



# The Ballerina (Dark Side of the Moon #2)

**Author:** *Jade Marshall*

**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** I love my job, and I am damn good at it.

I used to be a ballerina but now I am a burlesque dancer.

I live my life the way I want, free from the demands of a pack or family—until my father comes calling.

Now I must return home like a good little omega to marry an Alpha I have never met. He will, no doubt, force me to give up the life I have built for myself and treat me like just another thing to own.

If tonight is my last night of freedom, I will break the rules.

But fate has a funny way of changing the rules when you finally understand the game.

**Total Pages (Source):** 14

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

## The Ballerina

Sitting at my station behind the stage, I tune out everything around me. The other women, the music, the smell of smoke, perfume, and even alcohol. My life is falling to shit quickly, and I need a moment to just work through what my next steps may be and ignore the fact that I don't actually have any. I'm prepped and ready for my set but now all I need to do is calm down. Which is easier said than done.

I can hear my father's voice inside my mind: "You will do what is best for the pack. What you are told."

It is what has always been expected of me. Bow to the Alpha, fall in line, do what is best for the pack. I can't remember a single time in my entire life where my father, or anyone else for that matter, asked me what I wanted. I shouldn't expect that to change now.

Looking around I take in the women around me. I'm not like all the other girls that work at Dark Side of the Moon. I love my job. The eyes on me, the feeling of being watched. Being a burlesque dancer excites me. I may not have been doing this for more than a few months, but I can't imagine having to give it up anytime soon. The other women do this because it's a job, a means to an end, a way to pay the bills. I think I may be the only person here who really loves my job.

Dancing is what I love. More than anything else. I used to be a ballerina, on track to being one of the greats. But then I shattered my ankle and my dreams in a single car crash. Now I take what I can get.

The moment I was well enough to walk, I bolted from my pack and the life I was being forced to live. Groomed to be the perfect little omega wife to a man I had never met. Betrothed since before I was even born, all so that our fathers could strengthen their own standing and make a power grab. My father never cared about my dream of becoming a prima ballerina, and the accident only gave him the excuse he needed to seal my fate. I can't even say the man ever cared about me, he only sees me as another pawn in his game. He didn't even care that his daughter, his only child, had been in a near fatal accident, only that I had survived with minimal scarring.

I wish the rest of my life was as simple as my job. No such luck, though. I stare at the message on my phone again for the millionth time while I wait for my set to start: Everything has been arranged. You will be married this Saturday. Be there. Or Else...

Those are the only words my supposedly loving father sent to me. The words that started this downward spiral I am currently riding. I knew this was coming but I was hoping it wouldn't happen for a while, hopefully even years. Since I can remember I have been groomed to marry the future Alpha from the Dagger pack, Atlas Green. I never intended to let it get this far but it seems I may have let some things slip these past months. I have gotten too comfortable in the life I have been living.

I was planning on finding a way out of the engagement, praying that perhaps the other person in this fucked-up arrangement would call it quits. Basically, I was waiting for a miracle that never happened. And I never took any steps to get myself out of this mess. Now, I have only two options before me: Do as my father commands, mate with Atlas, strengthen the packs, and be unhappy and unseen for the rest of my life. Or, run, as far and as fast as my legs can carry me.

Neither of those options hold any appeal to me.

"Are you okay, doll?" my manager, Quinn, asks, stirring me out of my thoughts.

I've been staring at the darkened screen of my phone for long minutes, and it has clearly drawn her attention.

"Fine," I reply, smiling. The orange light in the corner of the backstage area starts to flicker, signaling it's time for me to get on stage. "I should get going."

I quickly make my way to the stage as the first strands of music start to filter through the overhead speaker system. The deep base is pounding through my veins and finally helping me settle the nervous energy thrumming through me. This is all I want, the freedom to dance.

"For your enjoyment," Peter, our DJ, announces. "Here is the lovely Ballerina!"

Applause ricochets off the high ceilings as I step onto the stage. My spiked heels carry me as I sway my hips seductively. The frilly baby pink faux tutu I am wearing skates across the skin of my upper thighs.

Hoots and hollers come from the men in front of the stage as I dance around the pole, divesting myself of my clothes as I go. But I barely hear them anymore, I'm already lost to the music. I sway and twirl, bow my back, and arch seductively, letting the rhythm sweep me away. Before I know it, the music is done, and the stage fades to black, with me standing in a thong and a set of pink-and-white plastic daisies covering my chest. I don't remember any of my routine, my mind was in the wrong headspace, but by the sound of applause, I'm sure it went well.

This is what I do, after all. I am a burlesque dancer. And I'm fucking good at it.

I quickly make my way off the stage and into the back again. Grabbing my powder pink robe from the hook, I wrap it around myself and fall into the chair in front of my vanity. I don't want to give up my job or this new life I have been building. I don't want to run.

“Are you okay?”

I look up to find the girl we call Cheerleader, standing beside me wearing a worried expression. No one here uses their real names, but we have still managed to build up somewhat of a friendship in the past months.

“Not really,” I supply honestly, and she frowns. “Just family drama. I don’t want to talk about it right now.”

“You know I’m here if you feel like talking later,” she says, squeezing my shoulder before sashaying her way over to her own space.

It’s one of the reasons we’re such good friends. She knows when not to pry. The two of us are happy to spend time together here at work. But we never get too personal, both of us hiding things we don’t want to discuss.

I need to think of a way to get myself out of this fucking mess, but I also need to focus on my job. I don’t want to get fired, even though I don’t know if I will be able to keep dancing for long.

The owner, Abel, watches me with hawk eyes from the back of the room and I know he can tell something is going on, he just doesn’t know what yet. I need to stay away from the big Alpha if I want to keep my secret. He’ll compel me to tell him the truth and I don’t need any more people in my business.

I watch him turn and walk away, leaving me in peace for a moment more. Taking my phone in hand, I reread the message once more just to make sure I wasn’t dreaming. But there it is. All those words I never wanted to see.

Fuck my life.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Atlas

I have been fighting against this since I can remember but now it's too late. There is nothing left to fight anymore. My father and hers have made the decision and we are both expected to fall into place.

"This is ridiculous. Do you realize how out of touch this makes you seem?" I demand of my father. He sits behind the large oak monstrosity he calls a desk continuing with paperwork, not even giving me the courtesy of eye contact while he fucks up my entire life.

"I didn't ask for your opinion on the matter," he replies with no inflection in his voice. "You will obey my order. Your Alpha's order."

He states it like a fact. This mating is nothing more than a means to an end for him and I will do as I am told. He doesn't care what this situation is doing to me, what it will cost me. I wonder if the female he has chosen for me is going through this same bullshit, or if she is happy to have her life laid out for her.

"So, I am to be mated to some lowly bitch from the Clover pack. Against my will." I am acting like a petulant child but I can't seem to help myself.

"Her name is Cathy Jackson. She is the Alpha's omega daughter, not a lowly bitch," he replies with a glare, finally looking at me for the first time since this conversation started. "And you will be mated on Saturday, before both our packs, or there will be hell to pay."

“And if I don’t fall in line? What then, Father?” I challenge, letting my anger take the lead.

He chuckles without humor. “Don’t test me, Atlas. I have other sons.”

He doesn’t say anything else or even look at me, instead returning to the paperwork on his table. Effectively dismissed, I leave his office. I can’t believe this is really happening. Since I can remember, I have been betrothed to a female I have never met. It’s not that she lives hundreds of miles away, just that I’ve never had any interest in getting to know her. My heart has always belonged to Jana. We have been a couple since our first year of high school, and I love her with everything I am. For a time, I even believed she would be my fated mate when the time came. But we turned eighteen and the bond just wasn’t there.

Not that it mattered to either of us. We would be mated by choice, if not by fate. Jana is my everything and I am hers.

But now I am tasked with finding her and breaking her heart—the one person I never wanted to hurt.

Walking through the compound, I wave at other pack members, smiling at the children running around, kicking a ball. Life in the Dagger pack is good and peaceful. We haven’t had any problems with outsiders or hunters for years. Our pack is strong and our Alpha—my father—rules with an iron fist, making sure it stays that way.

I’ve considered taking Jana and making a run for it, but she wouldn’t survive without a pack. Some of us are built to be one of many and she would fade away on her own. I couldn’t do that to her.

I find the only woman I have ever loved sitting under a large elm tree in front of her parents’ house. She may already be twenty-four years old but until she is mated, she

will remain with them, unless she leaves the pack. Just something more to prove my point. I moved out of my parents' place the moment I could, but not Jana.

I watch her deep chestnut hair shine in the fading rays of sunshine, her head bent over whatever book she is reading. Sitting beside her, I take in the beauty that has captured me since day one. Her creamy, pale skin, the jut of her chin, the elegant slope of her neck, and the curve of her full breasts barely contained in the pretty yellow sundress.

My cock awakens behind the zipper of my jeans and a bastard thought flashes through my mind. Should I fuck her one last time before telling her the truth?

No. This needs to end now. I don't want to hurt her any more than necessary.

"Atlas." She smiles brightly, closing her book before kissing me deeply.

I allow the moment to linger for longer than I should, but if this is my last time I get to feel her full lips against mine, I want to savor it.

Pulling away, I stare into her hazel eyes.

"My mating ceremony has been set," I blurt out the truth, ripping off the proverbial Band-Aid instead of dragging this out. "On Saturday. My father has decided."

Shock and pain flash across her face before she lowers her gaze, trying to hide the reaction from me and failing miserably. She couldn't keep the truth from me if she tried. I know her better than she knows herself. I wait for long moments for her to say something.

"Isn't there anything we can do?" she asks brokenly, tears spilling from her eyes when she faces me again.



“No. I will be fully mated to another woman.” I give her the truth, even though the words taste bitter. “My father needs me to mate with this omega to strengthen our pack.”

“An omega?”

“Yes. She is the only daughter of their Alpha,” I say. I know it hurts her to know this stranger will be able to take my knot when she can’t. “Out mating will bind both packs forever.”

“I don’t want to lose you,” she hiccups. “This is so unfair.”

“I’m sorry.” The words are hollow and meaningless, but they are all I have.

Standing, I turn to walk away but Jana wraps her arms around my middle, stopping me in place.

“Do you have to tell her about me?” she whispers in my ear.

Shock courses through me. “You still want to be with me even if I have a mate?”

I turn to face her. I need to see her every reaction to gauge if she is being serious. It won’t be ideal, but it would work. Except for the initial mating, after the damn ceremony on Saturday, the only time I will have to be with my mate intimately is when she goes into her heat. The only issue is I know in my heart Jana won’t be able to handle something like that. She is built to be loved, cherished, and protected. She isn’t built to be the “other woman,” no matter how badly she wants to be. She won’t be able to handle being left on her own for days on end while I tend to my mate.

“I can’t stand the thought of you with anyone but me,” she says earnestly. “But if this is the only way to be with you, I want to try. She isn’t your fated mate either and I am

the one who holds your heart, Atlas.”

“Jana,” I say sadly. “Your heart wouldn’t be able to bear it.”

“It’s my choice, Atlas. And I want to try.” A spark of anger shows itself.

I should tell her no and walk away. But like the petulant, spoiled child my father constantly accuses me of being, I think this will help me get my way.

“Whatever you want, Love. As long as I can still have you.”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

### The Ballerina

I haven't told Quinn that I need to quit. I know departing from the club will leave her short staffed, but I am hoping I will be able to keep my job. If I'm lucky my new husband won't have any interest in me besides the perfunctory breeding. If he doesn't want me to be underfoot, I can keep doing what I love even after this ridiculous mating ceremony is over.

Sitting in the back, I touch up my makeup after finishing my routine. I have already gotten all my effects in order for tomorrow. In my cupboard, I have a pretty white sundress with a lace overlay that I will wear for the ceremony. I may not want to go through with this, but I know if I make anything less than the full effort, my father will lose his fucking mind.

He is not a good man, or a good father. He is prone to violent outbursts that can run for minutes or days. I have been on the receiving end of his punishments before and would prefer to avoid doing that again.

"Ballerina," Quinn calls out as she makes her way through the other dancers. "I have a bachelor party that just watched your routine and have requested a private dance. Are you up for it?"

"How many guys?"

"Three."

"Give me five minutes to change and I will be out."

Quickly I drop my robe and find a different outfit. Neon pink lace underwear, black-and-pink plaid schoolgirl-style skirt with a matching tie, and white thigh-high stockings with black stiletto heels. I purposefully undo the top three buttons on the shirt to show off the lace from my bra before I make sure my hair is perfectly in place.

Making sure to put an extra sway into my hips, I step out from the back and stride toward the bar. Chin up, breasts out, I strut like the proud peacock I am. I can feel the eyes of the other patrons as I walk to the table, smiling at some of the regulars, and it has pride surging through me. I work hard to stay in shape and keep my appearance perfect and it shows.

“Sam,” I call out to the bartender. “Give me a bottle of Fireball and three shot glasses.”

He laughs loudly while gathering the items I requested. “You love doing this, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir. I wouldn’t want it any other way.” I bat my eyelashes at him as I steady the black tray on my left hand before striding away. All the hours of ballet have helped me perfect my balance.

At the entrance to the private room, I knock loudly, count to three, and push the door open before striding in confidently. Three men dressed in suits stare back at me, each of them assessing me with various levels of interest.

“Gentlemen,” I purr seductively. My name is Ballerina, and I will be your entertainment for the next hour.”

“Entertainment?”

The question comes from the man with jet-black hair and icy-blue eyes. Depositing my tray on the coffee table I take a seat beside him on the tan leather couch. His scent hits me, and heat floods my core. Peppermint and coffee.

Thank God for my suppression patch. The males will assume I am simply aroused. If I wasn't wearing the patch, my omega scent would be filling the room and the club, driving every male mad. The scent of an unmated omega in a state of arousal is enough to drive betas insane. Alphas will rampage and tear this place brick from brick to get to someone like me.

"You are paying for my time and as long as your request falls within the rules we uphold here at Dark Side of the Moon, the sky is the limit. Dancing, talking, drinking, whatever you want."

I run my fingers along his thigh, trying to entice something, except a frown from the man has me enraptured. Interest shines in his eyes but he holds himself back, spreading his thighs and resting his arms along the back of the couch. More comfortable in his own skin than any man I have ever met. He knows he is attractive and the smell of my arousal hanging in the air is only making him cockier.

"Why don't you pour us each a shot of whatever you brought in here with you?" he says with a smug grin. "Then we can decide what to do next."

Rising from my spot I bend over at the waist, making sure the man behind me has an obscene view up my skirt. I'm not usually so brazen but if this is going to be my last night of freedom, I may as well enjoy myself.

"Fuck me," he grumbles, and I feel giddy at his reaction.

Slowly, I pour the drinks and pass one to each of the men. Turning, I face the dark stranger once more.

“Which one of you is the lucky bachelor?”

“Me.”

That single word carries more weight than anyone could imagine. He sounds about as happy about his upcoming nuptials as I am. Probably got some stupid girl knocked up and now her father is demanding the mating ceremony. Some people are more traditional in their views than others are. I know I wouldn't be going through with this if not for my father. I had always pictured finding my fated mate and spending the rest of my life with him. In love. Yes, I'm a romantic, not that it matters anymore. Romance will be the last thing I find with my forced mating.

“Well,” I say with an impish smile, clearing the damning thoughts, before grabbing the remote for the sound system and hitting PLAY. “Let's make sure you enjoy your last night as a free man.”

Walking back around the table, I straddle his hips without waiting for his permission. I place his hands on my hips, already gyrating, making sure he knows this lap dance isn't for anyone else but him. His fingers dig into the flesh of my ass, and I know I will carry the bruises in the morning. I guess I'll have to shift before the ceremony to make sure my future husband doesn't see it. I wouldn't want to start my mating with a fight straight off the bat.

“What are you doing?” he asks, staring at my breasts as I slowly unbutton my shirt.

“Lap dance, silly. Just sit back and enjoy the ride.”

His friends laugh in the background, but I am more focused on the sound reverberating from his chest. The deep growl builds, making it clear his animal is more than happy to comply.

I have decided that I won't run from my responsibilities. Tomorrow I will be mated to a stranger but tonight I am still a free woman.

If I must quit my job tomorrow, at least tonight will have been worth it.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Atlas

I should be focused on everything that is happening around me, but I couldn't care less. Not about the guests, the pack elder about to chain me to a stranger for the rest of my life, or my father—my Alpha—glaring at me from his seat in the front row. I almost flip him the bird, but I know there will be hell to pay if I do something that stupid in front of this massive gathering.

All the members from both packs are here to witness this momentous mating. The thing that will bind and strengthen both packs. From today forward, we will have the strongest alliance in Northern America.

I should be worried about where Jana is and what she is doing, but that isn't a priority for me either. The last part should make me feel like a horrible person, but I can't find it in me.

No. My head is still reeling from last night. The woman who danced for me. Ballerina . Damn, I wish I knew her real name. I wish quite a few things were different about last night.

She has consumed my every waking thought since I left Dark Side of the Moon. Hell, she even haunted my dreams last night. Unblemished skin, perky tits, swaying hips, and an ass I wanted to take a bite out of. Not to mention her dark green eyes that seemed to look right into my soul.

What the fuck is wrong with me? I've never been the type of man to fall into lust. Why now? Why her? Is this an effect of what my father is doing? Or am I only now



realizing that the mate I do not want will be the second, and last woman I ever sleep with?

It was my first time visiting the burlesque club everyone in the area has been raving about this past year. And I can honestly say I wasn't disappointed. I only wish I had decided to go sooner.

She was stunning. Her confidence. Her sexuality. All of it folded into each other to create the most beautifully sexual being I have ever laid eyes on. And the way she danced? Goddess, she was stunning.

I would have loved to spend more time with her, perhaps to fold her over the black leather couch in that back room and fuck her until she screamed my name, but I couldn't. I already had enough on my plate, and I didn't feel like dealing with any extra bullshit. So, I left the club after a few hours, horny and somewhat pissed off even though I wasn't quite sure why except that I didn't want to leave her there. I did leave a ridiculous tip for Ballerina and vowed to forget about the strange woman whose real name I didn't even know.

I need to focus on being the son my father wants. I am going to be the Alpha of this pack someday and as such I need to learn to fall in line and follow orders. Even those I don't want to.

Which is how I ended up here. I am standing in a clearing in the middle of the forest, darkness creeping in as the stars twinkle in the night sky, ready to be mated before both our packs to a woman I have never laid eyes on. Hopefully, she will be as disinterested in this mating as I am, and we can go on with our own lives even if we must live together.

I know I won't be able to ignore her completely, as we will be expected to procreate, but I don't have any interest in getting to know her beyond the bare minimum.

A hush falls over the crowd. Lifting my head I clear my thoughts and look down the aisle to see a woman with long, wavy, dark brown hair, standing in a white knee-length sundress. Her father, the Alpha of the Clover pack, takes her arm in a grip that is clearly firmer than it should be and all but drags her toward me.

She is tall with long, tan legs peeking out beneath the lace. Her curves are on display in the dress she chose, accentuating her breasts. In her hands she holds a bouquet of wildflowers and my lips twitch slightly. I can't think that either of our fathers would be happy with such a simple thing. Looks like my future mate at least has a mind of her own. If I have to spend any amount of time with her, at least she won't be a complete idiot.

A short veil covers the front of her face so I take in what I can see. She has beautiful alabaster skin that will mark beautifully. Maybe being mated to her won't be so much of an inconvenience after all. Fucking her definitely won't be a chore. Where the hell did that thought come from? My heart belongs to Jana. I shouldn't be thinking of losing myself in another woman no matter how fuckable she looks.

"Behave," her father hisses in her ear.

She nods silently. Her father presses her hand into mine before taking a seat beside my father. I hope he knows he won't be talking to her that way in the future. Strange, protective feelings for this unknown woman well up inside me, and I want to pummel her father when I see the red handprint on her arm. The only marks she should ever wear are mine. My mind is swirling with thoughts that make absolutely no fucking sense to me. I have never felt the urge to mark a woman before tonight, and now I want her to wear my bite marks all over her perfect skin for the world to see, like a brand of ownership.

I shake my head to clear the thoughts and hopefully bring my rampant erection under control before anyone can notice.

Clearing his throat, the pack elder beside us makes sure he has our attention before he starts to drone on about the importance of the pack and the community we have built. How a bonded, mated couple is the lifeblood of our entire way of being.

“Atlas, will you take care of this woman? Will you cherish her and her animal unlike any other? Will you put her life, safety, and happiness before your own?” the pack elder asks.

“Yes.” My reply is loud and clear, carrying through the clearing.

“Cathy, will you take...”

But the woman before me cuts off the pack elder, not needing to hear the rest.

“Yes.”

I stare at her covered face wishing she would remove the damn thing already. Her husky voice sounded familiar, niggling at my brain. I try to figure out where I would know her from, but I can’t grab hold of the memory.

Chuckles erupt around us at her hurried reply, people assuming we simply want the mating ceremony over so we can move on to more important business, like the actual mating.

Very few people are aware that we don’t know each other, much less that we are being forced to do this. My father wants this to seem like a perfect little love story, even though that couldn’t be further from the truth. But appearances and all that shit, you know.

“Well then,” the pack elder says with a chuckle of his own. “To seal this mating before your pack, friends, and family, you may now kiss your mate.”

Slowly, she lifts the veil to reveal her face for the first time. Shock courses through me as I take in every inch of her features, seeing a face I never thought I would see again.

The Ballerina.

“Kiss me, you idiot,” she hisses, grabbing me behind my head and sealing our lips and our fates together.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Cathy

Being dragged into this ceremony by my father, I had no idea what I would find at the other end of the aisle. You can imagine my surprise at finding the sexy bachelor from last night, the same man that played the starring role in my erotic dreams.

The elder drones on and on about how important mates are and at one point I swear I want to scream. I've never been the most patient woman, but this is driving me insane.

Once we have verbally sworn to remain true to one another, I lift my veil to seal the binding with a kiss. The shock on his face is almost laughable but there isn't any time for that now. Everyone is watching us.

"Kiss me, you idiot," I hiss, circling my arms around his neck and drawing him down to fuse my lips with his.

Atlas, because I now know his name, doesn't require any more encouragement from me. His hands grab my hips, the same as last night. But now he isn't holding me at arm's length. No. He drags me against his body, molding me against his hard chest as his lips devour mine, his tongue plunging, forcing its way inside my mouth and seeking out every corner. His erection presses against my stomach sending arousal thrumming through my entire body, and I know my panties are ruined.

A mewl escapes me and the gathered crowd erupts in raucous clapping and hollering.

Pulling away from me but keeping me against his side, Atlas stares at those gathered

around us. “Thank you all for being here to celebrate this moment with us. Enjoy the festivities.”

He doesn’t lead me down the aisle but bends down before throwing me over his shoulder and striding away from the gathering. His hand is on my ass, keeping my dress from flipping up and exposing my now soaked underwear to everyone gathered here. Loud whistles follow us and even some howls as the party starts without us. My hands are on his perfectly sculpted ass as he picks up the pace. It only takes a minute or two before we are inside a house, and he has me crowded against the entryway wall.

“What the fuck?” he demands angrily, glaring down at me.

“What?” I ask trying to take in the house around me even as his bulk cuts off most of the view.

“What are the chances that my friends requested you to be our dancer last night and now I’m mated to you?”

“Probably a million to one, I guess.” The sassy bite back falls from my lips before I have a moment to consider what I am saying. His hand lifts and I flinch but all he does is push my hair behind my ear. His gaze is firmly locked on me, assessing every move I make.

“Don’t be a smart-ass.” His frown deepens.

An unexpected giggle escapes me. “Sorry.”

“No, you’re not,” he snorts before stepping away from me. “You’re going to keep me on my toes, aren’t you? And I thought you were an omega? How are you able to work at Dark Side of the Moon?”

He strides down the hall and I follow him, not exactly sure of the procedure right now. I would love for this man, my mate, to grab me and do whatever he wants with me. And I thought that was going to happen after our charged kiss from earlier, but clearly he wants to talk and work through some things first. Not exactly what I had in mind for my first night as a mated woman.

When he carried me through the pack compound, caressing my backside, I thought he felt what I felt. He certainly got aroused last night and when we kissed. But perhaps it was all a show for our fathers and the rest of the pack. Maybe he isn't interested in me after all. Doubt creeps in and I must fight to keep my insecurities at bay.

Since I laid eyes on him I have wanted Atlas. But he might not feel the same. Something I never even took into consideration.

"Because you sure as hell don't smell like one," he adds. He stops in the kitchen beside a round wooden table and stares at me.

Lifting the hem of my dress, I reach up to my inner thigh where I stuck my patch this morning. There was no need to hide it strategically like I do at work. Grabbing the side, I remove the sticky black piece of plastic before showing him.

"Suppression patch," I say by way of explanation.

He glares at my patch before scenting the air. His gaze collides with mine and a frisson of fear and awareness runs through me.

"Fuck," he groans before rushing at me, pinning me against the wall again.

I stare up at him, waiting for an explanation. As an Alpha, he should be able to resist an omega, but he seems to be teetering on the edge right now. His eyes flash yellow, his animal barely contained beneath the surface. I watch as his wolf tries to push to

the forefront, barely beneath the surface as Atlas fights to gain control.

“Mate.”

The word is a rumble locked in his chest as he runs his nose along the column of my neck. My head falls back against the wall as my sex floods with moisture. Now last night makes sense. The intoxicating smell, my arousal, how brazen I was acting. If I wasn't wearing my patch, if the drug wasn't running through my system, I would have known it instantly.

Mere moments ago I thought he didn't want me but now I understand. Both of us are caught in this weird situation of our fathers' making, and neither of us understand why we're so drawn to each other.

Atlas rubs his covered cock against my stomach, and I moan like a wanton whore.

“Such pretty sounds,” he says licking my neck as he palms a breast.

“Atlas,” I start to talk but he cuts me off.

“No, pretty girl. Now is not the time for talking. I'm going to mount, knot, and mate you. Not because it's what our fathers want, but because you are mine. Fate has given you to me. Before the sun rises tomorrow you will wear my mark for everyone to see.”

His hand works its way beneath my dress to cup my mound and all my words fall away. How am I supposed to argue with him? I know the Goddess has blessed me with a mate and even though our initial meeting may not have been ideal, I won't give up the chance at a lifetime of happiness. Besides, we've already gone through the ceremony, we might as well finalize the mating. I may get the happily ever after I was dreaming of, after all.



“Please,” I beg. I want him and I won’t fight it.

“Good girl.”

He drops to his knees before me. Lifting my dress above my pelvic bone, he hums in pleasure. “Hold this,” he demands.

My hand grips the material as he slowly lowers my panties down my thighs. I don’t have a chance to prepare before my leg is thrown over his shoulder and his head is buried between my thighs. His tongue laps at my folds, gathering the slick that has been pouring from me since our first kiss. My pussy spasms, my orgasm already building with alarming speed. My other hand spears into his thick black hair, pulling harshly at the length.

I want to get him closer to me. I need more, harder, faster. Atlas doesn’t disappoint, grabbing my ass and lifting me clean off the floor, devouring me like I am the best dessert he has ever had. His need for me, the sounds he makes, drive me over the edge, right into a screaming orgasm.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Atlas

Her taste explodes through my senses, and I am instantly addicted. I know I won't be able to live without experiencing this every single day for the rest of my life. My sanity now depends on it. The sounds falling from her lips as she rubs her dripping pussy against my lips have my wolf roaring to the forefront. I listen and learn, each whimper and moan telling me what she likes.

Initially, I wanted to savor this experience, but I may lose my mind if I don't feel her walls clamping around my weeping cock in the next minute.

When her body finally stops convulsing, I lower her gently to the ground, lying her flat on the cold tile floor of the kitchen. Never in a million years did I ever imagine fucking my fated mate like this for the first time. She deserves so much more than to be rutted on the unforgiving porcelain, but I'll make it up to her later.

Staring down at her, I glare at her pretty white dress. The item offends me, keeping me from seeing her fully naked. My decision is instant as I grab the material at opposite ends and rip her lacy dress down the middle.

Cathy gasps loudly.

"Sorry," I mumble, staring at the exposed skin. Her bare supple breasts bounce slightly.

"No, you're not," she rasps, throwing my words from earlier back at me.

“I’m not,” I concede before skimming my lips across her flat abdomen, the muscles contracting beneath my ministrations. A giggle falls from her lips, and I stare up at her with a questioning gaze.

“Your stubble tickles,” she explains, her voice soft and breathy.

Shaking my head, I continue my trail up her body until I reach her full breasts, her nipples, perfect little dusky pink points. My lips close around one of the tips, drawing it into my mouth. Her giggle turns to a deep moan that soothes the jagged, dark edges of my soul.

I can’t wait any longer to claim her.

Releasing her nipple with a loud pop, I flip her over and lift her onto her hands and knees. Her full ass sways enticingly and I can’t help but smack the right globe. The crack of flesh hitting flesh rends through the air as my handprint blooms brightly on her flawless skin. More slick pours from her body, coating the inside of her thighs, and my mouth waters for another taste.

“Later,” I mumble to myself as I work my erection free of the black trousers I wore for the mating ceremony.

My heavy cock falls free, pre-cum dripping from the mottled red crown and landing on the tiles. Holding my mate’s hips tightly I run my length through her drenched folds.

“Are you a virgin?” I ask, my voice rough with arousal.

“No,” she replies softly, her shoulders slumping slightly.

I don’t care, not really. I will fuck the memory of all other men right out of her.

“Good. I don’t want to hurt you.”

My cock spears through her folds until I bottom out inside her slick cunt. With the first stroke, her pussy strangles me as she falls, screaming, into another orgasm. I hold myself still, deep inside her heat. It’s unlike anything I have ever experienced.

“Please tell me you didn’t lie,” I growl above her.

“No,” she mewls, clawing at the tiles beneath her. “I didn’t lie. But I don’t have much experience.”

Relief hits me that I haven’t hurt her, although she may be feeling some discomfort at my size.

“That’s good, sweetheart. I’ll teach you everything you need to know and make sure to fuck you well until this pussy knows only my cock.”

“Yes!” She hisses, pushing back into me and grinding her ass against my abdomen, her own arousal stealing any inhibitions she might have had.

Pushing her face down against the tile, I start up a measured rhythm. Long, deep strokes that have her breath catching in her lungs. She moans and mewls beneath me, wriggling her ass and trying to force me to fuck her harder. I am barely holding onto my control by a fraying thread.

“Please,” she begs so sweetly, and I can’t hold back.

This is better than the fantasy I had in the shower before the ceremony.

My hands find their way to her breasts and pull her up from the ground, her back against my front as I fuck into her harder and faster. Already I can feel my orgasm

building at the base of my spine, my knot ready to swell and lock inside her sopping, messy cunt.

“Cathy,” I moan lowly as the first spurts of my cum shoot inside her channel.

My knot swells, locking us together as I sink my teeth into her clavicle, binding us together for the rest of our lives. The magic of the mating bonds flows between us, and I feel the moment it snaps in place. Her orgasm crests and entwines with mine, stealing my vision.

She is my mate in every sense of the word.

She is mine and I am hers.

Slowly, both of us catch our breath, locked together by my knot. One hand fondles a breast while I strum her clit with the other as her pussy continues to flutter around my length. If this is what all mated couples feel when they find their fated mates, I can fully understand why some people stay locked in their houses for the first weeks they are together. It’s instant, intense, and slightly insane.

I’m still locked inside her, my knot hasn’t even gone down and already I’m craving her again. I want to fuck her on every available surface until neither of us can walk, and then I want to do it all over again.

I never felt this way with Jana. The moment the thought enters my mind I feel bad for thinking it. I have my fated mate in my arms, her pussy still hugging my cock, and I have another woman on my mind. But Jana was never anything but good to me. She will always hold a place in my heart, but it doesn’t matter what we had, we will never have this.

I will never be able to fuck her on the side now that I have Cathy. And now I will

have to find a way to break it to her. I will have to break her heart for a second time in as many days.

Shit.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Cathy

After we sealed our mating bond I all but passed out in Atlas's arms. I didn't even know sex could be like that. The only other experience I had was fast and almost mechanical. There was no connection. Sex with Atlas was anything but perfunctory. It was emotional, extremely personal, and a little overwhelming.

He carried me to his bed afterward and held me tight all night long. Atlas woke me twice to fuck me again, rocking me to multiple orgasms each time. He knotted me each time and even marked me some more, making sure each mark would be visible when I was dressed. And then, he asked me to mark him somewhere visible in return.

I fell into a deep sleep in his arms and didn't wake until well after the sun had risen.

Now I'm lying here alone in his bed, in his house, and I don't have a fucking clue what to do with myself. My belongings haven't arrived from the Clover pack yet, and Atlas destroyed everything I was wearing yesterday. Slipping from the bed, I decide to rummage through his dresser until I find a soft, heather gray t-shirt and slip it over my head. I head downstairs, hoping to find him somewhere in the house.

It doesn't take me long to realize I am alone. What the fuck do I do now? And where the hell is my mate?

An idea pops into my head, and I make my way into the kitchen, digging in his pantry and fridge to find everything I need to make a decent breakfast. It's a little bare, but I can make do with what he has. I cook up a storm. Pans on every burner. Pancakes, bacon, scrambled eggs, and more.

“What is that smell?” Atlas asks the moment he walks in the door, and I smile shyly.

“Breakfast. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Fuck, no, I don’t mind, sweetness. But we may have to go shopping if you’re going to have anything to cook.”

“Yeah...” I chuckle. “I saw you don’t have a lot to work with. Sit.”

Atlas smiles at me before taking a seat at the kitchen island. I place a massive plate filled with a bit of everything in front of him and watch him lick his lips. I love that he digs in with gusto and moans around every bite. For any shifter, feeding your mate and having them enjoy it is very important. It’s the idea of nourishing them, taking care of them, that satisfies something deep within us. It’s primal and stupid but I can’t stop from smiling like a fucking fool.

“Coffee or juice?” I ask, turning away to hide my face.

“Juice, thanks,” Atlas replies around a mouthful of food.

I stand and nibble on a piece of bacon as I watch him eat, my hip resting against the counter.

“We need to talk.”

I don’t want to ruin the peace between us, but we don’t know anything about each other, so we need to work through quite a few things. Atlas looks at me with something akin to trepidation.

“Relax. I’m not going to run off, we just need to figure out a few things.” He nods slowly as he swallows, and I continue. “Are we going to live with your pack or mine?”



I know the packs are now merged for all intents and purposes, but do we even want to live with a pack? What about my job?"

"Job?" he sputters.

"Yes, Atlas. The place you met me two nights ago. My job."

"You want to take your clothes off for other men?" He frowns angrily.

"Don't be an asshole," I bite back. "I want to continue dancing. I deserve to make my own choices even if I have a mate."

"And I want you to have everything your heart desires," he says darkly. "But I won't be held responsible for my actions if another man looks at you, much less touches you."

"Touches me?" What the fuck is he talking about?

Atlas shakes his head. "Don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about. Remember I was in the private room with you. I had my hands all over you."

My eyebrows shoot up into my hairline. "You don't know a damn thing about me and yet you're so easy to judge."

"Am I wrong?"

"You don't have any idea how wrong you are," I lean across the counter getting into his space. "Do you know how a suppression patch works?"

"Explain it to me," he snaps, his nose millimeters away from mine.

I feel my emotions welling up. I've always been a crier. Whenever I get frustrated or angry, I burst into tears. I can feel the burn of the tears waiting to fall from my eyes.

"I don't feel our mate bond," I whisper as the first tear falls. "I knew that night something was different about you, but it will take a couple of days for the patch to wear off and for me to fully experience everything. I've been letting you and your reactions to our bond lead me, trusting you. I have never let a man touch me at work, but I couldn't keep myself from wanting your hands all over me. I didn't know why I felt drawn to you, I just couldn't help myself."

"Cathy," he says softly but I cut him off.

"Don't. I don't need your apologies, explanations, or excuses. But I do want you to understand that just because you're my mate doesn't mean you get to dictate my life. And you may want to get to know me a little better before you make assumptions." I glare at him before adding my last thought. "And if you ever accuse me of being a whore again, I will fucking rip your throat out, mate or not."

Turning away from him, I walk through a house that isn't mine. I find myself upstairs in the bedroom we shared last night, staring at the bed I wished I stayed in this morning. Taking off his shirt, I make my way to the bathroom and slip into the shower, tears falling from my eyes for who knows what reason. Anger, frustration, desperation, sadness, all these emotions swirl inside me and I can't seem to get ahold of any of them.

I do know that being smothered in his scent is only pissing me off. I need to wash him off me so I can breathe.

Moments later, arms envelop me from behind, holding me up as I break open. This isn't the way I was hoping things would turn out. Finding my fated mate is supposed to be one of the happiest moments of my life. Now I've ruined it. We both have.

This is the downside to being mated to a stranger. We don't know how to talk to each other. We are bound to step on each other's toes a lot before we finally find our footing.

"Sweetness," he murmurs, nuzzling my neck. "How about you and I start over?"

"What?" I hiccup through the tears.

"Let's go on a date. Get to know one another. Take a week and make these important decisions together, after talking things through."

I turn in his arms, disbelief clouding my judgment. It's like he read my thoughts. But the moment I see the earnest expression on his face and the hope in his eyes, I know the truth. He really is trying and that's all I can ask for.

Who knew an Alpha would be willing to make concessions? Certainly not me.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Atlas

Guilt eats at me. First, I left my mate alone in bed to spend time with another woman, even if it was to break her heart, and then I judged her unfairly. I've dealt with Jana. She knows we can't be together. It broke my heart to see her torn apart by my words. The moment I told her Cathy was my fated mate I swear I could hear her heart break. I feel like an asshole, but I needed to make a clean break for all of us.

She broke down in tears and I had to leave her alone on the porch of her parents' house to deal with her heartbreak on her own. She isn't mine and it is no longer my responsibility to fix her life. I felt dirty even being there, I just couldn't bring myself to comfort her. I know it's stupid but it felt like I was cheating on Cathy, just by being there.

The second problem isn't going to be so easy to deal with. My beautiful mate broke my heart when she fell apart in my arms. I have never felt so worthless or impotent in my entire life as I did in that moment. I don't know how to fix what I broke with only a few simple words, but I know I can't bear to see her cry one more tear.

Tilting her head up I stare into her eyes.

"Please," I beg softly. "Let me make this up to you. Give me a chance to prove I am the man, the mate, you deserve."

"Atlas..."

"Please, sweetness."

“Okay,” she whispers. Before another word can fall from her lips, I kiss her, fisting her hair in my hands so my mouth can plunder hers.

Moans pepper the air around us as I push her against the hard tiles of the shower stall. Her nipples scrape against my chest, my cock nestled between her thighs. I know sex isn’t the cure to everything, but I need to know she isn’t going to walk out on me. The need to feel closer to her rides me hard.

Drawing back, I watch her dazed smile. “Wow...”

“I know we just had our first fight,” I say, running my fingers through her wet folds. “But I need you. I need to feel you around me, strangling my cock.”

Her small hand wraps around the girth of my cock, nearly bringing me to my knees.

“I’ve never actually been in a relationship. But isn’t make-up sex the only good part about fighting?”

“I’ve heard that.” The words are low as I revel in the pleasure from her ministrations.

I watch her lower herself to her knees and my vision swims with desire. She is a fucking picture of sensuality, kneeling before me, water running in rivulets down her breasts. Fuck. She is perfect.

With her hands on my thighs, she takes my length into the wet heat of her mouth, and I have to fight the orgasm that wants to overwhelm me. My left hand slaps against the tile, the sound echoing off the walls as I fight to remain standing while my other hand cups her face gently.

“I can’t be gentle right now,” I confess staring into her beautiful green eyes. “I thought you wanted to leave and then I made you cry with my stupid jealousy. I’m on

edge.”

She lets my cock slip from between her lips, spittle clinging to the angry red crown.

“What if I don’t want gentle?”

“Sweetness...” the words leave me in a broken whisper, my cock already angling for entrance back between her lips. “Be careful what you wish for.”

Fisting her hair in my hand, I hold her head in place as I thrust into her mouth. The crown of my cock hits the back of her throat, and she gags. The feel of her mouth clamping on my length drives me insane and I thrust harder.

Her hands are still on my thighs, her gaze glued to my face as I stare down at her, the spray of the shower hitting my back. She doesn’t try to stop me or pull away as I force more of my length down her throat. My balls hit her chin, and I close my eyes in bliss. The moment her hands leave my thighs, I open my eyes, fearing that I’ve hurt her. Instead, I get to see my perfect little mate play with her supple tits.

I pull back before thrusting in, harder than before. Cathy doesn’t gag again. No, she moans like a goddess. Like a goddamn bitch in heat.

“Do you like me using you, sweetness?” I ask on another thrust. “Are you my little slut?”

She threatened to rip out my throat if I ever treated her like a whore, but this isn’t the same. My mouth is running away from me and by the sounds falling from her lips, she is loving it.

One of her hands slips between her spread thighs and I can’t take it anymore. I rip my cock from between her lips, harshly picking her up from the floor and pinning her to

the wall. She doesn't get the chance to protest before I shove my cock inside her.

The thought of coming down her throat holds potential but only once I know I've bred her. Until then, every drop of my seed will be planted deep inside her perfectly delicious little pussy. I will flood her womb every chance I get until she is swollen with my child.

"Atlas!"

"Fuck." The word falls from my lips unbidden. "Touch yourself," I demand.

Her hand slips between us, flicking the hard nub of her clit. I can feel her walls starting to shudder with each thrust of my hips. We fuck each other, chasing our bliss and using each other's bodies.

My cock kicks, splashing her womb with my seed as my knot swells and locks us in place. My mate continues to play with her clit, prolonging her orgasm and milking my knot to the point where my vision goes black for a second.

"Oh my God," she moans in pleasure.

"No, sweetness. It's just me."

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Cathy

Three days later and my belongings have arrived from the Clover pack just in time for the date night Atlas has planned. I spend an hour in the bathroom scrubbing and shaving every inch of my body. It may be our first date, so to speak, but I know how this night will end. With me riding Atlas's cock. Again.

Not that I haven't been doing it whenever we get the opportunity. But tonight is special and I want to look and feel my best for my mate.

From my suitcase, I pick out a set of baby pink lingerie that I know makes my skin look even more milky than it is. I have come to realize that Atlas has a thing about leaving little marks all over me. From slapping my ass to sucking my skin, he loves seeing the evidence of our passion on my body.

My wolf preens in the back of my mind, ready to bend over and take it like a good girl. Horny mutt. She'll have to wait. First, we go to dinner.

"How am I supposed to let you out of the house if you look like that?" Atlas asks when he walks into our room.

He steps up behind me where I am applying my makeup, pushes my curls aside, and kisses a line from my ear to the mating mark that shows predominantly on my clavicle. The strap of my emerald green cocktail dress gets pushed down my arm before I push him away.

"I don't think so, mister. You promised me a date."



Atlas frowns but nods. “Give me a couple of minutes to get ready and we can leave. But I won’t promise to keep my hands to myself. I only have so much control.”

A giggle escapes me at his sullen attitude. The man doesn’t like when he doesn’t get his way. I can honestly say I won’t be keeping my hands to myself either.

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An hour later we pull up to the most expensive Italian restaurant in the state. My stomach flutters with excitement. The valet opens the driver’s door, and Atlas rounds the car to open mine. Inside, the hostess eyeballs my mate with clear interest, and I must hold my wolf back from ripping her throat out.

“Reservation for Mr. and Mrs. Green,” Atlas says to the woman, but he isn’t looking at her. No, his gaze is firmly locked on my cleavage.

The fact that he doesn’t pay her the slightest attention helps my wolf settle down. It is also the first time he has referred to me as his wife. He leads me past the hostess to a booth in the far-left corner of the establishment, a secluded, almost dark area, with his hand on the small of my back. The booth seats are covered in a dark red fabric and the wooden table is stained so dark it is almost black.

The hostess leaves us with menus before heading back to her post. Atlas allows me to slide in before following, sitting beside me instead of across from me.

“I’m going to put someone’s eyes out before the end of the night,” he grumbles, the hand on my thigh absently tracing circles beneath my hemline.

“Meaning?” My question is breathy.

“All these men stare at you with lust in their gazes.”

“I only want you.” I allow my thighs to fall open in invitation. “Feel what you do to me.”

I never thought I would be into exhibitionism, but it makes sense. After all, I take my clothes off for a living. Atlas runs his index finger along the sopping seam of my lace underwear.

“Fuck.”

I know I’m pushing his buttons but it’s so much fun to rile him up. Besides, I’m the one that will be reaping the rewards later. He pushes the lace aside before sliding his finger into my heat. My nipples pebble visibly and I fight to hold back a moan. For long minutes, I allow him to play with my pussy before pushing his hand away.

I point to the other side of the booth. “Go sit there.”

He looks like a puppy that’s been kicked when my words register.

“You don’t want me beside you?” The words are soft, like my actions have actually wounded this massive Alpha. The male ego is a strange thing.

“I want you beside me, inside me. But I also want to have this date. I want to talk to you,” I explain softly. “And I don’t think a little anticipation will hurt either of us.”

A dumbfounded expression crosses his face before he gives me a devilish grin. “Whatever you want, sweetness.”

Atlas slides into the other end of the booth before taking my hand in his. The waitress chooses that moment to approach, and I want to smack her. She puts more effort into flirting with Atlas and trying to flash her tits at him than she does trying to take our order. She is a pretty, petite blonde with a stunning rack and I suddenly feel self-

conscious.

“Do you mind if I order?” Atlas asks, his gaze locked on me as he rubs his thumb along my pulse point. “I know this menu like the back of my hand.”

When I nod, he speaks to the waitress. “We’ll both have the Alfredo. And your best Chianti.”

“Will that be all?” the woman asks, leaning further into my mate, offering him a perfect view down her blouse.

He turns his gaze in her direction, his glare deadly. “I know the owner of this establishment and if you disrespect my wife one more time, I will have you fired.”

“Excuse me?” the waitress stutters.

“Take your cleavage elsewhere. I’m not interested.”

Swoon. I never thought I would be into the overprotective, jealous, alpha-type guy, but Atlas is all those things and is ticking all my boxes. I’m already aroused and his asshole attitude toward her is just making me hornier.

I mean, how can I not want to jump the man when he does shit like that? It may not have been nice, but I appreciate the gesture. And it placates my wolf and the little green monster running rampant inside me.

“Sorry about that,” he says, tangling our fingers together. “Do you want a wedding ring like a human?”

His question and the sudden change in subject catch me off guard. “What?”

“Well, we’re on a date and getting to know each other and I was wondering if we could avoid future situations like the waitress if we were both wearing wedding rings.”

I laugh freely. “Not to inflate your ego, but I could tattoo ‘Property of Cathy’ on your forehead and women would still hit on you, they would still want to fuck you. It’s part of the whole Alpha male thing. Women are simply drawn to you. Human and shifter alike.”

“You still didn’t answer my question.” He smiles rubbing my empty ring finger.

“If it makes you happy, I’ll wear one.”

“Okay. I’ll get us a set tomorrow.”

Silence descends but it’s not uncomfortable. An older man brings out the bottle of wine Atlas ordered and pours us each a glass.

“Do you really want to go back to work at Dark Side of the Moon?” Atlas asks, cutting to the chase once we are alone again.

“I do.” If we are going to make this work, I need to be honest with him about everything.

“Why?” He frowns, needing an explanation.

“Because I love my job. I love dancing. It was the first thing I ever did that I was good at, the first thing I did for myself without having to worry about my father looking over my shoulder. I used to be a ballerina before I got into an accident.”

He nods, sipping his wine. “What accident?”

“Just before my eighteenth birthday, I got into a car crash with my best friend on our way to school. It was bad. I was lucky to survive but it ended my career and my dream.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Are you angry I want to continue working?” I whisper, nervous to hear his reply.

“Would you want to dance for the rest of your life? Was that your dream?”

He didn’t answer my question, but I’ll let it slide. “I’ve always loved to dance. My mother was a ballerina before she had me. It’s the only connection I have to her now that she has passed.”

“So, you would be happy if you could simply dance? It doesn’t have to be at the club?”

I nod and he smiles brightly as the waiter deposits our food.

“Then I will build you a studio,” he says simply. “You can teach children to dance or just dance for me every day.”

He’s excited about the idea of getting me away from Dark Side of the Moon. I understand his motivation. Mated wolves are extremely possessive of each other.

“And how long will that take?” I’m curious about his plan but I don’t want to put my life on hold for years while he gets everything in place.

“Six months at the longest,” he says and nods, agreeing with himself. “In the meantime, we can compromise.”

“Compromise?” I have a feeling that whatever he is going to say isn’t going to make me happy. Alphas are not known for their negotiation skills. Mostly they just do and take what they want, consequences be damned.

“Yes. You can dance at the club twice a week until your studio is done.” His words floor me, the opposite of what I was expecting to hear.

“Are you serious?”

Shock courses through me. Never in a million years did I expect those words to come out of his mouth.

“Yes, sweetness,” he says before kissing my knuckles. “I only want you to be happy.”

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Atlas

Dinner was great, like I knew it would be. The conversation was even better. Once Cathy agreed to my proposal, we were both more relaxed. For people that had never met before our mating ceremony, except for my private dance the night before, we get along surprisingly well. We have tons of things in common and even have the same taste in music.

Cathy laughs at something I say, her head thrown back. Her neck is exposed and my gaze slides to her perfect tits, barely held in place by the pretty green dress she is wearing. Beneath the surface of the table I press my palm down on my throbbing cock, trying to maintain the facade of control I don't have at the moment. The smell of her lingering arousal is not helping my situation.

"Are you ready to head out?" I ask after paying.

She nods with a shy smile, no doubt imagining what will be the end of our night, the same as I am. Taking her hand, I help her out of the booth and lead her through the mostly empty restaurant. I watch her ass sway as she walks ahead of me, and the green fabric skims her legs, thoughts of fucking her in the pretty dress flooding my mind. Outside we wait for my car, a chill in the night air. I shrug out of my black suit jacket and wrap it around her shoulders, holding her against my side.

"Thank you," she says with a shy smile.

The moment we are in the car, I crank the AC up to heat the interior of the vehicle.

“Thank you,” Cathy mumbles again distractedly, staring out the window beside her.

I let her work through whatever is going on in her head, not pushing her to tell me anything until she is ready. I want her to trust me with her thoughts because she wants to. Not because I have to push for it. Even if waiting is driving me insane.

“Have you slept with a lot of women?”

The question catches me off guard and I nearly veer off the road.

“Shit. What brought that on?”

“Just curious.” She shrugs.

I watch her in my peripheral vision. She is staring at me, waiting for an answer.

“Only one.”

“Yeah, I’ve only been with one person except you,” she says thoughtfully. “And did you two experiment?”

“I don’t really want to discuss my ex,” I say angrily, the guilt of seeing Jana behind her back still lingering. “Especially not when I can smell your cunt, sweetness.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable,” she replies with a sigh. “I just don’t know what I like when it comes to sex. I was hoping you would have some ideas.”

“Like?”

The moment may have been a little uncomfortable before, but I am open to this



avenue of discussion. I would love to know what she likes so I can drive her as crazy as she drives me.

“I’ve never been on top.”

“Well, we can fix that,” I smile devilishly. “What else?”

She covers her face with her hands, and I know she must be blushing. Is she afraid I’ll push her away if she tells me the truth? Pulling the car off the road onto a country lane, I switch off the engine and wait for her to look at me.

“What if I tell you one of my fantasies? Will you be more comfortable telling me yours?”

“Depends on your fantasy. Because mine isn’t ... normal.”

“Well sweetness, neither is mine.” I smirk at her before pulling her onto my lap, my cock nestled against her juicy ass.

“I want to chase you,” I say, cupping her left breast through the fabric of her dress. “I want you to run so I can hunt you down and have my way with you. I want to rip every last thread of clothes from your delectable body and fuck you until you cry.”

The scent of her arousal grows stronger in the confines of the vehicle, her breasts heave, and her pupils dilate. Fuck me. Is my mate turned on by the thought of me hunting her?

“I’m an exhibitionist,” she whispers, her voice trembling as she stares straight ahead.

“The dancing. That makes sense.”

“It’s not just that,” she continues. “I wanted you to make me come in the restaurant, with all those people around.”

My hips thrust up at the thought. “I could be persuaded,” I joke. Mostly.

The thought of making her come like that, fighting to keep her quiet so no one knows what is happening is certainly a turn-on for me.

She turns her head to stare at me for a moment before straddling me. She pulls at my hair harshly, forcing my head back before she kisses me. She rubs her body against mine while taking what she wants from me.

And then the cold air hits me and she is out of the car. Cathy takes off running into the wooded area beside the road. I smile broadly. I couldn’t imagine a more perfect mate.

Stepping out of the car, I calmly walk toward the woods. I won’t be running just yet. I need to give her a head start. Where is the fun in catching her immediately?

I scent the air to gauge her general direction while removing my tie and cufflinks and dropping them on the hood of the car. I can hear her feet pounding against the packed earth and the excitement spikes in my veins, adrenaline pumping through me. I pick up her discarded shoes on the side of the road and add them to the pile of items I am building.

Turning, I take in the dark forest, breathing deeply before I set off after her, bounding through the undergrowth, swinging around trees and fallen obstacles. My heartbeat is even, and my senses are on high alert. My wolf is just below the surface helping to guide me as I track my prey.

It only takes a few minutes to catch her, but it is worth it. My mate fights me like she

knows it is something I would want but have never said out loud. She hits my chest with her little fists when I push her up against a mighty oak tree and slaps at my hands when I pull the straps of her dress down her arms.

“Please don’t do this,” she begs.

But I know it’s all an act. The smell of her slick clings to the forest. The sound of her dress tearing is loud in the night. Her breasts bounce in the lacy confines of her strapless pink bra and a growl falls from my lips. My beast is close to the forefront.

The hunt. Catching my prey. It’s driving me insane. My length begs to be set free of the confines of my navy slacks, but I need to take a moment to calm down. I don’t want to hurt her.

The sound of skin hitting skin draws my attention before I feel the sting from the slap she lays across my cheek. My vision goes dark around the edges, and I feel myself slipping.

“Fuck you,” she all but spits at me.

My wolf surges to the forefront and I battle to remain in control. My elongated fingernail slips between her breasts to rend the material from her body, allowing her breasts to fall free. I can feel the change in my face, knowing I am well on my way into my shift. I howl at the night sky, long and loud.

When I look at my mate, I see the flush of arousal painted across her chest, the beautiful pink color creeping up her neck and onto her face.

Shit.

She really is getting turned on by this.

Gripping her hips, I lower her to the ground on all fours. I know I'm not being as careful with her as I should be, but she is pushing me to the brink. Breathing deeply, I take a moment to push my wolf back so that I am the one in control. Cathy tries to crawl away from me, but I catch her ankle and drag her back.

I tangle one hand in her hair, holding her in place while I rip a hole in her lacy panties with my thighs around her legs. My cock springs forward the moment I lower the zipper, and I don't hesitate to enter my mate.

"Fuck!" She cries into the night air, an orgasm ripping through her with the first stroke.

"Shit," I mumble, holding perfectly still and trying to hold back my own pleasure. "Are you enjoying this?" I have to ask the question, to make sure she is with me every step of the way.

"Please," she begs sweetly, trying to fuck herself on my cock.

"You don't have to beg, sweetness. I'm going to wreck this pussy just like I promised."

I thrust into her hard and fast, no longer worried about hurting her. She is loving this just as much as I am, maybe even more. I pull at her hair and harshly knead her breasts as I allow myself to get lost in the pleasure. Below me, my mate screams in ecstasy as she rolls from one orgasm to the next. The harder I fuck her, the more she wants.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she chants over and over, her voice going hoarse. Her body is in tune with mine, fucking herself onto my cock with an enthusiasm I've never experienced before.

I bottom out and let my orgasm sweep me under, my knot locking us in place as I fill her with my seed and praying this time I breed her. My body is robbed of all strength, and I fall to the side, taking her with me. Our labored breathing is the only sound in the deathly quiet of the night.

I take her hand in mine and kiss the palm. Immediately, I taste the blood and I die a little inside. I hurt my mate. My semi-hard erection and my knot both instantly deflate at what I have done. She must have felt me stiffen because she turns in my grasp to look at me.

“Stop that,” she chastises. “I loved every minute.”

“I hurt you.” I can’t even face her as shame drags me under.

“And I’m a shifter. Not some weak-ass human,” she sasses. “I’ll race you back to the car.”

And with those words, my cock slips from her heat and she shifts into her burnt brown wolf and bolts.

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Cathy

In the middle of the night, I wake up covered in sweat. I'm drenched and feel like I'm burning up. Instead of waking Atlas, I slip from our bed and into the bathroom. Starting the shower, I strip before slipping inside.

A sigh falls from my lips as I lower myself to the shower floor and allow the freezing water to beat down on my overheated body. All my muscles hurt, and my skin feels like it shrunk a size since I fell asleep beside my mate. In the recesses of my mind my wolf whines, only confusing me more.

"Cathy?" Atlas asks, pulling the shower curtain to the side. Shock crosses his features as he takes me in. "Sweetness. You should have woken me."

"You need your rest."

"I need to take care of my mate," he counters as he lifts me from the wet tile floor and cradles me against his chest.

"I don't know what's wrong," I moan, writhing in his grasp, pain searing through my body.

"Have you never gone into heat before?" He frowns down at me as I shake my head. "I don't know how that's possible. But you're in heat now and I need to take care of you."

"Really?"

“Yes, sweetness,” he murmurs, lying me back on our bed.

“It hurts,” I moan, reaching for him. “Please help me.”

“I’m here. I’m going to take care of you, don’t worry.”

He lays me naked on the bed before kissing across my chest and over my stomach. His lips leave a scorching trail across my hypersensitive skin. The moment he reaches the apex between my thighs, I scream, an orgasm sweeping through me.

The moment the orgasm subsides I feel even more enflamed than before. The momentary reprieve I received while my orgasm rolled through me, is gone now.

“Atlas,” I beg. “Please. I feel like I am burning up.”

“Don’t worry, little mate. I know exactly how to make you feel better.”

He flips me on my stomach before pulling me to the edge of our bed. Lifting my ass into the air until I am balanced on the tips of my toes. I barely have a moment to adjust before his thick cock spears into me. Another shout falls from my lips before turning into a moan.

“Jesus,” Atlas hisses. “You’re burning up. Your pussy feels like molten velvet strangling my fat cock.”

His dirty words have more heat burning through me. But the strokes of his hard cock are soothing some of the pain tearing through the rest of my body.

“Atlas,” I mewl, unable to say anything else.

“Take it, sweetness,” he growls above me, my nails elongated and tearing at the

bedding as he ruts into me. “I’m going to fill you up with my cum and lock you on my knot. My seed will help with the burning sensation and my knot will keep it inside.”

“Please,” I beg, pushing my ass back into his thrusts.

“Yes, love.” He leans over me, his teeth locking onto my clavicle, marking me again and sending me into another orgasm. “I’m going to fuck you every waking moment until your heat passes. I’ll shove you full of my cock and my seed until I breed you.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” I chant. “Fuck me harder.”

Atlas loses all control. His thrusts become harsh and erratic as his nails pierce the skin of my hips and drive me wild. We’ve fucked before but it has never been like this. This is dirty and animalistic. It sweaty and violent and absolutely fucking perfect.

“I love you,” he rasps into my ear before his entire body tenses, his knot locking me into place. I feel his cum coat my walls, soothing the raging inferno inside me as my own orgasm sweeps through me.

“I love you too,” I gasp before the darkness takes me under.

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I wake as the sun rises on the horizon. My body is deliciously sore in all the perfect places, and my muscles hurt from the intenseness of my orgasms. I grew up around men. Sex, and bodily functions of the female persuasion were never discussed. I knew I could go into heat, and I knew what to expect from talking to my girlfriends but this was worse than I ever imagined.



Once more, I feel like a fire is trying to decimate me from inside as I watch my sleeping mate. I see the morning wood he is sporting and decide to let him rest a little more. Flipping the sheet off his thick cock, I swing my leg over to straddle his lap, impaling myself on his erection.

I bite my lip, holding back the moan at the fullness. I've loved sex with my mate since the first time but this is something more. It's a primitive drive to be filled, fucked, and bred. And even though every feminist bone in my body is raging at me to be more self-sufficient, I wouldn't stop riding this man for anything in the world.

"There isn't a damn sight better to wake up to," Atlas mumbles, staring at my bouncing breasts. "If you want to wake me by riding my cock every morning, you'll never hear me complain."

"Shut up," I growl. "And let me fuck you."

"Happily," he replies with a grin, folding his arms behind his head.

I swivel my hips while slamming down, wiping that damn smug look from his face. Atlas's jaw clenches as the cords in his neck strain. His hands grip my hips and I love the way he holds me in place. Lifting me he flips me to my back before shoving his fat cock back inside me. My moans are loud in the room while the sound of flesh hitting flesh accompanies it.

"You're such a horny little thing," he murmurs staring down at me. "I'm one lucky motherfucker."

"Happy you're aware," I sass lowly.

He kisses me gently, tenderly, keeping his strokes even, driving my arousal higher and higher. I can't hold back the moans that fall from my lips between kisses. For the

first time in my life I feel wanted, cherished.

I feel like I belong. Here in his arms, his bed, his home.

This is where I want to spend every day for the rest of my life. Bound to Atlas in every way possible.

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*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Atlas

We spend five days locked in our house. We stay in bed where my mate fashions a nest out of our bedding and clothes. The sex is incredible and even though I know it isn't possible, I swear it only gets better every time.

The fact that my mate is a dancer, a ballerina, is evident in every line of her body and the way she moves. She is sensual and sexy in a way I can't quite put into words.

"How long are you going to keep staring at me?" Cathy mumbles with her eyes closed.

It's the first morning I am awake before her since her heat started and I was just enjoying the peaceful moment. I know life is going to return to normal now. I won't be able to ignore the outside world and my soon-to-be responsibilities as the future Alpha of our pack.

"It's easy to stare at you," I reply, drawing a smile to her rose-hued lips. "You're beautiful."

"You say such sweet things. Until you're buried inside me, then you're all dirty talk," she jokes, turning on her side to look at me.

"Do you want me to be sweeter?" I tease in return.

"Not at all," she says quickly. "I love getting both sides of you."

“Good,” I say kissing her lips. “I’ll make us some breakfast and after I’ll say something dirty while I make love to you before going to work.”

“Sounds perfect.” The smile still hasn’t left her face when I slip out of bed and walk out of the room.

My thoughts are all pointing toward the future. One where I can spend my every day and night with my mate. The pack will be mine to command soon enough and many things will be changing. I can’t keep living in the old ways like my father has.

My pack needs to run fairly and equally. Everyone should have the opportunity to live their best life and make their own choices. I will run the pack more like a democracy than a dictatorship. I also want to open our pack to mingling with others rather than going through these archaic methods my father has employed. No one should be forced into a mating.

Although, I can’t be too angry at him. If he hadn’t arranged this ridiculous mating, I would never have found Cathy. I would have lived my entire life never finding my fated mate. The thought alone is enough to have me seeing red.

I never thought it was possible, but I love her. Unconditionally. Irrevocably.

Cathy’s arms wrap around me from behind, her fingers skimming against the skin of my stomach just above the waistband of my sweatpants.

“You’re supposed to be in bed,” I chide playfully.

“I was lonely,” she says, placing a kiss between my shoulder blades. “Besides, you’re burning the bacon.”

Looking down at the pan I see the black pieces of pork glaring at me. “Shit.”

Taking the pan from the heat, I quickly drop it into the basin. I wanted to do something nice for my mate and I got lost in my thoughts, fucking it all up.

“We’ll have to make do with eggs and toast for today,” I say, gripping the counter while staring out the window. “I’m sorry.”

“You could always have me for breakfast,” my mate replies.

My head swivels seeking her out. The sight of her nearly floors me. On the dark wood table in the breakfast nook sits my mate, completely naked with her thighs spread. Her pretty pink pussy on display for my viewing pleasure.

“This will be the best meal of my life,” I say lowly. I stride across the kitchen, sit, and scoot the chair closer before diving in.

I feast on my mate, running my tongue between her pussy lips from her entrance to her clit, lightly tracing circles around the hardened nub. Cathy runs her fingers through my hair, scratching my scalp.

Her breasts heave as her breathing accelerates. Breathy moans fall from her lips as I drink in her slick, become more addicted by the minute. She is a perfect present gifted to me by the Goddess. I couldn’t have imagined a more perfect mate even if I tried.

“Atlas,” she moans. “Please. I need more.”

I would never be able to deny my mate a single thing. Slowly I slide two fingers into her channel, gently fucking her while sucking harder on her clit. I flick my tongue quickly over the swollen tip as her walls constrict around my digits.

Her scream rends the air as her orgasm crests and I can’t hold back any longer.

Quickly, I push the chair back, the noise loud as it topples over on the tiles. Pushing my sweats down, I allow my erection to spring free before shoving my length into her pulsing pussy.

Cathy pulls me closer to her, her teeth clamping down on my shoulder as I stroke into her like a fucking madman. My wolf fights me for dominance, wanting to mark our mate in his animal form but I hold him back.

“There’s someone at the window watching us,” Cathy whispers in my ear, her walls clamping down on me.

“Fuck,” I groan, my stokes slowing down. “Do you want to stop?”

“Please don’t.”

I wrap her legs around my waist before lifting her from the tabletop and slamming her against the nearest wall, hard. She moans, pulling harshly at my hair.

“You’re loving this,” I say before kissing her harshly.

“Yes,” she moans loudly. “Show her how good you fuck me.”

Her? Shit. Turning my head to the side, I stare into the enraged gaze of Jana. A woman I once professed to love. Why the fuck would she be here?

It only takes me a moment to decide whether I should stop before I face my mate once more. I suck harshly at her nipple, grazing the tip with my teeth and pulling a scream from deep inside her. If Jana needs to see this, to watch me with Cathy to finally get it through her skull that we are done, so be it. I know it’s a bastard move but I’m not going to stop.

I fuck my mate like my damn life depends on it and then I flood her with my cum, locking my knees to keep me upright. And my knot inside her with a roar that rattles the windows.

When my gaze trails back to the kitchen window, Jana is gone.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Cathy

Three Months Later

Atlas and I have settled into a routine that suits us and we both seem to be loving it. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, I work at Dark Side of the Moon while he works on completing the studio he promised me. I only do two sets per night and no private dances. I don't dance for the men, the money, or for the attention anymore. I do it for me.

The rest of the week we spend all the time together that we can. I have settled into life with his pack, he will be Alpha someday, after all. Everyone is friendly and for the most part, I have been fully accepted. There are some people I have yet to meet and others who stay away because they don't trust outsiders. But both of those issues will sort themselves out with time and I'm not worried.

My phone rings and I smile when I see my mate's name flash across the screen.

"Is there a reason you would be calling me right before you're supposed to be home for dinner?" I ask.

"Well, I was hoping you'd be interested in seeing the progress on your studio."

"Are you serious? Of course I would love to!"

I'm giddy at the prospect of getting to see what he has been working on. He's kept it all a little hush-hush and I didn't push, but the curiosity has been killing me.



“It’s just inside the western gate post,” he explains while I grab the keys to my car.  
“Please bring beer.”

I laugh because I already have them in my hand. “See you in a minute.”

I slam the door behind me and hop in my car. I see the building the moment I come around the bend in the road. The dark-stained wood facade stands out between all the houses. My heartbeat accelerates and I get a little teary just staring at what he’s done. He’s even put up a name: Ballerina’s.

My door opens and my mate pulls me out, holding me against his chest.

“What’s wrong? Why are you crying?” he asks, concerned. “Did someone hurt you?”

“No,” I say shaking my head, although I can’t stop the tears. “I’m just overwhelmed. It’s beautiful.”

“Oh.” He looks a little embarrassed. “I’m glad you like it.”

“I love it, Atlas.”

He walks me around the outside, describing what he’s done and what he is still planning to do. There are gaps in the wood where glass panes will be installed once they arrive. The inside is just as stunning. The bare, exposed rafters high overhead make it seem even bigger than it actually is. I spin in a circle, smiling like a damn loon.

“I assume from your reaction that I did good?” Atlas chuckles.

“You did perfect! I couldn’t have asked for more.”

I run at him over the laminated wood floor, jumping into his arms. Atlas catches me with ease, using the momentum to turn us and pin me to the wall. It's one of his favorite things to do.

His lips descend on mine in light and feathery kisses. He teases me gently, drawing little sighs from deep within me. My eyes fall closed as I breathe in my mate, enjoying the attention in this magnificent structure he has built for me.

A click sounds from the doorway and Atlas draws away from me. The moment I open my eyes, I can see strain lines etched deeply into his forehead.

"Stay behind me," he whispers as he places me firmly on the ground.

Atlas turns his back on me, shielding me from view.

"What are you doing here?" His voice is devoid of any emotion. I've never heard him sound like this before and it sends a frisson of fear running up my spine.

"Atlas," a husky female voice says.

"No." He cuts her off firmly. "I already said everything I needed to say. I thought seeing me with my mate would be enough to make you understand."

"Please," she begs, and I lean around my mate's large frame to see what the hell is happening.

The woman stands a few feet from us. Her dark brown hair hangs limply around her gaunt face. Tears streak her cheeks as she stares at the man I have fallen in love with. She holds a gun in her hand and fear freezes me to the spot.

"No, Jana."

Her gaze collides with mine and she lifts the gun, pointing it at me.

“If I kill her, we can be together again,” she mumbles. “I don’t care that you fucked her or let her mark you.”

Atlas steps into the path the bullet would take and I want to scream at him. What the hell is he thinking? She could kill him.

“Move, Atlas,” she orders but he remains in front of me.

“Jana, you’re acting crazy,” he says angrily. “If you kill my mate I’ll die of a broken heart.”

“I’ll be there for you. I will be your mate.”

“I already have a mate, Jana. I tried to explain this to you.”

Jana sobs and I take the opportunity to peek around my mate once more. I need to know what is going on. She shakes her head before her face blooms red with anger.

“And all the years we spent together,” she yells waving the gun around. “Did it mean nothing? Am I just some whore to you? How can you so easily discard me?” Her voice raises an octave as she waves the gun around. “You said you loved me!”

“Jana.” Atlas sounds sad and defeated. “I love you as much as a person can love another. But this is different. Once you find your mate you will understand.”

“Fuck you!” she screams, pointing the gun at Atlas.

The shot goes off as I try to push my mate out of harm’s way. Jana screams loudly as Atlas wraps me in his arms. It takes a moment for the ringing in my ears to stop.

Pushing out of my mate's grasp, I inspect him, looking for any signs of injury. When I am sure he is fine, I push at his chest.

"You could have been killed!"

"I'm sorry," he mumbles, pulling me back into his arms. "I had to keep her distracted. I saw Phillip outside and knew he would pick the right moment to intervene."

He kisses my forehead before releasing me. I watch a man tie Jana's wrists together with a length of rope that was lying on the floor, her gun against the wall. She is sobbing uncontrollably and even though she could have killed either of us, I just want to hug her until she feels better.

Walking closer, I make my way to her. Sitting on my knees I push her hair away from her face.

"I'm sorry you got hurt," I say once she looks at me. "I know you're in a bad place right now but we'll get you some help. Someday, this will be nothing more than a bad memory."

"You took my world from me," she sobs. "Atlas is all I've ever wanted."

"I know, sweetie. But fate had other plans," I say softly. My heart is breaking for her. I can only imagine how much losing Atlas would hurt but it's not a thought I wish to dwell on. "Now, we need to get you healthy so you can live the life you deserve."

Atlas and Phillip stare at me like I've grown a second set of eyes, but neither say a word.

*Source Creation Date: August 5, 2025, 8:38 am*

Atlas

It's been just a little over a week since Jana attacked us and things are finally back to normal. After a lot of arguing, Cathy convinced me and my father not to banish Jana from the pack. All of this has irked my father to no end, which only makes me love Cathy more. He won't say a thing about it, too afraid to rock the boat while the alliance between our packs is still so new.

She fought tooth and nail for Jana's second chance, and I admire the hell out of her tenacity. She also enrolled her in a rehabilitation program on the other end of the country. My mate has the biggest heart of any person I've ever met. She is even paying for everything out of her own pocket. I asked her why she was doing this, and she simply replied that she would probably end up the same if she lost me. It gave me clarity to the anger I was holding onto. If I ever lost Cathy, I would go on a bloody rampage until someone finally put me down.

Both of us can empathize with the hurt Jana is feeling.

My mate has returned to Dark Side of the Moon for one final shift. The dance studio is finally complete, and we've even had some parents inquire about lessons for their children. Cathy is giddy at the prospect of getting to teach little ones, and her excitement is infectious. Her manager has also inquired if she will be up to giving some of the girls lessons and I think it's a great idea.

I'm excited for a different reason, though. Tonight, I get to fulfill my mate's fantasy.

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I stride into Dark Side of the Moon, a true cocky Alpha. Sitting right against the stage, I wait while a woman dressed in a red cheerleader outfit serves me a stiff drink. I know what times my mate will be appearing on stage, and I only have to wait a few more minutes.

I sip on my drink, watching the people around me as they interact with each other and the women who work here. It has always given me a small sense of peace to know that the muscular bouncers ensure the women are safe and respected.

I haven't been back here since the night before my mating ceremony, and knowing that someone has been looking out for Cathy in my absence calms my wolf.

The lights dim over the stage and the music fades away.

"For your pleasure," the voice announces through the overhead speakers. "For the last time, here is the Ballerina."

I clap loudly along with the other patrons as my woman strides onto the stage in a shimmery little salmon-colored dress. Her high heels carry her across the wooden floor until she is at the edge. Her hips sway seductively, her hands caressing her beautiful body.

A man whistles from the back and I would have glared at him, had my mate not made eye contact with me. She smiles seductively at me before twisting away to continue her routine and I know this dance will be for me and no one else.

I watch her dance around the pole, swaying her hips along with the beat that blasts overhead, seducing not just me but everyone else in this club. She is a siren that calls out to be worshipped. With every turn, she slowly maneuvers her way out of the little shimmery number until she is lying on the floor in nothing more than a racy pink thong and some pasties to cover her nipples.

The crowd roars in appreciation when her dance is over, but she only looks at me. My cock is a lead pipe in my jeans, and I want to mount her right there on the stage. It will satisfy my need for her and proclaim that she belongs to me for everyone in this place.

And then there is darkness. I hear her footsteps as she makes her way off the stage. I can also smell her arousal. I know she is wearing her suppression patch to keep all the other males in check, but I would know her scent anywhere, even in a room full of omegas.

I sit there, patiently sipping at my now watered-down drink.

“Hey there,” she purrs once she makes her way through the busy club. “What brings you in tonight?”

“Boredom. I thought this might be fun,” I reply with a grin and a wink. “Do you offer private dances?”

She is dressed in the same plaid skirt and white shirt as she was the first night I saw her. I know we are both playing a game, recreating the night we met but making sure we get the ending we both craved from our first meeting.

She tilts her head to the side, studying me. “My mate will lose his mind.” She leans closer to whisper in my ear, pressing her breasts against my chest. “But I think for you I’d be willing to make an exception.”

“Well then,” I murmur. “Lead the way, beautiful.”

She takes my hand in hers, leading me through the people and the tables to the same room we used the last time. Inside, everything looks the same, untouched, even though I know the space is used frequently. Not that it matters, we aren’t the same anymore.

“Should I lock this?” Cathy asks after closing the door.

“No,” I shake my head, and she raises a questioning brow. “I promise to be on my best behavior.”

“Said the Devil.”

She tinkers with the sound system for a moment before the same song she danced to last time filters through the room.

“I never liked this song,” I say, sitting on the couch with my legs spread. “But it has become one of my favorites recently.”

“It’s a good song,” she murmurs, seductively swaying her hips as she saunters closer.

Standing between my legs, she runs her hands up her torso to fondle her breasts.

“You’re not wearing a bra,” I murmur, my gaze glued to her chest.

“I couldn’t find it.” She undoes the top three buttons of the bright white shirt she is wearing. “Does that bother you?”

“Only if it’s going to affect my dance.”

Leaning forward she presses her palms to my upper thighs giving me a perfect view of her swaying breasts. She rubs my thighs through my jeans and a little growl escapes me.

Cathy straddles me and the little schoolgirl skirt she is wearing rides up so high I can see the imprint of her pussy against the fabric of her panties.

“As long as you don’t tell anyone.” She bats her eyelashes coyly.



My hands go to her ass, and I pull her against my straining erection. This game has been fun but I'm about to lose my mind. She grabs my hands and pushes them away.

"No touching, handsome. House rules."

"Really?"

"Yes." She smiles smugly, grinding her pussy against my cock.

"Fuck," I moan, head resting on the back of the couch.

"Watch me," she whispers seductively.

The moment my attention is back on her, she undoes the rest of the buttons, baring herself for my viewing pleasure. She caresses her breasts, rubbing and tugging on her nipples. Watching me the entire time.

She slowly inches the fabric of her skirt higher. She pushes the fabric of her panties aside, running her fingers through her wetness. She rubs her slick across my lips when she removes her hand and I hit my limit. A man can only take so much.

Grabbing her hips, I lower her to the coffee table in the center of the room before flipping her skirt up and ripping her underwear down her legs.

"What are you doing?" she asks in a shocked voice. "I'm going to get in trouble."

"I don't care," I mumble freeing my cock, before spearing it into her wetness.

Before a sound can fall from her lips I cover her mouth with my hand.

"Be quiet now," I say against her breast. "The door isn't locked and we'll both get in trouble."

Her eyes are wide as she looks back toward the unlocked door. She nods her head in acceptance, and I remove my hand. I thrust my throbbing cock into her over and over, fucking her relentlessly. Her breasts bounce in front of my face, and I can't help but leave little bite marks all over her.

Soft sighs fall from her lips, her walls clenching around my length, trying to hold me inside her heat.

"You feel so good," I murmur.

"Please," she begs.

"You beg so beautifully," I say rubbing her clit, watching her thrash on the table. "What do you need, my pretty little toy?"

"Fuck me, knot me, breed me. Please. I need more, harder." She has all but given up the facade of our game.

I pick up my pace, fucking into her like a damn lunatic. The table scrapes loudly across the wooden floor as I fuck us both into oblivion.

A knock sounds at the door and we both freeze. I'll rip anyone to shreds who sees my mate like this. Yes, we play the game, and she likes it a little public and a little dangerous. But I don't share. Ever.

Another knock and my mate laughs.

"Yes," she calls out.

"I need the room in ten," a female voice replies.

"Almost done," Cathy replies.

“Fine,” the other woman huffs and walks away.

Cathy grins at me. “Better fuck me fast, handsome. Seems our time here is up.”

I spear her over and over grinning down at her. “We’ll never be done, mate.”

The End