



Omegas Need: A dark m/m/m omegaverse

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Usman

Wren and I found each other in our darkest times. Things didn't get much brighter after that, but having him means more to me, and feels like more than anything an alpha has ever offered.

I know that two omegas have no business clinging to each other the way that we do, like its life support, but there's no way I'll ever let him go. I know it doesn't make sense, but I only want Wren.

Until the alpha Chase enters our lives and changes everything...

Wren

Being a street omega comes with servicing alphas, but ever since being with my Manny, all of them feel wrong and neither of us will continue with that life except when our heats force us to. Even if no one approves, the passion and love I have for Manny is unmatched... until the mysterious alpha Chase takes us into his car that first night when I'm in heat.

He understands us, knows how to give us both what we need so that we can finally feel whole. But Chase has a shadow over him too. Can two street omegas really be what he needs? And can the three of us be stronger together?

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USMAN

Together, me and Wren bought a tent that was now our home.

It wasn't much, but considering that we used to sleep huddled up behind one of the restaurants on Main Street because their vents stayed warm past midnight, it was a huge upgrade.

We had blankets and pillows inside, room for our bags and enough room for the two of us to wrap around each other to stay warm.

It was by the river, which meant the air was colder here, but it felt safer to be around all the other tents and the fire bins that we could all sit around at night and socialize.

For street shifters like us, that was the only good part about being homeless. We all looked out for each other for the most part.

"Here hun," Missy, an older omega who often took the younger ones under her wing, offered me the bottle she was hiding in a paper bag.

I didn't drink much, but on cold nights like these, it was hard to say no to the hard stuff. I took the offered bottle, taking as large a swig as I could without choking and my gaze caught Wren's across the firelight.

His normally icy blue eyes caught the orange light, glinting like fire as his lip quirked.

Swallowing, I wiped my mouth and offered the bottle back to Missy, who shook her head.

“Have more,” she ordered. “You’re far too skinny to stay warm in this kind of weather, even with your little boyfriend here to warm you up.”

We both froze.

My gaze flickered to the others sitting around the fire. A couple of them smirked, the rest looked too out of it to have heard.

Wren’s gaze was fixed on the fire, carefully not responding even though the pout on his lips made it all too obvious that he had heard.

Taking his lead, I ignored Missy’s statement, took another drink, and then handed the bottle back to her.

She took it this time and then reached over the fire with the bag, her scarf going far too close to the licking flames for my liking as she offered it to Wren.

Glancing up, he took it quietly and drank long and deep before resting the bottle on his lap still looking down at the fire.

“Your boy’s going into heat soon,” she said quietly, leaning close to me so I could hear.

I didn’t need to be told. I knew everything that Wren was going through. Each moment, each emotion across his face, even the ones he hid. I felt Wren like he was me. Like his feelings were my feelings.

Sometimes I wondered if it was because we spent so much time together. We’d been

glued to each other's hips for years. Had been sleeping together for less than one though, because it had taken that long to realize... why not? We weren't alphas, but we were each other's. I may have been an omega, but I could offer him something an alpha couldn't. Sex that was filled with love and affection. Something neither of us had ever felt before.

And when he went into heat, I was always there, easing the burning desire into something more manageable until he needed an alpha to take over the rest.

And he did the same for me.

It wasn't perfect, but it was more than I'd ever hoped for, and I would cling to it, just like Wren did.

He stood up suddenly, pulling his blanket tight across his shoulders.

"I'm going to sleep," he said, pushing loose light orange waves out of his eyes to rub them.

"I'll come too," I said, but Missy put a hand on my arm, stopping me.

"What's the rush?" she asked.

I could see Wren holding back a smile.

We joked about how chatty Missy was sometimes. Clearly, he knew I was caught in her web for a bit longer tonight.

He didn't wait for me, coming around to hand Missy her bottle and thanking her before walking off toward our tent.

“You’re making it too obvious,” Missy warned in a low voice. “There’s a lot of people that would have a problem with what you’re doing.”

Normally, we didn’t talk about this with anyone, but a thrill of annoyance filled me at her words, and I couldn’t help myself.

“It’s no one else’s business,” I said quietly.

Across the fire, Shae let out a little laugh, the sound somewhat sinister as it hung in the air.

I glanced over at him. He was an omega too, but he was always getting in other people’s business, starting fights at random, his behaviour erratic. I knew it was whatever he was on. It kept him zoned out or fighting. There didn’t seem to be an in between. And he stayed close to one of the only alphas who lived out here with us. The alpha Jack was just like Shae, dirty and unpredictable and me and Wren typically tried to stay away from them both.

Shae’s eyes met mine, his gaze surprisingly attentive tonight.

The grip Missy still had on my arm squeezed me comfortingly, bringing my attention back to her, and I realized her eyes were filled with worry.

“You’re dead right, son,” she said quietly. “Just keep your head down and find happiness where you can. It’s all short lived anyway.”

She released me to have a drink and stare into the fire.

“Not everyone is as lucky as that bait wolf everyone has been talking about,” she went on. “Most of the us omegas who go missing don’t get scooped up by their fated mate. Nope. They end up in the river.”

She gestured to it with her bottle and suddenly the sound of the water rushing seemed so loud.

I swallowed and nodded.

I knew she was right, but I didn't want to deal with it, so instead, I pushed to my feet.

"Good night, Missy," I said. "Don't drink so much you forget to get back to your tent tonight."

She howled with laughter, a sound that meant she would make no such promises.

Shaking my head, I wove through the other tents toward mine.

It was dark inside and when I unzipped the doorway and climbed in, Wren's hands found me at once, pulling me in the dark to get under the covers and close to his warm body.

"It's cold in here," I shivered, and he wrapped his arms and legs around me, pulling me in tight.

"You're back faster than I expected," he whispered. "What did she want?"

"It doesn't matter," I said softly, trailing my fingers into his soft hair, feeling his erection pressing into my hip as I breathed him in.

"It's coming on strong," Wren whispered, addressing the way I sniffed his scent gland, tasting his oncoming heat.

"Maybe it's the cold."

“I don’t know,” he said. “I need you.”

The selfish part of me loved when he was like this, when he wanted me desperately.

I pushed his shoulders until he was flat on his back. My hands slid over his collar, down his narrow chest.

He shivered, breaths already coming in faster.

It was cold, so I left his shirt on, but tugged his pants until he lifted his hips, helping me get them off. I shoved mine down far enough to be out of the way before returning my attention to him.

His cock was hard and his hole leaking slick by the time my hands found them. He was shivering all over, trembling with need.

He moaned, hips twisting as I pressed two fingers into his wet heat, stroking inside him until he was bucking.

“Fuck me,” he begged, sounding almost like he was in tears.

I pulled my fingers out, stroking the slippery liquid over my own aching hard cock before bending over him, lining our faces so I could kiss him deeply. His cheeks were indeed wet. A bad sign. Would we be out looking for an alpha for him by morning?

I pushed the thought away, gently biting his bottom lip.

This was just as good as sex to me. Feeling his mouth on mine, moving sensually, tasting his breaths and desperation.

“Please,” he gasped. He lifted his hips and his cock pressed against mine, our lengths

slipping together.

“Can you be quiet?” I asked.

“Yes,” he promised at once.

He spread his legs eagerly around my hips, lifting his knees so that my tip rubbed his entrance.

When I pushed inside, his promise proved to be a lie because he immediately released a loud guttural moan.

I clapped a hand over his mouth for what little use it was. My hand didn't do much to muffle the way he cried out with every thrust.

And the conversation I'd just had with Missy, that had been heavy on my mind when I'd first crawled under the covers next to him, flew right out of my mind.

I released his mouth, unable to stop my own moans and gasps of pleasure as I canted my hips into him, railing him as hard as I could, feeling his hole clasp my length with each thrust.

My fingers dug into his shoulders, his gripped my back, the sharp points of barely controlled claws digging into my skin, making me buck without rhythm.

No. Wren had to finish first. I had to help him.

With a groan, I pushed myself up, gripping his thighs to pull him higher onto my lap, knowing that in this position, my cock would be tight against his prostate, the full length dragging against it from base to tip with every thrust.

When I started to move again, the effect was nearly instantaneous. Wren's entire body tightened. He dragged a ragged breath into his lungs and clung to the pillow under his head.

"Fuck," he gasped. "Manny."

His sweet nickname for me, used on the edge of an orgasm made me feel so good. So proud.

"Yes," I hissed. "Come baby."

He made a weak, desperate sound as his body tightened, his hole clenching me.

I didn't need to touch his cock. Even without an alphas knot, I could completely undo him.

His entire body shook with the strength of his orgasm, and I could take it no more, finally allowing myself to finish, my hips bucking into him, balls clenching tight as I emptied deep inside him.

I collapsed forward, gasping for breath, my cheek resting on Wren's shoulder.

"So good," Wren whispered, his gentle hands tracing my back. "You're so fucking incredible inside me, Manny."

I purred at the praise.

My lips found his neck, kissing his scent gland and making him shiver.

Maybe to some, we were playing pretend, but this was real to me. A relationship as viable as anyone else's. If it came to it, I would fight for it, but... I couldn't imagine

Wren making me fight for him. He would choose me right back. Of that, I was sure.

“I love you,” I whispered.

“I love you too,” he returned sleepily. “Always.”

For a while, he kept saying the word, always, always, always, as he drifted off to sleep. Like he was trying not to jinx it.

I drifted off with him, my cock still encased in his warmth.

When I woke, it was with a pleased gasp in the early hours of the morning as my cock was being milked inside him.

I stiffened, balls already tightening with the desire to come as Wren strained beneath me.

He had his legs wrapped around my waist, his heels digging into my ass to use as leverage as he rocked his hips, clenching around me with each movement.

He was shaking hard. I could barely see him in the dark, but I knew before the words even came out of his mouth.

“It’s not enough,” he whimpered.

I shouldn’t have been disappointed, but I was. It was unavoidable.

Every few weeks the man that I loved needed more than me, and each time, the pain of that fact deepened. There was nothing for it but to try to disentangle from his warmth and help him find someone who could satisfy him until his heat passed.

Of course, he could remain with me—he probably would if I insisted and my best efforts would take the sting off, but it would hurt Wren until it was over, and I didn't want that either.

When I tried to pull away though, his arms and legs tightened around me.

“Come first,” he gasped. “Please.”

Unable to deny him anything he wanted, I stilled and let him keep moving, allowing my eyes to flutter shut as he rocked back and forth, his hole clinging to me with each deep stroke.

“Fuck,” I groaned.

I buried my face into his neck and ejaculated deep within him, his ass tight against my hips, no room in between us.

Wren didn't come though, he couldn't anymore. At this point, if he was going to get an alpha, I was going to have to be the one to get him there. We'd left it too long.

“Come on,” I whispered.

He didn't want to move, to get up and face the cold. His body was probably hurting too much already, and I felt guilty pushing him even though it was for his own good.

I helped him into his clothes, his boots and coat. Every scrape of rough fabric across his skin made him gasp.

“I'm sorry,” I found myself saying. “I wish I was enough.”

Wren sank against my side and didn't say anything.

I should have kept my mouth shut. I didn't want to make him feel bad. This was just our nature. Nothing could change that. Next time it would be me seeking out an alpha...

"Come on," I repeated.

I hooked his arm around my shoulder and together, we went out of our little sanctuary, seeking out the busy streets in "The Valley" the roughest part of Lunar City, the spot where all the alphas knew to go when they needed an omega for cheap.

Or, in this case, free. Since Wren was in heat, alphas considered these fucks to be a favor for the omega.

Sadly, they weren't entirely wrong. But some money wouldn't hurt anyway, would it?

The fact that most—if not all alphas—were complete assholes wasn't worth worrying over right now. I couldn't change anything.

All I could do was help Wren.

And so, I found a bench for us to huddle on and put an arm around his shoulders to offer comfort while we waited.

He was running hot. As the sun began to rise and the sky lightened, I could see how flushed his face was. His normally pale skin was blotchy with red and touched with a sheen of sweat even though he was shivering.

"We should have stayed in the tent," he moaned piteously. He was shifting and uncomfortable, occasionally pressing his face into my neck and kissing me there even though we were out in the open where anyone could see.

“It wouldn’t help,” I argued, but I was tempted to help him up and take him home and do what I could for him.

Until a shiny black car slowed to a stop in front of us.

The window rolled down slowly, and my heart already felt like it was being crushed in a vice.

A man was in the driver’s seat. He was handsome with thick ashy blond hair, cut short the way businessmen often wore it. He was masculine, with a strong jaw and brow, and even sitting in the car, I could tell he was big. He was alpha in all ways.

Wren must have smelled him, because his head lifted, face turning eagerly toward the car.

He didn’t look at me as he stood and walked toward it.

Without so much as exchanging a word, the alpha reached back and opened the door for Wren to climb in and?—

I was on my feet.

“Wait!”

The alpha looked at me, his moody brown eyes fixed on mine, piercing me with their intensity. I so rarely spoke to alphas that my throat suddenly felt tight, my mouth dry.

He was waiting for me to say something, but I was just shifting from foot to foot, my heart thudding painfully against my chest, gaze flying to the back seat where Wren was watching me too, his blue eyes darkened from the arousal of his heat.

I didn't want Wren to go.

Not without me.

We had never gone together before, and what use would it be to be next to him while someone else fucked him? But I still couldn't let him go without me.

And maybe those unspoken thoughts between us really did go both ways because his hand shot out, reaching for me.

I glanced at the alpha.

He looked surprised but shrugged.

"Get in," he said.

Relief flooded me.

I couldn't get into the car fast enough.

My hand caught Wren's and he tugged me right up to his side, squishing us together in the back seat of this man's car.

Despite what it meant, what I might see, I didn't care. I wouldn't get in the way. I would just... be there at his side.

Just as I should be.

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CHASE

The omegas huddled in the back of my car, clinging to each other.

The one in heat, a sweet-looking thing with strawberry blond hair and pale, freckled skin was clinging to the other one. He was delicate looking too, with olive skin and shiny black curls that hung into surprisingly bright green eyes.

When I glanced back at them in the mirror, the blond was kissing the other's neck.

I tried to keep my eyes on the road, but my gaze kept flicking back to them. The next time I looked, he'd taken his friend's hand and was leading it down the front of his pants.

Those sharp green eyes caught mine in the mirror. He was blushing a deep pink but that didn't stop him from doing what his friend wanted.

I heard the way his breath hitched as his entrance was breached, saw the darker one's arm moving as he fingered him. The sound of his slick as he was pleased was clear in the silence of the car.

I had never seen anything like this. I'd never imagined that omegas would try to help relieve each other, but I supposed the world was filled with all sorts and it didn't matter.

I took shallow breaths, trying to keep a clear head while I drove, but the scent of his heat was overwhelming me. The sights and sounds were too much.

I could already feel my knot forming. A sign that it had clearly been too long. My body was desperate for the release that I had been keeping from it.

I reached down, squeezing with one hand where my knot really was thickening my cock a little bit, even before getting into an omega. I couldn't believe I was so close to coming without even being touched. I glanced back, watching the dazed look on the one in heat's face while he was being fingered.

"What are your names?" I asked.

Again, those green eyes caught mine in the mirror, his expression softened by arousal, I realized. He liked getting the other omega off. How incredibly unexpected.

"I'm Usman," he said. "This is Wren."

"I'm Chase," I said, though he hadn't asked.

He bit his lip, gaze darting out the window.

"The Belfort was just around the corner," he said.

I cringed at the idea of even entering that seedy place that only served for prostitution... then again, what else was this? I had picked these guys up off the side of the street as though I was an expert at the act.

"I'm not taking you there," I said.

"Then where are you taking us?" he asked. "Your house?"

"No." I said, probably too sharply. I hadn't meant to, but there was no way in hell I was taking other omegas into my house, into the bed I had shared with—

I shoved the thought roughly away. I was doing this. There was no way I could push that poor omega out of my car now. Not when he was like this.

I pulled into a spot in front of the hotel I'd already booked a room in. I had planned this. Of course, coming back with two of them wasn't what I had envisioned.

I'd thought this would be awkward and uncomfortable. That touching another omega would feel like betrayal and that a stranger wouldn't work the same way.

But when I shut off the car, and turned in my seat to watch, Wren was gripping Usman by the wrist, riding his hand desperately, his gasps filling the air and I didn't feel anything but captivated and aroused.

"Fuck. Finish him off before we go inside," I breathed.

Usman shook his head, holding Wren close for a moment before pulling his hand free.

"He can't come anymore," he said regretfully. "He needs your knot."

My cock flexed in anticipation.

"Come on, then," I said, and got out of my car, holding the door open for them.

Usman climbed out, reaching in to help Wren, but he was curled up now, moaning while tears streamed down his face.

My heart squeezed and I gently pushed Usman out of the way, bending into the car.

The moment my arms came around Wren, he let out a breathy moan, pressing his face to my collar, his slender arms going around my neck.

I lifted him easily, holding him close to my chest, a protectiveness flaring through me. I'd never seen an omega in this state. It was wrong that he was like this, powerless to stop the pain. All omegas deserved someone to dote on them and help them through their heats before it came to this point.

I started toward the hotel's side entrance, hoping to avoid prying eyes and other alphas who would be affected by Wren's overpowering scent.

This close to him, my cock was now so hard it was hurting. He smelled so sweet, nothing like Ariana had smelled, but just as beautiful in his own way, like wildflowers.

This was already hard to take. How was I supposed to accept the fact that other omegas smelled good too? I'd told her that she was the only one. I'd meant it.

Yet here I was, carrying this omega into the hotel.

I paused as I reached the doors, glancing back to see that Usman was second-guessing his decision to join us. He was hesitating as though unsure if he should follow.

"Aren't you coming?" I asked.

"I can't do anything for him."

I stared at his dejected face for a minute, unsure if I should argue. But he had come this far. They obviously cared for one another...

"You can be with him," I finally said. "If that's what you want."

He took a shaky breath and then hurried after us.

Hesitation gone, he went ahead to hold the door open, then hit the button for the elevator when we got to it.

Wren was whining now, my scent making him leak and twitch even harder than before. The sweet scent of his slick flooded the elevator like overpowering perfume.

“I’ve got you,” I whispered and carried him to my room door, struggling to get the key from my front pocket.

“Can I?” Usman asked and I nodded, trying not to react when he reached into my pants. I had to shut my eyes as his hand lightly brushed the side of my length through the thin fabric.

My heart was racing as I carried Wren through the threshold, straight to the bed when Usman held the door open for us.

I was really doing this.

It was crazy but there was no time to think about that because the moment I set Wren down, he reached for me again, his hands finding my waist, his eyes finally fluttering open to see me.

God, he was a very pretty man. Elegant in a masculine way, wavy strawberry blond hair hanging into those lovely blue eyes. His body was long and lean, and he was looking at me like I was his literal salvation. A heat wouldn’t kill a shifter, but I knew from first-hand experience that it could hurt like hell if left for too long. I’d tried to fight my heats and managed to get through them alone for the last year straight. I still didn’t know how I’d done it, other than pure stubbornness. But I’d had enough and now, I was taking matters into my own hands, getting used to other omegas before my next one came. I didn’t want to go through that pain again. I’d punished myself enough.

“Please,” Wren begged in a broken whisper, and I was powerless to do anything but nod.

I reached for his pants, quickly undoing them, sliding them down his narrow hips.

The fabric scraping over his hard cock made him hiss in pain, his eyes squeezing shut.

Blindly, he reached out to his side and a moment later, Usman was there, holding his hand.

He glanced at me, looking worried and upset and I didn’t know what to do to comfort him. It suddenly hit me that I was about to take his lover, and right in front of him.

I wouldn’t have been able to do what he was doing now, and my heart filled with admiration for him, and an overpowering need to make things right. For both of them.

“Lay down,” I whispered, and Usman’s eyes widened, his gaze flying to mine again, even as Wren was tugging him into an embrace.

“What? But Wren?—”

“He wants you. Lay down,” I said firmly.

Swallowing, the young omega extracted himself from Wren’s needy hands and followed my order, climbing fully onto the bed and spreading himself across it on his back.

A possessive thrill of pleasure overtook me, nearly blinding me and I lifted Wren to lay at Usman’s side.

Usman's eyes were wide, breaths coming in sharp, short gasps as I braced myself over him, watching him.

He was like a frightened little animal staring up at me and I suddenly wanted to devour him. Or maybe... put him in a cage right next to Wren. Two pets to be kept...

Swallowing, I racked my gaze over his form.

He was so delicate and sweet, every part of him screamed omega and my hands practically shook as I began to remove his clothes from his body, careful not to touch a single part of him.

Even though our skin didn't so much as brush together, he was shivering as I pulled his pants down his legs.

Finally, both were naked, lying next to each other.

For a moment, I sat back, watching them, unable to categorize the perfection of the two omegas in my bed. Each was lovelier than the other, almost complete opposites aside from their delicate frames and hard cocks desperate to be touched. Usman's pheromones were mingling with Wren's now, though not as overpowering and it was enough to make me dizzy.

Wren was sweating now, even on top of the sheets in the cool air, so I pulled my shirt off over my head, tossing it aside and then did the same with my pants.

Usman's eyes never left my body, his gaze fixated on my cock, still thicker at the base, Knot ready to form, indicating how close I already was.

Under his gaze, I couldn't help but reach down and grip my cock, stroking it. He took a shuddering breath and then because I couldn't take the teasing any longer, I crawled

up Wren, straddling his chest to press my cock to his face.

He let out a guttural moan, his lips parting, tasting my length as I ran it over his face, giving him what he needed, a dose of my pheromones where they were the strongest.

He groaned, pressed his nose to my balls, inhaled and then sucked them, his tongue finding my knot a moment later and lapping the spot.

My cock twitched, precome slipping from the tip and I forced myself to pull back.

“You’re driving me crazy,” I murmured. “It’s time to fuck you.”

His eyes fluttered open hopefully and he reached for my hips, but I shook my head, instead, helping him to move until he was positioned how I wanted, on top of Usman.

The other omega gasped when he realized that I was making Wren mount him, so that their faces were together.

Wren began to kiss him at once, and Usman’s arms went around his waist like a vice, holding him tightly.

I lined myself over Wren’s smooth, freckled back, then wove a hand into his hair, pulling his head back.

“Listen Wren,” I whispered. “Do you hear me?”

I waited for the omega’s nod. His eyes were closed, his small ass moving against my cock, wet hole rubbing the length.

It felt so good, had been so long, that for a moment, my lips parted, and eyes squeezed shut, conversation momentarily forgotten.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” I promised.

He moaned desperately in response.

“But how do you want Usman?” I asked. “You want to fuck him? Or thrust against his cock?”

Usman took a shaking breath, watching us both. Waiting.

Finally, Wren’s eyes opened, fixing on Usman under him.

“Wanna fuck you, Manny,” he murmured.

Usman shivered and nodded, lifting his knees to give Wren access and fuck, he was so wet down there, slick and dripping and already clenching with anticipation. I wanted so badly to touch him, to taste him too. But I knew Wren was the only one really up for offer, so I watched and then reached down to grip Wren’s cock when he was too wobbly to find the right angle and steered it into his lovers hole.

Wren gasped and Usman’s head fell back, lips open on a silent cry.

For a moment, I watched, mesmerized by the sensual way they moved together, clinging to each other desperately. But being inside his omega lover wasn’t going to end this for Wren, so I pushed forward, forcing my tip into his hole.

He shuddered, grunting as I entered him, then pushed his ass back, swallowing my length down, moaning obscenely until he hit my thickened gland and stopped.

I gripped his hips, breathing hard, gaze catching Usman’s flushed face as our eyes met, and then I thrust forward, pushing Wren until he took my knot and impaled Usman at the same time.

They both shouted as I began my rhythm, moving them both with me with every snap of my hips.

It had been too long for me and watching them move in unison, feeling them both under me was too much.

“Fuck,” I gritted, fingers digging into Wren’s hips too hard.

I was already losing control, fucking them harder, spurred on to give even more by Wren’s complete loss of composure as he collapsed atop Usman, face buried in the pillow, taking each thrust with a sob.

He probably needed to come more than I needed to make it last for him, so I let go, going as fast as I wanted, rhythm out the window as I lost it, finally coming deep inside him, feeling him flex and cry under me and it was fucking heaven. So, so good. Why had I been so afraid of doing this? Why had I waited so long?

Groaning, I held still, breathing hard as my cock continued to empty the large load I’d been hoarding.

Wren was moaning, his face still buried in the pillow next to Usman’s face. He shifted back, lifting his hips to make sure that my cock was as deep as it could go, each bit of my knot within him as it swelled properly.

I held myself over him for a minute, still catching my breath, aware that my added weight would be too much for Usman, who still had his eyes squeezed shut.

“Are you two okay?”

Wren didn’t respond. After a moment, Usman opened his eyes, turning to look at him.

“Fast asleep,” he said.

“That’s a good sign,” I mused.

He nodded but a frown was still plastered across his face.

“What about you?” I asked.

He shrugged as well as he could under Wren’s body.

“What is it?” I pressed.

He swallowed, not looking at me.

“Your scent,” he finally admitted. “It’s a lot... I’m not used to being around Alphas unless...”

He trailed off, but I could guess he was going to add, unless he was in heat.

When an omega was mated, then their alpha’s scent was the only one that did the trick. But until then, during an omega’s heat, any alpha’s scent was soothing.

Maybe he didn’t feel very at ease with me, my pheromones were probably overpowering to him if he only spent time with omegas.

“Here, let’s try to roll Wren over so we can relax,” I suggested.

He didn’t argue, helping me to maneuver Wren onto his side, my cock still nestled deep inside him.

When I landed on the pillow, spooning the lithe man, my eyes fluttered shut and for a

brief moment, it was like time had never passed, like I was still with my mate.

My eyes snapped open, body stiffening, guilt washing over me that I had even allowed such a thought.

For a moment, I was overwhelmed by shame and despair.

I'd fucked someone other than my mate. Worst of all, it had been fucking incredible. It still was, being buried inside him.

I'd never seen this for myself, and it was hard to wrap my head around the unexpected direction that life had turned. In my late thirties now, I had settled into a life years ago that I had thought was forever.

Fucking random street omegas when I needed to couldn't be my new normal.

But when I looked at Wren's peaceful, delicate form, I found I didn't begrudge him or resent him. He was innocent in this, and Usman was too. We were a means to an end for one another, and I had lucked out finding not one, but two omegas who were so very sweet.

They affected me the way a helpless animal would. Every alpha instinct in me reared its head when I saw their pretty faces.

I wanted to keep them safe.

I glanced up, finding Usman's gaze fixed on me.

He looked away shyly and my chest squeezed.

I wanted to ask him so many things, like why he was on the street and how he and

Wren had found each other, but my gaze dropped lower, and I realized that he was still hard, his cock unspent.

Of course. We'd been so selfish, Wren using Usman's body for extra stimulation, me busy fucking his tight heat, Usman's pleasure forgotten.

"Do you want me to..."

I found myself gesturing to Usman's cock and he curled into a ball around it, shaking his head.

"I'm fine."

I wanted to press. To finish him because it felt cruel not to, but he was clearly against the idea, and I couldn't blame him. He didn't know me. He wasn't in heat. There was no need to if he didn't want to.

At that moment, my knot began to ease from Wren's hole, slowly releasing me.

I allowed myself to slip out of the delicious heat, then laid there for a moment, still holding Wren, wondering what came next.

I didn't know how this worked. I had never been with a street omega before, or any omega other than Ari. Did I just walk away? That seemed so cold.

But they would probably prefer to be left alone, so I forced myself to sit up, then went around the room, pulling my clothing back on, feeling like a stranger in my own skin.

Usman wasn't watching me anymore.

He seemed to have fallen asleep too, but when I went to the bed and began to pull the covers up around them, he opened his eyes and helped me.

“The room is paid for until tomorrow at eleven,” I said. “They have my card downstairs, so order anything you two would like, okay?”

He looked up at me, his expression unreadable and then nodded.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

Nodding, I turned to leave.

Then, before reaching the door, I paused, turned back, and scribbled my number across the top of the notepad sitting next to the phone.

If Usman saw me do it, he didn’t react. I didn’t know why I had even bothered. I didn’t need to see them again.

At least, I didn’t want to want to see them again.

Part of me wished this was nothing more than a dirty secret I would keep to myself. Yet as I reached my car, I looked back up at the hotel, gaze seeking out my room window where the two omegas were doubtless still snuggled up under the covers.

It hadn’t felt dirty or wrong. My only regret was that I was leaving their warmth so soon.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:51 am

WREN

I slept for most of the day, waking up some time in the evening, ravenous with hunger.

I was wrapped up in blankets, cozier than I could ever remember being, and incredibly relaxed.

The room I had taken no notice of when I'd been carried in, was fancier than any hotel room I'd ever been in. There was a shiny glass-topped desk and a swivel chair in front of the window, and a large, velvety armchair on the other side of the room. And the bed was huge—more than enough for three people.

Manny was sitting at my side, looking lost in thought.

“Where is the alpha?” I asked.

“Chase,” Manny supplied, his fingers running through my hair. “He left. Said we could stay here for the night.”

My eyes fluttered shut at his gentle touch and I smiled, wiggling closer to him to wrap an arm around his still naked waist.

“Mm. So we get to snuggle naked in an actual bed,” I purred.

He chuckled softly.

“You hungry?”

“Starving.”

I watched as he reached for the hotel menu, flipping through it before lifting the phone and ordering far more food than we probably needed.

At my raised brow, Manny shrugged.

“He said he’d cover it.”

A surprising warmth filled me at that. For an alpha taking two street omegas into his hotel room, there was something considerate and kind about Chase. I’d sensed it the whole way through... I’d trusted him, completely. That didn’t happen often, if ever.

Desperation had pushed me into his bed, but I hadn’t had fear in the back of my mind the way I usually did with strangers. Of course, Manny’s presence was a huge part of that.

Manny was quiet, even when I sat up and nestled against his side, leaning on the cushioned headboard.

“How are you feeling?” I asked, gently.

He smiled softly, still not meeting my gaze.

“I should be asking you that.”

Such an Usman response to give. He always over thought and got lost in his own mind, sharing only his concern for me and rarely his own troubles. Luckily, he didn’t need to speak for me to understand him and to know what he needed to hear.

“I’m fine,” I said honestly, threading our fingers together. “He was nice and having you there... made it even better.”

That seemed to soothe him, just as I was hoping it would and he smiled, looking down at me with those gentle green eyes surrounded by such black lashes.

“Good,” he said firmly.

When the food arrived at our door, we spread it out on the bed like a feast and ate more than I could remember ever eating. Still, we had plenty left over and moved it all onto the desk to have later.

“There’s a Jacuzzi in the washroom,” Manny said, eyes glinting.

I sat up at once.

“Come on!”

Laughing, he followed me.

The warm water felt amazing, the bubbles like the massage I didn’t know I needed. We didn’t want to get out and spent a long time washing each other, running soapy hands over each other’s bodies, revelling in the simple pleasure of a bath.

Normally, bathing happened at the nearest fast food place’s washroom. We used their soap and paper towels and scrubbed down from top to bottom. It did the trick, but was methodical, having nothing to do with pleasure and relaxation.

This was intimate and fun and relaxing all at once, and if not for the fact that I was so spent from earlier, we probably would have made love in the bubbles, but instead, made do with holding each other and kissing, knowing we had all the time in the

world.

Manny did get hard eventually though and let me suck him off while he perched on the edge of the tub, gently running his fingers through my hair.

“You’re so beautiful,” he told me, and I believed him. Usman adored me and never hid it.

But he looked troubled over what had happened, and it was obvious why. He had never seen me being fucked by someone else before. Especially an alpha, something he could never be. And something I didn’t want him to be. I loved him just the way he was.

I wished I could show him that there was nothing wrong with him, with us, that there were perks to his being an omega. Things like the fact that I could make him get wet by just one suggestive look, that yes, he could fuck me, but he also let me fuck him. And more than that, he understood me inside and out. We were the same in so many ways.

Then, I saw the number that Chase had left scrawled on the little notepad next to the phone and I knew what I wanted to do.

Soon, Manny would be in heat too, and I would show him then.

I would show him how much fun being an omega was. I would show him how much pleasure he could have.

I would teach him not to be ashamed of wanting the things that nature insisted he have.

Camping out, living on the riverbank surrounded by the other transients of Lunar City

was not ideal on most days, but I was used to it.

Coming directly from a luxury hotel though, to the cold and unforgiving landscape of what we called home changed things a little.

I couldn't help feeling bitter as I pulled my jacket tight across my shoulders, heading back to our tent.

Weaving through the area on a gloomy afternoon, there weren't loads of people about. Most would be out working, begging, doing whatever they did on chilly winter days, but Shae, of course, appeared before us, his matted wolf form just as unwelcome as his sneering human face.

Together, me and Usman tried to pass him, but he leaped into our way and shifted into his human form, that trademark sneer on his filthy face, showing all the teeth he was missing.

"When an omega's in heat, he don't usually need another one to hold his hand while an alpha fucks him," he said disdainfully.

Usman stiffened at my side, but I took his hand, steering him around Shae.

"It's been a long time since I gave a shit about someone else's opinions," I muttered. "A filthy street dog certainly isn't going to make me start."

Manny's lips twitched, but behind us, clearly having heard my statement, Shae snarled.

I had no warning aside from that before I was suddenly tackled from behind, Shae's strong paws landing square in the middle of my back and taking me down.

My head snapped back from the force. Air left my lungs as I landed in the hardened mud, bones cracking from the impact, all the results from that glorious jacuzzi obliterated.

I tried to crawl out from under him, my body instinctively reacting, shifting into my wolf form just as he was shoved off of me.

I scrambled to my feet to see Manny, in his wolf form, fighting Shae as best he could. As a small, brown wolf, he was no match for the scrappy matted omega. I leaped forward, latching onto the back of Shae's neck.

He threw himself around wildly, what little finesse he'd had at the start gone.

I went flying, hearing Usman yelp just as I landed on the ground on my back.

As I scrambled to my feet, Usman was suddenly thrown, landing next to me.

Growling, I turned toward Shae, and my blood ran cold.

Jack, the alpha, now stood at his side in his hulking wolf form, solid white but caked in mud. Even as a wolf, the cruelty in his gaze was clear, and suddenly, his alpha pheromones flooded the area.

Shae seemed to like it, preening under the alpha's attention, but Jack's scent always turned my stomach.

Next to me, Usman stood on all fours, trembling. He was probably wondering what Jack would do next. If he wanted to attack us, there would be no fighting him. But worse, he seemed to want to control us.

It was working too, at least a little bit, because together, we cowered, hoping he

would leave us alone.

Instead, he approached slowly.

Head bowed, I wouldn't meet his gaze no matter how long he waited.

I heard the swish of air as he shifted his form to that of the man who often walked around here like he owned the place, using heats to fuck the omegas who were desperate.

"Come now, there's no need to fight," he said. The words were innocent. But there was a sleazy slur to them. Even the way he spoke made my skin crawl.

Chancing a glance up didn't help when I caught his gaze and that creepy smile.

"Next time you go searching for an alpha, remember, I'm right here." He leaned closer. "I don't want either of you going looking for someone else. Got it?"

He winked and turned to Shae.

"Come," he ordered, and Shae followed at once.

I felt like I was going to be sick the moment he walked away.

Manny waited, made sure I was following and then hurried to our tent.

The moment we entered, I knew we had been robbed.

I shifted back into my human form, cursing.

"Fucking jerks!" I shouted.

Manny shifted at my side, looking beyond worried. Our tent was barren of all the small comforts we'd had. Blankets and pillows all gone along with our bags.

They hadn't held much; toiletries, our other clothes, the book Manny had found recently. But the contents didn't matter as much as the fact that they were ours.

His hands reached for me, trying to calm me, but my heart was racing, and I moved around the small space, trying to decipher the scents of whoever had been in here but the smells had already faded to a light whisper and I couldn't recognize them.

Sighing, I flopped onto my butt, hugging my knees.

"Taking our blankets was low," I said.

"Yeah," Manny agreed. "You'd think we weren't all in the same boat."

"We could go tent to tent, find who took them."

Manny was already shaking his head.

"We'll just buy new ones."

"That'll take forever to save up for."

"In the meantime, we'll just have to keep each other warm..."

I glanced up at him, warmth billowing through me at the solidarity in his gaze.

Somehow, a laugh bubbled to the surface, and I chuckled.

"I guess whoever it was didn't know about that part," I mused. "We don't need

blankets to get through winters, do we?”

I crawled over to where he was sitting at the edge of the tent and snuggled into him. His arm went around me, holding me tightly to his side.

“You’re warmer than any bit of fabric.”

I could feel his smile in the kiss he pressed to my hair.

“Or maybe they did know and were jealous,” he said.

I looked up at him, mesmerized by those soulful eyes, as always.

“Maybe,” I agreed. “Who wouldn’t be? They’re all alone out there and we have each other.”

He swallowed, suddenly looking worried.

“What is it?” I asked at once.

“I think it’s true, that’s all,” he said softly. “I think the more open we are about—how we are with each other—the less people like it...”

My stomach twisted at his words. Truthfully, I’d noticed the looks and the whispers a while ago. They didn’t bother me the way they bothered him though.

“What should we do about it?” I asked. “We have nowhere else to go.”

His frown deepened.

“I wish I could take you somewhere,” he whispered. “Somewhere it wouldn’t

matter... Somewhere you would be safe.”

Again, an irrepressible smile lifted my lips.

“It’s not your responsibility to look after me,” I chastised but he shook his head firmly.

“Yes, it is.”

My smile dwindled.

“Shit,” I muttered. “You’re right... Just like it’s my job to protect you.”

He looked surprised and I snorted.

“Don’t tell me you thought it went one way.”

He shook his head, cheeks heating.

“No, I just... I never heard you say that before,” he said.

I lifted enough to kiss him.

“You’re so sweet when you’re shy,” I informed him, and his blush deepened.

“Let’s give them a big middle finger and fuck on the bare floor,” I whispered. “Nice and loud.”

He laughed, breathily, shying away from my seeking lips.

“Come on,” he muttered. “Don’t you ever get tired?”

I chuckled.

“Not when you’re around.”

We did not in fact fuck nice and loud to mess with our neighbours because Manny clammed up and I would never push him.

Truthfully, I understood that he felt strange about people knowing our business. I understood that he didn’t feel safe.

Instead, we went to our usual spot in the alley to beg. Sometimes we had good days, making enough to buy a few items that we needed as well as food. Today was not one of those days.

We returned, practically empty handed.

On the riverbank, the fires had already been started, but neither of us felt much like socializing with the degenerates that we were part of.

In the cold of our tent, we huddled together.

“We still have some of the food from the hotel,” I reminded Manny, trying to cheer him up.

He went to our food haul in the paper bag, sorting through it and settling on one of the flatbreads. I took one of the pastries and we ate quietly, gazes catching every couple of seconds.

It was kind of funny sitting on the floor of our empty tent, eating gourmet food...

“We can shift,” Manny suggested as we finished eating. “Our fur will help us keep

warm.”

“After,” I said.

Thankfully, he didn’t argue this time.

When I crawled over to him and pushed him down on his back, he let me, helping to wiggle out of his clothes at my prompting.

I didn’t leave him to shiver for long, crawling over top of him a minute later, letting my naked skin warm his.

“Let me fuck you again?” I asked.

He nodded.

“I never got to finish last time you were inside me,” he whispered quietly. “I can’t stop thinking about it.”

I let out a soft moan, finding his lips in the dark.

“Then let me make up for that,” I whispered in return.

And make up for it, I would. Manny wasn’t the only one that couldn’t stop thinking about it. Except at some point since being inside him while I was being fucked from behind by a surprisingly kind and gentle alpha, a fantasy had formed.

Manny’s heat was near, and I wanted him to be ready for it when it was time, so I reached down between his legs and pushed a finger into him.

He let out a soft moan, his breath instantly becoming shallow as a flood of slick

reached his entrance, soaking my finger.

Biting back a moan of my own, I pushed another inside him, gently stroking until the hitched digits were rubbing his prostate with every languid thrust. I loved the feeling of his body squirming under mine, moving with the force of his muscles as they twitched in pleasure.

I was hard and wet now too, panting from the desire to just enter him.

I'd wanted to do more fingers first, but perhaps for the first try, two would do.

Biting my lip, I tried to keep quiet as I positioned my cock and pressed it inside him, not removing my fingers from within him.

My cock could barely take the hot, tight heat and twitched, spurting precome into him as I tried to reign in the approaching orgasm.

Usman was having even less luck.

He was holding his legs wide open now, trying to get me in deeper. He was trembling, his teeth gritted with the effort it took to stay quiet.

One long, slow thrust, my fingers still pressed tightly to his prostate, gently rubbing while I did it and a long, unsuppressed whine slipped from his throat.

Another deep thrust into his hole and he was clenching around me, his entire body tightening as come shot from his untouched cock.

The feelings had me losing myself, managing only two more slow deep thrusts into his clenching and unclenching hole and I was coming, burying my cock deep within him until every drop was emptied inside his body, making us one for this brief time.

Finally, shuddering, I pulled my cock and fingers from his hole, rolling to his side.

Usman's arms went around me at once and he kissed me lazily. Those sweet lips never failed to make me ache. He was so wonderful.

"I miss our pillows already," he grumbled.

I huffed.

"Yeah. Only the lowest of the low would take someone's blankets and pillows," I said, and then sighed. "Oh well. Just means we have to snuggle until we make enough to buy more."

He made a sleepy sound, and I nudged him, trying to rouse him before he was too deeply asleep.

"Shift first," I reminded him. "Now that we're warm, the fur will help us keep it."

I didn't think he'd heard me until with a sigh, he lifted and wiggled around to a good position, shifting into his wolf's form.

I followed his lead and once we were fully wrapped around each other, it didn't seem so bad at all.

Still, I couldn't help remembering that brief moment yesterday when Usman had been with me and the alpha, and everything had felt like peace and safety. Like we had nothing to worry about. Like we could truly be ourselves. I had Chase to thank for that lovely feeling...

With him there, caring for our needs, he had shown me what I hadn't even known was possible for us.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:51 am

USMAN

We went begging in our usual spot for the rest of the week. The end of the week was a big success because there was a conference in one of the buildings. There was nothing like wealthy businessmen in a good mood to hand out money.

We managed to stay away from the tent city mostly, eating lunches in cafe's and getting hot drinks when it was too cold out.

And at night, we fucked and then slept in a huddle of warmed fur.

It wasn't as good as being wrapped up in blankets together. Our wolf forms helped, but the ground was still hard, and I woke up stiff and aching every morning.

Then there was the fact that something was up with Wren.

"Can I be on top?" I asked in a whisper.

Huddled in our tent, him on top of me, I felt him shake his head.

"Can I finger you first?" he asked.

It wasn't that I minded. It felt good whenever Wren touched me. Any way he chose to do it sent me through stages of ecstasy. And lately, he'd been obsessed with finger fucking me, making me nearly lose my mind before pushing his cock into me with those fingers, stretching me until I was coming far too fast every time.

The idea alone made my cock twitch. His mouth on my neck didn't help.

He moaned softly.

"How are you so sexy?" he wondered aloud, his hands sliding up and down my hips while he kissed me.

His hand slipped between my thighs, ready to begin the routine again, but I clenched my fists, still wanting to argue.

It was just that, for the first time, I didn't understand what he was up to, and it certainly felt like he was doing it with a purpose.

Swallowing, I forced the question out.

"Why do you want to stretch me so much lately?" I asked, voice hitching just as his first finger breached the ring of muscles.

Wren paused, but his expert fingertip sought out my prostate, pressing gently but insistently into it, making my cock harden even more.

It took a moment for me to be able to breathe, and when I did, a moan slipped from my lips.

I clapped a hand over my mouth.

Never had I been so concerned with keeping quiet as I had been since that skirmish with Shae and Jack. My skin crawled even thinking about it.

There was no one I avoided more than Alpha Jack when I was in heat. No tent I avoided more than his when he was in heat. The smell of his pheromones when he

was, made me want to gag even though I couldn't help but be aroused by them too. It was confusing and gross to be around. Nothing like the alpha Chase's scent had been. His was overpowering too. It had made me want to just, roll over and forget all my problems and that was dangerous and concerning in a different way. Jack's scent in general was one to avoid.

And until the other day, it hadn't been my problem. Now, worry ate at me that Jack was going to make it my problem.

"Hey," Wren whispered, removing his hand from its work between my legs and cupping my cheeks.

"What's wrong?" he asked, his lips brushing mine while he spoke.

I released the breath I didn't know I was holding.

"Nothing feels the same here," I murmured honestly. "It doesn't feel safe anymore."

At first, being surrounded by the big group of other homeless wolf shifters had felt like a security blanket. Now, it felt dangerous. I wasn't sure who among them we could trust.

And all because me and Wren weren't the norm.

Maybe it wasn't as big a deal in other places, or other levels of society, but this was what I knew.

Out here, if you didn't fit in, you stood out. And that meant there was a target on your back.

Wren stroked his fingers through my curls, kissing my cheeks gently, and then he was

suddenly lifting over me, straddling me.

“What are you doing?” I asked, although it was clear as he took my cock, lining it with his hole.

I shivered as his wet heat kissed my tip.

“You said you wanted to top,” he whispered. “There will be time for the other thing later. Right now, if you want to fuck me, then you can.”

He pushed his hips down and his hole suddenly opened for me, swallowing me down. He didn’t stop until he was seated in my lap.

After a week of only getting fucked, the attention to my cock was nearly too much, but blissfully so.

I took one shuddering breath, then another while Wren did the same.

“Fuck,” he breathed. “I almost forgot how good you feel.”

I laughed breathlessly.

“Yeah, me too.”

He started to rock his hips, sliding back and forth. He was so wet and tight and I knew I wasn’t going to last long.

One of my hands gripped his cock, and I started to stroke, hoping to take him over the edge with me.

The other landed on the smooth stretch of his thigh and I held on, letting him take the

lead as he took me closer and closer to the edge.

“Yes,” I hissed. “Ride me just like that, baby.”

He groaned, his pace quickening, cock leaking in my hand.

When he shuddered, his hole clenching, I was powerless to stop myself from coming. His release splashing onto my chest added to the rush of pleasure and for a long minute, I was completely lost.

Instead of rolling off of me, Wren curled up on my chest, keeping my cock nestled inside.

He liked to do that, and I liked it too. Not pretending I had a knot to keep him there, it was just nice that he didn't want to let me go too easily.

My arms came around his back and together, we drifted to sleep, forgetting to shift this time.

When my eyes opened first thing in the morning, Wren was still on top of me, and my cock was still inside him. And of course, it was hard again, already being hugged by his warmth.

Wren moaned sleepily, giving my length a little squeeze where it was buried inside him.

I shifted my hips. They were stiff and cold from our position, but I was too preoccupied by the rest to care.

Wren moaned softly and without even lifting his head, he started to move, trying to get more friction.

Unable to take the tired wiggles, I gripped him and rolled him onto his back.

He landed flat, never losing my cock from where it was nestled, his eyes still closed as I started to fuck him properly, thrusting into him until he was gasping and moaning, unable to bite back the pleased sounds.

I watched the ecstatic frown on his face, and parted pink lips that were too much to resist. When my mouth pressed to his in a wet, open-mouthed kiss, he returned it just as hungrily. He always felt so fucking good, but this felt even better than usual somehow. More free, more desperate... fuck.

I came, realizing what was happening, my groggy brain finally clearing.

But Wren's sleep fuzzed body needed more time, so I bent over him, took his length down my throat and sucked him while my fingers delved into him, bringing him over the edge.

"Wow," Wren gasped, still catching his breath as I stretched out next to him, panting.

Then his gaze sought out my cock knowingly.

When he saw that I was still hard, he looked at my face, searching it before biting his lip.

"You're going into heat," he said softly. "I guess there isn't much time for the other thing after all."

I frowned at that.

"What do you mean, the other thing?" I asked. "What have you been trying to do, exactly?"

Wren shrugged, but I pressed.

“You didn’t say why you’ve been wanting to stretch me so much.”

He let out a sigh.

“It’s for something I think you’ll like. Something we’ll both like...”

Before I could process that, he rolled onto his side, reaching out to trace the underside of my hard cock with his fingertips until I was shivering, ready to fuck or be fucked all over again.

“Let’s talk about this after we get you in bed with an alpha, okay?” he suggested.

“Now?” I asked, stiffening. “But it’s just starting. We have time.”

Wren frowned, not meeting my gaze.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea to be in heat here,” he admitted. “At least, not for now.”

I swallowed, all the tension over our situation returning to me tenfold.

“Let’s get dressed,” I said.

Together, we ended up walking the streets by the time the sun was properly breaching the sky.

With my body temperature up, I was colder than I should have been, but didn’t want to go into any of the cafes we usually visited in case it was full of alphas ready to give me a hard time.

Wren was right, of course, I needed to get this heat dealt with fast, but normally, I didn't end up in bed with someone else until I was desperate.

Right now, I was just mildly horny and a bit feverish. It felt like cheating to find a different person to fuck me when Wren was right here at my side.

"Give me a second," he suddenly said, and then leaned in for a quick kiss, pressing his lips to my cheek even though we were right out on a main street.

I glanced around, cheeks heating with pleasure as he went into the building next to us.

Looking up at it, I was surprised to see that he had gone into the Belfort hotel.

My heart sank. This was where we usually got rooms for heat with an unknown alpha. It was where all the prostitutes went too. You could pay by the hour if you wanted to, or stay the night, but I would rather be outside than sleeping on bed bugs.

Was he already booking a room for me? Surely there was no need to rush this much.

I pushed the door open, peeking inside to see Wren putting down the phone at the front desk and thanking the receptionist for letting him use it.

Turning toward the door and catching me watching him, he froze and gave me a bashful look as though he'd just been caught doing something bad.

"What were you doing?" I asked, the moment he was outside.

Grudgingly, he pulled a scrap of paper from his pocket and held it out to me.

I took it, opening it to see that a phone number had been written across the note page

in neat, clean handwriting.

Immediately I knew whose number it was.

I looked up at Wren, shaking my head.

“You’re joking.”

“He was nice,” Wren argued, shrugging and suddenly my heart was racing.

“You like him,” I said.

Fear dripped off my voice and suddenly, Wren was holding me, kissing me.

“No,” he insisted. “Not more than you. I love you Manny. I’m crazy about you.”

I tried to pull back, but he kept me in his arms and wouldn’t stop kissing me and whispering sweet words against my lips, my neck, my ears.

“You’re everything to me. I could never be without you. I love you so much Manny. I just want to come with you. I don’t want to send you off alone. He’ll let me come. Please don’t be upset.”

Finally, I felt like I could breathe again as his words worked their magic.

In fact, I understood. I hadn’t been able to let him go without me the last time and my heat was getting stronger by the moment.

“Chase was nice,” Wren reminded me again. “He didn’t push us. He let us be together...”

I found myself nodding and Wren let out a relieved sigh.

“You’re starting to pour pheromones,” he murmured.

I nodded again because I was already feeling it intensifying. My cock was so hard it ached, but that was nothing compared to the emptiness I felt, how badly I wanted to be filled.

“How long until he gets here?”

“He said he was on his way. I’m not sure what part of the city he’s coming from though.”

“Hey.”

The gruff voice in my ear was barely enough warning before I was suddenly yanked by the arm out of Wren’s embrace.

I was swung around by a large hand, my body smacking into an alpha’s chest. I looked up at his unfamiliar face. His scent enveloped me.

I bit back a moan, even as I tried to yank free.

“What the hell are you doing with an omega? You need an alpha, baby,” he said grinning down at me.

“He’s already waiting for someone,” Wren argued, trying to pull me free.

I was little help, powerless to fight him off properly because his pheromones were filled with promise.

I leaned into him.

“Manny!” Wren chastised, and I shook myself, shoving the alpha.

He didn’t move of course, he was far too big, but I stumbled back, just out of his reach.

Wren caught me, quickly trying to pull me away, but the alpha was angry now. He leaped forward with a growl, catching me by both arms and snarling.

“You’re standing outside the Belfort in heat. That means you want an alpha. I found you first.”

I shrank, unable to meet his angry gaze especially because he was right. That was what it would look like to anyone and then suddenly another alpha’s rage enveloped me, making me shrink down even more.

For a long moment, nothing was said.

When I chanced a glance up, the strange alpha holding me wasn’t looking at me anymore. His gaze was fixed over my shoulder. When I looked back, Chase was standing there like a knight in shining armour, practically dripping with anger.

“I believe they said they’re already waiting for someone.”

For another tense moment the alpha didn’t release me, then with a frustrated growl, he shoved me roughly away, sending me stumbling into Chase.

He caught me with those large hands and didn’t release me, instead, he pulled me close and tucked me protectively under his arm.

And I'd thought that other alpha smelled good. Holy hell, Chase was divine. Once more I was completely taken by the desire to let him take over and lead me wherever he wanted me to go. And this time, that didn't bother me. Nope, the complete opposite in fact. The prospect of not worrying anymore was downright tantalizing.

I let him direct me without thinking, my mind and senses in a haze. A feeling like peace settled over me and suddenly I understood Wren.

Wren!

Stumbling, I swung around, instantly relieved to see that he was still next to me.

He reached out, catching my hand.

Chase waited.

I glanced up, unable to make sense of this alpha who was so different than the others that I had known in my life.

When our gazes caught, his eyes were filled with calm support, just like last time. There was no threat there, no judgment, no superiority.

I came back to him, tucking myself back under his arm where his scent was so strong and comforting.

When we got to his car, he held the back door open and I reluctantly parted from him, going in ahead of Wren.

Chase got into the driver's seat, but before we went anywhere, Wren suddenly clapped a hand to his mouth, his eyes wide, cheeks going beet red.

“I’m pretty sure the last time I was in here I was letting you finger me,” he said in shocked amusement.

My cheeks heated in response. At the time, caught up in the moment, I had allowed Wren to have what he needed. Now though, my gaze flew to the front seat where Chase was glancing between us in the mirror, his warm eyes crinkling slightly in amusement.

“You were in a bad state,” he said diplomatically. Then his eyes fixed on mine. “I’m glad to see I got to you sooner than that this time.”

I managed to nod.

He took us to the same hotel we’d been in last time. This time, we went through the front door.

I could feel the valet watching us as we did, and Chase must have sensed my discomfort because he paused, met my eyes with a cool, confident stare and pulled me under his arm again.

I leaned against him, almost trying to hide. I’d never really acknowledged that I could be like this, desperate for protection and a strong arm around me, leading the way so that I didn’t need to look where I was going. I hadn’t ever known how comforting it could feel.

He booked a room at the front desk like there was nothing unusual happening. For all I knew, this was normal behaviour for a hotelier to witness. Just two omegas, one in heat, and an alpha to take care of them.

“Come on,” he said and lead us toward the elevators.

Once inside, my gaze caught Wren's in the mirrored wall.

He smiled reassuringly. Honestly, his lack of concern helped ease any that remained inside me.

I looked between them. I was still tucked against Chase's warm side and Wren's hand was in mine. Being between them felt surreal.

"What are you thinking?" Chase asked.

I shrugged, trying to play it off even though it was useless.

"I'm surprised you showed up so quickly," I said. "Don't you work or anything?"

His eyes glinted.

"I make my own hours."

The elevator door opened, and he led us out, through the corridor to our room. It was a different room than the last one, but when I pulled the curtains back, the view was better, looking out over the downtown from high enough that everything looked clean and beautiful.

Strong arms came around me from behind, pressing me to a huge, hard cock. My breath stuttered and I bucked back accidentally, my body already starting to lose control as my heat intensified.

Chase released a slow breath and his lips brushed against my ear.

"Do you want me now?" he asked. "Or do you want to wait?"

I shut my eyes, trying to think past how good he smelled. My eyes were practically rolling.

Suddenly, Wren's hands joined Chase's, his familiar touch cupping my cheeks made me force my eyes open to meet his heated gaze.

That look in his eyes while I was being held against an alpha's hard cock nearly made my brain shut down and I was aware that he was trying to say something to me, but I couldn't help cutting him off with a kiss I was desperate for.

I could feel his smile against my lips, but he returned my affection, kissing me back until I had to pull back for air and then he chuckled breathlessly.

"I was going to suggest we all use the jacuzzi again," he said, gaze flickering uncertainly to Chase.

I felt Chase nod behind me, and he reached out, as though he couldn't resist, running a hand through Wren's wavy strawberry hair.

"If Usman is up for it," he said.

I hated being so out of control and even though some omegas embraced being in heat, I always clung to my rational side as long as I could.

"Yeah," I finally said, forcing the words out. "That sounds nice."

We all went to the washroom where the guys undressed me together.

Maybe it was obvious that I was quickly losing myself, that Chase's scent was sending me over the edge.

I heard his breath hitch when my pants slipped down my hips. The moment we climbed into the warm water, he pulled my back to his broad chest again, holding me to him.

Wren lowered in front of me, just as hard as me and Chase, even though my pheromones didn't affect him that way. But he didn't need that to get turned on by me.

Lathering the hotel soap all over his hands, he began to run them over me. Chase joined in, touching us both, a low growl reverberating through his chest almost like a purr.

"Fuck," he murmured. "You two..."

His lips suddenly pressed to my earlobe, biting gently.

"I must have done something right in a past life," he mused.

I couldn't respond anymore and just let them both touch me, nearly losing control under their slippery hands and soft lips.

It started to push from pleasure into an ache though, my heat swiftly taking my body from want to desperate need. Soon it would hurt, and I didn't want that either, so I arched back against Chase's cock, dragging my hole against it, unable to find words for a moment.

"This is too much for me," I moaned. Or not enough. It was hard to say.

Chase groaned into my ear and Wren moved to help me, lifting me by the hips. As soon as Chase's cock butted against my entrance, a satisfaction filled me. Like my body wanted to yell, finally! as I sank down, stretching around him.

He groaned deeply into my ear and even the sounds he made, so masculine and sexy fed into my desire.

“Yes,” Wren whispered. “Take him Manny.”

His hands were still exploring me, his lips on my heated skin, and sometimes on Chase’s too but somehow that didn’t bother me. When his fist closed around my cock it was all too much.

I let out a guttural cry, unable to stop myself from coming. Wren and Chase, both held me while I did, Chase continuing to moan in my ears as my body clenched around him.

Without being knotted, without Chase swollen inside me, there was no way it was over yet, but coming now, with him buried deep helped to take the edge of pain off, and all that remained was blinding pleasure.

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CHASE

Usman's head fell back onto my shoulder, and he started to move in my lap, fucking himself on me again. Then, when he couldn't get the angle quite right, he went forward instead, wrapping his arms around Wren's neck and clinging to him while he lifted up and down, riding my cock like he was a pro. I slid my hand up and down his back, the other clinging to the edge of the tub.

"Hang on," Wren said, stroking Usman's damp curls. "Come to the bed, baby."

He was too lost in his heat, and in the moment to hear his lover, but Wren's eyes met mine and he gave me a rueful smile.

"There's something I want to try," he said. "Can you carry him?"

I nodded, biting my lip, and bracing myself to stop Usman when my body screamed for more. He felt so good sliding up and down my length. On top of that, having him like this...

Ever since walking out of that room and leaving them behind, I'd been fantasizing about this, dreaming of getting that call.

My entire being felt like it had been left unfinished. These two omegas came together, but I had only had one of them. It had felt wrong. Like leaving a shoe off of one foot. I felt uneven.

It made no goddamn sense, but I needed to fuck both of them and Usman's body, his

hole clenching around me made my fantasies pale by comparison.

And having Wren here, alert and aware this time, his personality unexpectedly playful and light was doing something to me.

How well could you get to know someone when you only met them to fuck?

Yet last time, I'd felt like I'd seen Usman and this time, I felt the same with Wren...

Finally, I tightened my grip on Usman's narrow hips and lifted him off me.

He whined in protest, trying desperately to wiggle his hips back down to my arching cock.

"Fuck," I groaned, watching the display for a moment.

Then, feeling probably just as desperate as he was, I easily hoisted him into my arms and carried him from the jacuzzi.

None of us cared that we were dripping wet as we went to the bed. Usman had his face against my neck. Gently, he kissed my scent gland. Feeling his lips there, pressed to such an intimate spot, nearly made me stop dead. I did pause, emotion overwhelming me. It had been so long since someone had done that. Could he feel the scar? Had he noticed that there was no longer an omegas scent attached to it.

"You lay down on your back," Wren instructed me, oblivious to my momentary hesitation.

Surprised, I did as I was told.

Allowing someone else to take the lead was a novelty, one I found I didn't mind in

the least. In fact, I liked that he took over, telling me where to position myself and then helping Usman climb over me to straddle my thighs.

We both let out a satisfied sigh as he sank back onto my cock again. My eyes drifted shut and then Wren was crawling over my legs and pushing Usman to lay flat on top of me. My arms automatically went around him.

“That’s right,” Wren said softly. “You two relax. I’m going to take care of both of you.”

He was stroking my thighs softly and for some reason, I couldn’t help but smile. I didn’t think I’d ever been “taken care of” and the idea of it happening now was... pleasant.

When he straddled my thighs and positioned himself behind Usman, it only took me a moment to realize what he was planning to do. My eyes flew open just as his cock rubbed against my balls, sliding into position just against mine.

He pressed forward and I felt Usman stop breathing as he realized what was about to happen. That he was about to have two cocks inside him.

If he could take it. That would be a lot.

But Wren didn’t seem to think it would be an issue. He gripped Usman by the hips, keeping him in place and then pushed relentlessly into him.

The moment he breached the entrance, all three of us groaned loudly.

I could feel Wren trembling as he continued the motion forward, getting as deep as he could, our cocks in a vice grip of slippery wet heat.

I'd never felt anything so tight. Had never felt another person's cock against mine like this either. Suddenly, I was realizing that me and Ariana were always soft vanilla in the bedroom and these two were allspice.

My hands were in fists in the blankets now, fighting to remain still, to take what I was being given, which was so good but bordering on completely overwhelming. Then Wren started to fuck Usman properly and I lost track of everything else.

Usman was a mess, twitching and writhing, his moans turned to all out shouts with every thrust, a slew of words streaming from his mouth. "Oh fuck. Holy shit. You're such a—Oh! God. Don't stop. You're killing me. Yes!" That quickly turned into nothing but screams of all out pleasure. I could feel tears hitting my shoulder, our skin slick with sweat as we clung to each other.

Wren was nearly just as loud, moaning louder with each snap of his hips, sporadically giving encouragements, telling me how good my cock felt, how nice and tight Usman's hole was.

Meanwhile, I just tried for the life of me to hold on, to not come too fast, to enjoy the overwhelming sensations, but it was useless. I was too turned on and wound up and in awe of these two.

"Fuck!" I shouted, the only warning I could give that I was about to come before it shot out of me, deep into Usman.

He cried out and Wren's hips bucked into the new spurt of wet heat still seeping from my cock.

"Yes!" he cried, pumping his cock against mine faster, carrying me over the edge and through the most incredible orgasm of my life, his cock rubbing back and forth over mine. Then Usman was stiffening in my arms, shouting out as his hole clenched and

come spurted from his cock which was squished between us, soaking us both.

My knot was forming, the gland swelling, tightening the already constricted space but that only seemed to bring Wren closer to the edge because his rhythm faltered and finally, he pushed in deep, his cock flexing against mine as hot liquid gushed against my tip.

The sensation was too much for my over sensitized cock. I had to grit my teeth and wait for him to finish. Finally, he pulled gently out, leaving me to knot Usman on my own. Although he let out a moan at the loss, reaching blindly for Wren and pulling him against his side.

Somehow, I ended up with the two of them in my arms. I held them close to my chest, embracing them tightly as sleep overcame me.

I woke up some time later when Usman was wiggling carefully free of my softened cock. He slid off me, clearly trying not to disturb or wake me or Wren, who was snoring softly on my shoulder.

To my surprise, he didn't go far, tucking himself under my other arm, his head resting on my other shoulder. Then, a moment later, his hand lifted, brushing my faded mating scar.

So, he had noticed it.

My heart squeezed, but I didn't move, allowing him to explore it with those gentle fingertips.

And apparently, he knew I was awake now because he spoke, voice barely above a whisper.

“What happened to your omega?”

I swallowed and somehow forced the words out.

“Ari. She was in an accident on the bridge two years ago. A five car pileup,” I said.
“Hers was in the middle.”

Usman was silent and then he lifted his head so that he could look in my eyes.

“I’m sorry,” he said gently. “You didn’t deserve that.”

A lot of people had said that to me since it had happened. I took it with a grain of salt though. Who would deserve to lose their mate?

“No one would,” I argued, but he shook his head.

“You’re different. You’re good.” He placed a hand on my beating heart. “I can feel it.”

He looked down, exchanging a look with Wren, who had clearly been awakened by our chat.

Wren let out a sleepy sigh and reached over my chest, making sure his arm was around both of us.

“See? I told you,” he teased and Usman chuckled.

“Yes. You were right, as usual,” he admitted.

My cheeks heated as I realized they had spoken about this before, about me being good or more likely, better than the alphas they’d known. And that made my stomach

plummet because the alphas they had come across before must have been rough or cruel. After all, we had barely spoken, why else would they think I was a good person if not because I had been gentle with them?

Usman, still on his elbow over me, must have caught the concern in my eyes because he smiled softly and shook his head, probably cementing the opinion he had of me being caring and good.

It was doing strange things to me though, memories echoing, the same words but said with different voices and faces and at different times.

Ariana used to say that I had the biggest heart she had ever known. I didn't see it. I didn't think most people did either. I was a businessman. I had to be smart even if sometimes that took a toll on me. Now more than ever, since I no longer had Ariana at home to make all the tension leave my shoulders with one smile.

Except that right now in this moment with Wren and Usman against me... I couldn't remember the last time I had felt so like myself again. Surely it had never happened since that fateful day when I lost my mate.

That was the end for me. I'd thought life from that moment on meant being only half alive until my body followed the soul she had taken with her. I had sought out these omegas in order to ease the pain of everyday life. Not to replace her. Not to feel love and tenderness again.

And yet, it was doing more than easing the pain. Being with them was soothing me.

"What's wrong?" Wren asked and suddenly, they were both over me, looking down at me, reading me.

I swallowed and shook my head, unable to voice what was going through my mind. It

was too crazy.

They exchanged a look and were probably about to start an interrogation, but I couldn't take that right now, so I pushed them both until they got the idea and made room for me to sit up.

"I'm starving," I said. "Should we get food?"

The way their eyes lit up made me chuckle.

"I'll take that as a yes."

"They have the best food I've ever eaten," Wren said enthusiastically.

"Can we order the flatbread again?" Usman asked.

I blinked at the two of them, trying to keep my expression neutral as reality invaded my thoughts again. These two weren't used to having good food. They probably weren't used to a lot of it either. And not good hotels, or clean beds or... hell, maybe not used to beds at all.

"Why don't we go downstairs to eat?" I suggested, suddenly wanting to treat them, well, the way I would treat anyone else. They deserved to feel equal. "You can get anything you want off the menu."

Surprisingly, they both hesitated, and I realized why the moment Usman glanced around at the heaps of clothing around the room. Maybe they thought hoodies and ripped pants wouldn't be accepted in a nice restaurant, but I could trust that the staff would know better than to remark on their clothes or give them trouble if they were with me.

“Anyone is allowed to eat there, and you’ll be with me,” I said. “Unless you really don’t want to. We can order in too. I’ll leave it up to you two.”

They exchanged a look.

“Come on,” Wren finally said. “When else will we get to eat in a nice restaurant?”

Usman caved at that, and they both got out of bed, quickly pulling their clothes back on.

I followed more slowly, watching them dress, feeling their giddy excitement grow for something so small and all I could think was that I was going to order them more than they could eat and make sure they tried some of all three courses. A couple nice cocktails too if they liked to drink.

They were both quiet going into the restaurant, letting me do all the talking, but the moment we were seated, they began to speak.

“Look at the table set up,” Usman laughed. “Why are there so many forks?”

Wren couldn’t answer, he was too distracted by the chandelier and decor.

And for some reason, their excitement was catching. The hotel restaurant was admittedly nice, but I found myself enthusiastically asking them their taste preferences and telling them which drinks to order. They had already tried a lot of the food, but that didn’t matter. It only made them more excited to eat it all again.

Our table ended up laden with food and drinks and it all tasted better than anything I could remember having because I couldn’t help but take the time to taste it all properly. To enjoy it even half as much as they were.

“A breakfast sandwich just won’t cut it tomorrow,” Wren joked as we went into the elevator to return to our room. “We’ll just have to go into heat more often.”

I chuckled.

“Well three times a month is plenty between us.”

They glanced at each other.

“So, you’ll seek us out when you’re in heat too?” Usman asked.

I paused.

“If you want me to,” I said.

Another look was exchanged and then they both nodded.

“But how will you reach us?” Usman asked, frowning. “We don’t have a phone.”

That stopped me short for a moment, but the elevator door opened, and I followed them down the hall, mulling over my thoughts.

“You called me from the Belfort,” I mused as we entered our room. “I guess that doesn’t really work for calling you back.”

The bed was still in a heap but neither of them fixed it the way Ariana would have before kicking off their shoes and climbing in, sitting against the headboard.

“Do you guys want to watch TV?” Wren asked and again it was like a slap across the face because he was so hopeful and I could tell that something so simple was unique to them.

I nodded, sliding in next to Usman who shifted to give me more room.

They were so delighted by the little things. It was the way everyone should be; appreciative and grateful, but it was hard to not get used to what you had and I was realizing now I took most things for granted.

“Where do you two live?” I asked.

“By the river,” Usman said.

“In the tent city?” I guessed.

“MmHm.”

I didn’t say any more, just reached over to put my arm around both of their shoulders. They settled in like that, not even questioning it, just getting comfortable instead.

Wren chose to leave it on a cheesy action movie that wouldn’t have kept my attention at all if not for the laughs it drew out of my two companions.

And somehow, belly’s full and needs met, my hookup ended up leading to one of the coziest nights I could remember.

Usman fell asleep first.

When he did, Wren shut off the TV and leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek. Then, catching my eye with a playful smile, he leaned over Usman and pressed a similar kiss to my lips before pulling back and settling on the pillow next to Usman, still watching me while my heart thudded.

“Thank you,” he whispered, “for everything you’ve done for us.”

Before I could answer, he glanced down at Usman, hand absently stroking his shoulder.

“I don’t know what it is, but I really like you,” he said. “And I know Manny does too, or we wouldn’t still be here.”

I didn’t know what to say, but apparently Wren didn’t expect me to say anything because his eyes drifted closed, and breathing evened almost at once.

After a moment, I reached for the bedside table light and switched it off, but it was a long time before I could sleep because everything felt off.

And in the morning, it was even worse.

Somehow, I got up, got dressed, and Wren and Usman got into my car. Somehow, I drove them to the river to drop them off. Like it was normal. Like it was okay.

I could see the tents stretching down below the bridge. Last year an effort had been made to remove the tent city by Lunar City officials, but that campaign had gone nowhere. I had barely given it any thought, but Wren and Usman had probably been down there wondering where they’d end up.

Wren opened the door and climbed out, but Usman hesitated.

He placed a hand on my shoulder, and I turned to catch his green eyes while my heart clenched.

“Thanks Chase,” he said softly. “We’ll see you again, right?”

It occurred to me that we hadn’t figured out the phone issue. I cursed internally, suddenly panicked. How was I supposed to find them, to keep in touch with them, to

check on them?

Swallowing, I forced a nod.

That seemed to be enough, because he smiled, gave my shoulder a little squeeze and climbed out after Wren, who bent down and gave me a little wave and a smile.

Until next time.

And in the meantime, they wouldn't be eating nice food or sleeping on nice beds or probably even warm...

My logical side cursed me for ever getting to know them. For getting close enough to worry about them. My true side ached as I watched them walk away.

And then all thoughts pushed aside when someone suddenly stepped into their way.

I could tell even from a distance that he was an alpha and even though I had no claim to either of them, my entire body stiffened. I watched with razor sharp focus, body ready to jump from the car until Wren pulled Usman around the dirty looking being and they kept walking.

Forcing the breath I'd been holding from my lungs, I put the car in drive.

As I started to pull away, all of my instincts screamed at me to stop. To go back.

My knuckles were white on the steering wheel. My heart started to thud.

Everything inside me told me that I had found them for a reason. That I was abandoning them when they were mine.

It wasn't just the sex, although that was amazing too. Somehow, even though we weren't bonded—even though I didn't think we possibly could be, it felt like more. It felt like... like kismet.

My hands were shaking.

No one else would understand how I felt in that moment. I didn't want to betray Ari's memory by moving on. I had never planned to replace her, and never with two omegas simultaneously. Yet I couldn't deny that we fit. But how could I be meant to be the alpha for three omegas in my lifetime?

It made no sense, but my instincts were blaring alarms in my head to turn back and take what was mine. To protect them and love them even though they hadn't asked me to.

And the future that had seemed so bleak, now looked like it was filled with unknown possibilities once more.

My car swerved, like my body had decided before my mind did. I cut someone off, nearly causing another pointless crash, but sweating and heart racing I continued to turn around.

I forced myself to drive faster, feeling overwhelmingly like I'd thrown both Wren and Usman into a den of hungry wolves.

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WREN

Luckily, the alpha Jack allowed us to pass, but the way he had first blocked us made my hackles rise.

On top of that, it felt weird to walk away from Chase. We barely knew him, and yet, close at Usman's side, I was suddenly aware of how lacking I was on my own.

I had always been easier with showing our relationship than he had been. I'd foolishly acted as though we were invincible, and yes, we promised to protect each other, but suddenly I felt like we'd been playing with fire.

How exactly was I supposed to stop someone like Jack? The unpleasant alpha was missing countless teeth, but I still knew I couldn't stop his bite. How the hell was I supposed to keep Manny safe?

I glanced at him, heart still racing from the way Jack had appeared in front of us. His hard glare had meant trouble. I'd almost thought he was planning something for a second, but he hadn't stopped us from going around him...

I held in a shudder at the thought of whether he'd meant what he said before, but Manny was poised, acting unbothered. It was a convincing act too, if not for the hint of anxiety in his gaze when our eyes met.

I wanted to reach out and take his hand, but for all I knew, Jack was still watching. Any of them could be and really, none of them could be trusted anymore.

In this world, the only trustworthy person was Manny and now, to my surprise, Chase too. How could I hold him so highly after a couple nights together? It didn't make any sense, but it was the truth. He felt safe and warm and loving, just like Manny. And he felt like he was mine the way that Manny was too.

My thoughts weren't making any sense. Nothing was.

Someone hit my shoulder hard as they passed and I paused, turning to see the omega passing scowling at me, letting me know she had done it on purpose.

For a moment, I stared, aware of all the things Manny had been worried about—that people weren't taking our relationship kindly. That they resented that we seemed so happy together when we shouldn't be.

“Let's just get to our tent,” Manny muttered, tugging my arm.

I swallowed and nodded but as we reached it, my heart sank.

Together, we slowed to a stop, taking in the mess of what had been our home. Everything had been destroyed. The fabric had been shredded by sharp claws, and even the tent poles had been snapped.

Around us, others were gathering, eager for a show, a breakdown, a fight, some entertainment. And I couldn't help but give it to them.

“Who did this?” I demanded, spinning around to face those who had gathered.

Smirking faces met me, and anger flushed through my body.

Shae's grin caught my eye from the back, and I snarled, moving toward him just as Usman grabbed my arm, trying to stop me.

“Was it you?!” I demanded. “What is your fucking problem?!”

He started to laugh, his street roughened voice echoing as the blood rushed through my ears.

“Wren—” Usman warned, but before he could say more, another, even more unpleasant voice interrupted.

“I thought I told you both to come find me the next time you needed an alpha.”

I froze, a chill traveling over me as I turned to face Jack. He was standing calmly over the wreckage of our tent, clearly unsurprised by it. Obviously he was responsible for it. Whether it was his own claws or if he got his lackey Shae to rip it up, it didn’t matter. He was making a statement.

Instinctively, I moved in front of Usman, trying to block him. After all, he had been the one in need this time... he was the one that hadn’t listened, right? My instincts told me wrong. That Jack had decided to put all his focus on both of us now. He had always acted like he owned the whole place. I had never expected him to start acting like he owned the people here too.

His cold gaze met mine and a rush of pheromones flooded the area. All his angry, unpleasant emotions hitting me and making me feel sick.

“Where did you take him?” he asked me.

“It’s none of your business,” I forced myself to say.

Manny’s hands touched my back, then he came around me, still holding onto my jacket, but standing at my side.

“We don’t want any trouble, Jack,” he said, and pride filled me at the solidness of his voice.

“Then you should have come to me,” he snarled. “Like I told you to.”

“You don’t own us,” I snapped.

Jack growled and leaped toward us.

I didn’t expect it or know what he was going to do in the least, but I reacted at once, arm flying out to grab Manny and feet stumbling back, taking him with me.

“What are you doing?” Manny demanded, seeking some reason in the scumbag as he swiped for us. “Come on Jack, just leave us alone!”

The crowd was oohing and some of them were laughing, and I hated the lot of them at the same moment that one of them finally shouted in solidarity, “Leave them alone!”

I glanced over, catching sight of batty old Missy, the tent city mama, looking ready to start fighting for us, but before she could, Jack leaped toward us again.

This time, I didn’t stumble out of the way fast enough and his hand caught me by the arm in a crushing grip.

It took me a moment to follow what was happening. Pain shot through my bones, all the way to the shoulder. Usman shouted, jumping at Jack despite how much bigger the alpha was than him. Then suddenly, a loud roar filled the air, and my arm was wrenched free.

I stumbled, nearly falling as Usman caught me and then realized that we were free to

run.

Spinning around, I saw Jack flat on his back, a massive alpha wolf on top of him, growling so harshly that spittle flew from his exposed fangs.

He was huge and familiar even in his wolf's form.

My heart sped up even faster. Still cradling my arm, I looked over at Usman with wide eyes.

He was staring at the wolf, at Chase, in shock and wonder, as usual, feeling the same things that I did.

Jack was cowering, suddenly looking weak and small with Chase over top of him and all I could think—even though it made no sense, was that Chase had come for us.

And sure enough, in the silence of the shocked crowd, Chase shifted back into his human form, fury twisting his handsome face into an expression he would never direct at us.

“Keep your filthy hands off of what's mine,” he spat, and he didn't move from his position, pinning the other alpha until Jack spoke.

“They don't belong to you,” he said, disdain dripping off his voice even though he was shaking.

“They do now,” Chase snarled and finally, after a long, drawn-out moment, Jack ceded, looking away with a nod, hands rising in defeat.

Chase didn't release him at once though, and when he did, it was with a rough shove to make sure he stayed down. His gaze never left Jack as he straightened to his full

height.

“Get your things,” he said, leaving no room to argue. As though we would.

When neither of us moved, he finally turned, fixing his gaze on us. Those brown eyes, normally filled with such warmth were guarded and cold, but not toward us. As soon as he saw us, the warmth flickered back into them.

“Get your things,” he repeated, softer this time.

“There’s nothing left,” Manny told him, gesturing to the ground.

Chase blinked, looking down as though just noticing the mess beneath his feet for the first time. His gaze darkened, jaw clenched, and he lifted his head.

“Then let’s go,” he said.

There was no way in hell we weren’t following, but he came toward us, putting an arm around each of our shoulders, steering us through the shocked crowd.

I could hear murmuring already. We were probably going to be the talk of the riverside for months.

“Just like that bait wolf,” someone whispered theatrically, and Manny snorted. I was pretty sure that it was Missy and looked at him with a raised brow, but he just shook his head, his gaze flying to Chase’s face.

Chase sensed it at once and looked down at him. Something passed between them and when Chase looked at me next, I knew what it was even though I couldn’t put it into words. Something had changed or formed between us. The three of us were like... a unit? A team? I wasn’t sure but it felt like security, calmness and strength,

and I liked the feeling.

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CHASE

They were both silent in the back of my car. Just like that first time, my eyes kept flying to the mirror to see them. And every time I caught one of their gazes, my heart squeezed.

This was crazy.

I had only met them twice. But there was something in Wren's eyes that looked like trust and something in Usman's that looked like hope and I would be damned if I wasn't going to do exactly the thing I'd spontaneously declared that I would.

These two were mine now and I was going to keep them as long as they'd let me.

"Those people back there," I finally said, breaking the silence. "What did they destroy exactly?"

"Just our tent," Wren answered ruefully. "They'd already stolen all our stuff."

"When?" I asked, but I thought I knew.

"Last time we were with you."

I had to grit my jaw and try to breathe. I was still angry over the scene I'd found; Wren and Usman surrounded by an audience of street rats watching as an alpha harassed them. My hands gripped the steering wheel harder.

What kind of scum watched something like that? Were those the types of people they'd always been surrounded by?

I couldn't stand that. I had to show them a better life.

"We managed fine," Usman told me, like he was trying to calm me down, but anger rushed through me again, this time directed at myself. It was irrational but I was frustrated that I had left them in that situation while I had carried on with normal life.

"That's not the point," I gritted out.

They both fell silent until we were turning into my neighborhood and Usman gasped softly.

"Where are you taking us?" he asked uncertainly.

I glanced at him again in the mirror. He was looking outside, always so attentive, and now I knew why his eyes were so sharp. He was always on the lookout, aware at all times of the danger that they lived in.

"I'm taking you home," I informed him, and my voice was firm, leaving no room for doubt.

His eyes widened.

"Holy shit," Wren muttered quietly, following Usman's gaze out the window. "In Riverview Heights?"

As we entered the esteemed neighborhood, I shrugged lightly. There was a reason that I had been so unaware of the lives they lived. So unfamiliar with street omegas in general.

Their world was one far removed from the one that I knew and had known my whole life.

I had been born into privilege, lived surrounded by the upper crusts of society, met my mate in high school, then inherited my father's company when he was ready to retire.

In all ways, my life had been laid out for me from the start and I wasn't the type to try to break the mold. Why would I? I had been happy.

It had taken losing Ariana for me to even consider branching out to something different, something I'd thought would pale by comparison. My gaze flew to them again. They weren't less vibrant than Ariana was. They weren't less deserving of love and happiness. Sure, they weren't her, but that was perfect. A replacement wasn't what I needed. No one would ever replace what I'd had with my first mate. And now, if this went any further, no one would replace Wren and Usman either. They were special in their own ways.

I didn't know how it would work in the real world, but I had nothing left to lose and everything to gain.

I pulled into the long driveway of my home and shut off the car but didn't get out right away. The guys didn't move in the back seat, clearly waiting.

Finally, I turned to face them.

"I know I didn't ask either of you if you even wanted to come with me," I started. "But I hope that you'll stay."

For a moment, they didn't move, then Wren smiled softly, and Usman took his hand first, before scooting forward in his seat so he could reach me and touching his lips to

mine.

It was the first kiss he'd given me, and it was soft and chaste but my entire body warmed up, especially when he drew back enough to look me in the eyes.

"I think we can get behind that arrangement," he said.

I let out a breathy laugh, feeling the tension and anger sift away. I glanced at Wren who nodded in agreement.

"Alright then," I said. "Welcome home."

If anyone I knew could see what I was doing, they would probably think I was crazy, but I didn't care. I led Usman and Wren into their new house with nothing but sureness inside me.

They were both wide-eyed as we went inside. The entryway was a bit extravagant. Ariana had liked glittery things and I had let her do what she wanted, including having the large crystal chandelier installed.

As I walked them through the rooms, showing them where everything was, it became apparent that Ari's presence was still in every room. Her pictures were on the walls, her makeup still next to the sink, and her slippers were still on her side of the bed.

I hadn't changed a thing since I'd lost her and I hadn't seen how unhealthy that was until I was walking through with Usman and Wren on each side of me.

I didn't say anything about it, but when my gaze caught on her hairbrush next to the sink, golden strands still woven into it, Usman's hand found mine and held onto it. I looked up, realizing that he was watching my face in the mirror. Then Wren took my other hand and the frown on my face fell away completely.

I shook my head, watching their compassionate expressions in the mirror.

"I guess I should clean up Ari's things."

They both started to argue, but I shook my head.

"No. I need to make room for you both and... it's not healthy. I need to start to move on."

They didn't argue, which I appreciated. And they didn't let go of my hands, which I liked even more.

I still couldn't believe that anyone else's presence could make me feel so peaceful again and I wanted to cling to them both. I wanted to claim them both... if only there was a way to have two mates at once...

I pushed the thought away and led them back downstairs to the kitchen.

There was food in the fridge, and frozen meals. I used to like cooking, but now I did takeout and ready meals almost exclusively.

I heated some of it up while they watched.

The three of us were mostly silent. I knew we didn't know each other that well yet, but it was more that none of us knew what was to come next. We hadn't said any of the important words, we hadn't figured out how to move forward together and none of us wanted to breach the subject. So instead, we spoke about light things, like where I worked, how long they'd known each other, things like that. Then, when they were eating, I excused myself to deal with the heavy issues.

My bedroom seemed like it had to be the first place to start and I needed to do it now.

I couldn't sleep in the bed with other omegas while Ari's picture was on the wall next to me.

And they needed to feel like they finally belonged somewhere. I wanted to give them that.

So, I started with the pictures, taking them all down. There were some with just me in them, but it was all from our mating week. The photographer had posed us like we were having a romantic picnic together and we hadn't been able to stop laughing. We'd loved all the pictures and now I could barely look at them anyway. Still, it made my chest ache taking them off the walls.

When I went to Ari's bedside table, I found the book she'd been in the middle of and added that to the box along with her phone charger and chapstick.

By the time I got to her slippers, the bedroom door opened behind me.

I couldn't bring myself to look at them, not even when they both came into the room and sat down on the floor next to me.

"You really don't have to do this," Wren said gently. "We don't mind, right Manny?"

He rested a hand on my arm and nodded.

"I don't mind," he agreed.

"I do though," I said gently. "I said you were mine back there, and I meant it. I want to make this place your home for real. That means this room and bed are yours now..."

And honestly, I didn't think Ariana would mind. I knew in my heart and always had known that she wanted me to be happy above all else. The way these two made me feel, the hope and excitement for what was to come, was irreplaceable, especially after a year of torment where every day had been a struggle.

"Then," Usman said, giving my forearm a light squeeze. "Just this room today."

"That I can agree with," I said and I met his eyes, a smile lifting my lips. It felt so good to smile again. I was going to have to get used to it.

Somehow, it seemed I really had found three omegas in my lifetime that were meant to be with me. I had to be the luckiest alpha alive.

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USMAN

I woke up achingly hard, my cock pressed to Chase's thigh, my face against his neck.

On his other side, Wren was already stroking himself. I could see his hand moving under the covers even though his eyes were still closed and he looked half asleep. A soft moan drifted from his lips and that finally roused Chase, who woke with a gasp and then groaned, leaning back against the pillows as he realized what was happening.

We finally got to experience Chase in heat.

He was already breathing harder than normal, his cock making a large intimidating tent in the blankets.

It hadn't taken much time at all to get used to having a real bed. That was mostly because the arms and limbs in it were so welcoming.

No matter who I ended up next to or sandwiched between, it was comfortable, warm and sensual.

I snuggled up against Chase's hot, naked body, pressing my lips to his scent gland as I soaked in his pheromones. It was hard to believe that only a month ago, his scent had been too much for me. Now, even while he was going into heat, it was like incense, making me light-headed and relaxed and so fucking hard.

My tongue licked his skin, making me shiver and he pulled me against his side, a soft

growl rumbling from his chest.

"Oh fuck," he whispered. "I need to fuck one of you right now."

I moaned softly, pressing my inner thigh over his hard cock, letting him thrust against my skin for a moment before he suddenly flipped me onto my back.

He pressed our lengths together, moaning.

Yes. I so wanted his big cock inside me.

But, Wren might want it too.

I glanced up at him. He had sat up, still touching himself as he watched the scene now, biting his lip.

When our eyes caught, he grinned and released his length, crawling closer.

"Suck me," he ordered and I opened my mouth, eager to take him. To take both of them. His cock stuffed down my throat before Chase even managed to hoist my legs up.

Wren's hard cock pressed in deep, but I was good at relaxing my throat and holding my breath and he knew when to pull back for me to breathe.

His groan as he fucked into me, the feeling of his cock filling my mouth made a stream of precome leak from my tip and my hole flood with even more slick.

Chase let out a guttural groan as our aroused pheromones flooded the room, taking his heat to the next level.

He was already holding my legs wide apart but I lifted my hips more, desperate for his cock to stretch me and finally, he pressed his thick tip to my hole and pushed inside.

I cried out, voice muffled by Wren's cock.

"Oh," he grunted above me. "Fuck. Yes. Make him scream Chase. It feels so good coming through his throat."

Chase's whole body shuddered at the description and he took the suggestion, fucking me harder than he ever had, making me feel dizzy from the pleasure until I was screaming non stop. Over me, Wren started to shout out too before he was coming in rivulets into my welcoming mouth.

Wren's body was just as receptive to me as always. His love hadn't wavered even a fraction. In fact, somehow we were even closer, because now, he also loved the same person that I did and I knew he understood me on yet another level.

And Chase... I didn't even know where to start with Chase.

He rammed me hard, until Wren finally pulled out of me, giving me a second to catch my breath while come dripped from my lips before his mouth was on mine, and he was moaning into it, tasting Wren's release until his body shuddered and he came inside me, pressing in deep, his pulsing cock taking me the rest of the way over the edge until I emptied between us.

As soon as I was done though, he pulled out, even while his knot was still thickening and collapsed next to us. All three of us were gasping for air, sated but not done yet I was guessing.

Life had become about comfort and warmth and mind blowing sex and I was loving

every moment of it.

Over the course of two weeks, Chase had almost made me forget what it was like living on the streets which I had done pretty much my whole life. That was a feat in and of itself and I was pretty sure it was his ultimate goal. To make us feel comfortable and taken care of and loved seemed to be his mission and he was damn good at it. Probably because he'd had so much practice before.

My heart went to him, now more than ever. I couldn't imagine what it would be like losing your mate, especially now that I knew what it felt like to have an alpha of my own.

His kisses alone were like sweet desserts, feeding me in the most decadent way. I couldn't get enough and he was generous with them. Knowing I liked his lips on mine, he'd started kissing me constantly and each time my toes practically curled.

And we both knew that Wren liked to set the pace, whether he was being fucked, or buried inside me, or watching Chase make me lose all my senses. It was fun, wondering what he would come up with next. Like that little stunt he'd pulled, bringing us together again. I half suspected he'd done it just so that he could partake in some double penetration, but I wasn't complaining. Together, they both fulfilled me in ways I hadn't dreamed of.

Finally catching enough air to speak, Wren let out a low, appreciative moan.

"That was fucking incredible," he groaned. "Can we please do that again as soon as possible?"

"Uh huh," Chase agreed at once, "but you're going to be getting fucked this time."

We both looked at him and he reached down, stoking his hard length. The knot was

dwindling already since no one was wrapped around it. Chase's heat wouldn't stop until one of us took his knot and his pheromones were like an aphrodisiac. Already, my cock was hardening again.

"It's your turn," Chase told Wren and his gaze darkened with desire, his cock twitching back to life.

"Okay," he agreed at once and crawled over. He pressed a hot kiss to my lips first, his tongue delving into my mouth before he lifted and gave me a look that brought my cock all the way back to full attention.

He glanced at Chase.

"Make me scream," he ordered, and then looked at me with a wicked grin. "Wait until you feel this."

At the look in his eyes, slick gushed to my entrance, mingling with all the come buried inside, and began dripping out.

With that, Wren wriggled until he was on his back between us. I scrambled to my knees, eager to feed him my hard cock.

He took it as expertly as I had and when Chase started to fuck him, making his throat move up and down my length I nearly lost it and that was before he started to moan and cry out in pleasure, his sounds vibrating my length.

Then Chase started kissing me too and I knew this would be over far too soon.

Between the two of them, I had already discovered so many incredible feelings, sensations, emotions, the list went on.

I couldn't imagine anything better than the life I had stumbled into.

It was hard to imagine that chance had brought us all together. I knew in my heart, that the three of us had found exactly where we were meant to be.

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WREN

I'd never felt so proud as I did walking into a beautiful venue with Usman on one arm and Chase on the other.

Usman looked stunning in an emerald green suit that brought out his eyes and the warm tones of his skin. His curls were combed in such a way that each one sprung up around his face in ringlets tempting me to comb my fingers through them. I had tried but he wouldn't let me in case I ruined the perfectly crafted look Chase's stylist had given him.

The stylist had done a similar treatment on me. I knew I looked good, too. Especially judging by the way my guys looked at me whenever our gazes caught.

I glanced up at Chase.

He always looked like money, but I had gotten used to seeing him tousled from bed or in the throes of passion.

He looked sexy in all states; lounging around the house, cuddling Usman, wrapped around me, or dressed to go to the office in the morning.

I'd never been so sexually satisfied in my life—or so satisfied in all other ways, either.

But still, it was nice to see him all dressed up, in a suit and in his element, surrounded by other high-end people.

Usman had whispered to me that he was worried we would stand out. That everyone would know with one look that we had come off the streets. Like there was a label on us, but once we were inside, I knew that wasn't the case.

The lights were dim, there were tables laden with hors d'oeuvres set around the ballroom and even ice sculptures.

In one corner, there was a live band with a dance floor in front of it.

We stayed close to Chase's side as he went through the room, greeting people he knew. He introduced us every time with a simple, 'This is Wren and this is Usman.' It was an effective way to leave little room for anyone to question us. I had a feeling he wouldn't care even if they did.

Understandably so. Chase was the boss of most of the people in this room. It was his company's yearly banquet, after all.

After a while, me and Usman ended up lingering at one of the tables, snacking on the devilled eggs while Chase conversed with someone he knew.

"What do you think?" Usman asked me quietly.

"It's amazing," I said, glancing around. Whoever had planned the event had done a fantastic job. It was going to take a long time for me to get used to being in places like these.

"We're the only unmarked omegas," Usman noted.

I looked around again, realizing that he was right.

Everyone here were either alphas, or mated couples.

“We may not be marked, but we’re still Chase’s,” I reminded him.

He nodded but I could see the wistful look in his eyes.

“Are you two having fun?”

Glancing over as one, we found one of Chase’s colleagues we had been introduced to leaning against the table watching us with shrewd eyes.

One sniff told me the man was unmated, but he didn’t seem threatening, just curious.

“Yes, it’s a great party,” Usman said.

“You think?” he asked, glancing around as though that surprised him.

Usman and I exchanged a glance but didn’t argue.

“So, what is your connection to Chase?” he asked, glancing between us. “Are one of you seeing him? Or both?”

Before we could answer, Chase’s familiar arms went around both of our shoulders.

“Always so nosy,” he informed the other alpha and smiled down at us.

“Can you blame me?” he asked. “I like to know what my board of directors get up to.”

Chase gave him a look.

“My personal life doesn’t have anything to do with my work life,” he finally said.

“All you need to know is that these two are mine and I don’t want anyone giving

them any trouble.”

I could barely contain a smile. It was sweet that Chase thought this was trouble. This was nothing compared to situations we’d been in before.

His co-worker apologized though, lifting his hands in surrender.

“I didn’t mean to bother anyone,” he said, and it seemed sincere.

“It’s fine,” I said, finally speaking up.

Chase just nodded and steered us away, his body stiff.

“It’s not fine,” he said under his breath. “The bastard was trying to suggest something. He was just being subtle about it.”

Surprised, I glanced back. Upper class people did have a way of saying things without saying them. Maybe I just wasn’t used to this world yet. I hadn’t noticed anything underhanded about it.

“He was trying to suggest the truth,” Usman pointed out.

“That doesn’t matter,” Chase said firmly and then he shut his eyes and sighed.

This was our first big event all together. Chase had insisted it would be fine to all go together, saying that no one would question him. Now that we were here though, I could feel the tension off of him.

I swallowed and reached up, catching his hand.

“Let’s dance?” I suggested.

He looked down, saw the hopeful look on my face and smiled, warmth filling his gaze.

“Sure,” he said. “All three of us.”

We both looked at Manny who immediately shook his head.

“I can’t dance,” he said. “You two go. I’ll watch.”

We both started to argue but he cut us off.

“Please.”

Chase grimaced.

“I’m going to dance with Wren,” he said. “But then I’m going to dance with you after.”

“I want to dance with you too,” I pouted, and Usman just chuckled.

“Okay fine, just don’t expect any fancy moves.”

He waved us off and since he’d agreed to dance later, I didn’t feel as bad going onto the dance floor with just Chase, especially when he pulled me into his arms and held me. I leaned against him, soaking in his comforting presence, my arms around his waist to keep him close.

The song was slow which suited me just fine. Resting my head against his chest grounded me.

“I wish I could you know,” he whispered into my hair.

”Could what?” I asked.

”Mate you,” he answered, ”and Usman. I want to tie our souls all together and never let either of you go.”

I bit my lip, warmth filling me from the bottom to the top.

I squeezed him tight, wondering if now was the right time to mention that thing I’d been researching... the thing that scared the hell out of me.

”You know,” I said, looking up at his eyes to see his reaction. ”There are stories of some people doing it.”

He stared blankly for a moment and then frowned.

”There”s no way.”

I shrugged because I couldn’t be sure either.

”There are stories of three people being mated at the same time.”

He started to shake his head, but I went on.

”They do it at the same time. All three give a mating bite.”

”It wouldn”t work.”

I chose not to push it since it was just a rumour. I’d found a few different stories including a news article from many years ago, but there was no way to confirm any of it.

"I'm happy with how things are right now," he told me as the song dwindled to an end. "I just wish..."

He shook himself.

"Sorry. Nothing. I'm happy."

"Uhuh. Please. Tell me more. You're so convincing," I deadpanned.

A laugh burst from his lips, and he shoved me playfully as the song switched to something more upbeat.

"You're too much."

We walked off the dance floor to where Manny was watching curiously.

I shook my head, still smiling while Chase pulled him onto the dance floor.

They were both terrible dancers when the music was fast and I watched grinning as they bounced around the dance floor, acting more and more foolish. Chase had resorted to classics like "the shopping cart" and Manny was laughing and trying to follow along. It was like the blind leading the blind.

I could have done this one with them, but it was more fun to watch.

When I walked onto the dance floor it was only as the song ended.

"May I cut in?" I asked Chase.

He grinned.

”Please. I am done making a fool of myself.”

Another slow song started as me and Manny faced each other.

”Oh good, I get all the romantic ones.”

He chuckled, allowing me to pull him into my arms.

To his credit, he didn’t even look around to see if anyone was watching. Truthfully, the people here probably had no clue at this point who was with who. Me and Manny, or him and chase, or all of us together...

We’d never been able to go out together like this, to do romantic things like hold each other and slow dance. This moment was special.

After so many years together, having him in my arms always felt like home. And Chase had given us walls and completed us. My heart felt so full.

“What were you and Chase talking about?” Manny asked against my neck. “It looked serious.”

“About mating,” I said with a grimace.

His entire body stiffened.

“About you two mating?” he asked slowly.

I squeezed him as tight as I could, shaking my head.

“No. About the three of us.”

He pulled back far enough to meet my gaze, clearly not understanding.

“Chase was mated before. Maybe he feels like he is missing that connection?” I guessed. “He told me he wished he could mate both of us.”

Manny’s cheeks turned that pretty pink it often did. I resisted kissing it since we were in public. I would have to make up for that later.

He glanced off the dance floor at Chase, smiling softly before turning his warm gaze to mine.

“That would be so nice, wouldn’t it?” he sighed. “Us three, together forever.”

“Yeah...”

I trailed off, unsure if I wanted to have the same conversation again.

“What is it?” Manny asked.

I grimaced, giving in to the inevitable.

“I may have been looking into this a bit... Apparently, it’s a thing. Some people have claimed that they had a three-way mating.”

Manny stilled for a moment, his brows drawn in interest.

“Tell me more.”

Swallowing, I explained the things that I had read.

For a long moment, Manny was silent. Then he smiled sadly and let out a soft sigh.

“I couldn’t bear to lose either of you if it didn’t work,” he said sadly.

I nodded, but Chase’s wish mingled with Manny’s interest worked through me, leaving me certain of one thing; I wasn’t going to let this go until we tried.

USMAN

I didn't know how I'd let Wren talk me into this.

Across the bed, Chase met my eyes, his expression clear that he was thinking the very same thing.

Between us, Wren was on his knees, looking at us each, his expression serious and sure.

"Remember," he said, meeting my gaze. "This either binds us all or none of us. No one will be left out if it doesn't work."

I nodded, taking a steadying breath.

That argument was what had eventually convinced me, and it rang through my ears now.

To make a mating bond, an alpha had to be knotting the omega while both made a mating bite into each other's scent glands.

What Wren suggested was that we confuse the bond. Chase inside Wren. Wren inside me. Chase's bite on Wren. Wren's on Mine. Mine on Chase.

Something like that.

Wren had drawn a ridiculous stick figure diagram, but I was still afraid of messing it

up.

“Let me see the picture again,” I said nervously.

Wren grabbed it off the bedside table and laid it out on the covers between us all.

We poured over the silly drawing as though we were studying for an exam until finally, Wren took it and put it back on the bedside table.

“Is everyone ready?” he asked.

Me and Chase nodded.

In a way, it was different than any other time we made love. Yes, we often had sex as a group. We often tried new things too, but there was a pressure over us this time as Chase settled himself against the headboard.

He wasn't hard yet, so Wren bent down over him, sucking his dick until his head fell back and eyes fell closed on a moan.

My hand landed on Wren's back, watching. His bare ass was in the air, and after a moment, I couldn't resist sliding my fingers against his hole to warm him up.

He moaned as I pressed into his tight entrance with two fingers, stretching him as slick began to wet my fingers.

I got hard fast, watching my two men on each other while I felt Wren's silky insides.

“Can I?” I grunted after a minute.

Wren moaned in response, and I took that as a yes, getting onto my knees behind him.

I couldn't finish in him, that all had to happen while we attempted to bond, but I could enjoy this for a little while.

I pushed inside him, head falling back in pleasure as his tight heat encased my cock.

Riding Wren never got old. Nothing about him ever did and nothing about Chase did either. I had already been blessed beyond belief, being literally swept off the street with the man I loved into a warm, loving embrace was like winning the lottery.

We were probably pushing things by trying to bond tonight, but at this point, I couldn't help wanting to try.

I wanted our union to be as recognized and understood as anyone else's.

"Now," Chase grunted, "before I come."

Wren released Chase. His long, thick cock was glistening wet and rock hard. I forced myself to pull out of Wren and he turned around to face me, getting his knees on either side of Chase's legs.

"Ready to switch?" he asked me, smiling softly, his gaze hot with arousal.

I nodded, edging closer so I could kiss him, moaning at the taste of Chase on his lips.

He was pulled just out of reach as Chase gripped his hips and pulled him down, onto his cock. Wren's hole took him deep, already prepped with my cock inside him.

"Yes," he hissed, and I watched their matching expressions of ecstasy as he took Chase all the way down until he was sitting in his lap.

Wren's eyes drooped and he rocked back and forth for a minute until Chase was gasping and fisting the blankets. Then he opened his eyes and reached desperately for

me.

I was so hungry for it that I barely remembered the diagram we were following, instead letting Wren lead as he pulled me on top of his lap so I was straddling them both.

"Take my cock, baby," he whispered into my ear and my own cock bobbed, the muscle tightening with the desire to come.

Precome spurted out, onto Wren's stomach, easing the desperate need and I was able to steady myself on his shoulders as I sank down, letting him direct his cock into my aching hole.

There was nothing better than being filled by my lovers. Wren's cock was delicious inside me, and he knew just how to use it, even while he was riding Chase's.

He gripped my hips to hold me steady and started to rock back and forth, giving and taking as we all started to get into it, moving together seamlessly, three sets of hands exploring each other.

Wren got loud, barely able to contain his pleasure. I didn't blame him. Giving and taking at the same time could be a lot in the best way.

"Can't hold on," he gasped.

And Chase suddenly gripped me, pulling me in tight to Wren's chest so that we were all pinned together.

"Now," he growled and with a frantic thrust up that made both me and Wren take it in deeper, he started to come. I could always tell by the way his legs shook. It was so fucking sexy every time and then Wren's come was flooding my hole.

Chase didn't hold back. I watched, shocked as he bared his teeth, biting down with no hesitation, his teeth sinking in deep to Wren's unblemished skin. Right on the scent gland.

My heart skipped as Wren cried out and just as suddenly, I was being given the same treatment.

I didn't register the pain of Wren's teeth. I felt it, but there was no time to waste. I forced myself over Wren's shoulder to Chase's exposed, scarred scent gland and without thinking, placed my teeth over the old mark, biting down as hard as I could.

It worked immediately—or at least, something did because I was struck with a wave of love, peace and pleasure so incredibly hard that the strength of it gave me an orgasm so powerful that for a moment, there was nothing else.

I could feel the other two trembling under me as a second orgasm swept through them.

Eventually, the blackness faded from the edges of my vision, and I returned to reality.

My jaw ached from being clamped over Chase's gland and I had to force myself to relax and release him.

When I did, he let out a soft sigh.

I pulled back far enough to see the damage I had done.

His old mark was still there, but mine was over top of it. Pride washed over me, and I looked up, meeting his warm brown eyes.

He tipped his head to kiss me softly and then pulled back and looked at Wren.

I wasn't sure when he'd released me, but he was lounging back against Chase's chest, watching me like I was the moon and stars both. Then he looked back at Chase like he was the sun.

He shook his head and suddenly tears poured from his eyes.

He threw his hands up to cover his face, but it was too late.

"Wren," I whispered softly, trying to pull his hands away. "What's wrong, baby?"

He shook his head, sniffing and trying to breathe through the tears.

Finally, he allowed me to pull his hands away.

I'd never seen my strong Wren in tears and my body immediately mirrored his pain. Tears burned my eyes, and I could do nothing but kiss him as they fell while Chase held us both tightly.

"It means a lot," Wren finally said, "that you would both trust me to try that."

"And we were right to," Chase whispered.

He tilted Wren's chin up so that he would look at him.

"Wren," he whispered. "It worked."

Wren started laughing in disbelief.

"It worked," Chase repeated. "You're both mine. And I am yours. And you're each other's..."

"It's a miracle," I said in awe.

It really was one.

In all ways, we had broken the mold and broken the odds. We had always known that this was real. It turned out that the universe knew it too.

We were meant to be together. Always.

And now we would be.

And not a soul would ever argue that again.

End