



The Bound Omega: MM Omegaverse Romance

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Category: LGBT+

Description: An omega in heat.

A broken alpha.

An auction that brings them together.

Eldin:

After months of searching for an alpha who kidnaps omegas, I finally have intel as to where I can catch him. For one night a year, the government turns off aggressor chips for all the alphas allowing them to indulge their carnal and brutal desires by taking part in bidding in an underground club.

I'm going there to catch a villain, not enjoy what the night has to offer.

Or so I thought.

Until my eyes land on the battered and bound omega that wasn't serviced during his heat. If I don't bid on him and service him, he might not make it.

If I do, I may never catch the alpha who kidnapped my sister.

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The overwhelming stink of arousal matched the roar of alphas ready to bid on the night's prey. I stood at the back, scanning the crowd, until I finally saw him. Snake. Blond hair combed back and a megawatt smile that could melt hearts if his eyes weren't black pits of evil.

Or that was what I saw, knowing his dealings of the last five years.

My watch vibrated with a message.

Got eyes on him? My work partner, Yola, was in a car outside, waiting for my updates, aware that they'd stop coming once I got to the lower levels of the building. Even my sat-watch wouldn't reach that far. During this night of sexual carnage, no one wanted footage to leak out, so the place blocked all signals in and out.

I tapped my watch twice to send her a thumbs up without drawing attention to the gadget.

That was all she needed to know. We'd discussed in advance that I was to stay until dawn. I had to spend the night locked in a room with some poor omega so I could catch Snake on my way out the next morning.

To do that, I had to place a bid, even if I didn't plan on going through with claiming the prize.

The room thrummed with lust and bodies ready to pounce. I shouldered my way closer to the iron bars holding alphas away from the omegas inside.

According to my intel, Snake had brought some of the bound and gagged omegas in lieu of his buy-in to take part in the games. No one knew his real name, but if he'd chosen a nickname like that, his given name was probably Chad. Or Henry. If he had to change it to instill fear in people, it told me a lot about him. Sort of like having a big-ass truck. A dead giveaway about the size of his junk.

For this one night, the government turned off the aggressor suppressant implant in all alphas. I hadn't felt anything special when it stopped working, but I got a notification on my phone that I wouldn't feel the zappy zappy when I showed aggression. I looked around the growling alphas, some flexing their muscles, others grabbing their crotch, every single one of them ready to go all out.

Snake stood with angelic stoicism, only lifting a finger now and again to up his bid. The current omega for sale was a tiny female in a red dress too small for her.

It could have been Reena.

I closed my eyes to banish the thought. She was gone.

In the morning, I'd have to be able to follow Snake out and bring him to the families of the omegas he'd kidnapped. For this to happen, I needed an omega of my own and a room as close as possible to where Snake was. Hopefully, the conniving bastard would be vulnerable and not expecting me. He wasn't the only omega-trafficking scum out there, not by a long shot. But he was the one who'd kidnapped my sister.

Get your head back in the game, Eldin.

I forced myself to scan the omegas to pick one I'd bid on. A dozen were lined up, with more joining their ranks once the ones already sold left the cage. Some stood pliantly with their wrists bound with a rope or handcuffs, while others glared at the bidders. Those who smiled had probably been lured under the promise of earning

money without knowing what awaited them. Hopefully, they'd be able to start a new life or pay off family debts. Unfortunately, they might get robbed soon after and be back to square one, having sold their bodies and their dignity with nothing to show for it but the welts and bruises.

For most of my life, I hadn't cared what happened to them. I was raised that way. My privilege as an alpha was the freedom to get away with anything—just so long as I didn't trigger my aggressor implant. I had fucked freely and bent the law when it served me. Until Reena was born. As an omega, she was doomed from the start, and my fear for her safety had driven me to change my ways. Then my worst nightmare came true, and she'd been kidnapped, sold, and killed. Today was my chance to catch the alpha behind it.

I squared my shoulders, and my eyes landed on a peculiar sight. An omega strapped by his wrists, waist, and feet to an oversized dolly. He must have been rolled in on it.

“Why is that one wearing a Hannibal muzzle?” I elbowed a guy next to me, but he was in the middle of bidding and ignored me.

“Cause he bites.” A voice from behind me answered.

I turned around to see an enormous male in a security uniform with a patch that spelled Dave.

“Really?” I didn't hide the surprise in my voice. Omegas were known for their pliancy.

“The little fucker opened a vein of the beta who brought him here. Nearly bled out. Then bit the ear off of the nurse.” Dave smirked.

“Whoa.” I whistled low. That was new.

“He refused to be bred. Doesn’t know what’s good for him.” Dave shook his head and leaned closer to me. “They say he’s been going crazy for a week.”

“A week? Well, shit.”

“Yup.” Dave crossed his arms and returned to scanning the crowd.

I considered his words. The rumor was that if an Omega wasn’t bred during heat, they’d go insane from lust. After ten days, their brain would sustain permanent damage, longer than that meant paralysis or even death. Whether that was true or not, I wouldn’t know as only mated alphas had access to details about omegas cycles. The presence of this omega confirmed the information I’d received about Snake’s dealings. He’d keep an omega unserviced during heat until they went crazy enough to be a vegetable, then sell them off to be a breeding vessel who wouldn’t complain. I shuddered at the thought.

Through the bars, I met the frenzied gaze of the bound omega. The most intense green I’d ever seen reflected the overhead lamps, then his eyes left mine to continue bouncing around the room. He was shirtless and barefoot, wearing only a pair of battered shorts. His greasy hair fell over his eyes, and droplets of sweat trickled down ripped abs, which flexed as he strained in his bonds. If he’d been in the clutches of the slave trade for long, he’d be skinnier. His mass suggested he’d been used for physical labor, but he wasn’t burly. Instead, his muscles were defined—almost as if he’d been in sexual service and was sculpted for viewing pleasure.

If he was serviced properly tonight, he might still make it. One glance told me no one was bidding on him.

Fuck it.

I fished the bidding cards out of my back pocket, lifted the middle one, and pointed to

the Hannibal boy. Work wouldn't cover this high a bid, but I didn't care. I had to do this.

"Well, well, well—someone finally decided to take the challenge," the announcer boomed. Suddenly, every eye in the room was on me.

Shit. I was not supposed to draw attention to myself.

I nodded, keeping my expression neutral.

"Will anyone up the bid? Going once... going twice... sold!"

I heaved a sigh of relief.

A security male gripped the back of the standing trap and wheeled my omega through the open gate and between the horny alphas. Hannibal boy thrashed to the utter amusement of the gathered, his frantic growling muffled. Was there a gag underneath the mask? Fuck.

I had to keep my head in the game.

"Room eleven," I said to the male escorting my purchase.

I had it booked in hopes that Snake would use his regular room ten, making it easier for me to get to him when I had the chance.

"The room stays closed until seven in the morning." The male wheeled my omega into a spacious suite with a king size bed in the middle. "Unless you need medical attention, these doors won't open. If you need a doctor, pull the red string next to the bed. It will initiate cameras in the room for assessment, and someone will be sent to you, if necessary. You will not leave this room unless you need to go to the hospital.

Understood?”

“What about the omega?” I glanced at the scratches all over his body and the open scabs on his knees.

“He’s yours to deal with and do as you please. You bought him. You take care of him,” the male said in a deadpan voice. “Medical emergencies apply to alphas only.”

Three males barged into the room and lined up with military precision. “Mr. Zex sent us to secure the omega to the bed.”

I opened my mouth to protest, then remembered that I shouldn’t defy directions from the organizer of the event and owner of this building. Instead, I nodded and tried not to flinch with horror as one of the males stabbed the omega with a syringe until the boy passed out.

“Quick. It only lasts five minutes.” The male worked the thick straps open, and his colleagues helped him.

The three of them hoisted the omega onto the bed, face first, ogling his pert, round ass as they did it. “How do you want him?”

“Get out, I’ll strap him myself.” I inhaled deeply and nodded. “Thank you. I’ll take it from here.”

The rowdy bunch’s sniggering cut off as they slammed the soundproofed door closed. The click of locks being engaged echoed through the room before it fell eerily silent.

I had minutes to spare.

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I made quick work of pulling the omega's shorts off and strapping his parted legs to steel-reinforced leather cuffs attached to chains bolted to the floor. His wrists fit into similar cuffs with a chain, but I locked his hands together so I'd be able to flip him over later by only freeing his legs.

He was secured. Just in time. The omega snapped his head to the side, looked at me with that crazed gaze of his, and screamed into the gag.

The chains rattled as he writhed like he'd been zapped by a cattle prod. The straps of the Hannibal contraption on his face dug into his cheeks.

"Shhh... stay still and I'll take your mask off," I said loud enough to break through his shriek.

He didn't stop moving.

Well, fuck.

The bed dipped only slightly when I climbed it. Straddling his lower back, I held him down by the neck with one hand and worked the straps of the mask with the other. I let go of him and, using the momentum of his flailing, I slid the mask off.

The omega writhed again.

"Let me help you." My lips were against his earlobe when I inhaled his scent and his pheromones invaded my senses. Even sweaty and scratched, he smelled like a flower garden. One populated with plants producing cock-hardening aphrodisiacs. I flicked

my tongue over the cartilage and ground my hard-on into his ass. “A knot will ease your pain and your lust, I promise.”

I chanced moving the ball gag to the side, but the omega released an ear-splitting cry, trying to bite me. “Suit yourself!” I closed my teeth over his shoulder, not biting, not marking him, but holding him in place as I ground my cock in between his ass cheeks.

The hormones he was releasing drove me insane. I wanted to fuck him until we both screamed. Knot him and pin him to the bed until he calmed down. Yeah. I wanted to fuck him raw. And I was about to.

The omega stopped trying to escape, but his breathing was quick, like a rabbit caught in a snare. I dipped two fingers in between his cheeks and groaned.

“Fuck, you’re so wet. You ruined the sheets.” He’d been dripping before they’d brought him in as his legs showed streaks of dried slick all the way to his ankles.

A growl bubbled up from my chest. I kicked my shoes off with the socks and shed my jeans. My cock sprang up and relief flooded me from having it free. Three strokes helped me ease the strain in it and wet the crown with pre-cum. All omegas were tested prior to the bidding, or so we were promised. Besides, I regularly took shots that allowed me to fuck his gorgeous ass without worrying about diseases.

“I’ll sink into your warm heat to help you. But I will enjoy every second of it.” Adding a third finger, I stretched his welcoming hole and focused on my tone. “Now, open up for me.” I used my alpha command voice, which should force him to obey me. He was so far gone it calmed him for a moment only, but it was enough for me to push my cock into him in one glide. Fuck, he was so ready.

He screamed and writhed under me, but I held him down with my weight. I was a lot

bigger than him, and I knew how to use my strength when needed. I closed my eyes and relished his tunnel gripping me before I pulled out halfway. His labored breathing punched the air, but he stopped his wild screeching and lifted his ass to follow my movements.

“See, you can feel the relief already. Oof!”

He bucked so hard my cock nearly slipped out. “You’re strong. Good. But—” I pushed into him again, groaning at the slick heat welcoming me once more. “You’re not going anywhere. Not tonight.”

My thrusts were shallow, but with each one, my omega’s body calmed a fraction more. I braced my hands on both sides of him to change the angle and began to pound harder and deeper. Wet slaps echoed through the room when my groin met his ass, sending a wave through his cheeks, making them jiggle.

“Almost there. Fuck. You feel so good.” My lower back tingled just as my entire body geared for my impending orgasm. I leaned my weight on one hand so I could grip his buttock with the other and pull it to the side. My fingertips dug into his skin as I watched my cock glide into him, his pink rim holding me tight.

His shoulders rose and fell as he breathed fast but he wasn’t trying to escape anymore. A muffled moan filled the room, and this time, it wasn’t mine.

My omega moaned again, and the sound sent shivers through me so hard, my orgasm came barreling out. I shot into his tunnel over and over, my cock pulsing, my base starting to swell.

“That’s right.” My voice was a growled rasp. “Take my knot.”

He released a needy whimper, holding onto the chain that kept his cuffed wrists as he

shuddered. I reached around to stroke him, and within moments, he trembled as his cum coated my hand and the sheets. His body relaxed under me, and he nuzzled his cheek into the pillow. My abdomen remained heated with a dull buzz of post-orgasmic satisfaction and the pressure of my knot filling the omega to the brim as his outer ring of muscle grasped my base.

“That’s a good boy.” I wiggled my arms under him and held him tight, resting my chin on his shoulder. My knot would remain firm for about half an hour, but I hadn’t done it in a while, so it might be longer. I let my eyes flutter closed and listened to his heartbeat slow down to a regular rate. He must have dozed off as, after time passed, he startled abruptly and rattled the chains he was strapped to.

“This will be over soon, and you’ll go home,” I said, but my attempts at soothing were useless as his breathing sped up.

“Shhh, I know you’re here against your will, but I’ll get you out.”

He wiggled again, then whimpered when he pulled on my knot. I held him closer. “It will go down soon, and I’ll get off you.”

His breathing slowed, and we lay waiting until I could pull out of him with a wet squelch.

The scent of my cum and his slick mixed in the air, and fucking hell, if that didn’t make me hard again. I scrambled off the bed and kneeled on the floor. With a gentle touch, I brushed aside the hair that covered half of his face.

Emerald green eyes met mine. They were less crazed than before. Good.

“Are you better? Nod if yes.”

He didn't move.

"I'll take the gag out, okay?"

No response. Only a haunting stare.

I unbuckled the strap at the back of his head, tracing my fingertips over the groove it dug into his cheek. The expression on his face was one of relief, but only for a split second before his eyes blazed with fury again.

Shit.

It didn't work. It had been only the first wave of his heat that he'd been serviced, but I hoped my cum would soothe him enough. Apparently, because of the prolonged wait, he'd need more than one fuck to regain full lucidity. The muscles in his back rippled as he shivered and opened his mouth.

I expected a shriek, but he flicked his tongue over his dry lips.

"You must be parched." A glance around the room revealed a tray with a jug of water and two glasses above a mini-fridge. Walking to it, I felt his gaze on me, and with a hit of vanity, I wanted him to like what he saw.

He was still on his front and wouldn't be able to drink from a glass, so I rummaged in the cabinet above the fridge. Bingo. I poured the water, added a straw, and rushed to kneel in front of him with it.

He drank with long pulls until he coughed, and I took the drink away, wiping his mouth with my thumb.

Before my cock rose to the occasion again, I had time to wash the omega properly.

The spacious en-suite bathroom had a glass shower enclosure that could fit several people, and the tub in the middle resembled a jacuzzi ready for a frat party.

Ideally, I'd draw a bath and immerse the omega, letting the hot water ease his pain. But it was too risky. Instead, I grabbed a bowl and filled it with water. In search of towels, I rummaged in the dresser drawers and discovered a well of sex toys varying from plugs and dildos, to floggers and various genital and nipple clamps.

Not today. Not with him.

With cloths and towels from the second dresser, I brought the bowl to the nightstand.

His eyes were closed, so I let myself admire the lines of his face, sharp jawline, and dark lashes fanning over his cheeks. Even completely wrung out and fucked, his features were those of a warrior angel—pretty but not soft.

Before the water grew cold, I dipped a cloth and squeezed it. "I will wash your face," I said, but the omega didn't stir. Was he taking a nap? Good. He'd need the energy. I felt bad possibly waking him, but he also deserved a modicum of humanity, and being semi-clean was a good start.

The water dripped onto his forehead as I lowered the cloth and wiped the sweat off it, then continued down his cheek. The marks from the gag would turn into bruises, but the skin remained uncracked. Someone had tightened it way too hard, and if I hadn't been a horny idiot, I would have loosened it up earlier. Moving the dark waves of his hair from his nape, I washed there, and down his back with slow strokes I hoped were soothing. Once I reached his ass, I changed the water, then did so several times more as his inner thighs down to his feet were covered in crusted slick. I hadn't let him move too much, so his ankles shouldn't be bruised from the cuffs. With another fresh bowl, I climbed onto the bed between his parted legs to wipe his sac, his flaccid cock, and his puffed hole. I swirled a finger around, looking for tears at the rim, but found

none. Just because he was still in heat after so long didn't mean someone hadn't tried calming him down with a knot or anything else. I shuddered at the possibilities. Then again, I wasn't any better.

Removing my fingers, I let go of his ass, and it bounced back with a jiggle. Fuck. It was gorgeous. A tongue bath would ease the swelling of his pucker. I parted the cheeks and licked into him, tasting my cum along with his slick, my tongue tracing his rim.

The omega moaned, pushing his bum into my face so I lapped with fervor. Fuck, I've never been so horny when servicing an omega in heat.

With reluctance, I pulled away. "I'll turn you over to wash your front." His next wave would come soon, I'd indulge in his ass then.

The chain securing his hands would allow me to flip him, but I had to unstrap his feet. He lay motionless when I freed his right leg, then left. Now to gently—

One moment I was on the bed, the next pain exploded in my face, and I hit the floor, air leaving my lungs.

The little shit kicked me.

I sprang onto the bed. The omega was on his back, his eyes on me as he snarled. In an attempt to grab his flailing legs, I caught a kick to the chest and upper arm but cuffed his ankles. He didn't stop trying to escape but couldn't move much once he was secure again.

"You'll hurt yourself. Stop!" I yelled in my alpha command.

He quieted, and I straddled his hips, holding him still. "Hey, look at me." I cupped his

cheeks but snatched my hand when he snapped his teeth. “Keep this up, and I’ll gag you.”

He huffed and looked away.

I fetched a bowl of fresh water and returned to my position on top of him to wipe the other side of his face and down his chest. The dark hairs on his legs rose when I wiped his thighs and around his groin. He was uncut, and his flaccid cock rested to the side, inviting me to suck it until it grew hard.

He snapped his hips up, sending his dick to flap onto his abdomen, so I gently took it in my hand, pulled the foreskin back, and washed around the crown and down its length. An omega’s cock was naturally small, but that’s what made it beautiful, too. It wasn’t made for knotting but for the omega’s pleasure only, and I’d have to make sure to take good care of it tonight. The more he came, the sooner his heat would pass.

“Your skin is so smooth,” I said, tracing the tan line on his abdomen.

His scent was fucking with my head and my body as I craved to be near him, hold him in my arms to never let go. Fuck. No omega’s heat had ever influenced me that much. I wanted to kiss his hip, to suck his flaccid dick, to fuck him until he cried out my name. Which he didn’t even know.

I set the bowl aside and covered his middle with one of the blankets from a pile in the corner.

“I’m Eldin,” I said and sat at the edge of the bed. “What’s your name?”

The omega snarled, baring his teeth at me. “F—”

“Frank? Frederick? Finnick?”

He flicked his tongue over his bottom lip. “F— Fuck you,” he spat.

“Well, I’m not calling you that.” I had no frame of reference for what to expect after each knotting in his condition or even if his sanity would return at all. I had to wait for the next wave and hope for the best. Meanwhile, I began washing his feet, toe by toe.

“You’ve had a rough few weeks, huh?” I didn’t expect an answer, so I continued. “You can hate me later, but I’ll make sure you survive this heat. I can’t get you pregnant, so don’t worry about that.”

The omega’s eyes turned to me, confusion in the frantic glare.

“An accident when I was a child.” I shrugged. Or it was what I told people. My defect was also why I got the job. I could track omegas, and if I fucked someone, I wouldn’t get them pregnant. I was the safest bet to send to the bidding.

After I washed between his toes, even his feet looked good enough to lick. Fuck, his next wave must be close as the scent in the air stirred my cock back to life.

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I straddled him to sniff behind his ear where the scent was the strongest and ground my cock against him. “I’ll make it good for you, and I’ll enjoy every second.” Nuzzling lower, I buried my face in his armpit and moaned, inhaling deep. “Fuck, you smell fantastic. Your pheromones... just you.”

As I reached for his cock, it twitched in my hand as the omega squirmed. “Your next wave is close.” Two fingers between his cheeks confirmed my suspicion. He was wet again, and his swollen opening was soft and supple.

A growl escaped me. “Fuck, you’re irresistible.”

I slid down his body and licked around the crown of his dick. Keeping my fingers inside him, I pumped gently. He would need my knot soon, but more orgasms would help bring his craze down faster.

“Come on,” I said. “Let go.” I kissed his hip, then took his cock all the way into my mouth. Pressing on his prostate, I lapped on the milk that leaked out of his slit and continued the massage until he arched and released a high-pitched wail.

Fuck, yes!

He shot onto my tongue, and I tasted the most delicious cum. Having serviced omegas before, I was aware the cum was different during heat orgasms. But fuck, his was like sugary cream, made for me to lap up.

The omega’s hole twitched around my fingers, so I added another one. He wasn’t done yet. “You need a knot. I’ll unstrap your right leg to fuck you, so don’t fight me.”

As expected, the moment the cuff slipped off his ankle, he kicked and writhed. He was crazed and aggressive. But I was stronger.

Grabbing him by the calf, I bent his leg at the knee and lifted it to his chest, pushing my cock into him on a smooth glide. He was open, ready, and hot as fuck.

It took three thrusts into his slick channel for the omega to relax and follow my movements by tilting his hips. His mouth parted in an o, and he closed his eyes as he released a long keening sound. At this stage, he didn't need much. Good. Seeing him come on my cock over and over stroked my alpha ego. I jerked his dick, fitting in my slippery grip just right, and relished the sight of his cum trickling on his abdomen. I smeared it there, then brought my hand up to lick it. His pulsing channel milked me, and I shot a load into him, shivers raking my body.

With one last hard thrust, I tossed his leg over my shoulder and remained still, letting my knot grow inside him.

From his lack of significant improvement, I could judge we weren't halfway through dealing with his heat. Even if I was dead on my feet, his scent, taste, and will to survive would encourage me to fuck him until my last breath.

My lower back heated, and my balls drew up as I filled the omega with my knot. I pulled away just a fraction, stretching his rim from the inside, and he whimpered.

"I'm enjoying the heat of your body and kissing your tears as you writhe under me." I licked his cheek, tasting the salty drops.

A sharp pain exploded in the crook of my neck, and I hissed, touching the spot. Drops of blood stained my fingers, and I grinned.

"That's right. Bite me. Take all your anger out on me. Use my body as I'm using

yours. Hate me, fight me, but I'll still do what I think is best for you. Which is knotting you over and over, as many times as it takes to bring you back from this state of insanity." I punctuated my words by rocking into him as much as my bulge allowed.

A whimper escaped him, and I watched his iridescent green eyes lock on mine for a split second before he closed them again. I wanted to see that gaze filled with lucidity and recognition as it landed on me.

Shallow thrusts set us into a rhythm, and the omega's face turned from a grimace to calm bliss. His lips parted, and a whispered word came out on a breathy exhale.

"Yes..."

Fuck. I didn't know I could come with a knot, but here we were. I shuddered but kept as still as possible while the orgasm rippled through me. Less intense than the others, it lasted longer, absorbing my energy until it left me exhausted. I braced on my elbows not to squish the omega and rested my cheek on his chest.

"I admire your strength. You'll be a fierce partner and make someone lucky, very happy one day." His erect nipple in my field of vision beckoned me, and I gently sucked it, closing my eyes.

I dozed off, woken by my cock slipping out of the omega, followed by a gush of cum and slick. Humming, I kissed his pec. "Are you okay?"

"Sort of," said a raspy voice.

Startled, I snapped my eyes open and sat back. "You're lucid."

"Yeah, but what—" The omega frowned, pulling at the restraints around his wrists.

The chain rattled, and panic filled his gaze.

“I’ll unstrap you, but you have to promise not to flail. You could hurt yourself.”

His eyes bounced around the room. “I thought it was a fever dream, but it’s all true. I’m in heat, and you’re fucking me, right?”

“Yes, but—”

“I remember it all through a fog like I didn’t have power over my body.” He pursed his lips, pulling on his cuffs. “I still don’t.”

I hurried to unstrap his hands and his ankle.

Understandably, he didn’t sit up but glared at me as he massaged his wrists.

“I’m Eldin. What’s your name?”

He eyed the ceiling, taking his time. “It doesn’t matter what it is, I don’t want to use it anymore. But you can call me Oleander.”

I nodded, relieved that he was better. “Beautiful but deadly.”

He smirked. “I aim high.” Oleander looked down at himself and grimaced, his fingers touching the cum on his abdomen and reaching to his hole. He traced the rim with a finger, then brought it to his lips and sighed.

“You didn’t breed me?”

“No. Becau—”

“Shit. I thought I was out through the entire heat, you fucked me, and now it was over.” He wiped his hand on the duvet.

Would he ever stop interrupting me?

“I’m sorry. Your womb is not open yet. Because you haven’t been serviced in time, your waves are off. Instead of being spaced every few hours, they’re coming in under an hour. Nearly one after another. That was the case with the last one at least.”

He thumped his head back into the mattress, put a pillow over his face, screamed into it, then tossed it at me.

I caught it and set it aside.

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“I can feel another wave coming.” He rubbed his belly and curled his legs together. “My body feels different than during my previous heat.”

“You were in a terrible condition when they brought you here and—”

“No, actually I feel better.” He propped himself on his elbows. “Did I come?” He glanced at the wet spot on his stomach then back at me.

“Of course.”

He barked out a laugh. “‘Of course,’ he says.” He wiped the tear from his eye, and I wanted to lick it. Maybe it wasn’t a happy tear, but not a sad one for a change. “It’s not a given, you know?” Oleander shook his head. “Anyway, who do I have to fuck in here to take a decent shower?” He rolled off the bed and stumbled on wobbly legs.

“Easy.” I caught him by the elbow to steady him. “Let’s go to the tub.” I put my hand around his waist. “Is that okay?”

“Yeah,” he said right before his knees buckled.

In a knee-jerk move, I scooped him into my arms. He was heavier than he looked, and I welcomed the weight. “Hold on.”

I carried him as his head lolled to my shoulder, and his hands wrapped around my neck, holding weakly. The empty tub was cold, but he didn’t complain when I lowered him into it, plugged it, and checked the water. Despite the cloth bath I’d given him, his legs were still dirty in places, reminding me of the condition he’d been

in when I met him and how long he must have been suffering. Which brought another question.

“Are you hungry?”

He nodded. Of course, he was.

“I don’t know what they provide in the rooms, but is there anything in particular you want?”

“There’s a choice?” He wiggled his toes in the rising water. “Fruit and... uhhh... maybe cheese. Nothing heavy while I’m still in heat, or it’ll upset my stomach.”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

A quick raid of the fridge got me a sealed platter of cheeses, grapes, and strawberries. I shoved some jerky into my mouth and gulped it down with soda before I took the rest of the food to the bathroom.

The tub was halfway full, and I stopped in my tracks to take in the relaxed expression on Oleander’s face. His head rested on the edge, his hands playing at the surface of the water. While I’d been gone, he’d washed his hair and his body, and now he looked like a prince, not the crazed omega I’d met mere hours ago.

“So, this is the dreaded auction Snake was talking about?” he asked without opening his eyes.

“Yes.” So, he was one of Snake’s kidnapped omegas. I’m gonna get that fucking bastard.

“You must have paid a pretty penny to fuck me, but now you’re being nice to me. Is

it guilt?” Water sloshed when he turned to look at me.

“No, it’s not—”

“Ooh, grapes and cheese!” He reached for the platter, and I arranged it on a small table I dragged next to the tub. A grape flew into his mouth first, and he moaned as he chewed it. Two more and a piece of cheese. He paused with a strawberry in between his fingers, touched his belly with his other hand, and grimaced. After a momentary pause, he ate the strawberry and leaned back in the tub.

“You’re not getting in?” He spread his legs then pulled them together.

“You wouldn’t mind?” I was still crouched on the tiles, buck-ass naked. Relaxing my tired muscles in the water sounded fantastic.

“Did you fuck me once or twice without asking if I would mind?” He reached for a glass of water I’d brought and gulped down half of it.

I sputtered. That was not fair. “Twice, but you were—”

“Yeah, whatever. The tub is huge, and my next wave is coming, so...” He shrugged. “Even if I protest, you’d be compelled to knot me. That’s what alphas do.”

“I’m not an animal. I can control myself if you ask me to.” I dipped my toe in the water, and holy fucking hell, it was hot. He must have cranked it when I was gone. Keeping a straight face, I lowered myself into Satan’s cauldron, hoping the skin on my balls wouldn’t blister.

“So I can go insane again? No thanks. I’d rather get your dick.” He poked cheese cubes on the platter as if he hadn’t just told me that he’d only take my cock to avoid going nuts. “Anyway, why are you doing this?” Oleander asked, his inquisitive gaze

watching me squirm in the tub. “You don’t belong here.”

Should I tell him? Would he rat me out to Snake? “I don’t know what you mean. I paid for a good fuck, and that’s exactly what I’m getting.” He was not the only one who could be brash.

“No.” He released a sardonic laugh. “You kissed my neck and whispered in my ear. Maybe I was out of it, but I remember. So, why are you really here?” He popped a grape into his mouth. “Come on. Whatever it is, even if I wanted to tell anyone, they wouldn’t believe me. Besides, I just want out of Snake’s clutches, and you said you can do that.”

Fuck. He was onto me. I was so stupid and loose-lipped when horny.

I let the flames of the water lick my back as I leaned against the cool rim. “I’ve been tracking Snake for a while. No one has been able to prove that he’s kidnapping omegas to sell them or display at events like this.”

“Ha!” He flicked the water at me with his fingers, a sneer on his beautiful face. “That’s because most of us weren’t kidnapped.”

“What?”

“My sister sold me to him.”

“That’s not possible.” I sat straighter, my body alert. This was news. “I have families looking for their sons and daughters. I’ve linked those cases to Snake, too.”

“Oh yeah? Maybe they were in debt, sold a child, and then regretted it. Or the other siblings did it. One of the parents without telling the other.”

“Fuck.” I swiped my hand down my face. I hadn’t thought of that.

“Nice work, Sherlock. And by that, I mean you’re shit at your job, dude.”

What did he just call me? “I have a deeper understanding of whoever gagged you.”

He thrust his chin up in defiance but swallowed his Adam’s apple bobbing. “Just pointing out facts.”

“Thank you. They’re useful.” I touched his hand to get his attention, but he flinched away. “I won’t gag you, don’t worry. And I’ll get you home.”

“I don’t want to go back. My sister sold me, remember?”

“What about your parents?”

“They’re dead. My sister is an alpha, so she inherited their farm and me too.”

Ah, that explained his musculature and strength. No one would want a strong omega unless he used the muscles for his work. “Where do you want to go, then?”

“I don’t know. I have no place to go, okay? Is that what you want to hear? Poor little omega not strong enough for farming and not nice enough for the sex trade? That’s me.” He opened his arms before he crossed them over his chest.

I wasn’t going to pity him. That would be the last thing he needed right now. “Did you help your sister on the farm?”

“I was her property.” His voice was clipped as he spoke through his teeth. “All manual labor was my responsibility, and whenever the sun went down, I was a hole she could sell or trade for goods.”

“I’m sorry.” Fuck, I wasn’t supposed to say it, but it was true.

“That means shit to me. You’d never understand it, so you can shove your sorry up your—” He doubled over with a grimace, screwing his eyes shut. “Ah fuck! It’s starting again.” When he opened his eyes, unshed tears swam in them.

My heart hurt and beat faster at the same time. Protect.

“Ole... I’ll help you.” Hopefully, he heard the sincerity in my tone.

“I’m so stupid. I just insulted you, and I know damn fucking well what alphas do after an omega insults them.” A lone tear slid down his cheek. “It’s very hard to forget.”

Ouch. He’d been through some serious shit. “You said it yourself, I’m not like that.”

“Maybe you’re pretending. I don’t know! You’re a stranger. Ah!” He yelped, clutching his waist.

“What if you tied me up?”

“Huh?” He searched my gaze, a frown creasing his forehead.

“See these?” I pointed to the steel hoops at the sides of the tub. “They’re to tie someone to them. You can cuff my hands if that would make you feel safer.”

“You’d be able to wiggle out of them.”

“Not out of handcuffs, no.” What the fuck am I saying? I’ve gone completely crazy.

He took my hand, tracing a thumb over my wrist, then dropped it into the water. “I

could cut your throat.”

“And be back at Snake’s mercy for him to sell to whomever he wished.” I looked him square in the eyes. “But only after you’d been punished for killing an alpha.”

He swallowed, scooting away. “Yeah, good point. But I could kill you, then myself.”

I didn’t believe that for a second. The will to survive was too strong in him.

“I’m willing to risk it. You have so much fire in you, snuffing it out would be a loss for the world.”

“You’re insane.”

I shrugged. “Maybe.” If slowly falling for this feisty omega within hours made me crazy, then that was probably what I was. Batshit.

“Where are the cuffs?” The smirk on his face was positively evil.

“Top dresser drawer.”

With a squeak of amused delight, he jumped out of the tub, dripping water everywhere. His ass muscles flexed as he wobbled, and I wanted my cock between them again, even if it was at the risk of my life.

A low whistle sounded from the room. “There are enough sex toys and restraints here to supply a small dungeon.”

“Don’t get any ideas!”

His giggle was infectious, and I wished I could see his face. Next came a pained

groan that told me the wave was near.

“Come back here.” I braced on the tub to jump out, but he returned with a pair of handcuffs and nipple clamps.

I raised my eyebrows at the latter, but he was too busy grabbing my wrist.

The click of the cuffs was deafening in the tiled room, and panic flooded my abdomen. What the fuck was I thinking? I pulled on my right hand, but there was no ominous rattle against the steel hoop due to the padding on the cuff. Oleander could have brought the iron ones I saw in the drawer, but he picked these instead.

“You look scared.” Ole grinned, rounding the tub, spinning the other set of cuffs on his finger.

“Should I be?”

“Nah. I don’t want to do this, but—” He pursed his lips. “Well, I actually do. You said you enjoyed the previous times, so think about that now. We all get what we need from this, yeah?”

“Yes. But will you feel better when I’m restrained?”

“Definitely. I mean, you haven’t choked me, cut me, or put out a cig on me, but you did fuck me when I was out of it and couldn’t consent.”

Oh, God, had that happened to him before? “Yes, I—I did.” There was no point arguing. He was right.

“So sit tight and let me ride this wave. Ah, shit, dammit!” He doubled over then fell to all fours, moaning as clear slick leaked down his thighs to the floor.

The scent of it hit my nose—sweet and enticing. If I could reach him right now, I'd bury my face in his cheeks and lap it all up, then I'd fuck him on those tiles until we both collapsed.

“Quick, cuff my other hand.” Well, that was a sentence I never thought I'd say to an omega.

Fumbling, his fingers shaky, he secured my left wrist. I was helpless, but my need to claim, knot, and absolutely own his hole took precedence in my mind.

He drained half of the water, revealing my cock straining over the surface, and climbed in to straddle me. His hands looked small against my pecs, but at that moment, he had all the power.

Giving up control like this was new to me, but the glint in his eyes made it worth being restrained. He reached behind himself and brought back a hand smeared with his slick. I inhaled, licking my lips. Fuck, the taste of the thick, clear substance was etched in my memory. Now, it covered my cock again as Ole spread it with quick strokes.

I groaned. “What are you waiting for? You need my cum in your womb, not in the tub.”

The tilt of his head as he inspected my dick would have been adorable if not for the hungry gaze.

“How big is your knot? Is it proportionate to this?” He squeezed my shaft, and I pulled on my restraints. He was playing with me, the little shit.

“I have no clue. I've never seen it outside of an omega I fucked.”

“I heard it’s painful if it grows outside.”

“That’s why it never has.”

He tapped his chin and was about to say something, but instead, he let out a pained grunt, bending over until his forehead rested on my chest.

When the cramp abated, he wasted no time, positioned himself, and sunk down on my cock in one motion. He was ready and pliant, his body welcoming me with its warmth.

“I can feel the entrance to your womb.” The head of my erection bumped it, but it was not open yet.

“Yeah, you’re grazing it.” He lifted himself halfway then plopped back down, releasing a lascivious sound that bounced off the walls.

“My nipples are sensitive, but you can’t flick them or suck them in this position.” His smirk was positively evil. I fucking loved it. He’d gone from the verge of insanity into a strong man taking control over his heat. “But...” He plucked the clamps from the table next to the tub. “I came prepared.”

This had to be a dream. A feisty omega was riding me and rolling his nipples in his fingers, arching, moaning. Yup. It was an illusion.

A gorgeous emerald gaze met mine when Ole opened one steel clamp, its mouth full of tiny needle-like teeth. He closed it over the peaked nub and moaned, his eyelids fluttering but remaining open. The absolute beauty of Oleander’s face, painted with lust but devoid of craze, was an image I’d remember forever. When the other clamp pinched his nipple, he rolled his hips, sending the chain connecting the clamps bouncing against his abdomen.

I'd never been restrained in front of an omega, but now, everything about it felt right. I was a toy, a mere cock to service Ole as he chased his pleasure.

It was divine.

The lean muscles of his body flexed as he rode me. Starting at his long neck, he danced his hand down his chest to the chain and pulled on it. He released a wail and squeezed my hard-on with his ass.

Oh, that grin. Should I be scared or intrigued?

He grazed a thumb over my bottom lip, and my stomach did a little jiggle. I've treated omegas like that before, but no one had ever touched me with... was that control? I was just here for the ride. Was this what willingly submitting felt like?

He lifted the chain connecting his nipple clamps and put it in my mouth.

"Pull," he said simply.

Gently, I moved my head back, tasting steel, doing what he'd told me to.

Ole keened, snapping his hips fast, sloshing the water outside the tub and onto the floor. He braced his hands on my chest, cupping my pecs, flicking my nipples, and digging his nails into my skin. The sounds he made alone could make me come. Like this—with him owning me? I was barely holding on.

He met my gaze as he reached for a clamp, and when he pulled it off, he threw his head back and released a scream filled with both pain and pleasure. After doing the same to the other, he came, shooting white ribbons onto my chest and into the water. Only then did he squeeze his dick and jerk it with fast flicks of his wrist, coming once more.

“That’s right. You’re so fucking gorgeous.” I whispered the praise, lost in overwhelming awe.

Still impaled, he bounced on me, his channel pulsing as his womb lowered, touching the head of my cock with a slightly-parted opening. Yes, I would breed him with the next wave, fill him with my cum until he’d be finally sated.

I came so hard that I pulled on the restraints in my need to grab him, to have him close to me. Instead, I snapped my hips up, shooting into him until my knot swelled too big to pull out anymore.

He leaned back and braced his hands on my thighs, drawing my attention to his peaked nipples. Would he let me suck them with the next wave? The lines of his body, covered in sweat and water, were made to be worshiped, and I would happily remain his slave if I could lick him all over.

“Fuck, Ole, you’re so hot.”

“I like it. Ole...” He smeared his cum over my abs, then washed it with the tepid water we sat in.

I imagined his stomach swelling with my child. I shook my head to clear it of the thought. That would never happen.

He traced his fingers up and over the side of my neck where a thin scab formed. “I bit you hard.”

“You can’t bond us unless I bite you too.”

“Yeah, so—” He dragged his tongue from my collarbone to my ear on the other side.

“You don’t mind if I bite you again.”

He didn't wait for my answer, and that was fair enough. His teeth sunk into my flesh, and I gasped, thrusting my hips up as shivers ran down my spine. His channel gripped me as he nibbled on my skin.

I was bound and bitten by an omega.

But I was sure I was in heaven.

I nuzzled my nose into his hair. If he slit my throat after all this and left me to bleed into the tub, I wouldn't mind. I'd die happy if this was my last night on this wretched planet.

"This was the first time I came on my own terms with another person in the room," he mumbled into the crook of my neck.

A generic 'I'm sorry' wouldn't cut it. I wanted to hold him, hug him, soothe his back. He didn't need pity, he'd made it pretty clear.

"I'm glad to be of service," I said instead.

He snorted and reached for the keys on the table.

"You're unlocking me?" I didn't hide the surprise from my tone.

"I will have another wave, and I'd rather be fucked on the bed next time."

"That's fair. To think you threatened to kill me an hour ago."

"It wasn't a threat, I just pointed out the possibility. And you still let me cuff you." He unlocked my right hand and dropped the cuffs to the floor with a loud clatter.

“I wouldn’t mind it that much.”

“What?” He moved on to my left wrist and paused.

“Dying. Here. Today. But I’d regret not catching Snake to bring him to justice.”

“What the fuck?” He punched me in the chest so hard I wheezed.

“Ouch.”

“You’re an alpha. You were born lucky. Why the fuck would you want to die?”

I shrugged. “Nothing to live for, I guess? And I don’t want to die. But if you killed me tonight, it would be with good memories, you know?”

“No. I don’t. Because I don’t have those.” He released a puff of air and sat back on my thighs. “I thought of killing myself. Tried several times, but either my sister found me, or I chickened out. Then, I figured that my best revenge on everyone who used me would be to survive and thrive. I have no solid plan, but becoming aggressive got me here, at least. And I have to admit, despite this being my worst heat for lasting so long without being serviced, the end result isn’t so bad.” He danced his fingers between my pecs. “If you really let me go after this, maybe I’ll figure something out.”

If not Snake, someone else would capture him. Even bring him back to his sister. Fuck.

“We can look for a secure place for you.” Oh, who was I kidding? Only rich omegas or those who married well were safe.

“Listen, this is not some Stockholm Syndrome shit.” Ole poked my chest with a finger. “Don’t think I’m falling for you, and you’ll solve all my problems.”

“Be my mate.” Oops. Where did that come from?

“Fuck you!” he yelled, sending saliva splattering on my face.

“Why not?”

“You—” A tear rolled down his cheek. “You don’t even mean it.”

“I do.”

He climbed out of the tub, shaking his head. “You’re an asshole.” He stomped off to the bedroom.

I should let him calm down, but what if he collapsed as the next wave came?

With a sigh, I got out, the cool tiles under my feet not enough to soothe me. I entered the room, and he yelped, his hand on the handle of the exit door. I crossed my arms and leaned against the wall.

“Why aren’t you stopping me?” His voice was high, his expression angry.

“They locked us in until seven in the morning. Neither of us can leave.”

“Fuck.” He kicked the steel frame, then swore again. “It’s not fair.” He stomped to the bed, eyed it, and grimaced. With a swift move, he pulled the duvet to the floor and plopped on the clean sheets underneath.

“How are you not mated?” He waved a hand to indicate my body. “You’re a tall, hot alpha, and you’re not even caveman stupid.”

I let out a low chuckle at that. “Thanks for the backhanded compliment.”

Ole narrowed his eyes. “Unless you are, and that proposal was just to keep me pliant for the rest of the night.”

“I’m not mated. Never was.” I looked away. This was the last thing I wanted to talk about.

“Is it about the accident you mentioned?”

“Fuck, you heard it all, didn’t you?” Stupid blabbing of a man in the throes of passion. At that moment, I would have told him all my secrets just to make him stop thrashing.

“Yup. Are you infertile, then?”

I sat at the edge of the bed, leaving a foot of space between us. “Yeah.”

“I’m sorry.” He put a hand on my forearm. “Did you ever want offspring?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think so. But the fact that I can’t makes me... broken.”

“That’s complete bullshit, and whoever told you that is an idiot,” Ole huffed.

“That would be the entire society.”

“Wanna hear my thoughts about society?” Ole turned to the side to face me. “Look at me and where I’m at. Fuck the stupid rules. You need to be mated and have 2.5 children, have easy and unproblematic heats,” he ticked the points on his fingers, “cook, clean, build a new shed, and most of all: smile.” He gave me a toothy grimace-grin.

I burst out laughing. “I’m sorry. But that’s so true. As an alpha, you have to be

strong, emotionless, ruthless, bark—not talk, be super rich, have a mate but also breed with as many omegas as you can to spread your seed, but not be a good parent to any of the offspring because that’s beneath you. Or at least that’s how the society made me feel.”

“Oh look, that was my father too.” Ole cackled, but there was no humor in the sound. “I never knew him. He was some guy who passed by the town and fucked my mom when she was in heat.”

“So you and your sister have different dads?”

“Yeah, she was seven when I was born. She never liked me but became really mean when she learned what it meant for her to be an alpha and for me to be an omega. Then mom died, and well, here I am.” He patted my arm. “Bringing young into this world when you don’t want them is not fair to anyone.”

“You’re right.” It was probably for the best that I couldn’t have them.

Ole hissed and massaged his abdomen.

“Are you okay?” I asked. Was this a cramp? Or was he hurt?

“Normally, my heat lasts from three to six days. This one is different because it should have ended a week ago.” He frowned. “I think. I lost track of time. The painful emptiness, the need eased after knotting, but I’m not done. I feel more is coming. Even if you breed me with the next wave, it won’t be over. I’ll get out of here, and my heat will continue...” He wrung his hands on his lap.

Did he think I’d just leave him like that?

“We can find a hotel for you, but that won’t solve your problems.”

“I can’t rent an apartment because I have nothing. But alphas would pay me if I was still in heat and let them fuck me. It worked before.”

I closed my eyes, erasing that image from my mind. “I live alone. The staff comes in and out to tend to the house and gardens, but...” I took his hand in mine. “You’d have your own room.”

“So you can lock me up and sell me by the hour?” Ole snorted. “Been there—”

“I wouldn’t do that.” Whatever I might promise him, he’d take with a grain of salt or flat out think it was a lie. I couldn’t blame him.

“Besides, I’d still need to be fucked right after leaving.”

“Would you want me?”

“A knot is a knot. But better the one you know... so yes.”

“Then I’d cook you dinner.” It was so easy to imagine Ole in my house, me making him food as he recovered from the heat.

“You wouldn’t.”

“You’d have to find out.” I wagged my eyebrows, hoping to lighten his mood.

He laughed a joyous sound that filled my chest with warmth.

“All of this—” he tapped my temple with a finger “—is you being high on my pheromones. Your reaction is quite different from the alphas I’ve met before, though. Your craving and aggression turns into protectiveness. I like that. And it’s so new that you listen to what I need. But I’m not stupid, and I know it will pass.”

Maybe he was right, but deep down in my chest, a place for him was carving itself. “I will get you out, though.”

“That I believe. After all, you took pity on the omega no one wanted to buy and wasted all that money to fuck a psycho. For what? To rescue me? I don’t get you.” He shook his head.

“It wasn’t pity.”

“Save it, Eldin. I really don’t care. I’m glad to be alive, and I’m thankful, but you have nothing to prove to me.”

Why did he have to be so cruel?

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Ole grimaced. “Suck my nipples.”

Whoa. Nice change of mood. “What?”

“It helps because they tingle. But now, they’re too sensitive for the clamps.”

“Yeah, okay.” Without another thought, I scooped him up to splay him in the middle of the bed, latching onto his nipple.

Ole moaned, burying his fingers in my hair as I sucked and flicked my tongue while massaging the other nub with my thumb.

“Will you do what I ask if I tell you it would help me?” Ole tapped my shoulder, and I looked up.

“Sure.” How weird can it be?

“Before you knot me, I need to be stretched. Sort of a massage but with something big.”

“Like dildos?” Okay, maybe I wasn’t expecting that.

“Yeah, that should work.”

I was off the bed and opening the dresser drawer within a moment, rummaging through small plugs until I found several bigger toys.

“The play should loosen up my womb for it to open properly for breeding. If we’re lucky, the next wave will be in a few hours, not minutes,” Ole said.

I lifted my findings one by one, and Ole picked the biggest ones, leaving out only the one looking like a horse’s dong. Right, okay.

An irrational sense of jealousy churned in my gut as I tossed the toys onto the bed. Why wasn’t I enough? Why did he need the silicone?

The short, blue toy Ole tapped first was as thick as my forearm and shaped like a bullet with a wide base.

Ole situated himself on all fours, presenting his hole, trickling with slick. His rim was pink and open, contracting, begging to be filled. Fuck, I wanted to lick and play with the supple flesh with my tongue. But I promised to do what he wanted this time.

I positioned the tip of the dildo and teased the opening, moving it around, pressing in, then pulling it out.

“More.” Ole’s decisive tone was hot as fuck. He knew what he needed and asked for it, compelling me to listen.

The wide middle of the toy was doing its job because when I glided it in, then kept it right at the opening, Ole’s tiny, strained whimpers intensified.

Finally, I pushed it all the way in, tapping the base to stimulate the rim from the outside. Ole sighed, his body still but for his cock dripping pre-cum on onto the sheets.

“Very good. Such a beautiful, needy hole. Now push out.”

Ole grunted, and I caught the flying bullet in my hands. His ass squelched, and I gave it a longing look.

“Fist,” Ole said, tapping the bed. “I need a fist.” He plopped onto his back and lifted his legs to his chest, showing me his pulsing hole.

From the array in front of me, I picked up the black dildo shaped like a forearm with a fist.

“That one?” I asked.

“No. I want you. I want your hand in me. Fuck, Eldin, come on.”

Holy hell.

Yes.

I eyed my palm, spreading my fingers, then looked back at Ole.

“It’s big, I know. That’s what I need right now,” Ole said, then released a pained groan.

That was enough for me.

I slithered between his legs and kissed his inner thigh. Then kissed once more. Fuck, he was addictive. The scent of his slick streaming out of him sent a rumble bubbling from deep within my chest. His swollen rim was pliant under my finger when I traced the inside of it, then licked around it.

“What are you—” Ole moaned and pulled his legs wider, hooking his arms under his knees. “Yes, ah!”

I nibbled and sucked on the puffy rim as I slipped two fingers in with ease.

Ole wiggled his hips, and I added one more, his hole pulsing, sucking me in.

I nuzzled the delicate skin of his sac, tight and close to his body, and moved on to lap on the underside of his cock.

Ole's whimpers got louder, and I pulled my fingers out only to glide in all five to my knuckles. The needy wail that echoed through the room set my body on fire, and my hard-on dripped pre-cum onto the sheets.

"You want my fist?" My growl betrayed my insane arousal.

"Yes, please!"

I took his cock into my mouth and wiggled my tongue along his slit, then the crown, until I sucked it all the way in. At that, his rim relaxed even more, and I slipped my hand through it to the wrist.

Ole keened, spurting cum onto my tongue. Greedily, I swallowed it, high on the sweet taste. Simply divine. All omegas' bodily fluids became tastier during heat to attract alphas, but Ole's were a gourmet meal in the best restaurant in the world. It was almost as if he produced his slick and cum specifically for me.

Impaled, Ole wiggled his hips, his cock not showing signs of flagging when I released it.

"Angle your knuckles so you can—" Ole gasped, then moaned. "Yes! Like this."

I rubbed his gland the way he instructed, then penetrated the mouth of his womb with my fingers. It was open.

He was ready to be bred. Fuck.

“Deeper! Eldin, please!” Ole’s voice did things to me. I didn’t know what exactly, but I would do anything he asked at that moment.

So, I pushed in more. Gently angling my hand, I was horrified when I saw it bulging Ole’s belly.

“That’s perfect.” He let go of his right leg and stroked the bulge, his tunnel clenching around me.

I kissed his fingers, then his abdomen, where my hand was, thrusting gently.

He put a pillow under his head. “I want to see your face when your hand is so deep in me.” Oleander was a dirty talker, and I didn’t know what to do with that. His eyes glinted, and a smile played on his parted lips as he caressed my fist through his skin and muscle. “Now take it out and shove it back in.”

“Say what?” I met his gaze, filled with tears and lust but zero craze.

“You heard me.” He grunted, pushing my hand out.

I smeared his slick around my fist, teasing his opening, then slid back in. Out. In again.

“Yes!” he yelped. “Faster. That’s it, Eldin. Yes!”

My cock swelled impossibly. The pheromones. His words. His ass swallowing my hand as I drilled into him until he forced me out.

“You’re so ready. I’m going to breed you now.” I held his leg up and licked it from

his inner thigh to his big toe, then climbed over him.

My cock was straining to the point of pain, a knot already forming. I pushed into Ole with ease before his ring of muscle closed at the base. I rocked my hips, filling the room with sloppy squelching. I was flying and the only thing keeping me from floating into euphoria was Ole begging for more.

“I need your cum, Eldin.” He looked up at me, his cheeks flushed, his gaze full of fire and desperation.

I angled myself so my cock popped into his womb.

Ole arched, digging his short fingernails into my back. “Yes! Fill me up. Breed me, Eldin.”

That did it. I roared and spilled inside Ole, pumping his insides full of my cum. My body shuddered as the climax overtook me. Only the sight of pleasure on Ole’s face helped me keep my eyes open as I rode the wave. With shallow thrusts, I continued coming until I was spent but still hard, the head of my cock situated snugly in Ole’s womb, my swollen knot keeping us connected.

“Is that okay?” I asked.

“When you pull out, your knot stretches me from the inside and—Ah! Like that. It’s so fucking good.”

His wails sent another wave of arousal through me. “Fuck, Ole, my Oleander, I’m coming again.”

“Yes, your cock feels so good, so deep. Come on, give me more!” he yelled, and this time, his nails scratched me so hard that pain exploded on my back.

He must have drawn blood. I didn't care.

Ole arched, squeezing my ass as tears rolled down his cheeks. Swiping his cum from his abdomen, I took his dick in the crevice between us. It fit in my hand perfectly and I jerked it from root to tip.

I kissed Ole's jaw, and he panted, twitching under me. "I'm—Ah. Yes, Eldin!" He stilled and opened his mouth in a silent cry, then whimpered when I was still stroking him through his semi-dry orgasm. Only a few drops spilled from his slit and I gathered them on my thumb to lick up.

He mumbled something and loosened his grip on me, his hands flopping to the sides.

"Am I squishing you?" I asked. I searched his face for signs of discomfort, but his unfocused gaze and relaxed expression told a story of a well-fucked omega.

I puffed my chest, wanting to scream with joy. To roar my success. I did that to him. Me.

"No. This is perfect." Ole's eyes fluttered closed, and his breathing evened out.

Fuck, he was insanely gorgeous. Peaceful, satisfied, with flushed cheeks and disheveled hair. I could service him with every heat if he'd let me. Would he agree to fuck me for pleasure? For no other reason than to connect and chase orgasms together? Doubtful. But my fucked-out brain imagined us in my house, curled on the couch. Or in the gardens, having an impromptu picnic on a blanket, Ole's hair kissed by the sun, his skin glowing with health, his smile wide and directed at me. I was such a fool.

Time passed, and my knot shrunk, so I slid out of Ole and lay next to him, splaying my palm on his abdomen.

“Thank you.” His voice was a sleepy whisper as he covered my hand with his.

“I lied to you,” I said, my stomach flipping at the thought of telling him everything.

“About what?”

He deserved to know the truth about me. I was no hero, just a loser with no life.

“You asked me why I’m doing this.” I paused, expecting him to sit up and glare at me. Judge me. But Ole didn’t open his eyes, as if giving me some form of privacy to tell my story. “The truth is that Snake kidnapped my sister. I saw him in the car his men dragged her to. I was too far to catch up to them.” Bile rose to my throat at the thought, but I focused on what I had to say. “She never came home, and her body was found in the desert by the road. That was years ago, but I never stopped looking for him. I’m not alone, though. There are many of us working together to find Snake and alphas like him.”

“I’m so sorry about your sister.” He squeezed my hand.

This coming from someone who would have been through the same kind of torture as Reena. His touch gave me the strength to continue. “I didn’t have an accident. That was a lie, too. I found out I was infertile during puberty. Being defective from birth made me a freak. Claiming I couldn’t impregnate an omega because of a tragic accident meant I was broken. It was easier.” A cowardly way to deal with it. I was such a loser. “That’s also why I’m not mated. I can’t promise a partnership forever and not give my mate young. It’s not fair.”

“Have you bred with many omegas?” Ole turned onto his side, resting his head on his bent elbow.

“Three. Two males and one female.” And each omega and their family were so

disappointed with me I'd stopped trying in order to save myself and others the pain.

"Have you done any testing as an adult?"

I scoffed. "No. I'd be marked as defective. I made sure the information from my old doctor was deleted from the database and came up with the excuse about some accident."

"Maybe you never found your person?" Ole chewed on his bottom lip, and I became jealous, wanting to bite it too. "It might be connected with sperm count or some psychological thing but I also heard that sometimes an omega's DNA just doesn't match an alpha's. That's why an insane amount of rich alphas buy omegas by the dozen. To check how many they can impregnate. It's never all of them. Maybe you just haven't found yours?"

"It doesn't matter now. It is what it is." I mirrored his position, turning towards him on my side.

"Or find a mate who wouldn't care if you give them young or not and just... live." He traced lazy circles over his belly.

Ole made it sound so easy. But I was grappling with the concept like a horny man with a dildo that was too slick for his hands. "I could spend my whole life looking."

Ole's gaze met mine, and my heart beat faster.

He licked his lips, and I wanted nothing more than to taste them. How would they feel on mine?

Ole cupped my cheek and leaned in towards me. Our lips met, and I closed my eyes to savor the softness before they parted to welcome my tongue. The lazy exploration

was nothing like the intense fucking we'd done until now. And yet, it felt more meaningful than all the other things combined. Ole moaned, and the alpha in me beat his chest in triumph. We deepened the kiss, and I lost myself in the languorous trip to a world where everything was right, and Ole was safe in my arms.

A loud buzz startled us apart.

The red light above the door turned green.

"We can leave," I said. "Fuck. I need to talk to Snake." Wake up from the stupor. Think. I sat up and scrambled to get dressed with record speed. "I have an idea. Will you play along?"

"Sure. But—"

"I won't give you back." I cupped Ole's face. "I already promised you this." I kissed his forehead.

"You better not. I can't—" Ole's lips trembled, and a shiver ran through him. "I don't want to be sold again."

After Reena, I vowed to never make promises I wasn't sure I could keep. But tonight, I'd die trying.

"You won't be. Trust me. Please."

Ole nodded.

After gathering several blankets from a pile on a corner lounge, I wrapped my omega tight. "This way, they won't see that you're not bound. Pretend you're asleep. I'll carry you."

Ole closed his eyes and rested his head on my shoulder. His scent invaded my nose. Clean sweat, his slick, and my cum. The perfect combination.

You're mine, and I'll never let you go. My alpha instincts were roaring loudly despite having already bred him. I wanted to hug him until I smelled like him.

For now, I had to act. I pressed the button on the wall with my elbow, and the heavy, iron door hissed open.

As expected, Snake had left his room, and I spotted him shaking hands with several alphas in the common area. He looked over several omegas barely standing on their feet, then waved for his lackeys to take them away.

I clutched Ole closer to my chest and caught Snake's gaze.

He excused himself and approached me, his handsome face marred with a cruel expression on it. "This one's mine too."

Fuck, I hope Yola was still waiting for me. I could have reception on my watch now, but I had no way to tap it to alert her.

"I'll pay you for him. Let's discuss the price outside, in the fresh air. He was so feisty I need to own him for more than tonight." I put on the most leery expression I could muster.

"He won't be cheap." Snake sniggered but followed me through a narrow staircase up and onto the morning sun.

"I know. But I have cash in my car." I indicated the white SUV with an upnod. No sign of Yola. Not good.

Snake raked his gaze over me. “What’s your offer?” His smirk turned slack right before his body spasmed. He fell on the ground, flailing like a fish, and revealed Yola lowering her stun gun behind him. Right next to the building, two burly bouncers lay unconscious in the bushes.

“Way to go, Yola.” I grinned at her, but she only nodded and raked her hand through her short black hair.

“Help me load him up.” She nudged Snake with her boot and spat on the ground by his head.

Ole wiggled out of my grasp, stood up, and tightened the blanket around his waist. His shoulders rose and fell with deep breaths, and then he kicked Snake in the ribs with a grunt.

He took the man’s other foot and looked between Yola and me. “Are we loading him or not?”

“One second.” I lifted a finger to Yola and turned to my Ole. “Where do you want me to take you?”

His lip trembled, but he thrust his chin up. “I have nowhere to go. So just drop me somewhere on your way. I’ll be fine.”

“If that’s your choice. But you can come with me. To my house.”

He stiffened, looking around.

A tear rolled down his cheek, but he swiped it with the back of his hand. “Yeah. You’re my best chance at survival.”

“I won’t hurt you, you know this, Ole. I may let you down, though.”

“You’re not so bad for an alpha, Eldin.” Ole pecked my cheek, sending a rush of warmth to my chest.

“Yo, guys!” Yola whisper-shouted, then pointed at Ole. “I like you, so I’ll tell you that Eldin here is a good guy, and if he gives you shit, I’ll help you beat his ass. But now—” She nodded at me and the unconscious trash on the floor. “Hurry up, Eldin.” She smirked. “Revenge is waiting to be served.”

“Fuck yeah,” Ole said and grunted as we picked up Snake.

After gagging and tying him in the trunk, we climbed into the car with Yola behind the wheel and me at the back, holding Ole close.

The scent of his hair and the warmth of his body next to mine soothed me with the knowledge that he was safe. My chest expanded with deep breaths as I vowed that I’d give my life to keep him from danger and make sure he’d be happy. Hopefully, he’d let me stay in his life.

With the sun behind us, we drove towards revenge and a better future.

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A year had passed since we handed Snake to families who wanted revenge. We hadn't witnessed his heart stopping, but we stayed long enough to know he'd never stand up and leave that place, much less hurt or kidnap anyone.

After a month of Ole living with me, he'd come out of his shell, smiling more and willing to explore the premises. I'd sold my big house, and we picked a smaller one together, one that we made our home. We didn't need staff to help much, just a housekeeper visiting from time to time when we were away.

Ole insisted on helping me track down scum, but I agreed to take him only when there was no way he could get hurt. Every fiber of my being screamed mine and protect, but I refused to lock him in a cage, even if it was made of gold.

He trained intensely with weapons and we practiced martial arts together, the workouts leading to sex on the grass in our garden or the mats in the gym room. As much as it pained me to put him in any danger, having him next to me gave me the will to help more omegas like him, and catch more Alphas abusing their power. Ole had the natural gift of calming the omegas we saved, soothing them and making them feel safe in his presence much more than me or even Yola ever could. We'd created a solid team and Ole was now a crucial part of it.

Today marked a year from the night we'd met and six months since we exchanged a mating bite. I'd spent the day preparing a meal worth the love of my life, using the vegetables that Ole had grown in our garden. He could buy anything he wanted, but he'd chosen to do it, saying he might as well turn his farming skills into something for his own advantage.

I set the table and returned to the kitchen to take the roast out of the oven. Ole's favorite cheesecake was already cooling in the fridge. He'd been gone just a few hours, but my entire being was missing him as if he'd taken a part of me with him. Which was exactly the case. He was my world, and he owned my heart. But if he insisted on going somewhere alone, no matter how much I worried, I let him go, then waited like a dog for him to return to me. And he always did.

The door burst open, and the wind brought the scent of summer, the freshly bloomed wisteria, and Ole. My Oleander.

I fucked him often enough for him to carry my smell, even if he'd been gone for hours. He was mine, and I was his.

Ole jumped into my arms so quickly I was glad of my fast reflexes. He loved keeping me on my toes. I cupped his pert ass in my hands and kissed the smile on his lips. Carrying him outside, I welcomed the quiet and privacy of our garden that held memories of our impromptu picnics and star gazing. Ole's hair was lighter from his time in the sun, his complexion healthy, his smile reaching his eyes.

I loved seeing him so happy. I loved him.

"What took you so long?" I teased and squeezed his ass.

He woodpeckered kisses all over my face, then slid to the ground. "I have a surprise for you." He bit his lip and handed me a small box from one of the shopping bags he'd set on the patio. "Happy anniversary." He rocked back on his heels, watching me handle the package as if it was a bomb about to go off.

I held my breath unfurling the ribbon. Please let it not be matching rings or it would ruin the proposal I've been planning for months.

Nope.

Inside lay an ultrasound print. I looked at him, then back at the picture.

Could it be? My fingers shook, and I nearly dropped it.

“Whoa! Are you okay? You’ve gone pale.” Ole’s gaze filled with worry. “Hey, baby.”

His hands on my face grounded me, and I took a ragged breath.

“Is this what I think it is?” My voice came out small as I took Ole’s hand in mine.

“I’ve just been to the doctor to confirm.” His smile was tentative.

I chuckled, my emotions all over the place. “I thought you went lingerie shopping.”

“A little white lie.”

“So are you...” I didn’t want to say it in case this wasn’t the moment when the last of all my dreams came true.

“I’m pregnant. We’re having twins.”

My heart jumped with joy and I took Ole into my arms and twirled him like he wasn’t made of pure muscle.

We kissed deep and slow until Ole giggled and pushed me away. Still holding his hand, I kneeled right there, on the patio, surrounded by the flowers we planted ourselves.

“I can’t beat your anniversary gift, but I hope you’ll accept mine.” I retrieved the ring box from my pocket and presented it to the one person who made my life worth living.

The beaming smile and the tears streaming down Ole's face as he kneeled to kiss me became a memory I would cherish for the rest of my life.

THE END

Thank you for reading!