



# Ensnaring Their Rabbit (Heat, Prey, Love #7)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** May the Goddess have mercy on anyone who tries to take our mate from us

My twin brother Reeve and I have called Western State Penitentiary our home for the last ten years, and that's not changing any time soon. We've made our peace with that and have grown used to our lives in the only prison in the country that can hold alpha predator shifters like ourselves.

These collars might keep us from shifting and using our alpha abilities, but even the ones in charge know they must do something to help curb our predatory instincts, or they'd have a major problem. So, they hold quarterly hunts. The prison is locked down, our collars are turned off, and some unfortunate omega prey shifter is dropped in our midst. The poor thing never stands a chance.

Reeve and I are tired of these games and have no intention of playing. But then the scent of the newest prey hits us, and we immediately know he's our mate.

Nothing will stop us from protecting our sweet little rabbit. It doesn't matter who comes for him and what they try to do. Brynn is ours to care for, ours to protect, and anyone who tries to get in the way, all we have to say is, "Bring it."

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# Page 1

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## CHAPTER 1

brYNN

“Sorry, boy, I can’t help you anymore.” The former doctor turned street dealer said with a shrug, like he didn’t just stop my fucking world with those words.

“What? Why not?” I asked, desperately trying to keep calm and keep my heart rate down. The last thing I needed was extra stress kickstarting my heat early. Especially since I ran out of fucking heat-blockers.

Doc, which was his really unoriginal street name, just snorted. “Just not enough money in heat-blockers. Not worth the trouble with the new government breathing down our necks. Needed to stock up on other supplies, surely you understand.” His slimy voice sounded even slimier as he flashed a predatory grin, checking me up and down.

Doc used to be a real medical doctor, way before my time, or at least that was the rumor anyway. But there was more money in selling prescriptions on the street than giving them to his patients. He got caught, obviously, and now stood on the corner with dealers more than half his age, high out of his mind and ripping off those of us who have no choice but to go to assholes like him to get our needs met.

I suppressed my scent the best I could. I didn’t want this asshole to smell how much he was upsetting me. Of course, the beta fox shifter could scent fear a mile away, especially the fear of an omega rabbit shifter. He caressed the side of my cheek with a greasy finger, and I tried really hard not to vomit. I hadn’t eaten anything today, since

I was saving my money to buy the heat-blockers. Doc already smelled like rotting fruit, and I worked hard not to puke the whole time I was near him. But him touching me? Gag.

“Of course, I’m sure I could work something out.”

I didn’t want to ask. I knew it would be bad. But my options were limited. It was hard out here on the streets for anyone, but it was doubly hard for omegas. Between our sweet scent and bi-annual heats, plus our small stature, we were more vulnerable. Many omegas choose to join one of the pimps that ran the underground in our city. It wasn’t an easy life, but at least they got an endless supply of birth control, and with the exception of the ones who were there to serve heat kinks, blockers as well. Not to mention food and a roof. Actually, why didn’t I want that?

The doctor ran his thumb across my cheek again and bile filled my throat. Oh yeah, that. I wasn’t getting on my back for every rotting fruit alpha in the city just so I didn’t have to worry about anything. I could take care of myself. I’ve been doing it since I was ten years old and would continue doing it.

I backed away from the creepy asshole’s hold, causing him to sneer.

I should just leave. This wasn’t going to work. Maybe I could find another dealer, or check some of the clinics further away in the city. It used to be easy to get free birth control and blockers, but with the change of government came a change in free programs, especially for omegas. Now it was nearly impossible to get any kind of care for free, which was how I resorted to going to a fucking dealer. But I couldn’t go through my heat. Not out on the streets, and all the shelters with a heat room were already full. This was my only option.

“What can we work out?”

He flashed that slimy fucking smile again that sent a chill all the way down to my toes.

“I have a buddy. He has access to that new blocker shot, the one that stops your heat for a year with one dose. I bet he would be happy to give it to you, for a price.”

For a price . I knew exactly what that meant, and it wasn't money. I fucking hated that I was contemplating it, but a whole year where I didn't have to worry about my heats? It would be a luxury. Maybe I could save the money I spent on blockers and even manage to get an apartment, or at least a room somewhere. As long as his buddy didn't smell like rotting pears, because I couldn't fucking deal.

“Where can I meet him?” I asked, knowing I was probably making the biggest mistake of my life, but not sure what other options I had.

The doctor grinned before rattling off a name and address. He tried to box me in, demand ‘payment’, but rabbits were good at two things, making babies and running. So I did the latter and fucking bolted.

\* \* \*

Did I mention this was a bad idea? Well, it was. Probably one of the worst decisions in a line of terrible decisions. The building Doc sent me to reeked of fear. And sex. That was a terrible fucking combo if you asked me. I had no illusions on what his friend would want from me in exchange for the shot. There was no damn way I could afford it, but even living on the streets all these years, I was still pretty, and from what most alphas told me, my smell was stronger and sweeter than most omegas. While I might not want to be beholden to a pimp, I wasn't against using my body to get what I needed, I just liked to do it on my own terms. I had a feeling if I stepped into this building, it wouldn't be that way.

There was another scent, a little stale but still prominent under the fear and cum. It took me a moment to place it, but once I did, it filled my nostrils, blocking out every other scent. Death.

Fuck this. I'd find somewhere to ride out my heat. This wasn't worth it. I turned on my heel, ready to go.

"Where do you think you're going, little omega?"

I froze, the alpha's voice keeping me locked in place. He didn't even use his Alpha Command, but the power coming off him was so strong, I couldn't move. I never met an alpha so powerful that their scent was suffocating like this. All I could do was watch him and put all my energy into staying on my feet and breathing.

The alpha's nostrils flared as he scented the air. "Fuck, you smell good. I guess Doc isn't useless after all."

My blood curdled. Had Doc talked to him about me? Was this a fucking set up? I tried to ask the questions, but no sound escaped me. I clawed at my throat, terror building every second I was in this alpha's presence, but I couldn't find a way to escape it.

"Oh you poor thing. You smell terrified. Why don't you run, little rabbit?" He laughed cruelly, "Oh that's right, you can't."

What was he doing to me? Why was I paralyzed like this? It wasn't just fear holding me in place, because he was right, when I was afraid, I ran. It was what kept me alive on the streets all this time. But no matter how hard I tried, no matter how hard I fought his hold, I couldn't move an inch. I hadn't heard him use his Command, that would force me to obey, but even that wouldn't feel like this. An Alpha Command strongly influenced your decisions, but it wasn't infallible. If you actively fought

against it, it could be broken. Whatever he was doing was much more powerful than that. It felt like Magic. The dark insidious kind that fed on your insides like sludge and slowly tore you apart from the inside out. It was the kind of magic that all parents warned their children to avoid, and even abandoned homeless kids like me heard the stories and learned to avoid dark Magic users.

It had never really been an issue with me before. Magic users, dark or light, were rare in my part of the city—if you were able to use it, you didn't need to live on the streets or in the government issued hovels that passed for apartments for the city's poor. It was almost like one of those childhood tall tales we were always told. We were all sufficiently scared of dark Magic, but it almost didn't feel real. I never expected to know what it felt like to be in the hold of it like I was now.

My shoulders shook, and I desperately tried to heave air into my lungs, but every breath was labored and physically painful as the Alpha's power wove deeper into my bones.

He smiled again, flashing me a mouth of pointed teeth and long sharp fangs that had me shivering despite my best efforts.

“Don't worry, omega, it will all be over soon.”

I didn't get to question what that meant before the dark wrapped its way around my heart and into my throat. It infiltrated my brain, and I could no longer see anything but blackness. Then I saw nothing at all.

## Page 2

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### CHAPTER 2

#### RIVEN

I sighed heavily as the sound of the siren interrupted my attempt at a nap. I probably wouldn't have managed anyway, but there would be no hope for it now.

“Fuck, it's already time for another hunt?” My twin brother Reeve asked from where he was sitting in the bolted-down chair by the bolted-down desk, the only thing that consisted of furniture, besides the bunks, in our tiny cell.

I grunted in response. These fucking hunts...I was over it. I was honestly at the point where I'd just rather not shift at all than deal with this shit show. That wasn't possible. Our bodies needed to shift into our wolves, even with these fucking collars the good ol' government made us wear, but after ten years of the quarterly hunts, I'd grown sick of them.

I slipped my feet into the prison-issue slippers and sat on the edge of the bottom bunk, getting my bearings. This was the warning bell. It meant in twenty minutes Western State Penitentiary would be on complete lockdown, our collars would be deactivated and some unfortunate prey would be let loose.

I looked into Reeve's dark brown eyes, eyes that matched my own. Like everything else about the two of us, they were identical. The only things that weren't identical about us were the serial numbers printed into the jumpsuits they made us wear and the neck tattoos Reaper basically forced us to get when we first got here. He was the unofficial leader amongst most of us, having been locked in here since Reeve and I

were still pups at our ma's breast, and wanted a way to tell us apart besides our prison number. So I had an all-black wolf howling on my neck, while Reeve, the more sentimental of us, got two wolves snuggling each other.

"What's the plan?" I asked him.

We discussed it a lot, skipping the next hunt and what we would do to protect ourselves. But talking about it, and actually doing it were two different things. If Reeve decided he wanted to participate, I'd be right behind him, having his back like I always did. It was what kept us alive all this time in this hellhole.

Reeve's nostrils flared as he sucked in a breath through his nose, his eyes turning the bright blue of our wolf's for a brief second. That had been happening more and more lately. The collars we were forced to wear were meant to prevent us from shifting or using any of our alpha abilities. We were supposed to be completely cut off from our animal forms until they deactivated the collar. And for the first nine years that's exactly what it was like. That was the hardest adjustment, when we were thrown in here. The cut off was instant and immediate and it was like losing a fucking limb. So many of these guys chose to end their lives rather than deal with the emptiness being separated from their animal form left.

Eventually we got used to it. It was never easy, the missing part of us always ached, but it became more manageable. In the last year or so, things started to change. I still couldn't feel my wolf, not the way I could without the collar, but occasionally something would happen, like our eyes changing colors, or an instinctual feeling I just knew was my wolf. We kept that shit to ourselves, obviously, but I did wonder what it meant.

Anyway, Reeve sniffed the air before his eyes returned to normal, and he looked at me. "We stick with the plan. Shift and hunker down. Fight only if necessary. I refuse to be part of ending another poor omega's life."



I tilted my head in acknowledgment. It was how I felt, too. I didn't know where they got the omegas from, it's not like we ever had a conversation with them, but they were probably homeless, or whores, or maybe prisoners themselves. Whatever it was, they didn't fucking deserve to be hunted down in the halls of this place, mauled and brutalized by some of the worst criminals this country had. Cause you didn't end up here for petty crimes. We were all career criminals, or murderers, alphas too dangerous to be put in a normal prison. It's where pieces of shit like us came to die. These dangerous predators only got four chances a year to show those true colors, during a hunt, and the poor sods on the receiving end didn't stand a chance. Sure, some survived for a few days, some even were claimed as pets, but they didn't last long. I could only hope that the life of the unfortunate creature that was today's prize ended quickly and painlessly. It was the best they could hope for.

The closer it got to the time, the rowdier our cell block got. We were all locked in our cells; it was always like this, they sounded the alarm when we were secure, lessening the risk, I guess. But even doing my best not to scent, the air was thick with alpha musk, cum, excitement, and danger. So many of these fuckers lived for these, like this was the best they could ever hope for in their sad, meager lives.

I long ago stopped thinking about the actions that led to my brother and me being here. It was what it was. I didn't regret it, even with this outcome, and knowing what I know now, I'd do it again without hesitation. We'd come to terms with this and managed to carve some kind of pathetic existence from this hellscape. But every now and then, with the scent of predators ready to hunt heavy in the air, I thought about what our life could've been. It was a waste of time and fucking depressing, but sometimes it was hard to stop the thoughts. Though, honestly, we'd probably have ended up here or a place like it eventually. Reeve and I aren't saints and never fucking were. Our alpha dad spent all our lives in and out of prison. It was in our fucking blood.

Reeve squeezed my shoulder, bringing me out of my spiraling thoughts. "Are you

ready for this, brother?”

No, I'd never be ready for this. Like I said, Reeve and I were far from good people. But the shit that was about to happen here, it was pure evil, and I'd never get used to it.

I still gave Reeve a tight smile and a nod. He knew I was full of shit, but he let it go. Silently, we began stripping, getting ready for when the shift would take over us.

Under normal circumstances, it was something we could control. But since our wolves are kept from us most of the time, when they got a chance to get free, we couldn't stop the change. As soon as the collars were turned off the shift would start, and there would be nothing we could do to prevent it. So we and all the other prisoners in our cell block stripped—the guards didn't take kindly when we tore our jumpsuits—and stood poised and ready for the hunt to begin.

When the alarm went off this time, it meant go time. The frenzy hit fucking hard, and for a few minutes all I could focus on was my wolf as it clawed through the metaphysical chains that kept it locked up. There was a time, a long ten years ago, where shifting was as natural as breathing. It was a seamless shift between my human and wolf forms. Now though, the transition was slow and painful, every bone breaking and stretching, overriding every other sense with unbearable pain.

I would be extremely vulnerable, if every other shifter in this fucking place wasn't going through the same thing. Screams filled the air, and it was impossible to make out which ones were your own.

Eventually, the pain started to recede, my vision clearer. The cells were all still locked, they didn't open until the shifts were complete, but the howls, growls, and roars, replaced pained screams. Instead of tattooed and hardened humans, the cells were now filled with massive bears, mean looking wolves, vicious tigers and lions,

and a variety of other predators, all vibrating with aggression.

My own wolf's head lulled to the side, needing to put eyes on the other half of his soul. Reeve and I were close, closer than even most twins, he was my other half. But our wolves, they were really two parts of the same being. Our mother, when she was still sober enough to care about her children, used to speculate that we were one wolf that the Goddess split into two.

Reeve's all black wolf howled before burying his snout into my neck. I tilted my head allowing him to scent, and showing submission to the wolf that mine willingly and happily followed. That was always the anomaly in Mom's same wolf theory, Reeve's was definitely the more dominant one, but it was one of the few happy memories we had of our mother, so neither of us ever brought it up.

I whimpered as Reeve's wolf lightly nipped at my pitch black fur. It was part playful, part reminder of who was in charge. It wasn't necessary. I knew. Wolf knew. But we all found comfort in the ritual.

We didn't have nearly enough time to scent each other before the whines, howls, and growls of the other shifters gained my attention. Before the cells were unlocked, the guards always pumped the scent of whatever poor shifter they had captured through the block and into our cells. It sent more of us into a crazed frenzy. Especially when our natural predatory instincts were always shut down, even the tiniest hint of prey made most of us feral.

My brother and I worked hard to lock that shit down. It was impossible to avoid the omega's scent forever, but we could prevent ourselves from being smacked right in the fucking face with it from the get go. It kept our more primal natures at bay and allowed the human side to keep some control. It wasn't easy, and sometimes we lost the battle—we weren't perfect—but we had a decent success record.

I was so focused on fighting with my wolf, holding my breath and ignoring the scent, that I didn't notice Reeve pull away from me at first. He was on full alert, his head tilted toward the vent, as a low and deep whine, one I rarely heard from my very in control brother, filled our tiny cell.

Immediately my wolf was completely focused on Reeve. If he was in distress, then so was my wolf. I whimpered, coming closer to Reeve. His head snapped to mine, snarling, his jaw snapping, something he never ever fucking did to me.

My wolf whined even more as I instinctually lowered my body to the floor, tilting my head. For some reason, Reeve thought I was challenging him, and I would fucking never.

My submission calmed him, and he tempered his growls. His nostrils were still flaring though, and when another blast of omega scent filled our cell, he howled.

My wolf couldn't resist anymore. He had to know what was making Reeve so upset so he could fix it. Before my human brain even had a chance to process, Wolf inhaled deeply, and suddenly I was frozen, completely entranced by the most wonderful scent I ever smelled in my life. The sweet omega essence was strong, filled with slick. The omega was in heat. And afraid. So fucking afraid.

But all of that wasn't what was making our wolves wild with need. Beyond all the usual omega scents was the sweetest vanilla and cinnamon. It reminded me of the cakes from the bakery around the corner from our apartment we lived in growing up. We could never afford them, but sometimes the owner would give us the old ones that hadn't sold. It was my favorite memory as a kid. Reeve, our sister Rella, and I all hovering in the back alley behind the bakery sharing the sticky sweet treat.

Now though, my wolf wasn't thinking about cakes, or our siblings. He was thinking solely about the omega letting off the scent. He wanted the omega. Not to hunt. But

he insisted that the omega was his. That he needed to find him. Protect him. Claim him.

I hadn't heard my wolf in years. His voice long buried in the Magic of the fucking collar. I heard him now though. Loud and fucking clear. My howls matched Reeve's as all plans to hunker down and avoid the hunt were completely forgotten.

Our mate was in danger, and there was nothing my wolf wouldn't do to find him and keep him safe.

Mate.

### CHAPTER 3

REEVE

MATE. FIND MATE!

Mate. Find Mate!

My wolf screamed at me, as he pushed to take over completely. He wanted to break through the cinder block and magically enchanted steel that kept us locked in these cages, find Mate, and kill everyone who looked at him funny. If I thought it was possible, I'd gladly agree.

I never thought I'd have this. Even before we ended up here, I never expected to find a fated mate. I had Riven and that was more than enough. I mourned a lot of things when we were sentenced but finding a mate was not one of them. Especially after our lawyer managed to work out something that kept us together. It was the only thing that made this place bearable and the only reason I hadn't killed myself yet. Riven was all I needed.

Until now. My wolf reminded me, pissed I hadn't already found Mate. He was scared, in heat, and maybe even in pain, though I wasn't sure if he was injured or it was just the discomfort from the heat. Either way it was driving my wolf to the brink. Other alphas might see our mate in heat and that was simply unacceptable.

Riven whimpered again. He approached me slowly, his head lowered, but I managed not to snarl this time. My wolf recognized his other half and felt guilty for growling

at him in the first place. I stayed still and eventually Riven nuzzled my side, scenting me and getting the comfort we needed.

I could tell by the way Riv was shaking that he felt it, as well. Mate was both of ours. Of course he was. Riv and I shared everything since the womb. It made complete sense we'd share a mate, too. It made my wolf happy, knowing Mate had Riv to care and love him, also. That like everything, we'd be in this together. Now though, we had to find our mate and protect him, which wouldn't be easy. Not with a prison full of feral, violent alphas desperate to get their hands on the sweet treat.

Even the thought of it had me growling, low and threatening. How dare they try to touch what was ours. They would learn though. Riv and I would bathe in their blood if it meant protecting Mate.

The air was thick with anticipation when the locks began to click letting us know it was time. One final buzz and that was it, we were free and the hunt was on.

I didn't need to look to know my brother was right on my heels as we took off out of our cell, using every instinct we had to find Mate.

We hadn't even left the cell block when the fighting started. Two bears were locked in a standoff, blocking the exit. We didn't have time for this. Mate's scent was getting stronger. I didn't know where he was, but his heat was intensifying. If we didn't find him soon, every alpha in this place would be in a frenzy, and I don't know if Riven and I could stop them all.

I butted Riven's side with my head, letting him know we were going the other way, and ignored everyone else as we took off in the other direction.

It was louder once we left the cell block. The sounds of growling, roaring, fighting, and even fucking was deafening, especially with my wolf's more sensitive ears.

While the omega was always the prize, even when they weren't in heat, most of the assholes in here had no chance, and they knew it, so the omega wasn't the only victim. The weaker alphas were always taken, and usually there were at least a handful of casualties during the hunt.

Riv and I padded past two lions fucking a cheetah, while a panther had a poor hawk pinned to the ground by its claws, its teeth bared as it got ready to eat its snack.

We kept running. I was sure Mate was this way. His scent was getting stronger, to the point it was intoxicating. If we just kept running we'd find him. Just a little bit further.

We were getting out of the cells and closer to the utility area, which was the common hiding place for the prey. I wasn't sure what kind of shifter Mate was yet, but it was a small prey animal, possibly a rabbit or mouse. Something fast that could squeeze into tight spaces most of us big fuckers could never manage. His instincts would be taking him into a place like this with a lot of nooks and crannies he could hide in. All the smart prey that weren't completely paralyzed by their fear ended up here.

My wolf preened. Mate is smart. Mate is a survivor . I already knew my wolf was right. As scared as Mate was, I could scent his determination. He wasn't going to give up. I was so proud of him already.

I was so focused on finding him, I let my guard down. I forgot this wasn't just a game of hide and seek, it was a fight, too.

Something hard and heavy barrelled into my side, taking me by surprise and knocking me to the ground. By the time I scampered back to my feet, Riven was in a defensive stance in front of me, snarling at a massive white and gray wolf.

Claws . My wolf helpfully supplied me the name prison nickname of the mean fucker



who was getting ready to attack my brother. He was called Claws, because he was famous for using them to disembowel his victims. It was how he ended up here in the first place.

And now he was pouncing at Riven, those deadly claws out and ready to prove his namesake on my brother. I didn't fucking think so.

Riven could handle himself, obviously. But tell that to my wolf who was already on guard with our omega alone, in heat, and terrified. Both Riv and I were alphas, but I was our Alpha , and my wolf wouldn't tolerate anyone threatening what was his.

Just as Claws' back paws left the ground, and Riven prepared to defend himself, I leaped over my brother, my teeth sinking into Claws' neck, stopping him midair.

Claws screamed, the high pitch painful sound only a wolf could manage as we both went tumbling to the ground. I tore my jaw away, flesh and fur coming with it. Claws gave a sharp ragged yowl and tried to pounce again. He never got the chance. Riven was on his jugular before I spit out Claws' flesh. The wolf's pained cries rang out over the din of the rest of the chaos as Riv showed no mercy and put the fucker down. Good fucking riddance.

I approached Riven, who was still growling at the remains. I nudged his face with my snout, trying to get his attention away from the corpse, but he was too focused to even notice I was there. No doubt his wolf taking point during the fight. I growled a little as I nudged harder. He hesitated but still hadn't looked away until I nipped his ear, a little reminder of what was going on. Finally, Riv got it together enough to shake his head, droplets of blood shooting across the room, before turning his attention back to me. I jerked my head in the direction I thought Mate was and we both took off.

I froze. The room divided into two different paths that could lead to Mate. He was down one of these hallways. His scent was everywhere, making it hard to think, but it

saturated the area, and I couldn't figure out where he was.

I growled in frustration. My wolf was losing it. He wanted to tear apart everything until Mate was underneath us, safe and satisfied. I wanted that too, but destroying shit wouldn't solve everything. I fought to keep some semblance of control. It was harder in this form, especially since my other half got so little freedom, but I somehow managed.

A cry, one that almost sounded like a baby crying, cut through all the other noise. Instantly, my wolf was on high alert. Mate. Mate was hurt.

Someone roared, a bear most likely by the sounds of it, and Mate cried again. I didn't need to look at Riven to know he was having the same thoughts as me. We both took off down the hallway on the left, Mate's scent and cries getting stronger by the second.

My wolf was panicking, and there was no way I could keep it back much longer. We turned the corner, and I saw fucking red. A massive grizzly stood on his hind legs, teeth bared as it cornered a tiny gray rabbit, who cowered against the wall, his mouth open as angry hissing sounds escaped his tiny body.

I couldn't help but beam with pride. Mate was so brave. He wouldn't back down, wouldn't stop fighting even under the most hopeless situation.

I howled, loud and angry, hoping to grab the grizzly's attention away from Mate. It worked. His big head whipped in my direction. I snarled, teeth bared, ready for an attack.

The grizzly's attention was fully on me so he didn't notice my brother sneak around him and out of his line of sight. While the bear lumbered in my direction, Riven leapt, landing right on the bear's back, his claws cutting into the fur.

The bear roared and tried to knock Riven off. But he wasn't going anywhere. His teeth locked into the back of the bear's neck, ripping out a chunk of flesh and fur as he did.

The grizzly managed to knock Riven off this time, my brother went spinning to the ground on his side. I couldn't spare a second to check to see if he was okay. I attacked, my wolf out for blood after this bear tried to attack our mate and then hurt my brother. He would not get out of this alive.

The bear made a swipe at me, but I managed to avoid it, my bite landing on his upper arm. The grizzly growled and swiped with his other hand, his massive claws searing through my fucking back, but I hadn't survived 10 years in this fucking place by being weak, and I held on, even as the bear tried to grab at me again.

He didn't get the chance, because Riven was back, and this time he landed right on the jugular. The bear roared again in pain, and fell to the ground. I finally let go of his arm and joined Riven at his throat, tearing at his flesh, until the bear was no longer moving.

The bear was dead, but it wasn't enough. It would never be enough. I wanted to tear him apart until his limbs were spread throughout this prison.

I growled, blood coating my fangs and fur. Before I could get another go at the now dead bear, Riven whined and nuzzled at my head. He lolled his head to the corner where our mate still sat huddled.

Sometime during our fight he had shifted back to his human form and now sat half crouched, his eyes wild with lust and fear. They bounced back and forth between my brother and I, and I could tell he was trying to decide if he should run again.

Fuck, Mate was beautiful in both forms. He was tall for an omega, but lanky, all sun

tanned skin and slim limbs. His shaggy brown hair hung to just below his chin in loose waves, sweat matting it to his face. Large blue gray eyes stared back, a little unfocused. His naked body was covered with a layer of sweat, from his heat or running, I didn't know, but I did know I wanted to lick it all off.

Shifting back to my human form when the collar wasn't activated was fucking hard. More than that, until that moment I'd thought it was impossible. But I couldn't approach my mate like this. I'd only scare him. I'd probably scare him in my human form, but I don't know, maybe not. We were mates after all. Even if he was too far gone to recognize that now, he shouldn't fear us, right? Well, there was only one way to tell. Focusing all my energy and concentration on the shift, I started to slowly and painfully come back to human. Until finally, I was crouched on all fours, naked and just feet from my mate.

### CHAPTER 4

brYNN

I didn't mean to shift back to my human form. It was the last thing I needed. But, fuck, my body just wouldn't listen. It hadn't listened to me since that fucking asshole injected me with something that kickstarted my heat early. It had only gotten worse the more I ran, the more scared I became, and then when I saw the two wolves that fought off the bear and—fuck—killed him, my body and brain decided it was the perfect time to shift back to human.

Which, body, it really wasn't. I was so much more vulnerable in this form. My rabbit might be small, but it was fast and agile in a way I wasn't. Especially now when all I could think about was getting a knot in me ASAP.

Someone whined, and after a horrifying moment, I realized it was me. This...was terrible. This was why I always took heat suppressants. I didn't want to deal with this on the streets, but it had to be better than here, in this jail with hundreds of feral alpha criminals chasing me.

After the blackness took over, I eventually woke up in a dark and damp cell, sore, hungry, and scared out of my mind. I don't know how long I was kept there, in the empty cell with nothing but a dirty mattress on the floor, not even a blanket. No one came to get me, not for a long time, possibly even longer than a day. All I knew was that my stomach started to cramp from hunger as I shivered constantly from the cold.

When the cell door finally did open, things only got worse. Two guards dragged me

out and down the hall. I tried to fight, but I was too weak. All I could let them do was take me to a small examining room and strap me to a gurney. I was helpless as a man in gray scrubs drew blood and did like a thousand tests on me. I was helpless when they injected me with the serum that eventually kick started my heat.

Even then I still wasn't given food, and they just threw me into the cell. I eventually passed out from exhaustion and the beginnings of my heat. When I woke up, I was lying on the floor of the prison, naked, with a collar around my neck and my heat wreaking havoc on my already abused body. An alpha in prison guard clothes came then, laughing at me. He forced my switch, and then I was running for my life, clearly the prey in whatever fucked up game this was.

“Hey, little rabbit. It's okay, you're safe now.” I jumped at the sound of a human voice and scrambled back even further against the wall. Somehow, so lost in my own need, I didn't notice one of the wolves shift back to human.

The huge—and very naked—alpha crouched in front of me, his expression soft, and his voice low and gentle. As terrified as I was, I couldn't take my eyes off the alpha. His tanned arms were covered with tattoos, his bare chest in a sheen of sweat. His dark hair was cut short and a little uneven but somehow it worked for him. His dark brown eyes were foggy with lust, but he was managing to hold himself back from touching me.

My eyes drifted down...further...and I got a good look at his massive and very erect cock. My mouth watered. Any control I had over my omega side and my heat was gone once I got a good look at the monster between this man's legs. My rabbit didn't give a fuck that we were kidnapped, collared and set out as prey for a bunch of alpha criminals. It didn't care that this man was one of those alpha criminals, and probably in here for something really bad. All it cared about was that knot filling him immediately. Please and thank you.

I took a deep breath through my nose, and immediately I was intoxicated with the most amazing scent I ever smelled. It wasn't just coming from the man in front of me, but the other one, who was still in his wolf form. They smelled similar, and by how identical their wolves were, I was assuming they were brothers, but they each had a distinctive musk. One that made me heady and had slick leaking out of my hole and down my legs in ridiculous amounts.

The tiny bit of human brain that was fighting my omega side disappeared completely. My rabbit's plan was to present himself to this alpha and get some relief, and it was starting to sound like a really good fucking plan.

With a whine, deep in the back of my throat I tilted my head to the side, acknowledging his dominance. It wasn't something rabbits did to each other, but instinctively I knew it was the right thing to do with this wolf, and by the way he growled, his pupils dilating, it was the right call.

"Little rabbit," he said again, almost a warning.

"Alpha, please." Tears ran down my cheeks, and I had no idea why. Ugh, dumb ass heat. "Please, please, alpha."

I managed to push myself up to all fours and turned so I was presenting myself to the wolf. He growled again, causing me to shiver but not in fear. More slick dripped from my hole. A big hand cupped my hip.

I pushed back into his hold, already panting.

Somewhere far off I heard sounds. A roar, more growls. Loud pounding footsteps. The sounds of animals fighting. But none of that mattered now. I had my alpha. All he had to do was fill me...

The scent of the other wolf filled my nose, and I wanted him, too. Why wouldn't he shift? The other wolf approached low and slow, not as a threat, but to tell me he wouldn't hurt me. I knew I should be scared, but I wasn't. I tilted my head back so his cold and wet nose could be buried in the crook of my neck, and he could scent me. Despite the situation, I found myself relaxing as the one alpha pet my side and the other scented me.

"That's it, my sweet omega. You're already being so good for us. You know you belong with us, don't you?"

I couldn't speak, but I made some kind of agreeing sound, nodding my head rapidly.

Just then something crashed just around the corner and new smells infiltrated our little bubble. Danger smells. I squealed and tried to run away, but the human alpha held me tight.

"No more running, omega. We'll protect you."

I hissed. No. No. He didn't understand. I had to run. They were coming. They would hurt me and the alphas and...

I screamed as I was lifted roughly off my feet and thrown over the broad shoulder of the alpha. "Easy now, little rabbit. We'll tear apart every one of those fuckers to protect you."

The words made no sense. Why? They didn't know me. I didn't even know their names, and they didn't know mine. I was their prey. Yet, somehow I believed them. Which...probably should have terrified me, but instead it only made me more horny. Later, if you asked me why I submitted so easily and just melted into the back of this alpha and let him carry me like a sack of potatoes through the prison, I'd blame my heat. There was no way the completely rational survival focused Brynn would have



ever allowed this. I stand by that. I might've been an omega, but I'd been taking care of myself all my life. I never needed a big strong alpha to care for me. So yeah, it was definitely the heat that was messing with my mind and my instincts. It was my heat that had me biting into this alpha's trap and sucking his flesh like a fucking lollipop.

The alpha just chuckled, deep and dark, and patted my flank. "Take what you need, omega. We'll get you to safety soon."

The other alpha howled then and took off down the hallway, sensing danger I couldn't quite comprehend. The one holding me cursed under his breath and took off after his brother.

I should be worried. I should be at least looking out for danger to alert my new protectors. But the way I kept bouncing over his shoulder was turning me on even more, and my dick was leaking, mixing in with my slick and leaving both me and the alpha a mess. I moaned and desperately tried to get some friction that just wasn't there. Fuck, I needed his knot!

"Fuck, little rabbit. You need to stop that, otherwise I'm going to take you in this hallway, no matter how dangerous it is."

That didn't sound bad to me. "Please, alpha." I begged, and humped him again. The alpha slapped my thigh, hard enough that I cried out.

"None of that. Your scent is already making it hard for me to fight my wolf and my rut, don't make it harder. I won't take my mate here. It's not safe. And not without Riven. We claim our mate together for the first time."

Mate? I wanted to ask what the fuck he was talking about when the other wolf, Riven I guessed, let out a low and guttural warning growl. I tried to turn in the alpha's arms to see, but he quickly put me down. He had me positioned between two walls, so I

wouldn't be seen right away if anyone came. Of course they could smell me a mile away, but it was better than nothing, I supposed. Grabbing my chin, he tilted my head up so I was looking him directly in the eyes.

“Stay. Don't move unless someone who isn't me or the other wolf, Riven, comes here. Then you run like hell. Understand?”

I wanted to bristle at the orders, but it was in my best interest to listen so I gave him a sharp nod. My whole body ached, and I was getting hotter by the second. As soon as the alpha ran after his brother, who seemed to be in a fight with someone outside of my vision, I slumped against the wall and palmed my dick. I needed some relief. It didn't matter how dangerous it was, I felt like I would die if I didn't get relief immediately.

I sucked in a deep breath, gulping in every last bit of lingering alpha scent. Most of the alphas here smelled off. A little sour, just wrong. While the two wolves didn't smell natural exactly, their scent didn't turn me off at all. I started to pump my cock while I kept one ear on the fight, hoping they were okay.

My hole was so empty. It needed a knot. I knew there would be no real relief until that happened, but maybe my fingers would take the edge off?

It would make running even harder but did that even matter anymore? I was dead anyway. My only chance of surviving this was the two wolf brothers, and even then...I didn't know them at all. They could easily use me and then kill me. I found myself willing to take the risk.

I bent over, the fingers on my free hand just teasing around my hole. Instantly they were covered in slick. I pushed two in, already knowing it wouldn't be enough.

In the distance I heard some shifter scream, maybe some kind of primate. It wasn't a

bear, big cat, or wolf, that I was sure. The howls that followed were all wolf, though. My wolves. I closed my eyes and started to fuck myself with my fingers as I jerked myself off with my other hand.

A little voice inside my head reminded me that we were still in danger. That I needed to be alert. But I couldn't concentrate on anything until some of this pain went away. Just a little relief, and then I could focus on surviving. I'd be quick.

I channeled all my energy on coming. The quicker I did it, the quicker I'd get my senses back enough to focus. At least, I hoped. The pleasure began building up, and just as my orgasm reached the peak and I began shooting all over my hand, I heard a noise. A little gasp, followed by a "fuck." I quickly dropped my still halfway hard dick and fell into a crouch. I wished I could shift, but it seemed like that part of me was locked away. I concentrated on my senses then, and that's when I noticed the different smell. There was a little bit of that sourness the others had, but it wasn't as strong. He also smelled like dirt, and the outside air and the city, something none of these prisoners would smell like. There was no animal scent either. It was a human.

I stayed perfectly still even though the human obviously knew where I was. Why was he here? I thought back to my panicked run through the prison. I wasn't paying a lot of attention, but I was pretty sure I hadn't seen any humans or guards around at all. I vaguely remembered them all locking themselves on the other side of the steel walls, leaving me on this side, vulnerable and alone. So why was a human here now? I heard footsteps. Human ones, but I knew it wasn't the alpha wolf from before. These were heavy, like he was wearing boots, and uneven like maybe he had a limp. They were coming from the opposite direction the alpha went.

The human came into my eyeline. He was wearing a guards uniform. He also had a gun, cuffs, and a taser on his belt and some kind of remote in his hand.

"Oh fuck. I can see why these animals went feral for you. You really do look

delicious.”

He took a step toward me, but I wasn't taking any chances. One of the first things you learned growing up in the shifter slums was to never trust a human, and I sure as fuck wasn't trusting one with a gun and a taser and whatever else, while I was naked, in heat, and vulnerable. Humans didn't go through heats or ruts like shifters did, but from what we all heard growing up, they were still affected by omega pheromones when we were in heat. They tended to end up in their own version of rut where they lost all control and would attack the omega. And unlike the alpha shifters who grew up learning how to control their ruts, even if some of them were pure shit at it, the humans had no way of knowing what was happening, and it made them even more dangerous to a vulnerable omega who wasn't in a position to defend themselves. We were always told to make sure no humans were around when we were in heat. And now a fucking prison guard was following me, his eyes already unfocused and reeking of lust and precum.

I ran in the direction I could hear the wolves had gone in, since they were my only help. I made it about five steps when the most excruciating pain I ever felt rocked my body, causing me to collapse to my knees, as jolts of electricity rocked my body.

### CHAPTER 5

#### RIVEN

The gorilla lay limp on the ground. It wasn't dead. Even with the beginnings of a rut coursing through Reeve and I, we weren't strong enough to kill him, but he was incapacitated, and that was enough. It had to be. We had to get our mate back to our cell, where he would at least be somewhat safe. Then we had to claim him.

My wolf didn't think bringing him to the cell was necessary. He thought just the bite on his neck would be enough. Maybe under normal circumstances with normal alphas it would be, but not here. The bite would mean nothing. The lure of Mate's scent and the slick dripping down his naked pale thighs were way more enticing to these fuckers. At least in our cell we had some control. We could make sure he was as safe as possible while being locked on our knots.

I turned away from the gorilla to go find my mate when an excruciating—and very human—scream stopped me in my tracks. Mate.

Snarling, I took off. Reeve, still in his man form, ran after me, ready for anything.

Mate was on the ground, hunched over in pain. His body was shaking uncontrollably, little twitches I was familiar with. Behind him stood one of the guards, Erikson, the remote that controlled our fucking collars in his hand and an evil grin on his face.

I saw red. How dare he hurt our mate. How dare they collar him and humiliate him the way they love to humiliate us. I didn't even realize I was growling until Reeve

came close to me and squeezed my nape in warning. I couldn't stop it completely, but I managed to tone it down some. I didn't want to frighten Mate.

Erikson's eyes flashed toward us, clearly surprised to see my brother in his man form.

"What the fuck, Balthazar?" He seethed, calling Reeve by our last name, "How the fuck did you shift?" His finger was on that fucking button again, and we both started to growl. I didn't know if he was going for Reeve's collar or Mate's, but either way he'd lose a fucking hand if he tried.

"Don't even fucking think about it," my brother snapped, taking a step forward.

Erikson laughed. "You don't have the power here, inmate. I could do whatever the fuck I want."

"Except, you're not supposed to be here now, are you? The warning bell hasn't gone off. And no one else has shifted back. Does the warden know you snuck past the walls so you can, what? Try to get the omega for yourself? I wonder what he'd think about that?"

Erikson's expression turned deadly. "You even try to tell him and you'll find yourself in solitary for a fucking month, inmate."

My brother shrugged. "You'll be dead. We both know that. If not us, any of these assholes will be happy to get their hands on you. So who's gonna reinforce that threat?"

Erikson took a step toward my brother, this time with the baton. I wondered why he wasn't using the remote to activate the collar? Our mate moaned then, and my attention fully went to him. Reeve could take care of himself. I used Erikson's distraction to get closer to Mate.

I whined, hating to see him in pain. He forced his head up and met my wolf's eyes, his gray ones hazy with pain and his heat. It physically hurt seeing him like this, and my wolf was screaming at me to fix it. I didn't know what to do, so I gave into my wolf and licked his face.

Mate laughed weakly even as he wrinkled his nose, causing my wolf to preen. We made Mate happy.

"Alpha," he half whined, half laughed. I licked him again.

A raised voice had my head snapping in that direction as I stood protectively over Mate. Reeve had Erikson pinned to the ground, his claws out and pressed against his neck. That goddessforsaken remote had skidded across the floor and was nowhere near the fucker so he couldn't use it against us anymore.

He was trying to plead with my brother, threaten him with solitary and longer jail time, but there was one time when the normal rules didn't apply and that was during the hunts. What happened in the hunts stayed in the hunt. There were no consequences for anything that happened. No questions asked. They cleaned up the aftermath, and we all went back to our miserable existence until next time. Yeah, that didn't apply to the guards usually, but that's only because they weren't allowed in here. They were supposed to be protected behind those steel walls. Erikson was the one breaking the rules, not us.

Reeve laughed cruelly and dug his claws into Erikson's neck, ending his life quicker than he deserved in my opinion, since he was the one of the skeeviest of the fuckers who kept us here.

"Wh-what's happening?" Mate whispered, his tiny hand curling into my fur. He still reeked of fear, but both my wolf and I were happy he was clinging to us. Even in his confusion and terror there was a part of him that knew we were safe.

I wished I could talk to him, comfort him, but I wasn't as alpha as Reeve was, and try as I might I couldn't fight the shift to turn back early like he did. So I did the only thing I could think of and licked him again.

Thankfully Reeve didn't take long. He was never one to play with his food, especially when he had something much more important waiting for him. He wiped his claws on his leg and retracted them before walking back to us and crouching in front of Mate.

He cupped his cheek with the hand that just killed Erikson, but Mate didn't shy away. "Will you come with us, Mate? We will protect you and ease your pain."

Mate didn't hesitate. He just nodded and leaned into Reeve's touch. "Yes, please." With a satisfied smile, Reeve scooped our mate into his arms, this time in a bridal carry and walked back to our cell, me next to him, ready to defend our mate in any way I had to.

Luckily, the hunt was dying down, and we met very little resistance. The other inmates that were still around were coming down from the feral rush of the shift and knew they were no match for Reeve and me. They all backed up and conceded that they lost. The ones who wouldn't give up as easily must've been still fighting...or dead. Either way, we made it back to our cell without any challenge. Reeve placed our Mate on the bottom bunk as I stationed myself by the open cell door, ready for anything. Soon the hunt would be over, and the collars reactivated and our cell doors locked, and it would be just the three of us. At least for a little while.



### CHAPTER 6

#### REEVE

I stared at our mate, all naked and laid out for us. He was panting heavily, his eyes bouncing back and forth between Riven's wolf and me. I came and sat on the edge of the bunk, immediately realizing this wasn't going to work. I couldn't even sit on the thing without my head hitting the top. How were Riv and me supposed to take our mate through heat like this?

Growling, frustrated, I picked up Mate again, enjoying his squeak and brought him to the bolted down desk. Riven had a couple books and other small items on it, but I swiped them off onto the floor and placed our mate down. This time he immediately got himself onto all fours, his torso touching the desk and his ass pointed up and ready for us.

Hissing out a breath I pet his flank. "So pretty for us, little rabbit."

"Alpha..." he whined.

I scooped some of the slick dripping down his leg onto my finger and took a taste. It was sweet and delicious, just like Mate. Riven whined, jealous he couldn't taste yet.

"There's plenty, brother," I told him, "You'll have your chance."

"Alpha, please, I can't take it anymore. It hurts."

He pushed back into my hand like it would magically get him what he needed.

I wished I could take my time with him, but not here and not like this. “I’m Reeve,” I told him, “My brother is Riven.”

“I-I’m Brynn.” Brynn. What a sweet name for our sweet, perfect omega.

“Don’t worry Brynn, we’ll take care of you. This is gonna be quick. But I can’t wait any longer, and I don’t think you can either.”

Brynn just shook his head before I was spreading his cheeks. I wanted to put my face right there and feast on him. It had to be a million times better than the food this place fed us. But like everything else, it had to wait.

I was going to have to move him again. My eyes flashed, my wolf ready to just take over, throw Mate on the floor and mount him. I didn’t blame him. I fucking hated this.

Instead of throwing him on the filthy cell floor, I dragged his little body back until his legs were hanging off the desk and I could easily reach him. It would have to do.

In the distance, I heard some kind of commotion, and Riven tensed, ready to protect us. Brynn whined. There was no more time. I lined up my aching cock that had been dripping and painfully hard since I got a whiff of our mate’s scent, and pushed in.

He was slick and open and begging for an alpha’s knot. My knot. Omegas in heat were meant to be bred. I would’ve loved to prep him, but he didn’t need it, and I was glad. He cried out and pushed back, despite his lack of traction, too eager to allow time to stretch and adjust. I gripped his hips and pushed all the way in until my still deflated knot was pressing against his stretched hole.

“Fuck, you really were ready for me. So fucking pretty.”

Brynn was panting and whining, but I didn't stop until I was fully seated, his warm tight hole gripping my length tightly. It felt so fucking good. I couldn't even remember the last time I was with an omega, and even then, it was likely nothing compared to being with Brynn. This was meant to be.

“Hang on, sweetness. Your alpha is going to breed you.”

Brynn might've said something, but I didn't hear it, too fucking gone by now. I pulled out till just my tip was in my omega, and then slammed back in, causing him to scream. Then I did it again, and again. Picking up a brutal pace that had us both out of breath.

Brynn's hand snaked under his body to reach for his cock, but before he could wrap his fingers around it, my brother's very human tattooed covered arm stopped him.

“Let me, Mate.” I grinned at Riven, absolutely fucking feral. I wrapped my fingers around Brynn's neck and used my hold to pull him up so he was on his feet, his body flushed to mine. My cock slipped out, causing Brynn to hiss and push backwards, trying to impale himself.

I nipped at his shoulder. “Settle, Omega. I got you.”

“Blanket,” I couldn't manage more than that, fighting my wolf at every turn, but Riven understood what I meant and grabbed the thin ass blanket off the bed, then his off the top bunk and folded them before putting them on the floor. It wasn't perfect, but would protect Brynn's knees, and mine at least a little.

I settled on the blanket, never letting go of my hold on Brynn. His throat flexed under my hold, as he naturally wanted to go down into the mating position, but I held him

in place, then filled him back up.

My eyes met Riven's over Brynn's head, and he knew what I was saying.

Riv grinned at me, then knelt down. Before Brynn could say a word, Riven swallowed his tiny omega cock whole.

Brynn screamed.

“That's it, sweetness. Does my brother's mouth feel good?”

Brynn made some kind of sound that could have been agreement. I could feel his Adam's apple bobbing up and down under my hand. I squeezed, just a little bit, and pumped inside him roughly.

“Come inside Riven's mouth, little rabbit. He's desperate for it.”

Riven was pumping his own dick roughly and erratically, like he couldn't find a rhythm, or didn't care. I didn't blame him, we all needed to fucking come.

Brynn seemed to take my words to heart, because his body stiffened, and then he screamed out his orgasm. Riven moaned, his eyes rolling to the back of his head as he swallowed our sweet mate's release. Riven was next, shooting on the floor between his knees. Between seeing my brother get lost in his pleasure and Brynn milking my fucking cock, it was all too much, and I couldn't hold it any longer.

My fingers pulsed around Brynn's throat as I came, filling my mate up. “Gonna knot you, sweetheart,” I told him.

Brynn nodded the best he could. “Please. Please. Need it. Need it so fucking bad.” His voice was raspy, probably from all the screaming he'd done.

I held Brynn close up against my body as my knot started to expand. “Fuuuuck. Goddess. So full. This feels...oh my Goddess.”

My wolf preened, absolutely thrilled he was the one giving his mate this pleasure. I met Riven’s eyes. His were a little glassy as he stayed, swaying slightly, on his knees. “You’re next, brother. I can’t wait for you to feel this. He’s so fucking tight. So fucking perfect.”

He cupped Brynn’s chin and brought him into a soul searing kiss. Brynn was shaking, from my knot or the kiss, I wasn’t sure, but I guess it didn’t matter. I held him tightly until I fully expanded inside him and he was properly stuck on my knot.

My canines expanded, and my jaw ached as all my alpha instincts and my wolf fought to bite our mate and make our claim official. But I somehow resisted as much as it hurt. It was too dangerous. I had no fucking clue what the guards, or the other inmates would do if we claimed Brynn. They couldn’t know the truth, that he was our fated mate. I didn’t know what would happen, it’s not like this ever occurred before, but it likely would be bad. They’d use Brynn against us, and he’d be in even more danger than he was now.

Get your shit together, I snapped internally at my wolf, we can’t bite him yet. Too fucking dangerous. Besides we should probably at least attempt a real conversation with Brynn, but my wolf couldn’t give two fucks about that, so I didn’t bother with that argument. He did want to protect our omega though, and eventually stopped fighting me, allowing me to fucking breathe for once.

I glanced at Riv, who finally stopped fucking Brynn’s mouth with his tongue. “Help me get us to the bed.” Riv nodded.

Riven climbed shakily to his feet. Despite the fact that he just came, Riv was already half hard. It was Brynn’s heat. We’d be insatiable for as long as it lasted.

It wasn't easy, not with Brynn impaled on my knot, but we somehow managed to get to the bottom bunk, just jostling him a handful of times. Brynn was whimpering by the time we were positioned on our sides on the narrow bunk. He was facing the cinderblock wall, so that my back was the one to the cell, protecting him. Riven sat cross legged in front of the bunks, closest to the bars, and rubbed Brynn's leg absently.

At some point throughout the commotion, the hunt must've officially ended, and we were locked back in our cells. It always took a few hours for the guards to get everyone back and secure, then they would start their rounds, checking to see who survived the hunt, who didn't, and reestablishing order.

We had some time with our mate because of that. Hopefully by the time the guards started to take interest in our omega, his heat would be over, and we could all focus. It wasn't unheard of for the victor to claim the prey as their pet for a bit. The guards looked the other way generally, and let him play with his prize. I never heard of one lasting longer than a few days though. Usually they didn't survive longer than that. The couple of times they did, the guards eventually dragged the omega away, and we never saw them again.

That meant we probably had three days tops before someone tried to come for our omega. I had no idea what we were going to do, but we had to come up with a plan quickly, because there was no fucking way I was letting the guards, or anyone, get their hands on our mate.

Just the thought of it had me rumbling deep in my chest. Riven squeezed my ankle in silent support. I smiled softly at him and looked back at our mate who was dozing, impaled on my knot. I hated that he was going through this and in this fucking hell hole. He deserved so much better. Our mate should have food and water, and a nice warm bath to soothe his sore muscles in between waves. But we had none of that. We had a few snacks hidden but that was it. It wasn't enough, and the alpha in me was

devastated that we wouldn't be able to provide for our mate like we should.

Brynn stirred like he sensed my distress, and I kissed his shoulder. I began to purr, sort of surprised I could access that innate alpha ability after the hunt was over. Was it because of Brynn's heat? It helped Brynn settle, though, so I didn't think too deeply about it. Not that I had the brain power to think about anything right now.

My own exhaustion hit me after I was sure Brynn was as relaxed as he could be. He needed all the rest he could get. He had been through so much already, and his battle wasn't close to being over. My eyes closed on their own accord and I didn't have the energy to fight it...

My knot started to deflate after twenty minutes, and eventually I was able to slip out. Immediately, Brynn began crying. He was still half asleep, but his body needed to be filled. Riven was ready though, and quickly traded places with me. Riven was completely hard as he climbed into the bed, wrapped his arms around our omega, and slid home.

### CHAPTER 7

brYNN

My eyes fluttered open as one of the twins pushed inside my sore hole.

I must've made a noise, because a scratchy beard rubbed against the sensitive skin on my neck as he nipped at it.

“Shh, go back to sleep, sweetheart. I just need to fill you.”

I nodded—all I could manage—and let my eyes drift close again. My heat didn't feel as strong as before, but it still felt amazing being filled. I was still lost in my pleasure enough to not stress about anything else. Wrapped in those big strong arms, it was easy to forget about the fucking shit show I was in.

The twin, I wasn't sure which one, kept a slow lazy pace. Both of their ruts had been triggered by my heat, but that seemed to be slowing down, too. I couldn't decide if that was a good thing though. I may only have a vague idea of what was going on, but this relative peace the three of us had would end once my heat and their ruts were over. I wasn't ready to deal with what came next.

A hand brushed my face and chapped lips kissed my nose, causing me to smile.

The guards had come into the cell after my first wave was over on that first day, right after the hunt. Fuck that had to be at least two or three days ago. They almost lost their heads when the two alphas freaked the fuck out, but, with tranq guns at the



ready they explained how they were only moving us to a rut room. Apparently the pheromones we were letting off were driving all the inmates, and the shifter members of the guard, wild and they were becoming aggressive. We had privacy, mostly, and security. The guards periodically slipped food through a small doorway cut in the bottom of the steel door, but otherwise left us alone. We were under no illusion that they would let us stay here for long, but I guess even the humans realized that it was too dangerous for them to try and break us up midheat. It was their fault anyway. They were the fuckers that kickstarted it early and threw me in here. They probably figured I'd be dead before this point. Same, humans, same.

The twin behind me continued to slowly fuck me, like he was half asleep, while the other had drifted beyond my face and was now sucking on my neck and scenting me heavily. I hadn't been scented, beyond a cursory sniff at the shelters to make sure I wasn't on drugs, since I was a child. I had a vague memory of my mom holding me in her lap while she scented me before sending me to bed. But then she left and never came back, and I hadn't had this much contact with anyone since.

I didn't know if this was an alpha thing, a wolf thing, or just them, but the two of them couldn't seem to get enough of scenting me, and each other. Even when they were knot deep inside me. Even when one filled my throat and the other my hole, they were always touching, always scenting. Maybe it was because I still wasn't totally with it...but I didn't hate it nearly as much as I expected.

I didn't hate anything when it came to these two and that was bothering me more than anything. I couldn't make them out. I expected to be torn to shreds once they let me loose in this place, and it was dangerously close to happening a few times. Then, even after the twins took me and essentially claimed me, I never expected them to be so nice.

Don't get me wrong, the sex was rough, but you wouldn't see me complaining about that. They never hurt me, though, even during that. They would clean me up after,

and make sure I ate the food we were given first. They'd cuddle and scent me and keep me close. Even though I knew it was ridiculous and we were far from being safe, I felt it. They made me feel safe.

It had to be the heat talking, because Riven and Reeve were fucking dangerous. We were in the most secure alpha prison in the country for Goddess sake. I didn't know what they did, but you didn't end up in here for a white collar crime. I literally watched them tear apart more than one person during the hunt, and they were ready to do it again when the guards tried to move us. I saw what those claws and teeth could do, and while they explained during one of the down times that the collars around all our necks would keep us from shifting, I had a feeling they were just as deadly in their human form. Instinctually though, I was sure they wouldn't hurt me. My instincts were fucked up.

"Mmmm, you smell so good, omega," the one behind me said. Now that I was a little more awake I was pretty sure it was Riven. Reeve had two wolves tattooed on his neck, and I could sort of see them now that he had travelled a little lower on my body.

"So do you," I panted, a spurt of precum shooting into Reeve's mouth as it wrapped around my dick. How many times had I come since this started? I'd lost count.

That was another thing that didn't make sense. They really did both smell so good. We had been locked in this tiny room for days now. None of us had showered. It should reek. Yeah, it definitely smelled like sex and cum and pheromones and sweat, but underneath all of that was caramel and apples. It reminded me of the street fair my mom used to take me to every fall as a kid before she disappeared. We never had a lot of money, but she always made sure we had enough to buy a caramel apple to share. It was such a pleasant core memory that just smelling it had me back there, lost in the time.

The alphas' scents were very similar to each other, Reeve's was a little stronger, his

alpha pheromones more intense, but they were so close that I had to work to distinguish between them. Something I didn't have the energy for as Reeve made me come for the thousandth time, and Riven's knot expanded inside me. In fact, thinking was becoming too much, and soon I drifted back off.

\* \* \*

When I woke up, my heat was completely over. So were their ruts. All I felt was tired and sore, and the fear I had mostly buried was building back up. What would happen now?

Sensing the change in my emotions, Reeve smiled softly at me. He had one of the dirty rags they left us and was diligently cleaning all the dried cum and slick off of my thighs. It felt oddly relaxing despite the freezing cold water and the rag that had been who knew where before it touched my skin.

"Don't worry, Brynn, we'll protect you."

I blinked at him. "How? And why? My heat is done. Aren't you done with me?"

Riven, whose lap I was sitting on, growled. "You're our mate. We're never letting you go."

I twisted my head to look back at the twin behind me. His dark brown eyes locked on mine, filled with intensity. It wasn't the first time they called me their mate. But it was the first time I was coherent enough to question it.

"You keep calling me that. Why?"

Big callused fingers cupped my chin and turned my head back to the front. I couldn't make out Reeve's expression. He looked contemplative. There was something about

the twins that drew me in. They weren't good looking in the traditional sense, maybe, but their strong facial features and tanned skin, not to mention that dangerous glint in their dark eyes, made them intriguing. Their dark hair was cut short—prison duh—but I could see strands of gray in between the coarse dark short curls. It made me wonder how old they were. It was hard to tell since I was sure jail didn't do them any favors in the aging department.

They had been mostly clean shaven the day of the hunt, but after a handful of days locked in here, they both had the beginnings of a decent beard. It worked for them, and I wondered if they preferred it if they were given the choice.

The corded muscles in Reeve's neck constricted as he watched me, trying to get his words together. "Because you're our Goddess given mate," he finally landed on. "You can't tell?"

I frowned, trying to make out his words. Of course I heard of it before. That the Goddess had selected the one perfect person for each of her children. Or I guess in my case, two. I only knew one fated mate couple though. The fox shifter couple that ran one of the children's shelters that I spent a lot of time in before I aged out. Their love always fascinated all us kids, who'd never seen anything like that. But besides them, I never met anyone else who'd found their mate, and I started to think the whole thing was bullshit. Or at least not for someone like me.

"You really believe that?" I asked him skeptically. It wasn't like the three of us spent a lot of time talking, but Reeve seemed pretty sensible to me. He was dead serious now. This whole situation was confusing as fuck. Wolves were natural predators of rabbits, we ran from them; we didn't mate them.

"Yeah. We scented you from the minute they pumped your pheromones through the vents. It was why we were fighting so hard to find you. Before that, we had decided we weren't going to participate."

That surprised me. I saw how vicious they were in their pursuit to claim me. It was hard to believe that they were going to avoid that bloody scene altogether.

Riven snorted and squeezed me tighter. Somehow they could tell I was skeptical. “Believe it or not, we’re not usually that bloodthirsty. We’ve been here for ten years now, all we feel is pity or disgust during the hunts. You changed that for us, Mate.”

Ten years? Goddess.

I wanted to ask...I didn’t even know what. I had a thousand questions. Why were they here? How could they be so sure we were mates? What happened next?

Before I could settle on one, both alphas tensed, their attention immediately going to the door.

“What’s happening?” I whispered.

Instead of answering, I was shoved back into the corner and now Riven was squatting in front of me in a defensive position. Reeve stood up, dropping the rag to the floor and placed himself between Riven and I and the cell door.

I concentrated. My sense of smell might not have been as good, but I could hear really well. There beyond the sound of our heartbeats and the shitty ventilation system were footsteps, multiple pairs of them. Fuck, someone was coming.

### CHAPTER 8

#### REEVE

I could feel my wolf. It wasn't strong, kind of like he was trying to reach me through a miles long tunnel, but still, it wasn't just an empty space inside me like it usually was with the collar on. He was there, deep below the surface and desperately clawing and scraping trying to get closer. I didn't have to be able to sense his feelings to know it was because of Brynn. Whoever was coming would try to separate us, and he'd do everything possible to stop that.

Well, so would I. No one was taking our fucking mate without a fight. I stood tense, ready for anything and wondering how the fuck I was getting the three of us out alive.

The guards stopped on the other side of the door. Unlike our regular prison cell, this door was solid so I couldn't see through it, but I could still hear three heartbeats, and the scent of cigarettes was overwhelming. It meant my least favorite guard Markel was out there. I growled despite myself. If that creepy fucker even looked at Brynn...

"Back away from the door, Balthazar. We're just dropping off food and supplies, but you need to calm down." The voice warned me. That wasn't Markel, it was one of the new guards, Lionel. He seemed decent enough, and it didn't seem like he was lying. I took a deep breath and took three steps back, still keeping myself between the door and Brynn and Riven.

The small door at the bottom of the cell opened, and a tray was slid inside. Then a thing of baby wipes and three sets of jumpsuits.

“Eat, clean up and get dressed. It’s your lucky day. There was an incident we have to deal with, so you have more time with your plaything.” that was Markel, even the slimy fucker’s voice set me on edge, “But we’ll be back later.” With that the door slammed shut and locked, and the three of us were left alone again.

“What was that?” Riven asked, his eyes glued to the fucking door. He was still crouched in front of Brynn who he’d pushed against the cinderblock wall.

“I don’t know,” I answered, picking up the tray. There wasn’t really enough food for three people on it, what a surprise. Fuckers. “But it looks like we have a few hours to come up with a plan.”

“A plan for what?” Brynn asked. He snuck around Riven’s defensive stance and was peering at the food. He hadn’t eaten much over the last few days, just a few bites of whatever we force fed him, so now that his heat was over he was probably starving. Once again I had to hold in my frustration that I couldn’t care for my mate like I should be.

The only things in this cell were a bed, a sink, and a toilet, so I put the tray on the end of the bed and started to divvy out the food the best way I could. I looked at Brynn, his gray eyes sucking me in. “They’re going to take you away,” I told him bluntly. “Then throw Riv and I back in our regular cell. But I won’t let that happen.”

I handed him a plastic bowl with some kind of mushy mixed vegetables and a stale roll. It was disgusting and made my stomach turn, but Brynn admitted he was a vegetarian, and his human body could only withstand small amounts of dairy. Byproducts of being a rabbit shifter, I guessed. The big slabs of mystery meat that Riv and I’d gotten used to would only make our omega sick.

“What are they going to do with me? Will they just let me go?”

I looked at Riven who just shrugged. “Honestly, we don’t know,” he told Brynn. “But I doubt it. Most of the omegas don’t make it out of here alive after the hunt. The ones that do, well, we never see them again. I guess they could just let them go, but I seriously doubt this is legal.”

Brynn snorted. “Considering they used magic to drug me and forced my heat, I’d go with no.”

I growled again. It was becoming a really bad habit. “They forced your heat?”

“Yeah. That was my first heat actually, well since my very first one. I usually use suppressants.” Brynn laughed harshly. “That’s what started this whole mess. I was trying to get more.”

I carefully ate the chewy meat while I considered what Brynn was saying. Why would they kickstart his heat? Was it to put us into more of a frenzy, or was there something else going there?

“I don’t like the thought of that,” Riven grumbled. “There’s no good reason why they would force that. These assholes go feral enough for any omega. They’re fucking desperate and barely have control over their animal sides.”

I nodded in agreement. “Yeah, there’s something we’re missing here. But that just makes it even clearer, nothing good is gonna come out of them taking you away from us. We just found you, Mate, we’re not letting them take you.”

Brynn’s eyes flashed, “That’s a nice thought and all, but I’m not really sure what you can do about it.”

I ground my teeth, pissed, because he was right. There was very little I could do about it. Riven hated that thought as much as me and dragged Brynn into his lap, his



arms tightening around his middle, and his teeth sinking into his neck. The collar prevented his canines from extending so I didn't have to worry about a mating bite, but the sentiment was clear.

Brynn reacted like my brother bit him for real, sunk into his hold and just melted. It took a few minutes for him to get it back together. With hazy eyes he turned toward Riv with a soft smile, "I like you too, big guy. But I think I need more information, and I'd love a better plan than alpha posturing."

I grinned. Mate was feisty. He had to be to survive in this world. I didn't know anything about his life, but no one with a good one and a loving family ended up as bait for a bunch of alpha criminals, so I had to imagine it wasn't easy.

"Okay, so first thing, what do you think they're gonna do to me if they take me away? I know you said they wouldn't just let me go, but I'm nobody. Who the fuck am I going to tell? Maybe they'll dump me somewhere and then..."

He trailed off, because then what? He'd go back to his life? It wouldn't work. I hadn't mentioned it yet, but the claiming bite was a formality at this point. We'd spent days together locked in this room alone, literally tied together. The bite might make it official, but if we separated for any length of time or distance, we'd all get sick and eventually die. He was stuck with us, like it or not, unless we broke the bond, and that needed a mage and a whole bunch of fucking luck. Which, let's face it, we didn't have.

I didn't know how to tell him that. I wasn't sure why, but it didn't seem like Brynn felt the bond the way Riv and I did. He felt something, because I could scent how safe and comfortable he was with us. How turned on he was. But it wasn't the instant knowledge that we felt. He was still doubtful, and I got that. This situation was fucked. If he needed to cling onto the idea that things could be fixed for him, I'd let him. For a few minutes anyway. Time wasn't on our side. We'd already had more

than expected.

“It’s possible,” I finally answered, “but I seriously fucking doubt it. They don’t expect the omegas to survive this.”

Brynn huffed, and threw himself back dramatically against Riven’s chest. “So what, they’ll kill me, because you didn’t do the job?”

I couldn’t help it. I snarled. Just the thought of someone hurting Brynn, made me want to rampage. That hole in my chest that was my wolf tugged again, deep and far away but letting me know that he felt the same way and would basically find a way to kill me if I ever hurt Mate. I rubbed my chest, the ache too deep to actually soothe.

I felt two sets of eyes on me, one confused, one concerned. I waved them both off. Whatever that was going on with my wolf had to wait.

“Sorry. But—it’s possible. We also hear the guards talking sometimes, and well...” I didn’t know how to put this gently, and honestly it was a bigger fear of mine than death. I couldn’t tell you why but something just told me that they weren’t planning on killing Brynn. They would’ve dragged him away after my knot inflated that very first time if that was the case, “There’s a lot of money in the omega underground trade.”

Brynn’s eyes widened, and I could scent his fear. Riv’s nostrils flared, anger radiating off him. He knew I was right. He was there, helping me fix a leaky pipe, since handyman shit was our job in this place, when we heard Erikson, Markel, and a few others whispering about it. They were talking about how omegas disappeared from the omega prisons all the fucking time, and that it was a goldmine. I wouldn’t be surprised if they somehow found a way to make some of their own profit from here.

Something niggled at the back of my mind, something about breedable omegas, ones

who proved they could get pregnant fared an even higher price. I hadn't paid much attention to it, but it could explain why they forced his heat.

It wasn't a train of thought I wanted to linger on, otherwise it would make me sick. What was done was done, we had to focus on what came next.

Brynn's expression shifted from being afraid to steely determination, and a little bit of anger, within a second. "Yeah, fuck that. I've been surviving on my own since I was ten years old and managed to avoid the omega slave trade. They're not getting me now. What do we need to do?"

I was proud of my mate while also devastated he'd been on his own all that time. Our childhood wasn't exactly sunshine and roses, but I'd had Riven and our sister Rella. I was never alone. Never had been except that first week we were arrested, and they tried to separate us. We both got deathly ill, close to what happens when mates were separated for too long. Our lawyer, while not good for much, managed to get the judge to agree that we would be kept together.

I sighed, scrubbing my face with my hands before sitting on the bed next to them. "I don't know," I told him honestly. I hated it, but it was the truth. I had little control here, and no bargaining chips. If it was different guards, Riv and I had some favors we could call in, but not with Markel, and the new guy, well he was too new. So far he'd been fair, but I had no idea how he'd swing with something like that. Besides, what could they even do? We couldn't hide Brynn in our cell forever, and that wouldn't be fair to him. He deserved to be free.

We went back and forth for a while before we realized there wasn't much we could do until we got more information. As much as I fucking despised why, we were banking on the theory that they wouldn't kill Brynn and wanted him alive. All we could do was wait and hope for the best, which was fucking laughable.

All of us were on edge, and I was starting to get claustrophobic in this room. The smell of stale sex was becoming too much. We all needed a real damn shower. We tried to stay distracted by sharing little bits about each other. We learned that Brynn was born and raised in the shifter slums of Ashbrook and had been living on the streets since his mom disappeared when he was a kit. He had no idea who his alpha parent was, and though he was sure he had siblings—rabbit shifters were almost always multiples—he never heard anything about them or met them. Riven shared that we were also from Ashbrook and grew up on the predator side of the slums. It was just us and our little sister for the most part. Mom was there but she was rarely sober enough to remember she had children, and when she did, it wasn't good for us.

He didn't tell Brynn anything about our parents though and or how we ended up here in the first place, and our omega didn't ask. It seemed pointless. All of this did. We had no fucking control, and my wolf and I were fucking livid.

Brynn dozed on and off, still recovering from his heat and the stress from everything. Riven stayed close and napped too, but I couldn't calm down long enough to even think about closing my eyes.

I had no idea how long it was until our relative peace was disturbed again. "Riv," I shook my brother awake. "They're coming."

Riven was up in a second, once again with Brynn pushed up against the wall and as far away from the cell door as possible. There were more of them this time, and I could hear the clanging of metal. They must've brought cuffs. I bared my very human teeth.

"Inmates against the wall!" Markel's sleazy voice barked out.

I rolled my eyes. "What are you doing with us?" I called back. I wished I could see them. It sucked not having a visual of exactly how many there were and what

weapons they had.

“You and your deadbeat brother are going back to your cell where you belong. It’s time to give up your toy.”

I heard Brynn whimper from behind me, and I almost lost it. Riven was vibrating with anger, and I shot him a warning glare to get his shit together.

“You have five seconds to obey, inmate, or we’re coming in shooting, and I don’t give a fuck who gets in the way. May hit your precious plaything,” Markel sneered, “And then you and inmate 46721 can recover in solitary. Separately.”

That was almost a worse threat than taking Brynn. We already knew we couldn’t survive separated, literally. There was a chance that the mating bond hadn’t fully taken, since we didn’t complete it, and we could survive long enough to find each other again. That wouldn’t happen if we were locked in solitary.

“Do what they say,” Brynn pleaded, sounding scared. I...well, it grated having to obey these assholes, but I didn’t see another choice. I nodded to Riv, and the two of us walked to the back wall and faced it with our hands on our head like was required. Brynn tucked himself in the far corner.

The locks cranked, and the door opened. I sucked in a breath trying to get a sense of who was there. Three humans, two shifters. Fuck. They meant business. The cigarette smell almost overwhelmed everything, but as they got closer, I was able to scent metal. Years here had helped me hone the difference between certain scents, and this was more than cuffs. Weapons. Tranq guns? Markel came so he was standing just inches behind me, his stale nauseating smell making it hard to concentrate on anything. I held my breath and focused on the ugly gray cinder block. I could not lose control. I couldn’t give into my impulses and tear this fucker limb from limb. We were outnumbered, and I had Riven and Brynn to think about.

He grabbed my wrists, with way more force than necessary and wrenched my arms down and behind my back, cuffing me. I grit my teeth but let it happen. Next to him someone else was doing the same to Riven. He growled, just a little, but otherwise didn't fight the guard.

“Are you going to be a good boy and let us take the toy? Or do we need to use these?” He grabbed a handful of my hair, which wasn't really long enough to fist like that and tugged my head back so I could see the tranq gun. Markel was grinning, his eyes bright with sadistic glee since he thought he was the one in control here. Even cuffed with wolfsbane infused cuffs and this fucking collar, I could rip him in half if I wanted to. I blinked slowly at him, knowing that not reacting would piss him off the most.

Markel scowled, the glee replaced with annoyance as he gave me a small shove away. The tranq gun was against my chest in a second.

“Markel, easy man,” one of the other guards warned. I was pretty sure it was the new one. “The warden said to only use it if it was necessary.”

Markel grinned again. “Oh, but it is necessary. He tried to attack me. And the other one hasn't stopped growling. We were scared for our lives. We had no choice.”

Oh this asshole...

“What! They haven't done anything, you piece of shit!” Brynn screamed, standing up and stepping out of his spot. I tried to shoot him a warning glare not to get involved, but it was too late. Two of the guards swung to him, their guns pointed in his direction.

My wolf was back, painfully clawing at my brain trying to get free. The pain in my head was unbearable as he tried to fight the collar, and I staggered on my feet. Riven

stiffened. “Reeve?”

“I-I’m okay.” I stumbled.

The tranq gun stabbed my chest. “What the fuck is going on?” Markel snapped. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“Something’s wrong,” Riven screamed.

“He’s sick. Stop waving those things around and help him!”

I smiled as the world started to swim. My brave, reckless mate. He didn’t need to worry. I would be fine. I tried to tell him that. To worry about himself. But another stabbing pain rocked me, and I collapsed to my knees.

There was a lot of shouting, some growling. Maybe a weapon sounded. Then everything went black.

When I woke up hours later we were back in our cell, and Brynn was nowhere to be found.

### CHAPTER 9

#### RIVEN

I paced the cell, feeling more like a caged beast than I ever had before, and that was saying something. Twice my claws broke through, which I quickly hid, not wanting that news to come out. It seemed like my wolf was getting stronger than the collar, something that would come in handy as long as no one found out about it. Because I would gut every one of these fuckers with these claws once I got a chance.

Reeve was still passed out on the bottom bunk. If it wasn't for the steady sound of his heartbeat I'd be panicking by now. Well, panicking more than I already was. I didn't know what was happening to him, and it scared me.

After Reeve passed out, all hell broke loose. Brynn tried to go to him and Markel hit him in the face with a baton. I was already on the edge of my control and that was the last straw. I broke through the cuffs, despite them being infused with wolfsbane, and knocked out two of the guards before I finally got hit with the tranquilizer. When I woke up, we were back in our cell, and Brynn was nowhere to be found. Since the mate bond hadn't been fully formed, I couldn't feel him, and wherever he was, he was too far away for me to scent him. I wasn't handling it well.

The only thing that kept me from completely lashing out was that they hadn't separated Reeve and me. I was shocked we weren't in solitary. Taking out two guards would definitely warrant that. Maybe because Markel went off script with that bullshit we got away with it? Whatever, that was a worry for later. Our cell was locked, and none of the others were, so I didn't know what was up with that, but it



was better than nothing.

I paced the length, back and forth, back and forth, ten steps forward, ten steps back, as I waited for Reeve to wake up. Why was it taking so long? What happened to him? Markel was being an asshole, but he had barely touched him. That wasn't what made him collapse, so what did?

I had no idea how much time had passed before the painful groan alerted me that Reeve was finally waking up. Thank fuck, I was climbing the walls with worry, frustration and anger.

I bounded to the bed and knelt next to it, trying to stay patient as Reeve slowly opened his eyes and turned his head to me.

“Riv?”

I smiled, relieved he recognized me. Obviously we looked the same, but with the way he collapsed, all kinds of worst case scenarios had been going through my head, and I didn't know what to expect.

“Yeah, man. It's me. Are you okay? You scared the fucking crap out of me.”

Moaning, Reeve forced himself up to a sitting position, careful to stay hunched so he didn't hit his head on the bunk and make shit worse. He flinched, squinting up at the fluorescent lighting in the cell. I frowned. Did he have a headache?

“Water?” he asked, his voice hoarse.

I jumped up and filled the plastic cup from the small sink then brought it back to him. He smiled slightly in thanks before downing the lukewarm water in one gulp. I knelt back down by the bed and waited, concerned.

Finally he seemed with it enough and looked at me. “What happened? Brynn?”

I gritted my teeth, shame filling me. I failed as a fucking alpha. I lost control, and they took Brynn from us. “I don’t know. They tranqed me. When I woke up, we were here and he was gone. Reeve, I can’t sense him at all.”

“Fuck.” He scrubbed his face. “It doesn’t mean anything. We didn’t complete the bond. He could be fine.” Could be. But not definitely.

“What do we do? We need to find him.”

Reeve squeezed my shoulder. “I know. We will.”

“How?”

Reeve’s eyes hardened, which was answer enough. He had no fucking clue.

I jumped to my feet, tearing at my hair. This was my fucking fault. I couldn’t handle being on my own. Reeve wouldn’t have lost his shit if it was reversed. He would’ve found a way to keep Brynn with us, or at least found out where he was taking him. Now he might be gone forever, and it would be on my head.

Reeve was up and in my face. I hadn’t realized I had started pacing again until he stopped me, his blunt nails digging into my biceps, his forehead touching mine. “Stay calm, brother. We’ll find him.” Reeve sounded so confident, I almost believed him, but how?

I deflated in his touch. “I shouldn’t have lost it like that, then maybe...”

Reeve squeezed the scruff of my neck in reprimand. “None of that. None of this was your fault. I was the one who passed out.”

I tilted my head. “What happened with that?”

He shrugged, deflating a little. “I don’t fucking know. My wolf...” He trailed off, eyes flashing to the hallway where there were cameras. I could put together the pieces though. His wolf must’ve been getting stronger too.

He huffed a breath. “It doesn’t matter now. I’m feeling better, and let’s be honest, that would’ve likely happened anyway.”

He was probably right, but still. “Then what do we do?”

“Stay rational. Think. Don’t get angry even if Markel tries to fuck with us. He’ll be looking for any excuse to put us in solitary. Don’t give it to him. We’ll never find Brynn if we’re locked up.”

Ugh. Reeve was saying all facts, but it would be hard not to want to rip Markel’s smug little head off his shoulders every time I saw him.

“Fang is right, Howl.” My head snapped to see Reaper standing on the other side of the bars, his usual calm and neutral expression on his face.

No one even knew what Reaper was in for or for how long he was here. But he was already one of the old heads by the time we got locked up, and because of his calm nature and gift at getting any information you could need, he’d become something of a leader here. He was a neutral party, even with all the gangs and different shifter groups, they all respected him and didn’t give him shit. He was also the one who gave us our nicknames. They sort of sucked, but no one fucking complained when Reaper gave you a name. You just accepted it.

I wrenched out of my brother’s hold and stalked to the bars. “Do you know something?” I snapped.

Reaper just raised an eyebrow, letting me know I was stepping out of line, but it was hard to reign it in if he knew where they were keeping Brynn.

Reeve squeezed the back of my neck again, this time a lot harder. “Easy, Riv. Reaper’s not the enemy.”

I huffed a breath through my nose. I was having a hard time remembering that. “Sorry,” I mumbled, sounding like a fucking child.

Reaper dipped his head in acknowledgement. “So the rumors are true then?”

Reeve’s eyes narrowed. “What rumors?”

Reaper just shrugged and rested his thumbs in the waistband of his prison issue scrub pants. “Just that you two took extreme interest in the plaything for this hunt. That was odd enough since y’all barely participate. But then Smiley said he saw you take down Claw, and I heard the guards whisper that a wolf gutted Erikson.”

I was ready to choke this fucker, leader or not. But Reeve held me back. “What happens during the hunt stays in the hunt, you know that Reaper.”

“Agreed. Trust me, no one is crying over the loss. But it did get me curious. You know how I got cleaning duty up on the Warden’s floor?” We always asked why he didn’t get a cushier job like the library—he had enough pull to make it happen—but this was why. You didn’t get nearly as much information stuck in the library. “Well I heard Markel bitchin’ at him. Apparently he wanted y’all punished, but the warden saw the tapes and was pissed he clobbered the omega. In the fuckin’ face too. So Warden refused. He also wouldn’t let Markel see the omega. Claimed he was under his protection until they found a buyer.”

My mind reeled trying to figure out what to do with that information. The warden

was a decent dude. He could be a hard ass, but he wasn't cruel like some of the guards. I didn't trust him, but there was some relief that he seemed to have Brynn. Except...

"Buyer for what?" Reeve asked, his voice tight.

Reaper raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. "For that pretty little omega y'all seem so fond of."

I was glad there were bars between us otherwise I probably wouldn't be able to control what I did to Reaper. But he was only confirming what we already feared.

"But they don't have a buyer yet?" I didn't know how Reeve could sound so under control, even if I knew he was unraveling on the inside.

Reaper lifted on shoulder. "Don't seem like it. My best guess, they're waiting to see if a pup took before finding someone. Free pup or two and a proven breedable omega? Gotta imagine that raises the price." We didn't always get all the news from the outside world, but enough gossip entered these walls for us to understand how big a deal that was. Birth rates were down across the world and more and more omegas were struggling with fertility. It wasn't enough to just be an omega for these fuckers anymore. They had to prove you could carry children. I wanted to vomit.

There was a lot going on, so it took me an embarrassingly long time to piece all the information together. They thought Brynn could be pregnant. With our pups.

"You think the omega's pregnant?" Reeve echoed my thoughts.

Which...what the fuck? Pregnant? Did it really happen that quickly?

"I think the warden thinks it's possible, which is why they didn't dump the boy

already. This place reeked of omega heat for days, and y'all were locked in that rut room with that little omega. I'm going to go out on a limb and figure you didn't wrap your knot up, and it's doubtful that skinny little thing could afford birth control..."

He trailed off, looking up at the fluorescent lights. I managed not to bark at him to finish his thoughts, but it was hard thing. But I knew Reaper well enough by now to know he was weighing whether he should tell us the next thing or not. Finally he met Reeve's eyes, "I also know there's been rumors goin' around, that I'd be really fucking careful about."

"What rumors?"

"Well, this ain't the first omega we got in heat, but it's the first you killed for. It's the first you claimed. We might be the dregs of society, but I don't think the Goddess discriminates like that. It would be one hell of a coincidence for y'all to find your fated mate in a place like this, wouldn't it?"

I growled, reaching for him through the bars. Reaper didn't even flinch. Not that I could get my hand around his throat like I wanted, because Reeve threw me back. I turned on him, but his eyes flashed, and I stopped in my tracks. He wasn't acting as my twin now but as my alpha. My jaw ached from clenching it, but I tilted my head in submission.

"Stay over there and keep your shit together." His expression reminded me that we didn't need to make an enemy of Reaper. I glared at the ground but didn't move from where Reeve put me. He turned back to Reaper.

"Even if that was true, what does that have to do with the warden and whatever plans they got?"

"That, I don't know. But somethin' is going on here. It's fishy and I don't like it. But

I do like the two of you. I don't want you to get caught in the middle of it."

"We appreciate the warning, Reaper. Thanks."

"Welcome. I know where to come if I ever need a favor."

He started to turn around but Reeve stopped him. "Wait, Reap, one more thing?"

The older panther shifter turned to us, eyebrow raised. "Yeah?"

"You know where they're keeping the omega?"

"I don't. But the warden's floor did smell extra sweet when I was up there. Like an omega who just ended his heat."

Reaper turned and walked down the hall, leaving me fucking spiraling.

I didn't know what to make of that information, but one thing was clear, our omega was still alive and probably still in this building. We just had to find him. Then somehow find a way to get him out safely. Fuck.

### CHAPTER 10

brYNN

One thing I wasn't used to was being bored. Out on the streets I was always doing something. Whether it was odd jobs for money, figuring out how and what I was eating for that day, finding a place I could shower and brush my teeth, or determining if I was safer sleeping as a rabbit or a human, my mind and body were always busy. I was always on the go. Yes, this tiny room the humans locked me in was warm, and they even gave me a blanket and pillow, but I was so fucking bored.

I lost track of how long it had been since the guards dragged me away from an unconscious Reeve and Riven and up to the warden in an office that looked like it would fit better in one of the high rises in the city than in a prison.

The warden was thrilled to not only see me alive but in such good shape, besides the bruise on my face from the fucking baton. Apparently, most of the prey who managed to survive were usually close to death when they were taken away from the predator inmates. The warden asked a lot of questions, trying to figure out why the twins would take such good care of me.

It didn't take a genius to figure out that no good would come out of the warden or any of these humans knowing anything. I still wasn't sure if I bought into the whole mates thing, but I did know I trusted the twins more than I ever would any of these fuckers, and I sure as shit wasn't giving them any ammo they could use against Reeve and Riven.



I was worried about them. Reeve just collapsed, and he looked like he was in terrible pain, and then Riven lost his ever loving shit. Both were cuffed and knocked out when they dragged me away, and I couldn't sense or scent them at all. Not that I could smell anything besides bleach and the warden. Who the fuck was using so much bleach to clean up here anyway?

I tried not to gag as I slumped on the mattress shoved into the corner of the small room. I was exhausted despite doing nothing, but I had been trying to avoid sleeping as much as possible. I needed to find a way out of here, and the only way for that was for me to wait, watch, and listen, and take my opportunity as soon as there was one. Not being able to shift would make it harder, but I'd manage. I still wasn't sure what the humans' plans were for me, but I didn't want to stick around to find out.

My biggest worry was about what I would do if I managed to get out. It felt wrong to even think about leaving without Reeve and Riven. It didn't make much sense. I barely knew them. But all my instincts told me I couldn't escape without them. Which...it would be hard enough to get myself out, how the fuck did my dumb instincts expect me to get them out?

Ugh. This was a mess, and my mind was all over the place. The one guard, the sketchy looking one they called Markel, argued with the warden and wanted to hold me out of the prison walls until they were ready. For what, still wasn't sure.

Of course the warden had final say, and I ended up locked in this tiny windowless room that was through a hidden door in the warden's office. No one would find me, not with the bleach scent blocking everything. Oh! Was that why this place reeked, because it masked my scent? I guess it made sense even if it was giving me a headache and making my skin itch.

I looked at the tray of food that I hadn't touched yet. I bet it was Markel that had given it to me, because it was just a plate of raw carrots, still covered in the dirt from

the ground, like I was a regular fucking rabbit and not a shifter. The warden wasn't letting Markel in here with me for whatever reason, which pissed him off. So he decided to fuck with me, I guess.

I had nothing against carrots, they were delicious, but I preferred them cooked in my human form. I was refusing to eat them, on principle, but my stomach kept rolling, and I might have to give in if someone didn't give me something else real soon.

After however much time of absolutely nothing, I gave in. I wouldn't get anywhere if I didn't have strength, so I grabbed one of the carrots and wiped it off as best as I could on the grey jumpsuit thing they gave me to wear. I looked up at the ceiling. I didn't know if there was a camera in here, but it was a good assumption.

I took a bite of the extremely hard carrot. "Happy, fucker?" I screamed out into the empty room. "Are you watching this? Find it funny? Haha, a rabbit eating a carrot. Get a life, asshole." I took another bite.

I ate two before I just couldn't fucking manage anymore. I hope he didn't do something to it, because it wasn't sitting well in my stomach at all. Keeping the pain of a groan to myself—I wasn't going to give them the satisfaction if they really were watching—I curled up on my side on the mattress and closed my eyes. Nothing had happened in hours. I could rest a bit. Just for a little bit, then I'd come up with a way to get out of here.

\* \* \*

When I woke up the carrots were gone, and in its place was a whole head of lettuce and a radish. Like a whole ass raw radish. Someone had a sick sense of humor, and I was over it.

I waved my middle fingers around on both hands. I probably looked insane, but I had

no idea where this hypothetical camera was and wanted to make sure they clearly saw what I thought about these meals.

I tried to sit up, but my body felt sluggish and even that minimal effort was taxing. The fuck? Were the carrots drugged? Wouldn't be fucking surprised.

The small nagging pain behind my eyes that I had pretty much from minute one had grown into a full blown migraine. Even the dim light in this room was aggravating, and I squinted, focusing on the floor in an effort to block the light.

Standing was not an option right now, so I slid on my butt off the mattress and onto the hard, cold floor. My cheeks heated, knowing I probably had an audience that was being entertained as I crawled toward the locked door and the plate of vegetables. I didn't trust it, not after the carrots apparently did me in, but I had to see if it was drugged.

The room spun, and it took a tremendous amount of effort to finally reach the food.

"Ever heard of spaghetti?" I muttered, picking up the lettuce. "Shit, I'd even kill for a peanut butter and jelly sandwich."

The scent of it was making me nauseous, but I couldn't smell any kind of chemicals or anything but the vegetables. Tentatively, I ripped off a piece of the lettuce and placed it on my tongue. Immediately I started gagging. It tasted like lettuce, nothing else, but even the thought of trying to swallow it made me sick. I dropped it back onto the plate and fell back on my ass in front of the door. What the fuck was going on?

Also, on top of all that, that itch that had been under my skin had escalated and was now over my entire body. I was trying to ignore it, scratching always made things worse, but it was not easy. I felt like there were thousands of bugs crawling all over

my skin and trying to tear me apart. The longer I was awake the worse it got, until it was the only thing I could focus on.

“C’mon, Brynn, you’re stronger than this. Don’t fucking scratch.”

Find Mates . I frowned at the voice in the back of my head. Was I hallucinating? I hadn’t been locked up long enough for that to be happening, right? It had only been a few days at most.

Sick. Need Mates to feel better .

It sounded vaguely familiar, and my subconscious pulled up an image of my rabbit, but that didn’t make much sense. The bigger animals sometimes had a stream of consciousness with their animal form, but I never heard of it happening with a rabbit or any other prey animal. It was probably just my imagination, inventing something to keep me from losing it in this place.

I somehow made it back to the bed. The itching was bad, but if I wrapped myself in the blanket, I could sort of forget about it. Besides, laying down seemed to be the only thing I had strength for. I had all these grand plans about escaping, but I couldn’t even stand on my own two feet. Pathetic. No wonder the world looked down on omegas. We really were helpless.

Need Mates. Only get worse.

The voice was right about one thing, I was sick. I had no idea what my supposed mates had to do with it though. Or what the voice wanted me to do about it. Even if I managed to escape, which, considering I couldn’t stand, seemed unlikely, I had no idea how to find Riven and Reeve without getting all three of us killed.

“Chill out, voice. I need a nap.” But I shouldn’t need a nap. I just woke up. Still, the

idea of sleeping seemed perfect. I wrapped the blanket around me, shivering against the sudden chill that wasn't there before.

The voice was still yelling, telling me not to go to sleep, but I ignored it and closed my eyes.

\* \* \*

“What the fuck is happening to him?”

“If you give me some space, sir, I'll see what I can figure out.”

“His buyer is supposed to come this evening. Why is he like this?”

“Again, I'm not sure. Let me examine him, and maybe I'll get some answers.”

I tried to open my eyes but they were too heavy. I felt hands on me, moving me this way and that, something wrapped around my arm. There was a flare of panic, but I couldn't move enough to do anything about it. What was going on?

The voices kept yelling, but I tuned them out. They had nothing to do with me. It was too exhausting to worry about them, when just staying awake was taking all my effort.

“He's burning up.” Me? I did feel pretty hot. Damp like I was covered in sweat. Why was I shivering though? Should I be shivering when I felt this hot?

“Is he going through heat again? Does that mean the pregnancy didn't take?” one of the voices asked. He seemed annoyed, impatient. Like I was inconveniencing him. I couldn't even be happy about it though, because my body felt like it was on fire. A whimper escaped me without my consent.

“No, he’s not going through heat again,” the closer voice answered. “His hole is dry and tight.”

Eww, gross. How did he know this? There were hands everywhere, but it was hard to make out individual sensations with this pain.

“Then what? Even if he’s pregnant, it shouldn’t be making him do this, right?”

Pregnant? What the fuck were they talking about?

“No. It’s still too early to determine that, sir, even if you told the buyer otherwise.”

“So then what the fuck is happening? You need to fix it, Rotham!”

The person touching me sighed. “I’m trying.”

Just then a new voice entered the room. He was panting like he ran here. “Warden! The Balthazar twins are puking their guts out all over their cell. The one started convulsing like he was having withdrawals.”

“That’s not possible. Neither of them ever tested positive for drugs.”

Balthazar? Twins? Were they talking about Reeve and Riven? I tried to open my eyes, tried to focus. Were they sick too?

The man who had been touching me stopped. He felt further away, like he was standing. “You said the Balthazars? These were the inmates that took the omega through heat?”

“Yeah,” someone confirmed. Fuck, it was them. My heart pounded in my chest, and that voice that had been growing in the back of my mind all but screamed.

Demanding I get my shit together and find our sick mates so I could take care of them. Thanks voice, so fucking helpful. How was I supposed to do that when I didn't have the strength to open my eyes let alone fight my way out of this room, find the alphas, and then care for them. This voice was really getting on my fucking nerves.

"Hmmm." The guy, who I was assuming was some kind of doctor, replied. Hmm? What kind of answer was hmm?

Clearly I wasn't the only one who thought it was a shitty answer, because the other guy, the one I was pretty sure was in charge, snapped, "What do you mean, hmm?"

"I can't say for sure. But I've done some research on shifters and fated mates. There is some research regarding a sickness that can occur when fated mates meet each other but don't complete the bond before separating. According to what I read the longer they are apart the worse it becomes, until eventually they die."

What. The. Fuck?

There was a lot of commotion then, but it was hard to pay attention to it. It was like once I heard the words out loud, my body and mind decided it was fact and shut down. There was no point fighting the inevitable if the only way to survive it was to...what...get the twins to complete the bond?

Even as the voice in my head, and the omega inside me, seemed satisfied with that explanation and was ready to wait and see what happened, there was a part of me that was still thinking rationally and thought that was total bullshit. So if I didn't accept the bond with two complete strangers I was gonna just die? I always thought that the Goddess' gifts were a little twisted, but this was fucked up even for her. I couldn't deny the connection I felt to the alphas, but did I really want to tie my life to them? How would that even work? It was a pretty safe bet that the warden wasn't gonna let me just live with them in their cell. Especially as he and someone else were currently

arguing about a buyer and what to tell them. Still, being claimed by Reeve and Riven had to be better than dying. At least it should buy us some time to come up with a plan.

I tried to focus on the voices again, since apparently all of this was in their hands. “If we let them mark the omega, what then? Our buyer doesn’t want alphas, especially murderers,” the guy running this shit show said.

“It’ll give you time,” the doctor said patiently. “It should stabilize the omega enough for inspection and transport.” I couldn’t avoid the shiver. That was just gross.

“But if they’re separated after it’s complete, won’t the same thing happen? I thought fated mates needed to stay close.”

“The timeline should be longer. Long enough for the check to clear. What happens after that, well, it won’t be your problem anymore.”

The words sunk like lead in my gut. So they were going to let the twins bite me, which will hopefully let all three of us live, then sell me to some scumbucket alphahole, only for me to probably be living through this pain hell in a few days or weeks again and then eventually die. Lovely. I was not on board with this plan.

But...part one of it, I could accept. I wasn’t exactly thrilled with being bitten and claimed by Reeve and Riven, but it was better than dying. Then once they were with me in the same room, maybe we could find a way to escape. Because one thing was clear, I was sure as fuck not being sold like chattel. I’d fought too long and too hard, lived on the street barely getting by just to keep autonomy on my body. These assholes already ruined that, but I wasn’t letting them do it again. If that meant tying myself to the alpha twins, well then there were way worse things.



### CHAPTER 11

brYNN

I was drifting in and out of consciousness. Everything else was a blur of noise or pain, except that, because the times of darkness were my only relief. After that tiny bit of clarity, it became more and more difficult to focus on anything. That itch under my skin was a burn now. My blood was on fire. It felt like I was burning from the inside out. I tried to stay quiet, I didn't want these fuckers to hear me scream, but I was failing miserably with that. I'd long since lost track of what was real and what was inside my head.

That voice was clear as a bell now though. I was 99% sure it was my rabbit form, and he had fucking opinions. I would tell him to mind his own business, but his incessant rambling was the only thing keeping me somewhat present. Who knew what they'd do to me if I was out, and I'd have no idea until it was too late.

You wouldn't be hurting if you just let Mates claim you . My rabbit told me in a haughty voice that sounded awfully like one of the children's counselors at one of the shelters I went to as a kid. He was an alpha and really had no business around homeless and abused kids. Not that he ever touched us, but he looked down on us and treated us like second class citizens. He thought none of us would ever amount to anything and made that really damn clear. I snuck out of that facility in the middle of the night, after shifting to my rabbit and leaving little poop pellets all over his room.

I glared at the blackness that I imagined my rabbit was hiding in. "How would you like me to do that, genius? Can't exactly move right now."

Should've never doubted them when they said we were mates. They'd protect us.

If I had the strength to roll my eyes I would've. "Honey, they can't even protect themselves in this shithole. Besides, I didn't hear them offering to bite me." I probably wouldn't have let them if they did, but my smart ass rabbit could mind his own business. I was tired of the condescending asshole. What the fuck did he know?

My rabbit huffed, in a very human sound that had me questioning whether any of this was real. Maybe I was just talking to myself. Of course I'd somehow invent the most arrogant little fucker as my imaginary friend.

I was vaguely aware of others around me. I'd been moved to a different bed, and something was injected in my veins. Normally, it would freak me out, being injected with some unknown substance, but it made the burning slightly better, so if there were any side effects, I'd deal with them later. The humans were all talking over each other, yelling, really, and it was making me sick. Maybe if I puked on them they'd shut the fuck up?

Just as I was about to try that, my rabbit perked up. Mates! They're here.

I tried to open my eyes, but that was just too hard. So I relied on my senses. Maybe past all the stale humans and chemicals, I could somewhat scent caramel and apples. But it seemed so far away that it was cruel. Was my imagination and asshole rabbit playing a trick on me?

I tried to focus on the trickle of apples and caramel, allowing it to soothe the fire in my veins. I wish it was strong enough to block out everything else, but that would probably take a miracle. There were just too many sensations.

Oh! It was working! Soon the room was overpowered by the scent. It was a little off, like burnt caramel, which, eww, but the rabbit finally settled, and it was still better

than the gross humans...

Something was moving me, and then my back was pressed against a hard surface, while something else held me tight.

Mates are here!

“Mhhmmmm,” I told my rabbit, mainly to get him to shut up, because that fire was easing and whatever was holding me in place felt so good, I didn’t want him to ruin it with his bullshit. There was something in front of me too. Something that smelled like baked apples, anger and fear. But the apples....that was where it was at. I sucked in a breath, my lungs burning, but it was so good. I was pretty sure I was close to dying, but if I died with this scent in my nose, and in the safety of these arms, then it would be alright.

“Shh, you’re not dying, sweetness,” a voice growled from behind me as teeth nipped my neck. Oh, did I say that out loud? “We got you now. We’ll take care of you.”

That sounded perfect to me, so I hummed in agreement. I was so tired, it would be okay for someone else to take over for a while.

“I’m not doing this in front of an audience, perverts,” the voice behind me snapped. Mate! My rabbit unhelpfully supplied. Reeve. Reeve. Reeve was here, he was handling things. He was holding me tight to his chest, the rumbling comforting, as his hands ran up and down my body. That must mean the person in front of me was Riven. Oh yeah, those sweet kisses across my face and collarbones were from Riven.

“Watch yourself, inmate. Don’t think you’re getting away with this.” That was the guy who gave me the heebie-jeebies. Markel, I think they called him.

“With what?” Reeve scoffed. “You have a problem with this, take it up with the

Goddess.”

I smiled. My mate was being so brave.

Suddenly, I had the urge to open my eyes and see them. I just had to battle the heavy fog that seemed to be forcing them closed. Featherlight kisses on my eyelids had them finally blinking open, and I was face to face with a pale and sick looking Riven.

I frowned. He was sick, too? I think I did remember that from somewhere.

“If you want a chance at salvaging this shit show, then you need to let them mate and mark the omega. It’s the only way,” the doctor, I think, added.

There was a lot of arguing among the humans, but it stopped meaning anything, because Riven was sucking a bruise on my neck as he started to strip me of the prison jumpsuit thing I was wearing. Everywhere one of their hands touched me, the fire in my veins eased. It wasn’t all the way gone, but my body knew they were my mates and that everything would be okay now. I still had enough lucidity to realize that this was only the start of our problems, but none of us would be able to solve anything else if we died from not completing the mate bond. My rabbit was convinced that this was the only problem that really mattered, and as Riven’s hand wrapped around my soft cock, I was inclined to agree.

“Everyone out,” one of the humans snapped, “Give the inmates enough control that they can access their canines. Once the omega is no longer in danger, we’ll deal with the consequences.”

I was vaguely aware of the group of people leaving the small room. How fucking many of them were standing around watching me painfully and slowly die? Didn’t they have a prison to run?

Then the door clicked shut with the unmistakable snick of a heavy duty lock. My head snapped toward it at the reminder that I was locked in, but Reeve took hold of my chin and turned it toward him.

“Later, sweetness. Let us make you well first.”

“You, too,” I rasped, my voice rough, sounding like I’d been screaming for hours on end, which I guess I was. “You’re sick, too.”

Reeve smiled, “Yeah, us too.” Then he was kissing me.

### CHAPTER 12

#### REEVE

Once the guards and doctor left and the three of us were alone, my focus solely turned to Brynn. Seeing him on the bed like that, writhing in pain, was one of the worst experiences of my life. Even worse than the day we were sentenced to this place or the events that led to that. This was...if I hadn't been so weak from the mate sickness myself, I probably wouldn't have been able to stop my wolf from taking over and razing this whole damn place. I was fucking terrified.

He looked so small, nothing like the brave man I had met only a week ago. He was gaunt and pale and had somehow lost weight. I had grown used to feeling helpless, but this was a whole new level that hit like a gut punch. I closed my eyes and breathed in his scent. It would be okay. Riv and I were here now. We'd make this all better. Already some of the pain in my chest was easing, and I could breathe a little easier being so close to Mate.

Brynn leaned in for another kiss, and who was I to deny him? Riven was pumping Brynn's dick roughly as he planted tiny kisses and nibbles all over his upper body.

"Riv wants some of your pretty mouth too, sweetness."

Brynn's lips twitched at the nickname—I don't really know why I started calling him that, but it felt right—he twisted his head and he and Riven met in a sloppy kiss. My hand cupped the curve of his ass, squeezing. I could still feel the remnant of fever in his burning skin, but everywhere Riv or I touched, the heat eased slightly.

I wondered why it affected Brynn so much more than us. We were puking our guts out, and my chest felt tight and hollow making it hard to breathe, but as soon as I laid eyes on Brynn, it was clear how close to death he was. Fuck, even the asshole warden and medical team realized they needed to do something. I tried not to think too much about why they cared, because for now it helped us accomplish our goals and got us to Brynn, something I wasn't sure we'd have managed on our own.

Brynn moaned into Riven's mouth, his body tensing as he got closer to his orgasm.

"We need to claim you, sweetness. Are you okay with that?"

Last time we saw him, he still wasn't sure about the whole mate thing, and who could blame him? This whole situation was fucked. Plus, Riv and I weren't exactly catches.

But Brynn nodded, and pushed his ass back against my body. "Please. I need it. I need both of you. Mark me. Bite me. Claim me."

"Fuck," I groan through gritted teeth, trying to retain some kind of self control. Somewhere in the tiny bit of my brain that was still functional a voice was telling me he was only saying that because of the circumstances, but most of me didn't give a fuck. My omega wanted me, wanted us, and that primal caveman inside me was ready.

Riven didn't seem to be having the same existential crisis I was having. He tore his clothes off, not giving a fuck that he destroyed them. His mouth sucked a line of bruises down Brynn's body before his lips circled Brynn's tiny but very hard cock.

"Ohhh, oh, shit. Alpha! Riven!"

Brynn threw his head back on my shoulder, his eyes rolling back in his head. He needed more than that. I dragged a dry finger along the crease of his hole. He wasn't

dripping slick the way he was when he was in heat, but his body knew what he needed, and he was wet enough that with just a little bit of effort, I was able to slip in down to the first knuckle.

Brynn whimpered. “That’s it. Let Riven taste you and take the edge off. Because the next time you cum it will be locked on my knot with my teeth buried in your neck.”

The words affected Brynn, and just as I pushed my digit in to the second knuckle, he screamed out and began shooting down my brother’s throat. Riven hummed, deep and satisfied before shooting his own load. I was desperate to join them, but unless my partner was in heat, my refractory period had always been longer than Riv’s, so I had to wait until my mate was ready to take my cock.

He had to be overly sensitive, even as Riven continued to lightly lick and give Brynn’s cock open mouthed kisses. He was both cleaning his softening dick while also not allowing him to become fully soft. But even with the sensation overload, my omega was opening up nicely for me, and soon I was able to fit a second finger.

The fit was much tighter than when he was in heat, and prep was necessary, but I didn’t mind. Us just being together eased off the affects of the mating sickness enough that I wasn’t worried about it anymore. I could and would take my time and care for my mate. I was sure the warden and guards had other opinions on that, but I didn’t give a fuck about it. We had the upper hand for once, and I was going to take advantage of that.

Brynn cried out. I ran my thumb of my other hand along the sensitive skin on his scent gland, right where I planned to sink my teeth into. “Shh, just relax, sweetness. Let us take care of you.”

“Need more,” he whispered, which turned into a grunt when Riven sucked on his balls.



“Don’t worry. You’ll get everything you need.” I curled my fingers. “Do you want a third finger?”

Brynn panted. “No. I’m fine. I’m good. Your cock, Reeve. I need your cock.”

Riven made an obscene sound deep in his throat. I looked at my brother, grinning. “This hole is begging to be stretched. I bet we can both fit in here.”

The look Riv fixed me with was heated and had my dick leaking like crazy. “One day,” I promised both of them. Not here, with the human audience who I knew was watching us outside the door.

“Lay on your back, Riv.” He obeyed immediately, lifting Brynn up so he could fit on the narrow mattress. Once he was in position, I adjusted Brynn so he was lying on top of him. Riven threaded his fingers in our omega’s hair and kissed him. I was distracted for a minute, partially on my knees, two fingers still inside Brynn, just watching them. I always enjoyed watching Riven with whatever partner we were with. Sometimes all I’d do was watch, and it was enough. Not now, probably not ever when it came to Brynn, but it still did things to me, watching my brother own our mate’s mouth.

Brynn whimpered and pushed his ass up, sucking in even more of my fingers, and shaking me out of my thoughts. I vowed to myself I’d make sure there was a time where we wouldn’t have to rush. Where I could watch Riven and Brynn together until I had my fill, then I’d slowly take Brynn apart until he was begging. I had no idea how it would happen, but I promised myself it would.

In the meantime...

I pulled my fingers out, and Brynn gasped, his hole fluttering, immediately begging to be filled. I didn’t make him wait long.

I adjusted myself so I was kneeling between my brother's spread legs. He grabbed hold of Brynn's thighs and pulled them up, leaving our mate completely exposed for me. I gripped my cock with one hand and Brynn's hip with the other before lining up and pushing in.

Despite all my desires to stretch Brynn open, he was still pretty tight, and I had to rock back and forth, slowly fucking my way in, inch by inch. I had both his hips in a death grip now.

"Fuck, you look amazing. You take my brother's cock so good, baby," Riven whispered, placing a feather light kiss on the top of his head.

"Hell...were you this big last time?"

I laughed roughly, pushing in another inch. "Probably bigger since I was in rut. But you got this. We're mates, sweetness. You were made for our cocks."

Brynn grunted and then pushed back, meeting me in my little half thrusts. Riven's eyes flashed. He raised an eyebrow and licked his lips. Before I could even decipher all that. He tightened his hold on Brynn, and pushed him back, fucking him deeper onto my cock.

"Goddess..." I shouted as Brynn screamed. That was so fucking hot.

"Oh yeah..fuck. Fuck him on my cock, Riven. That's it. Goddess. You are both beautiful."

I could barely breathe as Riven easily manhandled our much smaller mate, fucking him in a fast rhythm on my dick.

"Alphas! Oh, oh, my...fuck." Brynn continued to shout out nonsense. He was nearly

folded in half, his palms flat against Riv's chest as he tried to balance himself.

I reached around, cupping his dick that was just as hard now as it was when we started. "You like being a little cocksleeve for us, sweetness?"

"Motherfucker," he cursed, as Riven all but let go, letting him fall down on my dick. My eyes rolled to the back of my head.

"Fuck, not gonna last long," I warned both of them.

"Do it then," Brynn demanded. "Bite me. I know your wolf wants it."

It wasn't just my wolf that wanted it. Every part of me, every fiber of my being wanted my mark on his neck. I wanted the whole fucking world to see and know who Brynn belonged to.

My canines extended easily. They would've been able to even before the guards lessened the power in the collar. I wouldn't know until I could test it, but I was pretty sure I could access a lot more than my canines. My wolf was strong and ready. Not as clear as he was without the magic cutting him off, but it would be enough. I think. It would be trial by fire, and now wasn't the time.

"Fuck, Mate. Need you now." I took over for Riven, pushing Brynn flat on my brother's chest, before rutting into him, deep and hard and fast. Brynn was being forced up and down on my brother, their dicks rubbing against each other. Riven looked as lost in lust as us, and both he and Brynn shouted out their second orgasms at the same time, no hands necessary.

That was all I needed, and as Brynn milked my cock, I finally reached my peak. I bent over Brynn. "Mine," I growled, and then my teeth latched into the side of his neck.

### CHAPTER 13

#### RIVEN

I just came twice, and yet watching my brother officially mark our mate had my cock rearing to go for round three. It wouldn't happen but it was making a valiant effort.

As Reeve's canines locked in the groove between Brynn's shoulder and neck, our omega's teeth clamped down on my shoulder. It wasn't a mating bite—I was pretty sure it didn't work that way with rabbit shifters—but it felt just as important, and I held him tight as he rode wave after wave of pleasure from Reeve's bite and his knot locking him deep.

I didn't mind at all that Reeve got to claim him first. It was only right, he was my Alpha as much as he was Brynn's. I'd get my chance.

Brynn panted as he finally unlatched from my shoulder. I gently fingered over the marks, wishing it wouldn't heal. His pupils were dilated and heavy with lust as he looked at me. "Bite me, Riven." Despite his heavy lids and his shaking limbs, I could feel how much Brynn meant it, how much he wanted it. I thumbed his cheek with a soft smile.

"Where would you like it, baby? Underneath Reeve's? Or right here? I threaded my hand between our bodies and squeezed his upper thigh, close to his groin. I wouldn't lie, I hoped he picked his throat. I wanted both our claims to be where the world would see, but I could understand why he might not want that, and the idea of having my mark over that erogenous zone was sexy as fuck.

But Brynn shook his head. “Under Reeve’s. If I’m doing this, I’m doing this. I’m not hiding you. You are both my mates, and everyone can deal with it or shut the fuck up.”

I grinned, thrilled that our mate was feeling well enough again that he could be sassy. Part of me felt like all of this was wishful thinking. We were still stuck in this place, with no way out. The prison still planned to sell Brynn like he was a plaything, not a living, breathing person who deserved love and respect. I couldn’t think of a way out of it at all, and it felt hopeless. But at the same time I wanted my mark on Brynn. I was so proud to call him my mate, and no matter what happened or how long we had together, I wanted that.

My canines extended, and with one last check in with Brynn, I bit down, my teeth sinking in right below Reeve’s. Fireworks burst inside me as little sparks of electricity shot up and down my veins, the connection literally coming to life one neuron at a time. I held Brynn tightly, as both our bodies shook. I could feel another set of hands on me, Reeve’s, holding us both steady and helping to stabilize the connection.

It was overwhelming and overstimulating and absolutely fucking amazing. Brynn looked a little shell shocked as I retracted my canines and licked the wound to heal it. Not that I blamed him, getting the one sided connection was...a lot. It must’ve been damn near mind blowing to have to experience it twice.

Tears ran down Brynn’s face, but through the connection I could tell they were happy tears, and maybe a little overwhelmed, which again, same. And wasn’t that wild? I could feel his emotions, at least a little bit.

It was different from what Reeve and I felt. We’d always been very attuned to each other. If one was hurting, the other would always know. But it was more intuition with Reeve. I couldn’t physically feel his emotions. But Brynn, holy fuck, I could. It

would take a while to get used to, but I would never take advantage of this amazing gift.

I wasn't sure how long the three of us just laid there on top of each other, processing and struggling to get our breath. Reality had to hit eventually, though. The cum was drying to my skin and getting uncomfortable, and it was enough to remind me of the situation we were in.

The guards hadn't entered yet, but they were probably only waiting until Reeve's knot went down before they'd try to drag us out of here and take Brynn from us. My canines descended again, all on their own at the thought. Both Brynn and Reeve looked at me, sensing the change in my mood.

"We need a plan. They'll be in here soon."

Brynn's eyes widened with fear. "They want to sell me." We were all keeping our voice low, hoping they couldn't hear us, "There's a buyer already. They're hoping I'll be stable enough for them to pick me up and be long gone before I start getting sick from the separation."

Matching growls rumbled from Reeve and I. "That's not fucking happening."

Brynn rested his head on my chest, looking exhausted. "How?"

Reeve shifted. "I...have an idea. It's a fucking bad one, and we might all end up dead, but it's the only one I got."

I looked at my brother. Despite having one of the most amazing moments of our lives, I'd never seen him look so stressed or unsure. I gave him a slight nod, letting him know I was in no matter what the plan was, I had his back, always and forever. Relief flashed in his eyes.

Brynn shrugged, “Better than the absolute jack shit I have. If I’m going to end up dead anyway, I’d rather do it fighting.”

I growled, unable to help myself. I didn’t like him talking so casually about his own death, but Brynn just patted my chest and smiled softly.

“What’s the plan?”

“I know I’m asking a lot. But you’re just gonna have to trust me. Follow my lead, and stay with Riven no matter what.”

I didn’t fucking like it, but I got why Reeve was being cagey. Who knew what they could hear?

It didn’t take nearly long enough for Reeve’s knot to start to deflate, and I felt Brynn wiggle as my brother’s cock slowly slipped from his body.

We didn’t get up though. It was through some unspoken agreement that we would stay just like this, covered in sweat and cum and wrapped in each other until the moment the fuckers try to drag us away.

Eventually there was commotion outside the door, and we all tensed waiting for it to open. “Hopefully they don’t just tranq us from the get go,” Reeve whispered, his hands tightening around Brynn, “then this whole plan will be dead before it begins.”

I swallowed around the lump in my throat. It was a real possibility that’s exactly what would happen, especially how I reacted last time they tried to take him away.

Voices raised on the other side of the locked door. “Mr. Laurent, I didn’t expect you for another hour. Did you not get my message?” That was the fucking warden, and he sounded stressed, even if he was trying to hide it. Honestly, his involvement felt like

the biggest betrayal. I didn't like the asshole, but he'd always seemed kind of fair. He never got involved in the games the guards liked to play with us and had even punished some of the guards when they got completely out of hand. But apparently that was all just a big show, because he was out here selling omegas. Guess I really shouldn't be surprised, he was the one who approved the fucking hunts.

“Oh, I got your message, but my time is important, Mr. Hollinger, and I have a flight to catch. You promised me an omega. Were you lying to me and wasting my time, or can we do business?”

Brynn flinched, and we both instinctively wrapped our arms around him tighter. I didn't know what Reeve's plan was, but it better not entail me letting Brynn go for one single second. The bond was too new, too fresh, all our emotions too close to the surface, bouncing wildly around the bond. I would probably go berserk if I lost hold of our omega, even for a short time.

“We can do business, sir. It wasn't necessary to bring him with you.”

I tensed. Who else was there?

“I didn't. He invited himself,” was the dry reply.

“I was intrigued,” another voice said. He sounded cocky and completely unbothered by the warden's reaction. I already didn't like him just from the three words I heard, but as Brynn started to shake, he became enemy number one.

“T-that's...he's the one. The one who took me. He has dark Magic, Reeve. H-he, fuck, he used it on me.” Brynn started to shake between us, even as he struggled to maintain his composure. Composure I was quickly fucking losing, because... dark Magic ? I knew shady shit was going on. I figured they weren't getting these omegas legally, and when Brynn told us he was taken off the streets and a heat was forced on



him, that obviously confirmed it. But it never clicked that dark Magic was used on him.

I was shaking with rage, and my wolf had enough freedom now that it was clawing and howling in my brain, hating the fact that our omega knew what it felt like to have dark Magic used against him. We all heard the stories, saw the movies and the news. One of Mom's asshole boyfriends had told Rella a story once when she was eight about someone using dark Magic to force people to cut out their own organs. It terrified her, and she had nightmares for months.

He was full of shit, just trying to scare her, but there was some truth in his story and to think someone capable of that was involved and hurt our mate...I didn't have the words to explain how it made me feel.

I was too focused on controlling my wolf and trying to comfort Brynn to really listen to what the guards were saying anymore. Reeve was hyper focused and had moved into a more defensive position, ready to stand in between us and the humans. Taking the cue from Reeve, I stood up, with Brynn, and pushed him partially behind me. It was then that I realized we were still naked, but I didn't want to take the risk of getting our mate his clothes and taking my eye off the door.

Right before all hell broke loose, Reeve turned to me. "Can you feel your wolf?"

The question surprised me. It had been an unspoken agreement between us never to mention whatever was going on with our wolves. It felt too dangerous. I gave him a sharp nod in response.

"Do you think you can shift?"

Well that shocked me even more. I took a second to focus on my wolf. He was right there, more present than he had been in over ten years, even when they deactivated

the collars.

I gave Reeve another sharp nod. “Yeah.”

Brynn’s eyes bounced back and forth between us, his expression curious and confused, but he didn’t ask any questions. Reeve’s lips twitched, fighting a smile then he locked the fuck in.

“Good. Brace yourselves. Shit’s about to get real.”

### CHAPTER 14

brYNN

The alphas were about to do something reckless. They had some unspoken conversation with their eyes, and then locked in on the door. I felt kind of useless. I couldn't shift, and Goddess knows I fucking tried. I was feisty, agile, and strong for an omega with no formal fighting training, but I was no match for a bunch of guards with weapons, and if I did try to fight, I'd probably just get in the twins' way and make whatever plan they had harder.

Which meant I was once again cowering behind them. I was so fucking over this damsel in distress bullshit. My eyes scoured the room looking for a weapon, anything I could use to at least protect myself and allow Reeve and Riven to do their thing.

I'd come up empty when the door flew open, a wave of Magic behind it that had me stumbling back against the wall. Then I came face to face with the bastard who got me into this situation in the first place.

I wished I could say that I stared him down with no fear, gave him a big fuck you. But the second the tendrils of his insidious Magic touched my skin, since he seemed to instantly suffocate the room with it, I froze. Not literally this time, thank Goddess, but I was back there. Back in front of that abandoned building where I couldn't move, could barely breathe, completely paralyzed as the darkness seeped through my bones. I slumped against the back wall, clawing at my throat, desperate for air that wasn't tainted by this darkness.

My vision was hazy at the edges, and it was hard to focus on anything. The wolf howls snapped me out of my panic enough to get my first glimpse of Reeve and Riven's midnight black wolves since that first night. They were beautiful.

That was the last thought I had before all hell broke loose. The guards were screaming, weapons drawn at the two wolves who shouldn't have been there, but before anyone could shoot them, the guards slumped to the ground, clawing at their throats and screaming bloody murder. The mage must've done something to them, and now, with glowing eyes, he turned his attention to the twins. My mates.

They were both in an attack stance, positioned between me and everyone else. I wanted to tell them to worry about themselves, but the words wouldn't come out, the tendrils of darkness once again leaving me helpless and paralyzed.

"Leopold, what are you doing?" the warden screamed, but I noticed he hadn't entered the room. He was standing at the doorway, obviously smart enough to realize the second he walked in he'd be a victim of the mage's Magic.

The mage, Leopold, smiled cruelly. He waved his hand, and the guard closest to him started to seize, then burst into fucking flames.

Tears fell down my face. This was the man who had captured me? Suddenly I realized how lucky I'd been. Just seeing what this man was capable of had me feeling sick. If I had control of my own body I'd be vomiting. The smell of burned flesh overpowering every other scent in this place.

The twins were going crazy, their jaws snapping as they snarled and growled, but neither were attacking. It was too much of a risk. With just a wave of a hand, they could become nothing but a pile of ash.

"I'd think carefully before you make another move, Hollinger," Leopold sneered.

“Wouldn’t want my hand to slip.”

The warden hissed but wisely didn’t move. No other guards entered the room, and I couldn’t get eyes on the guy who was supposed to buy me. Did he know what this psychopath was going to do?

“I won’t move,” the warden responded carefully, like the way you’d talk to a spooked animal, “What is it that you want, Leopold? Say it, and it’s yours.”

“Oh come now, Hollinger. I don’t need you to get exactly what I want.” Leopold turned to me, looking over the head of the two wolves, and smiled sadistically at me, “Isn’t that right, sweetheart?”

Oh, fuck no. My skin crawled as the twins completely lost it, and one of them—by the pull on my mate bond, likely Riven—launched at the dark mage.

Nooooo! I tried to scream in warning but no words came out. Reeve leaped right after his brother, whether to attack or to stop him, I wasn’t sure.

If I had the power, I’d have closed my eyes. It was the coward’s way out, but I couldn’t sit here helplessly and watch the two men I was quickly beginning to care for, the two men who had claimed me and who fate had destined for me, be reduced to a pile of ashes or worse.

I’m sorry .

I braced myself, preparing for anything, for losing my mates before I really got them, for whatever would happen to me and everyone else in this place afterward. I watched in horrific slow motion as time turned to sludge and braced for impact.

And then it was all gone. One second I was huddled in the corner of my newest

prison, surrounded by dead bodies and waiting for my mates to die, and then next I was in an alley of some kind. Graffiti colored buildings on either side of me, and the unmistakable scent of rotted trash overpowering everything else.

“What the—”

I couldn't finish my thought before I was being barrelled over, falling on my ass, my bare naked ass, on the filthy concrete, as two wolves covered my body, licking and scenting, and whining.

Despite everything I couldn't help but laugh. My hands curled in their thick fur, and I buried my nose in the neck of the wolf who was currently licking my mate bond. I sucked in a breath. Riven. It was Riven. A little bit of giddiness was threatening to overwhelm me. I could tell them apart by their scent. I don't know why that made me so happy.

“Ugh, I'm happy you're both alive too, but you're crushing me.” Immediately both wolves froze and pulled back. I grinned, tears springing to my eyes once again, but this time they were relieved ones. I had no fucking idea what happened, but they were okay, they were alive. I thought that would be the last of them. Leopold would've killed them and then taken me, for whatever fucking reason, and I'd never be free. I would die eventually, people didn't survive broken mate bonds, but even before it literally ended, my life would be over.

Instead, I was naked with two massive black wolves in a narrow alley, and I had never been happier in my life.

I pet both of them, to let them know I was okay. I loved to see how both these huge scary men pushed into my hand, like little puppies, desperate for pats.

“I'd love to give you more pats later, but do you think you can shift back? We need to

figure out what the fuck just happened.”

“I can help with that.” Dress shoes clicked across the alleyway street, the sound breaking the silence of the night.

Any chance of Reeve and Riven shifting was up in smoke as they immediately took a protective stance in front of me, blocking whoever was coming toward us. I pulled myself up into a crouch, really wishing I was wearing clothes, and curled my fingers into the fur of my alphas. If they tried to attack, I doubt I could stop them, but I was hoping my hold would be enough to keep them still. At least long enough to figure out what the hell was going on here.

“Who are you?” I called out, relieved my voice didn’t shake.

A figure emerged from the shadows, standing in the dim light of the alley. The man was tall, a little over six feet probably, with slicked back blond hair that was graying around the temples. He was wearing a suit that probably cost more than I made in my entire lifetime and stood out in this place like a sore thumb.

I tensed and tightened my grip on the twins. Unlike Leopold, this man’s Magic didn’t didn’t have the stink of dark Magic. His soul wasn’t tainted. But that didn’t mean he wasn’t dangerous. His aura was thick with it. It was the prey in me. I could always sense danger, and whoever this was, could be the most dangerous thing I ever faced.

“My name is Laurent,” he replied, his voice deep and confident, “And I was the one who got you out of Western State Penitentiary.”

### CHAPTER 15

#### REEVE

I shifted to my human form so quickly it made my head spin. I wasn't used to it anymore, being able to control my own shift. I hadn't had that luxury in so long, my body didn't know how to handle it. It still hurt, but even if I was still wearing the collar, it didn't have the control on me that it did just days ago. It didn't have control on me at all, except as a reminder of everything that had happened and the bullshit Riv and I had been through.

I took a second to get my bearings, hoping that Laurent didn't see how shaky I was.

"Reeve?" Brynn whispered, voice laced with concern, but I brushed him off. My stomach swooped as I climbed to my feet, but I wouldn't meet whoever this was crouched on all fours. It was my duty to protect my family, and I would do that, even if I felt like I was going to puke my guts out.

Riven didn't shift. I wasn't sure if it was because he couldn't or he just wanted one of us to be less vulnerable in case it came to a fight. Though the way the this man's Magic pushed down on me like a heavy weight gave me the feeling we'd be fucked if he tried to hurt us. I just had to hope that he helped us for a reason, and us being dead wouldn't get him to his goals.

I met Laurent's eyes, not letting him see how inferior I felt. I was a naked convict with no weapons and no chance. He was a powerful mage in a bougie suit and enough money that he was able to buy a person.



The thought of that had me snarling and glaring at Laurent. It didn't matter if he rescued us. He was going to take Brynn.

A hand dug into my side, his nails biting into my skin. I didn't want to take my eyes off Laurent, but I wrapped my arm around Brynn and sucked in a deep breath. I got the hint. I had to keep it together.

"Start talking," I snapped, like I had any control in this situation.

Laurent smirked, but he humored me. "Of course. My name is Killian Laurent, and I'm the CEO of Laurent Technologies. I am also the Head Mage of Travellers Guild, the guild that handles all Magics that involve teleportation, portals, time control, and travel, and well, hundreds of more obscure specialties, but you get the idea." He waved his hand, "Though I'd appreciate you keeping that to yourself. Most people don't realize I'm a Magic user."

I wrinkled my nose. "How? You reek of it."

Laurent sniffed. "Yes, well, humans aren't as sensitive to Magic as shifters are. Plus, I usually have a strong hold on it, but it takes a lot more power than you'd imagine to transport four people, well two people and two wolves, through the walls of the most Magic proof facility in the world."

"That's what you did?" Brynn asked from my side, "You, um, transported us out of the prison?"

"In very simplified terms, yes. I can teleport. Teleporting other people, especially non-Magic users who are strangers, is much more difficult and requires a little help. That was why it took so long to get you out of there."

Riven finally shifted. After a few shaky minutes, I helped him to his feet. He leaned

against me for support but still glared at Laurent. “Why did you help us?”

“Well, truthfully I just came to save Brynn. Seeing he had mated two inmates was a surprise. Luckily, I’m decent enough at reading auras to know it wouldn’t be a mistake to free you as well.”

My nose wrinkled. “What do you mean, free?”

“The three of you won’t survive on your own now that you’re bound together. My job was to get Brynn out there safely, not to help convicts escape. I had to make a split decision, while Leopold was...doing that ...whether I needed to walk away or free the three of you. I chose this. Please don’t let me regret going off script.”

I was trying to process everything he was saying. Were we really free? It was hard to believe. I long ago stopped believing it would happen, and the collar heavy around my neck made me skeptical.

“Why were you trying to save me?” Brynn asked. I squeezed his hand.

“It’s what we do. Because of my position, and my wealth, I can easily pose as a buyer. When we get word of an omega being sold, I go in and ‘buy’ them,” he used finger quotes around the word buy, “then when we’re out, I give them the tools they need to get free and let them go. Admittedly, this one didn’t go quite as planned.”

Riven frowned. “You’re part of the Omega Underground.” It was an organization that had as many rumors swirling around it as dark Magic, but they apparently helped rescue trafficked or abused omegas and got them to safety.

Laurent smirked. “I can not confirm or deny that. Just know, I’m trying to help you.”

“Then why did you come in with that psychopath?” I asked, still not quite trusting.

Yeah, he got us out, but there had to be something he wanted. No one just helped out of the goodness of their heart.

“That was not intentional. He somehow got word that one of his investments survived the hunt and latched onto my arrival. I couldn’t get rid of him without arousing suspicion.”

I...didn’t know what to believe. I didn’t want to throw my cards in with this guy, but what else could we do? If this was my chance to finally get out of that place and also protect Brynn and Riven, I had to take it.

“So what happens next, then?” I asked.

Laurent waved his hand, and something snapped, not physically, but inside my brain, and then the collar, the one I had been wearing for ten years, did actually snap, and fell to the ground. I stumbled, my knees feeling weak, and then I collapsed as the full force of my alpha abilities and my wolf came back to me.

After all these years, it was overwhelming, and my head ached as I tried to grasp control of it. I was vaguely aware of Riven hunched on all fours next to me, and Brynn yelling at Laurent as he scrambled to us. I wanted to comfort my mate and tell him it was okay, but I couldn’t get enough breath to speak.

I had forgotten what it felt like. Even in the last few days when I finally felt my wolf again and was able to shift, the collar still held a large part of me back. I was still locked down by that fucking thing, still only a part of myself. I forgot what this Reeve felt like.

“Goddess,” Brynn whispered as he squeezed both of our hands, “I never met an alpha as powerful as you.” His voice sounded strained, like he was fighting against the force of my power.

It was enough to get me to start to reign it back in. I would never be one of those alphas. Finally, Brynn shot me a grateful look full of relief.

“Sorry,” I told him sheepishly. “It’s been so long.”

He smiled softly. “I know. It’s okay.” It was then that I realized his collar was off, too. I gently touched his now bare neck that only carried mine and Riv’s bites.

I looked at my brother. He was clasping his neck like he’d never felt it before. The tan line was kind of ridiculous and would make it obvious that we had been collared, but I couldn’t care less at that moment. I reached around, cupped the back of his neck and brought him into my hold.

“Reeve,” he sobbed. I buried my face into his neck, scenting him hard. I’d done it a thousand times over the last ten years, but it wasn’t the same. Now it was just us. No barrier. The scent of magic still lingered, but not long, not once I was done.

A throat cleared. My canines were out in an instant, and I knew my eyes were glowing as I glared at Laurent for ruining our moment.

The bastard just grinned. “I’m sorry to interrupt. But it’s not safe to stay here.”

That reminded me that we had nowhere to go. We were escaped convicts now. On the fucking run. I swallowed the lump in my throat and dragged Brynn and Riven closer.

“Where do we go?” Brynn asked, unsure.

For the first time since he walked into this alley, Laurent’s cocky demeanor shifted. “I’m...not sure. I had a safehouse to send you to, but they won’t accept alphas.”

Brynn slumped in between us, but my focus was on Riven. We had another one of

our unspoken conversations, before he nodded slightly.

“We have a place.”

That seemed to surprise Laurent. “Anything attached to your name will be the first place they search.”

There was a brief wave of concern for our sister, but I pushed it down. She had her connections now, and there was nothing we could do about her anymore. “I know. It’s not in our name. It was how they didn’t confiscate it when we got arrested.” As long as our uncle didn’t sell it in the last fucking decade...but that was better kept to ourselves.

Laurent pursed his lips, thinking. Finally, he sighed. “Okay. I’ll take your word for it. I have to get back before they make the connection. Don’t worry. I’ll buy you some time. Also, you’re about an hour away from the prison. Brynn should recognize his old stomping grounds.” Laurent whispered a few words, and then he was holding a black duffel bag.

“This has everything you should need to get out of the city. Including clothes.” He glanced at us, “They might be a little small for you two, but I always plan for everything, so there’s sweats and t-shirts that should fit alphas in a pinch. There’s cash and food. Lay low where you can. Avoid crowded places, and if you have to go into stores, let Brynn go. Don’t let your faces get on camera. There’s also a burner phone. Once you get where you’re going, call me, there’s one number saved in there. We’ll get you new IDs and whatever you need. Sorry I can’t do more.” Then with a wave of his hand he was gone and left the three of us alone in this dark alley with nothing but the duffel bag clutched in Brynn’s arms.

### CHAPTER 16

#### RIVEN

I blinked, staring at the spot where a man was just standing, and now there was nothing. I knew teleportation magic existed, but I'd never seen it in person before, and that on top of all the events that had already happened was almost too much to handle.

We were out. We weren't safe, not yet. But for the first time in forever, I was breathing air that wasn't tainted by the Magic that kept the prison secure. Okay, it smelled like garbage, but it was so different from anything I'd smelled in a decade, I almost didn't care how gross it was.

While I continued to stand, shaky on my feet and so fucking overwhelmed, Brynn dropped the duffelbag on the ground and knelt next to it.

"I don't know about you two, but I'd like to have clothes on to figure out the next part of the plan."

I looked down, just now registering that all three of us were naked. Somewhere where we could be discovered at any moment. Brynn dug around in the bag. "How the fuck did he fit all this in here?"

He pulled out a pair of sweats, and after quickly checking the tag, stood up and put them on, not bothering with underwear. After another second or so he found a shirt and something for Reeve and I to wear. Laurent was right, the sweats were a little

short and dug into my hips, but it was better than nothing. I threw on a long sleeved shirt, and Reeve a worn looking hoodie.

“Shit, there’s only one pair of shoes. But, oh here’s the money. Maybe once we come up with a plan and get away from here, I can get shoes for you two somewhere.”

It wasn’t my biggest worry. Now that I was coming to terms with finally being free, being somewhere unfamiliar was unnerving, and I wanted to move.

“Laurent said this is your old stomping grounds, Brynn? Is there somewhere we can go, at least to hunker down for the night before we head out?”

Brynn stood and walked to the end of the alley. I just held my tongue before I yelled at him to stop. I figured he wouldn’t appreciate it. He took a look around before coming back.

“Yeah, I know where we are. One of the children’s shelters I used to stay at when I was a kid is around the block. There’s a diner a few blocks back. They have a storage shed in the back of their property. We can see if it’s free for the night. I stayed there a few times.”

My heart hurt knowing my mate was all alone for all those years, never knowing where he’d get to sleep each night. We were here now. As long as we could find the property we’d bought secretly right before everything went down—and our uncle didn’t sell it on us—then he’d never have to question where he’d sleep again. We’d take care of him.

Brynn had found a couple baseball caps in the bag, and I put one on, lowering the brim to cover most of my face. Brynn did the same, while Reeve put his hood up. Then I swung the duffle over my shoulder, and we walked out of the alley.

I thought we'd stick out like a sore thumb, but Laurent had dumped us deep in the shifter slums. There weren't a lot of people out this late, and the ones that were, well they had bigger things to worry about than us. The few shifters that came close immediately crossed the street once they got a good whiff of Reeve and me. It wasn't our fault, it had been a long time since we had to tamp down our scents, so our alphaness was strong right now. We were leaking all over the place, which was rude, but I was struggling to get it under control. For now it worked in our favor since people were staying out of our way, but we'd have to get it together quick before the cops started looking for us. We were a fucking beacon right now.

It seemed it was even affecting Brynn, because just as he turned us off the main drag and down another stinking alley, he tilted his head giving both of us some serious side eye, "You think you can tone down the alphaness some? Every omega in a five mile radius is probably running this way right now. And if any of those shits present to you, heads will roll."

I grinned. Our mate was jealous. Any other time I'd tease him, but this wasn't the time.

"Sorry. We're not used to having full control anymore. My wolf is a little punch drunk with the power. I'll try to tamp it down."

Brynn's expression turned sympathetic. "I can't even imagine. Just wearing that collar for a week was brutal. Just do what you can. We're almost at the shed anyway."

Reeve reached out and squeezed my hand, for support, and I held onto the lifeline. We leaned into each other as we walked behind Brynn, and soon I was able to box it in better so I wasn't leaking my pheromones all over the city.

Brynn stopped when we reached a run down parking lot with a building that looked



like it hadn't seen a renovation in fifty years. Only one street light was working in the lot, and the fluorescent sign that only said "Diner" was mostly out, with only the D and er lit up. There looked to be only two cars in the lot. One was missing all four tires and was balanced on cinder blocks.

Brynn ignored all that and took both our hands. "Stay out of the light," he whispered, "If old man Johnson sees us, he will pull his shotgun on us, and he won't think twice about shooting."

"Lovely," Reeve muttered sarcastically. But still we followed Brynn, careful to stay out of the dim light of the diner.

The shed was behind the diner, down a bank, and hidden mostly by trees and brush. Though calling it a shed was disrespectful to sheds everywhere.

"You stayed here?" I asked in disbelief before I could stop myself. Both Brynn and Reeve glared at me, and I looked sheepishly down at my feet, cheeks red. I didn't mean it exactly like that, but the more I learned about my omega's life the more it hurt.

"Sorry not all of us had the luxury digs of a max security prison to call home." I flinched. Touché.

"Sorry," I murmured. "That came out wrong."

Brynn just sighed, looking a little defeated. "Look, let's just get inside. It sucks, but the roof is surprisingly solid, and it'll give us a place to rest for a few hours before we take off."

Reeve cupped his cheek and kissed his forehead softly. "Sounds good. Thank you for finding this place for us." Then he walked forward, carefully navigating the terrain on

bare feet until he got to the shed.

I flashed Brynn an unsure smile, relieved when he returned it. “Come on, alpha. I think we all need rest.” He took my hand, and despite everything, I was grinning like a fool when we walked to where Reeve was checking out the shed.

The shed didn’t look any better from the inside. It was dark and humid, despite it being kind of chilly. I let my wolf take over my sight so I could see clearer, which was probably a mistake. Cobwebs draped down from the ceiling and covered half of the tight space. And yup, that was a fucking rat. Welcome to freedom.

Brynn ignored all that and headed to a metal chest that was pushed up against the back wall.

“Sweet, it’s not empty.” He pulled out two sleeping bags, a blanket...and two pairs of boots. He glanced at the tongue of the boots. “It’s really our lucky fucking day. They’re alpha sized. Probably not perfect, but at least you won’t have to trudge around barefoot.”

“What is all this?” Reeve asked, kneeling next to Brynn.

“Like I said, it’s kind of a common stopping place for shifters who live on the streets. I don’t know who started it, but one day this chest was filled with blankets, protein bars, and bottles of water. The next time I came here there were old clothes and a sleeping bag. It’s kind of an honor system thing. Take what you need and drop off what you can.” He shrugged, looking a little embarrassed, “I guess it’s our way of taking care of each other.”

I squeezed Brynn’s hand. “I like that.”

We got quiet after that as we helped Brynn set up a little sleep area. The two sleeping

bags weren't big enough for the three of us, so we opened them up, and used one as the blanket on the ground and the other as a blanket for us to share. It would be tight, but with Brynn snuggled in the middle we could make it work. Worst case I'd shift to my wolf to sleep. Once we were settled, I dug the food out that was in the bottom of the bag. It wasn't much: beef jerky sticks, a jar of peanut butter, a box of protein bars, and a bag of nuts, plus some waters and hydration powders. Brynn grabbed the bag of nuts and the peanut butter and sat crossed legged in the middle of our bed set up, digging in. Shrugging, I grabbed a beef stick.

"So..." Brynn asked after a while, "What's this place you told Laurent about?"

"Right before we were locked up, we knew shit was getting bad and staying in the city wasn't an option anymore," Reeve started, "Riv and I had saved up a bunch of money, and we had our uncle who's kinda estranged from the rest of the family find us some property in the outskirts. It needs to be fixed up. We never got the chance before we were picked up."

Brynn frowned, considering. I had a feeling about what he wanted to ask but didn't know how to bring it up. I was honestly surprised he hadn't asked us what got us locked up already. But if he was tying himself to us, he deserved to know.

Reeve must've felt the same, because he told him, "You can ask us, it's okay," his tone soft.

Brynn startled, lost in thought before his cheeks reddened. "Am I that obvious?"

I grinned. "Kind of."

He shoved some nuts in his mouth. "It's just...I don't want to be rude, but I do feel like I should know what happened."

“You’re right,” Reeve agreed, “We probably should’ve told you before we bit you. I’m sorry. We weren’t trying to hide it or anything, we’re just not used to being around people who don’t already know.”

Reeve sucked in a breath. “Nearly eleven years ago now, we killed our sister’s boyfriend.”

### CHAPTER 17

brYNN

“Nearly eleven years ago now, we killed our sister’s boyfriend.”

I couldn’t say the confession was really a shock. I mean, I’d seen them kill already, and Western State Penitentiary housed mostly violent criminals. Still, I wasn’t expecting him to say it so casually.

“Oh.” Good job, Brynn. Oh.

But the brothers just smirked.

Reeve chuckled and bit off a hunk of jerky. “Yeah, oh. We grew up on the predator side of the city and lived primarily in the Becke housing projects, you heard of it?”

I whistled. Of course I’d heard of it. It was one of the government run housing projects that the majority of the shifters lived in. The nice parts were all regulated for the humans, and they packed us in the slums. Becke was infamous for being extremely violent, especially since it was almost exclusively predator shifters that lived there. It was dangerous as fuck and was overrun by gangs. One of the first lessons my mom taught me was to stay well away from the community.

I gave a quick nod, and Reeve continued. “Anyway, our sister Rella started running with one of the sons of the Obsidian pack,” I sucked in a breath. They called themselves a pack, but Obsidian was one of the largest and most dangerous gangs in

Ashbrook. Nothing good ever came out of an association with them. “We tried to keep her away from that bullshit,” Reeve went on, “but, teenagers are teenagers and doing the exact opposite of what your older brothers told you was fun.”

Reeve blew out a burst of air, “Anyway, it didn’t take long for us to realize he was knocking her around. She denied it of course, but the signs were there. We knew we had to get her the fuck outta there but getting away from the Obsidian isn’t fucking easy.”

No shit. Especially if your home is in Becke. They ran that place.

“That’s when we got the idea of getting that property away from this fucking place. Our uncle got some connections, and he had been estranged from our family for a while, so no one realized we were in contact with him. We were going to tell Rella we were leaving that week.”

He paused, and I couldn’t help myself, I put down my snacks and crawled into Reeve’s lap. Maybe I should be scared. He was telling me the story of how he killed someone, but I was safe with the twins. He froze in shock before relaxing and wrapping his arms around me. I held out my arms to Riven. “You too.”

He flashed me a crooked smile and joined our cuddle pile, leaning against his brother. Reeve wrapped his other arm around Riven and I squeezed his hand. Whatever they were going to tell me wasn’t gonna change a thing about how I felt about them. That ship had long since sailed.

“What happened?” I prompted when I realized Reeve wasn’t going to speak back up.

“We, um, got a call from Rella. We were both at a job. She was crying, could barely breathe. Her boyfriend attacked her, and I guess it got really bad. She was locked in a bathroom, and I could hear him banging down the door. Thank Goddess he was too

fucking high to shift, otherwise we may not have gotten there in time.”

“Riven and I left the job, shifted right in the middle of the fucking street and ran back to our apartment.”

Reeve paused, his voice catching. Riven leaned his head against his brother and picked up the story. “The apartment was completely trashed when we got there, and we...there was blood. A lot of it. The boyfriend, he heard us and turned around. He had a fucking knife in his hand. One that already had Rella’s blood on it, and we lost it. We killed the fucker. Ripped him to fucking shreds. Turned out he found out Rella was pregnant and was going to try and kill her and the baby.”

Goddess. I squeezed both their hands letting them know I was still here. I wasn’t scared. I wasn’t running. “That sounds like self-defense though. How did you end up getting so much time, and at Western?”

Reeve grunted. Clearly this was more of a sensitive subject than the actual murder. “Rella. Her boyfriend’s family has a lot of influence. I don’t know what they said to her, what they threatened her with, but she got on the stand and said that we were the ones attacking her and that her boyfriend was trying to protect her, and we killed him.”

I could hear the sadness and resignation in Reeve’s tone when he talked about it, but it only fueled my anger more. How dare she! They did everything to protect her, and she turned on them like that.

Riven buried his face in my neck and bit down, without fangs. It still settled me, at least a little.

Reeve chuckled, “Our feisty little rabbit. Ready to go to war on our behalf.”

“Well yeah,” I snapped, not loving being teased, “That’s so fucked up. Have you spoken to her at all? Did she ever tell you why?”

“No. But we’re not angry with her anymore. She had to do what was right to protect her baby, sweetness. Even if we got self-defense, we would’ve been locked up for some time. She was on her own. Eighteen years old with a baby on the way. If they threatened her, or offered her protection to lie, I don’t blame her.”

I mean...I could see where they were coming from. I pressed my hand against my stomach. I didn’t feel pregnant, but I was well aware that I could be. What would I do to protect my litter? Pretty much anything.

I still didn’t have to like it, and if I ever met her, I’d likely have some words. Even though my mates could feel my anger through the bond, it was probably best not to bring attention to it. “I’m sorry you went through that.” It wasn’t enough, but it was all I could think of to say.

“Thank you, sweetness. It wasn’t easy but we came to terms with it a while ago.”

I guess they would have to. I couldn’t imagine living with that kind of thing no matter the circumstances.

“So I guess by your reaction you’re not afraid of us?” Riven asked almost sheepishly.

I glanced at him surprised. “What? Of course not. Don’t get me wrong, I know you’re both dangerous fuckers, but you don’t scare me. Besides, if it did happen it would’ve been when you killed that guard during the hunt.” I wasn’t scared then, and I’m definitely not now.

“Fuck, you’re perfect for us, Brynn. Thank you for believing in us.”



Reeve's words left me a little choked up, so I just buried my face in his chest, hoping they could make sense of the swarm of emotions that I was feeling that was likely overwhelming our brand new bond.

Riven's arms joined Reeve's and even with how awful the whole situation was, I felt hope. I was putting my faith in these men, and for the first time in my life I felt I could actually trust someone other than myself.

After long minutes of scenting and cuddling, exhaustion hit us, and we climbed into our makeshift bed. I had to say, even with the dank smells and hard packed floor beneath us, it wasn't the worst place I'd slept. The twins were like my own personal radiators, keeping me warm and safe and protected in their arms. I let myself relax and drift off into the most restful sleep I'd had in weeks, maybe even years.

### CHAPTER 18

#### REEVE

We left the safety of our shelter just after dusk. There was some argument when we first woke up, about whether we should wait till nighttime to make a run for it or not. In the end, we decided we'd be way more obvious walking through the city at night, and we wanted to be well out of its limits before news got out about our escape.

I had no idea what Laurent did to delay it, but we took a risk and turned on the burner phone, just long enough to do a quick news search, and there was nothing about two escaped convicts from Western. Even though that didn't mean we were completely in the clear—they still could have the cops looking for us without the media being alerted—we took it as a good thing, and a sign to get out of dodge before shit blew up. The fewer people looking for us, the better.

Brynn snuck into the diner and was able to grab us some day old rolls and an entire package of uncooked bacon. He also got himself a wrinkled tomato and bruised apples. Brynn seemed happy with his haul, so I kept my mouth shut, not letting the guilt get to me. We needed to get to safety before we could properly take care of our omega, but I vowed as soon as we did, he'd never have to make due with partially rotten fruit and stale rolls again.

The city was still quiet when we ventured out, but there were enough people out and about that we didn't draw attention. This side of the Ashbrook had very little police presence—they couldn't be bothered—which worked in our favor. We walked with our heads dead down to avoid any cameras, but at a normal pace, until we got to the

metro station.

“The only way out of here is through the human side. Our best bet is to take the metro and stay on it till the last stop, which is on the edge of the suburbs, then we can either sneak onto a bus or hoof it till we’re out of city limits. After that, it’ll be up to you two to find your property.”

Riven glanced at me, but I ignored it. If we could find the property. It was one of my worries. We had never actually seen it in person, and it had been so fucking long since we’d been out in the world. It was why we were trusting Brynn explicitly with this part of our escape. While the city hadn’t changed too much in a decade, it was enough that I didn’t feel confident in navigating it. But this was Brynn’s home, he knew the streets better than the back of his hand. If he said this was the way out, then it was. After that, well, luck had been on our side so far, hopefully it would last a little longer and get us to where we needed to be.

“Sounds good.” I shoved my hands in my pockets. “Lead the way.”

Brynn’s eyes bounced back and forth between us, and there was a little fear there. Finally, he straightened his shoulders and nodded firmly. “Alright.” He dug out the cash that Laurent gave us and handed some of it to each of us. “There are a bunch of different kiosks down there. Just pick one and get your ticket. One way. Green Line, last station. It’s really straightforward. Keep your heads down. Cameras are everywhere. Oh and try not to stand right next to each other. They’ll be looking for three people, or at least twins. Don’t make it easy on them.”

Right. I fucking hated that. I didn’t want both Riven and Brynn out of my reach, but I got it. Once he was sure we’d listen, Brynn flashed us a reassuring smile. “I’ll go first.”

He climbed down the stairs, looking sure and confident, and I watched like a dumbass

until I could no longer see him. Riven growled as soon as he was out of sight. I squeezed the back of his neck, knowing this would be the last time I could touch him until we were away from all the fucking cameras of the city. “Easy. Focus on the bond. You can feel him. He’s safe.”

It was a reminder to myself as much as it was to Riv, but he eased up a little. “Right. Sorry.”

“Nothing to be sorry about. I hate it, too. You go now. Remember what Brynn said but keep both of us in your line of sight if you can.”

“Got it.”

Riv went down. I counted a full fifteen seconds after I could no longer see him to follow. We probably looked ridiculous, but whatever. It got us the fuck out of dodge, it would be worth it.

The station was loud and crowded despite it being so fucking early. People dashed this way and that with no regard to anyone around them. Moms held tightly to their pups’ hands, careful to keep them away from the tracks. Three different musicians played their instruments, the sounds battling with each other. A staticky voice over a speaker announced a delayed train.

I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath and trying to compartmentalize. It was all too much at one time, but I had no choice except to push through. I let all the sounds fade away and focused on the thrumming in my chest, the bright bond that connected me to Brynn and through him, Riven.

I opened my eyes, feeling much calmer. All the overwhelming sounds and scents were right there under the surface, but I could breathe a little easier as long as I kept my attention on the bond. I leaned against the wall, needing something at my back,

and scanned my surroundings for Riv and Brynn.

I found Brynn at one of the kiosks buying his ticket. I was glad Laurent thought to give us some cash. I'd hate to have this whole second chance at freedom ended because we jumped the turnstile at the metro.

Riven was hovering—there was no better word for it—about ten feet away. He was staring at Brynn with such intensity we were lucky no one was paying attention or they'd think he was stalking him.

Once Brynn had his ticket he shoved his change in his pocket. He didn't even look at me as he walked past and headed toward the signs that said Green Line. It sprung me into motion, and I headed to one of the kiosks to buy my own ticket.

At some point, this was a common occurrence for me. I had a metro card and took the metro to jobs nearly every day. But it had been so long, and I felt out of practice as I stumbled with the machine. Brynn was right in that it was straightforward, but I hadn't really used technology in so long.

Finally, I managed to get the right ticket, and I quickly grabbed it and put my change away. All my instincts were on high alert when I walked toward the turnstile and to the train. It felt like all eyes were on me, wondering why I was a dumbass who couldn't even use a ticket machine correctly. But no one was actually watching, and I got through and to the track with no issues, using the bond to follow Brynn and Riven.

It wasn't until we got on the train that it occurred to me we wouldn't be able to sit together. I took a seat in the back so I could keep my eyes on both of them. They sat across from each other and two rows apart. The train doors closed, and I was...not okay.

It was too enclosed. I was locked in, again. If danger came there was nowhere for us to go. It was a bad idea. A bad, bad idea. I stood up. I needed to get off. I needed to breathe. I needed to—

The train started, and I stumbled back to my seat, trying to get air in my lungs. It reeked of shifter. Predator, prey, all of the scents blended together, making me nauseous. It was worse than the prison. Didn't they ever air this thing out? How did shifters deal with this? How did I deal with this?

I felt a pulse through the bond that had my head snapping up. I instinctively turned toward where Brynn was sitting. He wasn't looking at me, but I knew it was him. There was another one, sending all the calm waves, all the love. I sucked in a breath, clinging to that pleasant feeling deep within my chest. I wished I could hug Brynn, kiss him, tell him thank you. But all I could do was focus on the bond and hope he could feel my gratitude through it the way I felt him. It was all so new, we were just feeling it out, but when I glimpsed his small smile, I could tell he felt me.

I relaxed back in the seat and managed to keep that calm and warm feeling as the train lumbered on. At each stop a new wave of anxiety shot through me. Every stop was a chance for the police to come on and grab us. If that happened, we would be fucked. We were sitting ducks in this steel death trap, but there was nothing we could do but wait and be ready.

One stop. Two. Four.

I wish I'd thought to ask Brynn how many stops it was till the end of the line.

The sights around us started to change. Instead of towering cinder block buildings and tent lined hovels that packed every smidgen of free space, I started to see grass and trees. The buildings were smaller, more spaced out, with big glass panels. There were brand new playgrounds, fresh vegetable stands, and fancy clothing stores. The

human side of the city.

Bitterness seeped inside me. It wasn't like I wasn't aware of the differences between the human side and the shifter slums. I had worked on this side of the city plenty of times before we were locked up. But it was easy not to think about when that was all you knew. After being outside of it for all this time, it was a stark reality. Nothing fucking changed. Nothing ever would.

I glanced at Brynn. He was staring out the window with a dark intensity that had me wondering if he had the same thoughts as me. Riven was staring directly ahead, burning a hole in the seat in front of him. His leg was bouncing a mile a minute, and I wished I could reach out to him and let him know it was okay, that I was here and feeling overwhelmed and caged in, too.

Another stop. Three people off. Two shifters in work coveralls and one human in a business suit. A human mom with a toddler in one hand and a baby strapped on her chest came in first. They went directly to the front of the train. A couple others came on, both human and shifters. Then there was a pause. The doors stayed open. I glanced at Brynn from the corner of my eye. That had never happened before. We should be moving by now, right?

Brynn straightened, his eyes glued to the open door. Why the fuck weren't we moving? Should we get out? No. Not dressed the way we were in this part of the city. We would be picked up immediately. Best to stay still and hope for the best.

Two cops walked toward the train, but they didn't get in. Fuck. What was happening? Someone in a transportation uniform got off and greeted the officers. The nerves of all three of us were bouncing off the bond. I must've lost control of my pheromones with my panic, because a prey shifter that was sitting near me wrinkled her nose and moved to the front of the car.

Fuck, Reeve, get it together.

The cops were talking to the worker who kept shaking his head, a small frown on his face. I wished I could hear the words, but there was too much background noise. Brynn might've been close enough, but that didn't help me now. I just had to trust that if he did hear something, he'd react quick enough to alert Riv and me. The cops showed the worker a picture. He frowned again and shook his head. He waved toward the open train door. Fuck, was he letting them search?

The one officer took a few steps closer and peered in. I immediately sat back, head tilted in a way that I could still see him but he couldn't make out my features. He glanced around, but just as he was about to step in, a woman screamed somewhere in the station. The cop turned around and both were sprinting toward the still screaming woman. The transportation worker shrugged and got back on the train. Seconds later, the door closed, and we were off.

Hands shaking, I slumped back in the seat. "Thank you Goddess," I whispered. Praying to her for the first time in forever, because if that wasn't Goddess intervention, I didn't know what was.



### CHAPTER 19

#### RIVEN

We made it. Sort of. We were out of the city at least, and Reeve and I were like 95% sure we were headed in the right direction. We didn't need public transportation anymore, and the area was woodsy enough that we all shifted without having to worry about drawing extra attention. While Brynn could get away with shifting in the human areas of the city, two massive black wolves were just a little too obvious.

But now we were free to stretch our paws, and my wolf was ecstatic. He didn't even care that I got stuck carrying the duffel bag. Brynn had fixed it up so it was like a backpack. He'd picked up a map for us at a gas station right on the edge of the city, and we were able to get an idea of where to go to find the property. My wolf didn't need it though. He was running strictly on instinct, and even if it made no sense, because we'd never actually seen the place, my wolf insisted he knew where home was. It was similar to the reaction Reeve and I had when our uncle first showed us the pictures of the place. It was a run down cabin on overgrown ground, but we knew deep down it was ours. Of course, at the time we figured it would be us and Rella, but now we were ready for our second chance with our mate, and I wouldn't blow it.

My wolf whined, thinking of the little sister he lost. I wished there was a way I could make it better, but I doubted we'd ever have the chance. Wherever she was, I hoped she was doing okay. I hope she didn't punish herself for the choices that she had made, and that her pup was healthy and happy and had a better life than we had. Fuck, she could've had a whole litter by now. I tried to tuck the thoughts into the box deep back in my brain, because all it did was hurt. There was no way to fill that hole

in my heart that my sister and potential nieces and nephews would fill; it was pointless to dwell on it. Maybe one day we'd get pups of our own, or kits, I wasn't sure how that worked, if a rabbit could have wolves or what, or if Brynn even wanted them.

I could imagine it now, our home fixed up with little ones running around, smiling and full of joy as we gave them everything we never had growing up. Security, love, safety, and some spoiling, too.

I thought about what Reaper had said, that Brynn could be pregnant now. I didn't notice any difference in his scent yet, but it also was so early, would we know? As much as I'd love to see Brynn's belly swollen with our kids, I realized the timing wasn't ideal. Then I shrugged. Whatever happened, happened. I hadn't put a lot of stock into the Goddess and her plan before now, but it was hard to deny divine intervention got us to where we were now. All I could do was wait and see.

Reeve stopped, his snout in the air sniffing. Brynn hopped in between his legs, nuzzling the back legs before doing the same to me. Our little rabbit couldn't stay still in his animal form, and I loved it. Seeing him without the terror of the hunt was beautiful. I ducked my head and tried to lick him, but he hopped out of the way.

Reeve huffed, getting our attention. I tilted my head to let him know I was listening. He huffed one more time and then shifted. Standing there naked and unashamed he took a second to get his bearings before speaking. "My wolf is pretty sure the property is right on the other side of the tree line. I'm going to shift back. If he's right, I want you two to stay back by the trees, and I'm going to go ahead and check it out. It's been a long time, who knows who could've stumbled upon this place."

I whined, not liking the idea of Reeve going alone. He raised an eyebrow at me. "I know you don't like it, Riv, but this is one of those things you can't fight. Please. Stay with Brynn." Protect him were his unspoken words.

If I could roll my eyes in this form, I would've with that bullshit, and I think Reeve knew, because he shot me a half-smile. But I relented. If something was dangerous at the property, it would be better for Brynn to stay back, and neither of us would be okay with letting Brynn completely out of our sight. The bond was still too new, and we hadn't had a real chance to solidify it. All three of our emotions were still bouncing around wildly, and even the short distance we sat apart in the subway and on the bus had fucking hurt. I was sure Reeve would struggle once he lost sight of us, but he knew I'd protect Mate with my life.

"Good. Thank you. Just wait here until I come back for you."

He was fucking delusional if he thought I wouldn't come for him if he was in danger, but my wolf form wasn't the most conducive to fighting with my twin, so I just glared until he grinned again and then shifted back. The shift was already getting so much smoother than it had been with the collar. Just a few days and I was starting to feel like myself again. Not that I remembered what that felt like, but I felt whole. Truly and completely whole.

We followed after Reeve, Brynn slightly more subdued than he was before. He stayed close, nearly underfoot, and it was strictly my wolf's overprotective carefulness that kept him from getting trampled. I didn't mind though. I liked that he wanted to stay that close to me. My wolf was happy to watch his step in order to not hurt his mate.

We made it to the clearing. I hung right on the edge of the trees, like I promised Reeve, but even from there, I could see it. We'd made it. We were home.

The cabin, made out of real wood, sat in the middle of the clearing. The windows were boarded up, the door half on its hinges, and the weeds overgrown. Ivy grew up the side of the drain, and I couldn't imagine how clogged it was. At least I couldn't see any holes in the roof.

Reeve turned to us and buried his snout first into Brynn's tiny neck and then mine, scenting both of us. I did it back to him as Brynn rubbed up against his hind leg. Then he gave me one last look before he was gone.

As soon as Reeve hit the property line, Brynn shifted. "Sorry, I'm too nervous to stay as my rabbit. I'd probably fucking bolt, and I know that's a bad idea." I huffed and licked his bare stomach. Brynn just laughed and buried his hands into my fur. It felt so good.

"You stay as a wolf in case Reeve needs you. I'm just gonna babble a whole bunch."

Reeve had turned the corner, examining the back of the property. We couldn't see him, and immediately I was on high alert.

Brynn knelt next to me and wrapped his arms around me as much as he could manage. "It's okay, Wolfy." I huffed at the nickname. Wolfy? Really he couldn't think of anything better. Brynn ignored me entirely, "I can still feel him." He removed his hand and clutched his chest, indicating the bond. "I know you can, too. Just focus on that. You'll know he's safe."

I let some of my weight lean into my tiny mate, knowing he could handle it. He was so strong. Even if he did babble a lot.

"First thing I'm doing once we know we're safe is finding somewhere where I can get a big ass bowl of spaghetti. I haven't had a decent carb in forever." Then he wrinkled his nose, "Okay, maybe second thing. First thing is showering. Does this place have plumbing?"

I dipped my head. I had no idea. It did before. There was running water and plumbing and a solar panel system that would let us run electricity off the grid. But I had no fucking clue if any of it still worked. What were the chances our uncle was still

maintaining it for us after all these years?

Reeve must've entered the cabin from the back, because before I could really start to worry, he was walking out, through the front door, naked and human. He was grinning as he waved us forward. "It's safe."

"Thank fuck," Brynn whispered, the relief obvious. Then he was running toward Reeve, and I was right behind him. Brynn threw himself at Reeve, who easily caught him with a laugh. He kissed him soundly before putting him down and coming to me. He cupped my face with both hands, like he would when I was human, his dark eyes bright with emotion. "We did it, Riv. We're fucking here."

Suddenly, I was desperate to shift back, and Brynn and Reeve were taking the duffle bag off me so I could without ruining everything. As soon as it was tossed in the high grass by Reeve's feet, I shifted. I did it so fast I was dizzy, but I didn't care. Reeve had tears streaming down his face. Big happy tears.

"We did it?" I repeated, still having a hard time believing it, "It's safe? It's okay?"

He took my hand and squeezed, and then grabbed Brynn's hand. "It's more than okay. Uncle Zeke, he must've..." Reeve trailed off, choked up. He shook his head. "Well, let's just go inside. You'll see."

Even knowing only good things waited for us inside, my nerves got the better of me as I followed him. I couldn't imagine what he was so happy about. The outside was a mess. I guess as long as it was all in one piece, it was good. We had shelter. The rest would come with time. None of us were afraid of hard work—

While the outside looked exactly how I expected a property that had been neglected for a decade to look, the inside was anything but. The bare bones cabin that we bought was completely renovated. Polished hardwood floors covered the open space

with faux fur rugs thrown over it for warmth. The kitchen, which if I remembered correctly was literally just a hollowed out space with the piping necessary for a stove and sink, looked practically brand new. A sparkling stove and oven, a double sink, an oversized stainless steel fridge, and even a fucking dishwasher. A dishwasher. I'd never had one of those in my life.

I stood frozen to the spot, taking it all in. It was furnished too, with an oversized leather couch in the living room, some empty bookshelves, and a TV mounted to the wall. There was a big wooden table in the space for dining. Barstools at the counter.

“What the fuck?” I muttered, having no other words.

Reeve and Brynn seemed just as lost for words as me. All three of us stood, squeezing hands so tightly I thought I was going to lose circulation, completely shell shocked.

Finally, Reeve shook his head, like he was coming out of shock. “I-I don't know. There was a letter in the kitchen, but I haven't opened it. The bedrooms and bathrooms are done, too. The second bedroom, it's made as a nest.” He glanced at Brynn, “I don't know if Uncle Zeke was thinking of Rella or what, it's basic now, but you can add anything to it you want, change whatever...” Reeve was babbling, nervous.

Brynn stopped it with a kiss to his cheek. “I never had a nest at all. Whatever it is, it will be special. This is really it? This is ours?”

I cupped his chin, bringing his face to me. Brynn also had tears running down his face, and I couldn't imagine what he was thinking. It had been so long since any of us had a home, and even if I thought this cabin could eventually become it, I thought we'd be living rough for a long time. But now...

I felt dizzy.

Brynn seemed to sense it. “How bout you two sit, and I’ll see if there’s anything to eat here. Then we can read the note. See what’s what.”

It was as good of a plan as any. Reeve and I leaned on each other, both on shaky legs, and somehow made it to the soft leather couch. I almost felt bad sitting on it with my filthy body, but...it was leather. It would be easy to clean.

I closed my eyes, just soaking in the buttery soft fabric. Had I ever sat on something so soft before? Where had Uncle Zeke even gotten all this?

I let my thoughts drift as I leaned into Reeve and took strength from him. I opened one eye, just to keep an eye on Brynn as he practically skipped into the kitchen and started opening cabinets and cupboards.

None of this made sense. Uncle Zeke hadn’t visited us once in prison. He never even showed up to the trial. I kind of figured that he sold the property and took off with our money. Not this... Unless of course he was living here, but then why not fix the front up, too?

Soon Brynn came back with two sleeves of crackers, a can of Spam, and...a package of Oreos? What the fuck.

“It looks like it’s only non-perishable food, which makes sense if he had no idea when y’all would be back.” Or if we’d be back. Brynn flopped on the couch, making space for himself between Reeve and me. We both scooted over, loving the idea of our mate between us. He handed Reeve the Spam with a wrinkled nose before diving right into the Oreos.

He unscrewed the cookie and immediately started to lick at the creme in the center.

The way his eyes rolled back in his head was obscene, and if I wasn't stressing about the letter, I'd be hard watching him.

He froze, the cookie halfway to his lips. "What? I haven't had one of these in ages."

"Nothing, sweetness. Glad to see you enjoying yourself."

Brynn narrowed his eyes but then shrugged and finished his cookie. After he ate three of them, he held the letter up.

"Who wants to read it?"

"You," Reeve and I said at the same time.

Brynn rolled his eyes. "Please don't do that all the time. It's freaky. You sure you want me to read it first?"

"Yeah. I'm half afraid this is some sick joke, and the note will say he sold it, and we better get the fuck outta here now." Reeve put some of my own fears into thoughts.

Brynn shot him a sympathetic smile before opening the letter. I squeezed my eyes shut, unable to look. What was taking him so long? Was there a lot to it?

Finally, he spoke. "Do you want me to read it out loud? It's good. I promise."

I glanced at Reeve, and we both nodded.

"Okay." Brynn took a deep breath and then started.

"Reeve and Riven, I'm sorry I wasn't there for you during the trial, or after. Or there for you growing up. My relationship with the Obsidian...is complicated, and I



couldn't risk them getting to me. It was selfish. I should've taken the three of you with me, but at the time, I could barely take care of myself. I thought it was the right thing. It's one of the biggest regrets I have, living on the fringes and abandoning the three of you. If I could do things differently, I would. But that's neither here nor there. I'll never earn your forgiveness, and I've made peace with that.

When you came to me to find this property, I thought that was my chance to make amends. Of course, it didn't work out that way. I know you may never see this note or see the cabin. This may have been a huge waste of time, money, and emotional breakthroughs, but on the off chance that you may eventually get free and find your way here, I wanted to do this for you. It probably sounds insane, and most of the time I feel that way when I'm working in here, but something, some kind of feeling, told me to do this, so here I am. I come by once a month to clean up any spiderwebs, replace expired cans, and check the pipes. I left the outside the way it was in case anyone stumbled by this place. I hoped it would keep people away, and so far it's worked. If you do find your way here and don't want to speak to me, just put a plant on the porch. If I see that, I'll leave, and I won't bother you again. If you can find it in you to talk to me, well then, I guess we'll see. Chances are this letter's just gonna sit here and collect dust.

Anyway, I hope you're happy with the renovations. I keep the water, internet, and electricity running. I even have subscription services in my name already loaded on the TV. If you do come here, don't worry about putting them in your name. You'll have much bigger things to worry about.

The nesting room, well that was a whim. Hopefully you'll be able to make use of it eventually.

Anyway, that's that. For what it's worth I'm really sorry for being a shitty fucking uncle all your lives, and I hope you eventually find happiness.

Love,

Uncle Zeke

Brynn put down the letter, and I burst into tears, Reeve right behind me.

### CHAPTER 20

brYNN

The bond was a wild thing. Not only was my own heart hurting watching my alphas cry and deal with the whiplash they felt from reading the letter from their uncle, but I could physically feel their emotions bouncing off the bond like a tornado, hurricane, and earthquake all rolled into one. At some point very soon, we'd need to figure out how to tamp this down, because I wasn't sure feeling each other to this degree was sustainable, but at the moment, all I could worry about was how to make my alphas better.

I couldn't imagine what they were going through. Thinking they were all alone, all this time while deep in the shadows, their uncle was secretly supporting them? I tried to imagine what I'd feel if I suddenly learned my mom set aside somewhere for me to be safe but never told me, never came to find me. Honestly, I'd probably be pissed. Where was she for all those years when I was struggling to survive, when I needed her the most?

Somewhere in the whirlwind of emotions the twins were feeling there was definitely anger. Or at least I was pretty sure it was theirs and not mine, sometimes it was hard to tell. They were pissed that their uncle took the cowardly way out. He didn't stand up for them when they were all alone facing a daunting sentence, the betrayal of their sister, and the full weight of the most powerful gang in the city. Instead, he fixed up a house that they'd probably never see.

Though, I had to say he did an awesome job. I never lived somewhere this nice in my

life, and the nest...I couldn't even think about that without being on the verge of tears. I never even dreamed of having a nest to call my own before. It was intimidating and would take some time to get used to.

I turned to my two mates who still looked fucking shell-shocked, staring at nothing. I twisted so I was on my knees between them on the couch and facing them, I cupped each of their faces.

“What do you need from me?”

Reeve came to life first, blinking slowly. He covered my hand with his. “Just this. You. Just being here is enough.”

“I'll always be here.” As I said the words I was struck by the truth of them. This was where I was meant to be, with Riven and Reeve. Not because I would've died without the mating bond or because we were running from the law. Deep down in that most primitive part of me, the one I spent a lifetime ignoring, I knew we were three parts of a whole. Reeve and Riven were mine, and I was theirs. Just admitting it settled inside me, like a warm blanket, and I smiled, feeling at peace and happy for the first time in forever.

Reeve cupped my cheek and brought his lips to mine in a deep kiss. I could feel everything through it as he dominated my mouth. I pulled away for air, and then Riven was there kissing me with as much passion and the kind of enthusiasm I associated with him.

“Fuck, I need both of you,” I breathed into his mouth. Reeve's teeth grazed my neck over the mating bites.

A hand cupped my ass cheek, spreading it, fingers pressed up against my hole. My dick was still mostly soft, but that was okay. I rocked my hips forward, whining when

my cock felt nothing but air. I wanted their hands on it, but since neither were paying it any attention, I decided to take matters into my own hands, literally. I hadn't even gotten halfway there when Riven reacted, and suddenly I was on my stomach on his lap, my dick trapped between his legs.

He squeezed my ass cheek in warning. "I don't think so, little rabbit. That sweet cock belongs to us. If you want to get off, you go through us." Riven spit on his hand and then wrapped it around my dick, coating it so there was less friction, and then he squeezed his thighs around my cock, creating a tight fit.

It took my brain precious seconds to snap online, but when it finally did, when I finally realized what he wanted me to do...holy fuck. My cheeks heated with humiliation, but I was already thickening, and a tiny trail of slick leaked out of my hole. In the few sexual interactions we'd had so far, Reeve was always the more dominant one, so to see Riven take over like that? It pushed all my buttons.

Reeve tugged my hair. "What are you waiting for, sweetness? Hump Riv's thighs for us."

My moan was embarrassing but not as embarrassing as how quickly and enthusiastically I followed his order, fucking into the tight space between Riv's thighs.

Riven and Reeve both sucked in a breath at the exact same moment, and if I wasn't already so lost in desperation I would've laughed. Riv's thumb breached my hole the next time I thrust up, and Reeve's fingers curled in my hair.

Suddenly I was very aware of Reeve's dick, that was just inches from my face and now standing at attention, hard and angry. Reeve was lightly fisting it but that wasn't enough. I needed to get my mouth on it. I tried to reach for it, stretching with my tongue all the way out, but the angle just wasn't working. I cried out in frustration

even as Riven's thumb reached the knuckle, but it wasn't enough, nothing was enough.

Reeve flashed me a sympathetic look, patting my hair. "What's the matter, sweetness? Do you need something?"

"Ugh, I need your cock! Please, Reeve. Please alpha!" I wasn't above begging, anything to get it in my mouth immediately.

His thumb brushed across my cheek. "Such a needy little thing."

Thank fuck he didn't tease any longer, because I probably would've screamed. He adjusted his position so he was kneeling on the couch cushion, and then he was guiding my head onto his cock head, and I could cry from happiness.

"Fuck, Brynn," Riven whispered, almost worshipful. He had replaced his thumb with two deliciously thick digits. It wasn't as good as his cock, but I'd take it, as I picked up my pace, fucking his thighs with everything I had.

Reeve was controlling my head, moving it in the rhythm he wanted and whispering nonsense praise. He kept his hips mostly still, using my mouth as a cocksleeve, his hips only rocking occasionally mostly involuntarily. Riven's free hand wrapped around his cock.

"C'mon, sweetness, come all over my brother. Show us how desperate you are."

I cried around his cock just as it touched the back of my throat. I nearly gagged but managed to get a hold of it. Riven twisted his fingers inside me, nailing my prostate. Reeve's hips faltered, and I got a taste of his salty precum.

It was too much. Sensory fucking overload. My eyes rolled in the back of my head,

and then I was coming all over the really nice leather couch and Riven's thigh.

It was a chain reaction. My throat constricted around Reeve's cock, and then he was shooting down my throat, his fingers tightening in my hair, burning beautifully. I could watch him chase his pleasure all fucking day, the way his eyes fluttered closed, the way his lips parted slightly, and how he panted silently. The way his abs flexed. I vowed to memorize each moment and make sure he repeated that exact look over and over.

Then I could no longer pay attention to anything, because he had a huge fucking load, and it took all my concentration to focus on swallowing as much as I could. Underneath me, Riven thrust up, fucking his own cock, and causing my poor over sensitive dick to get even more friction, and then his warm release was covering my side and my back.

I couldn't see his face from this angle, but I would. I'd memorize his expressions as well. It suddenly became my life goal, to give these two men as much pleasure as I could manage.

Reeve slipped out of my mouth and fell back into a sitting position. Just in time too, because I couldn't keep my head up for another second. I all but collapsed into his lap. Smiling softly as he immediately began playing with my hair. Riven removed his fingers from inside me, but I didn't get a chance to complain before he was scooping up his release from my side and then pushing it inside my hole.

I closed my eyes, completely happy and satisfied and stuffed full.

I must've dozed off, because next thing I knew, I was in Riven's arms. "Mhmmmm," I complained while also burying my head into Riv's neck and latching on.

He chuckled and patted my flank. "Just getting cleaned up, little rabbit. Then we'll

get some sleep. We can deal with everything tomorrow.”

That sounded perfect to me.

I was suddenly exhausted and more than content to let Riven and Reeve handle everything. I only opened my eyes enough to take in a small but very clean bathroom and a walk-in shower that definitely wasn't big enough for all three of us. I closed my eyes again. I'd let them figure it out.

My eyes snapped open when warm water hit my back, and Riven had the audacity to try and put me on my feet. I tightened my hold around him and latched onto his neck even harder. I heard someone laughing, but I wasn't sure who.

“Just hold him, Riv. I'll get him cleaned, then wash myself real quick. Then we'll switch so you can shower.” Sounded perfect to me.

I let myself drift as a warm soap washcloth rinsed me off. I didn't even fully wake up when fingers entered my hole again, “just to get me clean.” At some point they did switch, because it was Reeve who was carrying me out of the bathroom and drying me with a really soft towel. None of us bothered with clothes, hell I didn't even know what we had in the way of clothes. He just put me in the middle of a bed and wrapped the covers around me.

The bed shifted, and Reeve pulled away.

“Don't leave,” I cried.

There was a soft sound, and then chapped lips kissing the side of my head. “Shh, sweetness. I was just going to check on Riven.”

I guess that was okay. I didn't want Riven to feel left out.



“I don’t feel left out, baby. I’m right here.” Riven? Wait, did I say that out loud?

“We really fucked him out, huh?” Was that Reeve? It was getting harder to tell them apart, which sucked, because I always wanted to be able to tell them apart.

“Shh, sweetness, just rest. We’re right here.”

The bed dipped again, and then two strong sets of arms were around me. I was surrounded by the scent of caramel and apple and some generic soap, and it was fucking perfect. If I could sleep like this every night, I’d die happy.

I was vaguely aware of my mouth latching onto something, and one of the twin’s breath hitched, but I was already too lost in sleep to worry about it.

### CHAPTER 21

#### REEVE

My hands curled around the tiny piece of plastic. It was so fucking unassuming, but it meant everything. This piece of plastic was my new identity, and along with the manilla folder full of documents, was my new chance of life. Reeve Barlowe. I didn't love the last name, but it was the most common wolf shifter surname so I got why Laurent chose it for our new identities. I was glad he didn't give us new first names. It would've been confusing, and we were lucky that our names were generic as fuck in the shifter world. I went to school with four other Reeves. The twin thing would be harder, but Laurent insisted this was all a formality anyway.

The best part about the new names was Brynn's. I grinned as he stared dumbfounded at his new ID Brynnmawr Barlowe . Laurent gave him our last name. It was such a human thing, taking the last name of their partner, but I secretly loved it. Not only would he wear our bites, but he shared our name.

"Everything you need to know is in there," Laurent gestured to the envelope, "Reeve and Riven, you start next week working at the construction company I told you about. The address and information are also in the folder. I figured with your experience that was the easiest call. Brynn, I wasn't sure what you wanted to do, so for now I got you a job at the coffee shop on the shifter side of Pearl City. But if you hate it, we'll find you something else."

Our poor mate looked like he was about to collapse. "N-no, that sounds good, at least for now. Thanks."

It had been almost three weeks since we found our cabin, and we'd just been lying low and waiting for Laurent to show up so we could start our new lives. He had told us there were some complications, which was why it took so long. Food had showed up after two days though, delivered by a young kid who had no idea what was going on and was pretty freaked about delivering to a cabin in the middle of the woods. Still we were grateful, because we were nearly out of the non-perishables Uncle Zeke had stocked in here. And Riv and I may have been wolves, but we'd lived all our life in the city and then in jail, hunting wasn't our specialty. Plus Brynn couldn't eat anything we hunted. We needed real food. We were on the verge of braving a trip to the nearest city, Pearl City, for supplies when the food showed up. Like everything that had happened since Brynn showed up in our lives, I couldn't help but consider the Goddess had a hand in it. If she had been meddling, it was to our advantage, and I was grateful.

Laurent hadn't explained what the complications were, or how long he'd be, but after the food situation was handled, the three of us took advantage of every minute of those three weeks just getting to know each other and solidifying the bond. I never had so much sex in my life.

It wasn't just about sex, either. We took long walks through the woods surrounding our home, just holding hands and talking. We found some paint in an old shed behind the cabin, and Brynn took it upon himself to paint the plain white walls in each room. Except the nest. He still hadn't braved checking that one out yet.

We also spent a ton of time in our animal forms. After being locked out of them for so long, Riv and I needed the time to reconnect, and spending it with our little rabbit only made it better. We went on runs, exploring the property, or sometimes just cuddled up, scenting and snuggling.

Every night the three of us climbed into the bed in the main bedroom, with Brynn in between us, naked. That first night we were here when Brynn latched his perfect lips

around Riven's nipple and began sucking, it took us all both by surprise. When Brynn woke up he seemed to have no idea what he did and was shocked and embarrassed by the swollen and red skin around Riv's nipple.

After Riv reassured him he was okay with it, and spent the night very hard, it became a thing. Sometimes it was Riv he sucked on, sometimes me, sometimes he switched in the middle of the night. None of us seemed to know why he did, but just knowing we could provide that comfort for our mate was enough.

Once a week, more groceries were delivered, but that was the only contact we had. The number we had been given on the burner phone for Laurent had been disconnected, and he didn't reach out.

Despite that, we fell into a rhythm over those times, and I stopped looking over my shoulder every second or wondering if and when Laurent would show up.

Then the man himself appeared out of nowhere, about twenty minutes ago, unannounced, and had been dropping bomb after bomb since then.

"And it's safe for us to do this? I know Pearl City isn't Ashbrook, but it's not that far. Surely they can find us here?" Riven asked, not for the first time since Laurent introduced us to our apparent new lives. I didn't blame him. I needed reassurance, too. I kind of expected to be forced to be hunkered down in our cabin, hunting in our animal forms for most of our food, and only sneaking into the city for necessities we couldn't manage while shifted. But Laurent made it seem like we could live freely.

"Yes. I'm not saying that there is never a chance that they may come for you. But that was part of the reason it took me so long to get here. Let's just say it's within the warden's great interest not to pursue you."

I frowned, "But it's not only the warden that has a say. What about the cops or the

government? They don't just usually let fugitives go."

Laurent smiled, but it was cold and gave me the chills. "They do when someone threatens to expose an illegal trafficking and kidnapping ring that had been going on with the permission and involvement of not only the mayor of Ashbrook, but the chief of police and the governor. I allowed them to keep their jobs, and they let the three of you go and shut down the ring. As far as the world is concerned, Reeve and Riven Balthazar died during a prison riot, and no one has seen Brynn in well over a month. Word on the street was that you finally got the nerve to leave. Or you gave in and went in with one of the pimps. It seems pretty divided."

Brynn snorted. "Of course."

"Either way," Laurent continued, "You should be safe to live your life. I'd still keep your head down and try not to get into any trouble. But I truly hope the three of you get the fresh start you deserve."

I met Laurent's eyes, overcome with emotion. I would never understand why he did this for us. He said this was just what he did, trying to save omegas and others in bad situations, but still, he didn't have to take a chance on Riv and me, and he did. Whenever I dared to imagine being free, I never pictured this.

He smiled softly, like he understood everything that was going on in my brain. Riven, who had been pacing the living room of our cabin suddenly stopped, grabbed Brynn around the waist and dragged him to the couch to sit on his lap. His hands were shaking and his knee was bouncing up and down.

Ignoring Laurent's curious looks, I sat next to my brother and squeezed his nape in a gesture so familiar, we both immediately relaxed. "We'll be okay." I told him, squeezed again. I wanted to bite him, leave my mark and help settle him. It wasn't something I'd done in my human body since we were kids, but suddenly, I was

overcome with the desire to do just that.

Riv met my eyes, feeling the change in the air. Evidently, so did Laurent.

“Alright. I’ll leave you three to it. The bag on the table has some more clothes and necessities, as well as three cell phones. The plan is covered, so don’t worry about that. My number is programmed in all of them. My real number, not the one I gave you earlier. If you need anything, call, but try to leave it to emergencies, eh?”

“Sure,” I said, once again feeling overwhelmed. It was becoming a familiar sensation since we escaped. “Thank you for everything.”

Laurent smiled sincerely, his bright eyes glowing. “Of course. It’s nice to see the happy sometimes. Anyway!” he said too enthusiastically, “There will be one more food delivery. After that, you should be good to get your own food and supplies. You’ll see the information for your new bank account as well as debit cards in the folder. Your jobs already have the direct deposit information, but there should be enough to hold you over till you get paid.”

Brynn stood up, and we all followed. “I don’t think we could ever repay you for all this,” he told Laurent sincerely.

He waved away the thanks. “You don’t need to. That’s not why I do this.”

“Why do you?” I asked. I’d been wondering that since the beginning.

Laurent’s expression shuttered. “That doesn’t matter.” Oh, okay.

“Well if you don’t have any further questions, I’ll be taking my leave,” he said, suddenly stiff. Message received. Don’t ask anything personal.

We all said goodbye, Brynn giving Laurent a really awkward hug, and then he disappeared. Literally. He waved his hand, and then he was gone, leaving us all alone and only with a pile of paperwork and new licenses that proved any of this was real.

“So that happened,” Brynn whispered, still staring at the spot.

I wrapped my arms around him and kissed over his mating bites. “It’s hard to believe any of this happened,” I told him honestly.

“Do you think we’ll ever get used to it?” Riv asked, joining us by wrapping his arms around Brynn’s front and resting his head on my chest. “I mean, I keep waiting for the cops to just burst down our door every second. Can we really trust that this is real? Do we really get this?”

I kissed the top of his head and then Brynn’s. “I’m not sure we’ll ever get fully used to it, but yeah, I think we can trust it’s real. After a life of being shit on, I think all three of us deserve this, don’t you think?”

Brynn snorted. “Can you never use that phrase ever again, please, cause eww.” We all laughed before he continued, “But gross images aside, we definitely deserve this. I never thought I’d ever get any of this. Not just a house and a chance at a real job and future, but mates...love.” The last word was practically whispered, but I heard it and by the way Riv’s eyes widened, so did he. We hadn’t used the ‘L’ word yet, even if I’d felt it since we were still in jail. Brynn was always the most hesitant out of all of us, and we wanted to give him time to adjust. A lot of the whole situation was beyond his control, and he needed the chance to come to his own decisions. So we stayed patient. But now...

Riven backed up enough just so he could tilt Brynn’s face up to meet his eyes. “What was that? We couldn’t hear you.”

Brynn rolled his eyes. “Oh, shut up. You heard me just fine. I love you. Both of you.” Before either of us could say anything he added, “Don’t make a big deal about it.”

I grinned. Feisty little mate. “No big deal at all. But I love you too, sweetness.”

“Me too,” Riven added quickly. “We both love you.”

Brynn couldn’t help the smile even if he tried to look grumpy. Eventually he gave up and threw himself at us, and that was how we spent our first day as Barlowes, wrapped around each other and showing just how much we were in love.



### EPILOGUE

brYNN

### ONE MONTH LATER

I waited a full ten minutes after my mates left for work before I got up from where I was sitting at the counter and drinking my tea. Sometimes they came back in, either because they forgot something or even once because Riven got the uncontrollable need to scent me more before he left for work. So I learned to wait before I did what I did next.

I was being kinda ridiculous. I couldn't tell you why I was keeping this from my mates, only that it felt so personal that I wanted it for myself. At least for a little while. They'd be part of it eventually, but for now it was mine. Only mine. And it didn't matter that deep in my brain I knew they'd understand and respect my wishes on this and not intrude without permission, I still hid it from them.

That was why I always felt a little guilty when I finally snuck into my nest after they left for work. As far as the twins knew, I still hadn't gone into the nest room. They asked me about it a couple times when we first got here, and I always brushed them off, so they stopped asking.

The first time I went in was about a week after Laurent gave us our new identities. I was fucking terrified. It might have only been a room, but it meant so much more than that. Omegas on TV or in books always acted like their nest was part of their personality. It was supposed to be an innate part of being an omega, and I had been

denied that my whole life. It was hard to accept it was real.

But after weeks of stopping in front of the closed door, not quite daring to open it, I finally got the courage to do so. I waited until Reeve and Riven left for their job, mainly because I was afraid I'd panic, and then I opened the door.

Their uncle's letter was right. It was fairly generic. A pit was built into the middle of the room with a comfortable looking mattress inside. The pit itself wasn't dug in, but instead sides were built around it, giving the illusion of it being lower than the floor. A pile of soft looking sheets and blankets were folded neatly in the corner and next to it was an array of pillows of different sizes and shapes. I walked over to the pillows and picked them up. They smelled like fabric softener.

Over the next month, I had been slowly making the nest mine. It started by me scenting all the pillows and blankets, finding my favorites and discarding the rest. They didn't smell like my alphas though, so I brought them into our room, one at a time and snuck them in bed with us. If they noticed, they didn't say anything.

It still wasn't enough, so one day when I was doing laundry, I picked up one of Reeve's construction hoodies from the hamper, and instead of washing it, I brought it to my nest. I needed something that was Riv's too, so his long sleeve shirt he did yard work in ended up in the nest. They did notice those were missing, but I played innocent.

Other things somehow found their way into my nest; one of Reeve's belts, Riven's favorite book that bought for me because he thought I'd like it. There was also a painting that had been on the walls of the coffee shop I worked at. I managed to sweet talk my boss into giving it to me after a lot of fake grumbling. Even the original burner phone Laurent had given us was buried under all the pillows and blankets. In fact, all the original clothes that were in the duffel found their place in the organized chaos. I acquired some other stuff, too. A really soft fleece blanket I found at the

store across from the coffee shop. Two oversized black wolf plushies with blue eyes and a much smaller gray rabbit one. The small dresser that had been in the room was painted a dark hunter green, and the walls a softer slightly lighter version of the color. I covered up the paint fumes by also painting the backsplash in the kitchen the same day.

It was a lot of work, a lot of sneaking and a lot of guilt, but finally it was done. Finally, the nest was mine . It was time to tell my mates. I looked around the room, making sure it was perfect. It smelled like us, and still faintly like paint, but I couldn't wait for my mates to really make their mark in here.

Before nerves got the better of me, I pulled out my phone. I had already taken the day off work to prepare for this. My fingers shook as I typed the text in our group chat.

Brynn:

Hey, what time are y'all working till today?

I didn't expect them to answer right away; they were busy. But it only took a few minutes before Reeve is typing showed up on the bottom of the chat.

Reeve:

The job is almost done so we should be home around 1. Why, what's wrong, sweetness? Do you need us to come back?

I smiled, even as I rolled my eyes. My mates were so overdramatic.

Brynn:

Everything's fine. I have a surprise for you both. But it can wait. Have a good day at

work and be safe. I'll see you when you get back.

I swallowed and waited, wondering what they would say to that. Would they question why I wasn't at work?

Finally Riven started typing.

Riven:

I look forward to our surprise. Love you and miss you already.

My stomach fluttered with butterflies. Riven loved to say that Reeve was the more sentimental one of them, but he sure had plenty of moments of sweetness. My cheeks were burning as I responded. Even after a month of them constantly expressing their love to me, it was still something I struggled to get used to. I still couldn't believe it was real.

Brynn:

Love you, too.

I threw my phone down on the mattress, face down before I ended up spending the rest of the day staring at it. I still had plenty to do before they got home. I ran out of my nest and to the bedroom so I could shower. I had more planned than them seeing the nest, and I wanted to be clean inside and out when it happened.

RIVEN

I glanced at Reeve as I sat in the passenger side of the old truck we'd bought shortly after starting our new jobs. Having to shift and run to the job got old really quickly. We tried to get Brynn a car too, but he completely balked and still shifted and kept a lock box with his uniform and other necessities at the local bus station. Apparently in Pearl City, they made some allowances for shifters like keeping private places for us to change and somewhere to store belongings. It was one of the many differences between the city we all grew up in and this one.

"Calm down," Reeve told me, sensing my nerves, even as his fingers drummed against the steering wheel. "He said everything was fine."

"Yeah, but why do you think he didn't go to work? Do you think he's finally ready to show us his nest?"

Our little mate seemed to think we didn't realize he had been slowly building his nest the past few weeks. I'm not sure how he thought we wouldn't notice all our stuff going missing or the paint fumes coming from behind the closed door. He was keeping it from us, and while it hurt a little, I understood he had his reasons. I was trying very hard to be patient and wait for him to share it with us.

Reeve's eyes flashed blue. "Maybe. But if it's not, don't push him. He'll share when he's ready."

I threw my head against the headrest. "Ugh. I just wish he'd show us already. He has to know we'll love whatever he did with it."

Reeve put his hand on the center console, palm up. I happily took the offer, relaxing slightly when he squeezed. “It’s more than that, Riv. He explained a bit. He never had this before. Give him time.”

“Hmmmfff.” Like he wasn’t as anxious about it as I was. Reeve grinned, knowing my thoughts. Still, I tried my best to be patient. He wasn’t the only one still reeling from all this. We decided to talk to Uncle Zeke whenever he came back. If nothing else, then for closure. He hadn’t shown up though, and we were starting to get worried. If he really came once a month, he was well past due. We had been considering contacting Laurent to see if he could find him but so far hadn’t gained the courage. We also had been steadfastly avoiding the conversation of Rella. We’d get there eventually.

Being free was harder than expected. Pearl City was a lot, and I was thrilled most of our construction jobs kept us out of it. The first time Reeve and I went to visit Brynn at work I had a panic attack. There was just...too much. Reeve seemed to be handling crowds better than me, but he couldn’t keep the bedroom or bathroom door closed, as he had a hard time in tight spaces. And the first time we walked past a cop he ended up puking behind our construction site.

It would take time, for all of us. But we were patient with each other and were adjusting.

We finally arrived home. We had been slowly doing repairs outside, but we were taking our time with it. It became something of a family bonding time, especially after finding out that Brynn definitely wasn’t pregnant from his first heat. That was when we allowed him to go all out, and he seemed to really enjoy the work. Maybe once he was ready, he’d want to go into something in landscaping or gardening.

I shook the thoughts away. Now it was time to see what our mate was up to. We got out of the car and quickly hurried up to the front door and went inside.

Nothing looked different at first glance. It smelled like us and the tea Brynn really liked.

“Brynn?” Reeve called out.

There was a pause and then, “Read the damn note!”

I squinted in the direction his voice came from. Was that our room or the nest? I took a step in that direction until Reeve waved a folded piece of paper in front of my face. “The note.” He grinned, clearly amused by Brynn’s games.

He opened it, frowning slightly. “It says for us to take a shower and then wait for him in the hallway. Naked.”

My lips twitched. “Bossy.”

“You love it!” Brynn, who was doing a terrible job hiding, called out.

“I do!” I called back.

Reeve rolled his eyes and took my hand, dragging me into our bedroom...where Brynn was nowhere to be seen.

“Fuck, Reeve.” He squeezed my nape.

“I know. C’mon. Let’s not keep the boss waiting.”

We hurried through a shower. Both of us washed quickly but well. Then we brushed our teeth also, because, well, it seemed important.

Before I knew it we were standing naked in the hallway waiting for instructions.

“Okay, sweetness,” Reeve called out when he didn’t immediately appear, “We’re ready.”

There was another pause, and then the door to the nest opened, “Come in.”

I froze. After waiting for so long for Brynn to share with us what he was doing to his nest, it was finally happening. It felt so big, way too big to walk in naked with no ceremony.

“Um, I’m kind of freaking out over here,” Brynn said from just inside the doorway, his voice unsure. “Like I understand if you’re mad I kept this from you, but can you please come in at least, and we can—”

We didn’t let him finish before we were both barrelling toward the door, and almost got stuck trying to go in at the same time.

Brynn was standing just inside the doorway, looking down at his feet, his arms crossed over his bare chest. I’d never seen our omega look so unsure, and I needed to fix it immediately. Instantly Reeve and I were there and on our knees in front of our mate. Reeve cupped his cheeks as I took his hands.

“Sweetness, what’s wrong. Why do you feel scared?” We had gotten much better at controlling the flow of emotions through the bond, but sometimes it was harder than others, and it seemed like Brynn was struggling now. The bond was a mess of contradicting feelings but scared and guilt seemed to be the strongest.

“I-I should’ve told you what I was doing with the nest earlier. I didn’t mean to keep it from you, it just felt so personal, and then I started to get insecure and then—”

Reeve stopped our mate’s babbling with a kiss. At the same time, I latched down on the spot where our bites were, and Brynn’s knees nearly gave out. But we were there to keep him from falling.



I unlatched my canines, and Brynn flashed me a look of exasperated fondness, “You gotta give me some warning, baby. Otherwise that happens.” He waved at his legs.

“That’s okay, we’ll catch you.” He rolled his eyes but also snuggled close.

“I’m sorry,” he said again. “I wanted this to be a sexy surprise, but then my thoughts got the best of me and...yeah.”

“None of that. We’re not mad,” Reeve told him, his voice full of love and feeling.

Brynn wrinkled his face adorably. “You’re not?”

“No,” I repeated. “Do you feel anger through the bond?”

“Well no. But you two are way better at controlling it than I am.”

That was true. It was probably years of having to temper all our feelings during lockup, but it came in handy now.

“We’ve known you were doing something in here,” Reeve admitted, his own flash of guilt coming through the bond. “We never went in, though. We wouldn’t do that.”

“You knew!” Brynn took a step back, his legs banging against the ledge that went around his nest. It was the first time I really took in the room since we came in, too focused on our mate. I had taken a brief glimpse of it that first night, before it truly became Brynn’s, and I was amazed at all the work he did. It looked homey and peaceful. It looked like ours.

“Yeah,” I admitted, running my hands up and down his bare sides. “We wanted to wait until you were ready to tell us. We didn’t want to rush you.” My hands grazed some kind of waistband. I looked down, sort of embarrassed that I didn’t even notice what Brynn was wearing, even after he admitted this was supposed to be a sexy

surprise.

I pulled away just enough to look down and nearly lost it at the royal blue briefs he was wearing. They were mostly sheer, with a darker blue floral design. The fit was snug, making the outline of his cock and balls obvious.

“Goddess, did you wear this for us?”

Brynn nodded, his cheeks red. His tongue was peaking out of his lips, and I had a strong desire to nip at it. “Yeah, but then I ruined it.”

Reeve growled. “You ruined nothing, sweetness. Fuck, you look so good. Turn around for us?”

Brynn rewarded us with a small smile, and then did a slow turn, really putting on a show. He even finished it with an awkward little shimmy.

Reeve’s canine’s extended, and my eyes flashed blue. “Come here, little rabbit,” I all but growled. I couldn’t wait to bury my face in between those cheeks.

Brynn stopped me just as my fingers dipped below the waistband to pull down the briefs, “Wait!” I froze, eyes snapping to my mate.

“Sorry! I’m all about that plan. But—in the nest.”

He gestured to the pit. I finally climbed to my feet, and Reeve followed. The nest was a smorgasbord of colors and prints, blankets, pillows, plushies that looked disconcertingly like mine and Reeve’s wolves, and all the clothes that had mysteriously gone missing over the last month. It smelled like cinnamon and vanilla, and more faintly of caramel and apples, and I could not wait to take my mate inside that.

I went to pick him up, and again he stopped me. “Hang on, big guy. Let me say what I planned to say. I got all fucked up already, but, um this feels important.” I took one hand and Reeve took the other.

“What is it, sweetness? You know you can tell us anything.”

He sighed. “Yeah, I know. I um, I’ve been thinking, and the more I put my nest together the more it felt right. I want the two of you to bite me. Again.”

I tilted my head in confusion. “We bite you all the time.” Lovingly and consensually of course.

Brynn sighed again, this time heavily, “Not like that. Like a mate bond.” Before we could question if he was okay, because his two bonds shined like a beacon on his neck for the whole shifter world to see, he started talking again, “I know it won’t be real this time. But when you did it, nothing was in our control. We were all near death and being forced by a bunch of asshole humans. While I don’t regret it at all and am thrilled how my life turned out, I want to do it again, for us. The way it should’ve been like if we had control of the situation, and we were able to choose.” Then he met my eyes, “And this time, I’d really like you to knot me, Riv. That way I have the chance to feel each of you during the most special moment of my life.”

I was too dumbstruck to speak, beyond touched at my sweet mate’s thoughtfulness. I was completely fine with Reeve being the one to officially solidify the bond with Brynn, and I still was. I never felt left out, that wasn’t me. But now that Brynn had put the thought inside my head, I wanted it more than anything.

Reeve lightly kissed Brynn’s lips, his expression filled with love. “That is an amazing and thoughtful gesture, baby. I love the idea, and I know Riven does, too.”

Hearing my name brought my brain back on line. One second I was standing a few inches away from Brynn, and the next he was in my arms, bridal style, and I was

climbing the wall and into the nest. Reeve was right behind me, and by the time I had Brynn laid out like a feast for us, he was kneeling astride him, sucking on one nipple. Brynn arched his back—our omega loved nipple play both on him and sucking on ours—and since the other one was right there beautifully presented for me, I sucked it into my mouth.

“Fuck! Riven. Reeve.” Grinning, I gently teased the nipple with my teeth before licking and sucking down his body. Reeve was doing the same thing on the other side, as we worshiped our omega, giving him everything he didn’t get the first time around.

I nuzzled the soft fabric of the briefs and licked the wet spot where our omega’s dick leaked freely. The scent of slick filled the air, and one hand sliding down the back of his briefs showed that he was leaking freely from there as well.

“Fuck, you’re so ready for us.”

Brynn nodded, already a little lust drunk. “T-take them off. I have one more surprise for you.”

We didn’t need to be told twice. We almost ripped off the underwear trying to get it off him. “Let me see that pretty hole, sweetness,” Reeve said gruffly. “What other surprises do you have for us?”

With a small moan, Brynn put his hands under his knees and put them to his chest, exposing his hole for us...and the royal blue gemstone that was planted firmly in between his cheeks.

“Fuuuuck.”

“So fucking beautiful, baby,” I whispered, nearly reverently. I almost didn’t want to touch it, but also couldn’t resist. My fingers barely brushed it before Brynn was

keening. How large was this plug? I needed to fucking know.

“It’s the color of your wolves’ eyes,” he admitted a little sheepishly, “So was the underwear.”

We were both kissing Brynn now, fighting each other for a chance at his mouth, covering his body and his neck with dirty kisses when the other one was controlling his mouth. It was too much. It was everything.

“This was the best surprise. We love you so much,” Reeve said, nipping at his lip.

“I love you both, too.”

At some point during the kissing fest, Brynn released his legs, so I gently brought them back up, and he held them again. Reeve was already playing with the plug, pushing it in and out, twisting it. I watched, fascinated, as slick leaked freely out every time Reeve pushed it back in.

“Ahh, fuck. Shit. Alpha!” Poor Brynn cried out, his legs shaking. He looked ready to explode already, but I wanted it to happen when he was locked on my knot.

“If you keep teasing him, he’ll come before we’re ready.” My voice was gruff, my wolf very close to the surface.

Reeve just shrugged, a sadistic smile on his face. “He’ll come again. Our omega is always ready to spill.” He wasn’t wrong.

I decided not to worry about it anymore, but I did lightly push Reeve’s hand away. I was tired of teasing. I had been imagining feasting on Brynn’s hole from the second I saw him in these briefs, and I was all out of patience.

I tugged on the base of the plug, pulling it out, likely rougher than I should, but then

Brynn screamed, and he was shooting his first load untouched.

Reeve attacked, licking up our mate's cum like it was the most delicious dessert. By the time he pulled off, Brynn was already thickening for round two.

Reeve laughed. "See, I told you we'll get him to come more than once."

I hummed thoughtfully as I lowered onto my elbows and spread Brynn's gaping hole even more. "I wonder how many times we can make our little rabbit orgasm." And then my tongue was in his hole.

"Fuck," Reeve cursed quietly. He leaned over me, kissing our omega, who could probably taste his own release. So fucking hot. Then his finger was tracing the rim, so close to my tongue I could probably taste it...

"Ahhh, oh Goddess. Riven!" I grinned, going deeper before meeting Brynn's dazed gaze between his thighs. "So delicious. Like slick and sweetness."

I never thought I'd be able to stop Brynn mid-eyeroll, but I somehow managed as I went back to rimming him.

"Goddess. Damn it. Feels so good. Alpha, please! I need more. I need your knot! Please. Please. Please."

I met Reeve's eyes who smiled softly at me before nodding. It was all I needed. I sat up on my knees, hiking Brynn up so his legs were resting on my shoulders. Reeve hissed, squeezing his cock, his gaze hungry. I just smiled lazily, lined up and pushed inside my mate.

"So sexy," Reeve whispered, awed. "I love watching the two of you together. So fucking perfect."

He kissed up our sweet mate's body, leaving a trail of love bites up his rib cage and onto his collar bone. I watched, mesmerized, as I sank fully home. This was one time I wished we didn't heal so quickly. I wanted our marks to stay on Brynn for a long time.

I leaned forward, nearly folding Brynn in half. Reeve chuckled. "Thank Goddess for flexible mates."

Brynn didn't get a chance to reply with a snarky remark, because I pulled out to my tip and then slammed back in. After that, it was just a whole bunch of babbling and cursing, tears streaming down his face.

Then the babbling stopped altogether, because Reeve sat on his face and Brynn's mouth was otherwise occupied.

"Goddess, I love you so much," I whispered. "Both of you." Reeve looked at me through hooded eyes. We didn't say that we loved each other nearly enough. He knew, but he deserved to hear the words as much as Brynn.

"I love you, too. Love both of you."

Reeve let up on Brynn, just enough for him to gasp, "I'm coming," and then our omega came untouched, for the second time in minutes.

"Fucking hell." Reeve knelt over Brynn's face and started to pump his dick aggressively. I picked up the pace.

"So close, little rabbit," I told him. "Gonna fill you with my knot and make you mine. Again."

"Ungh," Reeve staggered, and then without any other warning his orgasm hit him full force, shooting all over Brynn's face.

Our mate opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue just in time, but nearly as much of the load hit his chin and face as it did his tongue.

I couldn't last another second. I was joining them, all but collapsing on Brynn as I was fucking rocked by my orgasm. I'd never felt anything like that before. Reeve knelt to the side, and just as my knot expanded, I got the energy to release my canines.

"I love you, Brynn. Forever." Then I struck home.

The bond was already there, of course, but this was different than every other time I bit him since. I felt a pulse, maybe a surge through the bond. It connected all three of us, strong and powerful and bright. It was so fucking beautiful and settled home deep in my soul. Tears streamed down my eyes, and Reeve kissed the side of my head before leaning over and redoing his bite. I felt the pulse again, though not as strongly, and Brynn screamed in pleasure before his eyes rolled back in his head. I would've been worried, but I could feel how strong his pulse was under me. The sensations just overwhelmed him.

I settled as best as I could, trying not to crush Brynn once my knot fully expanded. He slept peacefully, a small smile on his cum covered face. I rubbed my finger over his chin, mesmerized.

It was still so hard to believe we had gotten this second chance. Things still weren't perfect. I may never get to reconcile with my sister, and I had no idea where Uncle Zeke ended up. We might always be worried about them reneging on the deal with Laurent. But all things considered, life was pretty fucking close to perfect, and I wouldn't trade a thing.

Reeve got up at some point to get a towel to clean us up, but I was dozing by the time he got back. I was vaguely aware of him adjusting us so we were all cuddled together, my knot deep inside Brynn. Smiling happily, I drifted off, the two most important



people in my life sleeping next to me.

The End