



Invade Me (Fate's Choice #1)

Author: *Eden West*

Category: LGBT+

Description: He lurks in the darkness and... assaults them.

Exactly as they want, as they dream. But is this the life he really wants?

After being falsely accused of assault, Storm Nolan loses everything: his marriage, his money, his apartment, and his beloved job at a matchmaking agency, where he thrived at finding the best partners for his clients.

He had an uncanny intuition for making the best matches.

Then he is forced to take on a strange offer: working for a company that organizes pre-planned assaults on their clients, following their own scenarios. People want to be kidnapped, stalked, humiliated, and subjected to home invasions. And Storm has to do it all.

One of these assignments, however, is particularly strange—a mysterious young omega hires his services. The student wants his first time to take place during a home-invasion scenario. Storm can't get him out of his mind, but he knows his controversial job might hinder his chances of earning any omega's trust. He needs to do everything he can to get his previous job back.

Then, he gets an unexpected chance from his ex-boss: to find good matches for a few clients deemed difficult or even impossible cases. And these people seem unmatchable—an ex-surrogate, a serial murderer, an eco-terrorist, an ex-escort

Storm is a rare type of purple alpha, and his intuition is almost magical. But will he be able to find perfect partners for all these people, win his job back, and maybe find love himself?

Total Pages (Source): 9

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:10 am

If this is your first book from my Omegaverse series, please read the glossary to avoid confusion with the terms used in the story.

Tri-Subgender Society, ABO (Alphas, Betas, Omegas): A population that comprises in equal proportions: alpha males (fertile), omega males (fertile), and beta males (infertile / marginally fertile).

Mateship: Reflects the varying degrees of genetic compatibility between alphas and omegas. Compatibility ranges from 0% for so-called Incompatibles (incs, inx), to Low Mates (10–40% compatibility), Half Mates (40–70% compatibility), High Mates (70–99% compatibility), and 100% for True Mates.

Pheromonal Suppressants (blockers) : Suppressants stop the ability to detect the Allure scent (pheromones) of compatible mates, making it impossible to recognize the level of mateship . The strongest suppressants can even block the First Touch or weaken the First Orgasm effect between True Mates.

Neck Marking: A practice commonly observed between adult alphas and omegas during heats, with the exception of True Mates, who can mark each other even outside of heat. Its purpose is to alter a partner's scent, signaling to others that they are 'mated' or taken.

Mating Sounds: These sounds, whether voluntary or involuntary, are primarily exchanged between alphas and omegas (with betas participating only occasionally) and serve various purposes related to mating. Alphas can also emit warning sounds to convey aggressive intentions. These sounds are considered a form of language capable of communicating complex emotions.

Nesting: A practice typical of omegas, beginning during adolescence, in which they build structures out of soft materials in the place where they sleep or rest. This behavior is particularly pronounced in omegas during their most fertile years and is considered a sign of good mental and physical health.

The First Touch, The Pull, The First Orgasm, The Joining, and The Bond: Terms associated with the first meeting between True Mates. The Pull begins the moment True Mates make contact, often triggered by sensing each other's Allure scent.

The First Orgasm occurs during initial penetration and can only be dampened by the strongest blockers or by using protection, which can also nullify the electrical discharges typically visible around mates during that moment.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:10 am

The stairwell leading to the CEO's floor was dark, so I moved warily, though I doubted any security guards would be hanging around this part of the building. By the time I reached the designated floor, I was a little winded—it was twenty flights, after all—but a few deep breaths helped me steady myself.

Cautiously, I swiped my card through the reader, and after a soft beep, I slipped into the hallway lined with closed doors on either side, keeping my head on a swivel. Moving slowly, I read the numbers on the doors and checked the plaques to see who occupied each office.

At the end of the hallway was the office of the D-Project CEO. He wasn't expecting me today. None of them ever really waited for me—my job, as always, was to provide the element of surprise. I stopped outside the door and listened for a while. The faint, muffled sounds of music filled the room, probably him relaxing after a long day of keeping everyone in the company on edge.

My backpack held all the equipment I'd need for this assignment. Sighing deeply, I adjusted my ski mask and pulled it down over my face. Now it was time for the crucial part. With a steady push, I opened the door, a surge of adrenaline kicking in as I stepped inside.

He sat comfortably sprawled in a grand, CEO-style chair that seemed like a fixture in companies like his. He was about fifty, a lot shorter than me, which I welcomed with satisfaction, knowing it'd make everything go more smoothly. I closed the distance between us in just a few long strides.

The man squealed like a pig, twisting in his chair to shield himself with the backrest,

only making my job easier. With one solid push, I shoved the chair, causing him to lose his balance slightly and his hands landed on the edge of his desk. Perfect. In no time, I'd grabbed his wrists and snapped on the handcuffs—maybe three seconds flat.

"What do you want?!" he yelled, his eyes searching my face, likely trying to spot eyeholes in my mask—but those were hidden by a thin mesh, just in case. My natural eye color was rather unusual and would probably give me away if we met under different circumstances.

"Your downfall!" I shot back in a venomous, theatrical tone I'd heard in some cheesy action flick, then looped a rope around his neck and pulled, yanking him off the chair.

He struggled, jerking to break free, but the rope was knotted, so the more he wriggled, the tighter it got. "If I were you, I'd stop resisting—you'll just run out of oxygen. Do what I say, or you'll suffer..." My over-the-top, villainous lines continued.

I gave him a little kick in the hip just to get him moving. Then I started walking around the desk with him on the makeshift leash while he was forced to be on all fours. The CEO of D-Project let out strange grunts as he moved awkwardly, practically hopping forward with his bound hands like a clumsy rabbit. His sounds were a ridiculous mix of snorts, and I chuckled a bit at the spectacle. With a firmer tug, he picked up the pace, his grunts forming an almost comic symphony. We circled the desk a good ten times, just to start things off.

Then I stopped behind him, pulling a knife from my backpack. When the cold blade touched his neck, he shuddered.

"Whatever you want! I—I beg you—please!"

But I just laughed. Those weren't the words I was looking for.

With a swift motion, I slashed down his jacket, revealing his pale back, and I didn't stop there—I sliced open his pants, exposing his bare backside. Anyone walking in now would find a truly unsettling scene, the true meaning of which they wouldn't understand.

"You're nothing but a corporate parasite, bleeding your people dry for minimum wage while they break their backs for you." I gave him a shove, sending him sprawling to the side.

That wasn't the truth, actually. D-Project paid their employees—mostly programmers—quite well! But I didn't care about the truth, I just ripped his pants from the front, exposing his dick. It was a below average-sized dick, not very impressive for an alpha.

This time, I also knew what to say. "An alpha with such a small dicklet? I have fucked a lot of betas with bigger dicks than you, and even a few omegas. You are pathetic. Did you build this company to compensate for that little pee-pee? And you're taking it out on people because you're walking around with this shrimp in your pants, and they don't know it, they think you're a big alpha with a big dick and a big career. But you're just a poser, a nobody."

I poked his penis lightly with the tip of my shoe. It was half hard at this point, but it was gaining mass with every word I said, so I smiled to myself.

"And such small balls, like peanuts! My omega ex had twice your size!"

With a firm tug, I pulled him up and forced him to lie on the edge of the desk, his ass up. I grabbed one of the pens, and then made a few slow circular motions around his anus, which clenched, feeling the movement.

"What do we have here, some tight virgin hole that no one has ever penetrated, and as

much as you dream of someone fucking you soundly, you can't afford it. What would it be like if you lost control even for a moment, you? The head of a big company?"

I took a small sachet of lube from my pocket, opened it, and dipped the tip of the pen into it. The moment he heard the torn package, he tilted his head and watched me with dilated pupils. In a slow motion, I slid the pen into his anus.

The CEO let out a muffled moan. His stiff cock, hanging heavily between his legs, twitched slightly, a few drops of pre-cum dripping down. To be fair, it wasn't that small, but I knew what I had in my script.

Smirking, I leaned low over his ear and whispered, "Tomorrow, you will give it to your assistant, he has this habit of biting pens, think how satisfied you will feel to see in his mouth the very object that was in your ass."

I straightened up and searched the small utensil cup on the slightly lower table, tucked just behind the boss's large desk, for a pencil and a marker. After lubricating these items as well, I slowly inserted them all into his hole.

"Tomorrow, at a company upper management meeting, one of your directors will use this marker to draw on the board: charts, graphs, strategies, plans for such a huge company like yours. Think of the pleasure you will feel knowing where this marker has been before. And a pencil? Sometimes when employees come in with their reports, you can lend them one if they need to jot something down quickly. Yes? Those little delights, of seeing it, are not to be underestimated!"

Out of my backpack, I pulled the hero of the day.

It was an old-fashioned Polaroid, the kind that made a sound when you pressed the shutter. To make sure he could see it, I took a couple of shots where it was easy to identify what was sticking out of the CEO's butt. I even stepped back, revealing the

soul of a photographer, to get a wider, more interesting angle shot, one where there was no doubt that it was the boss himself, reclining on his desk in such a humiliating arrangement.

Finally, I moved on to the next stage, taking out a pink kitsch butt plug with a small furry tip on the end, one that resembled a rabbit's tail.

I lubricated it with lube, removed the pens and markers from his ass, and slowly slid the plug into its designated place.

"Now we're going to take another little walk, bunny!"

With a brutal jerk, I knocked him off the desk, and he sank to his knees once more.

Again, we strolled around the room, with him having a funny pink butt plug stuck up his ass. During this tour, I took even more pictures.

Once I had him walk over to a pot with a small palm tree in the corner, I forced him to lift his leg like a dog getting ready to pee, and I took a picture of that too.

Then I led him to the sofa where people usually sat to talk to him, next to a low coffee table, and I took a picture of him there as well, and another when I told him to lie down flat with his legs out as far as they would go on the carpet—a smooth, fluffy one on which the employees rested their feet.

Finally, bored, I pulled him up again by the leash and pushed him onto the desk. He was now lying on his back, his head on a stack of papers. His penis was stiff and pointed at the ceiling.

In a menacing tone, still in character, I said, "You know what I'm going to do with these pictures? I'm going to stick them on all the doors in the company. I'll put some

of them in binders at the information desk, downstairs in the lobby, so everybody can find them. Surprise, surprise! And the ones on a Polaroid memory card? I'll send them to your employees—every single one of them—so they can look at you... and laugh, seeing you for who you really are."

And then it happened; the alpha lowered his hands to his stiff penis, made maybe two movements, and came! His face was red with humiliation and... excitement. How strange—anyway, I wasn't here to judge him.

His jizz splattered everywhere, but I managed to get away in time. Some of his cum fell on his stomach, on the desk and on the floor. It was a real miracle that it didn't land on me.

"Oh, yuck! You made a mess here, now lick it thoroughly, like a good boy!"

Still, he didn't resist, obeying me meekly, with complete submission.

Feeling fed up, I looked at my cell phone. Twenty minutes had passed—exactly how long I was supposed to be here. I took some of the photos and piled up the best, juiciest ones on his desk. I also left him the plug still sticking out of his ass. The company provided me with it, so I didn't care.

At the very end, I took his hands out of the cuffs, turned around, and...

Just then, the guy made a quick move, grabbing my wrist. I realized my black jacket's sleeve had slid up. Through a narrow half-inch gap, the pink-purple line on my skin revealed me to him as a purple alpha.

The CEO's eyes zeroed in on that spot. I instantly jerked my wrist free from his grip, but he gasped. "You're one of them—a purple alpha? I should've known, you're so tall."

I tried to step back, but he wouldn't let me, moving closer and grabbing my arm again. He looked ridiculous, with his pants down, the bunny tail, and his limp junk dangling between his thighs.

"I've heard about your strength. Is it true? Are you really that powerful?"

The clients received some information about us, but as long as penetrative sex wasn't involved, I wasn't supposed to reveal my identity—not even a clue that might hint at it. And how many of the purples even worked for Dark Dreams? But if I reacted defensively—or worse, aggressively—he might report it to my boss, then my money bonus would go out the window. And my customer reviews were fucking perfect until today!

So, I stayed silent, watching him, choosing to be mysterious over rude. That always seemed to work.

"Prove it to me. Lift me with one hand," he challenged, his eyes shining with that unhealthy excitement I'd seen too many times from those who realized I was different.

Only about 1.5% of the population was like me, and we were usually considered freaks. Or outright... monsters. I'd had to get used to it, and sure, I'd been asked more than once to show off my strength. For a few extra bucks, I could do it. My pride didn't have to suffer if it came with the sound of rustling bills.

I kept quiet, looking down into his wide, eager eyes. The height difference between us was noticeable—I was 7'2", and he was maybe 6'4". Without a word, I raised my hand, wrapping it around his neck. As I tightened my grip, he let out another squeak—a mix between a kitten and a chicken's sound. What was with him and those cute animal sounds?

Then I slowly lifted him into the air, letting him savor the moment while his legs kicked freely. He didn't weigh enough to even make me break a sweat; I'd lifted much heavier alphas. I could handle over 650 pounds with one hand, so his 280 was nothing.

Holding him up, I watched his face turn red, veins popping, until finally, he lightly patted my forearm, probably struggling to breathe. I lowered him to the ground. He was panting, gasping for air, but seemed oddly satisfied—and was it just me, or had he started to get hard again? Either way, I had no interest in sticking around to see what he'd do about it.

As he still coughed and tried to catch his breath, looking pleased as could be, I turned on my heel, wanting to walk out, but then he unexpectedly said, "Can I... see your spines?"

Fuck. Not this again. I hated when conversations took this turn, when their curiosity crossed that line—becoming invasive, unhealthy. Then I just knew they saw me as nothing more than an oddity, a monster to be ogled and objectified like a circus freak.

"I can't push them out unless I'm angry," I said, half-lying. It wasn't entirely true, but he didn't need the details.

His eyes lit up with twisted excitement. "I can make you angry."

"You really don't want to do that," I said, my tone steady, warning.

The CEO didn't listen. He swung at me—a lazy, sloppy attempt to slap my face. I caught his wrist mid-air, gripping just hard enough to make him freeze.

Leaning closer, I slowly shook my head and growled, my voice low and hoarse as I said, "Johansson, you really don't want to get on my bad side."

His nervous giggle broke the silence. "I bet," he murmured, his breath hitching, his dick throbbing even more, "you'd maul me... so easily."

I could feel the sick thrill radiating off him, and I knew it was time to go. I released his hand, turned, and walked away without a word.

My mission was accomplished. And I... was miserable.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:10 am

Two hours later, as I was relaxing in the bathtub, staring at the ceiling and brooding for the umpteenth time about how I'd ended up in such a shithole of a life, my phone rang. I saw my boss's name: Mr. Jun Ragu.

"Storm, calling with good news," he said, sounding excited. "Mr. Johansson spoke very highly of you—and even threw in a nice bonus! Plus, he wants to keep using our services. So, excellent job as always. Congrats."

I immediately grabbed my phone, which was laying dangerously close to the water on the edge of the tub. A text message notification from my bank popped up. Ten grand had just landed in my account. Hell yeah! One step closer to freedom.

But my elation didn't last long, Mr. Ragu wasn't done.

"For the next scenario, he's asking for you to take things further: a good fuck."

Wait, what? For a moment, I wasn't sure I'd heard him right.

"I'm sorry? He wants to have sex with me?"

"Yes, that's what fuck means, Storm." Mr. Ragu sounded amused, but I was far from laughing along.

"You can't be serious—" I started, still having trouble believing what I heard.

"I'm quite serious."

A shiver ran down my spine and a wave of revulsion hit me, as the reality of what he'd just said sank in. No, no, no... Anything but that!

Fighting against my jaw clenching involuntarily, I replied, "Well, I hope he knows that I'm still a newbie, on my probationary period—I can't offer that kind of service."

Mr. Ragu's laugh had a bit of a villainous edge to it. "Not yet! You're still in the... protective phase, but that'll change very soon. Mr. Johansson will patiently wait—he wants only you for his first time, and nobody else. Romantic, huh? You've made quite an impression!"

Fuck! There was no wiggling out of this. I squeezed my eyelids shut as my breath sped up. My whole body was resisting the idea, and I had to work hard to stop myself from outright snapping.

"Well, boss... I would rather avoid it, if possible. Could maybe Harry do it?" I tried hard to sound as calm as possible.

"Sorry, Storm. Harry's not a purple. If you're in our company, you need to play by our rules, or you're out. But don't worry, there are good pills. You'll be ready for him. And Johansson offered quite a lot of money for it, you'll be happy when you see the amount."

Certainly, no amount of money could convince me that this was a pleasant prospect. But what could I do? The repossession agents were breathing down my neck.

"I'll see what I can do—when the time comes," I said, practically choking on the words. I hated the idea with everything I had, but I still had a few last installments to pay off. And no regular job could bring in this kind of money.

"Well, I hope it won't be a problem. The guy has mild kinks compared to what others

might demand. It won't be that bad," he said, probably striving for a reassuring tone—but it fell flat.

"I hope no more of the dick humiliation part. I hate it," I muttered, just to say something and end the convo.

"Remember!" said Mr. Ragu in his fake-preaching tone, "in our company, we don't judge anyone!"

After he hung up, I let my head rest on the side of the tub. Fuck. My innocent days at Dark Dreams were slipping away. The realization made me sick to my stomach, and I just knew it—I was about to sink even deeper into the depression that had been dragging on for nearly six months.

Me, Storm Nolan—once a proud and successful matchmaker—had, more than half a year ago, landed myself in this mess. A job that involved getting paid to assault people—or at least do weird things to them.

As strange as it sounded, it wasn't some cheap marketing gimmick—it was an accurate job description. And, of course, it wasn't exactly my dream career, despite the ironic name, Dark Dreams . Still, working in a place this controversial was the only way I could claw my way out of my dreadful financial shithole.

My story was pretty grim.

I ended up here after my life took a bizarre turn: I was falsely accused of rape by my own ex-husband and hit rock bottom because of it.

Before the shit hit the fan and everything spectacularly fell apart, I had a pretty good, stable life. I worked at a matchmaking agency called Fate's Choice and genuinely took pride in what I did. Despite having a background in both law and psychology—a

pretty promising combo—I'd chosen a path where I could actually make people happy by helping them find their perfect matches. Pairing people up was my favorite thing, and honestly, I was pretty good at it, getting better with each passing month. On top of that, I had a very attractive husband and felt like Fate had been kind to me.

Some could say this job was boring for a purple alpha. A matchmaker? Sounded like something an old, gray-haired beta uncle would do on his nephews' birthdays to the annoyance of everyone.

During college, I'd worked part-time as a security guard at Fate's Choice. Once a week, they held marital contract auctions and fairs. I used to work at these events and enjoyed watching the glass booths where omegas, betas, and alphas sat, waiting for their marriage contracts to be bought. I felt a strange thrill whenever someone found their Half or High Mate.

Of course, that was just one part of Fate's Choice's services. Their main business was something more traditional: a classic matchmaking agency where people filled out lengthy forms detailing their preferences. From there, specialist matchmakers worked diligently to help them find their ideal contract husbands.

Over the years, I got to know the company and grew fond of the idea of working there, watching happy couples come together, paired by skilled matchmakers. So, when a junior client assistant role opened up, I jumped at the chance.

Right after graduating from college, I started there full-time. For the first year, I just helped with the selection process for senior client assistants. Eventually, I began handling my own cases and making matches myself, with a few impressive successes—even finding High Mates within our client base. Unfortunately, that winning streak didn't last long.

Everything crashed down three months after my promotion when my husband started

an affair. I caught him with his lover, and things escalated quickly. I confronted Tom, but I didn't touch him; still, he thought he could gain from the situation by filing a false accusation against me.

Even though I defended myself and cleared my name, my reputation took a major hit. Because of my husband's somewhat celebrity status as a model, it became public. Most of my family distanced themselves from me, and even my then-boss—Mr. Ren Ragu—explained that he couldn't keep an employee with a 'damaged reputation'. In his opinion, a scandal surrounding me could be detrimental to the public image of his young company.

Then he kindly suggested an alternative.

His own husband, Mr. Jun Ragu, owned a well-established venture called Dark Dreams, which offered a very different set of services. Mr. Ren assured me I could smoothly switch to his husband's company, where my reputation wouldn't be as much of a liability—after all, Dark Dreams dealt in some rather controversial activities.

They specialized in role-playing services for people with all kinds of kinks. Dark Dreams offered stalker scenarios, home-invasion setups, fulfillment of consensual-non-consent and BDSM fantasies.

Most of my friends and family were shocked; the only one who really got it was my cousin Nathaniel, but he was one of a kind. For most people, assault—whether consensual or not—just felt... wrong. And that's precisely why Dark Dreams' clients sought discretion; they feared they'd be criticized for their unusual kinks.

The company didn't look down on them; it didn't ask why. It just asked, "What would you like, sir?" and handed them a bill.

To be fair, they didn't deal with anything extreme like life-threatening torture, killing, or minors. But almost everything else? Fair game.

And... the job paid well! Since I was too proud to ask my parents for help—Mr. Jun Ragu's offer came at just the right time to change the course of my life.

Despite being innocent of the main thing—I got off on the false rape charge—I couldn't avoid the consequences of other things: destruction of property and 'emotional abuse'. True—when I saw Tom fucking that guy, I trashed his car, smashed a few windows, and—my biggest mistake—I threw his nest out the balcony... So, Tom seized the opportunity and claimed I'd caused him 'enormous suffering', even saying that the violence was a daily occurrence. The fucker showed up at the police station covered in bruises!

That's how I became the villain... or rather, the victim of his lies, manipulation, and defamation. There was nothing I could do, his lawyer was smooth, and the jury ate it up. The settlement took all my savings—and more, leaving my finances in ruins.

Being a purple alpha didn't help either—most of the jury were betas or omegas, so I had even less sympathy. They looked at me as if to say, "Purple alphas are violent and brutal". My twisted ex knew how to play it; he hunched over and sobbed right there, creating a believable, Oscar-worthy performance, easily convincing them I was the 'cruel rapist' he made me out to be.

And really, the worst thing I did to Tom was throw his fucking nest on the lawn. But they blew it all out of proportion, calling it a 'disgusting assault on sacred omegan nature, a brutish and primitive act by a feral alpha'. I remembered the jury's horrified faces so vividly.

But what about him impaling himself on a cock of some employee from his modeling agency?! They didn't care about what I felt, for sure.

At one point during the trial, there was a real danger that the Omega Red Line Agency would take over my case. If that had happened, not only would my ex have been able to take everything I owned, but I would have ended up in jail. So, in the final phase, I agreed to settle. My pricey downtown apartment, my savings—all of it went to Tom. I'd always been a saver (which he hated, preferring a more lavish lifestyle), working through college and living frugally, so losing it all was a brutal blow.

Tom was quite disappointed in our marriage, mainly because of that one thing—me being thrifty. He'd expected that marrying a purple alpha would mean a grand life of adventure, maybe even a boost to his modeling and acting career. Instead, he got me: a guy who chose a modest job as a junior assistant matchmaker. That mismatch led to endless arguments. He wanted me to be a stuntman in movies or take some big supporting role. He even dragged me to meet a stuntman manager once, but I wasn't into it.

So, when Tom decided to end it, he made sure to grab as much as he could—basically, everything I had.

The only reason I was able to save my suburban house was that I took out a large short-term loan. I had bought the place at a bargain price, literally just days before Tom's betrayal. Sure, it needed some work, but it was still an amazing deal. Tom demanded to take it as well, so I had to give him an equivalent amount in cash. Also, my cousin Nathaniel chipped in some money so I could at least buy a car—because Tom took my Jeep.

At the time I joined Dark Dreams, I was broke, surviving on cheap pizza, and deep in my full-on rebellion mode

Part of me knew exactly how this could ruin me—and my chances of finding a stable relationship or a decent love life in the future. But at that point, I didn't care.

Everyone was already calling me a rapist or, at best, a criminal, so I figured—why not lean into it? Maybe it was sick, but I was desperate, and this was how I coped.

So, I started there.

At first, I didn't realize then that my subconscious had gone rogue. Deep down, I was revolting against my own choice, craving my old life back. Slowly, as the weeks passed, depression crept into my life, like a gray, never-ending fall rain, wearing me down bit by bit. I was sinking deeper into bitterness, endlessly replaying how unfair it all was, while secretly longing to have someone I could actually love—someone who wasn't a selfish, backstabbing asshole.

The emptiness was a tenacious bastard and became my constant companion, even though the start of my six-month probationary period at Dark Dreams wasn't exactly grueling. Some of the early assignments were even kind of funny, and yet, I was still slowly sinking.

Mr. Ragu gave me VIP access to the internal commission board. Every day, new client scenarios popped up there, and I got first pick of the lot before the other employees even got a look.

Assignment after assignment, I was making decent money, keeping the repossession agents at bay, and even working on renovations for my precious suburban house. The place was right next to a small, peaceful grove where I could sit for hours, feeling numb and lifeless after 'assaulting' one rich client or another—always strictly consensual, of course.

From the very first day, I knew that once my six months were up, I'd start getting assignments that leaned more into the actual 'sex work' territory. But I wasn't ready then to even think about that. I pushed the thought to the fringes of my mind and left it there, hoping it would stay out of sight for as long as possible.

Of course, we weren't slaves in Dark Dreams. I had to consent too; I could set some of my own terms, and I did. But it was clear from the get-go, no matter how much I wanted to avoid it—that I would eventually end up in a scenario involving sex with a client, and that weighed heavily on me.

My rules were: if things got sexual, it would be condom-only; no blowjobs, no rimming. I told my boss that I could work with young alphas, but I preferred betas and omegas. Mr. Ragu didn't mind at the time, saying that they had enough staff, so the rest of the commissions could just go to someone else. The Johansson job, however, proved that if the money was big, I would be forced to comply even beyond what I had discussed with Ragu at the beginning.

By the final stage of my six-month probation, most of my assignments already involved some form of consensual assault, more or less sexual in nature, and could get quite creative. I had to learn proper bondage techniques, sometimes spoon-feed or even overfeed clients until they, well, lost it, diaper them, hang them naked upside down in their offices, make them relieve themselves in front of me or in public (sometimes with the help of a 'bowel stimulant'), give them an enema and wait it out, humiliate them in all sorts of ways, spank them, put chastity cages on their dicks, or use vibrating toys in their ass—preferably in public places.

Only because the pay was so good, I forced myself to push through and try to do the best job I could—always on-script, with every detail memorized and carried out perfectly.

My clients left glowing reviews, and by the end of my six-month probation period, I was close to fully paying off my debts to both the agents and Nathaniel, with only two installments left.

Each job usually took a few days to complete, so it wasn't overly demanding, but each one could bring in five to ten thousand dollars for the longer scenarios. In my

best month, I made close to \$ 60,000.

In the more expensive gigs, clients wanted scenarios that went a little deeper into the pain-pleasure side of things —whipping instead of spanking, gagging with toys, erotic asphyxiation, and forced penetration with random objects, like the case with Johansson. I even gained one ‘regular’ client, which was rare. Once a week, I’d take a ‘dog’ out for a walk—really just a guy in leather and a plastic muzzle, crawling around on all fours.

However, these scenarios didn't require me to use my own dick, and I wanted to keep it that way.

But in the end, there was no avoiding the inevitable.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:10 am

Two weeks after the CEO of D-Project gig, the dreaded day arrived.

My six-month probationary period was officially over.

I knew that Mr. Ragu would contact me in a few days about Johansson's request, and my only vague hope of pushing it off for a little longer was to keep my assignment slots fully booked.

But the problem was... I was now competing with others as equals for the easiest assignments, being just a regular, full-service employee. Sex was firmly on the table as part of most gigs, and I was very concerned I wouldn't be able to secure those sex-free assignments on time.

Even though I hadn't been exactly prudish before, I just didn't want to be forced to fuck people that I wouldn't otherwise choose. In the past, I didn't mind sex at all—I'd even been kind of an asshole about it, sleeping with a few of my brother's exes purely out of revenge for their years-long teasing and humiliating 'hunt the alien' games.

But suddenly, the whole concept of being paid for sex just didn't sit right with me. I'd never thought of myself as traditional or overly romantic, but maybe I was, after all?

The idea of wanting more hit me pretty hard after my brother Rain found his True Mate.

The guy was insanely beautiful—an ex-model, no less. God forbid! The idea of dating anyone from this industry again gave me shivers. Never again: no models, no actors.

But meeting the happy couple at my other brother Skye's college graduation ceremony made me sentimental. Seeing those two lovebirds together sparked something. Suddenly, I became jealous, craving to have a relationship for myself even more fiercely. Maybe not my own True Mate, since that seemed unrealistic within my rare subspecies, but maybe a High Mate? Meanwhile, here I was—spanking old CEOs' asses while the months kept slipping by.

On the day my probationary period came to an end, I had to face the fact that my depression wasn't going away anytime soon. Fall was approaching, and still no roses, love confessions, or moonlight dates for me.

One morning, I just woke up, opened my laptop, and saw that the safe 'locked commissions' section was gone—they were all open, up for grabs for anyone at the company.

Now I had to focus hard to snag only the BDSM jobs without the actual 'me-penetrating-them' part. To do this successfully, I had to be faster than the other employees in evaluating scenarios as they gradually popped up. In maybe three to five seconds, I'd scan the list for the sex-free ones. But a few other employees had a similar strategy, so they'd often hit 'accept' just as quickly. And they had the experience to top me.

Already on the very first day—I miserably failed. I stared nervously at the screen, noticing the assignments turning gray (as in 'taken') every few seconds as I frantically scanned the details. Those bastards were good at grabbing the easiest ones! Within minutes, all the best jobs were taken.

Dammit!

There was only one left that no one seemed to want, and unfortunately, it also involved penetrative sex. Curious about why it was still available, I clicked on it and

saw that it only offered a small amount of money.

Sometimes, as part of reputation-building, the company accepted clients who paid less, without guaranteeing an employee would take the job. We could pick these up if we wanted, but the company didn't promise the customer anything.

This client had only paid \$1,000—one of the lowest amounts I'd seen.

The commission included the client's personal information and a photo, so I clicked on it just out of curiosity. The scenario wasn't complex, but it still involved full service—meaning at least an hour of passionate sex. It was a twenty-year-old student, an omega. His photo loaded slowly, and that's when I guessed why no one had wanted to take such a low-paying assignment.

The image that appeared was... let's just say, unflattering. For some reason, it occurred to me that this might have been deliberate. It was a skewed selfie. The guy had a sour expression, like he didn't even want to take the photo in the first place. A narrow jaw, a small upturned nose with freckles, thick bottle-bottom glasses, a mop of unusually colored hair—light amaranth—falling across his forehead and almost to his shoulders in unruly curls, acne scars dotting his skin, and... a prominent, large pink birthmark covering his entire left cheek in a shape somewhat similar to a rose!

I whistled quietly upon seeing it. With such a visible, giant birthmark, he must have had a rough time dating, some people staring, and maybe kids pointing him out. Poor guy.

There was also information about his body type; the omega indicated he was chubby, whatever that meant. However, it wasn't apparent since his neck and face, visible in the picture, seemed rather nondescript. Taking it all into account, including the low \$1,000 price, I wasn't surprised that no one had decided to take on this assignment.

The scenario itself was quite straightforward; the omega expected someone to break into his place at night while he was sleeping, tie him up, and then engage in various sexual activities, culminating in gentle intercourse. Yes, gentle, I had read that correctly.

What I also found amusing, or perhaps unusual, was that the guy expected very specific comments to be directed at him—he listed long tirades, insisting that whoever came to him should marvel at his body, praise his chubby love handles, express admiration for his plump buttocks, his small penis, his cute pink balls, and his beautiful tiny hole. Even appreciate his freckles! Not my words—his exact words! The person should eulogize these parts of his body, and also rim him thoroughly!

What? Rim? Oh, no! Not my thing.

Overall, very strange tasks. I shrugged because it simply wasn't a commission for me. Still, for some reason, I stared at the student's photo for a moment. And stared. Then stared even more. I closed it... then opened it again, just to look... just for a second. But it ended up with me staring for another few minutes!

Ah, fuck no! I'm not taking this one!

There was one funny thing, though. I actually had a birthmark of almost the same shape, kind of like a red rose, but by pure luck, mine was under my hair, on the back of my head. Well, surely a coincidence.

So, I didn't get any job that day, but the next day, I sat down in front of my laptop, ready and alert.

It should start any minute now...

Wait! As I focused my eyes on the list of commissions that had already been

taken—now appearing in pale gray—I noticed their dates. They should be from yesterday, but they all had today's dates. What the hell? After a short investigation, I concluded that somehow, the commissions had appeared in the system a little earlier than usual while I was in the shower, and most of them were already claimed. Argh!

The only one left untouched was the commission for the redheaded student. Once again, I clicked on it absentmindedly, having no idea why. His eyes seemed to be staring at me, almost disapprovingly.

I found myself in a strange daze and only managed to snap out of it after a solid ten minutes! His photo seemed to simply mesmerize me.

The question was: why was this commission still stubbornly hanging in the system? Was really no one interested in taking it? I sighed, scrolling through the list disinterestedly. Other employees probably saw that the rest of the assignments for the day were worth amounts like \$5,000, \$7,000, or \$10,000. No surprise that an offer of \$1,000 didn't really entice anyone.

So, once again, I didn't take any jobs that day. I just looked away from the header that read 'Home invasion scenario', ignored the green color on the offer that signaled availability, and the luring 'Accept' button, and... felt shitty.

After a few minutes of fruitless deliberation, I gave up, opened the photo again, and stubbornly stared. Our eyes seemed locked, and I fell into that strange daze again. No idea how long it lasted.

Suddenly, the phone beeped, and I flinched.

Fuck. It could be Mr. Ragu, asking about my readiness to fulfill the CEO's 'dark dreams'!

Clenching my jaw, I fixed my eyes on the display. Nope. Gladly, it wasn't the case—just some text message from my dad about my brother Skye's miserable condition (due to heartbreak), which I ignored. I already knew who his True Mate was, but the idiot didn't want to believe my 'alien intuition', so be it. Not my problem.

Anyway, I had a somewhat pessimistic attitude towards the whole concept of True Mates myself, since my own could not be found among normal omegas, but only within my subspecies, which was extremely uncommon, so I never had high hopes for it and learned to live accepting my reality.

By the third day, I was getting pretty annoyed, constantly lurking by the computer screen, planning finally to get my perfect commission. But then, at the very moment when the system displayed a fresh, hot list of jobs to take, my laptop's battery refused to cooperate. The computer shut down!

"What is going on?!" I shouted as the screen went blank. I quickly opened my phone, but the internet was sluggish; everything loaded incredibly slowly. My frustration spiked, I started tapping so nervously on the screen that the phone eventually froze, and I had to restart it.

"Un-fucking-believable!"

Then, for a brief moment, something strange crossed my mind. I'd once heard that sometimes Fate plays a crucial role in pairing people. I smiled to myself because, of course, it sounded ridiculous—surely, that wasn't what was happening here. Impossible. Just fairy tales and urban legends.

So, I decided again to skip the redhead's commission that day. I ignored my intense

gut feeling and moved on, only praying that Mr. Ragu didn't call me.

That same night, I had a dream. I found myself wandering through an amusement park filled with hundreds of people. At the center stood a large, colorful nest. As I approached it, I felt a tug on my arm. I turned and spotted someone dressed in a fluffy, red bunny costume. The person handed me a rose-shaped helium balloon with a long ribbon trailing behind. The bunny tilted his head and extended one hand, as if urging me to take the balloon.

"Don't let me fly away!" came from his fluffy mask.

And then I woke up.

It was a funny, bizarre dream, and the first thing that popped into my mind was the rose-shaped birthmark on that student. A balloon? Seriously, Fate? My mind was playing tricks on me, for sure.

But again, I opened up the photo and engaged in a silly staring session.

On the fourth day, I finally lost faith in the reality of it all. I sat by the screen with my laptop plugged in, staring at the list with determination, making sure the battery wouldn't die on me again. I pressed the cable firmly into the socket, checking it every five minutes. But just as new commissions appeared, and I rushed to click on the first one, a prompt flashed on the screen: "Your session has expired; you need to log in again."

I let out a string of curses and flung the mouse against the wall.

It was some god-awful bad luck.

When I finally logged back in, the other employees had already snatched up the

remaining commissions, and there it was, yet again, just that unlucky amaranth-haired student left in the system. Yep.

I yelled a colorful curse loud enough to shake the walls, got up, and stepped away from the screen, my head spinning.

Anyway, my other duties were waiting.

That day, I had my usual appointment with the ‘dog client’. In my bad mood, I wasn’t exactly thrilled about strolling around town with a guy in leather gear who was only half-heartedly committing to his canine look. But the gig paid reasonably well, and it had been five days since my last one. So, off I went.

I pulled up to his place—it was in a pretty affluent neighborhood; I’ll give him that. He could afford Dark Dreams, so clearly, he was doing well for himself, whatever it was he did all day when he wasn’t moonlighting as a dog. Also, I had no idea if he was an omega or beta; I was on suppressants, so I couldn’t pick up on his Allure scent.

My ski mask already on, I hit the buzzer, keeping things anonymous as always.

He let me in, and right from the gate, I was immediately greeted by loud, cheerful barking. And no, not from an actual dog—just him, living out his canine fantasy. Moments later, the door opened, and there he was, ready to go.

This guy had a leather mask fitted to resemble a dog snout, with pug-typical ears and brown, bulging lenses over his eyes to complete the pug look. He was already on his knees, gloves that mimicked paws on his hands, kneepads securely in place for maximum crawl comfort. There was even a fluffy tail attached to a butt plug, thoughtfully covered with a strip of leather, so any passersby would just assume it was a regular tail—a permanent part of the costume.

His leash hung on a hook nearby. I never ventured past the entryway into his house—client's rules. So I just stood there, gave him the usual pat on the head, and said, "Good boy." He wiggled his butt happily, wagging his pseudo-tail (and in the process moving the plug inside, of course), making excited doggy noises.

We never actually spoke. He'd just bark, whine, or growl a bit. Honestly, I had no clue what his deal was, and he had no idea about mine. Once a week, though, we'd do this little routine, and I'd take him for a walk around the local park.

I grabbed the remote for the butt plug and then his leash to clip it to his collar, and he leaned forward to help me, looking downright grateful.

"Heel, boy. Time for a walk," I announced, and off we went, down his fancy front path, lined with pricey ornamental shrubs that probably cost more than most people's monthly rent.

He was obedient as always, trotting along at my side while I occasionally entertained him by tapping the remote for his tail-plug to give it a little buzz. We reached the park right around five, peak people-watching time, which was most likely the whole point for him. This type loved to be stared at and thrived on the sight of shocked faces around them.

Sometimes I'd toss a stick for him to 'fetch', but with that mask on, he couldn't really pick it up, so he'd just nudge it along with his paws. Not exactly realistic dog behavior, but hey, I didn't sign up for authenticity. Today, I wasn't in the mood; I'd have preferred to just sit on a bench and watch the swans gliding by.

So, we wandered over to the pond. I plopped down, pointed at the birds, and said, "Look, boy, swans. Go bark at 'em." As he obediently barked away, I sank into a cloud of stress, running over my problems in my head.

Sighing and rubbing my forehead through my mask, I tried to clear my mind of negativity. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed ‘the dog’ had lost interest in the swans and was sitting beside me, legs folded up, ‘paws’ straight in front like a loyal mutt waiting for a command. He made a soft, almost sympathetic whine.

Strangely enough, it made me want to talk.

"Business has been weird lately," I admitted. Normally, of course, I wouldn't spill my guts to a client, but it wasn't like he expected in-character conversation anyway. He knew I worked for the company he hired and nothing else, so it wasn't against his scenario rules.

"There's this one gig hanging around in the system that no one wants. And no matter what I do, I'm left only with this one. Power outages, logging issues, timing conflicts—you name it, it all kept me from getting any other jobs."

He whined encouragingly, tilting his head.

"It's, well, a ‘special’ gig," I added, sighing. "Some young guy who's, uh, looking for a home invasion scenario but with a fuck at the end, and that's not my thing. I'm here for clients like you," I added with a smirk. "But it's been days, and I'm seriously wondering if the universe is trying to push me into this."

He let out another quiet whine and wagged his tail sympathetically while I continued, "Funny thing is, the kid has a birthmark, the same shape as mine. Weird coincidence, which just makes it all the more... mysterious." I shrugged. "Anyway, sorry to vent. I bet you'd rather go mark some bushes, right?"

I stood up, and he let out a happy yip, moving closer, brushing his head up against me like some kind of oversized cat.

After a quick detour to the nearest bush for his bathroom break, we headed to the dog park, where some real dogs gave him a curious sniff. He took it well; I just pressed his remote once for good measure, and he spun around, his tail going, and gave a couple of long, enthusiastic whimpers.

Then, as always, it was time to head back. But before we wrapped up, we had to hit the main event. We found a quiet part of the park, and as the routine always went, I let him hump my leg while I used the remote. I dealt with it—‘the dog’ was fully clothed, and I didn’t have to worry about any unfortunate stains.

Afterward, I walked him back to his place, unhooked the leash, gave him a final head pat, and said, "Good boy." But instead of the usual bark and wave of his tail, he... stood up! Wow.

Suddenly, we were face-to-face. Well, not quite—he was around 6’1". Definitely a beta, I guessed. He looked at me through those brown lenses, and I just stared back, totally thrown.

Then he spoke.

"I think you should take that job." His voice muffled but surprisingly smooth and young—maybe even boyish. He could be around twenty, by my judgment, so close to the redheaded omega’s age.

I blinked, stunned to hear an actual human voice from behind the mask. He tilted his head slightly.

"I know, advice from a ‘dog’ might not make much sense, but trust me on this one."

"And why’s that?" I asked, more out of shock than anything.

"When Fate's that persistent, it's usually worth listening. Trust your gut." He sounded dead serious.

I could've laughed it off and told him to go lick his... balls or watch the birds on the balcony and bark at them incessantly, but I just mumbled, "Thanks. Maybe I'll do just that."

He gave a slight nod, and I gave him one in return. Well, my parents raised me to be kind to animals, after all. And that was our goodbye.

I headed home, determined. Dog-man or not, his advice actually hit home. So, I sat down at my computer and opened the dreaded photo again.

Our eyes met.

"You won!" I muttered, and just like that clicked on his commission to hit 'accept'.

Oh, well! I had to appease Fate somehow.

Exactly at that second, my phone rang, making me jump.

'Mr. Jun Ragu' appeared on the screen.

"Hello, Storm."

"Hello, boss."

"You know why I'm calling?"

How could I not...

"Johansson?"

My boss let out a small huff.

"Exactly. I gave you a few days to mentally prepare yourself, but it's coming your way. I can't string him along much longer."

I closed my eyes and breathed out, "But I just took another assignment. The omega student and a home invasion scenario."

The deafening silence on the other end of the line made me halt my breath.

Please. Please. Please—postpone it!

Finally, Mr. Ragu made a long grunt. "Okay Storm, this time I will postpone it, but only for the time of this commission. After that, get yourself together. It's not going away, Storm. Mr. Johansson is very much in love!"

Closing my eyes, I let out a quiet, desperate swear.

It's been like that my whole life. Ever since I was sixteen, there was always a certain type of person around me who just... wanted me to fuck them because I was a purple.

At first, it seemed fun. I had this low-hanging idea that having a lot of sex would boost my confidence and make me feel like I was something, but it only laid bare even more insecurities. The empowerment thing came out empty. So after a while, I started avoiding casual hookups. None of them actually wanted me. They wanted an idea of a purple—like I was some kind of novelty or toy. I mean, I didn't have anything against people with fetishes, but I was tired of being someone's kink instead of being treated as a real person, someone to respect or have a serious relationship with.

That was one of the reasons I married Tom. He wasn't all that into me sexually—it was more about how I could boost his status and keep things interesting. He liked the fun, the attention, the stares, the envy. It felt like a new dynamic, and I fell for it... but of course, like all illusions, it didn't last. Still, there was no love there, and surely, no respect.

Walking in on Tom with his fuckboy screwing on the bed I bought, in the apartment I paid for, while I was working twelve-hour days so we could have a good living, was the ultimate proof that I needed to search for some other type of people in my life.

Now it seemed that my old life was coming back to haunt me, in the form of a fifty-year-old alpha with a humiliation kink. I was back to being a walking-talking dick.

All the things interesting about me were... me being a purple.

There was nothing I could do but quit, and I still had 20k to pay in installments. Damn it.

As Mr. Ragu said his goodbyes, I put the phone down and glanced at the laptop.

Suddenly, this commission didn't seem so bad—maybe even something to look forward to? Johansson was such a downgrade compared to the redheaded student.

Staring at the screen, I sighed.

Minutes passed in silence, and my depression settled back in. Oh, well. It was just another gig. There was nothing that would come out of it—nothing positive for me, no hope. Just a job. I swallowed hard, again feeling that dreaded emptiness inside. My mood grew darker and darker.

But staring at the omega's face was, in a way, pulling me out of that miserable

feeling, so I gave in to it with full dedication.

"Save me, Damien. Save me somehow," I whispered, without even realizing it.

Whoa!

Did I just give him a nickname?

I had no idea what his real name was—it wasn't given in the commission details. Names were only provided in cases that absolutely required them, like scenarios in public settings. If I was going to the CEO of a company, it made sense to know his actual name, but with private people, in-home scenarios, it wasn't necessary.

Anyway, my mind was doing some weird tricks on me.

When I focused really intensely, there was this distinctive glow around him, like a purple tinge. Yeah, definitely. There was a strange luminescence that spoke to me, that drew me in, something about him... I couldn't quite grasp. It kept slipping away, though I wanted to catch it—so much. But why? It's not like I believed we could have a high mateship, right?

In the past, when I was still working in Fate's Choice, from the moment I discovered that I could somehow sense people's high matches, I tried many, many times to 'sense' my own highly compatible mate, but for some reason it never worked. I had even begun to believe that perhaps I could not use my own intuition on myself. Why should it be any different now?

What was worth mentioning—with the commission firmly in my inbox, the system suddenly ran perfectly—no issues, no expired sessions, no battery or power glitches, no crashes. Everything just worked. Fucking miracle.

Again, I locked eyes with the redheaded student in the photo, staring back at me.

"So. Will you save me, Damien?" And then I burst out laughing. Hell no, there was no salvation from my private hell. There was only more misery.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:10 am

Before each assignment, I had to visit headquarters; that was the rule. So, I got in my car and drove to the city center, where the company was located. After waiting in the lobby, I was escorted to Mr. Jun Ragu's office by his beta assistant. He still personally handled new hires, briefing them on their first official cases before handing them over to coordinators. He was all about double-checking to ensure the service quality was 'impeccable'.

Mr. Ragu was a middle-aged alpha with a large black beard and a protruding belly. He greeted me with a broad fake smile as soon as he saw me.

"Oh, Storm, I'm glad to see you. I'm actually very pleased that you've accepted this commission. Our company aims to meet all our clients' needs, even for those with limited resources. We strive to be flexible!" he delivered his usual spiel, and I grimaced. I'd had my fill of these official lines.

Though I was grateful, he didn't mention Johansson and focused on the current assignment.

We took our seats, and he leaned back in his large leather chair, still grinning.

"So, are you excited? First time with a scenario like this, right? Here's a detailed script." He handed me some papers, double-checking as usual to make sure I had the right folder.

In the system, the scenarios only covered the act itself, with no mention of personal details such as the address, the layout of the apartment, how to access his bedroom. Mr. Ragu always provided that information in person.

"It's a simple scenario; you won't have to exert yourself too much. He lives in a tiny studio near the East Coastline Campus, where he's majoring in computer science. A harmless kid, terribly shy. Honestly, when he came to us, I was surprised he even wanted to hire services like ours. Desperation? Who knows. But our policy is not to judge our clients, so I didn't ask his reasons!"

"Yeah, well, it's an unusual case," I replied, wincing a little at Mr. Ragu's chubby, stubbornly grinning face.

He ignored my remark and continued, "The student lives on the first floor; the window should be left slightly open. You'll be able to sneak into the kitchen and go straight to his bedroom. He'll resist a bit, but you'll handle it. At the beginning, he wants to feel overpowered, helpless, to sense your strength."

Mr. Ragu pointed to the papers I held. "So a bit of wrestling on the bed won't hurt, pressing him down with your body weight. Then he wants to be tied up—just hands, symbolically. He doesn't want to see your face, so you'll wear a ski mask. And no unrelated conversations; he wants everything scenario-focused." His large beard swayed as he talked.

Then he leaned in low and murmured, "Though, I've sometimes considered offering clients normal conversations—like in a therapist's office. Some people just need a person to listen, maybe even hold their hand."

As he rambled on with ideas, I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Mr. Ragu always loved his side tangents, relishing the sound of his own voice. But he was my boss, so I just sighed.

Abruptly, he returned to the case. I looked up, meeting his gaze, bringing my focus back.

"This is your first job involving sex, Storm. Are you ready?" He bent forward, staring almost accusatorily.

I scoffed. "He's a young omega; I shouldn't have any problems."

"Any questions?" He raised an eyebrow.

"I know how to have sex," I replied mockingly.

"Don't doubt it, but do you know all our rules? The safe word for this kid is 'Rose'. When he says it, you stop immediately, no matter how into it you are."

What the hell?

"That's a given! These are consensual scenarios, not a real assault."

I felt insulted that he would even explain it to me at all. I could bet he didn't tell it to anyone but me, all because of my 'rapist' slash 'criminal' past. The fucker.

Mr. Ragu nodded, pursing his lips. "He wants this to happen within the week, so we're already four days in. Only three left. I'm not sure why he's in such a hurry; maybe he's going somewhere? I didn't ask. Just try to do it tonight or tomorrow at the latest. Then you will meet Johansson, your loyal fan."

I tried to keep my face indifferent, but it wasn't easy.

"I'll try to do it tonight. \$1000 is not exactly the dream price, especially with my bills piling up, but I'll do it."

Mr. Ragu scratched his beard, smirking and tilting his head. "You're just too slow picking assignments! But don't worry, Johansson will repair your

budget—substantially!"

Oh, could you just stop, jerk? I could tell him what I thought about it, but then I'd have to start looking for new employment.

Furrowing his eyebrows, Mr. Ragu added in a lower tone, "I wanted to ask you something else, about your previous job for my husband. You were an aspiring matchmaker, right, Storm? With some good achievements."

Wait. I flinched. A glitch in the matrix? What did he say? We never— ever —talked about my previous job for his husband. He'd always seemed to completely ignore my past, so why the change? Quite a twist in the conversation.

"Yes, I worked for Mr. Ren as a client assistant. At first, I was just... well, assisting, but in the last three months, I handled matches myself. I also helped finalize and enforce deals for clients since I graduated from law school, specializing in marriage and divorce laws." I lifted my chin with pride. Maybe I was a pathetic 'assaulter specialist' now, but it hadn't always been this way. Once, I had a more... reasonable career.

Mr. Ragu scratched his beard, a strange flicker in his eyes as he smirked slightly. "Did you know my husband has big plans for Fate's Choice?"

"Well, it's already flourishing. Your husband's matchmaking agency runs the biggest marriage contract fairs in the city."

Mr. Ragu preened a bit, shifting like a hen on a perch. "Yes, yes, we are a formidable presence in the market, and we've been drawing a lot of attention lately. But... well, before we go even bigger, we need to wrap up some old business that could potentially drag us down, reputation-wise. There are some loose ends. We, uh—" He cleared his throat, hesitating. "We made a lot of promises to attract clients and

outshine other agencies."

I noticed he'd switched to 'we' while talking about his husband's business. He must have been heavily involved in it too.

"Of course, being on the market for only a few years, you have to make a real effort to stand out," I murmured, trying to nudge him to spill whatever he intended to say.

He relaxed a little. "Exactly, exactly. Most of our clients believe we'll secure them an ideal match—a marriage contract with the right person, fantastic terms, in a short time. But deadlines are approaching fast for some clients, and we've got nothing for them. The situation's getting tense, and the penalties we could face are in the millions."

Millions? Wow. I stared at him.

He stared back, and for a moment, we just locked eyes.

"Half a year ago, we hit a bit of a plateau. To get things moving, we ran an ad campaign with a... limited-time offer. Just a day or two, but quite a few people were enticed by the promises we made."

Half a year ago? That was soon after I was dismissed from Fate's Choice.

"What were the promises?" I asked, suddenly unsure where this was heading.

"I'll leave the details for my husband to explain. But just to give you a heads-up, we're hoping someone with a... unique perspective can go through our candidate pool, maybe spot suitable matches, you know, with a fresh eye?" He mumbled, glancing aside. "There are some interesting individuals. We have a former surrogate, a quadruple murderer, a former escort, an eco-terrorist, and so on..."

This was all too strange. "But I was fired from Fate's Choice because of my criminal case. Why would you risk bringing a criminal ... back in such a sensitive situation?" I emphasized the word in a self-torturing tone.

Mr. Ragu grinned—too wide. "Water under the bridge, Mr. Nolan! Let's not dwell on the past, shall we?"

I glared at him in disbelief, and the fucker giggled, looking a little sheepish. Before, my case had seemed like a big deal. A major threat to their fragile reputation! A disgusting criminal ... Now?

Look who came crawling back.

"My husband would appreciate it if you'd check those cases... just a few that have lingered in the system. Only our most challenging clients."

I scrutinized him for a long moment, feeling a strange thrill.

Well... why the hell not? Could this be my chance to regain what I'd lost? My way out of Johansson's... ass? Out of this Dark Dreams, out of my depression? If they wanted me, despite the stain on my reputation, should I even hesitate?

"Would that be a one-time thing? Or am I back in my old job?"

Mr. Ragu was clearly flustered; he avoided my gaze, looking at his hands, then at the window, and finally at the wall.

"It all depends on how effective you will be," he muttered evasively.

Aha, gotcha. This had to be some kind of test. If I pulled it off, there was a chance; if not... well, maybe the past wasn't as forgiven as he made it sound. Water under the

bridge? Unlikely.

"Set me up with your husband, and we'll see what I can do for him," I said firmly. I decided to at least try, and I had some solid reasons to believe I could actually help.

Mr. Ragu lit up, quickly gathering the sheets spread out in front of him and handing them to me.

"Yes! Yes! Great! We appreciate it! Now! Back to business!"

His hands trembled slightly. Was it really such a big deal for them? Were they in deep shit? Maybe I could use it even more? Something else—something serious—had to be going on if they were in such a hurry to close these cases.

"Here are the details for our client, who has quite a demonic name for a little 5'7" student." He giggled again, sounding as silly as usual, but there was a lingering tension beneath it.

Mr. Ragu pushed the STD test results toward me—clients were also required to take them—but I ignored it and snapped my head up. What did he say?

"A demonic name?"

Mr. Ragu waved his hand. "Ah, nothing, nothing. Don't worry about it, I was just thinking out loud."

But I was like a dog with a bone. "No, you have to tell me. What do you mean by a demonic name?"

He snorted. "It's really nothing. You don't need to know this client's name. It's a private setting, and you're a home invader—"

"Please, I need to know. Why did you say it was demonic?"

Mr. Ragu eyed me. "I have this passion for watching old, thousand-year-old movies. One of them had somebody like... a demon kid or something, and this student has the same name."

"Is it Damien?!"

Mr. Ragu chuckled. "Oh, so you also like old movies?"

I blinked in shock.

How the hell did I guess his real name?!

For a moment, I was just stupefied, but after a few frantic thoughts, I decided it was just my alien intuition. Yeah. It had to be. I could guess people's perfect mates, for fuck's sake! Why not guess a person's name after staring at him for hours? I could see that happening, easily. There was probably nothing more to it, right?

I relaxed a bit and leaned back in the chair. "Yeah, I am. Sorry for asking, it was just... interesting. An intriguing name. But let's continue."

Mr. Ragu also relaxed and smiled, helping me with the folder to put in the documents.

The sheets held all the information I needed, including the address and details for the scenario, so I took them and stood up.

"We'll be in touch!" Mr. Ragu said, winking. "When you're done with this assignment, I'll set up a date for you to meet with my husband, okay?"

I hesitated, wondering if I should ask about potentially being taken off the Johansson thing, but I concluded he wasn't the right person to discuss it with. Mr. Ren Ragu would have much more authority to free me if I gave him something he really wanted.

So, with an official smile, I just gave a short nod.

I drove home in a bit of a daze, my mind spinning. Mr. Ragu's proposition intrigued me. The man was clearly desperate—worried about hefty fines if he didn't meet the terms of the contracts. And this 'big thing' happening soon? Maybe they needed funds for an investment and were scared penalties would swallow their reserves? That was my suspicion, but of course, I couldn't be sure.

In theory, it wasn't my problem, but... if I pulled off whatever he needed, maybe it would be my way out of this mess. My secret talent—my sixth sense—I could use it if things lined up just right!

Smiling to myself, I drove home as night settled in.

According to Mr. Ragu's text, the client had already been notified that we'd accepted his commission. They never knew the exact moment things would happen—that would kill the vibe. Usually, they got a vague timeframe of three days to a week, keeping them on edge and stretching out the thrill. This client had only three days left. Normally, I wouldn't consider doing it on the first day, but with the window closing fast, I'd have to move quicker than usual.

Traffic slowed me down, so it was already late when I got home. I tossed the folder on the bed, lay down, and started thinking through a few scenarios I could use with the student. As usual, I checked his picture—it had become a daily habit—brainstorming something creative and believable that he'd find satisfying.

And once again, the trap was activated: his photo caught me.

He was such an interesting-looking omega. Amaranth-red hair, almost pinkish, and fair skin. Maybe I could work that into the scenario? Compliment him on the sensitive skin common to redheads. He had freckles across his nose—maybe elsewhere too. Personally, I had a soft spot for freckles; they reminded me of tiny sunspots. His face wasn't classically handsome, but for some reason... well, he was almost cute. His full lips, and even the braces peeking between them, added to his nerdy appeal. Sure, his skin could use some acne treatment, but his features weren't half bad—at least in my eyes. Without these thick glasses and with a smoother complexion, he could even be pretty, birthmark or no birthmark!

Besides, I was so over the 'perfect ten' types, like Tom, who embodied omegan beauty standards to an annoying degree. I'd fallen hard for that once, totally blindsided. Never again.

Damien.

So that was his real name! A computer science student, probably surrounded by a sea of betas and omegas all day—alphas rarely went into programming. Except, of course, for my peculiar family. Three of my brothers and a cousin were programmers. The rest? Musicians. And me? Definitely even more the odd one out.

I wondered if people stared at Damien's birthmark, a nearly perfect rose shape on his cheek. It wasn't ugly at all, honestly. Strange, that I had a similar mark on the back of my head, so it felt like a hidden kinship—a bizarre secret connection. One twist in my DNA, and I could've ended up with it on my face, too. That thought made me look at him with a bit of empathy. Life's luck hadn't been on his side there.

We had other similarities, too—like hair color. Mine was a mix of dark purple and deep burgundy, part of my alien heritage, but people often assumed I dyed it. Nope, it

was au naturel. Were Damien's light amaranth-red curls real, or was he hitting the dye?

Behind his glasses, his eyes seemed an indistinct color—maybe dark gray or hazel. The photo had a slight yellowish sepia tint, making it impossible to see the true hue. His straight red lashes, more like cow lashes, didn't have that flirty upward curve. Instead, they drooped down, giving him a perpetually sad look.

To my surprise, there was yet another photo in the extras file folder—a candid shot of Damien leaning awkwardly against a tree, as if the picture had been snapped at the last second. His hair was a little tousled, his eyes startled. He wore a thick, oversized hoodie and baggy jeans, so his shape was hard to make out. He might've been a bit chubby, not obese—just soft and round in certain places—but the hoodie hid most of it.

From a distance, he was just another computer science student with red-pink curls and thick glasses, someone who probably blended into the background. But I still had some time, so I stayed trapped—staring at the omega's hypnotizing face.

Finally, I forced myself to look at the sheet again.

Okay, so he wanted to start with doggie style—the so-called 'breeding position', instinctive for omegas during heats. But here was the weird part: he specifically requested that it be gentle, with plenty of prep beforehand—nothing rough.

That was unusual. Most of Dark Dreams' clients were all about the intense stuff. But, to be fair, it was his first contract with the company, and sometimes people were skittish at the beginning. Maybe he just wasn't very experienced and wanted to ease into it, opting for a more relaxed atmosphere during sex.

Truth be told, I wasn't a fan of rough sex myself. My private life in the bedroom was

vanilla as hell. That was one of the issues Tom had with our marriage—he was into some kinks, and I seemed boring to him in the long run. Kind of ironic, considering the kind of job I'd ended up in.

My attention drifted back to the photo folder.

Seriously, Storm? Not again. Fuck.

And yep, I got enthralled by his photo again. Crazy. What was so special about him? I was pretty sure that 90% of the alphas wouldn't even notice him. And the rest would think amaranth hair was a poor choice of dye.

Why did I become so obsessed with the guy?

Minutes passed. I stubbornly studied his full lips, those sad eyes, and that funny rose-shaped birthmark. And I felt a strange wave inside me. I'd experienced something like this before while working on matchmaking—something almost ominous and powerful.

Could it be...? Nah.

Then came another wave—this one more familiar: a good old warmth in the crotch area.

Today, I'm going to fuck him, I thought. My hand absentmindedly touched my hardening dick.

Well, one thing was for sure: I wouldn't need the erection pill they recommended for employees. The company always insisted on using it to ensure a top-notch experience for the client, but this? This was all me. I could already feel an intense kind of excitement spreading through my body at the thought of having that little 5'7" omega

under me—such a stark contrast to my 7'2" frame. A small, plump omega with red curls.

For the last seven months, since I split up with Tom, I've been very... asexual, the idea of casual sex wasn't appealing at all, and looking for a serious relationship wasn't much on my depressed mind.

But today, for some reason, I felt different. My hand slipped to my crotch again. Damn.

Should I stop? Maybe it was good to show up a little heated—it'd guarantee the success of my first fuck job at Dark Dreams.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:10 am

At 11 pm, I decided it was time to get ready. I headed to the bathroom and took a long, thorough shower. The company advised us to use the strongest antiperspirants to ensure an undisturbed experience for our clients. After that, I put on my outfit—it looked a bit like what ninja warriors wear in the movies, the real ones, not the turtles. I also grabbed my ski mask and tucked it into my pocket; riding through the city wearing it would've been asking for trouble.

The student's studio apartment wasn't far, maybe a twenty-minute drive, right near the college campus—super convenient. I parked a short distance away and scoped out the area, checking to see if I could get to his window without being noticed.

Luckily, the student seemed aware his neighborhood wasn't exactly intruder-proof. Some of the apartments faced a backyard full of shrubs, which gave plenty of cover. According to Mr. Ragu's layout, the student's place was smack in the middle of the building: the sixth window from the left, seventh from the right—the kitchen. Even from a distance, I noticed he'd left the window slightly open, like he was setting the stage for me.

Everything was lining up. My heart started to race as I got closer to the window, the thrill making my pulse pick up speed. I checked my phone—1:04 am, prime break-in time when everyone's usually dead asleep.

Not feeling a need to overthink it—that would just make me more jumpy—I hoisted myself onto the windowsill and nudged the window open. It swung without a hitch. I left my shoes on the lawn, hoping nobody would find them, and stepped inside in my black, non-slip socks.

In my pocket, I had condoms, a lube sachet, and a black satin ribbon to tie his hands. I rarely tied clients up tightly; it was mostly for show, no need for metal chains.

The kitchen was tiny, as you'd expect in a studio apartment. I took a deep breath out of habit, even though I'd been taking the super-strong pheromone suppressant Seprudin 750 since I joined the company six months ago. It always felt a little strange not picking up the scent of omegas, and them not smelling me. But it was a rule. The company didn't want clients sniffing out zero pheromone compatibility and having it ruin the mood.

As I moved deeper inside, though, I caught the faintest hint of something nice—sweet and charming. I couldn't quite place it, but it gave me a slight shiver. Even with the suppressant, I felt a little warmth in my groin.

The apartment was quiet and dark. I tiptoed into the hallway and spotted two doors—one shut, the other cracked open. The open one led to the bedroom, where that light, elusive scent was coming from, teasing at the edges of my senses. Sometimes it slipped away; sometimes I felt close to catching it. Were my alien genes breaking through the suppressant?

Holding my breath, I snuck into the room. My night vision kicked in—a perk from my extraterrestrial ancestors. Now, I could clearly see the bed in the center of the room. Curled up under a quilt, surrounded by a meticulously crafted omega nest, lay a small figure.

My heart fluttered.

I knew immediately he wasn't really sleeping. His heart was racing, pounding way too fast. I could hear it as clear as day—he was probably startled awake by my not-so-stealthy entrance, or maybe he'd been just lying there the whole time, wide awake, waiting for my visit. He kept still, though, despite his heart thumping in quick,

nervous beats.

Closing my eyes for a moment, I tuned into the sounds of the room—his breathing, the nervous swallows. Being a purple alpha, my hearing was more acute than the hearing of other alphas, so I caught all the subtle, organic sounds. Obviously, he knew I could tell he wasn't asleep; he was just lying there, pretending, playing along.

A lot of clients did this—nervously waiting for the company employee to show up. Probably hadn't slept a wink, and this guy seemed no different.

Slowly, I moved around the bed, studying his nest in the darkness. It caught my attention—it was intricately made. The blankets and scarves were woven into tight braids, forming what looked like... a perfect rose! Wow. I'd never seen such an impressive and complicated nest before, not even online. It was a work of art, a masterpiece—the king of all nests!

So, I stood there in utter amazement. My ex had always thrown together a sloppy, half-hearted nest out of old clothes and rags, but this guy had poured his heart and soul into his.

Realizing I'd been hovering there like a creep, staring at his hypnotic, rose-shaped nest, I snapped myself out of it.

C'mon, Storm. Focus.

It was time for action, so I grabbed the edge of the quilt and yanked the cover off with a sharp tug.

Damien finally screamed.

Loudly. I guess it was a relief for him to let out that sound—the tension he'd been

holding in, keeping him taut as a bowstring. He started to sit up, but I leapt onto him, landing in the middle of his nest. Oddly enough, I didn't want to wreck it. Normally, I wouldn't give a damn and would destroy my ex's shabby nests.

But now? Funny, I wanted this to stay intact, to survive the whole thing. I knew nests had that effect on alphas—their violent instincts tended to diminish a bit when they were surrounded by the nest's scent. While crafting it, omegas excreted small amounts of pheromones via their wrist glands, and the scent could be quite distinctive—reflective of the omega's mood during the crafting or their general mental health. This time I was strangely eager to feel the full effect of it. But no luck. The damn pheromone suppressant.

The young omega was wearing only a t-shirt and nothing else, which was quite convenient. I was now on top of him, pressing his warm, soft body against the bed.

Wow, such a nice feeling... like landing on a silky pillow.

He raised his hands and tried to push me away, but I grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the sheets. I could hear his gasping, the weak, helpless sounds he made as he was trying to throw me off him, and this spiked my discomfort for some reason.

Why the hell was I squashing this little omega?

It just felt wrong. I hoped he'd say the safe word. But... he didn't.

And since he didn't, I had to keep going, despite everything in me protesting against any form of brutality toward this soft, warm human being. I hated the idea of jerking him around, tossing him across the bed, or treating him roughly. Damn it! I had this idiotic thought that I would rather have him embrace me... lovingly.

What? Seriously, Storm?

I blinked in shock. I never had such a strange feeling with any other client.

Wrong, just wrong, bad, bad, bad... kept popping up in my head like an 'Update your Windows' notification.

Why the heck did I hire myself into this filthy company? Never before in my life had I had to force an omega into anything, and it just made me physically sick. But what should I do now? Resign? Escape? Fuck, it felt like a trap.

For a moment, I just lay there, keeping him pinned down, taking deep breaths, and listening to his quiet whimpers. Well. Since I was already in this mess—whatever the hell it was—I decided not to rush things. Calm down, Storm. Just breathe. Despite all the wrongness alerts going nuts in my head, it was unexpectedly pleasant to lie on his plush body. That strange scent I could only half-sense, lingering at the edge of my subconscious, was becoming easier to catch.

A garden full of fragrant pink sweet roses? When I was a kid, I loved eating marshmallows dipped in rose jam. My dad made that jam after collecting pink rugosa rose petals, and I was its biggest fan.

The whole time I was sniffing, my face stayed buried in his neck because, for some reason, I avoided looking into his eyes. I'd seen them briefly before I lowered myself—wide, dark, and, of course, monochromatic. My night vision had its limits. Slowly, I shifted closer to his neck glands, lifting my ski mask just a bit, and instinctively inhaled his scent one more time. Maybe now? Nope.

Damn suppressants. I was so close to catching it—figuring out what kind of mateship we had. But it kept slipping away, and the frustration was maddening.

Out of habit, I let my nose linger over his glands for a long moment, noticing they'd never been marked before. Just smooth skin under my nose, untouched by the teeth of

other alphas.

All in all, he was just a twenty-year-old guy. Maybe he'd already had one heat, or maybe it was still ahead of him. Lots of omegas had their first heat between eighteen and twenty-two.

I swiped my tongue over his glands and Damien made a strange vibrating sound. His body tensed, trying to push me off, but the resistance quickly faded. I used the moment to pull a ribbon from my pocket and tie his hands. This time, he didn't put up much of a fight, which was a huge relief. I kept feeling this weird revulsion at wrestling with him. The difference in strength between us was immense, and for that very reason, it felt simply unfair.

God, how much I wished he'd just participate willingly.

Wait... in a way, he did! I realized he sensed my hesitation because his struggling slowed down. Tying someone's hands when they're actively resisting is no easy feat—you need both hands on the ribbon—but he suddenly went still, lying motionless as I tied him up. Proof of his consent?

If I'd really followed his instructions from the script, I should have been handling him more roughly—he wanted it to be that way, at least at the beginning of his scenario. But that wasn't something I could bring myself to do. And I think he realized that, and let me bind his wrists, lying there and waiting submissively.

As I finished, I hesitated. On a strange impulse, I slowly slid my hand into his small, soft palm. And I kinda... awkwardly held it for a while, the room filled only with our breathing. Eventually, his fingers moved and very lightly closed over mine. Was this another way of showing me he consented? It felt pleasant, this gentle, delicate touch of his.

Out of nowhere, I felt an odd urge to say something to him. I remembered he wanted compliments—about his looks, his body, his sex appeal, and how much I desired him. Allegedly. Or, in this case, for real. Now seemed like the perfect time to dive into the scenario.

Smiling to myself, I leaned in close and whispered into his ear, "I've been thinking about you all day. I couldn't focus on anything else but the thought of having you tonight. I fantasized for hours and got hard, wanting to be inside you so badly."

My words sank in, and he let out a short, rapturous sigh—I knew he wanted to hear my confessions of pure 'desire and obsession'. The funny thing was, I didn't even have to lie. I had been thinking about him all day, even before I accepted his assignment. Four days already!

"I wish I didn't have these damn suppressants," I murmured. "I'd love to scent you right now, to just drown in your fragrance. I know it would be beautiful and sweet, just like you."

He made another sound—a light, disbelieving snort mixed with a sigh, something he couldn't quite hold back. For some reason, I knew exactly what it meant: he didn't believe he could be beautiful to me—or to anyone else, not truly.

Leaning forward, I kissed him just under the jaw and along his neck, covering his skin with wet smooches and leaving light love bites since he hadn't forbidden them in his scenario. Being close to his ear, I murmured, "You don't have to believe me, but it's all true. You're very cute. Your eyes are so sad and beautiful, and your lips—God, they're so soft. I feel like tasting them... and maybe I will?"

Impulsively, I shifted a little, just to be able to kiss him, but then I froze. That tiny, nagging thought hit me: had he requested that in the scenario? My stomach sank as I cursed under my breath. No, I was almost certain he hadn't.

So, my lips hovered just an inch above his, before I sighed and pulled back. Instead, I went back to kissing his neck and collarbones, sticking to safe territory.

Then I felt something unexpected—something hard, pressing lightly against my side.

Jackpot! My actions had an effect after all. Damien liked it—and it was all about making him happy.

Though I obviously didn't have an ounce of a real rapist in me, I still wanted to make the most of his scenario. Therefore, I grabbed the hem of his t-shirt and pulled it over his head, and it stayed up there, wrapped around his wrists because of his bound hands. Now my mouth could slide lower over his bare torso, and it was then that I discovered what Damien meant when he said he was a bit chubby.

His body had a soft, streamlined shape; his shoulders were rounded, and his chest was as filled out as that of a pregnant omega. The cones of his breasts rose stiffly, the areolas were puffy, but the tips were hard and taut, waiting for my mouth. I wasn't going to let them down.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:10 am

"Wow, you have really sexy nipples. I've always liked the puffy nipples on pregnant omegas. You're perfect!" And then I closed my mouth on his nipple.

Yep, I've fucked a few pregnant omegas in the past, who were bored with their alpha husbands and quite intrigued by the possibility of sex with a purple alpha. Not that I was proud of it, but hey, at least I could appreciate their pillowy soft bodies, and Damien was a nice example of such sweet roundness. Tom was all chiseled and lean, and I realized where my true preference lay: softness and curves.

My tongue was circling his nipples. "Gosh, you really taste like candy fudge, gonna devour you..."

Damien let out a quiet moan when I enclosed my mouth around his left areola and sucked it in; his body trembled—I knew he absolutely loved it. The sounds he was making changed—becoming deeper, louder, more guttural, and primal.

At one point, he even made a quiet sound in the AO mating language that meant 'Continue, it feels good'. Since those sounds were partly involuntary, I took it as a huge compliment and encouragement to keep sucking and licking his nipples, which were now hard as pebbles. My other hand sweetly tortured his right nub, and I could feel him trembling under me, arching his spine, making louder and louder hot huffs.

Suddenly, he actually lowered his bound hands and wrapped them around my neck, which almost made me ecstatic, but he quickly corrected himself and threw his arms back behind his head. Yeah, the whole home invasion scenario was still on... Too bad, it would feel more like making love, but I guess that wasn't what he wanted.

Damien's body was incredibly warm, his skin as smooth as velvet, and I took such pleasure in this that my rock-hard dick throbbed almost constantly, pressing into his calf.

Maybe I could mention it? I lifted myself up, popping his nipple out of my mouth, and mumbled, "Do you feel how hard I am for you?" I rubbed my cock against his leg to prove it even more, "I want you so much, and your beautiful, soft body!"

But there was more on the list I should praise. Of course, my night vision didn't allow me to see colors, so I added, "What a pity I can't see your freckles. I love that delicate sprinkle across the shoulders, where the sun kissed the skin in the summer, leaving these traces behind..." As I said it, I was half-expecting a wave of debilitating cringe to wash over me, but it never came. Somehow, that awkward sweet talk felt right in the moment.

And... Damien actually responded. Very quietly, more like a shy whisper, "I have freckles on my shoulders and arms."

Why did I feel so giddy hearing him respond? It gave me the confidence to embrace the newly discovered poetic side of myself even more.

"Mmm... that's great! For me, freckles are like small reminders of warm sunny days, the sunlight trapped forever on your skin. I could kiss them too, but well, your hands are tied now."

Strangely elated and invigorated by this little interaction, which seemed more like cute lover talk—something beyond this strange scenario—I slid my mouth down to his belly. It was tender, soft, slightly bulging, like a pleasant silken cushion. I took my time with his pretty belly button and then sucked lightly on his love handles, humming at how fluffy and lovely they were! His dick pulsed intensely under my arm, hot and rock hard, pre-cum dripping constantly.

Damien liked it—and it made me swoon. He let out a constant purr, his breath hitching, his pulse racing.

It was time for the main course.

My mouth found his penis, and indeed it was just as he had described it—on the smaller side, but a well-formed pretty one, and sooo hard, it might as well have a real bone inside.

"Nice, shapely dick!" I mumbled, and once again, I was being honest. I actually liked it; it was always a hardship for me to dick-shame people in all those scenarios, so finally, for once, I could be true to myself.

I took it deep into my mouth, all the way to the end, pressing it against the back of my throat, and Damien moaned loudly and shamelessly. Then...

...unexpectedly, a sweet and milky liquid spilled into my mouth.

The omega let out a stifled gasp, and I realized that he had come. That fast? Pretty shocking. I certainly wasn't a master of blowjobs—maybe decent—but to have such an immediate effect? Damien obviously appreciated my foreplay more than I ever dreamed of, and it felt like a small miracle.

"You taste like whipped cream!" I mumbled, a little surprised because it was considered a sign of... something very specific. But since it felt simply impossible, I slid my lips down without paying any more attention to the subject. My eyes landed on his smoothly shaved pink testicles and I gently sucked one and then another into my mouth, trying to simultaneously mumble incoherent praises under my breath about how round and perfectly creamy-pink they were, and how very pleasant they felt in my mouth. It probably sounded comical, but that was very much my goal.

And... indeed, I heard his quiet, melodious giggle. Damien found it amusing—another reason for me to preen a bit. Sure, I hadn't followed his home-invader scenario to a T, but that hadn't ruined his mood, and it was a win.

Encouraged, I continued to kiss and lick over his balls, moving lower to his perineum. Damien visibly enjoyed my efforts, panting loudly, and his dick didn't even bend a little. It stood proudly, pointing to the ceiling. And then I just had to see... the place. It was time.

So, I grabbed his hips and flipped him onto his stomach in one swift motion.

Damien let out a muffled squeal that resonated in my nervous system, making me almost feral.

And that was the moment that made me freeze.

Something very unusual caught my attention. But the view was still monochromatic, dammit, and I needed to be sure!

So, I raised myself slightly and reached toward the nightstand, where I saw a small lamp, right next to his glasses. I pressed the button, and the room was flooded with a soft golden light, bringing Damien's body out of the grayness into the vibrancy.

Blinking, I focused my sight. Of course, before I investigated this strange discovery, I couldn't ignore the very impressive sight in front of me. His solid butt was as plump, soft, and smooth as I had imagined. And I've always loved big, juicy butts. It's been a long time since I've seen such a springy, bulging, and round behind on an omega. Perfection!

And then I finally had to face the other thing—there was no way to miss it now... who he really was.

Damien wasn't your typical omega. He belonged to another subspecies—my subspecies to be exact—just a different subgender.

They were called rose omegas.

Similar to purple alphas, their counterparts—rose omegas had a high percentage of alien DNA, and it showed in their bodies—though not as obviously as it did with purples.

Damien's intimate entrance was unique, like rose petals softly closed, but now slowly opening, revealing the pink, wet inside as my eyes focused on it.

Wow. I swallowed hard, truly amazed.

His rosy pucker wasn't the only sign of his heritage. After all, some omegas had a somewhat similar look to their entrances while during their heats—vividly pink and slightly protruding, but there was more to it with Damien.

Around his opening and running up along his spine was a pink line, shaped a bit like the stem of a thorny rose. Like a real stem, it wasn't perfectly straight but curved gently, bending around his vertebrae and forming little thorn-like protrusions (though they were flat like tattoos, not actual bumpy thorns). The closest thing I could compare it to was a pink lightning bolt etched into his skin, like a streak cutting through a stormy sky. This pink "stem"—or lightning bolt, depending on how you saw it—continued up to his shoulder blades, where it spread out into hundreds of thin lines, disappearing like branches of lightning (or roots, if you prefer), sinking into his skin and fading away.

From what I'd read, not every rose omega had the same lines. The patterns could vary—some covered the entire back like winding vines, others had sharper contours, and some had smoother, wavy lines. It seemed to be unique to each individual, like

frost patterns on glass—never the same, always one of a kind.

Yes, I stared. I'd never been with a rose omega before, even though I knew that only among them could I find my perfect mate. But of course, meeting a rose omega didn't mean he'd automatically be my match. They were rare, but not that rare, making up around 1.5% of all omegas—a percentage similar to purple alphas. Still, there were thousands of them out there, especially in big cities. Meeting my fated mate among them would be like finding a needle in a haystack.

There was a prolonged silence in the room as I attentively studied his body. Damien tilted his head forcefully to the side so he could look back at me and gauge my reaction. Our eyes met, and for a moment, we just stared at each other, my breathing halted.

Should I even react at all? He hadn't mentioned it in his script, so he probably wanted me to continue like nothing had happened, right? I had already changed enough of his scenario, so making it worse by commenting on his rose omega nature would just be insolent. I was pretty sure he didn't want to be fetishized or for it to become the focal point of our meeting, for the same reason I hated when my purple nature was the big thing.

Swallowing hard, I pulled myself out of the shock and decided to play along with the home invasion story, making sure not to give him any more hints that this was quite a surprise for me. In fact, I resolved to ignore it completely, treating him like any other omega.

"Fuck! You have an awesome ass, oh man, I guess it should be me paying you for this service, not you—paying me! That's a little unfair, a butt like that is a godly asset!"

And... yes, here I came full circle again, violating his scenario script even more.

Damien specifically had expressed in his list of expectations that he didn't want off-scenario conversations, it wasn't like with the 'dog-man', who didn't mind. His scenario was meant to feel real: a real assault.

However, the funny thing was... at that point, I didn't even care. I knew he wanted to hear compliments more than anything—possibly because he was insecure about himself, self-conscious about his looks. To make those praises convincing, they had to be genuine, real-life observations. I had this feeling he'd know if I was lying, just like I could sense, in this strange way, what he thought of the situation.

The nervousness mixed with excitement filled him—it was so thick, so palpable that it seemed to hang in the air around me, like a mental mist enveloping the room.

But he also wanted me to proceed, so with sincere passion, I placed my hands on his buttocks, wiggling and squeezing both of his plump cheeks. I began to play with them, patting, kneading, and still murmuring cringeworthy praises: "What a glorious ass! I'm going to cover it with hickeys and suck on those succulent, juicy globes!"

And again, I wasn't lying—I was mesmerized by his sweet roundness, enamored with it. I leaned in, nibbling on his satin skin with my mouth, sucking, and lightly biting. "My fudgy-pudgy omega..." I babbled nonsensically.

Damien made really cute sounds, similar to the grunting of an excited bunny or the squeaking of a little squirrel; it was adorable. And then I parted his buttocks again and just had to say something nice about what lay between them too.

"Well, I guess you don't believe me when I pay you sincere compliments, but again—I don't have to make it up. You have a beautiful little hole, and it is already so wet for me. I'm going to take good care of it."

Excited, I lowered myself and gently ran my tongue over it, discovering its pleasantly

sweet taste. Damien shuddered and let out a whimper. I couldn't help myself, although I usually didn't like rimming, this time around I really didn't have to break myself to do it. My tongue started sliding around his petaled entrance, licking his sweet, delicious slick.

A purr of satisfaction escaped my lips, for it was not only pleasurable for him, but for me as well. My arousal skyrocketed and my dick was so hard it almost hurt. I wanted nothing more than to thrust into that tiny hole, but... I had to prepare it well first, that's what he expected. And, not to be too modest, that's exactly what was needed here, as I had been called a 'monster' for more than one reason. So, I really got down to business, first licking him for a while with my tongue sliding in with swirling motions, playing with his little folds, while Damien moaned and groaned loudly. I even slipped my hand under his hips, and he was still hard, leaking copious amounts of pre-cum.

"Your cute cock is demanding to be satisfied again! It makes me very happy to give this sweetie some joy!" I made another comment of masterclass cringe level, but I just knew what would be awkward for another omega—was very welcomed by praise-hungry Damien.

How could I even sense him so well? It was almost like telepathy.

Concentrating even more, I went back to swirling my tongue down his tight hole, but after a while I decided to also slide my finger there, starting with one that was inserted shallowly, carefully. The lube bag was close by, but I didn't need it; he was so wet, his slick trickling down his perineum. I licked it greedily from time to time, savoring the delicious taste. It was really strange—I had never found the flavor of omega's slick to be particularly mouthwatering. It was tolerable for me, but well, not as yummy as Damien's!

My next move was to gently massage the opening with one finger, slowly sliding it in

and out. After a while, I added a second. When he moaned slightly, I immediately slowed down and withdrew my digits, then went back to penetrating him with only one. I didn't want to rush anything; every minute was important. Only when I was sure he was ready for the second finger did I slide it in again slowly, muttering under my breath, "You're so tight, I can't wait to get inside you!"

Even though I had a hard (very hard!) time waiting, I couldn't let him down by sloppily following his instructions regarding penetration. He wanted to be diligently prepared and treated well, and I was going to give him that. So I took a lot of time with slow massaging and circular motions, stretching, scissoring, and lightly rubbing his prostate before I moved on to inserting a third finger.

"I'll add the third," I muttered warningly, so he would be ready. He groaned deafeningly when I did it. So, I left the third finger inside for a while, but didn't move it, letting him get used to such a significant presence. After all, I was 7'2", and my hands weren't exactly small. But since he really needed to be spread wide for me, it was a good thing. Meanwhile, I kissed his plump, pillowy buttocks, and my second hand reached down to his dick again to begin stroking it gently, giving additional stimulation.

Damien was taking deep breaths; it was obvious that he was trying hard to fully relax, and after a while he actually succeeded. My patience was really more than I ever had with any other omega, but he deserved it, so he was going to get it. In a way, it was also a mental preparation, and even though I was only obligated to spend about an hour here, I was willing to stay as much time as he needed. After a few minutes, I was able to slide my fingers in deeper and also move them slightly from side to side, stretching his entrance even more.

Finally, the moment I was waiting for came. Damien was nicely open, relaxed, and so very wet. His pucker glistened, looking downright inviting. The pink petals were parted, swollen, and slippery; so delicious.

My poor dick, already stiff beyond the point of pain, was about to finally experience some pleasure. I took out a condom, tore open the package, and put it on.

Then, I leaned over Damien's head, gently kissed his cheek, and whispered in his ear, "You know you can say no at any time, right? I will stop. You don't have to explain anything. Whenever you need me to stop, just say it."

Yep, not much of a home invader scenario anymore, but what was strange—I could feel my energy adjusting to his. Damien wanted this; he didn't want to be treated like a real victim anymore, despite hiring a company to do so. He was grateful for the change in script... how odd that I even knew it.

Finally, I settled between his legs, then leaned over and pressed my dick against his entrance. I waited for a while, just for him, so he was fully mentally ready and aware of what was going to happen.

But Damien didn't say anything; the safe word didn't appear. So I knew he wanted me to continue. In any other case, it would be so damn unprofessional—no employee of Dark Dreams should behave carefully like that, potentially destroying a client's wild, non-consensual fantasy scenario. But my principles were more important, and so was my reading of his mood. It was the right thing to do, to give him all the options to back out. Only after that, did I start to go deeper into him, very, very slowly. At that exact moment, feeling me pushing, he suddenly turned his head and twisted it so he could see my dick!

I stopped right away, letting him take it in. I was still almost completely clothed, my mask on, with only my eyes and lips showing. I pulled down my pants a bit, but not much more was visible. Except for one thing. I didn't have my gloves on, nor the usual skin-colored thin cover patch I used over the purple lines on my hands.

His eyes fixed on my dick, his pupils dilated, and then they shifted to my hands,

where the purple lines were visible. As before, I let him have his moment, taking in these signs that revealed my subspecies.

We were both the same kind; two sides of the same coin.

Damien didn't seem surprised by my purple-pink lines; Ragu had to let him know who was coming to see him. In no-penetration scenarios, it didn't have to be disclosed, but in the case of a planned intercourse—it was company policy. Clients couldn't be put in situations where they discovered that a 'monster' had come into their beds. And we were considered along those lines, for sure. Purple alphas with monster dicks and monster bodies that could turn into something no one really wanted to see. Some customers might object to having us... up their asses.

But since Damien was a rose omega, his body was designed to handle me, which put me at ease.

Finally, his ogling was over. He turned his head to the side and rested it on the pillow, a clear signal for me to continue.

Again, my dick pressed against his entrance.

"Gosh, you're so tight, like a virgin," I murmured, inching in as he panted—his breath short and raspy. "I hope that's not the case, though. You deserve more than just being fucked by some weird guy you paid for!" I burst out, further ruining his scenario.

After a six-month streak of perfect scores and glowing reviews, I had failed miserably on this one. I was pretty sure I deserved a one-star-out-of-five review. But I wasn't myself today. Damien melted my brain—something inside me flared up as I marveled at him, at his body, his energy. He was so delicious, warm, and exciting.

He looked like... mine.

Dammit, I didn't want to do this anymore for this fucking company—taking gigs like Johansson's over and over. It's not that I didn't know what I was signing up for before, but now it hit me twice as hard.

The whole depression thing, the numbness, the emptiness. I dreamed of having someone like Damien to come home to after work. I didn't want to meet strangers anonymously and screw people with kinks that didn't align with mine—not even close. I wanted to... make love, however boring that sounded. Under my purple exterior, I was just a vanilla, simple guy. The problem was, people assumed I was something different, and that was, in a way, my tragedy.

Feeling somewhat desperate and almost sad, I plunged deeper and deeper into him with every inch. But my body wasn't unhappy at all, like it had a mind of its own. Damien felt just too perfect; his hot velvety channel—a place to be.

Even though I had a condom, I quickly realized that things were getting out of control—I was about to explode—and I never had trouble with premature ejaculation before! But now, I had to stop, taking a few deep breaths. And a few more... However, my excitement wasn't going anywhere; it was growing wild! Ah, that cute, round ass that was taking me in—I was so miserably doomed to fail with my fleeting strength.

Desperately clutching his buttocks with my fingers, I groaned, "Fuck, I'm about to come, I can't help it..." My voice sounded helpless.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:10 am

This whole endeavor turned out to be a major catastrophe. It would have been over without the rubber. Unreal—the power of my arousal seemed almost out of this world. How could this chubby omega turn me on so damn much? Yes, he was incredibly tight, which had its effect. But still, there was some strange element to it. I usually needed to fuck a guy for at least a few minutes to cum, and now I was about to burst just from one push? Incredible, and a bit suspicious, especially knowing how it worked with... True Mates. They would cum immediately, at their first penetration. But this scenario was improbable. The first rose omega I ever fucked and that would be IT? Nah, stupid thought.

Finally, after a while, and after many deep breaths to calm myself, I managed to bottom out inside him and stayed there, wanting him to get used to my presence.

In the meantime, I stared. Fuck, it looked crazy—my massive dick was embedded in his ass, and it looked really wild. His petals were now stretched impossibly, tightly circling my base like a coiled pink rubber band. It seemed inconceivable that he could be comfortable with my dick so deep in his guts. His belly had to be extra bulging because of it!

Needing to check it, I lowered my hand and, on the way there, discovered that he was still rock hard! As soon as I lightly squeezed his dick, he... came again! Wow. Moist liquid oozed down my fingers, and Damien let out a raspy moan. I had a hard time believing it, feeling his cock pulsing under my grip... How could this be even possible? So fast? One movement of my hand? I was so puzzled that I forgot to check for a 'dick-bulge' on his belly.

One thing was for sure, I probably shouldn't try to solve it right now . I needed to

start moving, and I did.

Only...

...to also orgasm immediately! Shivering and gasping loud, I cursed under my breath. My body was shaking, my dick was spurting, I was panting, completely out of control. Dammit! I just couldn't hold back.

To hide my premature eruption, I continued to thrust, and curiously enough, had no problem with it, staying fully hard, despite usually being oversensitive right after. Damien's dick didn't get soft either. Maybe he took some kind of pill?

Now was the time to work. I withdrew almost all the way and then plunged into him slowly, feeling his slick flowing profusely over his thighs. Damn, he was really turned on. I've never had sex before where my partner came twice and was still hard, except during heat periods, of course.

In a daze, I continued to rock inside him, slow, but the stimuli were still cosmic. I realized that unfortunately, I wouldn't be able to prove myself in this intercourse—my pleasure was rising like a rollercoaster car, madly fast, blinding me, making me shiver. Maybe two minutes after, I weakly groaned out, "Damn, you're too tight, I can't handle it—"

Moments later, I just gave up, exploding inside like a Yellowstone geyser, falling into ecstasy as a dazzling pink light spilled in front of my eyes...

How wonderful (and embarrassing) it was! Impossible to describe—my body was literally vibrating, my fingers were hooking into his buttocks, and I was muttering under my breath, some silly things about how breathtaking the heavenly tightness inside him was... no idea what else—probably his name, maybe a few embarrassing confessions, definitely riding that cringe train at full speed.

My failure was complete: straying from the scenario, having multiple premature ejaculation issues, talking unprofessional shit. But hell yeah, hitting the bottom never felt so good.

Damien fell flat on his stomach, trembling. Wait, did he... also? Again? I sank down on top of him, crushing him with my weight and muttering in his ear, "Sorry, but damn, it's been a long time since anyone turned me on like this. If you give me a moment, we'll continue because I'm still hard for you."

Damien didn't answer, apparently he was dedicated to the script—such a strikingly opposite attitude to mine.

And then I noticed what else was happening—my knot started to grow! I groaned in shock, but I was in such a position that I couldn't pull back fast enough. Within seconds, I found myself locked inside him.

Damien groaned loudly.

"Oh shit, oh shit, sorry, sorry!" I breathed out because I knew that knotting up customers was also not a part of the company policy! It was considered something too intimate, something that could only happen between close people, not during casual sex with a hired man. An absolute madness.

My face turned red with shame, but there was nothing I could do. My knot was firmly lodged inside, fully swollen, connecting us tightly.

"I'm sorry, Damien. This scenario didn't go as I hoped. I don't know what's going on; I don't think I'm up for the job. I'll pay you back with my own money because I completely wrecked your script."

I was convinced there would be no answer, but I was very wrong. Unexpectedly, I

heard his voice. It wasn't a whisper this time, but a pleasant, gentle tenor with a low, silky timbre.

"Nothing bad's happening. You don't need to apologize. After all, this is uncontrollable, and it's actually... a compliment." His face remained turned to the side, so I couldn't see his expression.

"Listen," I said, "the problem is that this is my first time having sex with a client. Before this, I only took commissions related to spanking, and toys. But I'm not cut out for this. I should stick to what I'm good at, so I will return the money to you."

A moment of silence passed, and then suddenly, he spoke again.

"To tell you the truth, I think you're great. You made me believe this wasn't scripted, that everything you said, you really meant."

I laughed quietly, pressing my lips to his neck.

"And you know," I murmured, "the funny thing is, everything I said was true. Every word. It's all true—you really are so... sexy to me."

It was super weird, talking to him with my knot deeply submerged in him, without seeing his face, and he couldn't see mine. I only knew that the scenario had crumbled into dust.

My knot didn't want to deflate even a little. I made a few movements with my hips to check if I could maneuver at all, and Damien let out a quiet moan in response, probably feeling the head of my dick rubbing over his uterine entrance.

"If you want, I can continue. To tell you the truth, I damn well like it," I muttered, sounding like a horny student who just discovered sex.

"Okay, continue," he whispered quietly.

So I did just that. I began to thrust into him again, feeling the super-stretched condom heavily filled with my cum squelching inside, but I didn't even pay attention to that. This time, I was lying on top of him, my head pressed against the side of his head. I could hear his breathing speeding up and quiet moans as I rhythmically plunged into him, massaging his prostate and the entrance to his uterus.

And it was a damn godly feeling. So godly that I started to feel unexpected tingling in my gums... as if my mating fangs were about to emerge—a rather rare occurrence outside of heat! Was my body priming to mark Damien? With quite an effort, I halted it, but it took a lot of my focus.

Unfortunately, my orgasm was quickly gathering momentum again, sneakily using the time while I struggled to stop myself from marking and mating... a total stranger . Kinda crazy.

Trying to focus on adding to his pleasure instead, I slipped one hand under Damien's body, placing it on his hard nipples, and squeezed them lightly. He moaned, and I could feel his hips making gentle movements, coming out to meet me.

"Faster, a little faster," he whispered, and I obeyed him, knowing it would be my downfall.

Our bodies were now slapping, slamming, our groans filling the room. My mind was dizzy and enchanted by him. All I wanted was to stay there, to wallow in him, to sink myself in his energy, to be free from all my problems and just remain merged with Damien.

Maybe two minutes later, I felt him suddenly tighten, his passage squeezing my knot, pulsing, milking me. He groaned deafeningly, as he had reached his peak again. This

pushed me toward my own climax, toward the inevitable rush of pleasure...

I really didn't know if it had been seven minutes since my previous orgasm, and the knot was still on. I started to feel silly, like I was missing something obvious.

"Are you in heat?"

"No," he said quietly.

"Then why—" I stopped myself.

I couldn't bring myself to say it, to express the unbelievable. This other possibility, this improbable, miraculous, yet simple answer to everything. The idea I resisted so much... calling it unrealistic. But in truth, only one type of mateship had that kind of chemistry—overwhelming, constant, undeniable, like magic.

And yet, in our society, it was almost customary to deny such a possibility with all our might. They called it protecting yourself from disappointment .

Since childhood, we had heard it in schools and colleges: "Don't let yourself be fooled by the elusive prospect of finding your ideal mate. Keep yourself in check, stay realistic." The programming kicked in hard now, and I rejected the idea once again.

But what about my powerful gut feeling? Should I really ignore it?

I lingered on the thought as minutes passed in silence, my intense brooding helping to dissolve my knot, so I slowly pulled my dick out.

There was nothing else to do here, we had a clear rule not to prolong our presence in clients' homes, to avoid making them feel uncomfortable.

At that very moment, when I was about to say something, the condom, which was filled beyond all reason, slipped off my dick, and a pretty gigantic puddle appeared on the sheet, just under his buttocks. Yyy... Yup. I conveniently ignored it because I had more important things to do, like, um, talking with Damien.

"Damien, I—I have to go now. I'm sorry this scenario turned out so strange. I'll ask the company to reimburse you—"

Then he said something that stopped me cold.

"It was my first time."

I froze, only blinking like an idiot, it just didn't register.

"Wait. You mean your first time having sex?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"Yes."

Words spilled out of my mouth before I could think better of it: "Gosh! Seriously? You hired a company for that? You could have any alpha you wanted!"

Damien let out a huff and muttered, "I thought one of your prerogatives was not to criticize your clients—or question our decisions?"

I cleared my throat. "Of course! I wasn't trying to criticize. I was just... surprised. I don't know why, but it upset me. You deserve so much more!"

"You don't know what I deserve," he blurted out, his tone robotic, like he was trying to distance himself from the situation.

But it didn't feel genuine. I could sense it—he wasn't happy.

Was the reality of what happened sinking in for him too?

Instinctively, I moved to the side, rolling off his body. His bound hands, which had been above his head, came down, and I quickly untied him.

Then, without thinking, I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him close. It was pure instinct, and he didn't protest—something that only strengthened my conviction that this situation was far from ideal for him. If I wasn't criticizing him, he was doing it himself.

Damien lay quietly in my arms, his forehead resting against my chest, and I gently stroked his hair. It was such an unusual thing to do—completely inappropriate for an employee to show this kind of tenderness to a client. But I couldn't stop. Something in me just knew he secretly wanted it, needed it. Almost... like we were true lovers, like we meant something more to each other.

His confession—that it was his first time—changed something in me. It seemed crucial to give him this moment, to acknowledge its significance. So, I pressed him tighter to me, stroking his hair gently. I couldn't just get up and leave him like this. That would've been even more detrimental.

Strangest of all, I could almost hear his thoughts, clear as day. He wanted me to hold him—desperately.

Gradually, as long minutes passed, Damien started relaxing in my arms, calming down, finding comfort in my touch. He liked it—loved it, even. And he appreciated that I was giving him my private time, my tenderness. I had never experienced this kind of harmony with another person in my life.

But then the confusion bubbled up again, insistent and impossible to ignore. Only with the highest mateship could people share this kind of connection—this

unshakable awareness of each other's feelings.

After what felt like half an hour of lying together in silence, I realized I couldn't prolong this any longer. "I'm sorry, Damien, but I have to go now," I whispered, gently moving away.

His hands, which had been resting lightly on my chest, fell to his sides. On a sudden impulse, I took one of them and placed a soft kiss on the back of it.

Then I sat up, and our eyes met. He looked into mine through the holes in my ski mask.

"Your eyes are almost fluorescent turquoise. Are you wearing contact lenses?" he murmured.

"No," I said softly. "This is my natural eye color."

Silence filled the room. It really was time to leave.

As I started to roll off the bed, I failed miserably at dodging the massive cum puddle, and my elbow plunged straight into it with a wet, obnoxious smack. However, I remained unfazed and kept my cool. Unfortunately, in my desperate attempt to avoid sinking further into the cum pool, I nudged the edge of his nest—messing up part of it.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:10 am

No!

I froze mid-movement, a shiver running through me.

For some reason, it didn't feel right. I was as though I'd damaged something precious, something I had no right to disturb. It was almost as if I'd taken something away from him.

Without thinking much, I quickly bent down and, with clumsy hands, started to repair what I had disrupted. I knew I shouldn't; alphas had no business meddling with nests, touching them, or even commenting on them. But I couldn't ignore the strange urgency I felt to fix it.

Damien watched me in silence, just sitting there with his eyes wide open. I spliced the blanket back together with the decorative red ropes and reinforced the structure with a long, silky scarf. My movements were not graceful, but I was determined.

After a few minutes of effort, the job was done.

"Why did you do that?" Damien asked quietly. "Why did you fix my nest?"

Did he seriously ask me that? It seemed so obvious to me. I looked up at him, still sitting in the middle of the nest, his disheveled amaranth hair framing his face. He was naked, his pale pink body marked by delicate freckles and... my kisses, glowing softly in the golden light of the bedside lamp.

I mumbled, unsure of my own reasoning, "It's obvious. Out of respect for you. It's

the most beautiful nest I've ever seen, by far! And I want it to stay perfect." The words felt silly, even absurd, but I couldn't take them back.

Not wanting to embarrass myself further, I straightened up and made my way to the door. At the doorstep, I paused, turning back to him one last time.

"Thank you for the honor of being your first," I muttered. "And... sorry for breaking the script. I'll make sure you get your money back."

"There's no need," he said gently. "You didn't destroy it. You re-invented it. You made it perfect."

Our eyes locked for a few... perfect seconds.

Time seemed to freeze; only our hearts were galloping.

Boom, boom, boom...

And I was... dying inside because I was leaving him.

My mouth opened to say what this all meant to me, but instead, I closed it and averted my gaze. He was still my client. And I had my duties.

Then I left in a hurry, my mind spinning as though I were on a wild merry-go-round. I broke into a full-on sprint toward the car, like running at top speed would somehow help me burn off some of this pent-up anxious energy. But it didn't. I needed to process it all, to calm down, to somehow make sense of it all.

What had happened there? What had really happened between us?

I don't even know how I got home. It felt like I had stepped into some surreal computer game. My head was spinning, I was completely dazed. All I could think about was going back to Damien's apartment and continuing what we had started.

Maybe it really was that bad with me—the whole paid-for-sex thing?

My inner desperation and longing for an actual human connection probably made me a poor fit for what the company expected from its employees.

When I got back to my house, I didn't bother showering. I just collapsed onto my bed and sank into endless ruminations. I had no idea when I fell asleep; my thoughts were so scattered and disjointed that I couldn't keep up with them.

My phone woke me up. The screen displayed Mr. Ragu's name, and waves of stress immediately hit me.

Could this be about my next assignment? So soon? So mercilessly? I hadn't even had time to process everything that had happened.

I hesitated, debating whether to answer. But eventually, I did.

To my surprise, Mr. Ragu wasn't calling about Johansson. He got straight to the point, asking if I could drive to his husband's company the next day, around 1 pm, to talk. Apparently, the rest of his week was packed, and this was the only available time slot. I felt a wave of relief, happy that I didn't have to think about Johansson.

But just as I started to relax, Ragu added, "One more thing. This morning, the client you saw yesterday contacted us."

I froze. Of course, this part of the conversation was unavoidable. If Damien had decided to file a complaint about me, I would just have to accept it with humility.

"He was so impressed," Mr. Ragu continued, "that he gave you a bonus for how brilliantly you executed his script. Twenty thousand dollars."

What? I sat up, mouth open, blinking.

"How's that possible?! He only paid a thousand for the commission itself. And now he's giving me so much more? Is he rich?"

"Yeah, he is," Mr. Ragu replied casually. "He's from the famous Lowen family, though he keeps his life low-profile. But he asked for it to be revealed to you. He had his reasons for going with the low price initially, though it's not my place to explain that. But I'm sure he will—when you ask. The money will be sent to your account today."

Wait a minute... something didn't feel right. I could easily just accept it, pay off the rest of my installments, and move on. Easily?

Hell no.

Instead, I heard myself saying, "I want to return it."

Incredible. Returning money while repossession agents were chasing me?

And Damien certainly wouldn't be any poorer for paying me. The Lowen family was one of the wealthiest in our country, being the shareholders of Malden Pharmaceuticals, DevApp (a large software development company), and also press moguls, owning East Times Magazine, among many other ventures, including The Omega Red Line Agency.

"Excuse me?" Ragu's voice sounded like I'd yanked him out of a dream in which it was simply incomprehensible to refuse money from someone in an actual billionaire family. Hard to believe, and yet...

"That's right. I want to return the money."

Mr. Ragu snorted loudly. "You're crazy, Storm! That's not how we operate. It's not even—"

"Either you return it, or I quit. Right here, right now. Return it!" I raised my voice.

The silence that followed was long and deafening.

Finally, he cleared his throat and said warningly, "You're being difficult, Storm."

"Don't care. I need you to return all of it. Every cent—including the initial thousand dollars."

"You're out of your mind... Lowens sleep on money!"

"It's not about that."

A few seconds of silence. "Was he that bad or that good?"

If he'd been standing in front of me, I might've slapped him and ended up in jail for assaulting my own boss. It took everything I had to respond calmly.

"I'm dead serious. Return the money."

Finally, I heard him let out a long exhale.

"Fine, Storm. I'll do it."

For a moment, only our breaths could be heard on the line.

Then Mr. Ragu cleared his throat and added, "The thing is... there's more. You don't

know what happened after he praised you. He said his first heat starts in two or three days, and he wants to hire you for that period! He's offering another considerable sum."

My emotions boiled over.

My brain was about to fry from the overload of conflicting emotions, and a strange rage surfaced. Like hell, I would have such an intimate moment with Damien for fucking money! I could never taint it like that.

"I refuse."

I really didn't even control my own mouth. Be paid for making love to Damien? A person I truly didn't even know... but hoped to change that. Nope, never again, not if I had any say in this.

The silence on the other end of the line was heavy and tense.

"He offered fifty thousand," Ragu said eventually.

I burst into laughter, feeling like a madman. "Mr. Ragu. Offer me a million, and I still won't take it. Don't care. Doesn't change my mind. I won't take a dime from him."

The silence deepened.

Finally, he asked, "May I know why? The company's reputation is at stake. He specifically requested you—no one else. We need to deliver!"

My eyes closed and I lowered my head.

"I just can't, boss, because me and him... we're True Mates."

I wouldn't even dare repeat what his answer was.

Thank you for reading 'Invade Me' .

If you want to find out how Storm's relationship with Damien unfolds, pick up the second part: ' Heat Me'.

Or maybe you're curious about the challenging cases of people who signed guaranteed-mate deals with Fate's Choice, and how Storm would find their perfect matches? Check out 'Buy Me', 'Accept Me', 'Unbreak Me', 'Unchain Me', 'See Me'.

If you encounter any issues with the text, please send me an email at , and I will take care of it as soon as possible!