENED?

Breanna

The smell of sex and sweat fills my nose, followed by David and Mitchum's thick, intense aromas. I can hear grunting and wet slapping sounds, followed quickly by the sensation of a large cock deep inside my pussy. My whole backside is cold, and my ankles are hiked up near my head. It takes me a full minute to realize I'm suspended in the air.

Slowly, I open my eyes, taking in the sight of Mitchum's big body between my legs. My stockings are gone, and my knees almost look bruised. How did they get that way?

What have they done to me while I've been passed out?

I'm so dizzy with both lust and confusion. My clit throbs in time with my heartbeat and my sex drips copious amounts of slick as I'm used for someone else's pleasure. My body doesn't care that my mind has completely checked out. It just wants more pleasure. More pain. More cock.

The black swing rocks, making my hair sway with the movement, and I realize that the cock inside me feels different from before. The pressure is insane, edging uncomfortable. It's horrible and wonderful at the same time.

"Just like that," David's voice drifts from somewhere in the room. "Work that knot."

The rest of my senses slowly return as the pressure inside me doubles. Then triples. Suddenly, every stroke of Mitchum's cock makes pain and pleasure ricochet throughout my whole body.

"She's awake." David sounds excited as he seems to appear out of nowhere. "How do you feel, omega?" he asks, brushing my hair out of my face. It pulls, sticking to something on my neck, and I realize the skin beneath my ear hurts.

Then, all at once, memories of what happened slam into me.

David bit me.

He mated me, claiming me as his own.

My hand flies to my neck, and to my shock, I feel two mating bites. One on each side. My eyes meet Mitchum's and my worst fear is confirmed when a wicked smile splits his face.

They both mated me.

What does that mean? Am I actually mated to these two strangers? Are they going to keep me? Take me home? Force me to have their children? Is this even legal?

My mind races as I try to remember the contract I signed. There was a clause on mating, but I can't for the life of me remember what it said. All I cared about was the extra money promised should I get hurt.

How could I be so stupid?

"She looks amazing with your knot lodged inside her," David says, slipping his hand down Mitchum's chest. "Let me feel it." A hand brushes against my abused sex, and a moan leaps from my throat.

I hate how much my body loves being used and abused. I should be enraged at what they've done to me. Screaming, fighting, running away. But my body won't allow it. I'm too desperate to get off again.

"Let's add to the pressure," David says, and Mitchum stops pushing his knot into me.

I instantly whine, needing him to move once again. "Please." I wiggle my hips, trying to get the friction back.

"Calm down, omega." David reaches between Mitchum's legs. I can't see what he's doing.

Something cold pokes my bottom. It probes my back entrance, before easily popping into my ass. The toy pushes at Mitchum's cock, making my belly clench.

"Fuck," Mitchum gasps, letting his head fall back. "That feels unbelievable."

And it does.

My toes curl and my abs tense.

Do all omegas like being used like this? Or is it just me? It can't be normal to love this kind of depravity.

"I can feel every fucking inch of her." Mitchum's fingers curl into my hips and he pulls my body to him. Sparks fly and I arch my back. Pain sizzles across my skin as something pinches at my nipples. It has to be those clamps.

I hated it when Mitchum put them on me, but, right now, I love the way they feel.

"Look at all that cum pushing around your knot." David stares between my legs, and Mitchum slams his hips forward. My orgasm is swift, barreling through me like a

crashing wave.

My body writhes with the flood of ecstasy pumping through my veins. My thighs shake, and my vision blurs. I instantly feel drunk, my head lolling from one side to the other.

“She’s such a whore for you,” David hums and Mitchum pushes out a happy growl above me as my pussy continues to flutter. “Let me knot her again.”

I force myself to look at Mitchum. I hope he says yes. But the long-haired Alpha doesn’t answer. He simply thrusts harder, his eyes enraged as he stares back at me.

“It’s time.” David leans into Mitchum’s ear, whispering something else.

A shadow seems to cross Mitchum’s face as his pecs and biceps flex. Something like dread pools in my belly.

“What’s wrong?” I ask when Mitchum releases my hips. His hands slip up my sides, over my breasts, to my throat. He circles both hands around my neck, making me hiss. The raw flesh on my throat hurts. “Alpha?”

Mitchum squeezes, making my breath slow and my face flash hot. The excitement coils deep in my belly once again, and I can’t help but moan.

“Do you want her on the floor?” David asks, staring intensely at my face. “We could both take her while you do this.”

“No.” Mitchum snaps, and his mighty hands grow tighter and tighter. A little too tight.

I grab his wrists. “St-op.” I struggle to get it out through my restricted airway. My excitement quickly fades, replaced by sharp fear. “Let,” I suck in a wheezing breath,

“go.” I try to move, but it’s no use. The swing has me pinned beneath Mitchum's powerful body.

“Put her on the floor,” David says a little louder. “I want to fuck her, too.”

Mitchum ignores his mate, his face scrunching with rage as he completely cuts off my airway. I immediately swing my hands, smacking him in the chest and face. My vision begins to grow fuzzy, and my eyes bulge from the force he’s using. Panicked, I kick out at my restraints, trying like hell to get free. To my shock, one of my feet slips free, and the bulbous plug in my bottom slips out. It hits the carpet with a loud thud.

“Put her on the floor!” David shoves at Mitchum’s chest. The younger Alpha lets out a vicious growl, releasing me.

I cough and choke, sucking in as much air as I can, filling my lungs over and over again.

“You got to pop her cherry and bite her first!” Mitchum yells at his lover. “I get to fucking kill her!”

Shock tears through me, and for a second, I can’t move. Kill me? Did I hear him right? I can only stare, with my mouth hanging open.

“It’s only fair!” David shoves Mitchum again, this time making the younger Alpha stumble away from me. His cock slips free, and a gush of warm fluids pours from my pussy, splattering on the floor. “I’m the one that’s paying for everything!”

Mitchum’s face twists with rage and disgust. “Don’t you act like you don’t have a ton of fucking money to waste.”

David inches closer, pushing into the young Alpha’s space. His fists curl, and I reach

for the strap wrapped around my other foot.

Moving quickly, I untangle my body from the swing, then pitch forward, falling face-first onto the rough carpet. Slick and cum cover the floor, making me recoil. But before I can move an inch, there's a vicious growl and the sound of a fist connecting with someone's face.

I flinch as punches fly, and then something falls and breaks. I let out a frightened yip, then move when feet stomp right next to me. I crawl to the only place I see to hide. Ducking my head, I tuck myself under the metal table, pushing my clothes and bag out of my way. I should have brought something to protect myself. A gun or a knife. Something!

The medical kit.

I grab my book bag, tugging it to me. My fingers tremble as I fumble with the zipper. "Calm down," I whisper to myself when tears sting the backs of my eyes. Finally, I grip the zipper, and it slides easily. It only takes me a fraction of a second to get the kit and pop the lid off. I pull both needles out of the medical kit, holding them in one hand like a knife.

I doubt I'll be able to actually protect myself from two Alphas, but I have to try.

The chaise chair makes a horrible sound as it's shoved into the far wall. It smacks into the lamp, making it topple over. Thankfully, the bulb doesn't break, but the shade falls off, casting long streaks of light around the room.

I curl myself into a little ball, gripping the needles tight. The Alphas' feet dance across the room as they beat each other up. Insults and growls stab at my ears, followed by the harsh sound of one of them getting hit over and over and over again. I don't know who's winning, and I don't care. I just want out of here.

Mitchum yells something, but his words are slurred, making it hard for me to understand him.

I sink back into the safety of the shadows, terrified to look and even more scared not to. The pair are standing in the center of the room. The straps from the sex swing sway and jerk.

There's a muffled gurgling sound, and a fresh waft of blood hits the air.

One of the Alpha's legs seems to give out, but he doesn't fall. The other Alpha takes a jerky step back. Silence pounds in my ears, and I hold my breath, waiting for him to flip the table over and snatch me up. But he doesn't move.

What's he doing?

Then I see a drop of blood land on his thigh. Then another one. And another.

Blood pours from somewhere. His head? Neck? Chest? I have no idea.

The Alpha sways, then Mitchum falls onto the floor, landing with a deafening whack. I flinch hard, still holding the needles as if my life depended on it.

Blood pools around Mitchum's body, crawling toward David's feet. Are they both dead?

Inching forward, I peek up at David first, checking to see if he's still alive. The older Alpha's body is twisted up in the swing. One of the leg restraints is tied around his neck, forcing his head at a weird angle. His mask hangs from one ear, and his eyes are wide open as if in shock.

Feeling a little braver, I crawl out from my hiding place, examining Mitchum next. The Alpha's throat is ripped wide open, showing strings of muscle and broken veins.

I shouldn't be looking at this.

It's all too horrible.

A chime echoes overhead, and my whole body jerks. I raise needles, ready to defend myself.

A woman's voice crackles over a speaker, " Game Night has ended. Please, collect your belongings and check out in the lobby ."

It's over.

Moving as fast as my aching body will allow, I get dressed, zipping up my red dress and putting on my shoes.

I look down at Mitchum, then at David's lifeless body. I must be in shock because I don't really feel anything. No fear or disgust. Not even shame. But I guess I am relieved.

It's time to go home.

The lighting in the hallway is dim and red, just like the chandelier in the room. I can still hear some people having sex, breathy gasps, and even a few people crying. The chips must be back on though, because there is no more growling or fighting.

The elevator doors ding as they open, revealing a young omega. She looks exhausted with mascara running down her flushed face and her dark hair is poking out in all directions. But she's not hurt. At least, I don't think she is..

The omega gives me a small smile, but then her gaze lands on my neck, and her eyes go wide. "Are you okay?" she asks.

I give her a half-hearted shrug, not really sure how to answer that. My neck hurts so bad and my pussy aches. Cum and slick seep out of me with every step I take. It's disgusting.

The ride is quiet, and I'm thankful when the elevator doors open rather quickly. I step out into the quiet lobby, a little surprised to see only one Alpha checking out. I walk to the front desk, eager to get the hell out of here.

A blonde beta in a gray dress smiles as I approach. Her eyes flicker to my neck, but to her credit, she doesn't react. I'm sure she's seen some wild things working here.

"Checking out?" she asks in an overly professional tone.

I nod. "Breanna Clark." My voice is raspy. My throat is sore from being choked so violently.

The beta's nails clack against the keyboard, her polite smile never falling. "Here you are, Ms. Clark." She presses a few buttons. "I see that you have a wound on your neck." Her voice remains very pleasant as she pulls a blue brochure with white lettering out of a hidden drawer. "Did your date mate you?"

I nod, the movement jerky.

The beta pulls a second brochure out of the drawer. This one is red. "If you decide to file your union with the?—"

"They're dead," I blurt out. "Both of them."

The beta freezes for a moment, staring at me as if too shocked to speak. "Well, then." Her voice pitches a little high. "That doesn't happen often." She smiles, but it's very forced. "In that case." She places the blue brochure on the counter. "Please check in with this office sometime today to have your injury assessed." She circles an address

on the back. “We will transfer the credits per your contract once a physician sees you.”

I curl my fingers around the brochure. The numb sensation in my chest falls away, replaced by wild excitement.

I’m getting more money.

After everything that happened, the fear and violence, the blood and pain. I’ll not only have enough money to start a brand new life wherever I want, but I have a mating bite. Two of them.

I can do what I want, and be whatever I want. I’m no longer tied to my parents or their awful expectations. Plus, no self-respecting Alpha will want me now that I’m ruined.

I’m free.

But was it worth it?

I think about everything I just endured: The fear and pain. The bruises that will surely form on my hips and neck. The nipple clamps and large metal butt plug forced inside me. My body will never be the same.

“Is there anything else I can do for you?” The beta clasps her hands in front of her, patiently waiting for me to answer.

“Yes.” I clear my throat. “Can I sign up again for next year?”