



Omega Claimed (Hedonist #2)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Syl has dark desires that aren't easy to satisfy in a world where omegas need to remain pure until marriage. During the day, he pretends to be the innocent heir, greeting noble suitors in his father's mansion. At night, he sneaks out in disguise, seeking satisfaction in the town's underbelly.

When his reckless second life is nearly exposed, he needs to leave in a hurry and falls into a trap. He's captured by three fearsome strangers who threaten to rob him of his money and fragile freedom.

Yet the robbers are not who they seem.

Syl might finally find what he was destined for.

Total Pages (Source): 5

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The dreams began way earlier than most omegas have their first heat. I remember the first time I woke up drenched with sweat, a puddle of slick soaking the covers under my ass. I couldn't recall the dream, but my insides felt empty, and my groin throbbed. I quickly learned that stroking my hard shaft helped, but the emptiness remained. Whimpering, I put my fingers into my hole and wriggled them until heavenly pleasure burst through my belly, and my shaft spat out drops of sweet cream. I licked it off my fingers and fell back asleep.

My relief was short-lived.

Night after night, I would lie awake with torturous cravings eating me from the inside. My fingers were too thin and short to satisfy. Deep inside, I remained hollow. I didn't know what was wrong with me. I had no one to tell.

One Sunday, I came to the breakfast room to find the preacher there by my father's side. I bowed my head to greet our guest and sat down in polite silence, as I was raised to do. My father's guests rarely spoke to me, but this morning, the preacher sniffed the air and frowned at me.

"Syl. You smell of sin. Why is that?"

Red in the face, I looked down. I didn't know what he meant. I was afraid I was sick, but I couldn't tell a preacher that my ass was leaking and aching every night and that I had to put my fingers inside myself to find relief.

“You need to find him a husband,” the preacher told my father.

My father waved his hand dismissively. “He’s young. We have time.”

The preacher glared at me. “He’s ripe,” he said with disgust.

I met my father’s cold, measured gaze. He looked tired as always, his eyes glassy and cheeks gray.

“I suppose a few invitations could sort it out. He’s pretty.”

The preacher nodded and returned to his ham.

Maybe it would have worked. A few invitations, a few smiles, and I’d have been married off.

But my father was a drunk.

The dinner parties he organized ended with him snoring in his armchair, an empty bottle or two lying under the table, and his guests leaving with amused smirks. Of course, they gladly came again. Despite his undignified habit, my father was an influential man, and many deemed it wise to stay within his good grace.

One evening, a guest stayed longer than the rest. His name was Gerald, and he was a noble alpha in his forties, the most powerful among the town’s councilmen, maybe even richer than my father. He had black eyes and a dark beard with streaks of silver in it, and his shoulders were wide and square in his stiff coat. When I came closer to refill his glass and caught his scent, it stirred something in my belly. I’d always been afraid of him, that night more than ever.

My father fell asleep with his mouth open, snoring loudly, so I stood to say goodnight

to our last remaining visitor. It wasn't appropriate for a young unmarried omega to be alone with an alpha after dark, and I thought Gerald would leave. Our servants had already carried away trays with empty glasses, and the fire in the fireplace was dying. Gerald nodded in response to me bidding him goodnight, but instead of going to the door, he followed me upstairs.

I hurried to my bedroom, scared to imagine why he could be coming after me. When I was closing the door, he put his foot into the gap. I jolted away, my heart pounding.

He walked into my bedroom and locked the door behind him. Then he removed his coat and belt. He smelled faintly of sweat, and the scent felt strange in my room, where no alpha had ever been before.

Gerald charged at me where I stood frozen and gripped me by my nape.

I should have pushed him away when he kissed me. But he was gentle, coaxing me and teaching me. His tongue slid against mine, and I liked the taste. I closed my eyes. The familiar ache grew inside me, stronger than ever before. The hollow feeling tugged at my insides and made my hole wet. Trembling, I let Gerald undress me until I was naked, and he only had his underpants on.

Until that night, I hadn't known what fucking was. Not really. I'd known alphas did things to omegas behind closed doors, but nobody ever explained them to me. I had very little idea what Gerald wanted from me.

Today, I'm convinced he would have overpowered me if I'd tried to stop him. Maybe a part of me enjoyed the danger—I don't remember.

His fingers stole into my crease, rubbing over my hole, and I gasped. His touch there felt like lightning.

“You should be dry like sawdust. But you’re not, are you?”

He pushed a finger inside me. His touch there felt wonderful, but I was shaking violently, not knowing what he’d do next.

“Oh yes. Like I thought. You’re horny like a cheap whore.”

Abruptly, he flipped me and bent me over the bed. Fear made my heart gallop, but the horrid ache grew right along with it.

“I love virgins like you,” he said, his voice low. He kicked my legs apart. “Ripe but unspoiled. Irresistible.”

He pushed something big into me.

Blunt, thick, hard, burrowing into my flesh. It took me a while to realize it was his dick. Startled by the sudden pain, I tried to shove him off me, but he gripped my wrists, pinning them to the bed.

“You want it. I know you do.”

God, it felt immense.

He stayed still, letting me get used to the burning fullness. I panted and quivered, afraid to move an inch. He gulped my scent from my nape, his chest rumbling with low groans.

“Tight as a fist. Hurts, huh? That’s what you get for taunting me.”

He pushed in harder, and I cried out. He’d tear me apart.

Humming, he gave me an almost sweet kiss on my nape.

“I’ll make the pain go away, my little virgin.”

He pulled out a little and slid back in.

A shock of pleasure stole my breath. The pain dissolved, only a faint memory, and moans I couldn’t control poured out of my throat. He thrust into me with long, firm strokes of his dick, and I lost myself in the glorious feeling. My hole tingled, my insides fluttered, and when he thrust harder, pleasure burst out of my untouched cock.

“Good boy. Pretty hole, clenching on my dick. I told you it won’t hurt anymore. You’ll learn to love this. You’ll crave it.”

I stained the bed sheet with my release. After the overwhelming peak, my body grew limp. My hole loosened, and the big hardness glided in and out easily while slick poured out of me.

“Not a virgin anymore, are you? You’re coming on my dick like a slut in heat.”

Gerald pushed deeper, and the tip of his shaft pressed into some tender spot inside me that made me shudder with delight. This is what I’d been dreaming about. What I’d needed all along. An alpha’s big hard dick.

He growled, his cock jerking.

Then it was over.

Pulling out, he spread my ass cheeks, and I sensed his gaze on me.

“Push with your ass,” he ordered.

Confused, I whimpered. I didn't know what he meant.

“Push like you're about to shit, omega.”

My cheeks heated, but I did as I was told.

Creamy liquid leaked out of me, and after the frenzy, my face burned with shame. He'd taken me, and instead of trying to fight him off, I'd moaned and squirmed. A man more than twice my age forced himself on me, and I liked it.

“That's it. A ruined, filthy hole. Why didn't you beg me to stop, hm?”

A loud slap echoed through the room, and I yelped. Strangely, I felt the hit only after I heard it. Warmth bloomed on my ass cheek.

“Didn't you care about your innocence?”

Another slap. I bit the covers.

“You wanted it, didn't you? You were making eyes at me for the whole evening.”

Another slap.

“You're a whore, seducing your father's noble guest.”

Oh Lord, why did that feel so good? The burning spanks made me push my ass out for more.

“Answer. Did you like your first fuck? Your very first alpha dick, ruining your little, pink hole.”

I nodded eagerly. “Yes, sir.” It didn’t even occur to me to lie.

A few more spanks landed on my ass.

“Filthy boy. You even like the spanking.”

On the next hit, I moaned. I did like it. So much. What was wrong with me?

“You’re my hole now, boy. I defiled you, and this young body is now mine to use whenever I want. I’ll come back, and you’ll always leave your bedroom door open for me. You’ll be ready for me.”

He hit me a few more times, then he stood.

“Stay like this.”

I knelt by the bed, naked, ass burning, my legs open, and my exposed hole leaking his cum, while he dressed, looking at me. My cock was hard again.

“I broke you in, and now you’ll be horny every fucking day. But this is my hole now. Don’t you dare let anyone else near you!”

Dressed, he crouched behind me and shoved two fingers into me.

“You’ll be dreaming of my dick, yearning for me to come back and fuck you hard and deep.”

He began sawing them in and out, rubbing over a bundle of flesh along the front wall of my hole, and in no time, I ached for another peak. Just as I was about to come, he pulled his hand out.

I cried out with desperation. The sudden emptiness was horrible.

Shrugging into his coat, he cast one last glance at my exposed body. Without another word, he left.

I knelt for a while longer, trying to sort out in my head what just happened.

The man had used me. He'd soiled me with his seed. Had I defended myself, he'd have taken me anyway. Gerald ruined me under my father's roof while my father snored downstairs, drunk. If it became known, the disgrace would follow my family for generations. I was spoiled goods now. Defiled, tainted. I should be terrified and brokenhearted.

Except...

I liked it.

That dick moving inside me, pumping me with alpha cum, had been the best feeling I'd ever known. I'd been about to beg him for another taking when he'd left.

I was loose, my hole wet, my cock aching. Trembling, I ran my fingers over my opening. They snagged onto the stretched rim, so I pushed them inside. I groaned. It wasn't the same, but with how sore I was, it felt amazing. Shoving my fingers in and out of my hole, rubbing the cum into my flesh, I gripped my cock. I made myself come again, thinking of the callous alpha taking my virginity and igniting a thousand fires in my body.

I tried to resist, but every night, I ended up putting my fingers inside me, thinking of Gerald's dick. I couldn't wait for him to come back. It took an entire week, but he came to visit again.

Trying to catch his gaze during the evening, I trembled with anticipation. He barely gave me a look, but in an unguarded moment, he brushed my hip with his hand as I passed him, and I knew he'd come for me. I kept refilling my father's glass. When the guests began saying their goodbyes, I excused myself and went to my bedroom, leaving the door unlocked. I stripped, knelt by the bed, and waited. I was wet and ready.

It took a long time, but finally, Gerald came. He laughed when he saw me.

“Eager, are you?”

He spanked me, telling me I deserved it for being so shameless and waiting for him naked and wet like a filthy slut. When he fucked me, the burning skin on my ass enhanced my pleasure, and I was flying on the inside. His big dick pumped in and out of me with more power than last time—he'd been careful with me the first night. Now he didn't hold back, and I came and came. He was ruthless, swearing at me every time I peaked, calling me nasty and a whore.

After that, Gerald visited at least once a week. He taught me how to suck his cock and swallow his cum. He began tying me up before fucking me, and I liked that, too. He bound my arms behind my back and ordered me to ride him until I came all over his chest. Then he ordered me to lick everything off and suck his dick clean. I loved the taste of my own cum, especially after it had been fucked out of me.

Another night, he gagged me with a cloth and beat me with a riding crop while fucking me. He called me his horny boy, his filthy, ruined virgin, fallen angel, and a nympho.

When he was satisfied, he'd watch his cum leak out of me, bring me to the brink of another orgasm with his fingers or the handle of his walking stick, then he'd leave. I would ache inside, dreaming of his cock, until he visited again.

I did dirty, vile, forbidden things, and it felt wonderful.

I found true joy in those moments of depravity.

Once, he opened his pants in the dining room, and I sucked his cock right there, with my useless father snoring in the corner. To make the humiliation complete, Gerald bent me over the dining table, took a bottle my father had been drinking from, and fucked my ass with it. And I came from it.

I'd never been in love with Gerald. I even hated him a little for the power he had over my body. But God, I adored his dick more than my own life. On the nights I was alone, I hurt inside.

The only gift Gerald had ever given me was a carved wooden cock. I sat on it and stroked myself to completion so I wouldn't go mad from the constant emptiness.

It went on for almost a year, then he stopped coming. I never got to know why. Maybe he found diversion somewhere else with a boy even younger than me? At first, I was angry. I ached, day after day, the wooden cock barely soothing me enough so I could sleep for a few hours. I lost weight, and my father thought I'd developed some mysterious disease. The doctor he'd called found nothing. He said I was suffering from melancholy and that my father should find me a suitable husband.

I didn't want a husband. Alphas were good for nothing except fucking, and I was empty . Torturously empty.

My father kept bringing potential suitors to our house.

One night, he got drunk earlier than usual, leaving me alone with the two alphas he'd invited. It didn't take long to seduce them. I pretended to be a guileless virgin, worried about my virtue, but my wet, hungry hole must have reeked with horniness.

“You don’t smell like a virgin,” one of them said. He toppled me and held me down on the dining room floor while the other one dragged my pants off and mounted me. To rile them up, I struggled and did my best to hide my pleasure. I clenched and squeezed his dick with my inner muscles and kicked and cried. They liked that I fought them and began talking about ruining me in a way that made me burn with glorious passion.

They almost started believing I’d been innocent, but I hadn’t been fucked in such a long time, my insides oozed slick. All too soon, I came all over myself. I gave up on pretending I didn’t take pleasure in them using me. After they both fucked me, I got to my knees and sucked them to hardness again. The second time they took turns inside me, the orgasms almost made me lose consciousness.

That night, I slept deeply, sore and full of cum, and woke into a new day with joy in my heart.

I needed fucking to live.

Finding the right alphas was difficult. Not every man felt comfortable taking advantage of a presumably innocent young omega in his father’s house. I began sneaking out at night. The town was full of pubs, and I always found someone who eagerly pushed me up against a wall in a dark street. A quick dicking soothed the constant itch, but I wanted more. I kept my eyes and legs open, and soon, I found the perfect solution.

The brothel lay in a nice part of town, close to the opulent streets where the councilmen and wealthy tradesmen lived. It was expensive and satisfied a noble clientele. I was the youngest omega here, both in age and appearance. The rumors about the beauty and insatiable lust of a mysterious new boy spread fast, and within weeks, I’d become the most sought-after whore in town.

The owner doted on me. He kept a long list of names in his drawer, only noble alphas waiting for a time with me, and carefully chose who'd be allowed to my chamber and when. Some of it was surely politics, but I didn't care about that. I only wanted cock.

Working four nights a week, I would arrive after ten and stay until two, usually taking two to four alphas a night. I wore a lace mask over my face, revealing only my lips, and I had a guard standing by the door, ready to burst in if I called.

Some patrons wanted nothing but a simple fuck on a bed, and some liked it when I got on my knees and sucked them. But a few had strange, disturbing desires—and I liked those the most. One spanked me, called me degrading names, and pushed his fingers into my hole alongside his cock, stretching me out. Another made me crawl on the floor and beg for a fucking. One alpha put strange items inside me and ordered me to push them out as he squeezed my throat and spat on me. Another made me kiss his feet and stroked himself above until he came onto my face. A patron fucked me with a wine bottle and with his entire fist, and then he would order me to hold my hole open so he could gaze into my body...

I fed on their depravity as if it were the magical elixir of life.

Those days when my patrons proved to be unsatisfying, my guard took his turn last. He had a long, thick dick and fucked me hard until I was sore and sleepy. Then he accompanied me to my house. He was the only one who knew who I was and where I lived, and I paid him well enough so it would stay that way.

After several months, I had two bags of silver under my bed, while my father didn't have the faintest idea about what I'd been doing.

I loved my nightly adventures. In the evenings, just one glance at the door to the brothel was enough to get me wet and ready. So many alphas horny for me. So many cocks, so much cum. Some patrons were weak lovers, but others made up for it. The

money helped, too. I dreamt of freedom, and like this, I might be able to provide for myself.

My father was still trying to marry me off, but his demands were high and his manners abysmal. He thought we had time before my first heat and refused several offers he deemed too cheap.

Only a few more weeks, and I'd have earned enough money to leave.

All too soon, my fragile freedom was taken away from me.

I washed my hole after my first patron for the night had left. I was pleasantly stretched after taking that man's thick dick. He'd only made me come once, but the peak had been long and satisfying. I was looking forward to my next ride.

Wrapped in silk, my mask in place, I opened the door and stood face to face with my father. His eyes were glassy, and he smelled of wine. He began undoing his belt.

"They say you're the best in here," he slurred. "Come and suck my dick, slut."

I stood frozen as my grand plan crumbled, turning into shambles before my eyes.

He kicked the door shut, tried to hang his coat onto a hook, and missed. The fabric pooled on the floor.

"What? Can't you hear me? Take that off. Want to see you when you suck me."

"You're drunk, sir," I managed, trying to change my voice so he wouldn't recognize it.

"So what?"

Indeed. Many men who came here stank of wine. But so far, only two had paid the sky-high price for me and come so drunk they couldn't even get hard.

“Do you hear me, whore?”

He swayed.

“Guard!” I yelled, and the door to the room burst open. “He tried to hit me.”

“What? He's lying. I didn't do anything. I want my money back! Give me my money!” My father kept kicking as my guard dragged him through the hallway.

Before the sun was up the following day, I rode out of the town's gate, cloak over my head and my bags of silver tied behind the saddle, hidden under a woolen blanket.

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And that is how I find myself here—in the middle of the forest at twilight, surrounded by robbers.

One of the men grabs my horse's bridle. He's tall, taller than any alpha I've ever met before. All three alphas are enormous, with wide shoulders and thick arms. They have shaved heads and thick beards and are dressed in sturdy leather with woolen cloaks over their shoulders.

It's twilight, and I can't tell the exact color of their eyes. They seem to glow like hot coals. There's something inhuman about the men, something sinister. Cold shivers run along my spine.

But if I'm to make it out of here alive, I can't let fear and superstition cloud my mind.

"This is a dangerous place for a little omega," one man says, looking me up and down. My horse jerks, but the man holds it firmly. He looks like he could tear me off the saddle with one hand.

"Let me go, please."

"You don't have to fear us, boy," the second alpha says. "We won't hurt you."

"Not unless you want us to," the third one says, chuckling, but instead of laughing with him, the first alpha throws him a glare. He must be their leader.

“Where are you going?” the leader asks. “You can’t travel through here at night.”

“Outlaws roam these woods,” the third man says.

Obviously .

The leader smirks. “And wolves.”

“I don’t fear wild animals,” I tell them with courage I don’t feel.

“You’re right. Men are far worse. So, where are you going, sweet boy? Why should we let you ride out into danger?”

I don’t know where I’m headed. Another town? The harbor?

There’s a land on the other side of the mountains where an omega king resides. Omegas live safely at his palace, unmarried and free. Legends surround the place, tales about endless carnal pleasures and sin without repercussion. Maybe it’s true, maybe not. In any case, to travel there, I need my money. If these men take my money, I must return home and marry.

“Will you let me pass if I pay you?”

The leader shakes his head, smirking. “Let you pass so you’d get killed before morning? And how would you even pay us, boy?”

Luckily, I always have the right currency with me. Heart pounding, I hop off my horse. I pull my shirt out of my pants as they stare at me suspiciously.

“You can have me, all three of you. Fuck me, then let me go.”

The third alpha, the most eager of the three, steps toward me, but the leader stops him with a palm on his chest.

Now that I'm on the ground, they look even bigger. Three giants. Did I truly offer them my body? Fear clogs my throat.

The leader lets go of my horse's bridle and leans closer. He sniffs the air and inhales from my hair. A shudder goes through me.

"You smell like a delicious treat, omega." He grips my chin, lifting my face. "We can fuck you since you asked so nicely. One dick after another up your little hole all the way, over and over, until we come inside you. That's what you want?"

I wait for him to make the next move. He doesn't. Instead, he tilts his head to the side, staring at me. "Well?"

I can see them up close, those glowing amber eyes. He's not human. But what else would he be? I push the foolish notion aside. I need a clear head.

Something tells me he's taunting me. He doesn't think I'll do it. Except I've had way worse than these three. Do they want me to be more afraid? Should I try running so they could catch me and force themselves on me? Is that what they'd like?

I swallow as different possibilities run through my mind. If I keep them entertained, they won't go through my things. They think I have nothing—where would a little omega like me get so much money? I'll keep them occupied, and they'll never find my silver.

Turning away from the alpha, I take off my cloak. Then I untie my pants and let them slide down my legs. A beech grows nearby, its thick trunk covered with smooth grey bark. I hold onto the tree trunk, push my bare ass out and shake my hips. It's the most

sought-after and admired ass in town. They won't be able to resist.

I don't have to wait long.

The alphas surround me, running their hands over my skin. I know it's the leader who's behind me. Somehow, I can sense him. The other two pull on my ass cheeks, holding me open.

"Look at that. Pink and pretty."

"Mmm. He's young. He'll be nice and tight."

"Don't hurt him. I want my turn."

"Need to get him wet first."

A calloused hand cups my soft cock and squeezes.

And then... oh God! I cry out from the feeling.

Nobody has ever done this to me. Not one of my patrons.

A thick wet tongue slides over my hole and wiggles against the closed ring of muscle. The alpha hums against my flesh and pushes with the tip of his tongue, coaxing me open. He licks into me, and my knees go weak. I'm grateful for the other two holding me in place when the man thrusts his tongue in and out of my hole.

"He tastes like honey."

Another deep lick.

“Let me.”

Oh God. I’ll come. They’ll make me come just from this.

“Fucking hell. Like manna. Is he a fae?”

A soft beard tickles in my crease when the third alpha tastes me. I’m leaking slick, and my insides ache with emptiness.

“I want to eat his cum.”

He shuffles around me, crouches at the foot of the tree and mouths my cock. I’m hard as a rock.

The pressure on my hole takes me by surprise. Of course, the robbers would have enormous cocks. What did I think? But this... The thick cock stretches me wide, more and more, and I shiver. The alpha sucking me takes me to the root, swallowing, and the other one thrusts hard.

I scream, my eyes rolling into my head. This is madness!

I can barely stay upright, impaled on the massive dick. I’ve had hundreds of men, but none have been this big.

“Fuck. He’s like a vise.”

“Is he slick enough?”

“Oh yes. Tight, slippery hole.”

He slowly pulls back and slides back in. Unbearable pleasure flares from my ass into

my whole body.

“Oh yes, such a horny boy. His ass sucks my dick.”

“Careful. Don’t hurt him.”

“Fuck, he’s a miracle. The scent!”

The suction on my shaft intensifies, and the pumping fullness in my ass reaches deeper. I wail, my back arching, my nails scraping at the bark.

“That’s it. Come, horny boy. Come on my dick.”

He speeds up, the alpha sucking me growls, and I shatter. The next thing I know, the leader is biting my shoulder, his giant cock in me to the hilt, throbbing with release. My stomach is distorted with a big bulge under my belly button, where the enormous shaft pushes against my organs.

The third alpha swallows my cum, then stands, and the leader pulls out of me. Losing my strength, I fall onto my hands and knees. The second alpha grips my hips and mounts me without pause. He’s just as big as the leader, filling me to the brink, his cockhead hitting the mouth of my womb on each thrust. Sobbing, I come again. It’s too much. My vision is blurry, my throat sore from screaming, and my ass squelches with wetness. My insides move with the thrusts, like a tide in my body, the pressure reaching into my chest and stealing my breath. He pushes into me all the way, filling me to bursting, and I’m gasping like a stranded fish.

They are not human. They can’t be.

Luckily, he doesn’t last long. His dick throbs in me, making my stomach flutter, and he roars like a wounded beast. As soon as he retreats, the third alpha flips me on my

back. He folds me in half and shoves his cock into me. He rucks up my shirt and pinches my nipples.

His dick isn't as long as the first two, but it's thicker, and the way it stretches me makes me think I'll never be able to walk again. He fucks me hard, his skin slapping against mine, and the other two have to hold my limp body in place, or the thrusts would drive me forward. I mewl and whine, fuller than I've ever been before.

They watch how my cock quivers over my underbelly. Grappling at their shirts, I struggle to keep my eyes open. They look fierce. The three powerful alphas, dangerous and passionate, look like I've sent them into a rut.

The third man speeds up, growling. The ruthless punches into the closed mouth of my womb send me soaring. My insides squelch and slurp, old cum bubbling out. I bow from the ground, and my asshole pulsates stronger than ever before. It clenches around the humongous girth. They hold me tighter, pressing me into the ground, and the fat dick rams in over and over while my ass gushes slick around it. My hole loosens with my climax, and someone tugs on my cock with a rough, calloused hand.

With beastly grunts, the alpha pounds my hole, punching the closed mouth to my womb. I feel hot all over, overfull, my skin too tight on my body.

I mewl and sob.

Oh God! I'm about to peak again.

"Look at that. He's still coming."

"Fuck yes. He likes a good pounding. Good little omega. Such a pretty hole for our dicks."

Ecstasy steals my sight.

When I resurface, the third alpha is still inside me, half hard. He rocks his hips, gently fucking my stretched hole, while the other two kiss my torso, licking the cum drops off my chest.

I'm so fucked out, I can barely move.

He pulls out of me and stuffs his wet dick into his pants.

I lie on the ground, tingling all over. My stretched ass is drooling all their cum onto the mossy forest floor. There seems to be so much of it, just oozing out, and I can't clench my ring to stop it.

I won't be able to get back onto my horse anytime soon.

May the devil and all his demons take me now, but it's been the best fuck of my life!

I've never come so hard and so many times. Have I been dreaming it all? Am I still asleep in my bed?

I'm never completely satisfied. No matter how much I fuck, how many alphas plow my ass, I can always take more.

Not now. I'm finally, finally at peace. The pleasure lingers in my muscles and bones, and a warm, calm feeling spreads through my hole and womb, filling my chest. My heartbeat slows down, and I can easily fall asleep then and there.

The three robbers loom above me, staring at me where I lie sweaty, bruised... a fucked-out piece of meat in a puddle of slick and cum.

“We can’t let him wander through the forest smelling like this,” the second alpha says.

“I was just thinking the same thing.”

You said you’d let me go. But God, I can’t move.

“We promised to let you go,” the leader says, reading my mind. “And we will. In the morning.”

He scoops me up into his arms. From the corner of my eye, I see the second alpha collect my clothes from the ground. The third one leads my horse.

I almost fall asleep as the leader carries me away. The night gets darker, and they walk for a long time, yet the alpha barely breaks a sweat. His breathing is steady.

Finally, he climbs steep stairs toward a narrow gate. The stone house seems to stand on a cliff, but I can’t see well enough in the darkness to be sure. A torch burns by a single door.

He brings me inside and lays me on a soft bed. The room is luxuriously furnished with a carved table and comfortable sofas, the style at odds with the men’s simple attire. The leader adds logs to the fireplace. Then he brings a pot of water and spreads my legs wide open. He washes my crease with a wet cloth.

Stunned, I don’t say a word.

The other two appear. Did they lead my horse to a stable? Did they find my money?

“I don’t want to leave his side,” the third alpha says.

“We don’t know who he is,” the leader cautions.

“He tastes like heaven,” the second alpha says.

The leader gives me a cup of water, but I’m so tired, I can barely hold it to my lips. The thorough fucking exhausted me more than I’d have thought possible.

What’s going to happen to me? Have I been kidnapped? Will they take my money?

The questions don’t bother me as much as they should. I feel strangely content. My muscles are loose, and my hole is sore in the best ways. I close my eyes and drift off into a deep sleep.

I wake up before sunrise on an unfamiliar bed, surrounded by warm bodies. I'm naked. One alpha holds me from behind, his hard cock poking my thigh through the thin linen of his underpants. Another man is pressed to my front, his nose in my hair. My face is tucked to the base of his throat, and I breathe in the strange scent of his skin. He doesn't smell like an alpha does. There's no musk or salt. He smells like earth and fresh grass in the spring. The third man lies at the foot of the bed. He's hugging my leg, his nose in the hollow under my knee.

They're deeply asleep. If I'm quiet, maybe I can slink out. I encircle the wrist of the alpha behind me and move his arm. It's heavy, but then it falls behind me when I shift my hip. The alpha sighs but doesn't wake up. I carefully pull my leg from the third man's embrace.

Slowly, I sit up and look around the room. In the dim morning light, the room is eerie. Their soft snores are the only sounds disturbing the complete stillness. My cloak hangs by the door, my clothes lie in a small pile on a nearby table, and my shoes stand under it. Through one window, I can distinguish a corner of another building. A barn? My horse must be in there.

I can go. I can crawl over the mattress, slip into my shoes, grab my clothes, and sneak out to the barn. Maybe they'll wake up, but maybe not.

Their huge bodies radiate warmth. They wear linen sleep pants, but their torsos are bare. The three alphas are sculpted like the statues of gods in the palaces downtown. Even asleep, they look inhumanly powerful. Immortal.

Go now. They can wake up at any moment. Go.

I...can't.

Looking at their peaceful faces, at their imposing bodies, I remember the pleasure I felt when they took me. The greatest pleasure of my life.

The leader hums from his sleep and moves his arm. He encircles my waist and rubs my belly with his broad palm. He doesn't open his eyes.

And I, the fool I am, I lie back down. I snuggle into his lap, and he strokes my stomach. He's so warm. I strain my neck to press my face back against the other alpha's throat and breathe in his delightful scent. Then I stretch my leg, sliding it under the third alpha's arms, and he hugs it again, nuzzling my calf.

They all cling to me in their sleep, and I feel strange. I'm not afraid. My heart is light even as I think of my lost freedom and my silver. It's as if I can't be unhappy with the three alphas surrounding me.

They're all touching me, a big dick is pressing into my thigh, close to my hole, and I ache again. Thinking of the glorious fuck in the forest, I bite my lip to keep myself from moaning.

I ache more than ever before.

My hole loosens, slick trickling out. My shaft is hard, my balls drawn up, and even my nipples itch for a touch. They're tight, the flesh underneath them throbbing. I've never felt anything like it. The empty ache in my hole grows and grows as I lie unmoving. It seems to spread, reaching deeper into my belly until I feel it in my womb.

Since Gerald first laid his hand on me, I've been horny all the time. But never have I felt a need like this. And with every heartbeat, every breath, it only gets worse. Anguished, I whimper, and a shudder goes through me.

The leader tightens his hold on me and rocks his hips, making me cry out with need.

They're all awake now, stroking my naked body. I shiver, my hands shaking, and I'm about to beg them, but I can't form words.

Finally, the alpha behind me opens his pants, and a hot naked dick presses between my ass cheeks. I reach back and guide it into me, moaning with relief.

Oh yes.

"He's drenched with slick."

"The scent. I need to fuck him too."

"He can take all of us. He wants it." The leader kisses my neck and grazes his teeth along my jaw. "You do, don't you? You want all our dicks?"

"Please." My voice is just a broken whisper, but they hear me well enough.

"What a gift. Such a young, pretty omega, and so horny."

One of them licks my balls, and another takes my nipple into his mouth. I cry out with joy from the sweet sensation. It must be what I need because when the leader thrusts his huge cock deeper and the other alpha sucks on my nipple, the most satisfying climax spreads through my entire body.

The alpha growls into my chest, sucking harder, and I must be dreaming because it

feels almost as if he's sucking something out of me.

"It's milk. It's him."

But that's not possible—only omega fathers have milk.

"All the demons in hell. It's him!"

The third alpha swallows my cock while the leader fucks me harder. My other nipple bursts with sensation, and this time, I feel it distinctly. Something is coming out of my nipples when the man sucks them.

The leader buries himself deep in me, filling me with cum. It's like I'm still coming, the pleasure never-ending. He pulls out and rolls me onto my back.

The second alpha, who's been sucking my chest, scrambles up and settles on his knees between my spread legs. He fills me with his monstrous cock, and it feels even bigger than before, harder, the bulging head stroking my insides most deliciously.

The other two latch onto my nipples and suck.

"Yes, it's him. Our little mate. So generous and beautiful."

I do have milk. Overnight, my chest filled out. And they drink it.

I should be scared because my body has changed in ways it shouldn't, but the pleasure is such that it doesn't allow any other thought to enter my head.

With two wet mouths pulling on my chest, a big cock pumping in my hole, and greedy hands stroking all over my body, I'm as happy as I've ever been. The joy might drive me to insanity.

By the time the third alpha takes his turn inside me, I can't move my arms or legs. My whole body is tingling, waves of ecstasy are washing over me and crushing me, and my head is empty. In and out, in and out. More. Deeper. Again. My belly bulges and my groin and crease are all covered with juices. Wet suction on my chest never ceases, and my nipples are sore. They bite them and lick, and I twitch and mewl.

Later, I'm lying in the middle of the bed, exhausted. My asshole gapes open, cum pouring out. My nipples are drawn out and sore, clear liquid pearling at the tips. My limp cock is covered with drying seed. I don't even think of leaving this place. I wouldn't make it to the door.

Gentle lips kiss my skin. Up my legs, along my arms, over my heart and ribs, around my bellybutton. Open-mouthed kisses rain all over me, and senseless joy fills my heart.

"Our little mate," the leader says. He weaves his fingers into my hair, combing through the strands.

"We need to feed him," the second alpha says. "I'll cook."

"I'll wash him," the third one declares.

They tend to me for the entire morning, and I feel like a prince as I slowly regain my strength. I try to think, try to understand what's happening, but it's like my mind is in a haze of lust and happiness. I stare at the alphas, learning their features and admiring their bodies, and a strong sense of greed and ownership grows in me. They are my alphas, which is silly because they've captured me and are keeping me hostage.

Or are they?

Have I tried to leave?

At the thought of leaving, my stomach turns.

No. I can't go away. Ever.

I'm never alone—at least one of my alphas is always with me. They're guarding me, not because I'd ever want to run away, but because the forest around us is dangerous, and they worry about me.

Hale is the oldest. He's wise and gentle, with kind, amber eyes. I love his deep, gruff voice and how it rumbles through his chest when he cuddles me to his heart. At night, I often stir with his lips on my nipple. He opens wide and takes my tit into his mouth, and I'm half dreaming, half awake, as he drinks my milk. He doesn't speak much, but when we're alone during the day, he sings for me. He's always holding my hand or cradling me in his lap, and I feel treasured.

My second mate's name is Graeme. He tells me stories about the forest and mountains and teaches me everything about berries, mushrooms, and herbs. He's demanding, passionate, and loves the taste of my cum. I adore it when he sucks the cum out of me while Hale or Wyot fuck me.

Wyot is the youngest. He makes me laugh and fucks me the hardest. He's rough and likes to bite my neck when he comes deep inside me. Wyot is the best cook, and he's the happiest when I enjoy the food he's prepared for me. My cheeks and thighs have filled out, and my mates praise me that I'll be a healthy and strong papa for their young.

They take care of me. They feed me, bathe me, and they fuck me every day. I'm their hole, and I'm always wet and open. Their cocks are so huge, my body has changed for them. My hips have widened, and my hole is big and loose. I have so much slick and cum in me most of the time, I don't wear pants around our home and need to sit on a sheet when we eat dinner together.

I don't mind at all.

In the mornings, they're gentle. They fuck me lazily, each waiting patiently for his turn. My chest swells overnight, and the abundance of milk makes me ache. They drink it as they make love to me, and they kiss me all over when they're done. My nipples are big like animal teats from all the sucking, but I like them that way.

They go hunting during the day and sometimes even at night, but one of them always stays and keeps me company. Graeme and I walk in the nearby woods, picking berries and mushrooms, or I go fishing on the lake below with Hale. We make love in the grass or on the sandy shore by the water. When Wyot stays, we bake bread and fuck on the kitchen floor, basking in the heat from the oven.

When the other two come back from their hunt, they're demanding and rough. They fuck me on my knees or hold me up for each other so they can each stake their claim on my body. Each day, I come ten times or more.

I'm always ready for my mates whenever any of them wants me. When my hole is sore, which happens less and less, I open my mouth and throat for them and drink their seed. It fills me with pride that I alone can satisfy all three of my alphas.

Before we sleep, I nurse them. I love it when they drink the milk from my chest. I don't ask where it came from or why. I offer them my swollen nipples, and they suck them, making me feel glorious all over. I like it best when one of them fucks me while the other two suck and bite my nipples, making the milk gush. Sometimes I come so hard that I faint, but they don't stop. They take turns using my limp body, so I wake up after a while with yet another cock pumping in me.

I never feel empty anymore.

I told them about my past. Hale asked about my family and whether they might miss

me, so I told my alphas everything. In my weakest moment, I was afraid they would banish me after finding out I used to be a whore.

But Hale keeps combing his fingers through my hair and never utters a word of judgment.

Graeme brings my hand to his lips. “None of those men fucked you as well as we do, did they?”

I don’t have to lie. “No. I never used to be satisfied and happy in an alpha’s embrace. Not until you found me.”

Wytot kisses my bare stomach and grazes my skin with his teeth. “You’re ours now, plump and well-fucked. One day, we’ll put babies into your belly. You won’t ever need anyone else.”

My alphas want to breed me. Omegas can’t have children from their first heat, but my alphas say that I will. They tell me that I’ll be healthy and happy, and I trust them.

Hale says I’ll give them three sons, and Wytot teases me that my belly will fit five. It’s strange how they talk about it as if I’m supposed to carry many babies at once like animals do. But I’m not afraid at all. Nothing bothers me when I’m with them. I want to give them sons—as many as they want. Sometimes when we fuck, I get delirious and beg them to breed me already. The thought of all three of them planting their seed inside me arouses me like nothing else.

There must be some strange magic in my alphas, in their unusual scents and their creamy cum. Maybe they’ve put a spell on me so I would give them my body and carry their young. If so, I’m glad they chose me. I probably can’t think clearly anymore, maybe I never will again, but I don’t care because I’m happy.

I don't think about my money anymore. I have no use for it.

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It's a full moon, and the sky is clear. I never put a foot out of my new home after dark, but tonight, I'm restless.

For the first time, my mates have left me alone. They told me I was safe and to stay inside until they returned. Then they locked the door. I watched them climb the path up the mountain before they disappeared into the night.

I don't know what to do with myself while waiting for them. I'm used to their constant presence—at least one of my alphas has always been with me, protecting and doting on me.

The forest outside is dark, the mountains are silent, and I'm scared.

Where did they go? Why wasn't I allowed with them? How long will they be gone?

My stomach hurts and my hands shake. Strange creaks and the rustling of the wind make me think of demons and ghosts. I know such creatures don't exist, but I fear them anyway.

Time crawls forward. I watch the moon through the window. Since they left, it's barely moved on its path across the sky.

A scratching sound from above makes me jump. It must be a night bird or a tree branch scraping at the roof in the breeze, but I'm trembling with terror.

I can't wait anymore. I can't be without them. What if they left for good? I'm nothing without them.

The walls of the cottage seem to be closing in on me. I rush to open the window and stick my head outside. I draw in strangled breaths.

A surge of fear and longing gives me strength, and I pull myself up into the window. I'm about to disobey them, and they'll be angry, but I can't be alone. I can't be without them for a minute longer.

I follow the narrow path they took up the steep incline. There's only one trail winding through the trees and bushes. The moonlight is strong enough for me to distinguish roots and boulders, and I walk fast until I'm breathless with exertion.

A vast meadow opens in front of me. The mountain peak rises before me, boulders dotting the grass as if a giant threw them around.

The silver light outlines three silhouettes of tall men standing atop the mountain. My mates.

What are they doing up here in the middle of the night? I don't wait for answers. I'm so happy I've found them that I rush toward them. I'll be grateful for whichever way they punish me for my disobedience.

Then I stumble and freeze.

For a few heartbeats, I fear I've lost my mind.

They're naked but that's not what startles me. My enormous alphas grow even bigger in front of my eyes. Low howls and ominous snapping carry through the quiet night. Their skin darkens and bursts with fur.

They turn toward me, and three pairs of yellow eyes are pinned on me.

They're monsters. Half-wolves, half-men, with muscled limbs that could crush boulders, fangs and claws made to tear flesh from bones.

I'd seen a picture of a lycan in a book of legends when I was a child. The beast was frightening, with knife-like talons and blood dripping from its open snout. My grandfather told me not to be afraid because lycans didn't exist.

Now I know they do.

I fall to my knees. My heart flutters around my ribcage, and my breaths come short.

"We told you to stay at home!"

It's Hale. It's his voice, just stronger and gravelly. It makes me shiver. I can recognize his face, but his mouth is turned down at the corners, thick fur covers his head, creating an arrow down the middle of his forehead, and his ears are pointed. He licks his fangs and clenches his fists. He looks angry.

In a few leaps, they're in front of me. Wyot snarls at me. Oh God, his claws! I cower on the ground.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"Why did you follow us?" Hale asks. His ears twitch, and his lip curls with displeasure. He looks like a hunter about to attack.

But they're my mates! They love me, don't they?

"I grew afraid," I stammer out. "I couldn't be alone."

“And you’re not afraid now?” Wyot asks.

Sniffing the air around me, Graeme growls. “You’re not supposed to be here. Not when it’s the full moon.”

Their fur shimmers in the moonlight, longer on their shoulders and short, soft-looking on their bellies. Their features are rough, with sharp cheekbones and glowering, thick eyebrows, and their thin lips barely cover their fangs.

They surround me, but instead of being more afraid the closer they come, I’m relieved by their closeness.

Oh, it makes perfect sense. Everything falls into place.

Their inhuman strength, their eyes, scent... and how my body has been changing for them.

“You should have waited,” Hale reprimands me, but his voice is low and tender now.

“Forgive me,” I plead. “I didn’t know what to do. You’ve never left me alone until today.”

“We wanted to give you more time,” Graeme says. “You’re young.”

Wyot sniffs, his nostrils flaring. “You must leave now.”

“Go home,” Hale orders.

I shake my head. “Please, no.”

“It’s full moon, omega. Go home before you send us into a rut.”

“I can’t breathe when I’m without you.”

They loom above me, three beasts from a legend. They could tear me apart.

Hale pulls in a deep breath, his immense chest heaving.

“Either you run now , or we’ll breed you tonight.”

Breed me? I’m not in heat.

Graeme reaches to his groin with his clawed hand. His cock sticks from the fur, glistening, even bigger in his lycan form. The moonlight makes it difficult to discern the exact color, but it looks dark red. Like blood.

“We’ll mark you as ours and put our young in your belly.”

“Last chance, omega,” Hale murmurs. “Run. Maybe we can still stop ourselves from chasing after you.”

But I’m frozen in place. At the sight of their rearing dicks, I feel hollow.

“Look, Hale. Our little mate wants to be knocked up by monsters,” Wyot says.

He strokes himself, stalking toward me. He presents me with the wet tip of his dick. A drop of clear liquid adorns the wide slit.

“Lick it.”

It doesn’t even occur to me to protest. Like a puppet on strings, I open my mouth and taste the fluid. The flavor bursts on my tongue and burns down my throat. On instinct, I suck, drawing more.

My fear is forgotten. Whatever is coming out of Wyot's slit, I want more of it. I crave it.

Graeme rips my cloak off my back. When I can't suck more nectar out of Wyot's dick, I reach for Graeme's. What they're leaking is liquid lust. Their scent is stronger than ever.

Hale growls when I wrap my lips around his cockhead. I rub my hands through the soft fur on his belly and look up into his yellow eyes. He licks his lips with his long tongue. His claws scrape my scalp where he cups my head. He feeds me his dick, and I suck, eager for more.

Graeme and Wyot are behind me now. They tear the fabric of my pants with their claws, exposing my ass. I'm wet for them. I want them to mount me without pause, but instead, they lick me. Their tongues are long and slithery, burrowing into my ass, and I shudder with delight.

If this is my fate, I'm grateful.

My alphas are sinister shape-shifting beasts, the most formidable creatures walking these lands. And I'm their treasure, forever protected, forever loved.

I fear nothing with them by my side.

My stomach sloshes with their precum, and my lungs are full of their scents. The beastly tongues dance inside me, loosening my hole, and a ball of warmth grows in my underbelly. Hale's dick leaks more magical potion, and I moan, sucking it eagerly.

But Hale retreats, taking my delicious treat away just as Graeme and Wyot stop licking me. I whine with the loss. On my hands and knees, I lift my ass, seeking their

touch.

“Patience, treasure.”

Hale lowers himself on the ground, resting on his side, leisurely fondling his cock. Graeme settles next to him. He looks tense, ready to pounce. It must cost him to wait.

The warmth in my stomach starts to burn. Juices leak down my taint, and my hard cock twitches between my legs.

Then I feel the weight of Wyot’s cock in my crease. Hale and Graeme watch as Wyot mounts me from behind. His fur caresses my back and ass, and his claws dig into the dirt next to my hands. He surrounds me, caging me in, as he burrows deeper into my body. His dick feels warmer in his lycan form, and my body opens for him on a flood of slick. He licks my neck and grazes my shoulder with his teeth.

“You’re a werewolf mate, omega,” Hale says.

“Tonight, you’ll breed with monsters,” Woyt purrs into my ear and thrusts hard.

He’s purposeful and quick. His dick shuttles in and out of me, filling me with joy. He drives into me until his cockhead makes love to the closed mouth of my womb. I want to prolong the moment. But with my gaze on my lycan mates, on their feral features and hard, straining dicks, I’m drowning in lust. When Wyot speeds up, I shatter. My hole tightens around his cock, and my cum stains the grass.

He doesn’t stop. I cry and sob, coming in waves, but he’s relentless, hitting the mouth to my womb like a battering ram about to bust a gate. Graeme crawls to me on all fours and kneels in front of me. He holds my head and offers me his dick again. The precum is flowing in abundance, and I suck it, my eyes closing with bliss.

Wyt slows down. He pulls out almost to the tip, then surges back in. The most delightful pain makes my core spasm. Tightening my lips around Graeme's shaft, I spread my legs wider, anticipating another brutal thrust.

On the next one, something in me rips.

I let out a muffled cry around Graeme's cock. The stab of anguish lasts only a heartbeat. What follows is ecstasy.

Wyt's cockhead pumps and slides through the channel to my womb. The pleasure is so powerful it might rip me apart. But if I die like this, I'll be happy. Wyt impales me as deeply as ever, and amazing pressure stretches my hole. His knot is growing in me.

When his magical cum floods my starving womb, my mind explodes with light and colors. They've brought me incredible amounts of pleasure already, but this is bliss.

Wyt's swollen cock pumps inside me, releasing in waves, and my womb sucks his cum. Graeme's claws sting my scalp and neck, and his cock pushes into my throat. I can't breathe, but I don't mind. I'm weightless.

"Fuck! I'll fucking knot into his mouth!" It's Graeme's strangled voice. Then his cock is gone, and I wheeze for air.

Hale has pulled Graeme back and pinned him to the ground. Graeme snarls but doesn't fight. He goes limp under Hale's weight.

Wyt purrs, rocking my sated body on his cock. I barely hold myself up on my elbows in the grass. My head feels heavy, and I want to close my eyes. Knotted and bred, I could easily drift away.

Graeme is calmer now. He and Hale come closer. They rub their hard dicks on my sides, purring and hissing. I can smell their rut—like earth and smoke and dark desire. Will they be able to wait until Wyot's knot goes down?

"I need to pull out my knot, omega," Wyot says. "You must push."

What? That's impossible. I can barely move.

"You have three mates you've sent into a rut. We need to breed."

"Push, omega," Hale orders.

I whine. My legs are wide apart, my hole full to bursting, and I'm helpless, I can't...

"Push!" he snarls.

My mates growl, clawing at my body. They need me.

Graeme and Hale tug on my hips and thighs while Wyot strains to draw his knot out of my ass.

I bear down even as my womb spasms, trying to hold onto his cockhead.

"Good omega. We'll reward you. Push!"

"It looks like giving birth," Wyot says.

The idea makes me burn with passion, and I push harder. My hole widens more and more. My rim feels like it'll rip. But on the next push, Wyot's knot pops out. My ass gapes, and I let out a desperate sob. I can't be empty.

Graeme takes Wyot's place. His cockhead slides straight into my womb, and he comes into me after a few fucks. My peak threatens to steal my sanity as he pumps my womb full of cum. It churns, and my belly feels full already. Graeme won't let me rest, though. He begins working his knot out of me.

Hale waits for his turn.

He cups my cheek, brings my face into his lap, and pets me. I nuzzle his straining shaft, drawing in his scent. He needs me just as much as Graeme and Wyot, but he's been so patient.

My love for my mates gives me strength. I wail as I strain to push. One loud smacking sound, and Graeme draws his swollen dick out of my body.

Hale grabs me under my arms and pulls me to my feet. I can't stand on my own—my legs are useless—but Hale lifts me by my thighs and sets me onto his cock. My womb has closed itself around all the cum, but Hale forces through the meager resistance. His cockhead kisses the flesh in my core.

He fucks me like that, standing up on top of the mountain, and I fist the long fur on his shoulders as I stare into his feral face, mesmerized. He lowers his head and licks my lips. I close my eyes and open my mouth for his tongue. I lick his fangs and rub my lips against his soft fur.

I'm kissing a werewolf.

Hale fucks me hard, driving into my womb with power, and I whimper into his mouth.

I let go of everything. I don't have a single worry on my mind. I've given myself to these creatures, body and soul. I'm theirs to fuck, breed, or tear me apart. I'm nothing

without them. But with them inside me and all around me, I'm overflowing with love and joy.

My alpha lets out a victorious roar when his knot grows. I throw my head back, and my cry carries over the mountains. Pleasure explodes from my center at the same time as piercing pain flares from the crook of my neck and shoulder, followed by a wave of burning heat.

Hale has bitten the base of my throat, and I might burst with exhilarating happiness. The warmth from the wound flows into my chest and wraps itself around my heart.

Graeme and Wyot stand close, rubbing their swollen dicks on my ass. They bite me at the same time, piercing my skin on both sides of my neck. The stinging pain from the wounds circles my throat like a collar.

Hale lowers me into the grass. Impaled on his knot with my womb full of my mates' mixed cum, I slump with relief. I rest in his lap, and my mates lick the blood on my throat and neck, their purring a lullaby.

I see everything clearly now.

Why could no human alpha satisfy me? Why did I need to fuck every day yet never had enough?

I was destined for something else. Someone else.

My body was made to breed with monsters. Their magic flows through me, too.

Clouds obscure the moon when my mates carry me back to our home. They remain in their lycan bodies, terrifying and beautiful.

My heat lasts for three days, and they take turns breeding me. They keep me knotted and sated and fill my womb as long as it remains open. I'm so comfortable with their beastly forms now that it takes me by surprise when I wake up one morning and find them in human skin, cuddling me from all sides like they did on my first morning here.

Even after my heat, I crave them in me. More than ever.

I lie on the bed, and they hold my legs open. They use their fingers to pull on my rim, widening it.

“We need to stretch your hole, omega.”

It hurts, but my pleasure far eclipses the pain. Hale and Wyot lie by my sides, and they have their fingers in me. Two or three fingers each? I can't tell.

“Push, little omega.”

Grunting, I obey. I bear down, and they pull. A wave of tingles spreads from my hole, and I moan.

“That's it. Push again.”

After the strain comes lovely relief, the more open I am the better.

Graeme slides his cock into me alongside their fingers. His cockhead presses against the mouth to my womb. He gently thrusts, and I'm so swollen and sensitive, I come.

As my climax rages through me, my alphas widen my hole further.

Then I'm cradled in Graeme's embrace, my back to his chest, his dick deep in me.

Wyot pulls on my rim with two fingers, making space for himself before he slides his cockhead in.

Maybe it hurts, but I'm so full of lust and greed, I beg them to fill me more and deeper.

They do. Oh, they do.

Two girthy dicks shuttle in and out of me, my ass squelching and slobbering, and I whine with each thrust. They pull on my nipples, milking me as they fuck me.

Hale kneels by my head and cups my nape. Feverish, I mouth his cockhead and eat his seed. I imagine it gives me strength and maybe it does, because I come harder as it slides into my stomach.

This time, my alphas don't come into my hole.

Instead, Hale takes their place between my legs and pushes his entire fist into my slack hole. My other two alphas hold my head and neck and offer me their slick-covered cocks. I lick and kiss them, and they stroke themselves until their cum pours into my mouth. They make sure I eat it all.

Hale thrusts deeper with his hand. A sudden pressure in my core makes me bow and wail. He found the gate to my womb with his fingers, and he's pressing into it.

“The inner mouth is swollen and sealed. We’ve bred him good. He’s pregnant.”

“We’ll make your hole big, our treasure, and you’ll give birth to our sons.”

I nod eagerly, even as I tremble in the throes of my climax. They hold me down and suck my milk while Hale fucks me with his fist until I’m so loose, I won’t be able to close my legs.

The next morning, they fist me again. I grunt and mewl as they thrust their hands into me, in and out all the way, until a seizure-like orgasm takes over my body and mind.

They fuck me with their fists and feed me their cum every morning and every night. My hole is always leaking slick, the rim squishy and slack. My tits have grown bigger than ever before, dripping milk, and my belly is rounded already.

The bite marks have healed, turning into silver crescents like a necklace around the base of my throat.

A week after my heat, I notice two darkened spots on my chest, a few inches below my nipples. They itch, and I rub at them, worried. But Hale smiles when he notices.

“Shh, omega. All is well. You’ll give us many babies. Your body is preparing.”

He licks the spots and suckles on them while Graeme and Wyot suck my milk. The itching stops, but the small spots grow bigger the next day. My alphas suck on them, and it feels so good, I beg them to fuck me.

The following morning, the twin flecks have grown into small nubs, and two more spots have formed under them.

Before they go hunting, my alphas take care of me, fisting me and emptying my tits. They suckle on the nubs on my torso, and it soothes the itching.

Hale stays with me today. We groom the horses and clean the house together. My stomach is growing fast, faster than if I were pregnant with a human child, and I get tired soon.

My oldest alpha lets me rest as he cooks dinner for all of us. When the soup simmers on the stove, he cradles me in his lap and sings for me. But I get fidgety. My chest itches again.

Hale rucks up my tunic and pinches the nubs on my torso. They've gotten bigger, and I understand now what they are.

"How many babies are in my belly?" I whisper. My body is changing so fast that I'm a little scared.

"We don't know. More than one, fewer than seven. What are you afraid of, my love?"

"Will it hurt to give birth to them? Will I have enough milk to feed them all? How will I raise them? Will I have the strength?"

My heart is beating fast, and Hale hugs me tight to his chest and strokes my growing nipples.

"When you go into labor, you'll feel pain but pleasure, too. And you'll have plenty of milk. You've been nursing three grown men for weeks. You'll have enough for our young. We'll protect you, and we'll raise our sons together. You don't have to worry. You're our treasure. We won't allow any harm to come to you."

Winter has come and gone, and soon, I'll give birth to my babies.

My lycan mates have bred me so thoroughly, they've turned me into an animal, but I've never been so happy.

Six big teats adorn my chest, plump and full of milk. I can nurse my alphas from all six, and when they suckle on them and milk them with their hands, I can come from it even though my hole is empty and cock untouched. I've learned to adore the strange pleasure. It feels forbidden, wrong, but oh-so-delightful.

My stomach is enormous and grows bigger every day, and I have to sleep on my side. My mates hold me during the night so I can lean on them.

Carrying their young makes me horny. I'm proud of myself that I can easily take two cocks or a fist several times a day, and even when pregnant and tired, I can satisfy my alphas. Their eyes glow with possessive lust when they look at my swollen teats and round belly.

When the first cramp seizes my core in the evening on the first day of spring, I smile with joy.

Graeme and Wyot hold my legs open as I push. My teats leak milk, and they lick it. With every tightening in my middle, my cock pulsates, spitting cum. My ass feels like it'll burst, but even as I wail with pain, dark, delicious pleasure spills into my limbs.

My first son is born into Hale's hands. He's tiny but breathtakingly beautiful. His amber eyes glow like his fathers'.

I'm not allowed to admire him because my stomach tenses with another cramp. My hole is stretched around my second son, and when I bear down, the amazing pressure makes me come.

I lose myself in the sensations, delirious from ecstasy and pain. I won't remember much from the following few hours.

I give birth to five sons.

They're smaller than human babies, but their eyes are sharp and aware. They're strong, crawling already. They squirm and whimper, searching for my teats like puppies. Surrounded by pillows, I lie on my back and nurse them all. Sweet relief fills my muscles when my babies drink my milk.

My mates praise me and tell me how proud they are of me. They wash me, feed me, massage my limbs, and soothe every little discomfort.

For the next few weeks, all I do is nurse our sons and sleep. Every day, when my babies are fed and calm, one of my mates takes me outside for a walk and a fuck on a meadow or against a tree. I've healed quickly, and I need my alphas so I can sleep at night.

If I ever thought that they would neglect me once I've given them the young they craved, I was wrong. My monsters guard me and take care of me with tenderness.

I'll give them as many sons as they want, and I'll forever be their treasure.

THE END