



Absolutely
KNOT

VIOLET FOX

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Foreword

Absolutely Knot is a contemporary omegaverse that takes place in an alternate world where all characters exhibit animal like traits. Therefore, there will be no shifting in this series.

This book should only be read by mature readers as there will be knotting, bite marks, heats, stripping, MM and MMFM, and mentions of past abuse.

CHAPTER 1

Ravyn

Female voices fill the back room of the strip club as I work at my station, applying my makeup. Their artificial scents create a potent cloud of perfume in the air. I try my hardest not to gag, but I can't let them get to me. I need to focus.

I'm aiming for a sexy cat-eye look tonight, but water threatens to leak from my eyes, ruining all my hard work.

The strippers at the club are all beta, yet they pretend to be omega to appeal to our clientele. Many of the club patrons are alphas, and alphas *love* their omegas.

Several girls laugh amongst themselves, and I bite the inside of my cheek, a part of me wishing that I could be over there with them. After all, I am not like the other strippers at this club. My scent isn't artificial.

That's because I'm an omega. An omega who is pretending to be a beta who's pretending to be an omega.

It reeks of irony.

No one knows my dirty little secret. Not even my manager or my colleagues. My journey started six years ago at the tender age of sixteen, back when I manifested as an omega. My life has been nothing but hell from day one. I was just a kid. I had no idea of the horrors that awaited me.

Thank God I managed to survive. Thank God I got to see the other side of twenty. Not all omegas are so lucky.

I'm twenty-two years of age now. A *seasoned* omega. Except I haven't had a heat all year. Not since I started taking hormone suppressants.

They're not cheap, which is why I have to put in the extra work at the club just to get those tips. And I get a *lot* of tips. Sometimes even without trying.

While I may be good at hiding my designation, there's still no denying my true nature. I'm small with large hazel eyes and shiny, waist-length brown hair, and as a result, I'm not very popular with the other strippers.

They fucking *hate* me.

Martina, the leader of the club's resident mean girls, despises every fiber of my being, and that is why she tries to sabotage me at every turn. Unfortunately for *Martini*, the manager adores me. Why wouldn't he? He's an alpha, and I'm an omega. We go together like bread and butter.

Yet here's the real plot twist. I *hate* alphas with a capital H and don't even get me started on their knots!

Absolutely knot. No way. Hell will freeze before I ever take an alpha's knot.

I already escaped one prison; I will not be condemned to another life of slavery.

That's all we omegas are to these alphas—a bunch of baby-making machines. Omegas are the only designation that can give them pure-blooded alpha children, so naturally, they gravitate to us.

The other strippers whisper behind my back, and I roll my eyes for the millionth time. It's like I hopped into a time machine and went back to high school.

Grow. The. Fuck. Up.

“Look at her. She's so *full* of herself...”

That was Emma. A nasally bitch with dishwater blonde hair. She only whispers about me because she feels bad about herself, but Emma's not wrong. I do think I'm hot.

What's the big deal? There's nothing wrong with a woman loving herself. Why is she so threatened?

I peer behind my shoulder at those three bitches. Martina went a little overboard on the fake tan tonight. She looks like an Oompa Loompa. Then there's Rachael with her oversized eyelashes. She looks like a giraffe.

I meet Emma's watery eyes. “What's wrong, Emma? You worried about that zit on your forehead?”

Emma's mouth drops to the floor, and I throw my head back and laugh like the Wicked Witch of the West. Did I forget to mention that I'm a complete savage? Well, only to those who piss me off.

You bite me, and I will bite you back twice as hard.

You have to be that way in this miserable life. It's a cold, cruel world, especially if you're an omega.

Emma jumps off her stool and peers into a mirror. I lied to her. She didn't really have a zit; I was just messing with her. The beta grinds her teeth, tossing me an evil look. She glances at Martina.

"Well, do something about her."

Martina's eyes flash before she climbs down off her stool, coming toward me. Her bland scent fills my nostrils when she reaches my station. She smells just like a ream of paper when it comes out of the printer. Fresh and warm.

Boring.

My natural scent is cinnamon. It's faint because of all the scent blockers that I've been using the last several months, but even just a hint of my perfume is enough to drive alphas crazy.

The artificial scents that the other strippers wear could never compare to a real omega's perfume.

Martina lowers her head since she's so tall. What a shame. Alphas prefer their ladies short. They want a little doll that they can cradle, not some Amazonian that rivals their strength.

In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if Martina was a secret alpha. She has the muscles and the dominating streak, and I wonder.

“Watch it, *whore*. You may be the star around here, but someday I will push you off that shiny pedestal. You won't always be Steve's favorite.”

She's standing so close to me now that I can smell her breath. I think about making a comment on it. While she could do with a mint, it's not enough to make me stick a spoon in my mouth and gag.

Plus, I'm getting really strong alpha vibes from her. That warm ream of paper is turning into two-week-old cardboard left out in the rain. She's definitely trying to dominate me. She even flares her nostrils, breathing in my scent.

I meet Martina's bloodshot eyes. It appears she is on some type of hormone suppressant, and maybe she is an alpha.

I snort, grabbing my lip liner as I try to play it cool. I accentuate my Cupid's bow, making sure my mouth pops. Then I smack my lips together and smirk at my reflection.

“Yeah, let me know how that pans out for you, *Martini*.”

Martina growls and I seize up at the sound. “It's Martina, *whore*.”

I'm still frozen by her alpha growl. My heart won't stop pounding in fear as I gulp, trying to get my bearings.

Just be snarky.

“Whatever. Now get out of my face. Your breath is melting off my eyebrows.”

I can almost hear her teeth snapping from my insult. Maybe I took it too far.

I used to insult the alphas back at the Omega Correction Compound, which was why they tried to have me killed in the end.

Surprise, surprise, I could not be tamed. I made shivs out of household items and then sold them to the other inmates.

I wish I had a shiv right now. My lip liner looks a little sharp. Should I stab Martina in the eye?

She leans closer to whisper into my ear, rubbing her rotten cardboard stench all over me. Now I have no doubt in my mind that she’s an alpha; she just scent-marked me.

“Don’t look so smug. I will have you out of this club before the night’s over. You watch.”

Finally, she whirls away, grabbing Rachael and Emma on her way out the door. We’re about to go on stage.

My heart won’t stop thumping. I didn’t like that threat at all. Martina actually looked as if she meant it this time. I can’t let her get to me. She’s just trying to throw me off so I perform poorly tonight.

In her wildest dreams.

Flicking back my long sheet of brown hair, I check myself out in the mirror and wink. I wear a metallic gold bra and

panties tonight. I even applied a slight bit of golden body shimmer to my skin, and now I shine like a star.

I'm going to knock them dead.

I wait behind the red velvet curtain backstage.

Martina, Rachael, and Emma have just left the stage. The three bumbling stooges barely got any whoops, and I think I even heard one alpha yawning.

They try so hard. They really do. But an alpha will always be drawn to an omega.

It's just the way it is. Basic biology.

As they pass me on the way out, Emma nudges my shoulder. She cackles along with Rachael, and her fake coconut perfume catches me off guard.

I fight off the unwanted memory. While it may be a poor substitute, Emma's artificial coconut still makes me think of an old friend.

Dove.

Shit. Now is not the time to be thinking about her. I had to leave my best friend back at the compound. There was only room for one in the tunnel, and the guards had already sounded the alarms.

Dove told me to go. She said we would meet again, and I have to hold on to hope. That omega was stronger than she realized. I know she can survive. She was not only strong and beautiful, but kind, too. Unlike like me, a snark and a bit of a bully.

Poor Emma's still recovering from my zit remark, and I didn't fail to see the blotches of concealer on her face.

"Now, give it up for Buttercup!"

Buttercup. That's my stripper name, and the moment Steve announces me on stage, the crowd goes wild.

I take a deep breath, giving myself a minute as I try to maintain my calm. It's a good thing I took some pills earlier. The moment the curtain opens, I will be hit with a wave of alpha pheromones, and there have been times when I've almost lost my composure. Once, I gave an alpha a lap dance. His knot bumped my pussy, and all I wanted to do was rip off his clothes and impale myself on his dick to the delight of the crowd.

I'd have given myself away for sure the moment he filled me with his knot.

If I so much as forget to take my pills, then I'm done. My heat will come back with vengeance, and there's no telling what I would do.

Luckily for me, I can just about handle the horny hormones. It's the cramps I can't deal with.

Thankfully, I managed to escape the compound before my first heat, and the moment it finally hit, I was incapacitated for days. I thought I was going to die.

Yep. Not exactly the romance story of the century. Instead of a nest, I spent my first heat buried in the mud. I had no alphas to relieve the pain; only the freezing cold mud. I always wonder what it would be like to have a bunch of doting alphas that love and worship you.

But Alphas like that don't exist. They only do in fairy tales.

"I said, let's give it up for Buttercup!"

Steve's impatient tone makes me jump, and there's no missing his growl over the speakers. I had been stalling for time. Not good. I can't afford to draw any suspicions.

Steve will be on to me otherwise.

Well, time to get this show on the road.

Finally, I push the curtains aside, sauntering up to the pole in a pair of giant platform heels. The crowd roars the moment I make my grand entrance, and their scents are extra strong tonight. I tune them out, focusing on my dance. I'm the best dancer here after all. The other strippers make pole dancing look so cheap, while I turn it into an art form.

I hook my leg around the pole and spin, and the whole room disappears. Now it's just me and Fred.

That's the pole's name. Fred and I go *way* back.

I shimmy up the pole, hanging upside down so I can show the crowd my signature move. I spread my legs, and the crowd roars, throwing paper notes onto the stage. I hear growling, and then a fight breaks out.

Thank the heavens Steve has a no-touching policy at the club. Yet that doesn't stop the patrons from groping my ass from time to time.

Still, the idea of all their knots *excites* me tonight.

I catch a strong scent of cinnamon next, opening my eyes.

Shit. That wasn't my perfume just now, was it? I do feel pretty hot tonight, and I'm producing a generous amount of slick.

It may be best to forgo the signature move. The moment they see my dripping thighs, I'm done for.

Honestly, I don't even know how I managed to hide my identity for so long. My body just *screams* omega, even with all the scent blockers. I am petite in every way, even all the way down to my itty-bitty toes.

The stage is covered in green notes, and it won't be long until I can get my ass out of here. I almost have enough to start a life elsewhere.

I slide back down the pole, and the blood whooshes through my head the moment my platform heels touch the stage. The crowd cheers and whistles as I press my forehead to the pole, and the cool surface feels good on my skin.

You always know how to make me feel good, Fred...

I'm burning up, plus I'm sweating like a pig. Also, I smell like a bakery. That's not good.

It makes no sense. I took my pills; I dowsed myself in scent blocker. So why do I smell like a cinnamon bun?

That's when my nose picks up on the scent. I flare my nostrils, zeroing in on the crowd. That fresh glacier scent is so distinctive from the rest. There's no mistaking it. It's like they're calling to me somehow.

I open my eyes, meeting my gaze inside the pole. Holy shit. My pupils have blown. Sweat drips down my face as desire thumps between my legs, and what the *hell* is going on with me?

That alpha's scent is so strong now. It's the only thing I can smell.

I turn my gaze onto the crowd, and that's when I see him. A living angel in the flesh.

There's no missing his ice-blue eyes and his slicked-back blond hair, and I swear the room spins again.

Only one word rings through my head.

Alpha.

CHAPTER 2

Killian

The whole room stops the moment Buttercup fixes her sweet doe eyes on me. Seriously, I'm rather impressed. Even from all the way at the back of the room, she can smell me, and what can I say? I have a certain power, I guess.

I know exactly what she is. There's no hiding it from me. Buttercup is an omega, but she doesn't want anyone to know her secret.

She could be sentenced to death if anyone found out that she was lying about her designation. Most of the other alphas here have realized what she is too, only subconsciously.

Their bodies are reacting to her. I spotted the slick dripping down her thighs earlier when she spread those delectable legs at the top of the pole and that was when the fight broke out.

Yet I never took my eyes off her the whole time. It's like she has cast a spell on me, and now we're the only two people left in the room.

I have to make her *mine*.

Buttercup climbs down the stage to walk amongst the crowd, and that single move alone is suicide. She's pretty much entering a nest of vipers, yet she's determined to come to me.

Her alpha.

It's like the stuff of fairy tales as she slowly makes her way through the excited crowd. Several alphas grope her ass, and another even slips a twenty-dollar bill into her bra, yet they stop the moment they see who has caught her eye, and good. They know their place.

No one fucks with Killian Whitefang. I own this city, and they know it. I even own the manager of this fine establishment.

He failed to pay back the money he loaned from me for his herpes treatment six months ago, and I'm just here to collect my down payment.

One way or other, he owes me.

Buttercup reaches my side, and her cinnamon perfume catches me off guard. It's not strong, but it's just enough to make my pants grow that little bit tighter.

It looks like my knot has swollen.

The omega straddles my lap, and the moment her hot, damp pussy brushes my knot, I freeze.

It doesn't take a lot to stun me, but fuck...

Her feline eyes glitter beneath the strobe lights as she knows exactly what she's doing to me, and then she moves her hips and thrusts. *Hard.*

Lights spark in the corners of my eyes as she dry humps my knot to the delight of an eager crowd, and they all cheer her on. It seems to give her the motivation she needs as she continues to roll her hips.

Only one word growls in my head.

Mine...

I have to rut her. One way or other.

The only thing stopping me is that I will give her little secret away. Sure, one click of my fingers, and I could order every patron's death in this club in seconds.

Somehow, I like that I have this leverage on her. I'm the head of the Whitefang Pack for a reason, and the Whitefangs like to play dirty. That's why we own this city.

Still, she holds a certain power over me, and one day I know she's going to ruin me and the reputation I have built over the past ten years.

I'm a trained assassin since childhood. I'm a fucking monster, yet this tiny omega already has me wrapped around her little finger.

I have to put a stop to that.

Once again, she thrusts, curling her fingers through my thick blond hair as she presses her nose to my mine. Now we

breathe as one as she works those perfect hips, driving me to the fucking brink.

I run my hands down her smooth curves, stopping at her rounded hips. Then I crush her bones with my fingers, and she moans into my mouth. I nip her lip, making her squeak as I push my knot into her.

Buttercup's breath hitches. Then her pupils blow out when she finally gets a taste of my swollen knot. She starts gasping for air and she's a fucking goddess. Her body shines bright gold beneath the lights of the bar, and sweet Jesus... What a beauty.

Sweat masks her face, and it looks like she wants my knot. Someday, I will give her exactly what she wants. After all, I've already set my sights on her.

And I always get what I want.

Buttercup is *mine*.

Now it's my turn to tease her. I unzip my pants, pressing my bulging cock to her pussy, and it looks as if she's about to cave. Only a thin sheath of fabric keeps us apart now. Maybe I should tear off those golden panties and throw them into the crowd. They're soaked with her slick, and a fight would break out for sure.

But her panties belong to me. *She* belongs to me.

No other alpha will have her ever again.

Fuck Steve. I think I finally found a way he can pay me back the money he owes me.

Her heart pounds through her chest as she closes her eyes, envisioning herself on my cock. I know I'm picturing it too.

Again, I wrap my hands around her tight ass, squeezing her fat cheeks as she moans.

She will never escape my clutches again.

I lean closer to whisper into her ear, marking her with my scent when our cheeks brush. "You made the biggest mistake of your life coming to me, Buttercup. Now you are *mine*..."

Her eyes snap open, and there's no missing her fire. It turns out Buttercup is a little hell-raiser indeed. She presses her lips into a line, then shoves herself off me by pressing her palms to my pecs. She even digs her claws in and ouch. Harsh much?

She storms back toward the stage. I never take my eyes off her the whole time. My fingernails have left dents on her ass cheeks, and there's no denying who she belongs to now.

From this day onward, Buttercup will now be property of the Whitefang Pack.

CHAPTER 3

Ravyn

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

What was I thinking going to that alpha? And why did I dry hump him in front of the whole bar?

This isn't good. I can't screw this up. Not when I'm so close to getting my ass out of here.

I gave myself a goal, and that was to live the rest of my life alone in the woods. Alone and *without* alphas.

I've had quite enough of alphas these past six years, thank you. They all act as if they own my body, and fuck them.

I will *not* become some alpha's sex slave. And I will *not* become some baby-making machine either. I don't even know why people find babies so cute. They're creepy, and the way they just *stare* at you.

Seriously, chubby cheeks, do I have a TV on my head or something? Stop looking at me!

I'm not thinking straight. My mind is still reeling from before.

That beautiful, blond alpha pressed his knot to my pussy, and it felt so right. I swear my soul was flying over the clouds for a moment. I was that fucking high on hormones, and I am so pathetic.

It doesn't add up. I took my pills. I shouldn't be so horny. My skin has that gross, sticky feel that I get when I'm in heat, and I am in serious need of a cold shower.

I just want to scrub that alpha's scent off my skin. His hands were all over me, feeling every contour of my flesh, and I just can't.

Normally, I cringe at the thought of an alpha's touch, but it was different with that one.

It makes no sense.

My perfume is spiking, and I don't understand.

Martina, Emma, and Rachael laugh when I return to the dressing room, and I finally snap. "What the fuck is so goddamn funny?"

Emma and Rachael smirk. Martina's lips pull back to show her teeth, and a shiver runs from my tailbone to my brain.

The three of them cackle like witches again, and this is pathetic. I'm going to my room.

It's where I live, after all. I have the best suite in the house. Since I bring in a lot of cash for the club, Steve offers me a

bed. Sure, I still have to give him head every now and again, but I think it's a pretty fair arrangement.

Yeah, in *hell*.

I have to get away. Steve is a slimeball. He abuses and mistreats the strippers, and I know for a fact he would sell me to the devil if it so much as saved his gross pig hide.

Maybe I have enough to escape tonight. I keep a wad of cash beneath the floorboards under my bed.

Rushing to my room, I lock it behind me as I calm my pounding heart. Then I head toward the bed, gathering my money.

I'm still a little short, but maybe I can just get by. I can handle the consequences. It has to be better than what Martina and Steve have in store for me.

I did not like the look on my fellow stripper's face earlier one bit. That bitch is dark, and she knows how to play dirty.

Grabbing my suitcase, I start shoving the few meager possessions I own inside. I don't have much in the way of belongings.

My parents sold me to the OCC the moment I manifested, and I haven't heard from them since.

Honestly, Dove was all the family I ever had, and Lark too. She was our other cellmate. I never got on with her as much, but I still miss her at times.

She was the best omega of us all. I bet she's entertaining billionaires right now. I bet she even has herself a pack.

It doesn't take me long to gather my things. I still wear the golden bra and panties beneath a long trench coat, which I'll button up later when I'm safe.

I could still do with a shower, but that will have to wait. There's just one more thing I need before I leave.

I head over to my vanity, yanking open the top drawer. My pills. These sweet babies have saved my life dozens of times. Without them, I would have been discovered long ago.

I probably would have already been dead by now.

It's a crime to lie about one's designation, especially if you're an omega. Martina's punishment won't be so severe. She's an alpha in the end.

I don't even know why she pretends to be beta. She already has it made.

She may struggle to find a partner since male omegas are rare, but she doesn't even need to be in this dump. Why the hell was she ever jealous of me?

I pluck up a pill and pop it into my mouth, and its strong, acidic taste coats my tongue. I didn't even bother with water.

I took a pill this morning too. Two a day, my dealer had said. Yet why am I perfuming? Why did I dry hump that alpha like a horny dog?

It's like my body is craving knots and shit...

I recheck the container and my heart plummets to the deepest, darkest depths of my stomach.

These are not hormone suppressants. These are hormone stimulants!

My hand shakes. Who switched my pills?

Martina's warning echoes back to me. "*You'll see...*"

That bitch. She stole my pills and replaced them with hormone stimulants! No wonder I was sweating like a pig on that pole.

I knew something was wrong the moment I walked onto that stage, and why didn't I see the signs?

My heart thumps in my ears as I hold on to the edges of my vanity, gazing at my swollen pupils in the mirror.

All I can think about is finding that blond alpha again and impaling myself on his mammoth-sized cock. I'm worse than a bitch in heat.

Shit. *Heat.*

I am going into pre-heat.

The cramps begin. I double over, grabbing a hold of my stomach. They're only just the beginning, though. A warm-up.

When my real heat begins, I won't even be able to stand on my own two feet. The first cramp will hit like a wave, and before I know it I'll be drowning in a sea of burning, white-hot pain.

Yet the pain has nothing on the emptiness—that bleak, echoing abyss that lives rent free inside me whenever my heat arrives.

All I need is a big, fat knot, and the pain and the hollowness will go away. But I refuse. If I can survive my first heat alone in the mud, then I can survive this.

This heat will be awful. After all, it's artificial and brought on by drugs. Plus, I've been taking hormone suppressants all year, popping pills into my mouth like it's the 1990s, and I have to get away.

I cannot stay here while I am vulnerable. The pain is enough to incapacitate an omega for days.

I will be like a dying buffalo in the desert, surrounded by vultures. Except these vultures won't even wait until I'm dead before they swoop in.

Time for Buttercup to get her ass out of here.

Gripping my suitcase, I make a beeline for the door. Unfortunately, I forgot to fasten the latch, and now my belongings scatter all over the floor.

“Fuck!”

I drop to my knees to gather my possessions. Someone bangs at the door, and my body freezes. My mouth dries up when I catch the scent of burnt toast.

It's Steve.

“Buttercup. Open up.”

I never gave him my real name. I thought it best to hide my true identity as much as possible.

The door bangs again, and I scoop up my things, throwing them haphazardly into the suitcase. Then I fasten the latch *properly*.

Maybe I can swoop beneath his legs and find the fire exit. Then I can hop onto a bus at the nearest station and vanish.

My first heat may have been unbearable, but there was something quite liberating about lying in the mud like some ancient swamp queen as I slowly came to accept my fate.

I am alone in this world. And no alpha will ever come and rescue me.

I accepted that fact long ago.

The smell of burnt toast grows stronger on the other side of the door, and I gag. Just picture blackened toast when it's left in the toaster for too long. That's Steve, and not even *butter* could sweeten up that train wreck.

His burnt toast odor grows stronger and more metallic when he's pissed, and that's my signal to leave.

Jumping back to my feet, I kick off my platform heels, deciding to go barefoot. I need all the speed I can muster, and I am pretty fast.

I'm Speedy Gonzales. Here one moment and gone the next. Sure, I will get glass in the soles of my feet, but beggars can't be choosers.

“Buttercup?”

Time to open the door.

I step closer, gripping the handle. Then I count to three. When I reach number three, I yank on the door, whizzing past the alpha who smells like shit on toast.

“Hey! Get back here!”

I don’t bother looking back. My number one goal is to find the fire door that leads onto the side street. Then I will find the main road and rush through the throngs toward the bus station.

Freedom will be mine.

From this day onward, I will spend my heats alone in the mud with nothing but *frogs* to keep me company.

I don’t even make it to the fire exit. Something hits me hard at the back of my skull, and I roll several feet across the floor.

Whoever they were, they knocked me out good. The hallway spins and the sniggering, evil voices that hover around me next seem to come from afar.

Finally, I glance up at those three vultures.

Well, well, if it isn’t Martini and her sidekicks.

My vision tunnels. Darkness creeps in at the edges as I slowly lose focus, and I bet they’re loving the show.

Now all I hear is the sound of my raging heart as it pumps the blood through my veins. I swear it even jumps out of my chest, and those hormone stimulants have really screwed with my anatomy.

One day, I will get her back.

Martina raises her fist, and I lie there helplessly as she swings it toward my face, shattering me to pieces.

It looks like my secret is finally out. Everyone knows I'm an omega.

I hope they give me a quick execution.

CHAPTER 4

Ravyn

It feels like I'm floating on air as I slowly come back to the world of the living, and fuck. I didn't die after all.

I don't mean to sound so morbid, but dying in my sleep would have been far more preferable to whatever horrors the government has in store for me next.

They may even torture me, and my heart thumps against the hard, lumpy surface that I'm lying on. It smells of semen and cigarettes, and I know that smell.

That's Steve's couch.

I open my eyes, wincing at a harsh overhead light. My head is pounding, and I feel as if I have just woken from the worst hangover.

At least my cramps have subsided. Well, for the time being. My body has focused all of its energy on healing me now, but I know the cramps will return with vengeance.

That's what I get for trying to hide my true nature, and I bet Mother Nature is pissed. She's going to make me pay.

As if to punctuate my point, my stomach pinches, and then my ovaries feel as if they're going to explode.

I have no idea when my heat will hit now, and that just makes it ten times worse. It could be tomorrow or in the next few seconds.

I try moving my arms, but they're tied behind my back. So I try my legs, but they've been restrained too.

Well, it looks like I'm trapped. There's no escaping this place now. I flop down onto the disgusting pea-green couch of Steve's office, and I should have known he would have brought me here.

It's where he brings all his girls when he wants a good time.

I know exactly what he plans to do with me, and the taste of vomit lingers at the back of my throat when I envision him being the first to knot me.

I'm a knot virgin. While I've had all kinds of other dicks, I have never taken an alpha's knot.

Damn, has Steve cranked up the heating or what? I'm sweating all over. I can't even slip my coat off because he tied my hands behind my back. I'm still covered in body shimmer, and I feel so dirty.

Voices echo down the hall, and I freeze. They're hard to make out at first, but there's no denying the smooth, icy lilt, and the cramps ease somewhat when I recognize his baritone.

It's my alpha from the bar. Why is he heading towards Steve's office?

“I swear, Mr. Whitefang, the omega is in top condition.”

It's like someone squeezes my heart. Steve knows I'm an omega now. I suppose it's pretty obvious, no thanks to Martina, but it still chills me to the core to hear the words from his thin, cracked lips.

“I'll take your word for it, *Steven*.”

Again, the alpha's voice soothes me, and my body relaxes the closer he gets to the door. Hell knows why. He's an alpha, and all alphas are dangerous. Yet why do I feel so drawn to that one?

I may be attracted to him, but I can't let my omega hormones get the better of me. It's not me, after all. It's the drugs Martini snuck into my room.

Finally, the two alphas enter the office, and I close my eyes, pretending to be asleep. Just play possum. Maybe then they will see that I'm already dead and just go away.

The blond alpha stops beside me, and I get a whiff of his fresh, glacier scent with a hint of peppermint.

There's no missing his sharp inhale as he takes in my perfume. A low growl rumbles in his chest, and slick drips from my pussy.

I have never had this kind of reaction around an alpha before.

“See, Mr. Whitefang? In top condition,” comes the sly voice of my manager, and I can just picture his smirking lips as he

leans against the wall. His lips are vile, and he has a cold-sore tonight.

That's herpes of the mouth.

"Who gave her the shiner?"

Ice trickles through my veins when I hear the deadly tone in the new alpha's voice, and I continue being a cute, cuddly possum.

I would not want to be at the receiving end of that alpha's wrath.

Steve stammers, and there's no stopping the smirk that crosses my own face when I scent his fear. Now he smells of moldy toast as he stumbles, trying to find the best words to appease the alpha, and it appears this Whitefang guy is some kind of bigshot. I still remember the way the crowd parted when I set my sights on him.

They didn't come anywhere near me after that.

It seems he has some sway in this city. I've only been living here for six months, so I have much to learn, but I bet there's a hierarchy of some kind where all the packs are concerned.

It was the same at the compound. Omegas are pretty submissive by nature, but when you band us together, we form a society. We had our mean girls who were at the top, and they always picked on Dove since she was the sweet and docile one. They eventually stopped though after I taught her a few fighting techniques.

Steve finally finds his voice. “Um... well... you... you see... the... the omega tried to escape, so I sent one of my girls after her and...”

“Bring her in. I want to see the face of the bitch who hurt my omega.”

Hold the phone. *His* omega? That’s it. I have to say something. This guy is dreaming if he thinks I belong to him.

I am no one’s omega.

Steve sighs in relief when he realizes he’s no longer in trouble, and then he proceeds to call Martina.

Now this I have to open my eyes for.

I want to see that Amazonian bitch get what she deserves. I may not be willing to be his omega, but I’ll happily watch as he destroys my enemies.

The idea turns me on, and there’s no denying the desire that drips from pussy.

Finally, the door to Steve’s office opens, and Martini’s bland paper scent fills the room.

When she got angry earlier, that bland paper turned into rotten cardboard, and she really is pathetic.

There’s no missing the metallic tang of fear now as she stands before the alpha. I open my eyes, smirking when I spy the terror on her orange Oompa Loompa face.

“So, *you’re* the one...”

Whitefang stops before her. He's only several inches taller than she is, and there's no mistaking her designation now.

Martina is an alpha through and through.

Her throat works up and down as she swallows audibly, keeping her gaze to the right as she refrains from looking directly into the alpha's eyes. It's something all alphas do when they come face to face with someone dominant. "Y-yes, sir..."

Whitefang sniffs, and a look of total disgust takes over his face. "You're an alpha."

Steve makes a sound of bemusement. "Wait... alpha? No, she's—"

"I wasn't talking to you, Steven. Know your place."

Steve stops, and I spy the ire in his eyes as he glares at Martina. Male alphas have a natural aversion toward female alphas. They just don't know how to handle a female with the same level of dominance.

That's probably why Martina has been lying about her designation. She wants the attention of an alpha, so pretending to be a beta was her best option.

There's no way she could have pretended to be an omega. Not with those calves.

"I get it," Whitefang finally says. "Since no male alpha would ever look twice at you, you decided to go ahead and fuck up the face of my beautiful omega."

Again. I am *not* his omega, but I'm interested to see what he does.

Martina swallows again. "Th-that's right, sir."

Wow. I never actually expected her to own up to it. I knew she was always jealous of me, but to hear it from her mouth is something else.

So she has decided to give him the truth.

Whitefang sighs, moving his hand down to his pocket. He has his back to me, so I don't see what he's doing, but when I hear the click of a gun, I freeze.

He places the gun by Martina's head, and she screams. Steve ducks behind his desk, but I find my voice, hollering at the top of my lungs. "No!"

The alpha stops, turning slowly to face me. My heart seizes when I spy the glint in his frosted blue eyes, and he's a psychopath.

I don't want him anywhere near me.

"Well, look who's finally awake..."

I glare at him as he still holds the gun to Martina's head, and her eyes find me. She's pleading with me, begging for my forgiveness, and why do I have to be such a big softie deep down?

I hate her guts, but I don't want to see her die.

Somehow, I can relate to her. She tried to hide who she was this whole time, too. As if her designation is something to be

ashamed of.

Female alphas don't have it easy. In order to give birth to an alpha, she has to find herself a male omega.

Yet they're rare.

It sucks.

"Well, well, it looks like my omega has just saved your life."

Martina's whole body shakes as she never takes her eyes off me. They're filled with tears.

It's hard to hate her when she looks like that.

Whitefang puts his gun away. Then he swings his fist around and punches Martina in the face, and she goes out like a light.

I suppose it's better than death.

Whitefang steps toward me. I shuffle back on the couch. "Get away from me."

The alpha stops, arching one of his fair eyebrows. Then he drops to his knees, giving me a full view of his chiseled face.

He takes my breath away. I couldn't see his face properly in the club earlier, but wow. It's as if he was molded by angels. My eyes trace the sculpted line of his jaw. He's an Adonis.

The ancient Greeks would have considered him next to the gods.

And those eyes... so blue. They remind me of icebergs that float along the Arctic Ocean, and a chill shoots up my spine.

He may look like an angel, but I know what he is deep down.

He's a devil in disguise.

"I'm afraid I can't do that, Buttercup. It appears you have cast a spell on me, so I have decided to take you home. Besides, Stevie boy owes me, and, well, I guess you're his bargaining chip."

Bargaining chip?

I scowl at Steve. He still hides behind his desk, and he actually has the gall to look guilty.

I hate him.

"Well, time to get you out of here."

Whitefang tucks his hands beneath me, and I squirm in his hold. No. I am not someone's property. I am a free omega!

"Stop struggling."

The moment he gives the order, I flop in his arms and curse this stupid omega body. It just wants to please the alpha.

He is not my alpha.

Now all I can do is glare at him as he whispers sweet nothings, and I melt in his arms.

I may be pissed right now, but it sure feels nice to be mollycoddled like this. It's new and foreign to me.

"Now sleep. I promise it will all get better from here. I'm going to take good care of you, Buttercup."

Yeah, I'll believe that when I see it.

My eyelids droop, and I soon fall asleep in his arms.
Hopefully, I really will die before I wake this time.

If there's one fate worse than death, then that's being some
alpha's plaything.

I am no one's plaything.

CHAPTER 5

Ted

The boss just sent me a text, and I almost crush the phone in my hand when I see the cryptic message.

He failed to get the money from that shady strip club downtown, and I knew this would happen.

If only I hadn't had other affairs to attend to, I could have gone downtown and collected that money for myself. But it turns out that a lot of people in this city owe us in the end, and the Whitefang Pack really does have its work cut out.

Fionn and Hiroshi are hunting down a guy who failed to pay us on time, but he won't get far. We paid his student tuition fees, yet he decided to pay back our kindness by bailing on us.

That does not sit well with me.

It appears that degree in economics didn't teach him a thing about money and business after all, and I hope Fionn and Hiroshi teach that kid a lesson.

The Whitefang Pack will catch up with him, one way or other. We always catch up with our enemies.

Hiroshi and Fionn are brutal. Even more than me and Hiroshi is a beta. But he's a strong beta, and at times I forget he isn't an alpha.

Even alphas are afraid of him, and I guess that's what happens when you're a Whitefang. People know what you're all about.

I read the rest of Killian's text. He may not have gotten the money, but he says he has something far better, and my curiosity gets the better of me.

I pace back and forth in the living room of our penthouse, worrying my bottom lip. I avoid glancing at my reflection in the mirror above the fireplace. I am no pretty boy, especially with the large scar running down my left eye.

The memory flashes briefly in my mind, and I flinch, covering the white scar. At least the bitch failed to blind me; I know that was her intention.

Still. Her rosemary scent haunts me to this very day, and I refuse to have the herb in the house period.

Anything that so much as reminds me of her can set me on a warpath.

The elevator pings in the corridor, and I peer away from my ugly, scowling mug, standing to attention.

Killian is a smaller alpha than me, but he's still my boss as I show him the respect that a man of his position deserves. After all, he is the founder of Whitefang Industries and the leader of our pack. The rest of us would be lost without his leadership.

Killian knows how to do business. He's the face of our organization while I'm more of an enforcer.

Then there's Fionn and Hiroshi, the torturers.

I wonder if they've already found that student; I wonder if they're torturing him at this very moment.

There's no mistaking my boss's arctic chill as he enters the foyer, walking down the corridor with quick, efficient steps. But I also pick up on cinnamon too, and my nostrils flare.

Hold on... is that an *omega* scent?

My lips curl, an involuntary response on my part, and then I go into defensive mode, donning my signature scowl.

I do not trust omegas at all. Not after what one little omega did to my left eye. I loved her unconditionally, yet she still turned me into a monster.

What was my boss thinking, bringing an omega here? He knows how I feel about members of that designation, right? As far as I'm concerned, they can all stay at the OCC.

But most alphas are crazy for omegas, and I just have to stand back and accept that fact. I may be an exception to that rule, but I've seen alphas lose their shit over an omega; I was *one* of them, after all.

Yet not anymore.

I refuse to lose my head again.

They're masters of manipulation. Just one bat of those long, pretty eyelashes, and we turn into putty. An alpha would do

anything for their omega, and the omegas know it.

That is the real reason the government keeps them caged. Not to control their numbers or their breeding, but to stop them from making a fool out of us alphas. They may be smaller and weaker than us, but once they have us under their spell, we cease to be.

That's what happened to me. I was so convinced that I was in love, but in the end, she only used me. She acted so sweet to my face, but deep down she was plotting the six ways she could stab me in my sleep.

Killian finally enters the living room, and the world stops spinning on its axis the moment my eyes fall on that limp form in his arms.

Long, chocolate-brown hair and smooth, tanned skin, and my heart bangs in my chest.

No. I refuse to go down this path again.

Killian raises his brows when he sees me, and I gather my thoughts, trying to maintain my composure. I can't let him see me weak. After all, I am the muscle of our organization. I am the last face our enemies see before I suck the life from their lungs, and I can't lose focus.

Stay strong. She is not the same omega. That one is long gone now.

Killian sighs. "I will explain later. But... you wouldn't believe what Steve was hiding in that filthy strip club of his."

Steve? Who the *fuck* is Steve?

Oh, yeah. The strip club owner.

I ball my fists when he mentions that disgusting prick, and the thought of that vile alpha touching this beautiful omega makes me want to *punch* something.

We loaned him money so he could get treatment for genital herpes.

I swear, if he tainted her...

I shake my head, and the thoughts jostle around my brain. I'm losing focus again.

Now that she's up close, I see that I wasn't hallucinating after all. She really is breath-taking, even with her eyes closed.

Her features are perfectly formed: elfin nose, full lips, and high-set cheekbones, and my stupid heart betrays me yet again.

Who am I kidding? I may be a big, scary alpha, but I still have a soft spot for omegas deep down. I just want to place her close to my beating heart and hold her forever.

Maybe then I can forget all about the heartless bitch who wronged me.

Killian smirks when he catches the expression on my face, and I shake my head, scowling once more.

I can't let my boss see how weak I am for this omega.

"You like what you see, Ted?"

I grind my teeth, keeping my gaze on the distant skyline of the city. We have huge windows in the penthouse. That way,

we can look down on all our subjects.

We are kings in our own right. This city is ours. Hence why we have the tallest building.

“Of course not, sir. I have no interest in taking a mate. Especially an omega.”

I always speak so formally when I'm in his presence. It's a habit of mine. After all, I used to be his bodyguard in another life.

We first met when he was fifteen, just a year after he was found by the authorities in an abandoned shack with twelve others. All thirteen boys had been missing for the last six years. It turned out they'd all been bought and groomed by the infamous head of ALPHA, Brady Shaw.

He's a piece of shit who trains young alphas to be fucking killers, and I swear... we will get that son of a bitch one day.

My boss doesn't like to show it, but that man still haunts him. He's Killian fucking Whitefang, yet he's afraid of that bastard, but I just want him to know that he has nothing to fear.

He has me. I may not be his bodyguard anymore, but I will still protect him with my life. He's like my brother.

He may have been a kid when I met him, but he could still walk circles around me. In the early days, we would spar, and he would always knock me onto my ass. But what else do you expect from a kid who was raised to be an assassin?

Now he puts those killer qualities to good use. Everyone in the city is shit scared of him.

I may be the enforcer, but Killian is the real brute of our pack.

That poor little omega in his arms has no idea what she has gotten herself into.

I have no idea what happened at the bar. She must have been hiding her designation from the patrons, and for some reason, that does not sit well with me.

While I may claim to hate omegas for what one bitch did to me, I hate the idea of the dark-haired beauty hiding who she is.

No one should have to hide who they are. That's why I stopped wearing the eyepatch to hide my scar.

My scar shows who I am. It shows the battles I have fought and survived. While I despise how it makes me look, I refuse to hide behind a veil.

I shake the preposterous thoughts from my mind.

No. I don't care about the omega.

Killian heads toward his separate suite. He gets to have his own, after all, while the rest of us share.

Not that it bothers me. He earned it. He's the founder of our pack and the true king of this city.

I'm just his loyal bodyguard.

"You can't fool me, Ted. I saw the way you looked at her just now. Just know that I would be willing to share. What's

mine is yours, brother.”

I tighten my lips. I really doubt that omega would be interested in me anyway. Killian and Hiroshi are the pretty boys of our pack. Fionn has a certain Gaelic charm, and although he can be quite the crackpot at times, the girls still love him.

Then there’s me, the brooding asshole with the scar.

Even if I was interested, there’s no way that omega would want me.

And I am perfectly content with that.

CHAPTER 6

Ravyn

I awake to the sound of a running tap, fluttering my eyes open.

Where am I? What happened to the smell of semen and cigarettes? Where's Steve's icky pea-green couch?

Now all I can smell is peppermint. It saturates the puffy bedsheets beneath me as I roll onto my belly, pressing my nose to the soft fabric. It appears I did die and go to heaven after all, because now I'm lying on a big, fluffy cloud that smells of peppermint.

I just want to lie beneath these sheets forever and make a nest.

Nest...

The term is so foreign to me. In all these years since I manifested, I have never once had the chance to build myself a beautiful nest. It's not that I didn't want to; I just didn't have the means of making one.

My parents sold me to the OCC for a big, fat check, and the bastards at the compound only gave us one threadbare sheet and a pillow.

Omegas crave comfort. It's in our DNA to nest build, and I already know what my nest would look like.

Pillows and unicorn plushies (because you can't go wrong with unicorns). Don't forget snacks too and a flat-screen TV.

I never built a nest back at the strip club. If Steve or the other strippers saw my nesting instincts, then I would have been exposed.

But now here I am lying on top of a fluffy marshmallow, and who knew death could be so comfortable.

I'm dead, after all. I have to be. This seems too good to be true.

I just wonder why my cloud smells of peppermint. The scent is all over the bedsheets, and I finally crash back to earth when I remember his chiseled face and frosted blue eyes.

"Someone's comfy..."

My heart cleaves in two at the sound of his deep baritone, and then my eyes snap open. He stands in an open doorway, surrounded by a cloud of hot, billowing steam, and my heart beats faster when I spy that toned physique.

All he wears is a bathrobe, and the blood whooshes through my head, sending my mind into a spiral.

Holy fucking mother of ghost. He's like a deity. There is no way I am going to be able to resist a god like him.

But I have to; I can't let him knot me. I am his prisoner. He bought me from my sleazy boss and I have to get out of here.

I slip off the bed. It's so high. My tiny feet can barely reach the carpeted floor, but the moment my toes sink into the thick fiber, I groan.

No. I can't get distracted. This place may look and feel like heaven, but it is just another hell.

Everywhere I go is hell: the compound, the strip club, and now here.

Has this Whitefang guy taken me to his apartment? The creepy bastard. I'm leaving.

He's a fool if he thinks he can own me.

I walk to the door, and he chuckles. "Where are you going, Buttercup?"

I snap, whirling around. "My name isn't Buttercup!"

Whitefang raises a brow. "No? Then what *is* your name?"

I tighten my lips. As if I will ever share that information. I have to hold onto my real identity. It's all I have left.

This alpha won't take that away from me too. I am my *own* omega; I own my own freedom.

I scoff, heading toward the door. Just as my fingers graze the brass handle, he says, "My name is Killian."

Killian? I'm not surprised he has *kill* in his name after what he tried to do to Martina. That bitch was cruel to me, but she didn't deserve to die just for giving me a shiner.

And why did he even care anyway? I am nothing to him. Just some pretty little omega that he bought from some downtown strip club.

I'm nothing but trash. Disposable.

I look back over my shoulder, grinding my teeth. "I don't care for your fucking name. I'm leaving."

I yank on the door handle, but unfortunately, it's locked. Of course. That's when my eyes land on the window. Should I? If he steps toward me, I will smash my way through the glass and take my chances with the pavement.

According to the skyscrapers outside, we're very high up. But do I really want to die? I don't, really. I actually like living, and I'll be damned if this gorgeous alpha keeps me away from my hermit dream in the woods.

Killian is still standing at the doorway, and I realize that it leads into a luxurious bathroom.

My stupid omega instincts get the better of me. I just want to run inside and run my hands over the smooth marble tile.

I sigh, meeting Killian's ice-cold eyes. They appear to have melted slightly after he just watched my pitiful attempts at escape.

"What price?"

The blond alpha raises his other sculpted brow. “Excuse me?”

I bite the inside of my cheek. “How much for my freedom? While I can acknowledge that you saved me from that asshole back at the strip club, I refuse to be anyone’s property. I am a person. Not some object to be bartered and sold!”

My shout rebounds through the room, and I try to tamp down my anger. Tears burn at the back of my eyes, but I refuse to cry like a baby in front of this alpha.

Never show weakness. Never show how vulnerable you are. They will only exploit you otherwise. That’s what I have learned over the years.

“No price,” Killian replies. “No amount of money could ever come close to you, Buttercup. You are my most prized possession.”

I ball my fists. “Give me a break. You don’t even know me, yet you talk as if I am some priceless gem. For all you know, I could be the biggest bitch in the world. Spoiler alert: I am. Now, if you would kindly lead me to the exit.”

I whirl back to the door. Killian exhales, marching across the room to block my access. I back away.

Fuck. He is one tall son of a bitch. About six-foot three-ish. Me, on the other hand, I’m barely five foot.

Yeah, four foot eleven.

I’m a freaking hobbit.

Killian may as well be an elf, and I wouldn't be surprised if he walked straight out of the pages of a Tolkien book with those Elven good looks.

“Not so fast, my little omega.”

I growl, pushing him away from me. He barely moves an inch. “I am not your fucking omega!”

This time, I go to punch him in that perfectly cut jawline, but he grabs my fist, his eyes flashing in warning. My heart quakes when his peppermint strengthens. It clogs my nostrils, and I choke.

I knew he was dominant, but hot damn. My eyes are burning.

“Careful, Buttercup. I have been lenient with you thus far.”

Lenient? Please.

“Let go of my arm,” I breathe, flashing my own eyes. Killian cocks a brow at the challenge.

We stand at a stalemate now—me at four foot eleven, and him at six foot three, and it's clear who the winner is. Yet he seems to like it when I talk back. I bet many people don't.

He's too used to getting what he wants. Spoiled little rich boy.

Killian leans forward, brushing his cheek against mine to mark his scent, and I grit my teeth. Then he whispers into my ear, his carved lips brushing the shell, and my pussy flutters. It takes me back to when I dry-humped his knot.

“If you keep this up, Buttercup, then I will have no choice but to *punish* you. Your call.”

A lump lodges in my throat at the word *punish*, and then a shiver travels up my spine. He probably means sexually, but I’m not taking any chances with this maniac.

“So, what will it be? A warm bath? Or a night in the dungeon?”

Well, a bath does sound far nicer. I’m still covered in golden body shimmer, and I smell like Steve’s pea-green couch.

“Fine. I will take the goddamn bath,” I hiss through clenched teeth.

I doubt he means a bath alone. He’s going to watch, of course.

He can watch all he wants. I’m no stranger when it comes to taking my clothes off for alphas.

Just so long as he knows that he can’t touch.

I go to take my coat off, but Kilian reaches across and helps me out of the sleeves. Then he turns me around and unhooks my bra, and his fingers are surprisingly gentle.

He lets me take off the rest of my stage costume as I slip out of my panties, scowling at him from over my shoulder as I head toward his bathroom buck-naked.

His gaze rakes up and down my backside the whole time, and I won’t deny that it’s freaking hot.

I'm used to the approval of alphas. It always fueled me when I was up on stage, twirling my legs around the stripper pole, but when this alpha looks at me...

I come to life. It's like his eyes electrify my every being.

No getting distracted, Ravyn. Focus now.

All the breath leaves my lungs when I stop at the threshold of his giant bathroom, and maybe I did die and go to heaven. There are marble steps leading to the bathtub, which may as well be a swimming pool. It's enormous.

It has solid gold taps and faucets for dispensing soap, and a small groan slips from my lips.

So inviting.

Steam curls from the hot water as I bite my lip, moving to the first step. Killian watches me as he leans against the wall, and it appears he's giving me some space.

I climb up the steps, dipping my toe into the steaming water.

Sweet fuck. That's soothing.

So I dip my feet all the way inside the massive tub until I'm fully submerged. The water stops at my shoulders, and I'm practically floating. My feet can barely touch the ground.

I lay my head back, letting the hot water caress my aching limbs. My head is still throbbing after Martina punched me, but I notice my eye has healed a little.

Did a certain someone place an ice pack over my eye while I was asleep?

There are jets beneath the tub, and I'm going to be sitting on one of those later. I bet they would feel good on my pussy.

But first, I need to wash. I still smell like the strip club.

I reach across for the shampoo dispenser, but then Killian stops my hand, pumping it for me instead. When he gathers enough shampoo, he rubs his fingers together, extending them toward my head.

“May I?”

I raise a brow. Does he want to wash my hair? Whatever. Fine by me.

I lean against the side of the tub as he sits on the ledge, working his fingers through my scalp.

Oh, that hits the spot.

His large fingers massage my head, and my skull feels like dough beneath his strong hands. When he lathers up enough soap, he grabs a jug of water and pours it over me.

A sigh brushes past my lips, and just like that, the last seven years disappear. Now it feels as if I have always been in this tub with Killian bathing me, and I start to think I may like it here.

Being pampered and spoiled like this sure has its perks.

Maybe being this alpha's omega won't be so bad after all.

Killian leans my head back to study my face, and I shut my eyes, loving the attention he gives me.

“So beautiful...” he whispers, running the pad of his finger down my cheek. I melt beneath his touch.

“So long as you are willing, Buttercup, then I promise to give you the world and more.”

I’m too lost in his gentle caress to care about what he says. It all just sounds like gibberish at this point anyway. He grabs a loofah next, rubbing it in circular motions around my breasts. Soap lathers up, and I lay my head back, letting him do whatever he wants to me.

A distant voice warns me not to lose myself, but his circular rubbing just feels so good. I can feel my nipples hardening, and my slick trickles into the water.

He drops the loofah to use his hands this time, tracing a path down my breasts and across my stomach. When he stops at my pussy, he slips a finger inside, using the same circular motions on my clit.

I groan, lights flickering behind my eyes when he rubs me just the right way. Before I orgasm, he grips my chin, forcing me to look at him.

His frosted blue eyes have lost all their warmth.

“But if you ever try to escape... then I will hunt you down and *kill* you. You are property of the Whitefang Pack now, Buttercup, and no one *ever* escapes us. Understood?”

His eyes turn to shards of ice as they penetrate my very being, and the water doesn’t feel so warm anymore.

Who was I kidding? I'm a prisoner. Just some object to be bartered and sold.

Of course his kindness comes with a price.

What else did I expect from an alpha? They think they own us, and I have no choice but to play his game.

But I was never afraid of a challenge. I already managed to escape one prison. I can always escape another.

Fair enough, Killian. The challenge is on.

Kilian applies a little pressure to my chin, and my lips pucker for his amusement. A dark smirk crosses his face. "Understood?"

"Yes, *alpha*," I reply, telling him exactly what he wants to hear.

His iceberg eyes give a satisfactory flash. Then he bends forward, kissing me upside down. His other hand squeezes my clitoris, and the lights finally explode.

I arch my spine, grabbing onto the side of the tub as my orgasm crashes through my body. Killian swallows the groan from my lungs, sucking away my very essence like an incubus, and I have no choice but to concede.

He *owns* me, after all. I'm his to bend to his will.

Or so he thinks.

I'll escape him. You watch.

I'm no one's property.

CHAPTER 7

Fiann

F uck, I'm starving.

Torturing weasels really takes it out of you. But at least I get to eat now. I swear if food isn't ready by the time we get home, then I'm going to punch someone in the face.

And that *someone* is Ted. The big oaf cooks all our meals since he was a chef in another life, or was it a bodyguard? I forget.

The moment the elevator doors open, I barrel down the corridor, hollering out a victory cry. "Honey, I'm home!"

Honey is *Ted*, of course. He may not know it, but he's my secret husband. The guy won my heart ever since he cooked me my very first meal, and we've been inseparable ever since.

He acts as if he hates me, but I know he loves me deep down.

Hiroshi, the more subdued of the two of us, walks at a respectable pace behind me, but I leave him to it as I barge

into the kitchen to find Ted at the stove, a worry line etched between his caterpillar eyebrows.

“Whatcha cooking, Teddybear?”

I go to sneak a peek into the pot he has simmering over the stove, but he shoves me away, snapping his teeth.

I throw my hands up. “Easy. I was just curious.”

Ted won’t stop growling as his eyes lose a little focus, and I step away, putting more distance between us.

What has gotten into my Teddybear today?

Hiroshi enters the kitchen, leaning against the wall as he watches Ted carefully with those calculating eyes.

“Something appears to have deeply upset our Theodore, Fionn. Take note of the dark line between his eyebrows.”

I noticed the line too, but I just got too excited when I smelled the sauce he had cooking in the pot.

Smells like we’re having spaghetti and meatballs. My favorite. Ted knows me so well.

I snort. “When does the grump never have lines on his face?”

Ted snarls. “I can *hear* you, ya know. I’m angry, not deaf!”

Angry? Oh, no.

I put on my stupid baby voice as I approach him carefully, hoping he understands that I mean no harm.

I'm his friend. Hell, I'd be his husband if he so much as let me. His food is that good.

You cook me a good meal, and I'll fall head over heels for you.

"Aw, why my wittle Teddybear so angry? Want me to stick a knife in someone for you? Give me a name, and I'll find them."

Ted sneers at me, and his intense gray eyes say it all. It's someone we know. Someone we can't touch.

Well, not unless we stage a mutiny.

"Killian," he grumbles.

Dang. I can't stab my own boss. But that mutiny plan is looking sweeter by the second.

I love Killian, but Teddybear is my main man. I'd move mountains for that big lug.

Pure guy love. It's healthy.

Hiroshi speaks, and his robotic monotone just dampens the mood. "What did Killian do?"

Ted sighs. "Just smell the air and you'll know. Notice anything different?"

Hiroshi and I sniff, and that's when I catch it. Cinnamon. My heart accelerates. "You made us cinnamon buns again? I... I fucking love you, man..."

I almost cry for joy as I go to wrap my arms around my Teddybear, but then he pushes me away, rejecting my love

once again.

“I didn’t make cinnamon buns, dipshit. It’s an *omega*. Killian bought her from the strip club. The guy had no money, so he paid in other ways.”

An omega? Oh, fuck. I hope her arrival hasn’t triggered him. Especially after what that bitch Beatrice did to him three years ago.

Still. That scent. I’ve never smelled anything so mouth-watering, and I hope that omega looks as good as she smells.

Silence befalls the three of us. Meanwhile, Ted’s sauce boils on the stove, and it’s just *begging* to be eaten.

Eat me, Fionn. Eat me.

Anyhow...

Hiroshi is the first to speak. “He knows that harboring an omega is against the law, right?”

More silence. But then it’s broken by my loud guffaw, and both Ted and Hiroshi flinch.

“*Please!* The police won’t come anywhere near us. We *own* those pigs.”

Ted grunts. “Be that as it may, Fionn, having that omega here still causes problems. She makes us vulnerable, weak. We will be prime suspects for a lot of packs now.”

When haven’t we been? Packs from all around have tried their hands at knocking us down many times, yet we still always win in the end.

“There are alphas out there who would kill for a chance to knot an omega,” Hiroshi remarks, and his voice is deadpan once again.

He makes a valid point. I’ve heard they go into a breeding frenzy at those illegal heat farms, and it truly makes me sick.

I don’t see what all the fuss is about. Sure, omegas are pretty, but if I had to choose between sex and food...

Okay, that would be a hard one, but knotting an omega has never really been a desire of mine. Not since my wee baby sister manifested as an omega three years ago.

Thanks to her big brother, she lives a life undetected. With the help of my pack, we got her a nice apartment in the city, and now she’s writing stories for some fancy schmancy magazine.

She always wanted to be a writer, and she’s finally living her dream.

I’ve never been more proud.

But not all omegas are so lucky. I would like to think that Killian’s reasons for bringing her here are noble, but I know that alpha. When he sees something he wants, he takes it, and I clench my fists.

Shit.

No. I have faith in my boss. The man is a big softie deep down. He may act cold on the surface, but I bet he just wanted to rescue her from that strip club.

How the hell had the poor thing managed to survive in that pit for so long? Were her tips *that* good?

If she looks as good as she smells, then I'm not surprised about the tips.

Fair enough. We will give our fair leader the benefit of the doubt.

But first things first; it's time to eat.

I'm fucking starving.

CHAPTER 8

Ravyn

I ignore the warm smells of food as I close my eyes, wishing my stomach would just stop.

I'm still inside Killian's bedroom, scowling at the ceiling. All I can picture is his sweet, chiseled face, wishing I could put a dent in it somehow.

It's bad enough I wear his shirt. It was all he had in his cavernous closet, and it's like he has claimed my body by wrapping his clothes around me.

Still, that doesn't stop me from burying my nose into the collar of his shirt and taking a sniff. It's drenched in his glacial, peppermint scent.

Fuck. Why does he have to smell so fucking good?

I hate him. Truly. But I won't deny that I want to fuck him, which makes it ten times worse.

Stupid alphas. They won't always be on top. One day, we omegas will rise against them. We will mate with whoever we

want, and no one will tell us what to do or where to go ever again.

First, we just need to overthrow the government.

Yeah, I'm having a hard time coming up with ideas on how to go about that.

My stomach grumbles yet again, and I turn away from the door, scowling at the window. The lights outside mock me.

Such a beautiful city. Once you get over the smell of car fuel and urine, it's actually pretty nice.

I always wanted to live in a fancy city when I was a kid, like a character in a TV show. I would wear nice clothes and do whatever I wanted. I could date whoever I wanted.

But all that changed the day I became an omega.

Fuck fate. She's one twisted bitch.

But I will show her. I will get out of this penthouse and find my dream cabin.

There's a muddy bog somewhere with my name on it. My cramps come and go, a sign of my pre-heat.

Hopefully, the effects of the drugs that Martina snuck into my supply have died by now, and it's a good thing I noticed what was happening before it was too late.

If I had taken any more of her pills, then I may have gone into an artificial heat.

I can't be around Killian when my heat arrives. There's no telling what I will do. I almost caved at the strip club, and that

had been a result of the drugs Martina slipped into my supply.

I've never been around an alpha when I'm in true heat. I've always been alone.

My first heat had been a traumatic experience, and I would have gladly drowned in that mud. Four days. Four *freaking* days, and I still managed to survive. It was a miracle I even lived.

The memory returns, and I see myself falling down in the forest. I had just escaped the OCC that very morning. I had been on the run for hours by that point, and despite everything that I had put my body through, my heat still came.

I could hear them chasing me, the guards from the compound. So I plucked up a reed and used it as a straw, then submerged myself deep in the mud.

Luckily, they never found me. The mud had masked my scent, managing to cool me down long enough before the spasms really set in, and that was how I remained for four days straight.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the story of my first heat.

So fucking romantic.

The door creaks open, and I grind my teeth when his fresh, wintery smell wafts in.

"Dinner is ready, Buttercup."

I sigh. "I'm not interested."

Silence.

Killian steps toward the bed, a growl vibrating in his chest. “Buttercup...”

“I said, no.”

The rumble deepens in his chest. Next, he turns me onto my back, pinning me to the bed, and I look him straight in his iceberg eyes.

“You can’t starve yourself,” he says. “Someday, you have to accept your fate. This is your life now.”

“Yeah, as your fucking *prisoner*...”

One side of his mouth quirks, and fuck, that is one sexy smirk. He purrs, and the sound shoots straight to my core. Slick dampens my panties, and Killian inhales, his nostrils flaring as he breathes me in.

His fingers tighten around my wrists as he leans closer, burying his nose into the crook of my neck. My heart thumps when he nips at my pulse.

It’s not enough to mark me, but it’s enough to create a burning thread of desire from my tits to my clitoris.

I close my eyes, ignoring the little flashes of light that creep into the edges of my vision.

“That shirt really does become you,” he breathes against my neck, his breath damp and hot, and my slick wets his bedsheets.

I don’t even have any clean underwear. I’m going commando beneath his shirt.

He stole my golden panties earlier. The creep.

Finally, he lets go of my wrists and stands, fixing his tie. Then he brushes his sleeves, and my eyes fall on the bulge in his pants.

I should just reach across and squeeze his knot and see how *he* likes it, but it would only spell trouble for me.

I bet he would *punish* me.

He marches toward the door, and he doesn't even spare me a glance. Not even a kiss goodbye.

I feel so used.

"You will be at the table in ten minutes. I want to introduce you to the rest of my pack."

His pack? Oh, lord. There are *more* of them?

My heart pounds as the worst-case scenario runs through my mind. They're not all planning on knotting me now, are they?

Shit. Maybe I should take my chances with the window.

He leaves the door ajar, and he really is a fool. What makes him so sure that I won't try and escape?

Screw dinner.

Still. That spaghetti and meatballs smells pretty nice.

Tonight. I will try to escape. After a hot meal first.

It may be the last one I have for a while.

Slipping off the bed, I approach Killian's vanity, and I'm not surprised he has a vanity. I bet he *loves* himself.

Who wouldn't love themselves if they were him?

I grab his comb and tease it through my long, dark locks. Then I button up his shirt and move toward his closet.

I can't meet his pack looking like a whore. They will think we fucked.

That's when my eyes find a drawer of leather belts, and I pluck one up and tie it around his shirt.

There. His shirt just became a dress.

I still have no panties. I guess his boxers will do.

I slip on a pair of tighty whities, twirling before the mirror as I gaze at my reflection. Not bad. I always knew how to accessorize after all.

I glance at his Rolex on the nightstand as I think about wearing that too, but that would be taking it a tad far.

So I leave through the door, heading down to dinner.

Time to meet the rest of the Whitefang Pack.

CHAPTER 9

Hiroshi

“**P**retty please with feta cheese on top?”

“No! We wait for the omega, *then* we eat,” Ted scolds Fionn.

Fionn groans, running his fingers through his thick red hair. He’s getting *hangry*, and that’s never a good sign. If he doesn’t eat soon, then he will flip the table. He may even eat the tablecloth like a goat.

He already has the beard.

I sigh, sipping my tea. It’s like this every night: Ted scolding Fionn as he makes an epic mess at the table.

Killian sits opposite me, sipping his wine coolly as Ted and Fionn argue like an old married couple.

Ted warned us that the omega was a looker, but I think I can handle myself. I’m a beta, after all, much to my father’s disappointment. I’m immune to an omega’s charm.

So it's up to me to keep the others in check. That's kind of my role in the pack. The peacekeeper. I'm naturally zen. It may be because I'm well versed in all forms of meditation, but I never lose my temper.

Instead, I watch from the sidelines as the more rambunctious members of our pack steal the limelight. I'm happy to give others the limelight. It's been that way my whole life with my siblings. I was always forgotten about.

I have three alpha brothers. I was the black sheep of the family, being born beta, even though my mother was an omega.

It happens from time to time. An alpha can buy an omega from the best breeding stock, yet she may still produce him a less than desirable child.

It's a gamble, and it looks like my father lost that one. I have never met the woman who gave birth to me, and I probably never will.

I've heard horror stories of what happens to omegas if they don't produce the strongest offspring, and I push all thoughts of my birth mother aside, focusing on my jasmine tea.

Fionn scoffs when he spies my drink of choice. "Jasmine tea, H? Seriously? You're meant to drink *wine* with pasta."

I ignore him, drinking my jasmine tea. "I don't drink alcohol. You know that, Fionn."

The redhead grumbles, shaking his head as he reaches for a piece of garlic bread from a basket. Ted taps his hand away,

and the aghast look that Fionn gives him next almost makes me crack.

Damn, he's melodramatic at times. Has he ever considered performing in a play?

The sound of footsteps has us all rising to attention next. It appears the omega has finally surfaced.

She took a little longer than expected. Killian gave her ten minutes, but it has been twenty-five. There's no missing the ice in my boss's eyes, and I almost feel sorry for the omega.

Killian Whitefang is not an alpha you want to piss off. Those long slender fingers of his can cause some serious harm.

A sweet smell of cinnamon reaches my nose, and I almost choke. I got a sniff of her before, but that had been faint. But this... it's almost pure, undiluted.

Cinnamon in its finest form.

Finally, she arrives, and my heart stops beating. The most beautiful-looking woman I have ever seen stands at the doorway, and every alpha at the table draws a breath.

She has long brown hair and hazel-green eyes that shine as bright as jade. Her short dress leaves little to the imagination as she leans against the wall, assessing every member of the Whitefang Pack as if we're her equal.

Her jade eyes fall on me, and I am ashamed to be the first to glance the other way. My father would chastise me now if he knew I let an omega get the better of me, but this is no ordinary omega.

She has all the strength of an alpha, and she could definitely run circles around the four of us.

She is definitely running circles around me, but I'm a beta. Normally, my designation is more dominant than hers, but I cannot match her fire.

She is a true force to be reckoned with, and maybe Killian needs to watch his back around this one.

Fionn gives a low whistle, and then he starts panting like an Irish setter as he stands to greet our guest. Ted shoves him back down into his seat, scowling at the omega. He has a history with omegas, and I know her arrival is wreaking havoc on his sanity.

"So, you're Killian's pack?" she remarks.

None of us answer. I think we're all just a little stunned by her boldness. We're not used to people speaking so freely around us. We have a reputation.

While we may seem like a typical pack, we are criminals. We have killed men for far less crimes.

The omega should learn her place.

Killian clicks his jaw, and his eyes almost resemble stalactites as he glares at her. "You are late."

His icy tone makes us freeze. Ted tenses as he doesn't remove his grip from Fionn's arm. Fionn keeps his eyes on the omega, while I gaze into my tea.

The omega shrugs. “Well, you didn’t expect me to come to dinner in just your shirt, did you? I had to improvise.”

She juts out her hip, and all eyes fall on her belt.

She has fastened a leather belt around Killian’s shirt, making it resemble a dress, but that’s not what my pack brothers are looking at.

They are staring at her curves. The belt accentuates her hourglass shape, and it appears she has rendered them speechless. Even Killian breaks a sweat and nothing ever cracks his icy exterior.

Killian peers up at her eyes once again, rising to his feet so he can pull out a chair. He’s still a world-class gentleman, coming from old money. He was taught to show respect.

But I know he’s resisting the urge to wrap his long fingers around her neck. No one challenges his authority.

The omega graciously takes the seat he offered, and that’s when her gaze lands on the bowl. She licks her lips. “Ooh, I do love balls... I mean, *meatballs*...”

I palm my face.

Fionn snorts, and Ted whacks him across the head. Killian smirks as he lifts the lid from the bowl, placing a generous amount of spaghetti and meatballs onto her plate.

“Well, bon appétit.”

She beams. “Fuck, yeah! Oh, do you have that cheese that smells like feet? I *love* me some feet-smelling cheese.”

Fionn guffaws, slamming his hand against the table as he makes the cutlery shake. Ted growls while I slurp my tea.

Killian's mouth twitches, and it almost looks like a smile. "Do you mean parmesan? And yes, we do. Here."

He grabs the bottle of grated parmesan cheese, sprinkling it over her spaghetti and meatballs. The omega licks her lips yet again, and I have to look away. I am having strange reactions to her body, ones that don't make much sense to me.

Sure, she's beautiful, and any man would find her stunning, but can a beta be this attracted to an omega?

My cock hardens, but I focus on my jasmine tea, imagining I'm back in my garden meditating.

We have a garden on the roof.

"Well, enjoy, Buttercup," Killian says, keeping his eyes on her the whole time as he retakes his seat.

Everyone else fills up their plates, and Fionn loses himself at last as it's just him and his meatballs now.

The omega chews slowly on one of her giant meatballs, and I have to get up and leave.

Her slow chewing is enough to grab Fionn's attention, and nothing ever breaks that alpha's attention when he's eating.

Now Killian, Ted, and Fionn watch as she chews and chews on that meatball, and then I hear their growls.

It's like the omega is doing it on purpose. She was a stripper after all. Teasing alphas is in her DNA.

I bet she knows exactly what she is doing.

I think I've seen enough. I will finish the rest of my plate in my garden.

No one seems to notice as I get up and leave, and it appears my pack brothers have a new obsession.

That omega really is going to run circles around them.

CHAPTER 10

Ravyn

After dinner, I decided to explore the Whitefang's place and holy penthouse. These mother fuckers are rich.

Every door has a fancy security system, and there are rooms that lead into other rooms.

I found one room with the sign 'Arsenal' out front, and I bet these guys have all kinds of weapons.

They'd have to. They must have hundreds of enemies after all.

Well, count me as one of their enemies. I may look innocent, but I am far from sweet. This dirty little mouth of mine has gotten me into trouble a number of times.

It appears escaping their penthouse will be harder than I realized, but by God am I going to try.

Just as I round a corner, I bump into a solid chest, and I do a double take when I meet that scarred, growling face.

Well, well, if it isn't Tim, or whatever his name is again. I was too busy devouring the delicious meatballs he made earlier to pay attention.

Damn, they were some tasty meatballs. The guy is gifted in the art of cuisine, and it's definitely one way to an omega's heart.

It's a shame he's such a grumpy grouch. He never stopped scowling at me the whole time during dinner, and if I hadn't been so into my food like the redheaded chap beside him, then I would have shown him the middle finger.

Tim folds his arms across his beefy chest, and I do the same, mimicking him perfectly.

"What are you doing wandering the penthouse alone, brat?"

Brat?

I shrug. "I could say the same for you, *Tim*."

I don't see what his problem is. Killian was perfectly content to let me explore the penthouse earlier, and if the boss gave me the thumbs up, so be it.

Tim snarls at me, and I take that rare moment to explore his face. He has a white scar down his left eye, and long, shaggy brown hair. He reminds me of a Viking, and he's definitely someone I don't want to get on the wrong side of.

Still, I'm not afraid. I may be four feet nothing, but my feet are still in perfect kicking distance of his balls.

He snaps his teeth, lowering his body until we're at eye level, and his hot breath fans my face. "Watch it, omega. If you know what is good for you, then you will stay far, far away from me. I don't want you anywhere near my room, getting your smell all over my stuff. Got it?"

Nothing happens as we just continue our staring match, and he's an idiot if he thinks his scary alpha act will intimidate me. I don't care how many skulls he has cracked.

He will not overcome me.

Finally, he whirls away and storms down the hall. Then he calls over his shoulder. "Come. I am taking you to your room."

My room? Things just got a whole lot more interesting. I try to hide the giddiness as I follow him down several winding halls, and before I know it I'm standing in front of my new room.

I gaze up at the door. It has its own security pad, and I grind my teeth. It's just another cell in the end, and I feel stupid for getting so excited.

Tim does something with the buttons, and then he glares down at me, giving me a set of numbers.

"Think you can remember that, omega?"

I repeat the series of numbers in my head. "Yes."

He doesn't bother answering me back. With another sneer, he fiddles with several more buttons. The door opens, revealing a lavish room.

My chin hits the carpet. I think I am definitely going to like it here. King-sized canopy bed, luxury en suite, and a walk-in closet. Also, the wide windows give a panoramic view of the city as I creep closer to the glass, gazing down at all the people who once walked all over me.

A smirk crosses my face.

I feel like a queen staring down at her subjects, and maybe I should just make the most of my new life here. It could be worse. I could be being transported to the gallows right now.

I no longer have any means of hiding my designation, and the thought spears my heart like a lance.

Fuck. My heat.

Staying here would be next to suicide with three dominant alphas and one beta. I may not have anything to worry about with the last guy, but I didn't miss the way he looked at me either.

At least he had the humility to look away when I met his eyes. Not many betas do that when in the presence of an omega. They like to boss my kind around since we're lower than they are. But that beta was humble enough to know when he was beaten.

If I am going to be staying here for the foreseeable future, then I have a right to feel comfortable and safe.

I peer up at Tim. "Do you think you guys could hook me up with a dealer? I've... run out of suppressant pills."

My question seems to fall on deaf ears as the alpha scowls at me from the corner of the room, his eyes glowing in the dim light. But then he bares his teeth, and I think that's just his regular facial expression.

"That depends on the boss."

I roll my eyes. Of course.

"But... I may know of a guy," he continues. "You're right. The less of your scent around here, then the better for us. We may even be able to concentrate again."

I narrow my eyes, turning my back to the window. "Oh, I'm sorry. Does my perfume offend you poor alphas? It's not like I asked to be here, so the least you could do is find me some hormone suppressants for *my* benefit. You think I want to be alone in a penthouse with a bunch of strange alphas when my...?"

My voice trails off. The word just sounds so dirty, even for me.

Tim visibly flinches as the word hovers on my tongue, and I can see the word *heat* makes him uncomfortable too. I wonder what his deal is. He almost seems immune to my omega charms.

Not that I care, but I'm too used to alphas of his size thinking they own every inch of my body, yet this one keeps his distance.

It's... different. A *good* different, though.

Still, he's an asshole. I can't let his blasé attitude toward my designation fool me.

He'd still gladly kill me, just like his boss.

They're both my enemies.

A few more seconds pass. Then with a huff, he shows me his back and exits the room.

I decide to be nice. "Goodbye, Tim."

He snaps, slamming the door. "It's Ted!"

His roar seems to shake the whole penthouse, and it looks like I pissed him off. I couldn't give two shits. I have a king-sized bed to sleep on. Maybe I can rearrange the pillows and build that nest that I always dreamed of.

It appears I am moving up in life.

Good for me.

I wait until the house falls silent. Then I will head out.

First, I need to find my stuff. Killian never returned my suitcase after he brought me here, and that thing has all my money.

I *am* going to escape. Tonight. I don't care if they give me the best room in the penthouse. I cannot stay. They robbed me of my freedom, and I'll be damned if I'll become another prisoner again.

Throwing the sheets off my legs, I sneak toward the door, pausing for a moment. My bed calls to me, and I wonder if leaving really is in my best interest.

I rearranged the pillows to the exact way I like them. Several stacked beside my back and several beside the front.

No. I refuse to be caged like a bird.

I repeat the number in my head that Tim gave me. I get it on the third try, doing a mini fist bump.

Good job, Ravyn.

Carefully, I open the door, cringing when it creaks. What is with its rusty hinges?

The sound doesn't cause anyone to stir, and I sigh in relief, clicking the door shut behind me as I tiptoe down the hall. There has to be a fire escape somewhere. If not, then that just goes against so many health and safety regulations.

Maybe they have a vent that I could squeeze through. If I greased myself up in baby oil, I could get out of here. But do I really want to crawl through a stuffy air shaft? It could be days before I get out.

It looks like I'm out of luck. Killian has me right where he wants me.

I may not get my chance again after tonight. But that doesn't stop me from approaching the front door.

It's just not fair. My freedom was so close, but such is life, I guess. We don't always get what we want.

Without thinking, I pull on the door, gasping when the thing actually opens.

Holy shit.

I peer behind my shoulder. It looks like some idiot forgot to shut the door after they went to bed, and a smirk curls my lips.

Time to escape. I just wish I had my suitcase with all my...

My eyes pop when I glance beside the door.

It's as if the thing has been there waiting for me the whole time, and something doesn't quite feel right.

Still, I pluck it up off the floor, exiting through the door. My bare feet pad along the smooth floor of a long, glass tunnel as my face reflects all around me.

I approach the elevator at the end of the corridor, pressing the down button when I stop at its silver doors. My heart pounds in my chest as I wait for the elevator to arrive. This was almost too easy.

The elevator doors ding, and I duck inside, glancing at the series of buttons on the wall. There's one for gym and another for garage.

I'll take my chances with the garage. If I go to the lobby, then there's a good chance someone will see me and alert Killian.

It takes some time for the doors to open again. When they finally stop, I rush outside, stopping dead in my tracks when I spy all those fancy sports cars.

Fucking rich people.

There has to be an exit down here somewhere.

I tiptoe across the concrete floor, my eyes darting around the large space. So far, so good. I may actually pull this off.

A honk sounds in the distance, and my heart speeds up.

That sounds like the street.

I pick up the pace, focusing on the sounds of traffic, and I wonder vaguely why no one's around. Do they not have a night watchman to keep an eye on all these sports cars? Something seems really off indeed.

Still, I'm going to seize my chance. Freedom will soon be mine, and then I can find my log cabin in the woods.

I can hear the frogs calling me already.

Come to us, Ravyn.

We missed you...

Unfortunately, I was too busy thinking about talking frogs to notice the shadow looming behind me. It swallows me up in its strong arms, and I kick and scream.

"Let me go!"

"Freeze."

I freeze, dropping my arms to my sides as I allow the alpha to lift me in his arms. My feet dangle above the ground, and I have no choice but to concede.

Tears drip from my eyes.

It had all been a test. I should have known that escaping him wouldn't be easy, and now I fear his retaliation.

Killian presses a hand beneath my breastbone. My heart thumps against his large palm, and he purrs into my ear to calm me down.

Despite how terrified I am of him, my heart slows at the sound of his soothing purr, and the amount of power he has over me chills me to the core.

Why do I have to be so utterly helpless? I have never hated myself more than I do now. As if to add salt to injury, I grind my ass against his swollen knot, and I wish I could die.

“Don't be afraid, Buttercup.”

I am like a rabbit that has been ensnared by a snake. He said he would kill me if I tried to escape, and my heart thuds again.

Killian buries his nose into my hair, and I close my eyes, hoping that he may just forgive me.

Maybe he will go easy on me.

“Oh, Buttercup. I really wish you hadn't tried to escape. Now I have no choice but to *punish* you.”

Fuck.

The sweat drips down my face, and I guess he really meant it earlier when he talked about a dungeon.

Killian scoops me up in his arms, carrying me far, far away from the exit. All the while, I lay completely still, a helpless omega who just wants to appease her alpha.

I hate him, and I swear I will get him back one day.

He doesn't go back up to the penthouse. Instead, he presses a button for the lower ground floor, and a lump forms in my throat.

Where the hell is he taking me?

The silver doors open again, and a cool draft blows at my hot skin as he carries me down a dingy hallway.

My heart thumps in my ears as I shut my eyes, thinking of my happy place.

Queen of the frogs. That's who I am.

I hear the sound of a bolted door, and then Killian steps into a new room. The putrid smell of bleach pricks my nose, but I don't dare open my eyes.

"It's okay. Buttercup. You can open your eyes."

I do as he says, peering around a small cell. There's a bare bed with a horsehair blanket and one tattered pillow. Don't forget a sink and a cold metal toilet too.

I blink away tears.

I guess this is my punishment.

I should have just stayed where I was. At least I had a nice bed. A nest.

Killian places me onto my feet, offering me a reproachful look, and despite how fucking depressed I am, I meet his eyes.

They warm slightly when they spy my tears, and he sighs, leaning against the wall.

“It’s just for one night, Buttercup. You will return to your room tomorrow.”

I give him some snark. “Well, that’s a relief.”

Silence stretches between us, the only sound a noisy vent in the corner.

Kilian pinches the skin between his brows. “I did warn you that there would be consequences if you disobeyed me, Buttercup.”

I smirk. “Yeah? So when are you going to kill me then?”

The temperature drops, and I stagger away when I meet his eyes. Ice penetrates my skin, and I wish I had just held my fucking tongue.

It’s hard not to be a sarcastic bitch around this one. He was just asking for it, but damn. That look.

He could kill me with just a glare alone.

What the hell happened to him to get him like this? He’s a complete monster.

He stalks closer, and I back to the wall. The avenging angel that is Killian Whitefang towers over me, and there’s no way I could go up against this alpha.

He’s a freaking psychopath.

“Don’t tempt me, Buttercup...”

My chest heaves as I don’t look away from his frosted blue eyes. His pupils have narrowed, and now those thin pinpricks zero in on me.

Holy shit.

The eyes of a killer.

I flinch when he reaches his hand out, wrapping his fingers ever so gently around my neck. Then he tips my head back, leaning closer, and his lips brush mine.

“Don’t ever try to run away from me again. Do I make myself clear?”

I swallow, never taking my eyes off him, and I think about spitting in his face. That would be a very bad move, though.

It looks as if I am going to have to hold my tongue around this one. I have no choice if I want to survive.

“Yes, alpha.”

And just like that, his eyes change. Those pinprick pupils blow twice their size as they appraise me, and then a genuine smile crosses his face.

Well, as genuine as a smile can get on the face of a psychopath. His eyes still glitter with his demons. I bet this guy has a lot of demons, and I wonder who hurt him to make him act this way.

I want to believe that he wasn’t always this bad. There was some part of him that decided not to kill me in the end, and I hold on to that one ray of hope.

“That’s a good girl,” he purrs, and despite how terrified I am, I relax beneath his ice-cold grip, loving the way he praises me.

Stupid omega body.

Finally, Kilian steps back and fixes his tie, and he's all business once again. Then he shows me his back and leaves the cell, locking it in place behind him.

It's not until his footsteps fade when I finally breathe, slipping down the wall until my ass hits the dirty floor.

My heart hammers against my chest.

Holy fucking shit, indeed.

I'm dealing with a deranged nutcase.

CHAPTER 11

Ravyn

My cheeks burn with suppressed rage as Killian fastens a tracking device around my neck.

True to his word, Killian came to collect me from my temporary cell the next morning, and now I get to stay in my room at the penthouse once again.

But under one condition.

He places a tracker around my neck.

This is so fucking humiliating. I look like a prisoner, and how the hell did it all come down to this?

Of all the strip clubs in the city, Killian just had to go to Steve's, didn't he?

Screw this evil angel. I will get him back. He tricked me last night, testing my loyalty, and he's tripping if he thinks I will ever remain loyal to him.

I owe him nothing. He bought me and locked me up in his penthouse. He's my enemy.

“There.” Killian steps back to admire his work, and I glare at him with the heat of a thousand suns.

Fuck you, Killian Whitefang.

“There’s just one more thing I need to add,” he purrs in that silken voice, and the sound makes my pussy vibrate.

He steps closer, his peppermint scent taking my breath away when he invades my space. I hardly pay attention to what he’s doing as he clips something onto the device around my neck, giving it a little tug.

I gaze down at the lead in horror, and then a surprising sound rumbles in my chest. It’s a growl, and it’s vicious enough to belong to an alpha.

“Get this fucking thing off—”

Killian yanks on the lead, and my voice cuts off when the tracker pinches my throat. It’s not enough to choke me, but it’s enough to steal the breath from my lungs.

The asshole. I refuse to be his little pet.

The alpha curls the leather strap around his long, slender fingers, dragging me closer until we’re nose to nose.

“That’s a good girl...” he whispers, clasping his hand to the side of my head, and despite how pissed I am at him for making me wear the lead, I relax.

He called me a good girl. It’s doing strange things to my body to hear the praise from his heavenly lips. I suppose omegas naturally crave validation from their alphas.

I never understood why. Why should we bend over backward just to please them?

They should be the ones pleasing us in my books.

Fair enough. I will play his little game. I will be his little ‘pet’. So long as he is willing to cater to my needs.

I’m an omega, and I seek comfort.

I still wear his shirt. While it feels good on, I’d love some clothes of my own. Velvet, lace, silk, cotton, leather, you name it.

Killian reaches his thumb to my mouth, running the soft pad of his finger along my bottom lip, and a sigh tumbles from my lungs.

Fuck. All this attention and praise feels so good, but I can’t get distracted. I will make my demands while I still have some sense.

Killian slips his thumb between my teeth, and I suck on him next, gazing up at him through a pair of long eyelashes. The alpha doesn’t look away from me once, and he’s spellbound. So I decide to use a little of my tongue, running it up and down his thumb, and a low growl reverberates in his chest.

He tastes so good, and I can’t help but imagine what his cock would taste like.

The cramps ease in my stomach the more I suck on him, and he has me right where he wants me.

He slips his thumb back out of my mouth. “Such a good omega.”

I swallow, trying to ignore the shiver that runs down my center, pooling between my thighs.

Killian tugs the lead toward the bed, gathering me up on his lap so he can rock me back and forth. He even presses my head to his chest, and my eyes widen in pleasant surprise.

Wow. The fucker actually has a pulse. I’d have thought his chest was hollow.

“Sweet Buttercup. I knew from the moment I saw you that you were different. The one omega I could *never* tame... but I’m willing to try.”

I bite my lip as I refrain from swearing. If he thinks he can tame me, then he can go and jump off a cliff.

If the OCC failed to tame me, then he sure as hell will not.

“I promise I can give you everything and more. Just as long as you are willing to be mine. So, no more thinking about escaping. Do I make myself clear?”

I grind my teeth.

“Do I make myself clear?”

Finally, I relent. “Yes, *alpha*. As clear as crystal.”

His knot swells beneath his pants at my snarky attitude, and does he like it when I give him cheek? It seemed to piss him off the other night when I goaded him about killing me.

“Such a good girl.”

He strokes my back, and I almost fall asleep against his chest. I snap awake, wriggling out of his arms.

No, no, that's my limit for today. The last thing I want to do is fall asleep on him. I don't trust him one bit. The lead and the tracker I can deal with, but anything more, and I'm out.

Killian doesn't protest when I slip out of his arms. He has the upper hand after all as he still has the lead. Instead, he leans back on the heels of his hands, burning a hot trail down my body as he scolds me with those burning blue eyes.

How a single look can be so cold yet full of fire is beyond me.

I glance at my empty closet, then peer down at his shirt. I still wear a pair of his boxers too, and things definitely need to change.

I place my hands on my hips, and Killian raises a brow.

I smirk. "Anything I want, you say?"

His own smirk spreads his cheeks, and I ignore those angelic dimples. "Anything, Buttercup."

I lick my lips, and his eyes track the movement. "All right. I want new clothes."

He breathes in, taking in the scent of my perfume as it spikes a little, and it appears I get aroused when I think about new clothes.

Who knew I was so materialistic? It's probably the omega in me. We like the finer things in life, even though a large

number of us are denied those things.

Well, I'm going to make the most of being some rich guy's pet. It can't get any worse than this, after all. I may as well enjoy the ride.

"Done," he says. "We'll take you out later shopping."

My heart rate picks up, and Killian tenses, focusing on the sound. I'm surprised he can hear it, but I wouldn't put anything past this alpha.

He's a lethal predator, and I bet he can see my pulse beneath my neck. He pulls on the lead again, and I stop between his legs.

There's no missing his knot. His cock makes a tent out of his pants, and I meet his eyes.

Again, he raises that brow, and fuck that eyebrow. I will shave it off.

Fine. If it's what he wants.

I drop to my knees and unfasten his pants, and his cock springs free. The blood rushes to my head the moment I lay eyes on it. It's not as if I haven't seen a cock before, and it's not as if I haven't exactly seen an alpha's cock either, but I have never seen one like this.

Wow.

Now that's what I call a designer cock. It's long and thick with a branching network of veins that crawl up the length of

his shaft, and I lick my lips when a bead of pre-cum drips from his slit.

When did I become such a whore? Sucking a man's cock for a new wardrobe? I'm nothing but filth.

But it's not like I asked for any of this. I was taken against my own will.

I grab Killian's cock at the base, and the alpha sighs, closing his eyes. His grip tightens around the lead, and I guess that's his way of telling me to get to work.

Leaning closer, I wrap my lips around the head of his cock, and the alpha groans when I suck him all the way to his knot. I even hollow out my cheeks as I move up and down, and he yanks a little tighter on the leash.

I choke a little, and the action spurs me on. I don't stop sucking him. I even run my tongue over his veins, and he throbs inside my mouth, ready to cum.

He reaches his other hand around, gripping the back of my head as he wraps his fingers through my hair, and then with a tug of the lead, he comes into my mouth, watching me swallow every last drop.

I may even come a little myself. There's no denying the wet patch in his boxers as the slick drips down my thighs, and I swear my pupils blow out too. All I want to do is climb up onto his lap and take his knot for real, but I manage to hold myself back.

No. I can't. I refuse to be knotted.

He can take everything else from me, but he will *not* take my knot virginity.

Killian comes back down from his high, and his pupils appear to have grown a little bigger when he looks at me. Now it's my turn to raise a brow.

I knew he was pretty taken with me in some creepy, perverted way, but the look he gives me next almost...

What am I saying? He is heartless. I doubt he has loved anything in his life.

"Buttercup..." he whispers, reaching across to wipe his cum from my chin. "That was amazing. You've been a good girl today. A very good girl."

Despite how disgusted I am with myself, I smile. I guess I have been a good girl.

Fuck. It's starting. I am finally becoming his omega.

Killian tugs on the lead, and I notice how gentle he is this time. He lies back on the bed, bringing me with him as he positions me on top of him, and I gaze into his iceberg eyes.

For some reason, they don't appear as cold today. Not like last night when he was tempted to kill me.

But it's probably just a trick of the light.

He reaches his thumb to my lips, tracing their shape, and my eyes shutter closed.

I soon fall asleep like this, mentally cursing myself as I drift away to the sound of his beating heart.

I didn't sleep at all last night in the cell, and I'm starting to feel the effects of the last twenty-four hours.

My futile escape from the strip club, coming to the penthouse, and then my second futile escape down in the garage.

It's a lot for one omega to take.

"Buttercup," he whispers somewhere in the distance, and that's when I give him the last piece of myself, breaking all of my vows.

"It's... Ravyn..."

Why did I do that? I guess I'm just getting sick of the name Buttercup. It was my stage name after all.

Well, I guess my secret is out.

But I find I hardly care anymore as I finally disappear into the land of dreams, and once again I fall asleep on a fluffy marshmallow cloud.

I will worry about the consequences of my actions when I wake again later.

CHAPTER 12

Killian

Ravyn.

Now I finally know the name of the beautiful creature who has changed my whole world.

Ravyn, I repeat as I stroke her long, silky brown hair, enjoying the way the light reflects off the strands.

There has never been a more perfectly fitting name. Her hair is as dark as the feathers of a raven, and I bury my nose into her mane, breathing in her cinnamon.

If only her hazel-green eyes weren't closed. I would do anything to gaze into them again, but I don't want to rouse her.

She has circles beneath her eyes from a rough night of sleeping in the cell, and I hated having to leave her down there.

But I had to show her what happens when you leave Killian Whitefang. She is my new obsession, and I will be damned if any other pack has her.

I want to gaze into her green irises for the rest of my life, and I have no idea what is coming over me. I have never felt this way about anyone.

I've had an ugly life, but I've finally found something beautiful. And I'm going to hold onto it for as long as I can.

People have only ever left me. Even my father did in the end when he died of cancer. I guess the stress of losing his wife and daughter, and then finding his son six years later broken and damaged had taken its toll on his health in the end.

My pack are the only family I have now, but they have proven their loyalty to me numerous times. They have never once betrayed me, and I trust them with my life.

I couldn't explain the feeling that came over me when I first saw Ravyn on that stage. It was like the universe suddenly made sense. I lived through all that shit with Brady and ALPHA just so I could one day get to meet her.

She is my consolation prize. Someone somewhere has finally blessed me.

Not that I deserve to be blessed. I'm a monster; I don't deserve any ounce of happiness. But I'm sure as hell going to hold on to it when I find it.

It appears I found myself a rare gem indeed, and I swear I will tear apart anyone who tries to take her away from me.

Buttercup looks so peaceful. She truly is vulnerable, yet she doesn't want the world to know it. Yet I can see through her shield. She puts up the snarky front so that it will hurt less

when the world does her dirty, and I wonder how it has worked out for her so far.

I put up my own icy façade so that it will hurt less too, but I feel as if I am losing a bit of myself every day.

I was once a happy kid. That sweet little boy died the day he was kidnapped and taken from his family.

Someone knocks at the door, and I pick up on Ted's sharp diesel.

"Boss, I just got a call. The head of the Wolverine Pack wants to discuss a peace treaty."

I roll my eyes. Peace treaty, my ass. Those bastards have been after our turf for years.

This city is our territory, and everyone knows it. If they want it, then they will have to kill us first.

They're not our only enemies. A large number of packs would love to see our heads on a pike, and it's about time I put them all in their place.

Time to get to work.

There's never a dull moment when you're the head of the Whitefang Pack.

Carefully, I lift Buttercup as I nestle her down onto the bed, gazing at her for a few moments.

The lead is still fastened around her neck, and I heave a sigh. It's not that I meant to take away her freedom... I just wanted to get her away from that strip club.

I knew the only way that I could keep her safe was if I bought her. It's shit, but I had no other choice.

She would not survive in this city alone.

I shake the thought away and approach the door. Ted is all business as usual when I greet him in the hall, yet there's no missing the flare of his nostrils as he picks up on the omega's cinnamon.

He can't fool me. I saw it the moment he laid eyes on her; he is taken with the omega.

He has always been there for me, and I would gladly lay down my life if it so much as saved his skin. Just like he has done for me every day since my dad hired him as my bodyguard.

"The Wolverine Pack, you say? How interesting."

Very interesting indeed, considering we killed one of their men just six weeks ago, and I'm glad Fionn and Hiroshi gave that guy what he deserved.

He trashed my dad's grave in order to get to me, and that's not cool. When we were done with him, we sent his foot back to the Wolverine's estate as a message: you don't fuck with the Whitefang Pack or their dead relatives.

My father had never been a Whitefang. He was Fitzgerald, but he was still my family.

Ted comes back to his senses, putting on his mask again as he pretends as if the omega's scent doesn't affect him.

“Eight. They want us to meet them at eight o’clock at Romano’s.”

Fuck. My favorite restaurant. Their pizzas are to die for. Romano’s grandson runs the place now, but really, he works for me.

After I paid for his grandfather’s funeral last summer, the kid owes me. But since his grandfather was an old friend, I have decided to let him off. For now.

“Fine. Make some arrangements. First, we have some shopping to do.”

Ted raises a bushy eyebrow. “Shopping, boss? For what?”

I smile. “Clothes. As much as I love the sight of her in my shirt, it’s time we got the omega a new wardrobe.”

I don’t miss the sigh from Ted’s lips, and I meet his scarred eye.

“Is there a problem, Ted? Speak freely. If you have something to say, say it.”

He grinds his teeth, looking me up and down to assess my strength, and he knows I would just throw him onto his ass like the first time we met.

I may have been fifteen, but I was already a perfect killing machine.

Child assassin, after all. It comes with the territory.

Ted exhales through gritted teeth this time. “I have no comment, sir.”

I grin. “Good to know. Now, prepare the car. My omega has some shopping to do.”

I can almost see the soul leaving Ted’s eyes as he nods curtly and leaves, mumbling the injustice of it all as he marches up the hall. I chuckle, gazing back at the omega.

She’s not what I would describe as sweet, but right now, she is as precious as a doll. I approach her side and watch her for a while, and she has no idea what she has gotten herself into.

No fucking idea at all.

But I swear that I will keep her safe. So long as she is willing to stay.

I just hope she does the smart thing and doesn’t try to run again. I will have no choice but to kill her then.

I would rather she died at my mercy. If anyone got their hands on her, then they would do far worse.

At least mine would be a quick and clean death. But hopefully, it may never have to come to that.

After all, she’s mine, and I would rather not kill her.

CHAPTER 13

Ravyn

I brush the knots out of my hair as I get ready for a day of shopping, and as excited as I am, I really don't want to turn up at those fancy shops wearing nothing but Killian's belt and shirt.

Oh, and don't forget the tracker.

At least I get some new clothes. Maybe Killian will get me a diamond-encrusted lead if I continue to be a *good girl*.

Just joking, but I am trying to make light of my shitty situation. Cut an omega some slick.

Yeah, I said slick. Sue me.

I'm nothing but that psycho's little pet, and I bet he is looking forward to showcasing me to the entire world.

If only I had escaped Steve's bar that night and got on that midnight bus, but this is my life now.

It could be worse. I could be being publicly executed for lying about my designation.

There comes a loud knock at the door, and my heart jumps when I catch the zesty lime scent of Fionn.

I haven't spent much time with him yet, and this will be interesting.

"Buttercup? You in there?"

There's no denying the slight lilt to his accent, and I could listen to him talk all day.

I always loved an Irish accent.

I gaze back at the mirror and shrug. I'm a polished turd, but I suppose it will do. I have no ounce of makeup on my face whatsoever, and after spending so much time at the strip club, it's strange to go bare-faced.

Maybe Killian will let me get some makeup too.

I open the door, and Fionn looks as if he has hit a brick wall when he catches my scent. There's no denying his growl, and my body reacts as usual. Hiroshi stands behind him, and I didn't even realize he was with Fionn. Fionn's scent is just so strong.

Fionn steps back. After all, I'm their boss's omega. So I'm off-limits to them.

I fucking hope I'm off-limits. I can only just about handle one of them right now.

Fionn settles his pale blue eyes on me, a smile stretching his lips. He's one sexy fucking alpha. Long, curly red hair with a

freckled nose, and I will not be able to cope in this house of beautiful men.

Hiroshi is looking fine today too in his black leather coat, and it appears he has teamed his pretty onyx eyes with guyliner.

Fionn wears a band shirt and ripped denim jeans, and they all dress so differently in this pack.

Killian is all about bespoke suits and ties, and he definitely likes to show the world what he's all about.

Business.

He's a ruthless businessman through and through. I wouldn't be here after all if that weren't the case.

He made a business transaction the day he bought me from Steve, and I guess he is getting his money's worth.

Fionn raises his red eyebrows. "Ready to go, Buttercup?"

I sigh, shutting the door behind me as I follow them up the hall. "It's Ravyn."

What's the point in hiding my name? I already told their boss, so how much worse can it get?

They look back and study me for a while, and I know they're looking at my hair.

Yeah, my parents named me well, didn't they? I was born with a thick shock of dark brown hair, and it has stayed pretty much the same ever since.

“Pretty. Suits you,” Hiroshi remarks, and Fionn nods in agreement.

“Aye,” he agrees, and despite myself, I smile. I can almost pretend that they’re my pals when we speak like this, but that couldn’t be farther from the truth.

I try to make small talk, and I know I will hate myself for it later. “I guess your names are pretty cool too. I always liked the name Finn.”

Fionn corrects me. “No, not Finn. Fionn.”

Yeah. All I hear is Finn.

Fionn repeats himself. “Fyun. That’s how you say it. It’s Irish, like my mom.”

I try saying his name again. “Fyun.”

Fionn grins. “That’s correct.”

I grin proudly. Despite the crappy day I’ve had, I’m surprised I can still find it in me to crack a smile.

We reach the door, and it’s the first time I will be leaving the penthouse.

It has occurred to me that this shopping spree could be my one chance to escape, but with the tracker around my neck, I wouldn’t get far.

Hiroshi and Fionn lead me down the glass tunnel to the elevator. When the doors ding open, we walk across the garage toward an SUV with blacked-out windows, and I’m surprised Ted and Killian aren’t here.

Hiroshi appears to read my mind as he gets in the back seat with me. Fionn drives.

“We’re meeting Killian and Theodore later at the restaurant. They had to run an errand in the end, so don’t worry. You’ll see them again.”

Did he think I was worried? Please. I’m glad to see the back of those two for a while.

We buckle up, and I thank the fucker who invented seat belts the moment Fionn drives us out of the garage, going way over the speed limit.

We must have broken so many traffic laws.

Hiroshi seems so at ease, even when the madman swerves around a bend. I go flying into the window, glaring up at the back of Fionn’s head when I right myself.

“Are you fucking crazy?”

Fionn cackles. “Hell, yeah! Crank up the radio!”

He switches on the radio, and some angry demon screams down my ear. At least play some old-school R&B.

Hiroshi slips on a pair of EarPods and closes his eyes. What have I gotten myself into?

This whole pack is insane.

I just hope I live through this day.

Fionn finds a spot on the curb, and how he even managed to get it to park is beyond me.

How the hell we even managed to survive the ride here still amazes me. I am alive, and I am eternally grateful to whatever God runs this crazy shit show called life.

The redhead opens the driver's seat and raises his arms in victory when he steps onto the sidewalk, and all the rich, fancy folk avoid him.

We really are in a nice part of town. The ladies and gentlemen who stroll down the street look so elegant. One woman wears a mink coat, and I'm so out of my depth.

Killian's shirt may be a designer, but it still makes me look cheap. I look as if I just got fucked 24/7 by my boyfriend, and now I am wearing his shirt with nothing but a belt to cover up my shame.

I wish I could melt into the leather seat of the SUV.

Hiroshi is silent beside me, and that's when I finally pick up on his scent. He smells of fresh water and wild cherry blossom trees, and I've never smelled anything so unique. It's not strong and overbearing, like the alphas of his pack, but it's still distinctive.

I perfume next, and the scent of cinnamon fills the car. Hiroshi doesn't comment on it, and I'm glad he's here. He's a beta, so it's good to be around a male who doesn't lose his shit at the slightest hint of my perfume.

"Are you ready to go outside, Ravyn?"

My name sounds so sexy on his tongue, and there goes my slick again, dripping generously down my thigh. Again, Hiroshi doesn't react. He doesn't even growl or twitch his lip or act like an overall horny animal. He's just... Hiroshi. Calm and collected.

Fionn is still doing a victory dance on the sidewalk, and more and more fancy folk avoid him. I think he's just glad he managed to get here within five minutes of us leaving the penthouse, and I'm not surprised. He drove through so many red lights. The idiot.

"Well, let's go," Hiroshi says, inclining his hand toward my door.

It's hard to believe he is a member of such a brutal pack. I guess I am about to see their infamous reputation in action.

Maybe that's another reason why people avoid Fionn. They know who he is.

Finally, I step out onto the sidewalk in a pair of flip-flops that are way too big for my tiny omega feet, and the three of us approach the gilded set of rotating doors.

My jaw hits the floor when I see the name of the shop.

This place is too fancy for an ex-stripper like me, and my cheeks burn when I feel all those eyes.

I look like a cheap whore, especially with the tracker around my neck.

Shit. The tracker.

They will know what I am.

An omega.

People whisper as we enter the revolving doors, and not for the first time in my life, I curse the day I awakened.

It's not like it gets any better the moment we enter the building. It's even worse inside. At least on the street, I had the open air. Now I feel boxed in. There's no way to escape now if I tried.

It's not like I would get far. Killian would always find me, and I bet he would make do on his promise of killing me.

I ball my fists. I guess there is a silver lining here; I get to have money and riches beyond my wildest dreams, but I am still a prisoner. An alpha's pet.

And now the whole world knows it.

People point at my tracker, and despite how embarrassed I am, I hold my head high.

Fuck curling up into a fetal position and wishing that I could die. I'm an omega, and I am not afraid to show it.

There's another silver lining: the government is no longer a threat to me. I no longer have to hide from them now that I am Killian's pet. I saw the police car when Fionn drove past like a madman earlier.

They didn't care. They knew whose car it was and kept their distance.

The Whitefang Pack are untouchable. You'd have to be a fool to go up against them or suicidal.

The woman at the counter looks me up and down with a condescending smirk when I approach. But then her beady eyes fall on Fionn, and the change in her attitude is almost immediate.

“Hi, I’m Mel. How may I help you?”

I peer up at Hiroshi and Fionn. Fionn gives me the thumbs up. I sigh and direct my hands down my body.

“Well, for starters, you could fix all of this.”

Again, her eyes go up and down my shirt/dress, and there’s no missing her smirk again.

How sad that she’s so insecure to the point that she has to make others feel bad. I see it with all the shopping assistants here.

They’re all stuck-up bitches, and I best be careful with this lot.

It’s no different from being back at the strip club.

Mel drapes an arm around my shoulder, and her arm feels like a king cobra as she leads me deeper into the bowels of the store.

Hiroshi and Fionn are not too far behind.

I don’t miss the snorts from the other shopping assistants. The tracker will clash with everything in this shop, but I’m willing to make it work.

Bring it on, bitches.

I gaze down at my new dress, twirling before the mirror. When I asked for a short hem, Mel looked as if she had shit stuck beneath her nose.

I don't give a fuck what she thinks. I have flesh, and I am not afraid to show it.

The dress is made of real leather and it hugs me in all the right places. In fact, I bought a lot of leather today.

I also got some silk, velvet, and lace, and one cashmere scarf.

"You okay in there, Bonnie?"

It's Fionn, and did he just call me Bonnie? That's not my name, but I know it's another word for attractive.

How nice of him.

"I'm fine," I call out. "Trust trying on a dress."

I can almost hear the grin forming across his bearded face. "Well, let us see."

I meet my bright hazel eyes in the mirror. I'm not sure if it's a good idea. I mean, I look hot. I just don't think he will be able to handle me.

Who cares. This perfect body of mine was meant to be shown.

I push the curtain aside, letting the redhead get his fill of me. He hits another invisible wall the moment his eyes land on me, and I don't miss the growl vibrating from his chest.

He's not the only one. Some old rich alpha watches me across the room as his beta wife tries on a dress. In fact, all male eyes are on me. Even the gay shopping assistant helping a couple has to stop and stare, and Jesus, I knew I looked hot, but not *that* hot.

The world can't help but be drawn to an omega. We just have a certain charm.

Hiroshi is the first to speak. "Ravyn, you look..."

He can't even finish his sentence as I beam. "I know! Incredible."

Hiroshi glances at Fionn. "You okay?"

Fionn's nostrils are still flaring as he breathes in my scent through his nose, tasting me at the back of his throat. His eyes have blown twice their size as he won't stop growling.

He reaches his hand up and runs it down his face. "Fuck shit cock! I'm... I'm fine. Holy *hell*, Bonnie. You look good enough to eat! Like a sexy stick of licorice."

I peer down at the tight leather dress and smile. I guess I do resemble a stick of licorice, and I'm not surprised he likens me to food.

I saw the way he devoured his meatballs last night. The alpha loves his food.

I guess that makes two of us. Omegas love their food too.

Mel tries to pretend she isn't jealous of my svelte curves as she stands to one side.

I place my hands on my hips, and damn. This dress does feel good on. "Well? Got anything to say?"

Mel wrinkles her nose. Fionn growls, and she jerks, plastering a smile on her fake-ass bitch face.

"You look beautiful, *Ravyn*..."

That looked like it hurt to say, but regardless, her praise means a lot to me. It's not that I needed her validation, yet it's still nice to have it.

It's time to show the world who I am.

My hand touches the tracker around my neck. Somewhere, Killian might be watching me on his phone, and the thought of him spying on me sends a delightful shiver up my spine.

I hate this tracker. It's clunky and hard, and if only I could make it fancier somehow.

I point at my tracker, and there's no missing Mel's smirk again. "I want you to do something with this."

She snorts. "I'm sorry. We don't have any trackers in stock. We cater to the elite, not convicts."

She goes to laugh, but Fionn hovers closer, and she shuts her mouth. My eyes bug when I spy the Swiss Army knife in his hand. He twirls it around, and fuck.

If Mel knows what's good for her, then she will just cooperate and keep her snarky comments to herself.

I still remember the way Killian treated Martina, and fear floods my veins, making my scent spike.

Mel drags me away into the shop, and I thank her internally for having the sense to work with me.

I'm sure there's something she can do with my tracker.

I just want to see the look on Killian's face when he sees what I have done with my accessory.

CHAPTER 14

Ted

Killian and I enter Romano's restaurant, and they have reserved our table at the back as usual.

The family who runs the joint has been serving us for years, and we're their best customers. Also, we're their most prestigious.

We put them on the map, and thanks to Killian's savvy ways, we turned their family business into a franchise.

They have restaurants all over the country now thanks to my boss, and that is why they treat us like kings from the moment we enter.

Old Romano died a few years back. However, his grandson Raymond took over, and now he leads us to our table, stuttering and sweating like a pig.

He's afraid of us. Even though Killian treats him like family, the kid is still shit-scared of him.

He's just twenty-three. His dad was a deadbeat, so he was pretty much raised by his grandfather.

Killian takes his seat once we reach the table, then grabs the menu. I place an arm around Raymond's shoulder, tucking a hundred-dollar bill into his pocket. His eyes bug when he spies the money.

"Thanks, Ray."

He bows his head, avoiding my eyes, and I know he's afraid of the scar. I'm used to it.

"Th-thank you, sir."

He scurries off.

I join Killian at the table, and I'm dying to talk to him about the omega.

How long does he plan on having her stay?

I grab my own menu, which is pretty pointless. I know Killian will order the usual.

Pepperoni.

"So," I say. "I guess Hiroshi and Fionn will be joining us soon."

"Yes," he replies, his cold eyes perusing the selection of pizza toppings.

I sigh, peering around the restaurant. People look away when they meet my eyes, and I don't even have to sneer or bare my teeth.

My reputation already precedes me.

"And the omega?"

“Yes, she’ll be arriving too.”

Hiroshi and Fionn took her shopping earlier, and it appears that omega is already making herself at home. I wonder what other demands she will make soon.

She may have the others willing to be at her beck and call, but not me. The only person I serve is my boss.

That’s how it begins. The omega slowly worms her way into your heart, and before you know it, you’re running around like a headless chicken, catering to her every need.

Ice in her cola, extra fluffy pillows, tubs upon tubs of ice cream in the freezer.

I crush the spoon in my hand, and the poor metal bends. Killian throws his menu down, penetrating me with those cold eyes.

His blond eyebrow rises. “Ted?”

I growl, and a woman on the table opposite flinches. Killian doesn’t move his iceberg eyes off me.

“Fine. I’m... not happy with the arrangement. The... omega...”

Killian narrows his eyes. “You know she is not Beatrice, right, Ted? That woman is long gone. She can’t harm you anymore.”

I ball my fists and people move away the moment they catch wind of my diesel scent. I smell like car fuel when I’m mad.

“Still,” I seethe, grinding my teeth. “I don’t trust her. She definitely has a game plan of some kind.”

Killian chuckles, lifting the menu again to glance at the pizza toppings. “That’s where you are gravely mistaken, Ted. The power is in *my* hands. I have that beautiful little creature right where I want her. She is my toy, my plaything, and she knows it. And if she so much as crosses me or our pack, then she is dead. I bought her after all. She does *my* bidding.”

I can’t see his face anymore as he hides behind the menu, but I’m not so sure if I agree. I saw how he looked at her when she was sleeping before. His eyes were round with lust, but something else, too.

I know that look. That was how Beatrice made me feel for years, and there was a point where I would have been willing to die for her.

But that wasn’t love. That was obsession. That’s the effect an omega can have on an alpha, and we have to watch our backs.

Thank God we have Hiroshi. That beta will keep us alphas in check if we go AWOL. Then again, I’ve seen how he looks at her too, and I get it.

The omega is beautiful.

But that’s no reason for us to lose our heads.

She’s a devil in disguise.

There is a commotion at the door, and then I hear Fionn’s voice. I grind my teeth, turning around to look at the entrance.

What the fuck has he done now? It sounds like he punched someone again.

I forget how to breathe when my gaze lands on her.

Fuck.

My knot bulges in my pants, and I growl, yanking up my menu. My eyes glaze over the writing.

The blood still rushes through my head, and what was Fionn thinking, letting her leave the store in that?

Could you even call that a dress? It is way too short, and not to sound like the lass's father, but she needs to change.

The only thing she has to cover her modesty is a cropped fur jacket and I just...

She's doing it already; she is trying to warp our minds by wearing tiny dresses that hug her in all the right places. And don't get me started on the bejeweled tracker around her neck.

The omega looks ravishing

The others head our way, and Killian only has eyes for her now. The moment she arrives, he takes her hand and kisses her knuckles.

She doesn't do the usual omega thing. She looks him right in the eye, offering him an evil smirk. Most omegas would have blushed and glanced away.

That is normally one of their tricks, convincing us they're innocent, but not this one. She looks you right in the eye as if she's your equal.

She wasn't afraid to look in my scarred eye, and maybe she's not like other omegas.

Maybe she is as far removed from Beatrice as Killian said.

Killian places her on his lap, and the five of us order our food.

It's 7 pm. The Wolverine Pack will arrive at 8 pm. We decided to arrive earlier so we could eat.

They want to make a pact with us, ending the territory war once and for all, and I'd rather have a belly full of food before I have to crack some skulls.

We're not fucking idiots. We know what their game is. That's why I have six guns strapped to me. I'm wearing a bulletproof vest beneath my shirt, too.

I glance quickly at the omega. Her eyes widen when she sees the pizza selection, and something warms inside me.

She almost looks like an excited child who gets to eat at her favorite pizza restaurant, and maybe I am wrong about her.

Still. That dress of hers certainly isn't bullet-proof, and now I fear for her safety as I glance around the restaurant.

I know Killian just wants to show her off, but he may as well slap a big target on her head.

There are many ways an omega can make an alpha weak. They are precious in our society. Almost as rare as diamonds. Only the richest packs get to breed with an omega, and I'm not surprised Fionn had to punch some fucker on his way inside.

We may be the Whitefang Pack, but I have seen alphas do foolish things for the chance to be with an omega. I was one of them, and I swear I had been under a spell at some point.

I lost all sense the day Beatrice wrapped me up in her sweet little tendrils, and so we have to be careful.

Killian has no idea what he signed himself up for from the moment he bought her. He has never had an omega or a mate. I don't think he has ever been in love.

He thinks the power is in his hands, but he is truly mistaken.

The omega will make him weak and vulnerable, and for that reason, it is my duty to uphold my position as his bodyguard, making sure he doesn't fall.

I'll protect him and our pack. No matter the costs.

CHAPTER 15

Ravyn

My mouth waters when I gaze at that selection of glorious pizza toppings, and it's been so long since I had pizza.

I love pizza more than I love cock.

Killian strokes his fingers down the curves of my smooth leather dress, but I only have eyes for the menu. Even when he presses me into his knot, I don't tear my gaze away.

Nothing comes between me and pizza. Not even his big, fat cock.

Just order me pizza already, blondie!

He slips a finger between my tracker, giving it a little tug, and I stop reading so I can catch my breath.

Fuck. He really has got me in a chokehold. The things he would do for my attention.

“Finally. It looks like I got your attention. Remember your place, Buttercup.”

I refrain from rolling my eyes, moving my gaze away from the menu so he doesn't feel left out, and who would have thought that Killian Whitefang could be jealous of pizza?

He purrs, running his hand up and down my dress. "That's a good girl. Now, see anything you like?"

Killian whispers into my ear, and I close my eyes, biting my lip. My slick drips down my leg, and he presses me closer to his knot.

He stops stroking my curves, bringing his fingers around to my front. He slips his fingers beneath my black lace panties, and I smirk when he pauses.

I bet he didn't expect lace.

His growl deepens, and he's in for a real treat when he takes me home later.

"What else are you hiding beneath that sinful little dress, sweet Buttercup?"

Killian dips his finger between my folds, and lights spark when he pinches my clit.

Shit. In public?

This is a nice restaurant. There's a family eating with their children, but Killian doesn't care. He's going to show the world that I belong to him.

Killian doesn't stop teasing my clitoris, and I'm starting to regret wearing this tight-ass dress.

The more I sweat, then the more it tightens, and I'm pretty sure I'm flashing my nipples to the whole restaurant.

I didn't wear a bra. I didn't have to. The dress held my breasts up just fine, and I'm pretty sure they've come out to say hello.

"I love what you've done with my tracker..."

Killian runs his fingers over the diamond studs of the tracker, and a grin crosses my face. The disgusted look on Mel when I left the store earlier had been so beautiful. I wish I could have taken a picture and framed it.

I may be a prisoner, but I'm sure as hell going to look hot while I'm being held captive by this psychopath.

Killian pulls on the tracker again, cutting off my airflow. He doesn't stop rubbing my clitoris the whole time, even while I choke, and screw him; I'm about to orgasm.

I'm pretty sure I can hear the irritated huffs of the other patrons. I bet the mother is averting her children's eyes.

I throw my head back against Killian's shoulder, moaning in pleasure when I reach my peak. The blood rushes through my head, spreading heat throughout my body, and then a smell of cinnamon saturates the air. Killian continues to strum me like a guitarist, and I bite down hard on my lip.

Finally, he lets go of the tracker, and I suck in a sharp breath, letting the oxygen fill my lungs again.

The restaurant has fallen absolutely silent, and I'm not fucking surprised. I'm afraid to look. I don't want to see the

look of disgust in all the other patron's eyes.

They know what I am—an alpha's plaything. They're appalled by me as they think I am scum.

But holy shit. That had been one of the best orgasms I had, and I'd gladly let Killian do that to me again and again.

Fuck what the masses think.

My face is covered in sweat, and there goes Mel's hard work. I made her do my make-up earlier too, and when I left the store, I almost resembled a reality TV star. Some paps got my picture, and I felt like a celebrity.

Killian reaches up to wipe the blood from my bottom lip. Then he moves his fingers down my neck and stops at my breasts, pinching at a hardened nipple.

Again, I shudder.

"Good girl," he whispers, sliding his hand down to my stomach. I'm pretty sure he wipes my slick over my dress, but I'm too aroused to care.

The others pretend as if they don't know what just happened between us, and I'm grateful. Ted's lip curls as he grips the menu, his fingers turning bone white.

He doesn't like me, and I can tell that he hates the attention that his boss devotes to me.

Killian doesn't remove me from his lap the whole time we eat. He doesn't even let me feed myself as he picks up a slice of pizza, bringing it to my lips.

Damn. It feels so good to be hand-fed like this. Killian feeds me slice after slice, and I groan the entire time the cheese stretches and melts on my tongue.

Fuck. So salty.

“Do you like that, Buttercup?” Killian croons, but I’m too lost in my mozzarella cheese and pepperoni slices to hear what he has to say.

I open my mouth to take another bite like some helpless baby bird, but he pulls it away like a motherfucker.

What? No! No one denies me pizza!

I growl in frustration, but then he presses a finger to my lip.

“That’s enough for now, Buttercup. We have company.”

I look up, and my gaze lands on those three large alphas.

My heart pounds when they look at me, and it’s like no one else is even in the room.

My mouth goes dry.

Shit.

CHAPTER 16

Killian

Ravyn's heart thumps faster when the Wolverine Pack finally arrives, and I press her closer to my knot to put her at ease. She may act as if she hates it when I do that, but I know she loves it deep down.

One day, I am going to knot her for real and make her *mine*.

She belongs to the Whitefang Pack. And I'm prepared to let the whole world see.

That was why I fingered her in front of the whole restaurant. If anyone messes with her, then we fucking kill them. Also, I couldn't resist. She looked so hot in that leather dress.

I'm looking forward to ripping it off her later when we get home.

I meet Cliff's eyes, burying my nose into Buttercup's dark hair when he comes to the table. He's the head of the Wolverine Pack, and I caught the way he glanced at my omega just now.

I saw how all three of them glanced at her.

Fuckers.

Ted comes around the table and stands behind me, and now an unsettling silence befalls the restaurant. We pretty much cleared the whole place out after my demonstration with Ravyn. Good. Very smart of them.

I may not be able to guarantee their safety tonight. The fewer casualties, the better.

Ravyn shivers on my lap, and I run my hand up and down her dress, loving the way the smooth leather accentuates her curves.

That dress shows everything, from her melon-shaped breasts to her pebbled nipples, and don't forget her neat little six-pack. It's only a small one, but it seems her time working on that pole has given her the body of a goddess.

So toned, so svelte.

And all fucking mine.

I lean down, nipping her ear. She gasps, closing her eyes, and her whole body shudders. Her hands grip my thighs, and when she squeezes with her fingers, telling me to bite harder, I relent.

The three alphas watch on the other side of the table. Cliff is stalwart as usual, but Kirk curls his lip, exposing his teeth. The third alpha keeps his eyes on her breasts, and I don't like the look of him one bit.

So I pinch one of her breasts, and Ravyn parts her lips, gasping for air.

It seems to put her at ease, and if I'm not mistaken, she's playing along with me. It's as if she wants to show these alphas who she belongs to, and I've never been more proud to call her mine.

My omega.

I'll give her the world and more. So long as she's willing to let me give it to her.

Finally, she opens her eyes, looking straight at the third alpha. He sneers when she challenges him, but one snap of my teeth, and he keeps his silence.

I don't miss the smirk on Ravyn's face, and fuck, she's beautiful when she smiles like that. I've never seen anything so deliciously wicked. My knot swells, and she pushes her tight ass into me further, rolling her hips.

My cock hardens, and I just want to get this meeting over with so I can go home and fuck my omega.

Fionn seems to read my mind. He cracks his knuckles, keeping his steely blue eyes on Kirk. Hiroshi glares at the third alpha, and they really have no idea what they've signed up to.

I feel for Raymond, but I will pay him back all the damages. This place is his grandfather's legacy, and I won't let these asswipes destroy it.

"So, Clifford. To what do we owe the pleasure?" I fix my cold eyes on the boss of the Wolverine Pack.

He exhales, holding his hands up in surrender. The other two alphas do the same. They even place their weapons on the

table. Fionn confiscates them while Hiroshi searches for more weapons.

“The city is yours,” he replies. “We promise to be good boys from now on and stop fighting you.”

I raise a brow. “So, a truce?”

Cliff smiles, showing me his crooked teeth. “Truce.”

A quiet settles over the table as I mull over Cliff’s words. He’s definitely hiding something, but I know this is an ambush. He has his men surrounding this place, waiting upon his signal, but we’re not afraid.

We may only be a pack of four, but we can still take them down. For ten years, we have run this city, and we’ll run it for ten more.

So the sooner we can wipe them off the map, then the better. Then I can go back home and knot my omega.

Her slick pools on my lap. I know Cliff and his men can smell her, yet they don’t comment on it.

Ted is as silent as a statue, but I can feel him tense. Fionn trembles, a low growl emitting from his chest, and it seems my Buttercup’s presence has made the situation worse.

Thank God for Hiroshi, the best fighter out of the four of us. That guy moves so fast, I’ve almost mistaken him for lightning in the past.

I reach my hand out to Cliff so he can show me his loyalty. He takes my hand, lowering his head so he can kiss my

knuckles.

Unfortunately, my omega stiffens, and the whole world falters.

My heart pounds in my ears as no one moves. Cliff keeps his grip around my wrist, but he doesn't lower his mouth to my hand. Instead, he keeps his gaze on my omega, a cruel sneer sneaking across his face.

I have no idea what has come over her. She doubles over, gripping the table for dear life.

That's when I catch the scent of cinnamon. Shit. Is that her perfume?

It finally dawns on me, and then my whole world screeches to a halt.

She's gone into heat. My omega is in pain.

It happens in the blink of an eye. The third alpha jumps across the table to pounce on my omega, and I reach my hand into my pocket for my gun and blow his brains out.

He slumps onto the table, his blood spilling everywhere, and that's when I aim the gun at Cliff.

Fuck a truce. His pack mate broke any chance of a truce the moment he pounced on my omega.

She is *mine*... and I'll be the one to take her pain away.

I'll blast any mother fucker who dares lay a hand on her.

Gunfire explodes. Men pour into the restaurant, shooting us down, and Ted throws himself on top of me.

Someone shoots at his bullet-proof vest, and he winces in pain. That had to hurt.

When will he learn that he isn't my shield anymore? He is no longer under my employment.

We are kin now.

I guess old habits are hard to break. Ted really is the older brother I always wanted. Once, when I was six, I prayed to God to send me a brother, and I guess he answered my prayers.

He didn't just give me one brother, though. He gave me three.

I watch beneath the table as Fionn and Hiroshi gun down our enemies, and I've never been more grateful to have them by my side.

We continue to hide as the Wolverine men shoot us down. Cliff and Kirk are already dead. It appears Fionn and Hiroshi got to them already. I can't see them anymore, but when I hear an alpha splutter and drop to the ground, I know it's Hiroshi. Then when flames go off and I hear an explosion, I know it's Fionn setting fire to the place.

They have us covered.

Ted drags me up as I keep a tight hold of my Buttercup. She groans in my arms, writhing as the pain of her heat wracks through her body, but it's okay, I got her.

I will get her home where she is safe and take her pain away.

I meant what I said; I will always keep her safe.

My Buttercup.

CHAPTER 17

Ravyn

A blinding, white-hot pain paralyzes me from head to toe as all hell breaks loose, but the only thing I can focus on is the alpha carrying me.

Alpha. That's all they are to me now, my knight in shining armor; the one to take the pain away.

Another shooting pain tears me inside out. I cry, wishing that I could curl up and die. Fuck. It hurts even more than the first time, and this heat is going to be a killer.

This is the result of all those hormone suppressants, and I doubt Martina's meddling has not helped either.

The cramps I can just about deal with. It's the aching, hollow sensation deep inside that I just can't seem to shake that has me incapacitated.

I need to be filled, ASAP, and that's why I grip the alpha's shirt, breathing in his peppermint scent.

He smells fantastic, and I latch on to him, wondering how I ever got through this pain without his strong arms around me.

Another cramp wrings me dry like a wet cloth, and I coil up into a tight ball, praying for some type of release.

The alpha purrs soothingly, and I close my eyes, listening to the sound of his rumbling chest.

“It’s okay, Buttercup. You’re going to be safe. I have you.”

Killian. It’s Killian motherfucking Whitefang who whispers sweet nothings into my ear, and who would have thought that a cold, unfeeling asshole like him could ever show compassion.

I’m his property. His little toy that he plays with when he’s bored, yet he acts as if he cares about my well-being.

Well, I am in excruciating pain right now.

I focus on his scent and his purring chest, and sleep engulfs me like a tidal wave.

If I die, then at least I will die happy.

I awake again sometime later, peering around. We’re back at the penthouse; I can tell by the scent of alpha, and I vaguely wonder what happened to the others.

Did they get out of the restaurant okay? Did anyone get hurt? Fuck.

I'm aching in places I never knew existed, and this heat really is like no other. It's as if Mother Nature has come back with a vengeance, and that bitch is going to make me pay for denying my body its natural urges.

I'm an omega with a hole that needs to be filled.

Kilian cradles me all the way down the corridor, and before I know it he's kicking down the door to my room and placing me onto my nest.

My nest... I arranged my pillows just how I like them, and I almost cry tears of joy.

It's almost hard to believe that this is the same alpha who threatened to kill me, yet here he is, nestling me down onto my fluffy marshmallow, surrounded by nothing but pillows.

He's a killer—a monster. I once watched as he pulled out a gun and placed it by a woman's head, yet he lovingly lays me down and provides me comfort.

He purrs the whole time, making sure I'm as comfortable as possible before he pulls off my dress.

It needs to come off. I think the leather has fused to my skin at this point as I haven't stopped sweating from the moment he dragged me onto his lap.

His long, slender hand finds the zipper at the back, and he peels it off slowly. A sigh escapes me the moment the cool air wafts against my naked skin.

It feels fucking good. Like a caress or a kiss of the wind.

Damn, I'm so horny right now. I could impale myself on his cock in front of a whole eager audience, and I wouldn't even care.

My mind transports me back to the night I first laid eyes on him at the strip club, and even then I was smitten by his chiseled looks. What woman wouldn't be? The man is like a living angel, and I am looking forward to taking his knot.

Screw my old wish. Who was I kidding? I'm an omega and I need Killian's knot like I need my next breath.

It sure beats lying alone in the mud with nothing but the stars and the croaking frogs to keep me company, and that's when the tear slips from my eye.

I never want to be alone like that ever again. I want to be loved, cherished, and needed.

Never again.

Beneath this snarky, bitchy facade is a fragile creature that just wants to be nurtured and loved, and by God am I going to seize this opportunity.

Sure, my first knot may be a madman like Killian, but I want this. It's my choice.

The alpha still hasn't made a move to knot me. Instead, he watches over me like a bear protecting its young, and he really is putting a lot of effort into this.

He needn't bother. I know he doesn't give a shit about me any more than I do him, but tonight I just want to forget that we're enemies.

“Alpha...” I breathe, looking up to meet his piercing, cold blue eyes.

The only thing is, they’re not so cold anymore. It looks like the ice has finally melted, his pupils the size of planets as he watches me like I’m the only thing in the world.

“Buttercup.”

He draws a soft line down the center of my face, pausing at my lips. My eyes shutter closed, and the amount of attention he devotes to my features makes my heart flutter.

It’s like he’s examining a work of art.

“Fuck. You really are beautiful.”

Well, you’re pretty hot yourself too, dumbass. So knot me already!

“Damn,” he whispers, shutting his eyes, and what has come over him?

Oh, no. He’s not pulling out, is he?

I reach down for his knot, gripping the bulge beneath his pants, and the man stammers. He gazes into my eyes with a mixture of disbelief and amazement.

Seriously. Who the fuck is this guy? This was the man who put a lead on my neck and called me his pet. He fucked my mouth with his thumb and then my pussy later with his finger.

Yet he’s shy all of a sudden?

Maybe it all just got too real for him, and that’s when I realize. He’s never knotted an omega before. I’m his first. This

is all new for him, too.

I would laugh, but the pained expression in his eyes makes me falter, and he truly looks terrified.

Terrified of hurting me.

After all, an alpha needs to be gentle when they first knot their omega. Well, only at first.

But the guy doesn't know how to be gentle; he's a killing machine. All he knows is violence.

Carefully, I guide him toward my entrance. It's my turn to reassure him that all is well. I know he won't hurt me.

Besides, I'm not some fragile china doll. I like things rough. Just handle me with a little care. That's all I ask.

"Killian, it's fine. Give me your knot."

Something glimmers inside his eyes. It almost resembles pain and for the first time, I finally see his soul.

I spy a terrified little boy.

Shit. This alpha is hurting.

What the hell happened to him in his life to get him like this?

I reach my hand up and caress his thick blond hair, and he closes his eyes, melting beneath my touch.

I will never see him the same way after this. In order to put me at ease and remove the pain, he has to bare his entire soul to me.

Our relationship won't be the same again. A bond is formed when an alpha knots an omega. Not as strong as the bond that is formed when an alpha bites an omega, but it's still there.

It's not just some mindless fuck, and there's a reason why omegas are built for an alpha's knot.

It binds us, literally. His knot will be locked inside me for a time after this, and there's no going back.

Still, I think back to my first heat shivering in the cold mud. I was a fugitive. I had no choice back then.

But now look at me, lying in the arms of an alpha who is terrified to show me his love.

What a fucked up world we live in.

I unzip his pants, freeing his hard cock. Then I spread his pre-cum up and down his shaft, placing him at my entrance. I'll leave the rest up to him.

Killian opens his eyes, and it's like the universe has frozen in time. My heart pounds. I have no idea what is coming over me, but I think I finally understand what those corny love songs were singing about.

Sweet fuck; I've gone soft. Soft for this evil alpha who bought me from my ex-boss.

Still, I deserve to be happy. Even if just for a little while.

Killian slips inside at last, and he doesn't take his eyes off me the whole time. I want to look away because this is all too

real for me too, but when he grips my chin, rubbing his thumb across my lower lip, my heart stops.

That's the very same thumb that gripped a gun earlier and shot at an alpha.

He pushes in and out, grabbing my hips with his strong fingers, and I'm awash with pure ecstasy.

Lights dance, the friction and warmth building up toward a slow, steady peak. Then he angles my hips, hitting me in just the right spot, and I cry out.

His own release follows, and that's when I feel his knot. It swells, chasing away the hollow, aching emptiness, and nothing has ever felt more right.

Killian locks himself between my legs, and that's how we stay—as alpha and omega.

He leans down, kissing me between the eyes, and I could fall asleep like this.

How the hell did I ever convince myself that I could get by without a knot? We omegas need knots like we need air, and I'll be damned if I'll ever spend another heat alone

I never want to be without an alpha's knot ever again.

Screw being knotless.

CHAPTER 18

Ted

My fists hit the battered leather of the punching bag over and over as I vent my frustrations.

No matter how hard I punch, though, it will never be enough. My knot just won't go down.

Fuck!

With one last roar, I swing my fist around and send the poor bag flying. Its chain groans in protest, but I've had enough of its shit. It has hardly helped.

After all, I'm still horny. I can't get that omega off my mind. Her perfume is *everywhere*. It lingers on my clothes, and it lingers at the back of my throat. I can taste her on the roof of my mouth too, and living with her is going to be much harder than I realized.

Her heat came out of nowhere, and that's not a good sign. How the hell am I supposed to concentrate with her groaning in pain like that? At least my good boss was there to save the day, getting her out of that restaurant on time.

That alpha was like an untamed beast, and it will only be a matter of time until something similar happens to us.

But I won't deny that I'm jealous of Killian. If only it could have been me who relieved her pain, but, unfortunately, I'm too broken. Haunted by the memory of an evil woman who tortured and abused me.

I have to protect my pack from Ravyn. So I will call my guy and get her those pills that she asked for. This can't go on. That omega will only tear our pack apart.

She's already tearing me apart.

I was never enough for Beatrice after all, so why should things be any different with that omega? Beatrice used to cry and hit me during her heats, telling me I was useless and that she hated my knot. Also, she hated me.

She always called me ugly. Hence why she left the lovely scar.

I flinch, reaching up to my left eye. This hideous scar. Beatrice made a monster out of me in the end after all, and now I'll be reminded forever of that fact.

Ravyn may not be Beatrice, but I can't lose myself around her. I've already lost so much.

Tomorrow. I will hook her up with some pills...

It's what's best for all of us.

Ravyn

I awake the next day thoroughly knotted, and it's a strange sensation to wake to.

So, I finally took an alpha's knot, and the sky didn't fall down. In fact, it was one of the best experiences of my life.

Rolling over, I breathe in Killian's sharp, peppermint scent, sighing in deep contentment. That's when I reach my hand across to feel the empty space beside me.

Killian has gone. My heart pounds in dread.

Where is my alpha?

The shower runs in my en suite bathroom, and I relax, falling back under the sheets.

Thank God. For a moment, I thought that...

I shake my head, untangling the sheets from my legs as I tiptoe across the room. The bathroom door has been left ajar. Steam curls from the gap, and the blood rushes through my head.

I am about to see Killian in the shower.

Pushing the door, I sneak into the bathroom, glancing at those steamed windows. I can just make out his silhouette. My heart thumps in my ears as I step toward the shower door. I don't care if I'm intruding on his most intimate moments. I'm an omega in heat, and I want my knot.

I stop, pausing to take a breath. Steam fills my nostrils, clearing my head, and it gives me the motivation I need.

I slide the door open, and Killian startles inside the shower, dropping his bar of soap.

“Ravyn. You’re awake...”

I don’t hear his voice; all I see are his carved abs and holy fuck. Soap drips down his naked chest, and the blood whooshes through my head once again when I spy his thick cock.

It springs to life at my attention, and I know what I want for breakfast.

“I... didn’t want to wake—”

I throw myself at the alpha, kissing him beneath the hot, steaming jets as I make him forget all about picking up his bar of soap. My hands run up and down the taut muscles of his back, and I have no idea what’s coming over me. It’s as if my body has a mind of its own and I am just a mere passenger.

I move on autopilot, jumping up into his arms to straddle his hips. He teases his slender fingers through my wet hair, a growl vibrating deep in his chest.

“A-alpha...”

Killian opens his eyes when I speak, and those shards of ice cut straight through my soul. Maybe he will finally make do on his promise of killing me.

With a vicious snarl, he pushes me against the steamed glass, his hardened cock delving deep between my thighs. I wrap my legs around his waist, digging my heels into his ass to spur him on, and he growls into my ear, “You made the biggest mistake of your life coming to me, Buttercup...”

The hot jets continue to pour above as I roll my head back on the glass, lost in pure rapture. Steam fills the small space, and it’s definitely doing strange things to my mind.

I swear his eyes are glowing for a moment, and the color reminds me of a blazing white star.

Leaning closer to his ear, I dip my tongue inside and whisper, “Then make me regret it.”

Well, that seems to give him the motivation he needed. I know there’s an animal inside of him somewhere. I just need to bring it out.

I don’t want an alpha who treats me like porcelain. I want an alpha who isn’t afraid to break me.

Not only do I want him to break me, but I want him to fix me again, too. I think I’m finally starting to understand this one. I saw it last night before he knotted me. He was scared and vulnerable, like a child.

He may be a monster, but I’m prepared to dig deep until I find that boy again. Someone at some time had hurt him, and I’m going to make them pay.

Killian spears me with his cock over and over, chasing his release. My own release is just visible along the horizon, and

when I reach it, I'm going to nose-dive straight off the edge and into the abyss.

Screw being cautious.

Killian's hips jerk. Then he slams his eyes shut, emptying his cock inside of me. My heels dig into his firm thighs as I finally crest, and the view at the top of the hill is fucking fantastic.

I won't ever come back down again.

Killian's knot inflates, filling me up like a balloon as I shut my eyes. It's like he's chasing away all the dark parts of my soul. For the first time in my life, I don't feel so empty. I feel loved and needed. I don't want it to end.

Loneliness terrifies me. It was never something that I wanted for myself. It was just the cruel fate that I had come to accept.

Yet the more time I spend with Killian, the less I think about that cabin in the woods. I guess the frogs will just have to get on by without me.

I'm not going anywhere.

CHAPTER 19

Killian

After our glorious shower sex, I carried Ravyn back to the bedroom and tucked her in under the bedsheets. She fell asleep instantly, and I watched for several hours as she slept in my arms.

She's such a fragile, tiny thing. Yet she doesn't want anyone to know it. Deep down, she craves love and affection. I will give it to her and more.

I have no idea what came over me last night. I had this beautiful creature lying in my arms, begging me to take her pain away, yet I froze.

I think the situation had just got too real. She wanted me to ease her pain, yet I'm a seasoned killer. I was only taught to inflict pain, not to chase it away. I am the least qualified person to knot an omega.

From the moment I laid eyes on her at the strip club, I knew I wanted to make her mine; I knew I wanted to be the first alpha to give her a knot. But I froze in the end and it really

showed in my performance. I am not giving her the full satisfaction she needs.

She had to seek me out in the shower just to find her release, and I really am a poor excuse of an alpha.

Ravyn deserves better.

I really was ill-prepared for her heat. I haven't even built her a proper nest. All she has is a stack of pillows, but I could do so much more.

Fuck.

Her heat came out of nowhere. I guess it stems from her months of using hormone suppressants.

It is going to take its toll on her body.

My phone rings and I grit my teeth when I see that it's my personal assistant, Nancy.

I pick up on the second ring, clearing my throat. "Yes?"

"Mr. Whitefang," she replies, keeping her voice steady because she knows who she's dealing with.

It must not be easy being the PA of the most notorious alpha in the city. I just wonder if she would be so intimidated if she knew how I failed my omega.

Ravyn is not one hundred percent satisfied. It shows on her cute face. Even when she sleeps, she's troubled.

I'm a bad alpha.

"I was just calling to let you know that your twelve o'clock is waiting..."

My twelve o'clock? But I didn't have any meetings booked for today.

It comes crashing back to me. I have a meeting with the head of Tanaka Industries. I can't keep Hiroshi's grandfather waiting, after all.

The man is a big deal in the business world, so how could I have forgotten our meeting? He's supposed to help our business expand in the east. I have to be there.

I have no choice but to leave my omega.

It's only the second day of her heat, yet I am already abandoning her.

I'm such a shitty excuse for an alpha.

I text Hiroshi. I need him here to keep watch over Ravyn. While I could do with his help with his grandfather, he is the only one in the penthouse who can watch over her right now.

He's a beta. Much to his father's chagrin.

He will be able to keep himself under control in her presence. Ted has his history with Beatrice, and I don't want her heat to trigger him. Fionn has his little omega sister, Maeve, so out of respect, I will keep Ravyn far away from him, too.

Hiroshi arrives at the door just as I slip into a pair of pants. I peer back at Ravyn. She's naked beneath those sheets, but I have no choice.

The beta barely glances at my half-naked torso the moment I open the door. Instead, his eyes fall on Ravyn. There's no mistaking his lust. She does look amazing right now. Her perfume coats the air of the room, yet I have to go. It's bad enough that I'm an hour late.

"Hiroshi, I just got a call from Nancy. Your grandfather is waiting at the office..."

I don't fail to see the beta flinch when I mention his grandfather. The old man has always been nice to him. It's his father who treats him like dirt.

"Shit," he whispers, reaching up to rub between his eyes. "I should have woken you earlier. Just with everything that happened last night..."

Yeah. I suppose we need to cut ourselves some slack. We may be an enterprise, but we're also one of the most targeted packs in the city.

Many are vying for our turf.

"I'm sorry, Killian. I have failed you."

There's no missing the shame in his eyes. I'm not surprised with his shitty father, treating him like a liability his whole life because he had the nerve to be born a beta.

Fuck that man. I hate his guts.

Hiroshi wilts. I reach out, placing a hand on his shoulder. He's the youngest of us at age twenty-nine. So I will be like the older brother he never had; the one that should have been

there for him the day his father disowned him and kicked him out of the house.

“Hey, it’s fine. It’s not your responsibility. I was distracted. We all were.”

He glances my way, and some light returns to his eyes. A small smile lifts the corners of his mouth. “Thank you.”

I’m not so good at smiling myself. Instead, I give him a stiff nod and glance back at Ravyn. “Do you think you could look after her for me? I didn’t want to ask Ted because of... well... you know.”

Hiroshi stiffens beside me. I know he doesn’t want to be around the omega when she’s in heat either.

She’s just too tempting. Her perfume smells too good. I can still taste her on the roof of my mouth. It’s going to be hard concentrating at the meeting, with my knot swelling between my legs.

Hiroshi doesn’t realize how lucky he is at times to have a normal cock.

He sucks in a deep breath, and some of his black hair falls over his eyes. Then he nods, giving me his affirmation.

“All right. I’ll do it. You go and meet up with my grandfather. Just remember everything I taught you.”

I rush down the hall as I recall his advice. His grandfather is a very formal man who’s all about tradition.

So I better work on my bow.

I just hope it will all be worth it.

CHAPTER 20

Hiroshi

I told Ted and Fionn to leave for the day, and the first alpha was more than happy to oblige.

Ravyn's heat has definitely triggered him. I have never seen him so worked up. His muscles flex, and he keeps posturing around the house as if danger lurks in every corner.

That's the effect that past abuse can have on a person, even someone as big and strong as Theodore Whitefang. I worry for him.

While Ravyn may not be Beatrice, Ted is still anxious. He is reacting to her heat; he even skipped out on breakfast, and now he punches at a bag in the gym all day.

Then there's the lovable Fionn. While his experiences with omegas may not be as negative, he is still cautious with Ravyn. His sister's awakening three years ago really took its toll on his whole family. As a result, he has decided not to pursue Ravyn or any other omega for that matter.

Then there's me, the beta. It's true; Ravyn's scent doesn't have quite the same effect on me, but I won't deny that her perfume is alluring.

I catch traces of it around the house, and it's strong. She's in heat, after all, and before that pre-heat.

Her heats are unpredictable, and it appears we are just going to have to adjust as best as we can.

It will only be a matter of time until all hell breaks loose.

Killian doesn't look ready to give her up anytime soon, and after his demonstration at the restaurant, many packs have become aware of her existence.

They will target her in order to get to Killian. Just like they targeted his father's grave.

The penthouse is the safest place for Ravyn right now.

I arrive at her bedroom door with a cup of coffee and a muffin. I hope it will soften the blow when I have to tell her that her alpha has gone to a business meeting with my grandfather.

I only hope it goes well at the office. My grandfather was always a reasonable man; it's my father who is evil incarnate.

My knuckles hit the wood. "Ravyn? You in there? It's Hiroshi."

I haven't spent much time alone with her. I'm always with Fionn, but the redhead has decided to spend the day with his baby sister.

I hear the bedsheets rumple, and then the sound of tiny feet as she pads across the carpet.

I try not to think about her perfect little toes as the door opens, revealing her bright hazel eyes. They land on the muffin and coffee, and I swear her pupils enlarge.

“Muffin...”

I hold up the steaming cup. “And coffee.”

“Gimme.”

She snatches the muffin and the coffee from my hands, and I watch amused as she scurries back to her bed and nestles beneath the sheets.

No, not bed. Nest. Ravyn has turned her king-sized bed into a nest of sorts. She has stacked several pillows like a child making a fort, and that’s where she currently settles to drink the coffee I made her.

I wasn’t sure whether she was more of a tea or a coffee person, but I see now I made the right choice. Ravyn slowly comes back to life when she sips her drink and takes a bite of her muffin. The groaning sound she makes sends the blood rushing to my cock.

If I were an alpha, my knot would have swollen. If I were an alpha, I would be in that bed with her, easing her pain.

She appears better today. Last night, she looked awful. Her whole body doubled over, and I thought she was going to pass out from the sheer agony.

I can't imagine what she is going through.

While I may not be equipped to give her what she needs, I'd like to think that I could still take care of her.

I may only be a beta, but I would still cherish her and make her feel safe.

"You have brought shame to our family...."

My father's voice echoes back to me. I haven't spoken to the man since I awakened as a beta.

"This muffin is so good. Did you make it?"

Ravyn's voice drags me back to the present, and I meet the bright green of her round hazel eyes.

"No. Ted did."

Just when I thought those eyes couldn't get any bigger.

"He's quite the cook."

Again, more silence. The omega continues to nibble at her muffin. So far, she hasn't asked about Killian; she just looked so happy to see the muffin.

"So, where's your boss?"

I shut my eyes. How do I tell her that her alpha of sorts has left her to attend a meeting with my grandfather?

This exchange will not go down well.

I heave a sigh. "Killian..."

I don't have to finish. Ravyn knows as soon as his name leaves my mouth. He has abandoned her during her heat.

That's all she hears.

“What?”

I nod. “Yes. He left earlier to head to the office. He will—”

With a short growl, she throws her sheets off her legs and finds a pair of tight-fitting yoga pants. They bring out the shape of her rear end. I avert my eyes.

Then she finds a figure-hugging tank top, wrapping her hair up into a high ponytail. The hairstyle exposes her heart-shaped face.

“Where are you going?” I ask.

Her hazel eyes shoot to mine. “To find my alpha. What was he thinking leaving me like this? The ass!”

Her shout rebounds off the wall, and I flinch. I am so not prepared to deal with this. She's hormonal and cranky, and I have no idea what to do.

Tears start leaking from her beautiful eyes, and all I can do is watch. What the hell am I supposed to do? I'm too afraid to approach her.

“W-why am I even surprised? He's been acting off ever since...”

Her voice cuts off and then she sniffs. The sound makes my heart wrench. The poor thing looks so lost.

I try to cheer her up. “I can assure you that he left with a heavy heart. He had a very important client—”

“Important client, my ass! He talks so big about knotting me, but then when push comes to shove, he chickens out!”

Again, I keep my distance. Ravyn is a ticking time bomb, and I finally see the effect that an alpha’s presence (or lack thereof) can have on an omega.

I may as well not even be here. Ravyn won’t be satisfied until she is by her alpha’s side again.

I’ve never been more ashamed of my designation. I’d take a whole hour being belittled by my father over this.

Ravyn needs a knot, and I don’t have a knot.

“Come on, let’s go.”

She brushes past me. I follow her down the hall. “Go where?”

She whirls around. “To your boss! You can drive me.”

Dread creeps up my spine. I can’t have her ruining the meeting with my grandfather. If Killian can secure a deal, then we can expand the company. He may not be as fluent in Japanese as I am, but he’s well versed in the language of money and business.

“That would not be wise.”

Ravyn looks delirious. Her hands ball into fists as she clenches her teeth. The whites of her eyes are showing.

My grandfather cannot see her like this.

She steps closer, gazing intently into my eyes. “You will take me to him.”

I keep my calm as she tries to challenge me. She fails miserably, but I won't deny that I find her attempts precious.

I fold my arms, trying to come up with some kind of compromise. "One hour. I will take you to him in one hour. Killian's meeting should be finished by then."

She scoffs. "Who's his meeting with? The Pope?"

I arch a brow. "No. My grandfather."

Ravyn falls silent, and shame colors her cheeks. She grabs her stomach, taking several deep breaths. It looks as if her cramps are starting again.

"Do you think you can hold on for that long?"

She bites her lip, and I ignore her teeth as they puncture her plump skin.

"Yes. Do... do you think you could run me a cold bath? It... helps..."

It's a strange request, but anything I can do to make her happy. There's no denying the sharp spike of her perfume or the sticky sheen of her face.

"I can make you a bath."

She nods, leaning her head against the wall as her heat wreaks havoc on her beautiful body.

If only I could take her pain away.

I lift her in my arms, trying to keep her distracted as I talk to her. By the time I have a bath going, she rips her clothes off and dips right into the cold water. I decide to leave.

What else am I supposed to do?

Before I exit the bathroom, she grabs my hand. I turn to meet her bright hazel. She has covered her body in bubbles, and I'm grateful that I don't have to gaze upon her naked skin.

I definitely wouldn't be able to resist then.

"Thank you, Hiroshi..."

Despite the crappy morning I've had, a smile stretches my lips. Well, at least I could bring her some comfort.

"I'll just be outside. You be careful in here now."

Ravyn nods, then vanishes beneath the bubbles. I didn't make the water too cold. Just cool enough to ease the pain. It's the best I could do for her.

CHAPTER 21

Ravyn

I press my cheek to the window of the car as Hiroshi drives me to the office, and the cool glass feels so good on my skin.

The cold bath could only do so much to cool down the effects of my raging heat. I just didn't have the heart to tell Hiroshi.

He is nothing at all like the others, and I would even go as far as to say that he was sweet.

He took care of me, and that's all that matters.

Unlike *some* people I know. Wait until I get my hands on that alpha; he will be sorry.

What kind of alpha leaves their horny omega home alone to go chat over tea with Hiroshi's grandpa?

Bullshit. I know it's more than just tea. The alpha is trying to avoid me. He was all over me at first, but now he is suddenly afraid. Is he afraid of what would happen if he totally

gave himself over to me? Sure, he has knotted me *twice* now, but he was never really there. It's hard to explain.

Our souls didn't completely align. Something was amiss.

"We're here."

I peel my sticky face away from the window, grimacing in disgust. I'm so freaking hot, I'm fusing to the glass at this point, but at least we've arrived.

I'm going to give Killian a piece of my mind.

Hiroshi has parked in a large parking complex, and I start unbuckling my belt.

"Not so fast, Ravyn. Deep breaths. Can you do that for me?"

I meet his shiny onyx eyes, doing as he instructs.

"Just keep calm. I can assure you Killian didn't mean to abandon you. He was late for his meeting because he'd been up all night looking after you. Please understand."

I understand what he says, but I'm still not convinced. It just sounds like an excuse to me.

It must be the hormones. I'm angry because my alpha doesn't deem me the most important thing in the world at this very moment in time. I want his undivided attention every second of the day.

It's selfish and petty, but I don't care. I'm horny and I need a knot. *Now*.

And a side of curly fries.

My mouth's watering already.

We climb out of the car, and I follow Hiroshi across the parking lot. We arrive at a gate. The man inside the box doesn't even ask to see proof of ID. One look at Hiroshi, and he's opening the door to let us through.

Just how big is this place? I had been too busy sleeping and plotting my revenge to notice the building when we arrived.

It all seems a bit excessive for *one* office.

Hiroshi leads me down a dingy hallway, and I'm surprised there are people down here. They're all buried away behind desks, and how the hell do they work without natural light?

The fluorescent lighting can't be good for them.

People nearly jump out of the way when they spy Hiroshi. Several greet him.

"Mr. Whitefang."

The beta acknowledges them with a nod, and he must be quite the bigshot around here. The people on this floor are beta like him, but they're still fearful of him. They treat him like any other alpha, and it's strange.

I suppose Killian's office is on this floor? So far, we've passed several cubicles, and I'm pretty shocked that the alpha would work in a dimly lit place like this.

No one deserves to work here. There's no sunlight. Everyone looks pale.

They need vitamin D.

We don't stop at an office. Instead, we find the elevator, and my eyes pop when I see all those buttons.

"Twelve floors? Just how big is this office?"

Hiroshi smiles. "More like *offices*. The building is fifty feet. This is Whitefang Industries. Killian's own enterprise that he built from scratch. He has shares in entertainment and technology, as well as travel and tourism. He's forever expanding."

I shake my head. I knew he was rich, but hot damn. Killian just became ten times hotter, if that were possible.

"Then what floor did we just pass through?"

Hiroshi has to stop and think. "Accounting."

I scoff. "Well, you should think about giving those poor bastards a window."

Hiroshi chuckles and I don't think he realizes that I'm being serious. As hot as I think Killian is, he should still treat his employees better. I bet he never comes down here. They even looked surprised when Hiroshi passed through, and I suppose he wanted to avoid the front lobby.

He didn't want anyone important to see me.

How flattering.

While I may look like a hot mess right now, I still look ten times better than half of those poor bastards in accounting.

It takes us some time until we reach the top. All the while, I have to squeeze my thighs to stop the slick from dripping

down my leg. Hiroshi just smells so good. His freshwater cherry blossom scent is so inviting; I never thought I would be attracted to a guy who smells like pink flowers. His scent has accents of sandalwood, and I just want to rub my cheek all over him so I can make him *mine*.

Damn this omega body. It's hard to think straight.

The elevator stops several times on the way up, yet the moment those other passengers see Hiroshi, they change their minds and take the stairs. It seems no one wants to travel with any member of the Whitefang Pack.

Or maybe they saw me all horny and disheveled. An omega's heat is legendary, after all. Some of the rumors I have heard have even made me laugh.

Finally, we arrive at the highest level, and my jaw hits the tiled, marbled floor when I spy the lavish suite.

Now, *this* is an office. Wide windows that overlook the city, crystal chandeliers, and a velvet chaise lounge in the waiting area.

I'm going to take a nap on that chaise lounge later.

Hiroshi approaches a polished mahogany desk. A snotty beta bitch sticks up her nose the moment her baby blue eyes find me.

"Mr. Whitefang. How may I help you?"

Her soft blue eyes don't leave me, and I can tell she's jealous. After all, I bet she knows exactly who I am.

Killian's little plaything.

I am not in the mood for her sour attitude. I'm horny, and I need to see my alpha.

"Good afternoon, Nancy. Please let Killian know that we've arrived."

Nancy smiles at him like a sexy Cheshire Cat. Then she picks up the phone with her manicured hand, and I resist the urge to jump across the desk and rip her eyes out when she gives Hiroshi that *come hither* look.

After all, they're both betas. They go together like bread and butter, or would that be bread on bread?

Wow. That is one *boring* sandwich.

Screw you, Nancy. He's mine.

No, no. Hiroshi is *not* mine. It must be the hormones again.

Nancy puts the phone down, fluttering her long eyelashes at Hiroshi. "He's ready to see you now."

Her pale eyes fall on me, and I grind my teeth. I don't even have a bad thing to say about her. She is one pretty bitch. Perfect blonde curls, gorgeous fashion sense, and supermodel good looks. I bet she is *tall*, too.

The tallest omega I have ever known was a whopping five foot five. That's practically a giant in our world.

Hiroshi glances my way. "Ready to go inside, Ravyn?"

I meet the evil gleam in Nancy's eyes again. She leans back in her seat, filing her nails, and what is with that smirk?

I peer back up at Hiroshi. “Yes. I have a bone to pick with Killian after all.”

Nancy snorts, and I throw her a pointed look. Has she got a hairball stuck in her throat or something? Whatever. I don’t care.

I follow Hiroshi as he leads me to Killian. Nancy calls out behind me. “Nice yoga pants, by the way. What were they? 99 cents?”

I ball my fists, ready to turn back and beat the shit out of that snooty receptionist, but Hiroshi grips my shoulder.

“Ignore her, Ravyn. She isn’t worth it.”

Fuck that bitch. She’s lucky Hiroshi was here. If he wasn’t, I would have yanked that nail file from her hand and shoved it down her throat.

I storm ahead of Hiroshi, letting my nose lead me to Killian. I’m going to scream this whole place down. Even the poor bastards down in accounting will hear me.

There’s no missing the gilded set of doors when I arrive, and I don’t care if the Pope really is inside this office.

I’m going to scratch Killian’s eyes out.

I barge my way inside, and there he is, my knight in shining armor sitting at his golden throne.

He drops a pen in shock. “Ravyn...”

I don’t have time to glance around his fancy office. I storm toward his desk, pointing a finger at him. “You have some

explaining to do, Killian Whitefang.”

The alpha gazes up at Hiroshi. The beta mutters an apology, and Killian sighs, pinching between his brows.

“Hiroshi... would you give us a moment?”

The beta takes one last look at me, then stalks out of the office.

I peer back at Killian, placing my hands on my hips. Killian rises from his seat, gazing out the window.

“Well?” I probe.

Killian is still thinking; I see his handsome visage reflecting off the window. His eyes seem to burn holes through the glass.

Finally, he opens his mouth. “I had to go and meet a very important client.”

“Yeah, Hiroshi’s grandpa. He told me.”

Killian turns his head. The light from the window outlines his mouth, nose, and chin, leaving me utterly breathless for a moment. Shadows settle in the contours of his face, and how could I be mad at him when he looks like *that*?

“Do you know who Hiroshi’s grandfather is?”

I blink, trying to think. I don’t, because I know nothing about the world of business.

“He’s the CEO of a large conglomerate, but that’s beside the point, Ravyn. I was already forty-five minutes late because I’d been up all night with you. But he was forgiving enough.”

I chew my lip, wishing I had some kind of comeback. I don't even know what a conglomerate is since I didn't go to university; I didn't even finish high school.

All I have are street smarts.

His iceberg eyes pierce me again, and my cheeks burn like flames. He's pissed that I barged into his office, but at the end of the day, I didn't ask to be here.

I didn't ask to be taken under his wing. He just took me for himself.

I'm still his property.

A tear leaks from my eye, and I wipe the offending droplet away, cursing under my breath.

Shit. I hate showing weakness, and I think I finally understand why he's so distant. I'm just the same after all. I'm afraid to bare it all to him, too. If I do, then he may hurt me.

"How can I make it up to you?"

I'm not sure if Killian noticed the tear. If he did, then he's good at hiding it. That takes some serious skill.

If I see someone crying, then I have to make them feel better. I'm a bitch at the worst of times, but I can also be nice too.

I don't meet his gaze. Instead, I stare at a family portrait on his wall, and the man is the spitting image of him. There's a woman and a small girl too, and a little boy who I assume is Killian.

Some people were just born beautiful. Even at seven, he was breaking hearts.

He's breaking mine right now.

"Food."

Killian raises a pale brow, stepping closer. "Food?"

I nod. "Curly fries. And a unicorn onesie."

He shakes his head. "These... are *very* strange requests, but... all right. I will see that you get some fries and..."

"A unicorn onesie. Pink, with a sparkly horn."

"... Right..."

I'm regressing back to my six-year-old mindset, but I don't care what he thinks. I have always wanted a unicorn onesie. My parents never got me one, and I have never forgotten about it.

Killian presses a button on his desk. "Nancy?"

My insides curdle when he mentions that bitch's name. She gets to spend all day with my alpha, and I hate her.

"Yes, Mr. Whitefang?"

Ugh, what's with the breathy tone? "*Yes, Mr. Whitefang?*"

"Would you please order some curly fries... and... um?"

I shout at the intercom so Nancy can hear. "A unicorn onesie. Pink with a sparkly horn!"

Killian blinks. "Did you get that, Nance?"

Nancy's anger is almost palpable on the other end of the intercom, and anything to wipe that smug look off her beautiful face.

I decide to add to my requests. "Oh, and don't forget a coke, too. Real sugar. None of that diet crap."

"Of *course*," she croons, her voice like melted butter, but I know she's seething.

That's what she gets for insulting my yoga pants.

"And while you're out, go and grab yourself a pair of hot pink yoga pants from the nearest 99 cents store. That will be all, Nancy Pancy. B-bye."

I blow the bitch a kiss, even though she can't see me, and when I peer back up, Killian is smiling at me. He has dimples on his cheeks, and they look as if they were chiseled by the hand of God.

Fuck. I should have asked Nancy to order me some new underwear.

"Thank you, Nancy," he says, letting go of the button on his desk, and I just hope that blonde whore doesn't spit in my coke.

Killian's smile widens, which just makes his dimples deeper. I want to camp inside them.

"*Yoga pants?*"

I shrug. "She liked mine on the way here."

A quiet settles over his massive office, and I guess we have no choice but to wait until my curly fries arrive. I throw myself down on the nearest couch, chewing my bottom lip. Killian perches at the edge of his desk.

I hope that sharp edge is digging into his ass.

Yeah, I'm kind of jealous of that desk corner...

"Are we finally happy now?"

I meet his blue eyes briefly, shrugging my shoulders again. "I guess. I just..."

I trail off. I have no idea what is going on between us or where I sit in his life. Am I more than just his property?

Does he actually give a damn about me? It's hard to tell. He's an enigma.

I guess that makes two of us. I'm not the easiest of people to read either.

Killian moves away from his desk to kneel in front of me. His hand grips my knee, and a shiver runs up my spine.

"Ravyn. I am sorry."

Sorry for what? Purchasing me? Locking me up in a cellar? Making me his *plaything*?

He squeezes my knee, and my heart thuds faster. He rubs little circles with his thumb, and I almost purr like a little kitten.

This was what I wanted. To be loved, to be noticed. The knotting is secondary. This is what an omega craves the most.

That empty, gaping hole in my pussy seems to vanish the more he rubs his thumb around my knee and who would have thought that I would have sensitive knees?

His touch is like electricity.

That's how we stay, him calling me a good girl and whatnot until Nancy arrives with my onesie and fries. The look of envy she gave me when she left the office almost made me come for joy.

I slip on the onesie, smiling down at myself. It's pink like I asked and made from soft wool. It has a glittery horn and a rainbow mane, but my only gripe...

It has wings.

I asked for a *unicorn* onesie. Not an *alicorn* onesie.

Does the bitch not know a thing about mystical horses?

"Well, you look positively adorable, Buttercup."

My heart swells at his compliment. I meet his eyes, throwing up the hood of my onesie. My magic horn sparkles in the light. "Thank you. Finally, that's one thing I can scratch off my bucket list."

Killian grabs the curly fries and the coke off his desk, then approaches the couch where I sit cross-legged. I open my mouth, and he slips a fry inside, watching as I slowly devour the potato snack.

Fuck. It tastes so good.

When I'm done with the fry, he pushes the coke to my mouth, and he watches mesmerized as I suck on the straw.

"Pray tell, what list is this?"

I meet those frosted blue eyes. I guess as a rich boy, he would never understand. He got everything he ever wanted, I bet.

My parents were broke. They were teens fresh out of high school when they had me. Therefore, they could barely afford to look after me. It's my main reason for not wanting children. I just don't understand why someone can have a child and then not care for it. Sure, my parents were broke, but they never put me first.

They were more concerned about buying crack than taking care of me.

I don't want to think about those two; I won't even give them any respect by disclosing their names.

They are dead to me.

"There were a set number of things I always wanted as a kid, and a unicorn onesie was one of them. The little girl across the hall had one. It's stupid."

Killian smiles tightly, placing another curly fry into my mouth. "It's not. I think it's sweet."

I almost choke on my fry. "Did you just say... *sweet*?"

His grin widens slightly as the coldness seeps from his eyes. "Maybe."

I still can't believe it. It's just the last word I expected to hear from his mouth. I'm surprised he has any concept of what sweet is. I thought everything was all business in his cold, ruthless world.

"What were you like as a little girl?" he asks, genuinely interested to hear about my life. Again, I'm spellbound.

He really is making it up to me.

"A brat," I reply, being brutally honest.

And I was too. I may have been neglected, but I was still a brat and had too many things to say.

Honest to the core.

Killian chuckles. "I admire your candor, Buttercup."

My heart skips when he uses his nickname for me. I honestly regret choosing that stage name now, but it has a special place in my heart.

"May I ask why you chose the name?"

Well, what else is there to lose? He already knows that I like unicorns. It can't get any worse than that.

"It's my favorite song."

Killian blinks. "What song?"

Oh, lord. He really doesn't know what song? I can't...

I giggle. "Just give me another curly fry, Whitefang."

Killian exhales, slipping another fry into my mouth. I want to ask about his own family, but I'm a little afraid. There are

many things I am prepared to demand from him, but that's not a demand I am prepared to make just yet.

I think I finally understand why he's so cold and distant.

Something happened to that family on his wall. And I bet it wasn't pleasant.

When I'm finished with my coke and curly fries, Killian scoops me up onto the couch and cradles me. I feel like a babe in his strong arms. His knot swells, but he doesn't make a move to knot me. It seems he just wants to hold me.

Slowly, I unzip the unicorn onesie, and his eyes trail down to my breasts. I guess I can scratch off "Being fucked while dressed like a magical pink unicorn," off my list now too.

I unbutton his pants to free his knot, and Killian raises an eyebrow. "Well, this is awfully familiar. If I recall, you were wearing a metallic gold bra and panties back then."

I smirk. "Yeah, and we also had a crowd of horny alphas watching us too. A shame we're alone now."

Killian's blue eyes move to the window. "*Are we?*"

I follow his gaze. My heart thumps as I know exactly where his line of thought has gone, and for shame, Killian Whitefang, for shame. We're pretty much on top of the world right now. Never mind the strip club. Now the whole city will be able to see us.

Without warning, Killian shoots across the room, throwing me up against the window. Thank God it's double-glazed or we would have smashed right through.

For some reason, that possibility thrills me. My life could be in danger, yet I'm freaking excited.

He takes off the rest of my onesie, and the poor thing lies neglected on the floor. The cool glass of the window kisses the naked skin of my back, and I breathe out a soft sigh.

I hope the people in the building opposite are watching us; I hope a satellite is watching us.

The idea turns me on as I wrap my legs around his waist, giving him the green light. Killian slips his cock between my legs, and I shudder when he scrapes my walls. My breathing becomes thick and labored the deeper he pushes, stretching me out until he's finally buried to the hilt. At this point, he doesn't even need to hold me up anymore. His dick carries me now.

We're nose to nose, breathing the same air. His hot breath brushes my cheeks, and I have never known such peace and harmony.

The blood thrums through my veins, and he hasn't even knotted me yet. Somehow, I feel like it's going to be different from the last few times. This time, he will mean it.

It helps that we have an audience. I know how Killian likes to fuck me in front of the world, showing that I belong to him. And now he is going to show the suits in that corporate meeting that I'm his.

Killian rubs his nose with mine. "Think we could make this a little more interesting, Buttercup?"

I'm too lost in the scent of his peppermint breath to focus on his words. Why does this guy have to be so perfect? I bet he wakes with fresh breath.

"D-do whatever you want, a-alpha..."

That's all he is to me now. My sexy, fresh-breathed alpha. I may as well be melting on top of a glacier as his cool, icy scent surrounds me. I'm that hot and aroused right now with my heat.

Killian flips me around, and now I look straight into the office of that neighboring building. The men inside watch us riveted. They're all old alphas, and I bet they will enjoy the show indeed.

Killian grabs my hands to raise them above my head, and the movement makes my back arch. My breasts push up against the glass, and the cool surface feels so good on my hard nipples.

He leans closer to my ear, and his lips brush the shell. "Ready, Buttercup? I want you to come for them and show them who the boss of this city *really* is..."

I press my cheek to the smooth glass, fogging it with my breath. "Y-yes, alpha..."

Killian stills, and the hair rises on the back of my neck. Several heartbeats pass, and I gulp. Then my mouth turns bone dry.

What's he doing back there?

Out of nowhere, he pulls out and rams into me hard, and a scream bursts from my throat.

I come in no time, opening my eyes so I can watch those alphas in the other building. Some of them have left the room (the prudes), but others have stayed behind. One guy even records us on his phone, and it looks as if his hand has vanished into his pants.

Anything to get him off.

Anything to get *me* off.

Let the whole world see what Killian does to me. Let them all know that I'm his omega and I love his knot.

I reach down and start touching myself, rubbing my slick in circles around my clitoris. The scent of cinnamon fills the room instantly, making Killian growl like a feral dog. He nips the tender skin behind my ear, and I come again, spreading my legs so that the people in the other building can see.

My body trembles as he holds me against the window with only his cock, and the whole thing has fogged. They won't even be able to see us anymore.

Killian's body jerks. Then he slams his palms against the window and comes deep into my pussy. He drives his hips into me, over and over, pushing me up and down the fogged glass.

Fuck, that feels good. Lights tease at the edges of my vision, and I pinch my eyes, crying out yet again.

That's when the magic happens. His knot swells, bigger than ever before, and liquid fire pools through my veins. It

definitely didn't feel this good before, and I'm stuck between a rock and a hard place, literally (Killian being the rock). I can't move for the life of me. Killian has me at his mercy. Trapped. With no way out.

Further and further, his knot swells, and I'm pretty sure my pupils blow all the way out. You wouldn't even be able to see any hazel anymore.

It's like I'm on drugs. His knot has left me feeling completely rapturous. My chest heaves as breaths still escape me. I soon forget all about the window and the alphas in the other building. I bet more than one room watched us, but who cares?

I never realized sex could feel this good.

Killian peels me away from the window, and he still has his knot inside me. My body has left an impression on the glass, and it's a perfect show of our union. There's no mistaking our hand prints, my small pair, and his larger ones, and I want to take a picture, frame it, and put it on my bedroom wall.

"I'll never clean that window ever again, Buttercup. When I look at it, I want to be reminded of you. Always."

I nod and when did it get so hot? I didn't feel the heat before with my body pressed against the cold window.

Killian carries me back to the couch, and now I sit on his lap. His knot doesn't leave me once, and it's like the organ refuses to let me go. I turn around so I can look into his eyes, and that's when I decide to draw around the contours of his

face. I feel his dimples, and I feel his sculpted lips. Then I stroke his chiseled jaw, unable to believe that this beautiful alpha is mine.

Mine.

If I were a serial killer, I would wear his face like a Halloween mask...

Okay, things just went from hot to sweet, and then *crazy*.

I'm not *that* psycho.

No. I won't kill him (or peel off his pretty face). I like him alive. So, I lay my head against his chest, falling asleep to the sound of his rich heartbeat.

It's beating only for me now.

My ice-cold alpha...

CHAPTER 22

Fiann

Ravyn's heat lasted for four days in the end, and I've never been more jealous of Killian than I am now.

It's going to be days until my erection goes down.

Damn, if only I could have been in that room with her too, feeding her fries while I knotted her pussy.

That omega loves her food, and I couldn't even focus on my pizza at the restaurant. She just looked so hot while Killian hand-fed her slices, groaning the entire time the cheese stretched between her teeth.

I want my dick between those teeth.

Fuck. This isn't good. I cannot think about rutting that omega. After all, she could be someone's sister; I wouldn't want some alpha having the same dirty thoughts about my baby sis.

I'd cut that alpha with my Swiss Army knife.

Surprise, surprise, I hardly slept during the four days of her heat. Her perfume taunted me at every turn, and living with her is going to be hard indeed.

I've craved all kinds of cinnamon snacks since she arrived.

I enter the kitchen with a yawn, doing a double take when I spy the hulking beast at the breakfast table. Ted scowls per usual, nursing a giant cup of steaming coffee, and who pissed in his cornflakes?

I don't know what I'm angrier about. The fact that he failed to make breakfast or that he didn't bother to say hello.

Some husband he is.

I go to the coffeepot to pour myself a drink, a wide grin spreading across my face. "Why so grumpy, Teddybear? Did you wake up on the wrong side of the bed again?"

I ruffle his brown mop of hair, and he snarls, shoving my hand away. "Fuck off, Fionn. I'm not in the mood for your bullshit today."

I roll my eyes, lifting my cup to my mouth. That's when I spy the hard-on he's sporting in his own pants.

It finally dawns on me. He couldn't get any sleep either, with the sounds and smells coming from Ravyn's room. We're alphas, so we can't help ourselves. When we scent an omega in heat, well, we lose it.

Teddy acts as if he doesn't like the omega, but I've seen the way he looks at her. No alpha in his right mind would find her

unattractive. You'd have to be *dead* not to find Bonnie at least a little stunning.

All this time, I've had my eye on Teddybear, but it looks like he may have a little competition now.

Ted may not be the most attractive of alphas with that dour face of his, but I still adore him.

His culinary skills are unparalleled.

I chuckle, reaching across to pat his hand. Ted snaps his teeth, but I just wave him off like he's a playful pup.

"Well, if you're ever feeling lonely, you know where my room is, Teddybear."

I offer him a wink, but the alpha deadpans me, showing me his teeth. He's aware of my feelings for him; it's not all banter.

I fucking love the man, and I would be more than willing to take our relationship to the next level.

I don't want a pretty boy like Killian or Hiroshi. I want a big, rugged alpha with a scar, someone to rival my own strength.

Ted almost crushes his cup, and I prepare myself mentally for his rejection. He always lets me down easily. Well, in his own abrupt way, but I won't pretend as if it doesn't hurt.

"How many times do I have to tell you, Fionn? It's not going to happen."

Fuck. There goes my heart.

As usual, I hide the hurt behind a screen of sarcasm, reaching my hand up to my heart.

“Ouch. Fuck, Teddybear. Warn an alpha the next time you put him down like that. I may act tough, but I still have feelings, you know.”

Ted grinds his pearly whites, gazing at the wall ahead as he sips his coffee. I focus on his scar, smirking when I remember the scar that I left on the one who did that to him.

He still doesn't know that it was *me* who hunted her down in the end. Well, it was a team effort, since I had Hiroshi's help too, but no one hurts my friends and gets away with it.

I made it so that bitch would never find herself another alpha again. Maybe then I can spare any future alphas from any pain she may inflict.

We freeze at the sound of footsteps, and it appears we have company.

Ravyn arrives at the threshold of the kitchen as Ted and I tense. My dick hardens when I spy the wonderful afterglow of sex on her face and holy shit.

She's even more beautiful when she's been fucked.

Ravyn is a goddess. Pure and simple.

Her cinnamon perfume wafts our way, and there's no missing the growl coming from Ted's throat. A growl escapes me.

I haven't smelled anything so sweet in a long while. It's the scent of an omega who has been thoroughly knotted, and there's no denying the extra spring in her step as she makes her way to the coffeepot.

Killian left early this morning with an extra spring in his step, too, and I bet he's on top of the world right now.

The jackass.

Ted doesn't look at her, and I wish he would stop. She is not Beatrice. She's a whole different omega, and he needs to learn that Ravyn is not here to hurt us.

It's not her fault that our perverted boss bought her from a strip club so he could make her his personal pet. So the least we could do is be gracious.

She sits at the table while Ted gets up and leaves. I sigh, closing my eyes. Ravyn throws him a dirty look when he exits the door.

"What is that alpha's problem? Did someone hurt him or what?"

I hold my tongue. I don't feel comfortable telling her about Ted's past. It's not my place to share.

I shrug, sipping my coffee. Ravyn shakes her head.

"The guy acts as if I'm out to get him. Does he hate omegas or something?"

"You... could say that."

I may not be divulging the whole truth, but I'm pretty sure Ravyn will put two and two together. She's a pretty smart girl.

She seems to let the matter drop, grabbing a muffin from the center of the table.

How did I miss those? Had I been that distracted by Ted?

"So," I begin. "You seem to be in better spirits."

Where I expect her to blush, Ravyn meets me dead in the eye, wearing a pointed look on her pretty face. "Well, no shit, Sherlock. Your boss *fucked* me for four days straight."

I choke on my coffee, and it spills down my white shirt. Holy ass crack, that's one dirty little mouth. I ought to tell her off.

"I love your honesty. You're not like other omegas, are you? There's nothing coy about you."

She scoffs. "Hell, no. I have no time to be coy. Blunt is the only way to be, especially in this city."

I chuckle, grabbing a muffin for myself. Ooh, blueberry.

"You remind me of my little sis."

A quiet settles over the table, and I think I just blurted out my sister's secret. Fuck.

No one is supposed to know except for the four of us. Hiroshi and Killian are aware of my sister's secret. Ted understands my need to keep my kid sister safe, but since she's an omega, he keeps away.

I may love him, but if he ever judges my sister for her designation, then I will shove my shoe up his ass.

Maeve is nothing like Beatrice.

Ravyn's eyes widen. "You... have a sister?"

I guess there is no hiding it now. I don't have to tell little Bonnie the whole truth. As far as she's concerned, my sister is a beta.

"I do. She has an apartment in the city. She's a writer. You can read her articles in the paper."

Ravyn keeps those brilliant eyes of hazel on me, and it's like she can see right through my bullshit.

Awfully perceptive, this one. There's no hiding anything from her.

"Okay. Fair enough. Well, could I meet her? I could do with some company."

Company?

I shrug. "I don't see why not. Okay, you can meet Maeve."

A smirk crosses Ravyn's lips, and I just continue to eat my blueberry muffin, playing dumb.

"I know she's an omega, Fionn. I can tell by the look on your face. Don't worry. I won't tell anyone."

I hang my head. It looks like my sister's secret is out then.

"She's lucky to have a brother who cares about her. How long has she been hiding her designation?"

I sigh. “Three years. She’s nineteen this summer.”

Practically grown, but I still worry about her. I was thirteen when she was born. So naturally, I’m protective of her.

No alpha will get his hands on my baby sister.

Ravyn sighs, gazing down at her muffin sadly. “I wish I had an older brother to protect me.”

I look up at her then, and my heart breaks when I spy the expression in her eyes.

I don’t know anything about her yet, and I’m ashamed of myself for not caring to ask. None of us know of her past. Not really. All we know is that she had been working at the strip club, and I’m surprised she managed to hide who she was for so long.

“Did... do you have a family?”

She finishes off her muffin. “No. Unless you count a pair of scumbag parents who sold me to the OCC the day I awakened.”

My heart cleaves in two. What kind of parents would do that to their child? My own mom and dad reached out to me and *begged* me to protect Maeve. She’s their youngest child, and my mom was in tears the day she manifested as an omega, knowing what fate had in store for her.

So I promised them both that I would keep her safe.

They are aware of my influence in the city. They may not be proud of my life choices, but there’s one thing they can count

on.

Maeve will always be safe. She's living her dream and writing for her favorite paper. How many omegas get to do something like that?

Ravyn speaks again, and I focus on her. "I did have two friends at the OCC. They were like sisters to me. I have no idea what happened to them."

I suppose we could look into their whereabouts for her. All we need are their names, and we could find them. I'm sure.

I stand, wearing a broad smile on my bearded face. Ravyn cocks a brow. "What?"

"I'm going into the city later to visit my sis. Fancy joining me?"

Her eyes widen as she starts to nod frantically. "Yes! I... haven't talked to another omega since..."

Her voice drifts off, and I bet she was going to talk about one of her old cellmates at the OCC.

There are only so many omegas I can protect, but I swear I will keep her just as safe as my little sister.

No alpha will ever harm Ravyn again. I'll kill them, just like I killed those fuckers from the Wolverine Pack.

"Oh, by the way... I'm glad you're safe. I haven't seen you since the whole thing at the restaurant."

I smile, stepping closer so I can take her chin in my hand, and I feel it the moment I gaze into her spellbinding eyes.

Fuck. I hope my boss is willing to share.

Because I'm going to make her mine one day too.

CHAPTER 23

Ravyn

Fionn swerves toward a curb outside of a fancy apartment block as I hold on for dear life.

So many traffic violations, yet here we are, still alive. Fionn's guardian angel must fucking love him.

Mine, on the other hand, is a twisted little bitch who likes to challenge me. I bet she's giggling upon her cloud right now, twanging the strings of her little harp.

One day, I will shove that harp up her ass.

I catch Hiroshi's small grin when I feel my face, grateful that I am indeed alive. Fionn needs to have that driving license revoked.

"What are you smiling about?" I ask.

Hiroshi shrugs, pulling out his earpods as he climbs out of the car. I spy the music on his phone then.

This guy loves his old-school techno.

"I bet you wish it was me driving again, huh?"

He's not wrong. Hiroshi is a fantastic driver; he even stopped for an old lady at a crosswalk.

I climb out of the car after him, craning my neck as I get a look at the apartment building where Fionn's sister lives

Wow. Only nineteen and she gets to live like this? If only I had an older brother in the mafia too.

I've had to live on scraps pretty much since I escaped the OCC. I made some good cash while I worked at the strip club, but I hated selling my body just so I could eat.

That seems to be the only thing omegas are good for in this society. Fionn says Maeve writes, and I couldn't imagine doing something so... well, awesome.

Being paid to express your thoughts? Count me in. I've read some of her articles, and she's pretty insightful and smart for someone who hasn't seen the other side of twenty.

She's still a teenager.

She's very selective in her word choices. She never alludes to the fact that she may be an omega and has to be pretty apolitical. Instead, she hides behind a veil of sarcasm when she discusses how omegas are treated in our society, and I got a good laugh.

I can't wait to meet her. I haven't spoken to an omega since I left Dove at our dingy cell back at the OCC, and my gut wrenches when I remember her sad blue eyes.

I taught that omega everything I could in order for her to survive in this world, and hopefully, she's doing fine.

I have to hope after all.

Fionn jogs to the door of the building, leaving Hiroshi and I behind on the sidewalk. So we follow him inside, stuffing ourselves inside an elevator at the end of the corridor.

The effects of my heat have long worn off, but I'm still reacting to Fionn and Hiroshi.

Their lime and cherry blossom scents are driving my omega instincts wild, and I wonder what it would be like to be fucked by all three of them.

Hiroshi is a beta. Naturally, I'd be drawn to the others since they're alphas, but I'm wondering what he's hiding in his pants. Is he as big as Killian? He won't have the knot, but I bet he still has a pretty big cock.

My body heats, and then my cinnamon perfume fills the elevator.

Shit.

I just had a heat. Why is my perfume spiking again?

Could this be the effects of using suppressant pills for so long? They do warn that they have negative consequences later down the line. Though it's not like I went and saw a doctor. I bought my pills from a back alley dealer with the extra tips I made at the strip club.

I don't think I could go through that excruciating pain again. Not so soon after the last. I suppose I have an alpha now to relieve the achy cramps.

Killian was fucking fantastic, and how the fuck did I ever get by without a knot until now?

There's one thing I am certain of. I will never spend another heat alone.

For once, it was nice to be taken care of.

The elevator stops and the three of us step out into a long hall. There are fancy moldings on the walls, and you just know that the apartments are going to be nice based on the corridor.

We arrive at a door. I snort when I see the number.

“666?”

Fionn chuckles. “Maeve requested that I put her in room 666.”

I laugh. The more I hear about her, the more I'm excited about meeting her.

She really sounds like my kind of girl.

Fionn knocks and a little dog answers him on the other side of the door.

“Lucifer, shut up!”

Lucifer? This girl really loves her hell puns.

We listen to Fionn's sister as she maneuvers around the dog. The lock slips out of place and I spy a female version of Fionn through the small gap of the door, sans the beard. She has his vivid blue eyes and freckles, as well as his wild red hair.

She removes the lock when she spies Fionn. “Fionn!”

“Maeve!”

Didn't they just see each other yesterday? Why are they acting like it's been years?

He pulls her in for a hug, and there's no missing their bond.

It makes my heart ache.

What I would do for a family bond like that. Dove and Lark truly were the closest things I had to family, and they were my cellmates.

Maeve really is one lucky omega.

“H!” She throws her arms around Hiroshi.

The beta chuckles, patting her bushy red hair. “Good to see you too, Maeve.”

Her gaze lands on me, and all the sweetness leaves her face. She folds her arms, looking me over, and I can see why Fionn thinks we're alike.

I bet she's assessing whether I'm worthy enough for her brother. Not that Fionn and I have anything going on.

The only one I'm fucking right now is Killian.

“And who's this?”

I imitate her reaction, folding my own arms as I assess the new omega. I sniff her scent. A faint hint of oranges. I'm not surprised she has a citrus scent like her brother.

Her nostrils flare as she takes in my own scent, and I see the moment it dawns on her.

Maeve's jaw hangs loose, and then her arms fall to her sides. Her skin turns five shades lighter. "You.... you're..."

I smile. "I am."

Maeve stammers, peering up at her brother. He nods, and her eyes bulge from her sockets. She yanks me inside her apartment, and there I meet the little demon dog Lucifer.

A Chihuahua. How nice.

He is black and tan, and so tiny. He twitches his small nose as he takes in all three of our scents. His ears fall flat on his head when he smells Fionn.

It looks like he's met his match. He may be a living Beanie Baby, but this dog is still an alpha in his own right.

Little dog syndrome.

He seems okay with Hiroshi, the beta, but he's a little guarded around me. I guess he is adjusting to my scent.

"Hi, there, Lucie."

Fionn bends to pet the dog, and the alpha has to crouch just so he can reach him. Lucifer bites his finger and I gasp.

Shit.

Fionn laughs. "So fucking cute."

Maeve picks the dog up off the floor, and the vicious little gremlin becomes a lovable puppy once again.

"Fuck, Fionn. You know he hates it when you call him Lucie."

Fionn runs his finger under the tap, and I think he needs to get that thing checked.

Let's hope his finger doesn't fall off.

"Nah, Lucie and I are good. I have a lot of respect for the wee chap, keeping my sister safe."

I peer back at the teacup Chihuahua. He wags his tail in Maeve's arms. When he catches me staring, he growls, and Maeve shushes him. "Lucifer."

She peers at me apologetically. "Sorry. Lucifer is possessed by the ghost of a Victorian child who died of tuberculosis. He can't help it."

I snort at her Victorian child comment. "W-what?"

She nods. "That's right. So imagine his horror when he was reincarnated as a teacup Chihuahua some hundreds of years later. This world is very different from the one he knew."

I'm still giggling as she explains her dog's origins to me. She's a fucking hoot. I'm definitely going to like her.

"So, you're an omega," she remarks, stroking Lucifer's ears.

I glance at Fionn and Hiroshi. Fionn sits on her kitchen counter, eating Lucky Charms straight out of a cereal box, and I hope his sister doesn't mind that he's eating her food.

She doesn't make a comment on it as she leads me to the living room.

Maeve holds Lucifer the whole time she makes us coffee, and that's some serious skill. When she comes to the couch to pass me my drink, Lucifer snaps his teeth at me.

Maeve really is a lucky omega. An alpha brother *and* a toy Chihuahua to keep her safe? She has it all.

The four of us talk, and I wonder when Fionn is going to tell her I know her secret. I can tell she's a little guarded. She tries her best to hide her true self, but there's no hiding it from me.

She has all the omega traits: big eyes and small stature, but she's pretty feisty.

She is not coy one bit.

Maeve has many questions for me and I'm all too glad to tell her. After all, I'm probably the first omega she has ever met. This must be exciting for her.

"Have you had your first heat yet? What are they like?"

Maeve sips her coffee, her big, blue eyes trained on me. I wonder how best to tell her.

"Imagine a thousand piranhas gnawing on your insides. But then the piranhas turn out to be *sharks* on steroids, and, well, you have your heat. Also, picture an itch that you can't quite reach, and that's the gaping chasm where an..."

I stop, peering over at Hiroshi and Fionn. They look riveted by my explanations.

Fionn waves his hand. "You were saying?"

I glance back at Maeve. She beams, eager to hear my explanation. I just wasn't sure if it was appropriate to say *knot* around his baby sister.

She's no child, but Fionn may want to practice caution.

"Don't worry," she says. "I've had cock before. I'm no virgin, but you can say *knot* around me, Ravyn."

Fionn growls. "For fuck's sake, Maeve..."

Maeve cackles, throwing her head back as she laughs at the ceiling, and I take it she has had beta cock.

If she let an alpha knot her, then she would have given herself away.

"Yeah, well, you still beat the guy up, though, didn't you?" She glances at me again. "First week of college. I got a little drunk with a beta."

I nod. That explains it. I never got to go to college, and I wonder what it would have been like to go to a freshman party and get shit-faced.

I spent my teen years in prison, so I can't help but be envious of her life.

It's just not fair, but at the same time, it's refreshing to meet an omega who hasn't been tainted by our society's expectations of her.

She truly is pure, despite that dirty mouth. She genuinely looks enchanted by what it means to be an omega. I bet she's

looking forward to her first heat, and I wonder how Fionn is going to pull that one off.

While he may wish to protect her, he can't deny her what her body wants, and one day she is going to want, no, *need*, an alpha's knot.

I feel an overwhelming urge to protect her myself. She may be mature and talented for her age, but she's still a kid. Okay, she's only three years younger than me. I'm already just so much more experienced than her.

She has been sheltered her whole life, while I have not.

Maeve has never lived in the real world, and it is my duty to help her prepare for the day when her heat finally arrives.

She still keeps her true identity to herself, but she's not stupid. I bet she has already figured it out that her brother has told me. I hope she doesn't get mad at him. I just want her to know that she can trust me.

Maeve has no idea how lucky she is to have me in her life, and I'm kind of glad Killian bought me from Steve.

I never would have gotten to meet Maeve.

I sigh, placing my cup down as she rambles on. "Maeve, I know."

Her eyes grow twice their size, and then she zips her mouth shut. Her cheeks burn red. "So, Fionn told you."

"No, he didn't. I pretty much figured it out myself, but Maeve... I just want you to know that you have nothing to

worry about. I will take care of you and guide you. You don't have to go through it alone. You have me now."

Something comes over the feisty redhead. Her eyes shine as a tear drips down her face. I finally see the scared little girl. She may put on a brave act, but I know how terrified she is.

I know because I'm just as shit-scared. I have no idea how things are going to pan out, but we will get through it together.

Omegas are naturally resentful of each other. If an omega tried to hurt my alpha, for example, then I would scratch her eyes out and watch as she slowly bleeds to death on the floor.

But considering Maeve's brother is one of my alphas, then I have nothing to worry about.

Wait, no. Fionn is *not* my alpha. I am just living with him.

I meet the alpha's eyes in question. When he mouths me a thank you, I turn as red as Maeve.

I never thought I'd see the day I would blush around an alpha.

Screw it. I *am* attracted to Fionn, and I really am a horny little bitch.

One day, maybe I can take all of their cocks.

An omega can dream.

CHAPTER 24

Ravyn

I startle awake, ripping my eye mask off so I can glance at my clock.

6 am? Who the hell is banging on my door at this ungodly hour?

The door bangs again, and I growl as I slip out of my bed. “The penthouse better be on fire or so help me...”

I yank the door open, and my heart flips when I meet Ted’s scarred eye. He sneers, and I try my best to match his scowl.

What does he want?

His eyes fall on my adorable unicorn onesie. I fold my arms across my breasts, and there’s no mistaking the low rumble in his chest. Slick dampens my panties, and I squeeze my thighs, wishing I didn’t have to be so attracted to him.

He’s not even traditionally good-looking, what with the scowl and the shaggy brown hair, but I just want to jump into his arms and let him rough me up.

I bet Ted is a beast in the bedroom; I just want to feel those calloused fingers brushing against the soft skin of my thighs.

Ted sucks in a breath, taking a few moments before he shoves a bag into my hand.

I raise a brow.

“Pills. Like you asked.”

My heart thumps. He remembered. On my first night here, I asked him to find me some pills to stop my heats, and I have no idea what emotion comes over me.

I thought he hated me, but he only went and granted me my wish in the end.

That’s when I remember his comment about having to put up with my scent, and I clench my jaw.

This wasn’t all for my benefit, and I meet his scarred eye again, putting on my usual sass. It’s six am and I haven’t had coffee yet. So my sass will come with a bit of *spice* today.

Cinnamon spice.

“Thanks, *Tim*.”

He hates it when I call him Tim.

Ted leans closer, and his low, threatening growl makes my bones vibrate. It makes my pussy vibrate, and once again I squeeze my thighs.

He halts, his nostrils flaring as he takes in my scent. His growl deepens. It’s like he’s blaming *me* for reacting to his dominance, and fuck him.

“It’s Ted,” he snaps, turning up the hall to get away from my offending smell.

I slam the door, dipping my hand into the bag. My eyes bulge when I see the pills. Fuck. These are strong ones. What strings did the bear have to pull in order to get these?

Not even my tips at the strip club could have covered the price of these sweet pills.

I guess I should take a pill now. My heats are unpredictable, and only the gods know when my next one will hit.

Rushing into my bathroom, I shut the door and open the pack. I take a pill out and place it by my lips. That’s when I catch my hazel gaze in the mirror. My pupils have blown all the way out as my body still reacts to Ted’s sharp diesel. My heart races, rushing the blood through my head.

It would be foolish not to take the pill. I’m already having sex dreams about all four members of the Whitefang Pack, and the things Ted does to me...

Well, only in my dreams. In waking life, he’s an ass and would never dream of ripping my thighs open so he could dip his big, wet tongue in me.

I discard the pill.

No. It’s time to stop hiding who I am. I’m an omega, and I should be proud.

I like knots and I don’t care who knows it.

To hell with suppressing my body's urges. If I go into heat, so be it. At least I have a doting alpha to take care of me now.

No more hiding.

Ted is just going to have to learn to live with my scent.

I arrive at the breakfast table to find Fionn demolishing a tower of pancakes that ooze with maple syrup, and sweet fuck...

It's pancakes.

Ted stands at the stove, showing off his culinary skills as he flips a pancake into the air. I stare, impressed. Who would have thought that the grump had an affinity for sweet things?

Fionn waves me over. "Ravyn, you gotta try some of Teddybear's pancakes."

I glance up at *Teddybear* in question. The alpha side-eyes me, as if daring me to eat some of his delicious pancakes.

Bring it on, Teddybitch.

I approach Fionn's side and the red-haired alpha taps my hand when I go to grab my knife.

"No! Let me feed you."

I meet his eager blue eyes. I'm pretty sure Ted grumbles behind us, and I grit my teeth. Seriously. What is his fucking

deal? It's just pancakes. *His* pancakes.

I smile. "Fine."

Fionn laughs in glee, cutting off a piece of pancake so he can place it into my mouth.

Holy fuck. Ted's pancakes taste better than sex.

I groan, chewing Ted's delicious pancake very, very slowly. The alpha stiffens behind me, and the tension thickens.

"Oh, God," I exclaim, licking syrup off my lip.

Ted throws the last of the pancakes down onto the table, then storms out of the kitchen. He rips off his apron on the way out, and I suppress a snort.

"You're a fucking tease, Bonnie," Fionn chuckles.

I smirk, opening my mouth wider so he can slip another piece of pancake inside. Fionn holds the fork away, and I growl like an angry little Chihuahua named Lucifer.

"The fuck, Fionn?"

The redhead matches my smirk. "No more pancakes until you apologize to Teddybear."

I pout, crossing my arms. "No. He's big, mean, and stinky, and I don't like him."

Actually, Ted smells pretty fantastic, but I'm not going to tell Fionn that.

Fionn raises a red eyebrow. "Play nice. He doesn't mean to be an asshole. He's just... troubled..."

Troubled. How?

I nod along. “So, what’s his story? How did he get that scar?”

Fionn bows his head. “It’s... not my place to tell you, Bon Bon. I’m sorry.”

All right. So he’s protecting his pack mate, but I will find out, eventually. However, it’s pretty obvious with the way he acts so gruff in my presence.

Someone hurt Ted, and I’d bet my last five hundred that it has to do with why he hates omegas.

“By the way.... thank you.”

I peer up at Fionn.

He grins. “For what you said to Maeve yesterday. She doesn’t have many friends for obvious reasons, so I’m glad she got to meet you.”

I match his smile. “Me too. I can see why you love her so much. Well, apart from the whole, ‘she’s your sister thing.’ But I’ve learned that your family’s love is never a guarantee. You’re lucky you have her. She’s lucky she has you.”

Fionn looks at me like I hung the moon next.

My heart pounds when he reaches his hand across to my face. I close my eyes, loving the way he runs circles around my cheek. He moves to my mouth to remove a drop of syrup, and I watch as he licks it off his thumb.

His burning eyes remain on me the whole time, and I know that look.

This alpha wants me. You know what? I want him too. Why only have one alpha?

I just hope Killian is prepared to share me.

It happens so fast. Fionn lifts me up and throws me down onto the table, crushing my mouth with a bruising kiss. I groan, slipping a tongue between his lips as I wrap my fingers through his thick, red hair.

He nips my ear, brushing a hand up my thigh. His fingers disappear beneath my nightie, stopping at my panties. A growl rumbles in his throat when he finds that they're soaking wet.

"Fuck."

"Yeah," I reply.

I have no shame. I'm an omega, and I secrete slick.

"Shit, Bonnie. From the moment I laid eyes on you, I wanted to eat your tits."

Fionn drags my panties down my legs, dropping them at my ankles. He looks up, offering me a sly smirk as he lifts my nightie and throws it over my head.

Now all I can see is silk.

I forewent a bra today. So now my breasts are exposed to the air. My nipples pebble, and then a ring of gooseflesh pops up around the taut flesh.

"Shit cock fuck," he whispers. "That body..."

I smile. "I know. I work out."

Fionn runs his hands down my curves, and a delightful shiver races up my spine. He moves them to my rounded hips, a growl vibrating somewhere in his chest. "Curves in all the right places..."

My cheeks flame at the compliment, and then I gasp when he squirts some syrup onto my breasts.

He places a nipple between his teeth as I suck my nightie into my mouth. He slips his other hand between my entrance, and I buck my hips, seeking friction.

His callused fingers scrape at my inner walls, creating lights behind my closed eyes.

The others have yet to arrive, and what will they think when they see me and Fionn at the breakfast table?

I reach for Fionn's knot, untying his pants with feverish hands, and his dick springs free. I bring him to my entrance, shivering when his head brushes against my sensitive lips.

This will be the second knot that I have ever had, and I'm going to enjoy every moment.

Fionn jackhammers into me next as the cutlery shakes on the table. He grabs my hands, bringing them to the sides of my head as he builds me up to my release.

It comes out of nowhere. I arch my spine, wrapping my legs around Fionn's waist as I finally come apart. His knot swells, and now we're fused at the hips. It's going to take some time

for him to dislodge again, so we may as well enjoy the ride while it lasts.

He grabs another plate and starts feeding me pancakes again.

Look at me, being knotted and hand-fed by an alpha at the same time.

It can't get any better than that.

“Well, well, what did I miss?”

We peer up just in time to see Killian entering the kitchen. Where I expect him to be annoyed, he merely looks at me amused, taking his place at the table. He eats some of Ted's pancakes next, and seriously. Can he not see us fucking here?

Killian watches me the whole time Fionn knots me, and the burning flame of desire inside his ice-blue eyes takes my breath away. He cuts up Ted's pancakes slowly, bringing them to his lips. I lick my own, wishing he were eating me instead.

I love it when he looks at me like that. It makes me feel alive.

Well, this is definitely the weirdest breakfast I have ever had, and I don't want it to end.

Maybe life won't be so bad from now on if I just embrace my true self.

CHAPTER 25

Ravyn

A laugh spills easily from my lips as I have brunch in the sunshine with Maeve. We sit at a little bistro at the bottom of her building, and it feels so strange to be doing something so normal.

You could never tell that Maeve was an omega. Well, unless you had untrained eyes.

I detected her faint citrus scent from the moment we arrived at her apartment, and I applaud the guys for hiding her designation well.

I bet Ted had a role to play in getting her pills. I still don't know where he found the suppressants he got me, but I don't care anymore.

I still have taken none of his pills. How worse can things get? The world already knows that I'm an omega now. There's no missing the way people gawk at my tracker. I almost laugh out loud when one mother drags her son away as they pass on the street.

He's a little young to be taken with me, but whatever makes her happy.

We omegas have a reputation, after all. We drive alphas crazy. Young or old.

"Rude much?" Maeve snorts, sipping her coffee as she glares at the mother. In the woman's defense, her kid is *still* staring at me.

Children have always been rather fascinated by me, I guess. Omegas are natural-born mothers.

It's a curse.

I shrug, taking a sip of my drink. "I wish I could say that I'm used to it, but I've only just recently come out. I'm too used to hiding who I am from the world, but I don't care anymore. Let them judge me. I'm proud of my designation."

Maeve practically has stars in her eyes as she watches me with girlish wonder. Heat spreads across my cheeks.

"Wow. I wish I could be just as brave as you, Ravyn. I'm terrified. If anyone so much as found out that I was lying..."

She trails off, peering left and right. I do the same as a precaution. Mostly for her sake. I know she's not ready to tell the world who she is yet.

Honestly, I'm not so sure if she would be as safe as me. I am Killian's omega. No one will touch him. Sure, Maeve may be under the protection of the Whitefang Pack too, but none of them have claimed her.

One of them is her brother, and the other two alphas wouldn't dare touch her out of respect for Fionn.

There are alphas out there who would take her as their own, despite the consequences. They wouldn't bother with me. I'm not worth the fight anymore, but Maeve is free for the taking.

Alphas would scramble all over each other just to have the chance to knot her. People love redheads, after all. Especially alphas. It's a pretty rare coloring.

If Maeve is really unlucky, she may even end up at one of those illegal heat farms. A shudder works its way up my spine. I always thought I would end up in one of those at some point. Honestly, execution would have been preferable to what those alphas would have done to me.

I may be Killian's property, but being at the penthouse is probably the best option for me right now. I don't have many choices in this world.

This is the best I could hope for. I know Killian doesn't plan on letting me go any time soon, but sometimes I spy the sorrow in his eyes. I get why he makes me wear the tracker. It ensures my safety.

It's almost as if the alpha cares about me, which is absurd. But something happened between us. He may have been a little guarded during my heat, but I swear he bared a little of his soul to me.

I still wear the unicorn onesie at night.

Lucifer sits beneath our table, and I think the dog has finally accepted me into his pack.

Now he has an obsession with licking my ankles and what is with this dog?

Looking at Maeve apologetically, I placed my cup down. “I hate to break it to you, Maeve, but... I think your dog has a foot fetish.”

She almost chokes on her coffee. “What?”

I nod at the table. “See for yourself.”

The redhead glances beneath the table, and her chin hits the floor when she spies the dog. “Lucifer, stop!”

The dog doesn’t stop. He just glances up at his mistress, sniffs, and then returns to licking my feet.

It appears alphas of all species are obsessed with me. If we’re not careful, he’ll start humping my leg soon.

Maeve cusses, bending down to retrieve the dog. She places him on her lap. Now he closes his eyes, looking rather pleased with himself.

I can’t stop laughing.

Maeve rolls her eyes, glancing at the next row of tables. Ted reads a newspaper alone, and he really has the whole inconspicuous act down.

She inclines her head in the alpha’s direction. “So, what’s going on between you two? Have you... you know?”

I sigh. “I don’t know. It’s... complicated.”

She nods in understanding. “Don’t judge him too harshly. He’s an asshole, but he’s been through a lot. Has Fionn told you?”

I sit up in my seat. It looks like I may finally get my chance to learn about Ted’s past. Fionn hasn’t told me out of respect, and Hiroshi is pretty quiet.

“No, he hasn’t.”

Maeve sucks in a deep breath, glancing carefully at Ted as he pretends to read his paper. “You ever wonder how he got that scar on his eye?”

My heart speeds up as I gulp a deep breath. “Yeah. Why? Is it that bad?”

Her vivid blue eyes lock on me, and she’s so much like her brother. Of course, I didn’t tell her I fucked her brother earlier. She may throw her coffee at me if I spilled the beans.

“You didn’t hear this from me, okay, but the one who did that to him. Well, her name was Beatrice, and can you guess what her designation was?”

My mouth dries. I don’t have to ask her twice. It all makes sense now. Why Ted is so dismissive of me.

Why he pretty much hates me.

An omega hurt him to the point where he can’t see past his own hatred anymore, and now I feel awful for all the times I judged him.

I always considered him a miserable grouch, who never smiled. Well, he *is* a miserable grouch, but at least I can understand him now.

Still, it doesn't give him the right to treat me like dirt.

I suppose he did get me those suppressant pills, but I knew it was more for his own sake. The alpha can't stand to be around an omega. So much to the point that he is willing to go out of his way and give her pills so he won't be tempted to knot her.

I won't pretend that it doesn't hurt.

However, I've seen the way Ted looks at me. It's only brief, but there's no denying that he's attracted to me. I bet it hurts every time he looks at me.

I just wonder what happened to this Beatrice person. I bet she's dead. There's no way the Whitefang Pack would have let her live after what she did to Ted.

My fists clench. Fuck. I really hope she's still alive. I would love to leave a scar on her own face.

No one hurts my alpha.

Wait. *My* alpha?

I clear my throat. "Do you know what happened to...?"

I don't get to finish my sentence. A shadow blocks the sun, and Lucifer growls, baring his teeth at the newcomer.

Ted has come to ruin the fun, and my mood takes a downward shift. One hour he gave me. He says it's not safe for

me to be out in public, and it sucks.

“Time’s up, brat.”

I scowl at him. “My name’s not brat, *Tim*.”

Maeve cackles, but Ted cuts her off with one of his infamous death glares.

“One hour, I said. *One* hour. Then you go back to the penthouse.”

I grind my teeth. Ted is nothing but a shadow to me as his hulking form swallows up the sun, and he’s such a killjoy.

Why did he have to be my bodyguard for today? I would have preferred Hiroshi. The guy barely speaks, and he’s just so zen.

The complete opposite of Ted.

I really do have my hands tied with this pack. There’s the grump, then there’s the quiet one. Then there’s the crazy, gluttonous one, and the silent and disturbed one. I have no idea how I cope with their differing personalities.

I sigh, rising to my feet. “Fine. See ya, Maeve.”

The redhead gives Ted a dirty look. “Yeah, see you around, Rave.”

Rave? I like that. It rhymes with her name.

Maeve and Rave.

We’re going to take the world by storm.

I bid her a final farewell. Just as we leave the outdoor bistro area, I hear a loud gasp, then peer down at a little girl.

“Look at her pretty necklace, Mommy!”

The mother shushes her daughter, tossing me a wary look. I roll my eyes for the umpteenth time today.

I really do have a way with kids, don't I?

Ted ignores the exchange between the mother and daughter as he grips my arm, dragging me back to the car.

I want to bat his hand away, but his grip is super strong. It's like my arm is stuck in a vise. Plus, he's cutting off some blood flow.

Finally, we make it to the car. He takes the front seat while I sulk in the back, watching the world as it passes by.

Ted keeps stealing glances at me in the rear-view mirror, and I try my best to ignore him, watching the people of the city instead.

I recall what Maeve told me about Beatrice. The one who left that scar on his face, and I hope he didn't hear us talking about him.

I doubt it. He would be a lot moodier if he had.

I feel kind of bad that I know his dirty little secret now. He was attacked by an omega. A woman half his size. I bet it was a real hit to his pride.

The big alpha probably tells another story. He got the scar while protecting Killian. Something that makes him appear

brave and badass.

He has nothing to feel ashamed of. I know how manipulative omegas can be. I saw it back at the OCC. Some of the other omegas used to butter up the alphas, batting their eyelashes so they'd get special treatment. It worked. *Most* of the time.

Most omegas ended up being punished for trying to seduce an alpha.

I couldn't be coy and sweet if it saved my life. I'm just not built that way. I'm a sarcastic, sassy bitch, and I'm not afraid to show it.

"You can see Fionn's sister again another time."

I look at the rear-view mirror, and there I find Ted's hooded gaze staring back at me. His gray eyes don't look so dull anymore.

In fact, they look... soft.

"Her name is Maeve."

He scoffs. "So? My name is Ted, yet you still call me Tim..."

I bit my lip to refrain from laughing. I'm not sure if he meant it as a joke or he was just being plain old rude, but I'm not prepared to test his wrath.

We arrive at the penthouse. Ted is silent the whole time, and his large body almost takes up the entire space of the elevator.

I'm tempted to reach closer and rub my cheek all over his black shirt, but I know that would piss him off. It may even trigger him. In fact, when I look closely enough, I see that he's holding his breath. He even drove with the windows open earlier, and it wasn't because of the hot weather.

He hates how I smell.

The silver doors ding wide open, and I finally wriggle free of his grip, marching to my room. I lock myself inside, glaring at the wall.

I know Ted is just doing his job. It's good of him to be cautious, but I wish I could have stayed out with Maeve for a little while longer.

I miss having friends. I miss Dove. I even miss Lark.

This sucks. Fionn and Hiroshi are out on an errand, and Killian is at a business meeting.

So that just leaves me and Ted.

I have to get out of this room.

I open the door, listening to the sounds outside. All seems clear. I don't want to bump into Ted unless he feels the need to follow me.

I want to be alone.

Quickly, I dash into the hall, rushing toward the elevator. There's a floor I haven't tried yet.

The roof.

I bet Killian is spying on me on his phone right now as I make my ascent, but screw him. I don't plan on throwing myself off the building anymore. I'm actually pretty settled into my routine here, but I'm not prepared to sit in my room and sulk.

The elevator stops at the end of a long, gray corridor. Well, there's no point in stopping. I already made it this far.

I take a deep breath, then march down the corridor. I soon find a set of stairs, picking up the pace as I'm eager to see the view.

I'll be able to see the whole city and beyond.

When I finally reach the top, I freeze, taking in the scene before me. It turns out they have a whole garden up here.

It's beautiful.

Who tends to this place?

There are flowers growing in all shades and sizes, and it's like a mini paradise. Bees and butterflies collect pollen from the flowers, and despite the shitty, abrupt ending to my otherwise lovely afternoon, I smile.

My gaze falls on a silent figure beneath a cherry blossom tree. He's perched at the edge of a pond with giant koi fish, and I guess this is where he spends all his time.

Hiroshi looks like some otherworldly creature, and I've never seen a more enchanting male.

And I thought Killian was the god amongst the Whitefang Pack. Hiroshi looks as if he has just walked straight out of the spirit realm. He's breath-taking.

I wish I had found this place sooner.

Hiroshi opens his eyes, and a small smile spreads across his face. "Welcome, Ravyn."

CHAPTER 26

Hiroshi

I can't take my eyes off Ravyn as she slowly breathes in and she has never looked more beautiful. Her prominent breasts move up and down beneath her top, and I ignore the stiffening of my cock.

I'm teaching her how to meditate, so I need to focus.

It was only a matter of time until she made her way to my garden, and I'm glad she's here. Honestly, I can scarcely believe it. I'm the last man she should be thinking of right now. I'm the pack beta. I don't get the omega.

Her eyes are currently closed, and does she have any idea what she is doing to me right now? My eyes trail her full lips, and my cock gives an involuntary jerk.

She has painted her mouth bright red, and I just want to drag her closer and steal a kiss from her lips.

My garden pales in comparison now that this ethereal creature is here, and a lump lodges in my throat when the realization dawns on me.

She will never be mine.

My little cherry blossom will always belong to another, and I can hear my father's voice again.

"Why were you ever born?"

"I should have killed you when I had the chance."

I am not worthy of Ravyn's love. The best I can hope for is to enjoy her beauty from afar.

I appreciate the long, dark eyelashes that rest against her cheeks, the small, sloped nose, and the full, sculpted lips.

"So, this Chi..." she says. "What does it look like?"

I sigh. "It can't be seen but felt. It's what connects all living things. Just focus on the grass, the wind... the cherry blossoms as their petals drift to the ground."

Ravyn nods her head, then returns to her meditation.

She told me she loved nature when she first arrived in my garden, saying she loved listening to frogs croaking at night.

While I don't have any frogs in my garden, I do have a fair share of wildlife. A natural haven for bees and butterflies, my garden is welcome to all creatures.

It's hard to believe that a seasoned killer like me would be so in touch with nature, but meditating helps me maintain balance. It stops me from tipping over the edge.

I have to ensure that I never tip the scales, because if I do... it could spell disaster for us all.

My dad screwed me up enough as a child, so I have to do what I can to keep sane.

I'm merciless when it comes to my enemies, and I tell myself then that I will hurt anyone who dares to lay a hand on Ravyn.

I may never be able to give her what she needs. Only Killian and Fionn can give her a knot, and Ted too when he finally opens his eyes and realizes that Ravyn is nothing like the woman who betrayed him.

Me? I'm quite happy to be a bystander.

"I can't find my Chi with you staring at me, you know."

I jerk, shutting my eyes as my heart pounds. "I... wasn't looking..."

She smirks. "If you say so, ponytail boy."

I raise my brow. "Ponytail boy?"

She opens an eye, and I meet her hazel iris. "Because you wear your hair in a ponytail. Damn, you really are just a pretty face, aren't you, H?"

Despite the bitter turn of my emotions, I smile. She does have a way with words, and she called me H.

Only Fionn calls me that since he's my closest friend, though I know he is more drawn to Ted.

I always wonder when he will tell the alpha how he feels. He has never expressed his feelings to me directly, but they're

easy to see. There are perks to being the quiet one, and that means that I am skilled when it comes to reading others.

As I said, I'm a mere observer in this life. Just another petal drifting in the wind.

"Sorry, I shouldn't stare. It's rude of me."

Ravyn opens her eyes to their fullest, and they shine bright jade in the sunshine. Fuck—pardon my language. I just never realized how beautiful the color green could be until I looked into her eyes.

The grass in my garden could never compare.

"How did you get to be so nice? While the rest of your pack are..."

She trails off, and I chuckle.

"Don't let appearances deceive you, Ravyn. I can be as dark as my brothers."

She cocks her head, raising a brow. "Yet you're surrounded by an array of exotic flowers. I'm failing to see the darkness, ponytail boy."

I shrug. "What can I say? I like the aesthetic."

Ravyn continues. "Well, you have a good eye for beauty. That's all I can say."

"Yeah, I do..."

Ravyn's eyes bulge the moment the words leave my mouth. Shit. Did I really just say that?

A blush colors her cheeks, and if she isn't the most striking thing I have ever seen. I feel it then. I have fallen for this omega, and I mentally curse myself.

Ravyn is way out of my reach. Betas don't get the omega. The alphas do.

I can only have her from afar. A casual bystander in life. The proverbial petal blowing in the wind...

"You have a cherry blossom petal in your hair."

Once again, I meet those brilliant spheres of jade. "Pardon?"

Ravyn giggles, crawling closer to pick the offending petal from my hair. Now that we're up close, I see she has more than jade in her hazel eyes. She also has emerald, chartreuse, and lime too, and I forget how to breathe.

Her fingers remain on my hair, and I close my eyes when she runs her fingers over my cheek.

"Damn... you really are pretty, Hiroshi."

She thinks that *I'm* the pretty one here?

I shake my head. "No, you are pretty, Ravyn. From the moment I looked at you, I was enamored. You're simply captivating."

I reach my hand up to cup her face, and my thumb trails those prominent lips. They're as soft as I dreamed they were. Now all I can think about is kissing her.

It's as if she reads my mind. Ravyn leans closer, stopping at my lips, and our mouths are inches apart. Her hot breath wets

my cheeks, and I try to focus on my inner Chi before I lose all focus.

It shouldn't be this hard. I shouldn't be attracted to an omega, and she *definitely* shouldn't be attracted to me.

I guess the only thing for us to do is kiss.

Ravyn presses her soft lips to mine, stealing the breath from my lungs. Time seems to still. The wind stops, and the cherry blossom petals stop drifting in the breeze.

For once, they remain grounded, cemented to the earth like a blanket of snow, and it appears I have found my foothold.

I reach up and run my fingers through her dark hair, and Ravyn groans when I slip my tongue into her mouth.

Screw what my father thinks.

I want this omega, and I'm going to make her mine.

I push her down onto the grass, kissing her over a blanket of petals. They speckle her dark hair like snow, making her look like some otherworldly creature.

My dick hardens while Ravyn reaches her hands down to unbutton my pants. I unzip her shorts. She pulls down her panties as she directs me to her entrance, sighing in contentment when my heat caresses her lips.

Fuck. She's so wet. It doesn't take me long to slip inside, burying myself all the way to the hilt.

Ravyn clenches around me, and I stop for a moment and just... be. There is nowhere else I would rather be but inside of

her. She fits like a silken glove, and I swear my dick was made for her pussy.

She stretches to accommodate my girth, and it seems she was designed for my cock, too. I gaze into her eyes, which gleam bright emerald. “Ready, cherry blossom?”

Ravyn raises a brow. “Cherry blossom?”

I smirk. “That’s my new name for you. You have cherry blossom petals in your hair.”

“Yeah, well, so do you, ponytail boy.”

She ruffles my hair to remove the petals, and that’s when I decide to take her by surprise, ramming into her hard. Ravyn’s mouth forms a wide ‘o’ when I hit the right spot, and then she digs her nails into my hair, yanking on my ponytail.

The band comes loose, and my long, ebony hair falls over my shoulders. But I don’t stop. I hammer into her again and again, and her cries of pleasure fill the rooftop garden.

“I’m... about to come...” she whispers.

Good. That’s all I need to hear. Who needs a knot when you can still make your woman shatter at the seams with just your cock?

Finally, Ravyn breaks apart. She trembles, hooking her legs around my waist as she slams her eyes shut. Her pussy clenches and flutters around me as she experiences her high, and then my own release follows shortly after.

Lights flash, and I close my eyes, filling her with my hot seed. Her core clenches tighter, trapping me in place, and there's no escaping her now.

She has completely enraptured me.

We both come down from our high, covered in sweat, and I could lie like this with her forever. Funny. I may not have the knot, but my dick still refuses to budge.

A shadow blocks our sun, and we peer up to see that hulking beast of an alpha.

Fuck. It looks like we're busted.

CHAPTER 27

Ted

I can't think straight. I can't even breathe right as I watch those two fucking beneath the cherry blossom tree. My fists clench, and all I want to do is rip her away from Hiroshi and have her all to myself.

Mine.

I hated how I left things between us, so I went to her room to check on her. Only, she wasn't there. Instead, I find her fucking Hiroshi in his Zen garden, and I have no idea what feelings come over me next.

Jealousy. Shame. Anger.

It seems the little omega is making her way through the pack, and I ended up coming in last.

Why am I surprised? I'm a savage brute. No woman would ever want me. Just like Beatrice always used to say.

Ravyn doesn't want me. But she wants everyone else.

Hiroshi pulls out of Ravyn, and I have no ill feelings toward the guy. I'm glad he has found someone who he cares about. But I'm still fucking livid about coming last.

Livid that she never sought me out.

"Ted? Are you all right?" the beta asks, zipping his pants.

I'm so glad we're outside in the open air. Because her scent is all over him. If we were in an enclosed space, then there's no telling what I would have done.

I may have gone on a rampage through the city and climbed the nearest skyscraper like a giant gorilla.

I'm a fucking monster.

Ravyn can't even look at me. She sits up, brushing cherry blossom petals out of her hair, and my nostrils flare.

Hiroshi approaches me carefully. "Remember what I taught you, Ted? Calm breaths."

His words fall on deaf ears. All I see is the color red.

I ignore Hiroshi and glance at Ravyn. "So... it looks like you've got every member of our pack wrapped around your little finger now, hey, brat?"

A hush spreads over the garden, and I swear the fish in the pond even stops swimming.

Nosey bastards.

Ravyn glares at me, standing to her feet. "Fuck you, Ted. I am so sick of your shit. Why don't you just be honest and say how you really feel? Go on. Tell me you hate me."

My heart hammers, and then my shoulders tense. Hiroshi warns me not to fall for her bait, but I pay him no heed. I only have eyes for the omega.

“What did you just say?”

Ravyn smirks, placing her hands on her hourglass hips. “You heard me, *Tim*.”

My blood reaches boiling point now. How dare she...

“I don’t *hate* you...” I hiss through clenched teeth.

She cocks a brow. “No. Then what? Do I remind you of someone or something? Well, I have news for you, Tim. I am not like them at all. So you can get over yourself.”

All the blood drains from my face. Even Hiroshi looks tense, keeping his eyes on me. He’ll swoop in and stop me if I do anything foolish.

How does Ravyn know about *her*?

“H-how...?”

She rolls her eyes. “It doesn’t matter how I know. You just need to stop comparing me to them and move on!”

Ravyn stomps toward me. Hiroshi stops her, placing a hand on her shoulder, but she still gets within a few inches of me. She digs her finger into my chest, and a growl escapes my lips.

“Go on, say her name. Don’t let her haunt you anymore.”

“Ravyn, don’t provoke him...” Hiroshi warns.

My heart thumps through my head, and now all I can see is Beatrice holding that knife. My breaths come fast, and before I

do something stupid, I whirl away.

It's probably one of the smartest things I have ever done. Unfortunately, Ravyn decides to follow me, and what is with her?

I finally reach my room, but then she puts her foot in the way when I try closing the door. "Hey, I'm not done talking —"

With a growl, I drag her into the room, slamming the door shut behind her. Hiroshi bangs on the other side.

"Ravyn! Ted! Stop! We can all discuss this."

I curl my fingers around her throat, feeling her pulse beneath. Ravyn's eyes bulge when I apply the slightest pressure to her neck. I want so badly to choke her, but I can't. She's right. She is not Beatrice.

A tear slips from Ravyn's eye, dripping down her cheek, and she's crying for me. I don't know what comes over me next. Hiroshi eases up outside the door, but I know he's still out there listening.

He's afraid that I will hurt her, but I don't have it in me. Even though she had been cruel to me, I could have never hurt Beatrice. I... loved her too much.

What kind of alpha would that have made me? Alphas are supposed to care for their omegas, not hurt them.

I guess I am just a big, soft Teddybear after all. Fionn would be so proud.

“S-say her name, Ted.”

I squeeze my eyes, trying to fight off an image of Beatrice’s twisted face. She never loved me. No matter how well I treated her. Why should things be any different with Ravyn?

Killian, Fionn, and Hiroshi have all had her. Except for me.

“I... can’t...”

Her tears trickle over my fingers, her chest heaving as she still doesn’t take her round eyes off me. She’s scared, yet she’s still prepared to stay and challenge me.

I have never been more moved.

Ravyn is right; she is nothing like Beatrice.

Soon, Beatrice’s face is replaced by Ravyn’s. There’s no missing those defiant hazel eyes, the ones that are never afraid to look at me.

Ravyn’s heart pounds; I feel it beneath my fingers, yet I still can’t take my hand away. Her skin feels so soft, like silk.

I flinch next when she wraps her hands around my fist, stroking my fingers tenderly. They loosen around her neck, and she brings them to her lips.

She brushes my callused fingers over her soft, plump mouth, and her breath feels so warm. I close my eyes, focusing on the sensation of her skin.

Gently, she kisses each of my fingers, and I shiver. Then she slips one inside her mouth and sucks, and the blood rushes to my knot.

Her perfume fills the air, and I gasp for breath.

When she's done sucking my finger, she drags my hand slowly down her body, stopping at the apex of her thighs. There I feel her warm pussy, and a growl vibrates in my throat.

"It's... okay, Ted. You can trust me..."

I can. Yet I am still afraid.

She unzips her shorts and rests my fingers over her damp panties. I feel that hot mound beneath and start to shake.

This is so pathetic. What kind of alpha is afraid of pussy?

Ravyn runs my finger up and down the seam of her pussy where a generous amount of slick has accumulated. The old me would have knotted her in five seconds, but instead, I tremble, fearing the worst.

What would happen if I completely gave myself over to her? Would I lose myself yet again? Would I be so blinded by love that I would fail to see when she was being cruel to me?

For now, I'm too afraid to try. At least this is progress. This is the most pussy I have had in years, and it feels so great. I don't need to knot Ravyn to get any joy from her body. Just having her close is enough.

She truly wants to help me get over that woman, and I'm grateful.

It appears I misjudged her.

When she sees that I'm ready, she slips my finger beneath her panties, directing me to her clitoris. There's no missing the

hot, swollen nub. It throbs beneath my finger, and another growl rumbles in my chest.

Ravyn teases her clit with my finger, chasing her release, and I decide to help her get there faster. Her pussy flutters, and when I know she's ready, I pinch her clitoris.

Ravyn opens her mouth wide and groans, and I can't look away from her. She's beautiful when I make her come. Her cheeks flush as sweat gathers beneath her nose.

A fucking goddess.

One day, I will give her my knot. But for now, I just want to hold her like this.

I press my forehead to hers, and maybe I can move on and forget about that woman. It will take time, but at least I know Ravyn will be there waiting for me when I'm ready.

My little brat.

CHAPTER 28

Ravyn

The emerald dress Killian bought me really brings out the color of my eyes.

I stand before the mirror, checking myself out. This is one of the nicest, most expensive dresses I have ever worn in my life. It's made of rich silk as it accentuates my curves, giving me the perfect hourglass shape. Best of all, I look like a sexy mermaid who just washed up along the shore.

I sweep my brown curls to one side, fastening a diamond earring to my ear. I need to look the part, after all.

Killian is attending some rich guy's party in the city. Some senator's son is turning thirty, and he's going all out on the celebrations.

Most omegas would be nervous to rub shoulders with the elite, but not me. I'm going to knock those snooty bastards off their feet.

I reach my hand to my neck, running my fingers over the bejeweled tracker. It's a little clunky, but I can make it work.

It's imperative for my safety. If anything were to happen to me, then Killian would be able to track me down and find me.

There will be many horny alphas in attendance at the ball after all.

Someone knocks at my bedroom door, and I invite them inside. Killian steps into the room, and my heart somersaults when I spy him in his tuxedo.

Damn, he is looking *fine*. Screw the party; we can just fuck instead and watch cheesy rom-com movies.

I'm in the mood for some *Pretty Woman*.

"Ravyn, you look..."

I run my hands down the smooth curve of my dress. It has real gems embedded in the material, and they trail down the length of the dress, giving it that fishtail look.

"Like a million dollars."

That's not entirely far from the truth.

He steps inside further and brings me closer to his chest, tipping my head back so he can gaze into my eyes. In my heels, I'm now five foot four, but I'm still too small to reach up and kiss him. So he bends his head and pecks me on the lips, careful not to ruin my makeup.

"I can't wait to rip that dress off you later tonight, Buttercup. And then I will fuck you for days in your new nest."

Killian cleared out one of the spare rooms, and now it has become my designated nest. I will need it for my next heat. Who knows when it will come again.

Hopefully, things will return to normal now that I've stopped using hormone suppressants. That shit just wasn't good for my body.

No more hiding who I am.

Killian reaches around my neck and snaps off my tracker, and I look up at him, surprised.

Before I can protest, he shushes me by placing a finger on my lips, and I don't understand. How does he intend on keeping me safe at this rich guy's ball?

He produces a small velvet box and fuck me and my entire life and soul... it almost resembles a *ring* box.

Shit.

"Open it, Buttercup."

I chew my lip, meeting his eager blue eyes. The frost has thawed somewhat now, so I open the little velvet box to peek inside.

A diamond necklace.

He takes it out and hooks it around my neck, and I stare at myself in the mirror, spellbound. Fuck. Now I really do look like a million dollars, and not bad for a former stripper. Not bad at all.

“You don’t have to wear that tracker for tonight. I trust you not to run off this time. Also... I want you to have a little freedom. You are *not* my prisoner anymore or my property, Ravyn. You are my mate.”

Something wells up inside me, and I blink away tears before they ruin my makeup.

I won’t cry; I won’t show weakness.

“Th-thank you,” I whisper, too overcome with emotion to form a proper sentence.

He smiles, and it reaches his eyes. His dimples come out to say hello, and I just want to stare at them forever.

Killian reaches his hand out to me. “Shall we?”

I gaze at his soft palm. Now those are *not* a working pair of hands. He has no calluses whatsoever, but those fingers could still crush my windpipe if they felt so inclined.

What an absurd thought to have when he has just given me the best gift of all.

My freedom.

The man trusts me not to run off and leave him tonight. I don’t know what he feels for me, but it appears he no longer deems me his property.

He’s relinquishing all control, and it shocks me to my core.

This is an alpha who loves to control others, yet he has given me back my autonomy.

I take his hand, and his fingers curl around mine. Not too tightly, but just enough to show me he's there and that he will always have my back.

Wherever I choose to go in this world, he will protect me.

I think I have finally made up my mind. It's my choice, and no one else's.

Let the night begin.

The party is a pretty dull affair.

Colt, the senator's son, looks bored out of his mind, and I feel for the poor sap. I hope my thirtieth birthday doesn't turn out to be so dull.

Maybe being a spoiled little rich boy isn't everything it's cracked up to be, after all.

Colt is an old friend of Killian's. They go way back, and I bet they met at boarding school.

Killian is a few years older than Colt at thirty-four, so they wouldn't have been in the same grade. In fact, Killian would have graduated by the time Colt joined the school, so maybe they just rubbed shoulders growing up.

Their fathers were probably golf buddies.

"So, the big three-O, Colt. I bet you never thought you'd see this day. I know I thought I wouldn't."

Killian sips carefully on his drink and something flashes through his vivid blue eyes. He appears to be assessing the senator's son, gauging his reaction.

Colt glances at Killian, and he's neither here nor there. His gray eyes shimmer slightly beneath the light of the crystal chandelier, and then his jaw tics.

He's a good-looking alpha. Windswept brown hair, square jawline, and a pair of lips that are just *too* pretty to belong on a guy.

I'd kill for a Cupid's bow that pronounced.

Colt shrugs, then drinks his champagne. "Can't complain."

Killian chuckles, throwing an arm around the alpha. "Yes, it's a good time to be alive..."

He looks at me after he says that, and my heart flutters when I see the thawed ice of his eyes.

Colt scoffs, removing Killian's arm from his shoulder. "Is it? I wish that ass had just killed me instead. Would have been far kinder."

The ice returns in Killian's eyes again, and I feel for Colt. He looks as if he's ready to eviscerate him.

He peers at me quickly, and I can tell he's pissed at Colt for speaking so negatively around me.

I don't judge him. The guy has obviously been through some shit. There was a time when I felt the same way, too. I

didn't believe life was worth living either, but now I count every day as a blessing.

I am alive, and that's all that matters.

"Ted, could you watch over Ravyn? I wish to speak with Colt in private. It's important."

Ted nods his head, and I watch as Killian drags Colt away to a more private section of the house.

It's a pretty big building. This is the senator's house, after all, and it feels as if I have stepped back in time. I am surrounded by money, and if only my crackhead parents could see me now.

I didn't miss the dirty looks of the other party guests when I arrived. Even with the tracker gone, they still know what I am, and they're not pleased.

The senator works for our government, and it's not safe for me to be here at all. I'm just lucky that I'm under the protection of the Whitefang Pack.

They truly are powerful. Even now, the crowd keeps a wide berth from Ted as we stand like statues in the middle of the floor.

Only hell knows where Fionn and Hiroshi are. My guess is that Fionn is at the buffet table, and Hiroshi has gone to find somewhere quiet to unwind.

That just leaves me and Ted.

I glance up at the alpha. He doesn't look at me. Instead, he sweeps the room with his eyes, and he's forever switched on.

Just relax for once. Sheesh.

I wish Maeve were here...

CHAPTER 29

Killian

I find a quiet side corridor alongside the ballroom, shoving Colt hard against the wall when we're finally alone.

I don't give a crap if he's the senator's son; if I ever hear him talking such bullshit again, then I will wring his neck.

I'm wracked with guilt the instant I spy the dead gleam in his eyes, and I guess I shouldn't be too harsh. He was only four when Brady took him. Fucking four, I should cut the guy some slack. He can barely remember his life before that scumbag took him.

Of all the former trafficked children of ALPHA, Colt is probably the most famous. He was the young son of a senator and a famous supermodel. His disappearance made headlines, and when they finally found him, the media exploded.

By then he was eight, and had only known one life; that of a stone-cold killer.

I still remember him that first day at ALPHA. He was crouched in a corner, a tiny, shivering boy of four, and I felt

the need to protect him. He was my sister's age at the time, practically a toddler. I would beat up the other boys if they tried to hurt him; I would take his place if Brady made him fight with another young alpha.

I would have died for this kid.

No, he's no longer a kid. He turned thirty today. He's a grown man; he has been for a while, yet his parents still treat him like a child. They tell him where to go, and who he should see.

He's stuck pretty much with no way out.

Colt was doing well for a while; he signed up to the army at eighteen, and even became the captain of his own special ops squad.

But things took a turn for the worst, and in the end, he had to resign. He must have seen some ugly shit on some of his missions, and I'm not surprised he lost it out on the field.

"Colt, look at me..."

Colt's gray eyes lose focus as he tries to look at me and how much has he had to drink? His drinking and gambling is infamous, hence why his parents control his every move now.

"I didn't save you in that hellhole just so you could turn out like this..."

Colt smiles, and some life finally returns to his eyes. "Turn out like what? A useless piece of shit? We can't all be Killian Whitefang after all, the *king* of the city. Even my dad's a little afraid of you..."

He chuckles, stuffing his hand inside his pocket to retrieve a flask, and it appears he has been drinking all kinds tonight.

I leave him to it, reaching up to pinch between my eyes. Normally, I would react to such a sarcastic remark on my status in the city, but since it's Colt, I'll give him a pass.

"Here's to being alive and *thirty*..."

Colt downs the flask, and I sigh, ripping it from his hand at last. He stares at his vacant fingers.

"Where did it go?"

My grip tightens on his shoulder, and I force him to look me in the eye. He has his own pack at home, but they've been deployed overseas. So it's up to me to save his ass tonight.

"Colt. Promise me you will get yourself cleaned up. This can't go on. You need to find yourself a purpose."

A smile twitches the corners of his mouth. "Like you? She's really pretty, Killian. You lucky bastard."

I'm not saying he should get himself an omega, but he needs to open his eyes and see what is happening here.

He's a mess, and he needs to get his life in order. Fate dealt him an ugly hand, but I have faith in him. I want him to succeed; I want him to overcome his dark past and show Brady that he hasn't won.

That man stole our childhoods, but we'll have the last laugh.

Colt starts to fall asleep, and I drag him to the nearest kitchen so he can get himself a drink of water.

It's time I intervened in his life. His parents aren't doing enough.

Ravyn

I practically cry for joy when Fionn and Hiroshi return, and there's no missing the little redhead who clings to Fionn's side.

“Maeve!”

“Rave!”

Fionn cackles. “Look who gatecrashed the party!”

She whacks his shoulder, peering left and right in case anyone heard. Luckily for her, no one gives a shit.

Honestly, I'm just glad she's here. I don't blame Colt for looking so bored out of his mind before. This party is bleak.

His parents need to try harder.

Maeve and I clasp fingers, and I'm so glad she's a part of my life. I have missed this camaraderie.

All the women in my life lately have not been friendly. It's been a while since I had a female friend.

One who loves me and treats me right.

Like me, Maeve wears an expensive garment, and the red complements her hair. She's radiant tonight.

Unlike me, she hides her designation behind a veil of scent blockers, passing off as beta.

I wish she could show the world who she truly is, too. We shouldn't have to hide who we are anymore.

We should be proud to be omegas.

Killian finally returns, and I see that he's no longer with Colt. I have no idea what happened to the alpha, and I just hope he's cheered up a little.

He did not look pleased at all one bit. He was very pessimistic, and what the hell happened to him to get him like that?

As a matter of fact, I don't really know much about Killian either, and I wonder how they really met.

He almost acts like he's Colt's big brother.

Killian arches a brow when he spies Maeve, and a warm smile spread across his face. "Maeve, to what do we owe the pleasure?"

The redhead beams up at him. "Good to see you too, Killian."

He reaches down and ruffles her head, and now his eyes fall on me. "Why don't you and Maeve run off for a while and have some fun?"

I blink in surprise.

Ted stiffens beside him. "Are you sure that is wise, sir? We're at the senator's house."

For once, I have to agree with Ted. While I appreciate Killian giving me a little more freedom, there's no telling what will happen if I were to go off alone. I'd still stay within Killian's line of sight, of course, but anything could happen.

Yet it's not like they can glue me to his side all night.

This is the first taste of freedom I've had since he bought me from the strip club.

That seems like a million years ago now, and I can't believe how much my life has changed.

Killian peers down at me with a smile. "She'll be fine. I trust her, after all."

His words make my heart flap like the wings of a bird, and so long as he has put his trust in me, then I know I will be fine.

I return his grin. "All right. Let's liven this place up a little, Maeve."

Maeve smirks, gripping my hand, and now we run into the crowd like a pair of troublemakers.

We're going to turn this party upside down.

Maeve and Rave style.

CHAPTER 30

Ted

I can't believe the boss. Am I the only one who gives a damn about the omega? Her life is in danger. Every person at this boring party knows what she is, and she even puts Fionn's sister in jeopardy, too.

It won't take long for people to connect the dots. Soon, they'll figure out that she's an omega too, and Fionn really shouldn't have brought her here.

I understand his reasoning. His sister doesn't get out much. The last time she did was during her freshman week in college, and that was not a pleasant week. I had been on babysitting duty the whole time, and the girl was nothing but trouble. A true party animal, indeed.

She let some beta punk slip a beer funnel into her mouth.

Maeve has lived a sheltered life, and as a result, she has a habit of going completely off the rails.

What else do you expect of a nineteen-year-old kid?

Ravyn is a little older at twenty-two, but she's still a flight risk. Already the pair are stumbling all over each other as they dance on the floor to an orchestra.

Maeve asked them to play a famous hip-hop song, and now they sway their hips to the music.

Ravyn has become a vision.

She is practically glowing. Sweat drips down her face and neck, giving her tanned skin a mystical sheen, and she looks as if she stepped out of the pages of a fantasy book.

Am I looking at a nymph or an omega?

I remember the way she came apart around my fingers, and sure enough, my knot bulges in my pants. Someday, I will get my real taste of her.

But for now, I will keep my distance. It's just too complicated. I want her, but I am not ready to fully embrace my feelings for her just yet. Beatrice's memory still haunts me, and I reach up, brushing my fingers over the pretty scar she left me.

It's hard to forget someone when they leave you with more than just figurative scars...

I just hope that I don't live to regret my decision. As the omega of the Whitefang Pack, the girl has a massive target on her head, so that is why I am extra vigilant tonight.

Hiroshi stands guard beside me. Fionn vanished once he spied his sister shaking her ass, and some brother he is. He

should be here telling her to stop. Men are ogling her. I spied one licking his lips.

A growl slips from my lips. He better not dare...

“Well, they’re certainly having fun,” Hiroshi remarks in that monotone voice of his, and I ball my fists.

“We need to stop this. Every alpha has his eyes on her...”

Hiroshi glances around, and his eyes give a dark flash when he sees that I’m right. He’s no alpha, but he could still beat the shit out of half of these guys. I’ve never seen anyone move like him.

“You’re right, Ted, but I’m afraid our intervention would only cause a rift in the pack. Killian seems quite content to allow the omega to continue, and Fionn would be none too pleased if we ruined his sister’s fun.”

Yeah, Fionn would lose his shit.

I bare my teeth. “It’s not right. Does he not remember what happened at the restaurant? That alpha went berserk.”

One sniff of Ravyn’s heat and the alpha had jumped across the table. He turned into an animal, and we had no choice but to shoot him.

I would not hesitate to do the same tonight.

That omega is under my protection.

Still, I need air. I feel as if a boa constrictor is wrapping its body around my neck, squeezing me tight. I will leave the omega in Hiroshi’s care.

At the moment, he's the only member of my pack that I can trust. Killian and Fionn are out of their minds tonight.

I gaze around. Fionn stuffs his face with hors d'oeuvres, while Killian networks with a bunch of suits, and they really are impossible at times.

I grip Hiroshi's shoulder. "Keep an eye on them. I need to step outside. It's stifling in here."

He seems to understand as he gives a simple nod, then peers back at the omega. Her scent travels far and wide, and I really hope no alpha is stupid enough to go anywhere near her.

Because if he does... I will rip his goddamn head off and feed it to a pack of wild dogs.

I'm out.

Ravyn

Fuck, I need a rest.

I leave the dance floor once the orchestra finishes its rendition of Still by Doctor Dre, and the other guests did not look pleased one bit with my song selection.

Oh, they've seen nothing yet.

This party has only just started.

Maeve grabs my arm. "Where are you going?"

I meet her bright blue eyes. “For a drink. I’m fucking parched.”

She smiles and returns to the floor to dance alone. “Bring one for me.”

“You got it.”

Maeve yanks a hold of Hiroshi then and makes him dance with her, and the beta rolls his eyes, slipping in a pair of ear pods.

I bet he has opted for some smooth trance.

Killian has a drink waiting for me when I return to his side, and I almost do a double take when I spy the pair of alphas he talks to.

Holy shit. They’re *definitely* some fine eye candy, and dangerous looking to boot. One has a shaved undercut with a cobra tattoo, and the other makes me think of a young, hot Severus Snape with his long black hair.

Ten points for Slytherin indeed.

Who are they? Something about them is familiar to me, and I can’t quite place it.

This is the first time I have seen either of them.

Killian places an arm around me. “Ah, Ravyn. There you are. I would like you to meet some business associates of mine.”

I meet the brown-eyed one with the undercut. “You don’t look like business associates.”

He snorts, sipping his drink, and I'm surprised he only drinks cola. The other alpha doesn't even have a champagne flute. He just stands there with an ominous expression, his black gaze sweeping the room.

"I guess not," he replies, peering at Killian. "So, this is your omega? You're right. She is pretty."

I gaze at him in shock, expecting Killian to react negatively to the comment, but I'm surprised when he places a brotherly arm around the alpha's shoulder and laughs.

It seems he's pretty close with his guy.

Now when I look at them again, they don't seem all that interested in me in that way. All the other alphas at this party look practically hungry when they see me, yet not these two.

It's quite rare for an alpha to act this way. Unless they're already bonded...

It finally dawns on me. They already have an omega.

"Well, you would know a pretty face when you saw one, after all, am I right, Roman? Your own mate is pretty easy on the eyes too."

The guy hardly looks affected by Killian's word choices, yet his companion twitches slightly.

How sweet. He thinks Killian is after his mate...

The first alpha glances at his pack mate. "Please excuse Sebastian, Killian. He's not used to formal functions. He's merely here to keep me company."

I smile, trying to lighten the mood. I kind of feel bad for the guy. He does not look comfortable one bit.

“Sebastian?” I say. “Cool name. You gonna get up on stage and sing us all a rendition of Under the Sea?”

Sebastian doesn’t look amused at all by the comparison. Even Killian and Roman look as if I have grown an extra limb or something.

Killian chuckles then, and Roman smiles along with him.

“She has quite the sense of humor, doesn’t she?” Roman says. “Reminds me a little of Dove. She often compares Sebastian to that singing crab too. He hates it.”

Killian drags me closer to his side, but I’m too distracted by something that the alpha just said.

“Wait... what did you say?”

He gazes down at me, glancing back up at Killian.

Killian speaks again. “What’s wrong, Ravyn? Was it something Roman said?”

I ignore him, focusing on the alpha’s brown eyes. He watches me carefully. Even Sebastian steps closer, and for the first time, both alphas regard me with interest.

I was pretty much invisible to them before, and if I hadn’t already had an alpha, it would have been a real hit to my ego.

“Yeah, that name...”

Roman narrows his eyes. “Dove? What about her?”

My heart thumps in my ears as the music and the ballroom disappear. Now it's just me and these two strange alphas.

I move without thinking. I step toward Roman, and that's when I catch the scent.

Coconut.

I would know that scent from anywhere. Because I left it behind back at the OCC.

Tears leak from my eyes. "You... know Dove?"

Roman and Sebastian freeze when I mention her name, and I can't believe it... She's safe and she's well. Judging by her scent, she's happy.

They've done a lot to mask her scent on their suits, but there's no mistaking it now.

Now she's all I can smell.

A small smile crosses Roman's face, and even Sebastian looks less cold now. In fact, since I mentioned her name, he has warmed to me.

"You know turtledove?" he says.

My heart explodes when I hear the term of endearment. They not only know her; they have taken her as their mate.

Dove not only escaped the compound, but she found herself a doting pack, and that's my girl...

I knew she'd make it on her own.

I swallow a lump in my throat. "I was the one who taught her how to make a shiv..."

Roman and Sebastian regard me appreciatively now, and the latter finally comes to life.

“We thank you, Ravyn, for protecting her,” Sebastian says, and he actually looks like he means it.

He doesn’t look as if he hates me anymore.

Killian gazes back at Roman. “Well, this is a small world. It seems our mates knew each other.”

I’m grateful for Killian for calling Dove their mate rather than their omega. Roman and Sebastian obviously want to hide what she is, and it only shows how much they love her.

My friend is certainly in good hands.

As happy as I am for her, I also can’t help but feel a little envious.

I want to know that kind of love too, and when I meet Killian’s eyes, I think I can almost see it.

Maybe Killian can make me just as happy as Roman and Sebastian make Dove, and it has only cemented my decision.

I’m going to stay by his side.

CHAPTER 31

Hiroshi

The music finally stops, and thank goodness.

Maeve is just too much on the dancefloor. She keeps grabbing my arms and waving them around in the air like we're at a rave.

I guess I got stuck with babysitting duty then. I don't mind. Fionn is like family to me.

So I consider Maeve to be my own little sister.

She mouths something to me, and I pull out my earpods. "What?"

She sighs, rolling her eyes. "There's some old guy waiting to see you."

Confused, I turn around, and lo-and-behold... it's my father.

Shit. He's the last person I want to see. How could I have forgotten that he's friends with the senator?

What else do you expect from a man who disowned me? The man doesn't want me in his life anymore.

He offers me a tight-lipped smile, and there is just no love in his eyes whatsoever.

It hurts.

“Why, hello, son of mine. It’s been some years since we spoke last.”

I clench my fists, keeping my breathing even. There’s no missing the sarcasm in his tone. The man couldn’t give two shits whether or not I called him. I am nothing but a disappointment to him.

While my older brothers went on to start businesses of their own, I only went and joined the mafia. Sure, Whitefang Industries is thriving, but it’s Killian who’s the brains behind our operation.

Father does not approve of my life choices.

He does not approve of me.

I fold my arms across my chest. “What do you want?”

I feel Maeve’s eyes boring into me the whole time my father stares me down. At the end of the day, he is an alpha, and I am a beta. It’s not my place to be so bold.

He will always look down his nose at me, seeing me as his inferior.

A sly smile crosses his face, and then he steps closer, trying to dominate me. Unfortunately, it doesn’t work. I think he’s forgetting that I’m a member of the most notorious pack in the city; he can’t scare me anymore.

Not even the police come near us; the government doesn't even approach us.

We have power in all sorts of places.

Someone approaches Maeve's side, and my stomach clenches when I pick up on Ravyn's scent.

My father's poisonous eyes fall on her, and a knowing smirk spreads across his lips.

"My, and who is this delightful creature?" he purrs, stepping closer to introduce himself to Ravyn.

There's no missing his desire. My father may have aged, but he's still an alpha.

No alpha could miss Ravyn's beauty.

Only one word rings through my head.

Mine.

I stand in front of Ravyn, protecting her from the threat. He is no longer my father, but a threat to my omega.

I will never be able to knot her, but I'm still willing to take her as my mate. So long as she will have me.

I'll ensure that she'll always be safe and happy.

My father goes to make a smart remark, but then a shadow steps beside me, and relief surges through my veins when I detect Killian's ice.

"Step away."

My father's face blanches when he sees the deadly light inside Killian's eyes, and then he moves away from our omega.

He was a fool to come over here and challenge me. There's a real reason why my father likes to shame me for my designation.

He is jealous. I am a beta, yet I still found power. I couldn't have done it without the help of my pack, but I have far more influence in this city than he does, and the knowledge chews him up every day.

His pathetic, no-good of a beta son is ten times the man that he'll ever be.

My father sneers as he disappears back into the crowd, giving me his back at last, and not even a goodbye.

His disapproval still bruises. What son doesn't want to be accepted by their father?

But I have made peace with the fact that I will never have his blessing.

That's just the way it is.

Killian and Ravyn turn to me, and I don't want to see the pity in their eyes. There is nothing to pity after all.

I have them.

And they're all the family I need.

Someone grips my hand, and I glance down to meet Ravyn's bright jade. She likes me the way I am, and that's all

the validation I need in this world.

Fionn

I'm stuffing my face with a delicious apple pie when Ted arrives on the terrace.

People move away the instant they spy the dark glimmer in his eyes, and that can't be a good sign.

Teddybear looks as if he is about to murder someone.

I gaze down longingly at my pie. It was a good pie. A little dry, but decent enough.

There was barely any food at the party, so I took it upon myself to find the chef and demand that he make me the pie.

And he was more than willing.

Some birthday bash this turned out to be; I almost feel bad for the senator's son. I saw him puking in the bushes about an hour ago, and let's just hope that he forgets that this night ever happened.

No man deserves this.

Ted paces back and forth on the terrace, and I don't think he realizes that I'm watching him in the corner.

I discard the pie, placing my fork down on the wall as I approach his side. His muscles are all bunched up, and any smarter man would stay away.

But I'm not a smart man. I see my best pal and pack mate hurting, so I want to help.

After all, he's my pack husband. The senator's chef has nothing on his cooking.

"You feeling okay there, Teddybear?"

The alpha whirls around, rolling his eyes when he sees that it's me. He really knows how to make an alpha feel appreciated.

"Oh, it's you..."

I offer him a tight smile. "Yeah, it's me."

His eyes trail me up and down, and the look sets my body on fire. Does he have any idea how he makes me feel?

I've been attracted to him for a while. Hell knows why. He's the most miserable bastard I have ever met.

He talks to me like shit and he only ever growls and snaps his teeth when we communicate, but I still adore him.

He's more than family to me.

I still remember the first meal he ever made for me. It was a pizza. He kneaded the dough himself, and it touched my very soul.

The man has been through so much, yet he still pours his heart and soul into his cooking; he still ensures that his pack gets fed, no matter how much of a bad day he has had.

We'd all be lost without him.

I'd be lost without him.

“What’s troubling you, Teddybear?”

Ted sighs, running his hand down his face. “I told you to stop calling me that.”

He did, but I still decide to tease him. I know he’s a big softie deep down; I’ve tasted it in the food that he cooks for me.

That guy has a sweet tooth.

Ted will never share my feelings, but I just want him to know that I am there for him.

It’s not hard to guess what has troubled him. I saw how he looked at her on the dancefloor, and I don’t blame him.

Ravyn looked like a goddess. I’d have stayed and watched her dance myself, but then I’d be watching my sister dancing too, and I’d rather not see my sister shaking her ass.

I trust my pack brothers to keep her and Ravyn safe.

That was why I sought out the chef. I have a lot on my mind, and food helps me think.

So I finally showed Ravyn how I felt about her, and I even gave her my knot. But there’s still another I haven’t bared my soul to yet.

“Tell her how you feel, Ted. What have you got to lose?”

That’s what I want to say, but the question is more aimed at myself.

When will I find the courage to tell this alpha how I feel about him? He knows how much I love his cooking, but I use

it as a metaphor, hoping he takes the hint.

I think Ted has some idea; I have joked about it several times, telling him that my bed is always free, but he only looks at me like I'm an idiot.

I am, but that's beside the point.

Sighing, I say, "Ted... you know she would never hurt you, right?"

That's the best I can do. I want him to embrace his feelings, not lock them away. He's too afraid to love again in case he gets hurt, but Ravyn and I would never hurt him.

I would never do what that bitch Beatrice did to him.

He says nothing. Instead, he keeps his emotions bottled up inside, and I do the only thing I can think of. I place my hand on his shoulder and squeeze, just to let him know that I have his back.

He never has to be afraid of baring his soul to me. I would never judge him.

Alphas can cry from time to time too, I guess.

Where I expect him to flinch, he merely accepts my touch. He reaches up and grips my fingers, and my heart fucking soars.

He still won't look at me, covering his face with his giant hand, but it's still progress.

He can open up to me in his own time. No rush.

Regardless of his feelings for me, I will still always stand by his side.

CHAPTER 32

Ravyn

The room spins in a haze as Maeve and I grind against each other, and there are growls and pheromones all around.

I often wonder when Killian will step in and stop me. After all, I am his omega, and I am dancing like a slut.

But he's more than content to just watch me, and it's like we're the only two people in the room again.

It takes me back to the night when I first laid eyes on him at the strip club. His peppermint scent had caught me off guard; I had to step down into the crowd to find him for myself, and there he was.

My avenging angel...

Those blue eyes of his were enough to freeze the blood in my veins, yet I still straddled his hips, letting his ice touch my very soul.

As time went on, I learned he wasn't as cold as he makes himself out to be.

Dare I say, he's actually quite caring, deep down.

I continue to sway my hips to the music, and Maeve and I are no longer the only two dancing.

A few others have joined the dancefloor, and it looks as if this party is finally getting started.

Even Colt appears to have come back to life as he dances along with Maeve, and he's not so bad after all.

He's careful not to brush up against us, as he does it out of respect for Killian.

It appears those two really are close, and I wonder again how they met.

In fact, he had the same distant look in his eyes as Killian at times. I think I even saw it in Roman.

They all looked... tortured. As if I could see the very demons of their past reflected in their eyes.

The orchestra cranks up the pace, and they look as if they're having the time of their lives. They are all pretty young, so when I asked them to play some classic hip-hop, they looked more than willing.

It's only the older people at the party who have either gone home or stand around and stare at us in disgust.

Screw them.

The room continues to spin and spin, and I've never danced so much in my life. I didn't even dance this frisky at the strip

club. Sweat drips into my eyes, making it hard to see, and I'm pretty sure I'm perfuming.

My scent has spiked, and I've only just noticed the circle of alphas around me.

In fact, I no longer see Maeve. Maybe she went to the bathroom.

I don't stop. I just continue to do my thing as I dance and dance. The alphas are careful not to touch me, but that doesn't stop them from drinking in the scent of my pheromones.

I smell as addictive as candy. Cinnamon, but only stronger.

Everything continues to spin.

The band continues to play, the vibrations of their instruments strumming through my body.

My senses come to life. I almost feel as if I'm flying over the dancefloor, and I've never felt so alive.

I'm an omega, and I don't care who knows. No one can touch me anymore. I am under the protection of the most feared pack in the city, and I'm going to make the most of this.

How many omegas can boldly pronounce that they are an omega like this? Most have to go into hiding or take a variety of hormone suppressants just to mask their scents.

Well, I say fuck that.

Killian is best friends with a future senator. Why can't things change?

The first cramp hits like a freight train. The room stops, and then everything freezes to a halt.

I double over, gasping for air. No, not again. Not here.

I'm a sheep amongst wolves here; I have to get away.

This was a mistake.

Another cramp wrings me dry like a wet cloth, and I cry out, clutching my stomach.

The alphas stop dancing.

Even the music quiets down.

Shit.

The only thing I can hear is my pulse. It thumps through my ears, accompanied by the sound of my heavy breaths.

Sweat pours down my face like rain, and I think I'm going to pass out.

Someone growls, and then an alpha yanks me up off my feet, pulling me to his chest. Another grinds me against his knot, and they box me in.

That's when I hear four sets of growls, and something large comes barreling through the crowd, knocking every alpha out of the way.

Ted.

Another alpha sweeps through the throngs, and several people drop to the ground. I spy Fionn brandishing his knife.

Fuck, he stabbed them.

Another alpha struggles. Hiroshi chokes the man with a chain, and what the fuck...

Finally, a gun goes off, shooting the chandelier, and the thing comes crashing down into the crowd.

Someone sweeps me up into their arms before I'm crushed, and now I'm flying. Another cramp seizes me, sending my body into a blinding white-hot pain, and finally, I pass out.

It was a good night while it lasted.

CHAPTER 33

Killian

Ted scoops Ravyn up in his arms, and I chase after him as we race toward the exit. A bunch of alphas actually have the gall to go after us.

I'll get names another time. For now, I have to ensure that my omega is safe.

I shouldn't have let it get too far, but I didn't want to stop her. I'd never seen her looking so happy and beautiful dancing with Maeve, and she truly was in her element.

But unfortunately, the night had to be cut short.

I hope my good friend Colt can forgive me for ruining his party; I hope he can forgive me for shooting at his family's ancestral chandelier.

I try to take Ravyn from Ted's arms since I know he's been having trouble with her scent, but to my surprise, he snaps his teeth, holding her close, and would you look at that.

He has finally come to his senses and accepted her as his omega. It was only a matter of time.

Fair enough. I will let him be the one to take her pain away tonight. I will get my turn again.

This is his time to shine. Fionn, Hiroshi, and I have already had a taste of her.

I'll be the bystander tonight.

Thank goodness I had a nest prepared. I was ill-prepared before, but not this time.

I am prepared to give my whole heart to Ravyn tonight. No more holding back. No more being afraid to bare my soul.

We jump into the car. Fionn hails a cab to take his sister home, while Ted, Hiroshi, and I ride with Ravyn.

Ted doesn't let her go the whole ride back to the penthouse, a growl vibrating inside his chest, and a small smile pulls up the corners of my mouth.

It appears my oldest friend is beginning to heal.

Hopefully, Beatrice will one day become a distant memory.

Ravyn

I inhale the alpha's strong scent, pressing my ear to his chest. His heart rages deep inside, pounding against my cheek, and I listen to the soothing sound.

"A-alpha..."

He smells of diesel. It's sharp, making my eyes water, but I also detect a hint of something sweet.

I can't make out what it is.

"Shhh, it's okay, brat. I got you. I got you..."

Hold the phone. Is that Ted? Big, mean, grumpy Ted?

I try to open my eyes, but I can't make him out. He's blurred.

We appear to be moving, and it finally comes to my attention that we're in a car.

We're speeding down the highway, and I try to turn my head. Another pinching cramp and I cry out, whimpering against Ted's warm chest.

"It's okay, Buttercup. You're safe. We'll get you back to your nest and ease the pain. We promise."

That was Killian.

The cherry blossom scent at the front of the car confirms that it's Hiroshi who drives, and that's a relief.

He didn't drink at the party...

I can't help myself. Tears leak from my eyes, and I cry against Ted's chest.

All three of them are taking me to my nest. It sure beats being alone in the mud, the freezing cold the only solace I have to the burning pain.

I almost drowned in that mud, and I refuse to drown again.

From now on, I will spend my heats with my pack.

I have finally found the family that I have always dreamed of.

Ted places me down onto the soft floor mattress of my nest, and my body molds into the material.

A soft sigh escapes my lips. It's like a hug.

The large alpha still doesn't let me go. Instead, he watches over me, ensuring that I'm comfortable.

I can't take my eyes off him—namely his scar.

I have never seen anything so beautiful. Carefully, I reach up, running my finger over the white scar of his left eye. The alpha winces, closing his eyes, but he doesn't stop me. Tears threaten to escape as I think about the horrible bitch who did this to him.

I swear. One day, I will get my hands on her.

No one scars my alpha. Emotionally or physically.

"Tim," I whisper, hoping he doesn't get mad. He hates it when I call him that.

To my delight, his mouth stretches into a toothy smile, and my heart flutters when I meet the love in his eyes.

It looks as if he doesn't hate me after all.

Killian nestles down beside us, grasping my chin in his hand. Hiroshi takes my other side. I know Fionn will be joining us soon. He had to take Maeve home first, and I would rather she got home safe.

Killian bends down to kiss me. Hiroshi kisses my neck, and I throw my head back onto the pillow and sigh.

The pain is already beginning to ebb.

Ted unzips my dress, stripping me down until I'm in my birthday suit. A growl escapes him when he spies my heat.

"F-fuck..."

Killian lifts his head. "What is it, Ted?"

"I... shit..."

I don't think he is quite ready. My heart plummets.

It's okay if he's not. I know my scent must be triggering him. I'm dripping wet after all, soaking the mattress.

He probably hasn't had another omega since Beatrice.

Killian speaks. "It's okay, Ted. You're fine. That one can't harm you anymore. This one would never hurt you. You understand, right?"

I don't look at Killian or Hiroshi. Ted is the only one I have eyes for. He pinches his eyes shut, his lip curling as he tries to overcome his fears.

He's having a flashback.

The alpha has been through trauma. Someone he loved had betrayed him, and I don't want to send him spiraling over the

edge. I've been in that pit of despair before. It's hard to crawl back out from.

I do not want to be the reason Ted falls again.

I'm almost convinced that he's going to back out, but then he opens his eyes, and the look he gives me next is almost feral.

My heart stops beating for a moment.

"Fuck that bitch," he growls, unzipping his pants.

He yanks a hold of my hips, digging his nails deep into the flesh, and I squeak. Then he drags me down the mattress until I'm perfectly aligned with his knot, and my eyes pop from their sockets when I get a glimpse.

He's more than huge, and I gulp, hoping that I can take all of him. His knot swells before my very eyes, and then the sweat beads along my lip.

I can do this. I can take him. I'm an omega; I was built for his knot.

Ted slips between my legs, stretching me out to my limits. I pinch my eyes shut, biting down hard on my lip as I adjust to his girth. I've never had one so big, but *fuck*, he knows how to rub me in all the right places. Deeper and deeper he goes, and thank God for my slick. It's helping him reach his destination sooner.

He takes a moment before he pulls back out again, gauging my reaction. I buck my hips to let him know I want more, and that's when he loses all control.

Without warning, he hammers into me, and a scream ruptures my throat. Yes, yes! This was all I ever wanted! I'm no china doll; I can take a brutal fucking.

Ted fucks with wanton abandon, and it's as if he's venting his frustration and anger out on my poor pussy. I don't care though. Whatever helps.

I lay back, closing my eyelids as he fucks me into oblivion. My eyes roll back into my skull as he hits a spot that makes me see stars. I'm pretty sure I spy a supernova at one point.

The whole universe crashes down around me.

I throw my head to the side, crying out my release. Killian seizes my lips, swallowing the sound straight from my mouth. Hiroshi sucks on my neck, pinching my nipple.

Ted's hips jerk, and then he comes hard, filling me with his knot and seed.

He swells, and a gasp escapes me as he fills me from head to toe. Holy fuck. It's like he's touching every part of me. His knot spreads far and wide, making me feel whole, and I orgasm again.

Wave after wave. It just doesn't stop, and I slam my eyes tight shut as lights continue to flash.

Killian and Hiroshi press my arms to the mattress while Ted locks his knot inside me, and I can't stop coming. Ted angles his hips, and his knot touches a sensitive bundle of nerves. More stars explode as they almost blind me.

If I'd known that a knot could feel as good as this, then I would have found one way sooner.

I'm a far cry from the lonely girl who almost drowned in the mud. A far, far cry...

I'm so glad that girl is dead and gone.

RIP queen of the frogs. You have been replaced.

CHAPTER 34

Ravyn

Fionn feeds me pancakes by fork as I lay in my nest in my unicorn onesie. Each of my guys watches me like a hawk, and it's like I'm the only thing their eyes can see.

We haven't left the nest in days, and I have been thoroughly knotted six ways since last Tuesday.

Or was it Wednesday? I can't even remember what day my heat hit. It just came out of the blue like the last time, and I wonder when my body will return to its natural equilibrium.

As awesome as it is being pampered and showered with affection, it would be nice if things just went back to normal.

This is my second heat in a two-week period, and it's exhausting. I can't take the heightened emotions anymore.

I cry every time one of the guys brings me a snack, or when they purr and whisper into my ear and tell me what a good girl I am.

Ted in particular has been a real eye-opener, and who would have thought that he could be so gentle?

I guess he was just a Teddybear deep down. Fionn named him well.

The big alpha in question rests me against his chest, draping his arm protectively around me. He hasn't let me go since we arrived back at the penthouse, and I think he's making up for lost time.

He still flinches when I return his affection, probably thinking that I will have some cruel trick up my sleeve like the last omega he loved.

Fuck that omega.

We'll all get her back.

"Here comes the airplane!" Fionn says with the fork, and I kick him in the beard.

"Don't patronize me."

He chuckles. "Well, you are wearing a unicorn onesie. You sure you're a real grown-up, Bonnie?"

I narrow my eyes. "Oh, you know how grown up I am..."

Did he forget the way he made me scream the other day? He's just messing with me. The ass.

I'll get him back. Besides, I saw those Spiderman undies he had on before.

"Come on, open up that sweet little mouth," he croons, and I do as he says, opening my sweet mouth so he can slip a piece of fluffy pancake inside.

Ted's very own recipe.

Killian rolls his eyes beside us, while Hiroshi nestles down beside my feet, massaging my ankles.

I swallow down Ted's pancake slowly, and all men watch. They are fascinated by me whenever I eat, and who knew I would have had this much power over a man?

Especially now as I look far from hot. I'm dressed as a little pink horse. At least at the strip club, I was bejewelled and sparkled.

It appears these guys would have me either way.

This is the real me, after all. Trying to be sexy every night is hard work. Being an omega helps, but it's still tiring.

Well, it looks like I no longer have to spin around a pole just to get by. I no longer have to live off tips.

I have four doting men now to take care of me, and this is the life.

Fionn places the plate of pancakes to one side and unzips his pants, and there I spy his big dick.

A bead of pre-cum drips from his slit and I know what he's after.

I guess I had my fair share of pancakes.

Ted sits me up on his lap, and his swollen knot grinds into my ass. I shudder, squirming out of my unicorn onesie.

As much as I love the thing, it needs to come off if I want his knot.

I'm naked underneath after all.

The fluffy, pink garment comes away, and I breathe a sigh of relief when the cool air caresses my skin.

My nipples harden, and then I hear all four men growl. Even Hiroshi, my beta, and I guess my body just has that effect on most males.

I only managed to get the top half of the onesie off. Killian does the rest as his long, slender fingers yank down on the zip, and my back is exposed at last.

Sweat drips down the groove of my spine, and I had no idea I was so hot beneath the onesie. I must have been enjoying all the attention.

It's like they cure all my ailments.

Once I'm onesie-free, Ted throws me onto his lap, and his large cock fills me again.

Its sheer size takes my breath away.

Talk about the ultimate feeling of fullness. I can't even remember what it is to be empty whenever he spears me with that big, fat cock, and I just thank my lucky stars that I'm an omega and I can take him.

He slips all the way inside, and it's like he touches my very heart. Lights explode, and I cum just from him being inside me.

It's like my every nerve ending is on fire, and now everything becomes a blur. I can't see.

Fionn presses his enflamed head to my mouth, and I open up, taking him all in. The alpha tastes of pure sin, and I'm going to enjoy swallowing him up.

He grips the side of my head, pumping his cock in and out. Killian reaches down for my breasts while Hiroshi pleasures my clitoris, and it doesn't take long for me to come again.

Killian's teeth graze my nipple, and another nerve ending goes on fire. Then Hiroshi pinches my clit, and flames scorch up and down my body.

Fionn doesn't stop fucking my mouth, and I open my eyes, watching the exact moment he comes.

His abs flex, and then he jerks his hips, releasing string after string into my mouth.

Ted shifts inside of me, and I move with his cock, screaming when he pulls back out and then thrusts even harder. His knot swells, and then he reaches places I never thought possible. And just like that, his cock chases away all the shadows, and I slowly come back to life.

I can't even remember what it's like to be knotless anymore, and honestly, I never want to go back.

By the time they're all done, I'm lying on the soft foam mattress, boneless and gasping for breath.

I'm still not done. I'm never done when I'm in heat, and it appears my guys have a lot of energy to spare.

Ted finally dislodges, passing me to Killian once again, and the alpha faces Hiroshi.

The beta has fire in his eyes, and it's the same expression he had when he stood up to his dad.

It's hot as hell.

I know he can be just as lethal as the rest of his pack, and I'm looking forward to seeing what he can do to me.

He unzips his pants and sits down in front of me, and now I gaze at his big cock. His pre-cum drips, and heat flushes down my center, pooling at my thighs.

Killian reaches for my pussy, playing with my clit, and Hiroshi grabs his dick and jerks off.

I don't take my eyes off his onyx pair the whole time, and he's so beautiful. Black strands fly over his face, and I just want to rip that band from his locks and run my fingers through his hair.

He's nearing his peak.

Killian lets me go, and I go to Hiroshi, impaling myself on his cock. He fucks me with smooth, fluid motions, and the blood rushes through my head.

I roll my hips at the same time as he does, and I make do on my promise of untying the band from his hair, watching how it falls down his back like an ebony waterfall.

Damn, he's beautiful. Like a warrior from another time period.

He's like a samurai, and I'd love to see what he does with that sword...

Stars flash, and I throw my head back and cry out my release. Hiroshi follows suit, cresting at the same time as I do. He shudders, releasing his seed, and I wrap my trembling legs around his waist to lock him in place.

Hiroshi's dad is full of shit. Alpha or not, this guy knows how to pleasure his woman.

He pleasures me in ways that the others never could, and I wouldn't change him for the world.

He's my beta, and I love him dearly.

I love all four of them.

My pack.

Sleep soon engulfs me yet again. So Ted pulls me back under the sheets, wrapping his arms and legs around me. Killian places his arm on my stomach while Fionn rests his head against me and Ted, keeping us close.

Hiroshi lays down at my legs, stroking my ankle with circular motions, and I could stay this way forever.

There's nowhere else I would rather be.

CHAPTER 35

Ravyn

It's very rare when all four of the guys take me out in the car, but today marks a special occasion.

My heat finished yesterday, and after four long days, I can finally function like a normal person. I don't crave knots so much anymore, and I can appreciate the color of the sky again.

Today, the sky is gray.

After all, it's the anniversary of Killian's father's death, and we are visiting his gravesite. A little morbid, but I understand.

It's something the Whitefang Pack does annually, and now that I have become a part of that pack, they've invited me along too.

Hiroshi drives as Fionn rides shotgun. I sit in the backseat between Killian and Ted, and the first alpha is as silent as a ghost.

We pass through hundreds of headstones, and it's a nice place to be buried. I have to say.

I reach across and grab Killian's thigh, and he smiles down at me. There's sadness inside his blue eyes, and he's trying to keep it together. Ted told me he was close with his father, and that the man meant a lot to him.

Killian's father had employed Ted as a bodyguard, and I wonder why he needed someone as big as Ted to protect his son.

It's not just Killian's father who was buried here. His mother and sister were too. They died a long time ago. I didn't care to ask how they died. It seemed to be too painful for Killian.

All I know was that his sister had been very young. Aged four.

Fuck.

I can't imagine what it must have been like losing his mother and his sister at the same time. He was just eight. A child.

It's no surprise he acts so cold. The man has experienced great loss, and I couldn't even begin to relate. I never loved my family, yet he loved his, and maybe I'm the cold and loveless one here.

No, that's not true. I love him. I love all of them.

My heart's as big as my breasts.

"We're here," Hiroshi announces, his voice somber. Even the normally cheerful Fionn is quiet as we pull up beside a large gravesite.

Wow.

Killian's family's plot is beautiful. A marble angel looks down on three graves, and her expression is so peaceful. Her wings spread out, acting as a barrier to the rain as she keeps Killian's family dry, and a lump wedges in my throat. I think I make a little choking noise.

All men look over at me. Well, except for Killian, who is wearing a haunted expression on his face. His blue eyes have a glassy shine.

Ted leans across me. "Boss... you don't have to do this..."

Killian chews his thumbnail, his hand shaking as he doesn't take his eyes off the three headstones. They were his first family, after all, but now they're gone.

But he's not alone. He has his pack and me now. We will never leave him.

Killian sighs, closing his eyes. "I told you, Ted. Call me Killian. I'm not your boss anymore..."

A quiet settles over the car. No one knows what to do or say as Killian bides his time. There comes a crinkling sound next, and I roll my eyes when I spy Fionn opening up a bag of chips. He lifts one to his mouth, and his crunching fills the car.

Ted grinds his teeth beside me. "For fuck's sake. Can you not stop eating for five minutes?"

Fionn grins, and he has crumbs on his red beard. He holds out his bag of chips for Ted. "You want one? It's bacon flavored."

The look Ted gives Fionn next could set the world on fire. Luckily, it seems to put Killian in better spirits as he chuckles, reaching across to grab a chip from Fionn's bag.

"Thanks, Fionn," he says, placing the chip into his mouth. He unbuckles his belt. "Let's go."

He climbs out of the car, and I follow the others as we walk up to the three headstones. All five of us stand in a line as we read the names on the graves.

I read the one on the left.

Here lies Laura Fitzgerald, beloved wife, and mother...

There's another grave in the middle for his sister, Daisy, and her picture breaks my heart. What a little angel. She has the same blue eyes and blond hair as Killian, but her features are far more gentle.

A real doll.

What the hell happened to her?

Killian steps toward the three graves, crouching down to his feet, and we all give him a moment. I glance up at Ted, and he seems to catch the question in my eyes.

He sighs. "A really bad man killed her, brat. That's all you need to know."

My stomach clenches. I suspected as much, but it still doesn't shock me any less. You would have to be a real scumbag to want to hurt such a precious little angel.

According to the date on her headstone, she would have been thirty by now.

Heartbreaking.

Hiroshi turns to me this time. “One day, when Killian feels ready, he will tell you, Ravyn. It’s just... too hard for him right now.”

I nod, glancing back at Killian. He has his eyes closed in silent prayer, and my heart shatters just looking at him. Once again, I spy that fragile little boy, and I can’t believe that I ever deemed this man ruthless.

He’s just hurting. The death of your mother and sister would be enough to break anyone.

Fionn is still eating his bag of chips, and Ted sighs, yanking it from his grasp. Fionn stares at his vacant hands. Then he drops his head, and you would think that somebody else has died.

The loss of food can be tough, I guess.

Despite the gray, drizzly day, I giggle. Even Hiroshi has to hold back a snort.

What would we do without Fionn and his gluttonous ways?

Killian rises back to his feet and turns to meet us all, and once again, he’s a cold, ruthless businessman. “Ted, don’t take away Fionn’s food. You know how much he *loves* his food.”

Ted shakes his head, following him to the car. “I’m just looking out for his waistline. All that salt can’t be good for

him.”

Fionn gasps, reaching his hand to his heart. “I never realized how much you care about me, Teddybear. All right. I will watch my waistline for you...”

He gives the big alpha a suggestive wink, and I laugh. I know it’s more than just banter. I spy the way Fionn looks at Ted. He’s enamored with him.

Who wouldn’t be? There’s just something about Ted. Even I could tell that he was a big softie beneath all that brawn, and his cooking is to *die* for.

Maybe one day he will give Fionn his knot as he gave to me.

I would be more than happy to share them both.

We climb back into the car, and already the somber mood has lifted. As we drive back to the penthouse, Ted lists several foods that Fionn can’t eat anymore, and the redhead didn’t look too happy when he said he couldn’t have chocolate anymore.

I’m with him there. Life’s too short to skimp out on chocolate.

I peer up at Killian, and he appears to be in better spirits. I reach across and grab his hand, and the look he gives me next makes my heart explode with joy.

He may have lost one family, but he will always have us.

His pack.

CHAPTER 36

Ravyn

I can't believe how long it's been since I went out shopping with a friend.

I don't think I even went out shopping with my mom like this, and it pains me when I recall how she surrendered me to the OCC just so she could buy herself drugs.

Well, I hope she's happy now, wherever she is.

I didn't need her then, and I don't need her now.

I finally know what it is to have a pack. Not only do I have a family, but I also have a new sister and a best friend too.

We rush through the throngs like a pair of schoolgirls, laughing when we bump into several people. Some are alphas, and when I get my omega scent on their clothes, their mates hiss at me.

"Watch it, omega whore!" one woman shouts.

I turn back to the woman. She sneers at me, and fuck her. She's just annoyed because her mate won't stop staring at me.

I'm wearing a tight tank top today with denim shorts and cowboy boots, and the alpha can't take his gaze off me.

His beta wife notices with a twitch of her lip, and I bet he's going to get a scolding when they get home later or worse.

"What? Can't satisfy your man enough, so you have to take it out on me?"

You can almost hear a pin dropping from a mile off. People clear the sidewalk as the woman stares me down. I'm pretty sure her eyes burn red, and she's going to rip my throat out.

I'd like to see her try.

Maeve pulls me away. "Come on, Rave. This bitch isn't worth it."

"Back off, red. This fight is between me and the whore..." the beta says.

Maeve scowls at the woman. Then she lets go of me, stepping back. "Whatever, lady. It's your funeral."

The woman takes her earrings out, passing them to her mate. He still can't take his eyes off me.

This tank top does make my boobs look big today. The push-up bra helps too.

I let her take the first hit. She rushes toward me, swinging her fist, and I sidestep, kicking her in the shin. She stumbles, and Maeve laughs out loud, clapping her hands. That's when the woman makes a move for her, and hell no.

She's free to fight me all she wants, but she leaves Maeve the hell alone!

I grip her blonde locks, and the woman yelps, reaching her hands out to grab me.

"Get off, bitch!"

I let her go, reading my stance as I ball my hands into fists. The woman does the same, and now we circle each other.

This woman has no idea what I've been through, and she'll be sorry that she ever picked a fight with me.

The crowd starts to scramble away, and it seems they've all lost interest in our fight.

That's a shame. I'm pretty sure one of those horny alphas was about to throw mud on us, but something scared them off.

I hear the growl, and I roll my eyes when I hear the crack of a phone.

It looks like Ted has arrived.

"You think you can film my omega?" he snarls.

Despite how pissed I am at him for breaking up the fight, he just called me his omega.

I am *his* omega now.

It seems he's forgetting all about Beatrice.

Killian told me that if I wanted to leave the penthouse, then I could. He was prepared to find me a place in the city, but I decided to stay with the pack.

I've spent too long being alone. I know what loneliness is, and it's debilitating. And I refuse to go back to that life.

I don't think I could leave Ted. It may break him. He needs me, and I need him.

We'll get better together.

Ted drags the beta woman away, throwing her towards her mate, and the two scramble off.

"Yeah, that's what I thought," he growls, chasing them off.

The woman even dropped one of her gold hoop earrings in her bid to get away, and I pick it up, placing a hand on my hip.

"Really, Tim? Did you have to be so rough? The bitch forgot her earring?"

Ted doesn't hear me. He just yanks me close and presses me to his chest, and I bury my nose into his black shirt.

He rumbles, running his hand up and down my back, and I melt in his arms, breathing in his sweet scent.

I finally figured out what his other scent is. It's cookie dough. Beneath the harsh scent of diesel, the man smells like cookies.

It turns out he was sweet deep down after all.

"It's okay, they can't harm you now."

I scoff. "It's fine, big guy. I had everything under control, but I appreciate your concern."

I reach up to pat his cheek, and he grips my hand, kissing my fingers one by one, and the attention he devotes to each

digit has my heart racing.

Who knew he could be so affectionate?

Maeve gags behind us, then makes a comment along the lines of, “Get a room.”

But I only have eyes for my big beast.

So much passion inside his piercing gray eyes, and don’t forget the hurt, too. I see it whenever I look at him.

He’s begging me not to hurt him like the last one, so I reach up and caress his white scar. He shuts his eyes.

No one will hurt him ever again under my watch.

Finally, we break apart, and the alpha follows behind us at a steady pace. We even give him our shopping bags, and he’s more than happy to oblige.

Once again, Maeve and I hold hands and skip down the street like a pair of happy schoolgirls, and I wonder where we should shop next.

That’s when I see the big sign for “Unicorn,” and my inner six-year-old rises to the surface.

“Let’s go there!”

Maeve rolls her eyes. “A unicorn-themed café? Seriously, Rave?”

I shrug. “I like unicorns.”

She raises a brow, and I suppose it is a surprise. I’m probably the last person you would expect to like unicorns, but I can’t help it.

They're just so pretty.

I used to have a Twilight Sparkle Plush, but then my mom sold it to buy some drugs, so I never saw her again.

I loved that plush. She taught me so much about friendship...

I grip Maeve's hand. "What are we waiting for? Let's go!"

She sighs. "Fine. Don't think I won't tell Fionn that you made me drink coffee from a unicorn-shaped cup."

"Laugh all you want. Besides... he has a pair of Spiderman boxers."

I cackle at the look of disgust on Maeve's face as we head to the café.

I don't care what she thinks.

I'm going to embrace my inner child.

It's like a unicorn paradise when we go inside. Bright pink walls and rainbows, and I almost cried when the waitress passed me a cup shaped like a unicorn.

I didn't even order coffee like an adult; I ordered a hot chocolate.

The woman who serves us is so happy and cheerful, and it's like she walked straight out of a cartoon.

Ted stands outside on the sidewalk. He's currently on the phone, pacing back and forth. I thought he would growl at me

when I suggested we have some food at a unicorn-themed café, but he was more than willing to cater to my childlike fantasies.

What more could I want in a man?

I smile when the waitress places my cup of hot chocolate down. She wears a bright pink curly wig, and she really knows how to get in character.

“There you go. One cup of hot chocolate with whipped cream and rainbow marshmallows.”

Hell, yeah.

Maeve opted for a normal cup of coffee in a plain white mug, and how boring.

I smile up at the waitress, and that’s when I notice the eyepatch. It has a bright blue eye with big eyelashes, and she must have had an operation recently.

“Thank you, ma’am.”

She laughs pleasantly, and I’ve never heard a voice so sugar sweet. “Please, call me B.”

My smile grows. “Well, thank you, B. This cup of hot chocolate looks delicious.”

Her own smile widens, bordering a little on the creepy side. My chest tightens, but I push the feeling to one side and just enjoy her company.

She’s good at her job. *Too* good. She never breaks character once. I bet she is a bitch beneath all that rainbow sunshine.

Her good eye drifts toward the window, and that's when she spies Ted. "Ooh, who is that handsome fellow?"

A growl works its way up my throat. Maeve senses my change and reaches out, gripping my hand. She shakes her head.

Just leave it, she communicates silently.

I return the waitress's smile. "That's Ted. My alpha."

B peers back down at me, gifting me with that beautiful, fake smile again. "Of course. Only the best for such a pretty little omega."

She reaches down and pinches my cheek, then whirls away. I scowl at her as she walks off. "What is with her?"

Maeve sips her coffee. "She's just messing with you."

Still, something about the waitress is off. I can't quite place my finger on it.

"Call me B," she'd said.

Her scent was a little odd. I got faint traces of rosemary. Could she be another omega in hiding? She has all the traits. Small, doe-eyed, and sweet.

Well, only sweet on the surface.

Shaking my head, I pick up my cup of hot chocolate and sip. The cream leaves a mustache on my tip lip, and Maeve laughs at how stupid I look.

I don't care. I'm in my element.

Ted finally enters the café, and he stops in his tracks when he sees all the unicorn memorabilia.

What is the big deal? It's just a café with a unicorn theme.

The alpha's nostrils flare, and then his eyes lose focus. My stomach drops.

Something is wrong.

I go to get up, but then the room spins. I grip onto my chair, trying to get my bearings.

What's happening?

Maeve grips her head. "Rave... I don't feel so good..."

Ditto.

I should probably sit back down, but I have an alpha to rescue. Something has triggered him.

I don't make it two steps. I fall to the ground, trying my best to remain conscious.

I hear a thud, and Maeve has fallen out of her chair. I try calling out for Ted, but he's still frozen in terror.

What's happening? What was in our drinks?

That's when a pair of pink high heels steps toward me. I peer up. She has taken the eyepatch off, and now I see why she covered her eye. It looks as if someone gouged it out.

Who the hell is she? Why is she doing this to us?

We don't even know her.

The waitress kneels down, caressing my cheek. Then she whispers into my ear, getting her rosemary scent all over me.

“No one can save you now. Not even your Teddybear...”

Teddybear?

She means Ted.

I try turning my body towards him to call for help, but she grips my chin and kisses my lips, and the blood simmers in my veins.

I know exactly who she is.

Beatrice.

Fuck.

We walked right into her death trap.

Finally, my vision darkens as I lose all consciousness, and it looks like Beatrice has gotten her revenge.

CHAPTER 37

Ted

I awake in the middle of the night. She watches over me with the eyes of a predator. She's pissed, and what have I done now to upset her?

I have given her everything, and she still isn't satisfied. Nothing I do ever makes her happy. She calls me ugly and a monster, even though I would move mountains for her.

I have wrung the necks of her enemies. I have even killed for her, yet she still doesn't return my love.

What will it take to earn her affection? This woman who has me completely under her mercy?

"Beatrice? What's wrong?"

A smile twists her beautiful face. She wears a brunette wig tonight with brown contacts. I have never seen her true features.

Blue contacts one day, and then green or brown the next.

I sit up. "Do you need a glass of water, my love?"

No sound from her lush lips. She just continues to stare at me with those loveless eyes, and I won't pretend that it doesn't hurt.

What else did I expect? As if someone as lovely as her could ever love a brute like me. She's right. I am a monster.

"I hate your face..." she sneers, and I sigh, climbing out of bed.

"I'll get the mask."

She makes me wear a mask so she doesn't have to look at my face when we make love. It hurts, but whatever makes her happy.

She's my omega, and I'm her alpha. It's my job to ensure that she is happy and comforted. I saved her life. They were going to execute her for being too hard to tame, but I took her in, and this is how she pays me back.

It's not all her fault. Someone at some point had hurt her too, and now she hurts me.

It's a vicious cycle.

She grips my arm, and her French manicure digs into the taut muscle. "No. No mask tonight. I have a better idea..."

My heart thumps in my throat, but I swallow it down. "What is it you want, my love?"

She smiles. "To tie your arms to the bed."

I do as she says, letting her tie me to the bedrail, and my knot has swollen already.

However, I get the feeling she doesn't want to have sex tonight. She wants something more from me.

She straddles my hips, sneering down at my face. "So hideous. Why do you have to be so ugly?"

The comment stings, but I swallow my pride. It's not her fault. She has been through a lot. They tortured her back at that prison.

"How... how can I make myself more desirable for you, my love?"

Her dull eyes lose all focus, and my heart jumps back to my throat. Then a crooked smile stretches her lips.

"You can't. You will always be ugly, no matter what. There's only one way to fix an ugly face."

She lifts her arm, and I catch the glint of a knife.

"Ted!"

Someone calls my name through the gloom, but I'm too lost in the memory. All I see are her loveless eyes as she brings that knife down to my left eye.

"No, no!"

I writhe, losing myself in my painful memories, but someone keeps me anchored to the earth.

"Ted, it's fine. It's only me, Fionn."

Fionn?

I meet his bright blue eyes, and I finally find what I've been craving my entire life...

Love.

I don't deserve his love. I don't deserve Ravyn's love.

I'm nothing but a mess. A monster.

No one would ever love a beast like me.

A suppressed sob chokes me next, and the alpha drags me toward his chest, showing me the love that I don't deserve.

I don't even know why he wants me. I would only disappoint him like I disappointed her.

"Hey, it's all right. It's fine, you're good. We'll get them back, I swear. And then we'll kill that bitch for good."

That's when the memory comes crashing back.

Ravyn...

I push Fionn away and jump to my feet. It's night. The café is dark, but the sweet faces of all those cartoon unicorns taunt me as reality hits me like a freight train.

She took them.

I couldn't even keep her safe; I couldn't keep Fionn's baby sister safe.

Still, I move toward the table where I last saw her and sniff the cup. It's cold, but I detect a faint hint of drugs.

She drugged them.

I can still smell Ravyn's and Maeve's scents in the café. They're spiked with fear, and I roar, punching a hole into the wall.

I punch a hole into the face of one of those disgusting unicorns. They all mock me, just like Beatrice does.

Killian steps forward. Hiroshi lingers in the dark, blending in with the shadows.

“Ted, it’s fine. We know where they are.”

I whirl around, meeting his ice-blue eyes. “You do?”

He hands me a ransom note, and it has her rosemary scent all over it. At first, I don’t take it, but then I snatch it from his grip and read her fine writing.

She wants ten million dollars, or she will ship our omegas off overseas. Also, it appears she’s working with our enemies too.

The Wolverine Pack. Of course.

It seems one of their cousins is out for revenge.

They should be easy enough to track down, but I shouldn’t have let them be taken in the first place.

This is all my fault.

I truly am pathetic.

Killian grips my shoulder, seeming to read my mind. He may be like my kid brother, but he’s still my protector in so many ways. “Ted, you are not the one to blame. We will get them back, and we will make her pay once and for all.”

Fionn grips my cheek, running his thumb down my scar, and that’s how she looks at me too.

Ravyn...

What do they both even see in me? Beatrice gave me that scar to ensure that no one would ever love me again.

“We promise, Teddybear. We will get them back, and we will not only remove her other eye, we will *kill* her...”

“I second that.”

Hiroshi steps forth, and his father was wrong about him. That man should be proud to have such a feared son.

“Also, we’ll remove the Wolverine Pack off the map while we’re at it. Those fuckers took our omegas.”

Wow. It’s not often Hiroshi swears, but when he does, he sends a shiver down my spine.

Technically, only one of them is our mate. The other is just under our protection. Still, she is Fionn’s sister, and that makes her pack.

Maeve is my family as much as Ravyn is now.

Killian sweeps out of the café. I’m not sure what happened after I blacked out, but judging by the police tape on the street outside, it appears someone reported the kidnapping.

But the Whitefang Pack are here now, and we’ll do this our own way.

No one better get in our way.

Ravyn

I stir, my mind still groggy from the drugs running through my veins. My mouth is as dry as the Sahara Desert, and my head feels as if it has been through a grinder.

Finally, I come back to my senses, opening my eyelids. Cloth covers my eyes, but I can still see through a small slit beneath the material.

Whoever tied this blindfold did a pretty shitty job.

Everything comes crashing back. The café and the pink-haired freak, Beatrice, as she hands me a spiked cup of hot chocolate.

I will never see unicorns the same way again after this. That horrible bitch has tainted them for me.

How long had she been keeping tabs on me? On Ted? I shiver just thinking about it.

Someone groans behind me, and I twist my body around.

“Maeve!”

Our hands are tied together, and if only we could escape and beat the shit out of Beatrice.

We could both take her.

While I may not be an advocate of Omega on Omega violence, I will still cut her eye out.

And then she will be blind forever.

“R-Rave?” Maeve croaks, and thank goodness she’s alive.

I don’t care what she does to me, but if Beatrice hurts Maeve, then I will go batshit.

No one touches my sister.

Yeah, I said it. She's my sister.

I adopted Maeve.

Fionn and I will look out for her together. When she gets her first heat, I will be there by her side to guide her.

Omegas can be the worst of enemies at times, but also the best of friends too.

"Maeve, it's okay. We'll get out of this mess, and then when we're done fighting this bitch, we can go back to that expensive store you liked and buy that bodycon dress."

"Ah, pipe down," she moans.

I laugh, grateful to see that she's still herself. She doesn't sound frightened at all.

There comes a psychotic, high-pitched laugh from the corner of the room, and it echoes off the walls.

It appears we're in a basement of some kind. It smells of fuel.

"Bold of you to assume that you could fight me, *Ravyn*."

I peer down at her pink peep toe heels through the gap of the blindfold, grimacing when I spy the glitter shellac of her nail.

She dresses and acts so sweet, yet she's nothing but poison.

I just wish I had been on to her sooner at the café. How convenient that the quaint little place just happened to open up a few blocks from the penthouse.

“How did you know how to find me?”

Beatrice leans down, and her candy-smelling perfume makes me gag. It barely masks her natural rosemary. “Easy enough, Ravyn. Killian wasn’t exactly subtle once he accepted you into the pack. Are you really that surprised?”

Fuck. She’s not wrong. The alpha just wanted to show me off the moment he bought me from Steve.

I wonder how Steve is doing now, anyway. Did he finally get that cold sore checked out?

“I saw you out with Ted a few times too, and I could tell by the look on his face that he was smitten with you. I’m glad for him truly. You *are* really pretty, but unfortunately, you have to go. I have plans of my own, after all, and they all involve you.”

I grind my teeth. “Why are you even doing this? You never loved him.”

She sighs, and her breath smells like a peppermint candy cane. “No. I never did love him. But that doesn’t mean that I’m done with him either, and that’s where *you* come in, *Ravie*.”

I snap. “Don’t call me Ravie.”

She giggles, pinching my cheek, then rises to her feet again. I try my hand at untying the rope at my back again.

“Don’t bother. They’ll be here in a moment to collect you,” Beatrice says.

Who?

The blood rushes through my head, and I let out a frustrated scream. “Bitch! Do you think they won’t kill you once you’re done with me?”

She steps toward me again. “No. Because I have an offer that they can’t refuse.”

I breathe steadily through my nose. “What offer?”

Is it possible to hear a smirk?

“Brady Shaw. He’s an old friend of your alpha. Does that name ring a bell?”

No, it doesn’t. When I come to think about it, I don’t know much about Killian or his upbringing.

It never felt like my place to ask.

I knew he had a family, but that’s about it. Maybe when I get out of here, I can ask about his past.

“Trust me, they’ll still kill you. No matter what.”

She giggles. “If that’s the case, then I will just have to kill them first. And once I’m through with them, I will ship you off to Brady’s island and get my money. It may not amount to much, but I’ll still take it.”

Again, I don’t know who Brady is, but he sounds like quite the big deal.

“Please, you won’t kill them first.”

The fabric of her dress moves again, and it sounds like she’s giving another shrug. “Be that as it may, I don’t really have

much of a choice. I'm screwed either way. I don't trust Brady any more than I do Killian. Do you know *why* Brady wants an omega?"

I taste bile at the back of my throat.

"We're highly valuable. After he got bored with training young alphas to become killers, he tried his hand at trafficking omegas. We're very similar, you and I. Like you, Ravyn, I could never be tamed. Do you have any idea what some perverted bastards would pay for an omega of such caliber?"

Caliber? I always thought that an omega who refuses to concede was worthless. That was why they tried to execute me.

The government likes to control us, but it seems that's not the case in some other parts of the world.

She giggles. "Well, it's a lot. And that is why Brady is mega rich. They love a feisty omega overseas, and for that reason, you will go for a much higher price than your friend here."

Fuck. She's going to sell me to some trafficker. I can't let that happen. I may be worth a lot of money, but there's only one pack I want touching my body.

I have to get out of here.

A car engine rumbles up above, and my heart speeds up.

"Oh, look. They're finally here..." Beatrice says.

I just hope to God that it's Killian and the others.

I may hate her, but I hope Beatrice goes through with the wager. In exchange for ten million, she will tell Killian where he can find this Brady Shaw guy.

CHAPTER 38

Fiann

The car pulls up outside the abandoned house, and Hiroshi and Killian rush out with their guns.

I stay behind with Ted. He's tense, and I reach across, gripping his thigh. He calms down after several breaths, opening his eyes to meet mine. I smile to let him know that I'm here, and that I won't let that bitch Beatrice hurt him again.

I'd meant what I said; I will take her other eye out.

"Thank you," he says, and I swallow a rock in my throat.

"Don't sweat it, Teddybear. You know I'll always have your back."

His burning eyes don't leave me, and the rock swells in my throat. Why does he look at me that way?

"I know."

I raise a brow. He knows what?

A grin spreads across his face, and on him, it looks like a sneer. But I love his smile, regardless.

“That you were the one who hunted down Beatrice and gouged her eye out.”

A breath escapes me, and I glance away, hoping he isn’t mad. I had no right, but after what she did to him, how could I resist?

I even thought about wrapping up her eyeball and putting it in a gift box for him, but that would be taking it a tad far. Ted isn’t as twisted as me. Deep down, he’s nothing but a softie.

Ted could never hurt anyone he cares about, no matter how much they have wronged him. It’s not in his DNA to be so malicious. He only looks the part of a brute.

It’s a lucky thing he has me then.

I’ll extinguish all his enemies.

He’s my pack husband after all. He cooks all my meals.

“Brown.”

Ted crumples his brows. “Brown?”

I sigh. “That’s the natural color of Beatrice’s eyes. Brown. I thought you ought to know. I know you always wished you did.”

I’m not sure what expression comes over his face next, but it almost resembles appreciation.

He reaches forward and grabs my cheek, and my heart flaps like a bird in a cage. What is he doing?

“You’re a good pal, Fionn. Annoying as *fuck*, but still a good pal.”

I go to roll my eyes. “Well, thanks—”

I don’t get to finish my sentence. He leans forward, planting a bruising kiss on my lips, and my world flips upside down.

What the... is he kissing me? Fuck.

One by one, he cuts away my strings until I float towards the stratosphere.

Ted’s kiss tastes as good as his cooking.

He pulls away, and his snarling grin actually starts to look like a smile for once. Then he climbs out of the car, readying his guns, then jogs after the other two.

Meanwhile, I’m just left on the backseat of the car with so many questions.

How? When...?

Did he always feel the same way about me? Even after all those times he rejected me?

Regardless, I can’t be distracted now. We have a mission, and that’s to rescue Ravyn and Maeve. I ready my own weapons and move out after him.

I can’t have him facing that ex whore of his alone.

Ravyn

A pack of alphas arrive in the basement, and to my disappointment, it's not my pack.

I can tell by their putrid scents.

One of them gives off a distorted laugh, stepping toward me. "So, you only went and managed to capture the bitch. Nice. Brady will be proud."

Beatrice hums in amusement. "Yes. Who would have thought that a simple little woman could do the job of an entire pack, hm?"

The man sniggers, kneeling down beside me, and holy shit; someone has been smoking some pretty strong stuff.

"And you did a good job too, B. You even captured another one. A shame she's beta, though."

Beatrice snorts. "Beta? Sniff again, Brucie."

Brucie inhales, and there's no missing the rumble in his chest. Maeve tenses behind me.

"Damn. Two omegas. This is my lucky day. Brady will fetch a high price for the redhead."

"Fuck you," said redhead spits, and I smirk.

Such a typical redhead...

He chuckles. "And feisty too. How old is she?"

Beatrice steps toward us. "Nineteen. She's Fionn Whitefang's younger sister. Do you not recognize the red hair?"

The man inhales again, and now his vibrating rumble turns into a vicious growl. “That cunt. He killed my cousin. Finally, I can make him pay.”

He goes to grab Maeve, but Beatrice stops him in time. Thank God. “Don’t bother. Your petty act of revenge won’t get us anywhere. Brady will want her in good condition. Trust me on this.”

Bruce makes a sound of irritation, then rips my blindfold off. I gaze around the room, trying to gather my bearings, but my brain is still a little foggy from the drugs.

There’s no missing the bright pink Beatrice, though, and the lewd gaze of the cannabis-smoking alpha Bruce. Another two alphas stand guard by the door, holding guns in their hands.

Bruce resembles the alpha who came to meet Killian at the pizza restaurant, and I think I finally know why he wants revenge on Fionn.

It was Fionn who killed his cousin.

Shit.

He removes Maeve’s blindfold and appraises us both now. A low whistle escapes his mouth.

“Damn, girl. You are *fine*,” he says to me, as if I should be flattered.

I roll my eyes, and once again he sniggers like a weasel at my insolence. “I love an omega with attitude *and* big tits. Fuck. They’re huge.”

He goes to touch my left breast, but Beatrice steps in and shoots his hand with a small pistol.

Maeve yelps, ducking her head, and I wish I could turn around and comfort her.

Hopefully, she won't turn that gun on us.

"What the fuck!" Bruce screams, gripping his bleeding hand.

I wish I could say I was sorry.

He deserved it.

She shoots the other two alphas before they can react, and damn, she's one cunning bitch. I will give her that.

It's not as if this pack were really all that threatening, though. They look like the rejects who never quite made it into the official Wolverine Pack.

They're nobodies.

No wonder they're working with Beatrice.

Bruce cries as his two buddies bleed out on the floor. Beatrice shot bullets into each of their skulls, and that bird has serious aim.

"You bitch! You traitorous fucking bitch!"

Beatrice steps over to him, stomping on his injured hand. His shriek could be heard all the way from the moon.

Maeve whimpers, and I try placating her. Beatrice wants us pretty, after all for Brady. She won't shoot us.

Well, I have to hope. Her eyepatch speaks for itself.

It doesn't take a genius to figure out who ripped her eye out. You mess with one member of the Whitefang Pack, and you mess with them all.

I just hope she doesn't decide to take out her revenge on me or Maeve. Even with the eyepatch, she's beautiful. I can't imagine what it did to her self-esteem when my pack gouged her eye out.

It was her left eye too, and I guess that's what they mean by poetic justice.

Ted's scar also runs down his left eye, too.

"What's the matter, Brucie? You surprised an omega can fight back?"

I have to give her some credit there for showing these alphas who's the real boss of this operation, and I immediately despise myself for it.

Beatrice was right. We are alike.

Too alike. It terrifies me.

No. I am nowhere as damaged or twisted. I have been through some messed-up shit in my life, but I never would have done what she did to Ted.

She's a monster.

Bruce splutters. "Fuck you. Do you think Brady won't try his hand at selling you, too? You're still young and pretty

enough. A shame about the eye, but he could always sell you to some low pack.”

Beatrice smirks, and my blood turns to ice. That smile. It’s enough to stop anyone in their tracks.

No wonder Ted was afraid of this woman.

“Then it’s a good job I have a backup plan. I’ll betray him before I even give him a chance. They should be on their way pretty soon.”

Bruce sneers. “Who?”

Beatrice’s good eye loses all shine. “Some old friends of yours. Say hi to your cousin for me.”

The look of fear that passes over Bruce’s face is fleeting. Beatrice shoots him in the head, and he goes out like a light.

Maeve and I flinch at the same time, and there’s no missing Maeve’s soft whimper. She’s terrified. I am too, but I don’t mind being brave for the both of us.

Beatrice throws her head back and cackles. Then she whirls her head toward us, and holy fucking cow, she’s insane.

“Don’t worry, girls. Your pack will come to rescue you soon. If they’re willing to cooperate, then you should have no problem.”

I grit my teeth, meeting that crazed gleam in her eye. If only my hands weren’t tied, I’d beat the living shit out of her. Sure, I may be fighting a crazy person, but I can still take her.

She’s nothing but a waste of oxygen.

Her eyes brighten up at the sound of a distant car engine, and then her mouth turns into a wide ‘o’. Once again, she becomes Snow White on crack as she puts on her most charming smile.

“They’re here. This will be so much fun! I can’t wait to see my Teddybear again.”

I growl. “Don’t you dare go anywhere near him!”

She giggles and steps toward me, kneeling down to my eye level. “Oh, you really do care about him, don’t you? So sweet.”

She leans down and gives me a kiss of death, then rises back to her feet, keeping her eye on the door.

Beatrice points the gun at my head, and now we wait until my pack arrives.

This will be tense.

I just hope they can get to her before that bullet gets to me.

CHAPTER 39

Killian

We walk the halls of the abandoned country house, and it looks as if this place has been pretty deserted for years.

I just hope Beatrice didn't lead us into a trap. We're highly vulnerable right now, but this isn't exactly my first rodeo. I've been on many missions like this, and each time I came out stronger, tougher.

However, it's a little different this time. I had nothing to lose then. Now I have everything to lose.

If swear, if she hurts those omegas, I will kill her personally.

Hiroshi is quiet behind me as we tiptoe down a corridor.

"Any idea where she could be?" I ask.

He inhales. "No. Not yet. But I would take my chance with the basement."

I suck in air. "Of course. Somewhere where we can't escape so easily. Figures. Fuck, I hate this. We should have just killed

Beatrice when he had the chance.”

Hiroshi peers over his shoulder. Ted and Fionn have just entered the house. “Fionn thought it more fitting to let her live. A punishment worse than death.”

I suppose that’s rather true. Beatrice put a lot of value in her looks before Fionn got to her, and it must have been a blow to her self-esteem.

But right now, I wish he had just killed her.

I know why he spared her, and that’s when my gaze finds Ted. As cruel as that bitch had been to him, her death would have destroyed him.

That’s the real reason Fionn spared her.

He didn’t want to hurt Ted.

Hiroshi leads the way to the basement. He has pretty sharp instincts after all, and I would trust him with my life.

We soon come upon the basement door. It leads down a shadowy set of stairs, and it’s all so ominous.

It’s a good thing I have my pack with me.

Together, we will take this bitch down.

Bring it on.

Ravyn

Beatrice stiffens above me at the sound of footsteps, and it looks as if my pack has arrived.

Thank God.

A knot eases up in my chest, and I even hear Maeve give a sigh of relief. However, we're not out of the woods just yet.

We're still at her mercy.

I pick up on their individual scents as they enter the basement. Ted looks like a dam that is about to burst, and it mustn't have been easy coming down here and facing his abusive ex-lover.

He's tense, and Fionn stays by his side protectively.

The redhead's eyes light up when he spies his sister. Maeve splutters, crying out his name. "Fionn!

"Shut up!" Beatrice shouts, pointing the gun at her now.

Fionn growls, but Killian pushes him back, keeping his steely blue eyes on Beatrice. Ted stays out of sight.

"Beatrice," Killian remarks, his voice nonchalant. "You're looking ravishing as ever."

She smirks. "Likewise. Still the best-looking member of your pack, I see. I don't even know why I ever pursued Teddybear when I could have had someone like you."

Fionn snaps his teeth, pointing his gun at her. "Watch it, whore. Unless you want to lose your other eye."

One side of Beatrice's mouth quirks. "What? You will gouge my other eye out? How original. You're so predictable,

Fionn. You were never the smartest of the Whitefang Pack, were you?”

Killian aims his gun. “Enough. Let them go, Beatrice.”

She juts out a hip, showing off her frilly skirt. “That depends. Do you have the ten million?”

Killian gives nothing away. He keeps his emotions schooled as usual, and I can’t believe that Beatrice thought she could break him.

Beatrice sighs. “I’ll tell you what. You give me the money, and I will let your precious omegas go. Also, I will tell you where *he* lives...”

Killian’s jaw tics. “Where *who* lives?”

Beatrice’s eye flashes. “Brady Shaw. Who do you think I was working for after all?”

Killian’s face cracks, and it looks as if she finally found a way to break him.

Just who was this Brady guy? I think I heard Beatrice mention that he once trained assassins.

Did he train Killian?

“Just as I thought. Even his name is enough to make you sweat.”

She’s right. A bead of sweat drips down Killian’s face and shit. I hope he doesn’t lose that sharp focus of his. If there was one thing I could always count on, then that was Killian’s lethal coldness.

She's going to hit them where it hurts.

Hiroshi shifts into position beside Killian, aiming his own weapon. Beatrice sneers.

"Well, if it isn't the pack beta coming to save his omega. Wait... A beta and an omega? That doesn't sound right. It's normally alphas who save omegas."

Hiroshi gives her nothing, and I'm proud. It's all those years of meditating that have helped him learn to keep his cool in a crisis.

He's heard it all before, I bet. "You're only a beta," or "An omega would never have you..."

Beatrice's eye drifts between each pack member until it lands on Ted. My stomach drops.

Oh, no.

This one is going to hurt.

She grimaces. "Still ugly, I see, Teddybear. How pathetic. I don't blame you for holding onto this omega. Even with that hideous scar, she still loves you."

Killian growls. "Shut up!"

Beatrice stops, and she finally cracks. It was an alpha command, after all, and no omega can resist an alpha command.

Not even a vindictive bitch like Beatrice.

To my surprise, she resists his command, pressing her gun closer to my head, and she's got some serious balls.

Even Maeve and I have stopped making any kind of sound. Killian's tone was just so dominating. It still gives me goosebumps.

She's breaking, though. I see it in her eye. What else did she expect going up against the Whitefang Pack?

However, she's getting desperate. At this point, Killian could just make her tell him where Brady is and then kill her, but he keeps his distance.

After all, she still has a gun to my head.

Killian sucks in a breath. "Fine. We will give you the ten million. But you will hand over Ravyn and Maeve first."

Beatrice cocks her head. "And what about Brady? I have his island's coordinates. You can get to him within the next few days and finally get your revenge."

Killian bares his teeth. "Fuck Brady. Just put the gun down and hand them over."

Beatrice trembles. It looks like she has lost her leverage. Killian doesn't give a shit about Brady or exacting his revenge. He just wants me back.

I'm touched.

"No. How do I know you won't betray me?"

Killian's mouth twitches. "You don't. But there's only one way to find out. Hand them over."

Beatrice gasps for air, and it looks like they have her cornered. She should have just shipped us off to Brady and

taken her chances there. But then she had no way of knowing if he wouldn't betray her, too.

No matter how you look at it, she's screwed.

She has not only made an enemy out of Killian, but Brady, too.

Even if she manages to survive after this, someone will track her down.

Omegas don't get very far in this world. We can only evade detection for so long. Someone will find us eventually.

Like someone found me.

"Fuck you all," she says.

Her finger hovers over the trigger, and then everything slows, just as it does in the movies. My heart thumps in my ears as I face the end.

It looks like my time is up. At least I found some happiness in this shitty life. No matter how brief.

My pack pierces her with bullets before she shoots, and I've never seen a bunch of people move so fast. It's like they're all of one mind, and I've never been more in awe of them.

Beatrice stumbles, falling against the wall. She collapses to the ground, her eye wide with terror as she takes her last few breaths.

Her eye slides toward me just before she dies, blood dripping from her lips. She laughs.

What is she sniggering about?

I gaze down at my thigh. Shit. She got me. A bad aim, but she still fucking got me.

I don't feel the pain just yet. The adrenaline works its way through my system, a bright light flashing through my eyes. Then it finally hits, and everything goes black.

Fucking guns.

They really suck.

CHAPTER 40

Ted

I sit beside Ravyn's hospital bed, reading her a story.

Thank God we managed to get the bullet out of her on time or she'd be dead.

It was strangely liberating to see my old abuser getting gunned down by my pack. I honestly thought it would have been hard, but I was more than glad to see her perish.

She shot my omega, and now she has paid the ultimate price.

A shame. We never got information from her. It turned out she had been working with Brady all this time, helping him find omegas he can sell, and I ball my fists.

If only I had ordered Fionn to kill her years ago. Then none of this would have been happening right now.

My little brat wouldn't be in the hospital with a bullet wound.

At least Maeve came out unscathed. Well, just about. She truly showed her age after the kidnapping, and in the end, she took her dog and moved back in with her parents in the suburbs. She was too scared to live alone in the city after what happened, and fuck Beatrice.

She has ruined one too many lives.

Maeve is a tough cookie though, and I know she can get back on track again and write more witty articles.

Ravyn opens her eyes, and I gaze into that luminous hazel again.

“Hey,” I say, putting the book down.

She gives me a heart-stopping smile. “Tim.”

Despite the rough few days that I’ve had, a smile cracks my face in half. “I see you’re back to your old self.”

Her grin turns into a smirk. “That I am.”

I chuckle, reaching across to smooth back her hair. She’s been in the hospital for several days, and the doctors were fantastic.

Still, if I hadn’t staunched the wound in time, then she would have bled to death.

I learned how to treat bullet wounds the day I became a bodyguard. I need to be able to save my clients’ lives, after all. You never know when an enemy may strike.

Ravyn tries sitting up, but I push her back gently onto the pillow. “Don’t move so much.”

She sighs, laying back again. “How long have you been by my side?”

I fix her quilts. “Since they brought you in here. Hiroshi is here too. He went to get some snacks. Killian had to go to the office for a while, and Fionn is at his folks. Maeve is fine. But... she won’t be living in the city for a while.”

Something twinkles in Ravyn’s eyes, and it’s no surprise. She lost a friend. I saw how close those two had become, but Maeve made the choice to go back home.

She will see her again. Just not as often.

I grab her hand. “Don’t worry. You can go shopping with me instead.”

Ravyn turns her head, and her smile makes my heart stop again. “You don’t mind trying on hats with me or having brunch?”

“Brunch?”

She sighs. “Lunch and breakfast.”

Oh.

How stupid.

I groan. “Fine. I will have *brunch* with you.”

“And you will try on some hats? I really think you’d suit a bonnet.”

I really hope she is joking.

“And we will call you Theodora...”

Now she's just messing with me.

She giggles, but I surprise her next by reaching down and kissing her on the lips. I have a habit of spontaneously kissing people at the moment.

I still haven't had a chance to talk to Fionn since we kissed. I just hope it's enough to show him I feel the same way. That I always have.

If I have to cook for some annoying alpha for the rest of my life, then I'm glad that it's him.

I'll cook for him until his stomach is all fat.

How blessed I am to have two people who love me for me. Beatrice made me believe I was unlovable for so long, and in the end, I only pushed people away.

But not anymore.

I will take all the love that I can find in this world.

I deserve it.

Hiroshi

"You... what?!"

A smile crosses my lips. I just told my father that *his* father has agreed to go into business with Whitefang Industries, and the man is more than livid.

I come from a family of entrepreneurs. Each man in the Tanaka family has gone on to forge an enterprise of their own. Well, all except for me.

My father has never seen eye to eye with my grandfather, and the man pretty much disowned him after he developed some shoddy business practices over the years with his own company.

My grandfather loves the environment while my father couldn't give two shits.

I, however, want to preserve the world in all its natural beauty. I will make the earth one giant peaceful garden for all creatures, big and small.

“That's right. Also... he has decided to make me his new business partner.”

I can hear my father grinding his teeth over the phone. “You... you planned this all along, didn't you?”

I pinch the skin between my eyes. I feel a headache coming on. I am through with being nice to this man.

Time to get bold.

“That's right, Father. From the moment of conception, I have conspired to take your place by your father's side and overthrow you. You got me.”

My father loses it at last, and I can't help but smile. It's a small but sweet victory, but I can't help but think of my older brothers. Out of all his sons, I am the only one who ever bested him.

Not bad for a good-for-nothing beta who never should have been born...

“You insolent boy. I knew I should have had you terminated from the moment the doctor...”

“Goodbye, father. I have to go. My omega is rousing.”

I switch off the phone. While it may be rude of me to show such disrespect to my elder, I have to maintain some pride.

I am not prepared to listen to him talk about how he should have had me terminated before I was even born, and you know what?

Fuck him. He can go to hell. I never needed him as a kid, and I don't need him now.

It's time to embrace my new future.

I can't wait to start my new life with my pack and omega.

Killian

Roman and Colt fall silent on the other end of the line. The two alphas have only met briefly, but I thought I ought to call them both and inform them of the news.

We may have killed Beatrice before she could give us the exact coordinates for Brady's island, but I still may have found a small lead in her personal belongings.

Just maybe we can still find that son of a bitch.

That man robbed all three of us of our childhoods. And it's about time we made him pay.

Roman was six, and Colt was four. While I may have been a little older at eight, I can still remember the day as if it was yesterday.

My mom and sister were killed the same day I was captured, but Brady's men spared me. They only wanted an alpha, after all.

The day still haunts me. Once again, I spy the terror in my little sister's bright blue eyes just before that man took her life, and I swear; I will avenge her one day.

Roman is the first to speak, and I can't help but notice how he sounds a little preoccupied. That's when I hear the moan of an omega, and my knot swells.

Fuck. Does he have his omega with him?

That reminds me... It's time to get Ravyn reacquainted with an old friend.

His omega happens to be old friends with mine.

"So... you think this will finally help us find him?" Roman asks, grunting down the phone.

I sigh, knowing how much this means to him, especially with what happened with his twin Rome.

Rome was a victim as much as the three of us, yet he was still prepared to go into partnership with that asshole.

“Well, I hope so. I know how much this means to you, Roman, after what happened with Rome...”

A moment of silence from the dark-haired alpha.

“Thanks,” he says, muttering a “fuck” as his omega is still getting freaky with him.

I smile like the pervert I am. “Tell Dove I said hi.”

She grabs the phone then, and now the sound of that omega’s angelic voice bleeds through the line.

“Hi, Killian. You better be taking good care of Ravyn for me.”

My grin widens. “Oh, trust me, Dove. That I am.”

I like Dove. She’s a sweet girl. A little *too* sweet for me, but I like to think that my sister would have been just like her had she lived.

Daisy was like Dove in every way possible: blonde, pretty, and blue-eyed. Unlike me though, she wasn’t a demon disguised as an angel.

There was a good chance that Daisy may have manifested as an omega because she showed all the classic traits, even in childhood.

Unfortunately, she will remain that four-year-old little girl forever. All because of Brady.

My eyes fall on the portrait of my old family, and there she is, watching over her big brother. Taken far too young.

I will make Brady pay.

Dove giggles, returning to her task, and I leave the lovebirds to it.

Now I focus my attention on Colt.

“How about you, Colt? What are your thoughts on this recent development?”

The alpha is silent. I believe his father is being hard on him again. It can't be easy being the only son of a senator. Colt's antics have brought his father nothing but shame. He's forever in the news, and the paps *love* him.

Still, what I would give to have my own father by my side again. I had a good relationship with mine. Even until the day he died.

If it weren't for him, I never would have met Ted.

Colt sighs, and it's easy to picture his blank face right now. The man has been drinking again, and he sounds as if he would rather be somewhere else than on the phone with me and Roman.

“Whatever. I don't care. It's not like his death will stop the nightmares...”

Nightmares?

I've had them too. And it's all the more reason to go after Brady.

“No, it won't, Colt. But it will help us all move on. All three of us can continue with our lives knowing that man got what he deserved.”

“If you say so, Mr. Whitefang.”

I grind my jaw. I’m not in the mood to tell him off. I will deal with his shit later.

After all, Ravyn should be waking sometime soon.

“We will continue this conversation another time. Until then, Colt. Don’t do anything stupid.”

“Now you’re starting to sound like my dad...”

Again, I don’t reprimand him. He’s just lucky that it’s him. If it were anyone else, I would have punished them for daring to be so rude.

“Goodbye, Colt.”

“Yeah, right back at ya.”

He hangs up. It seems Roman put the phone down some time ago to return to Dove, so I recline in my seat, pinching between my brows.

Hopefully, we can all get this nightmare behind us.

CHAPTER 41

Epilogue

This is it. The day I finally get to see my old friend again.

It was exactly what I needed. Especially now that I've lost Maeve.

I know she's not dead, but a little part of me has died inside knowing that's she back with her parents.

It's just not fair. Maeve had the world at her fingertips. She was in college, and she was writing for a local newspaper. But that bitch Beatrice robbed her of her dreams.

Maeve gave up college in the end.

She jokes and tells me she will go back one day and be one of those old *mature* students at twenty-five.

Since when was twenty-five old?

She still texts me, but it's not quite the same as having her by my side. I miss our brunches out in the sunshine with Lucifer licking my toes.

I've given her several updates on my progress. I've not long gotten out of the hospital, and she hasn't stopped messaging me every day since I woke.

I stand beside Killian in the empty parking lot beneath the penthouse. Ted, Hiroshi, and Fionn stand by the SUV as we await Pack Cobra.

That's the name of Dove's pack, and I'm still so proud of her for finding herself a pack.

How far we have both come. I honestly thought that we would never see each other again, and I thank my lucky stars.

"So, this Pack Cobra. Who are they again?"

Killian peers down at me. "They're a pack of assassins we hired. The head is an old friend of mine from childhood."

Childhood.

I'm familiar with some aspects of Killian's childhood now. While he hasn't told me everything yet, I know he was trained to be an assassin by Brady Shaw. I shiver.

Fuck. And I thought I had it bad growing up.

I also know how Laura and Daisy Fitzgerald died now, and we will get that man one day. I swear. We will all make him pay for the crimes he committed.

I reach across and grab his hand. Killian gazes down at our interlocked fingers. We don't speak. I just want to let him know he will always have me.

“Thank you for arranging this for me. I haven’t stopped thinking about Dove ever since I had to leave her back at the OCC. The guilt still tears me up.”

Killian brings my hand to his lips, kissing my knuckles. “You’re welcome. I thought it was the least I could do. You saved me after all, Ravyn. You saved us all...”

“Me? How?”

He shrugs. “Before you came along, I was pretty dead inside. I’d thought I’d forgotten how to care. But from the moment I saw you on that stage, I just knew I had to have you in my life.”

I smile, placing my hand around his smooth cheek. “And I’m glad you found me. As you know, I was pretty lost too.”

“Yes. No more pretending to be a beta. I want you to say loud and proud, “I am an omega.””

I regard him strangely.

He quirks his blond eyebrow. “Ravyn?”

I sigh, rolling my eyes. “*Fine*. I’m an omega.”

“Louder.”

Seriously? Should I find a mountain and shout to the whole world?

I suck in a deep breath, “I’m an omega!”

Fionn whoops behind us, and Ted tells him to shut his face. I laugh, turning around to meet my other guys.

Fionn has his arm wrapped around Ted's broad shoulder as they lean against the hood of the car. Hiroshi leans beside the driver's side, a small smile playing across his lips when he catches my eye.

I love this pack, and I look forward to spending the rest of my life with them.

A Jeep arrives at the entrance to the parking lot, and my heart jumps to my throat. I glance up at Killian. He nods.

Shit, shit, shit.

How does my hair look? No, that's stupid. This is Dove. My old friend and cellmate.

She's seen me far worse...

The Jeep pulls up in front of us, and I lose it the moment that short blonde steps out from the passenger side.

It really is her. Looking as beautiful as the last time I saw her.

My eyes pool with tears, and I don't remember much after that as I rush toward her, throwing my arms around her shoulders. We both cry for some time, and our packs watch with pride as we former jailbirds reunite at last.

"It's so good to see you again, Ravyn," Dove cries.

I sob, pressing her close. "You too."

I hold her out at arm's length, gazing up and down her body. Wow. She makes sexy look effortless.

She wears a tight black dress, and she truly has embraced the life of an assassin. There's a knife tucked into her garter belt and the tattoo of a cobra around her neck, and what the hell happened to my sweet, quiet friend?

She's become a badass.

She's definitely not the same girl.

Roman steps up beside us, and I meet his brown eyes.

"Nice to see you again, Ravyn."

I smile, and I don't know how to express how grateful I am. He has kept my friend safe, and that's all that matters.

I just don't feel comfortable hugging another omega's alpha. I know how possessive we can be. That knife around Dove's belt looks pretty sharp after all.

The other two alphas of her pack arrive, and I already know Sebastian. However, I have yet to meet the other alpha with the shit-eating grin on his face.

This one definitely has a screw loose.

"So, you're Ravyn," he remarks, coming up behind Dove. He places his chin on her head, and there's no denying their bond.

All four of them look so good together. They all have a cobra tattoo of some variation, and they really are assassins.

I smile at the hare-brained, green-eyed alpha. "That I am. And who might you be?"

His grin spreads. “Finally... I get to meet the omega who taught my sweet kitten how to throw a punch. The name’s Isaac.”

Isaac holds out a hand. Dove elbows him in the ribs, and I laugh, grateful to see how happy she is with him.

It looks as if I can finally stop worrying about her now. She’s in good hands, and I guess that makes two of us.

Maybe we can both finally move on from the OCC.

It’s more than we both deserve.

Killian, Ted, Fionn, and Hiroshi shake hands with Dove’s pack, and all the men go off and leave us girls alone to catch up.

We’ll be spending the whole day together, and it just so happens that this penthouse has a spa.

Don’t forget a bar too and a mini golf course.

I’m going to cherish this day for a while.

“You did what?!”

Dove giggles as she lays back on her bed. I can’t see her eyes as they’re covered with cucumber, but did she just say that she stabbed Derrick with a shiv?

Derrick was one of our old prison guards at the OCC, and he loathed my entire being. He tortured me once after I told him he had dog breath, and I'm glad he's rotting in hell now.

I hate that Dove had to go up against him alone. I should have been there for her. When I built that tunnel, I had hoped for both of us to escape. But the alarms had sounded, and I had to go.

Dove says she doesn't hold it against me. In fact, she told me to go, but I still feel guilty.

The poor thing must have been so alone and frightened in that cold cell.

"That was why the guys hunted me down. I was *dangerous*, after all. I killed an alpha. Me, a lowly omega..."

I kind of already figured it out that her pack were hired to kill her. After all, it's not every day you meet a pack of hitmen... unless you're their hit.

Thank the gods that Pack Cobra weren't hired to go after me; I would have wiped that shit-eating grin off Isaac's face.

There's not much else to discuss. I already told Dove about my escape from the OCC. When I told her about my first heat, she had tears in her eyes.

"*Oh, Ravyn,*" she had said.

Yeah. No omega should have to go through that excruciating pain alone. Dove had Roman, Isaac, and Sebastien for hers, and I really do regret not meeting my own pack sooner.

It doesn't matter. It's all in the past. I have them now, and I don't have to worry about being alone anymore.

I smile, leaning back as I apply cucumber to my own eyes. "So... you crave salt when you're in heat?"

Dove snorts. "I sure do! I love a good salty snack..."

She's really not shy about the innuendo there.

"Funny, I tend to crave sweet snacks," I say.

Dove giggles. "I'd have thought that you'd have been the salty, bitter one with that dirty mouth. You could just *never* keep that mouth shut."

She's not wrong. I just couldn't help myself at the OCC. It drove Lark insane. She was the well-behaved one out of the three of us. She knew how to play the game; I will give her that. It was why she got out in the end.

I still think about her often, too.

The warden deemed her compliant enough to leave, which was how she earned her freedom, and I hope she's happy, wherever she is.

"You ever wonder about Lark?" I ask.

"All the time," Dove replies. "I thought about you both."

"Ditto."

Silence befalls the two of us as we relax in the spa. So far, we've been in the steam room. And now we get facials. One woman works at my feet as another files at Dove's fingernails.

I bet Teddybear comes down here all the time for his pedicure...

My Theodora loves a good spa session, I bet.

I continue. "Well, wherever she is, I can only hope she's found peace."

Dove takes a moment to respond. Finally, she sighs. "Me too."

All good things must come to an end, and once again, I had to say goodbye to Dove.

We will see each other again. We exchanged phone numbers and promised that we would text every day, but I know that will not always be the case.

Life just has a habit of getting in the way, and it seems she has her hands full with her pack, anyway.

She has become a typical pack omega. She cleans for them and often cooks too, and I don't think I could ever become such a domestic goddess. It's just not me.

I don't think Ted would let me go anywhere near his oven anyway, and Hiroshi cleans the penthouse. Still, I have been finding myself fixing crooked portraits or cleaning up after Fionn when he leaves a mess. He gets crumbs everywhere, and I have told him off several times.

Maybe I am a bit of a clean freak, just like any typical omega.

Shiver.

I gaze out the window of my bedroom longingly when the knock comes at my door.

“Come in.”

It’s Ted and Fionn. The latter still has his arm around the former’s back, and it seems the two haven’t let go of each other since they reunited.

I’m glad Ted is moving on. That bitch is dead, and he no longer has to fear her.

He will always have the emotional scars, but he will still always have me and Fionn. We love him, no matter what.

He’s our Teddybear...

Fionn lets go of Ted, approaching my side. “Bonnie, come along. We have an announcement to make.”

I mock gasp. “You’re pregnant. Congratulations, Ted. You’re going to be a father...”

Ted grumbles, and I chuckle. He’s just too easy to wind up.

Fionn laughs, shaking his head. “As much as I would be honored to carry Ted’s baby, that’s not what we came here to tell you. Bon Bon.”

I get up from the window seat, intrigued now. “Then what?”

Fionn shares a look with Ted. Ted shrugs, and Fionn sighs. “Let’s go to the living room. Hiroshi and Killian should be

there already.”

My heart pounds. What is this? A surprise birthday party? Not that it’s my birthday or anything.

Both alphas lead me down the hall and to the living room, and just like Fionn said, Killian and Hiroshi are waiting.

My heart thumps in my throat. I take a seat as all four men stand around me. What is going on? Did Killian finally get me that pony I asked for?

I always wanted a pony, and it looks as if my dream will come true.

I’m going to call her Sparkles...

Killian kneels down in front of me, reaching across to rub his thumb over my cheek. “Ravyn, you know how much we all care about you, and, well, we think it’s time. We have all decided to give you our bite.”

My heart jumps out of my chest now. Not exactly a pony, but it’s still a revelation all the same.

They want to mark me? Once they bite me, it will seal our bond forever. Nothing will ever break it.

Not even death, as cheesy as it sounds.

I suck in a breath, recalling a conversation I had with Dove when we were in the spa sauna. It turns out that the mouth of her cobra tattoo was actually Roman’s bite mark, and there was no missing the crescent shape of the alpha’s teeth.

She showed me another on her left breast and thigh, and it turned out that her tattoo joined all of her mates' bite marks. It was a show of their bond, and I have to say, I was impressed.

Not even I have a tattoo; I'm too much of a shitbag to go under the needle, and Dove is brave, truly.

Still, the idea of being marked excited me. I just never expected that they would make the announcement today.

I can't believe this; I am going to be marked. They're all waiting for my reply, and they're leaving this decision to me.

It's still a lot to take in. So I do the only thing I can think of; I rearrange the coasters on the coffee table. I even rearrange the flowers that Hiroshi picked from his garden and put in a vase.

"Well?" Killian asks.

The blood rushes through my head, and then I brush my fingers over my smooth, unmarked neck. They all notice the gesture.

If I take their marks, then I'll be bonded to them forever. I will lose what freedom I have left.

Yeah. The freedom to be alone and drown in the mud when my heat gets too painful. Fuck that. I already said goodbye to that potential future a while ago.

This is my choice; they have already given me my freedom.

What else am I waiting for?

I meet Killian's ice-blue eyes. "Yes. I... want your bites."

My heart skips a beat. Did those words really just come from my mouth?

Killian smiles, squeezing my thigh. Hiroshi gives a small grin while Fionn wraps an arm around Ted. They all look so happy to mark me as their own, and you know what?

I am going to give them the same in return.

“On one condition. You let me bite all of you too...”

A silence falls over the room. Then each man nods, agreeing to my condition, and I guess that settles that.

We’re all going to mark each other.

Killian leans forward to kiss me on the lips. Then he lifts me in his arms, carrying me to my nest. I have added a few more home comforts. There’s a giant unicorn plush in one corner, and a flat-screen TV. I also have strobe lights, and what can I say?

I’ve always been a bit of a rave girl...

Killian nestles me down onto the mattress floor of the room, and I watch as he unbuttons his shirt. My eyes rake over his chest, and I could kiss those abs for days.

My next heat won’t come for a while. Well, hopefully. Luckily for me, they have returned to somewhat normal, but I still want to dance on top of Killian’s knot.

He kneels down in front of me, peeling away my shirt. He lifts it over my head and throws it to one side. Then he leans

forward, kissing my neck, and I guess he has chosen where to mark me.

His lips brush against my throat as he removes my leggings, throwing them to one side, and soon I'm in nothing but my birthday suit.

I didn't wear underwear or a bra today, and each guy growls appreciatively.

"Nice, Buttercup..." Killian whispers, brushing his slender finger over the lips of my entrance. They are dripping wet with my slick already, and then the scent of cinnamon fills the nest.

A small, breathy groan escapes me when Killian reaches up to taste me on his fingers, and I lift my hips to slide down his cock. My mouth brushes against his neck as he slips all the way inside. Then we bite at the same time.

It's like our souls are entwining. An invisible thread connects us both, and suddenly, the universe makes sense.

Now I know the meaning of life... well, sort of.

Live it to its fullest. Something like that, and... pizza is superior to all other foods. Fact.

I grind my hips into Killian, seeking friction from his cock, and now that we've bonded, it doesn't take long for me to come. Not only that, it feels ten times stronger.

I think I can almost feel Killian's orgasm as he releases his seed inside me, and then he knots me. I have never felt this kind of connection to anyone. I'm pretty sure Killian is feeling his own knot through me, too, if that were possible.

It's probably just in my head, but I get an impression of his thoughts.

"I love you, Ravyn. We all do," Killian announces. "From the moment I saw you..."

They all agree, and my cheeks blush.

Honestly, I felt a connection with him too; I felt a connection with all four of them. The room was so packed that night at the strip club, yet I could still smell Killian's glacial, peppermint scent above the crowd.

His scent complements my own, and it makes a delightful combination. Peppermint and cinnamon.

Someone steps forth while Killian knots me, and I turn my gaze to find Hiroshi. He has already ripped his clothes off, and now he stands as naked as the day he was born. He kneels down behind me, kissing a trail down my neck. It looks as if he has found a place to mark me. I'm still knotted to Killian, so I can't fuck him yet, but I don't mind him marking me while I'm still preoccupied.

Hiroshi bites the back of my neck, and another invisible thread is born. It connects me to Hiroshi, and the bond is as strong as the one I feel with Killian.

He's not an alpha, but we have still formed a bond, regardless. I can't wait to give him my own bite.

Killian's knot eases, and I slip free, straddling Hiroshi. Once again, I rip the band out from his hair, running my fingers through his black locks as I kiss him.

His freshwater cherry blossom scent fills my nose, and I envision us in his garden again, fucking beneath his cherry blossom tree. I think we have definitely found our inner Chi now.

Chi connects all living things, and it's time for me to connect with Hiroshi.

I find his pulse point and bury my teeth into his neck, and the thread burns between us.

That's our Chi coming together.

Hiroshi places his hands on my ass, pushing me onto his cock, and he really knows how to work those hips. He is the most fluid with his thrusts, and it doesn't take me long to come.

Killian kisses the back of my neck, licking the sweat that drips down my spine. Soon, Ted and Fionn join us as each alpha takes a breast.

My nerve endings go on fire, flames scorching up and down my spine when they fondle my breasts, and I can't tell whose hands belong to who anymore.

It feels great when they all touch me like this.

It's Ted's turn to knot me. Fionn holds my arms down while the big alpha rams into me, and it doesn't take long for me to scream his name.

The pleasure that builds inside as he rubs his hard cock against my walls sends the blood rushing through my head, and I'm about to burst from the sheer pressure.

I curl my toes, grasping the sheets beside me as I throw my head side to side, and I swear I'm on fire.

With one last thrust, Ted pushes all the way inside, and once again, he touches my very heart. Now he is all I can feel as he fills every part of my body, jerking and shifting until I release.

I arch my spine, screaming in pure rapture.

Ted's knot swells, and it only gets better from there. Lights dance, and I'm pretty sure that I've gone blind. The room blurs as he continues to stretch me, and I've never been so grateful to be an omega.

Ted reaches down and bites my left breast. A thread forms between us, binding our souls. Fionn leans down and bites my right breast, and more lights explode.

We wait until Ted's knot eases before Fionn can have his turn. When I go to straddle his hips, Ted stops us.

"No..."

Fionn and I look up at him, confused. Ted corrects himself.

"Not like that. I... can fuck Fionn while he fucks you, little brat."

Fionn's eyes widen at the same time as mine, and the redheaded alpha is all too eager.

After all, this will be the first time the three of us have fucked. With everything going on, it wasn't possible before.

Ted is going to fuck us both, and I can't wait.

Fionn gets into position in front of Ted, while I straddle Fionn, and this is going to be interesting.

Fionn laughs. “I feel like the luckiest shit in the world right now. Getting fucked while I get to fuck...”

Ted growls. “Shut up.”

Fionn buttons his mouth, but then Ted chuckles, baring his teeth with a grin. “Just kidding.”

Without warning, he slides into Fionn, and it doesn’t take him long to reach his destination with my slick. It’s the perfect lubricant, after all.

Fionn’s knot swells inside of me, and I close my eyes, yelping when Ted thrusts us both. Back and forth he goes, and soon Fionn and I crest in a mutual orgasm.

Holy three-way.

I turn around on Fionn’s knot to give him my bite. He’s still delirious from the brute force of Ted’s fucking, but I never missed the smile on his face. He kisses my cheek, pinching a breast between his fingers as I move across to Ted.

Our bond solidifies, and then an invisible thread connects all five of us, forming the shape of a pentagon.

Hiroshi and Killian rejoin my side, and all four of my men please me.

All I can think about is that lonely puddle of mud in the forest somewhere. The one that has my name on it.

I bet it's still waiting for me, and I hope it's prepared to wait forever.

Screw that muddy puddle.

I have a pack now.

Afterword

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Don't be shy... we don't bite. Well, Killian might, but he's harmless...

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