

SARAH BLUE

Lavender
Moon

Lavender Moon

Sarah Blue

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I am not a woman, I'm a god – Halsey

Beg For It – Iggy Azalea, MØ

Lapdance – N.E.R.D, Vita, Lee Harvey

OMG – Usher, will.i.am

Content Warning

This is a why choose Omegaverse romance. Ian is her stepbrother, they were not raised together and there is a slight age gap.

For a full list of the content in this book you can go to authorsarahblue.com

To anyone who wanted to bang Paul Rudd in Clueless.



Chapter 1



“I know, I’m just waiting for her to finally find a pack and move out.” The words repeat in my head over and over again. How my mom doesn’t want me here anymore, about how she can’t wait till I’m mated and out of her hair.

It’s not like I want to be here either, but hearing your mother say how much she can’t wait for you to be out of her house? It sinks deep, and it hurts. Your mom is supposed to be your biggest cheerleader, not the person who judges you the most.

If she saw me now, she would be judging. Honestly, she would probably have a heart attack if she knew what I was doing.

The stage is bright and lit with purple lights as the two girls ahead of me try out. There’s only three of us, and according to the woman hosting auditions, it sounds like we could all get hired tonight. The Omega dancing right now is gorgeous as she walks around the pole, hooking her ankle around the shiny metal and dipping backwards. Her back is arched showing every curve of her body as her black hair falls behind her.

That. That is what I want. To captivate a stage, to be in front of people and be able to be myself. To have people want me so desperately that they're willing to empty their wallets for it. Because the Alpha I want to notice me, well, that just isn't going to happen.

The song set goes on as the Omega on stage shows all her moves, and I feel completely unprepared. I can dance, but no way in hell am I going to look as elegant as the girl on stage. Her outfit also looks like it stepped off a super hot slutty Broadway show. I have on booty shorts and a bralette I bought at Victoria's Secret before I got here.

I feel so out of my depth as I wait for my turn to audition. But I need this: independence, money, and freedom. While I'm not against finding a pack, I don't want to be forced into finding one. Especially when I know they would be second best to the pack that I actually want.

The girl on stage finishes her set, and we all clap for her. She has a beaming smile on her face as she walks across the stage in her tall platform shoes—I'm barefoot.

Fuck. I'm so not cut out for this. I think about leaving; maybe it'll be easier to sell my used panties on the internet instead.

"Luna," the manager Gina says, and my cheeks heat. It's now or never. I know how much money I can make in just a few months here. Enough to put a deposit on an apartment and get myself some furniture. I can even get the cat that I've always wanted.

I can do this, for me. Without help from anyone or a subpar pack that would never compare.

With soft footsteps, I make my way to the stage. Gina is kind as she smiles up at me from her chair. She has wild, curly brown hair and is petite with big brown eyes shielded by wide-brimmed glasses. Definitely not the type of woman you would imagine running a place like this, but it somehow puts me at ease.

“Hello, dear, aren’t you cute.”

“Uh, thanks,” I say, rubbing my arm.

“You provided ID right?”

“Yes, I’m twenty-one.”

Gina smiles and nods her head. “Do you have any dancing experience?”

“Not much.” I don’t want to lie. And I don’t think dancing alone in your bedroom to “Mr. Brightside” counts, but I need this so badly. I’m honestly feeling less anxious the longer I stand on stage. The bright lights warm my skin, and I imagine what it feels like to have all those hungry eyes on you.

Powerful.

It would make me feel powerful, and I smile at the idea. Omegas don’t have many opportunities in this life. But I have one right here and now, to take control and take what I want. And what I want is for Alphas to look but not touch, and then paying me in the process.

“If selected, how soon would you be able to start?” Gina asks.

“Immediately,” I respond, and she smiles.

“You have your song picked out?”

I nod, and she holds up her hand. The music starts, and “Good For You” by Selena Gomez comes on. It’s literally like the Omega national anthem, and I watch as Gina smiles at the song choice.

The soft but sexy song flows through me, and I move my body accordingly. I imagine a crowd in front of me, and the goal is to tease and entice. My scent is the luring factor, but the way I move is what will keep them at my stage. I know I’m not as skilled of a dancer as the girl before me. But I know that the naivety of my dancing will be an attractive factor for patrons.

I keep my movement sexy, acting like the pole is a tall, brooding Alpha who wears suits and glares.

Should I be picturing myself dancing on my stepbrother? By most societal standards, it would be a no. But right now, acting like I’m putting on a show for Ian, it gets me going. I can smell my perfume wafting off of me in waves. Gina has a wide smile on her face as she watches me dance.

I know I have a similar smile on my face. Picturing Ian behind me, his hands on my hips as I dance for him. His fingers graze over my long hair, wrapping it around his fist and pulling me back to his chest.

I should feel embarrassed with how heavy my scent is right now, but I know more than anything it's going to get me this job. The girl before me might have the better dance moves, but I can perfume while performing.

The music stops, and Gina claps. "Wonderful. Thank you, ladies. We'll be in touch."

I nod my head and step down from the stage. The girl who danced before me gives me a smile. "Oh, sweet flower child, you're so in."

My cheeks heat as I grab my drawstring bag. "You think so?"

"After that show? Hell yeah, you're in. I'm not even into other Omegas, and I was about to cream myself."

I laugh and shake my head. "I'm Luna." I hold out my hand, and she shakes it.

"I'm Gabbi, but on stage, I go by Cherry."

"Oh, should I make up a name?"

"Definitely, unless you want Alphas finding your social media or finding out where you live."

I click my tongue. "Good point."

She snaps her fingers together and points at me. "Selene," she says. "Goddess of the moon."

I smile back at her. "I love it."

"So what are you up to for the rest of the afternoon?"

I shrug. "Nothing."

“Great, let’s go get drinks.”

“Oh, I’m not sure that’s a good idea,” I tell her. Gabbi shakes her head and laughs.

“Oh sweetheart. It’s time to learn about what being an Omega is all about.” I swear I have stars in my eyes as I speak to Gabbi; she’s everything I want to be. She’s beautiful with glowing tan skin, dark hair, and soft brown eyes. But the most captivating thing about Gabbi is her confidence. That is what I want to bottle up and pour all over myself.

“Do you have a car?”

“Yeah,” I respond by clicking the button to unlock the vehicle. Gabbi just grabs the passenger door and opens it for herself. I shrug my shoulders and get in the driver’s seat and push the button, starting the engine.

“Head to Ocean Drive,” she tells me. I put my sunglasses on and rev the engine.



Gabbi knows how to party, that’s for sure. They didn’t even check our IDs. She just perfumed a little for the bodyguard, and now we’re in this club together.

WAP blasts over the speakers, and Gabbi and I laugh and grind on each other. The gaze of nearly everyone in the small club is on us as we entice.

We dance on each other, while she sings all the lyrics. Her hands tangle in my hair, and my leg is in between hers as we

sing the nasty lyrics and dance. We absolutely lose our shit at the Beta who is staring at us with wide eyes and his mouth comically wide open.

I'm already feeling drunk. I've drank before but mostly wine with dinner or one cocktail. But these tequila shots are doing something to me that I haven't experienced before. I feel so fuzzy and light, like I don't have a single care in the world.

I don't care that my mom is a fucking bitch. That my stepdad doesn't help me. That my stepbrother is so goddamn hot and all I want to do is fuck him and his pack. Or that his Omega is hotter than me. God, is James hot. Of course he chose James. I'm just his little sister who he thinks is annoying and naive.

A sweet waitress comes over to us with a smile. She's cute and pretty. I tell her this in my drunken state, and she smiles. "These are from the Alpha across the bar," she says. I grin and turn to look at him. He's attractive, sure, in a beach bum kind of way. We hold up our shots to the Alpha in thanks and throw them back.

When he makes his way over to me and Gabbi, I panic. "I'm not interested in him, Gabbi."

"But we are interested in his money," she says.

That has me tilting my head and raising an eyebrow.

He's tall, and his Alpha energy is undeniable as he comes up to us. "Ladies, quite the show."

Gabbi smiles and touches his forearm. Damn, she's good. "If you want a real show, you should come see us at Lavender Moon sometime."

"Would you be up for something private?" he asks, looking at Gabbi. Of course he is. Gabbi is a confident goddess.

She smiles at him and looks at me. "Luna, sweetie, are you good to get home?"

"Oh, yeah, totally," I tell her, waving her off. I am not going to be a cunt block.

Gabbi grabs my phone out of my hand and puts her number in. "I'm guessing I'll see you at work soon. But if you need anything, just call."

I nod and smile at her. She walks away with the blond Alpha, and I wonder how much she's going to charge.

Could I do that? I'm not sure.

Considering my experience, I don't think so. I groan and scrub my face, the tequila hitting me harder than it did a few minutes ago. I leave the club, and I feel like eyes are following me. I can't help but walk quickly to my car and sit inside and lock the doors. Everything seems to spin, and my stomach hurts a little bit.

I'm too scared to use a car service—there's no way I can call my mom. I pick up my phone and call the only other person I can think of. It rings twice before he answers.

"Luna?" he says, his voice so deep and gravelly and sexy. I know my voice is breathy as I respond.

“Hey.”

“Luna, what’s going on?”

“Um, can you come pick me up?”

“You don’t have your car?” he asks. I wince, seeing as he’s the one who bought me the car.

“Um...so the thing is, I’m in my car right now, but I can’t really drive it.”

“Did the battery die or something?”

“Well, no. See what happened—” I hiccup and can’t control the slight giggle that escapes my lips.

“Luna, have you been drinking?”

“Oh, well, see. Maybe.”

“Where are you?”

“Mmm. Ocean Drive.”

He groans into the phone. “Where on Ocean Drive?”

“Well, I can see the ocean,” I say with a laugh and shake my head as I look at the name of the bar. “I’m by Geek’d”

“Why the fuck are you there?” he growls.

“Don’t get all growly with me. I’m a grown woman.”

“I’m more than fucking aware,” he says quietly before continuing. “Stay in your car. Picking you up in twenty minutes.”

“Oh, so I shouldn’t open my door for this man who wants a cigarette?” I joke ,and Ian growls on the other end of the line.

“Chill, I’m just joking.”

“Twenty minutes,” he says and hangs up.



Chapter 2



“**S**eriously, you can’t even handle being in the same car as her?” I ask Ian as he glares at me.

“Please, Ezra.”

“Didn’t even know you were capable of saying please, mate,” I say to my best friend, and he rolls his eyes.

“She’s drunk,” he replies, scrubbing his face.

“Good for her,” I say, and he glares. “What? Poor thing lives with your father and that bitch he married. Sweet girl deserves some fun.” Fact is, Ian’s stepsister is fucking hot, and we all know it. Forbidden fruit and all that, makes it even more tempting, I’m sure.

“What the fuck is she thinking, going out to a club and getting drunk. You know how many Alphas would take advantage of her like that?”

That’s when James walks into the kitchen. He smells like weed and his signature Omega scent of cinnamon and clove. Ian already has a hand on James’ shoulder, and he allows it.

“What’s going on?” he asks.

“Luna is drunk and needs a ride home.” James smirks, and shakes his head.

“What?” Ian says in frustration, like we don’t know his dirty little secret.

“Nothing,” James says.

“Seriously Ian?” I say as I look over at James who rolls his eyes and just blurts out what we’re both thinking.

“When are you just going to admit you want to fuck your stepsister?” James asks, and Ian gapes down at him and blinks.

“You’re my Omega.”

James steps away from his touch. “I...this is too much for me,” James says. Both Ian and I frown down at him, wondering what we did wrong. “No,” James shakes his head. “Not that you guys did anything wrong. I love being a pack. But I’m never going to be this needy, affectionate Omega that you both want. I don’t want to be touched all the time. I like a lot of space. Luna isn’t like that.”

“You’re my Omega. I’m not comparing you to her—ever,” Ian says, and James tugs on his loose curls.

“You’re not understanding me. I’m saying what if you could have both,” James says. He doesn’t joke or kid around, so when he gives Ian a serious look, his mouth gapes open.

“She’s...she’s my stepsister and too young, and she’s not interested,” Ian says.

“And if she was?”

Ian blinks at him. “You’d want that?”

“She’s pretty.” James smiles. “I also like when she gives you an attitude.”

Ian blinks and looks over at me. “Ezra?”

“If you’re asking if I wanted to the idea of your hot, little stepsister, the answer is yes.” James can’t help but crack the smallest of smiles.

Ian groans, taking a seat at the stool at the island. “It would be fucked up,” he says and scrubs his facial hair. “Our parents wouldn’t understand. People wouldn’t get it. It wouldn’t look good for our pack.”

“Well, while you ponder the repercussions of fucking your stepsister, I’m going to pick her drunk ass up.”

Ian glares at me, and I give him a wink as I kiss the side of our Omega’s head as I leave the house.

I grab the keys to the car and head over to the garage with a smile on my face. We’ve all noticed how beautiful Luna has gotten. She’s smart, sweet, and I know for a fact she feels trapped in that stifling house. While I flirt with the little Omega, I never thought of this actually potentially happening. We would never step on James’ toes like that. And to be honest, I’m not sure if Luna has any interest.

For the most part, she argues with Ian and likes to give him shit. She’s nice to me and mostly just glances at James. It’s not like he’s one for small talk anyway.

I've been wondering if James wanted to add to the pack lately, and I'm glad he finally voiced how he's been feeling. It does make me feel guilty though, the fact that he knows that he isn't as affectionate as Ian or I would like. I love him so fucking much, and all I want to do is show him all the time, but I know it can be stifling for him.

Could this possibly be the thing that makes our pack perfect? Just thinking about having two Omegas gives me a little chub in my pants, and I shake my head. I turn into the parking lot and spot her red car immediately.

I park and exit the vehicle to find her on her phone in the front seat. When I knock on the window, she shrieks and jumps in her seat as she looks through the glass. Once she sees it's me, she smiles, grabbing her purse and opening the door.

“Oh, hi, Ezra.”

“Don't sound too excited to see me, Luna. Might make my ego too big.”

She laughs and shakes her head. Her blonde hair spills down her back as she smiles at me. “I'm sorry. I just thought Ian was picking me up.”

“He had a work thing,” I lie, and she nods. She locks her car and follows me to mine. I open the car door for her, and she gets in. Her lavender and vanilla scent fills the vehicle instantly. Her cheeks heat, and she rubs her thighs together as she buckles her seat belt.

When I turn on the car and look over at her, she gives me a small smile and sits on top of her hands as she glances at me.

“So a club, eh?” I ask her, trying to cut the silence.

Her cheeks heat further, and she nods her head. “I just wanted to live a little.”

“I can get that,” I reply, starting the engine and pulling out of the parking lot. “Am I taking you home, or?” I ask, wanting to make sure she has a safe place to go. Her mom is honestly the worst, and if I can help her avoid any issues with her, I will.

“Oh, I guess I didn’t think about that.”

“You can come to ours, if you’d like?”

“I wouldn’t want to impose.”

“You wouldn’t be.”

She clears her throat and nods. “You’re sure?”

“Whatever you want, sweet girl.” Her scent thickens in the cab of the car, and my dick gets hard. But I’m a gentleman, and I don’t mention my boner or how good she smells.

“Maybe we can just get some food to help me sober up, and then you can take me home. I don’t think Ian wants me at his house.”

I rub my jaw and watch as she turns to look out the window. Her reflection in the glass looks sad, and I shake my head.

“What makes you think that?”

“He thinks I’m an idiot,” she says softly. “Everyone does.”

I have to stop myself from slamming on the breaks and grabbing her jaw and telling her to never speak about herself that way ever again. But I have self control as I pull over to the burger place and gently touch her shoulder. No shit, it's like an electric current goes between both of us. She gasps as she looks over at me.

“You're not an idiot, and no one thinks that.”

“My mom does,” she says, looking down.

“Yeah, well, your mom's a right fucking cunt.”

Her eyes are wide as she looks at me, and then she bursts out laughing. She laughs with her whole body as she grabs her stomach, and a rogue tear slides down her face. She wipes it away as she catches her breath, and she looks at me. A beautiful smile takes over her face; just like her laugh, she smiles with her whole face. Her eyes glimmer as she looks at me.

“She is,” she sighs.

With James' words in the back of my head, I decide to be sneaky with my questions. “So why haven't you found a pack and moved out?”

She sighs and shakes her head. “No one I can be with has caught my attention,” she says. I cling onto those words. *No one I can be with.*

“But if you could be with them?” I ask, and she turns to me, her blue eyes glassy.

She shakes her head and sighs. “It couldn’t happen.” She licks her lips and looks at me with such an open and soft expression, I just want to bundle her up in my arms. “But if I could, I would in a heartbeat.” She blinks a few times, shaking the idea out of her head as the waitress on skates comes to the window.

Luna leans over the console and smiles at her. “Can I have a cherry limeade, mozzarella sticks, and tater tots, please?”

“Of course, sweetheart.”

She looks over at me, and I nod. “I’ll just have a Dr. Pepper, please.” She takes my credit card and swipes it before skating away.

“How’s work going?” Luna asks, and I grin.

“Good, you still haven’t come by.”

“I wouldn’t want to impose.”

“You gotta stop saying that shit, like you’re hard to be around. Luna, I promise you, you’re not.” She shakes her head, and that flush spreads along her cheeks and collarbone.

“Sorry.”

“No sorrys either.” She rolls her eyes at me, and it makes me smile.

“Doesn’t James go to work with you?” she asks, and I shake my head.

“No, he prefers to stay at home.”

She nods her head, and the waitress brings our drinks and food. I add some cash onto the tray when she takes it back. Luna moans as she takes a bite of her mozzarella stick, her tongue circling to gather the cheese into her mouth. It honestly shouldn't be as hot as it is.

“God, this is fucking good,” she says, covering her mouth as she eats her fried cheese.

I smile at her and realize how easy it is to be around Luna. How she's like a ray of sunshine. She smiles just as much as I do, and I guess I'm only realizing it because I'm always around Ian and James.

When I watch her drunkenly eat her fried foods, I realize she's what we need. She's the piece that will make us all click. While I'm still worried about how James will truly adapt to having another Omega in the mix, it almost seems like it's something he's been craving too.

“What?” she asks. I must have been staring at her for too long. I smile and shake my head.

“Just thinking is all.”

She nods and finishes her food. “Mmm, this was just what I needed. Thank you.”

“No problem,” I say, starting the car and pulling out of the parking lot, then heading toward Luna's house. “Are you sure you want to go home?”

“Yeah,” she says.

“I'd imagine Margo and Stewart are asleep.”

“We can only hope,” she says, putting her elbow on the door and looking out the window.

“I can take you to your car tomorrow morning before work,” I say. Wanting more time with her, I wish she would say that she wants to come back to our place. That she needs us to take care of her. But she doesn’t.

“That’s so nice, thank you, Ezra.” I shiver as she says my name but keep my focus on the road. We pull up to the large house that Ian bought for his dad. It’s ostentatious and completely Margo’s style.

“I’ll text you when I’m on my way tomorrow.”

“Thanks again,” she says as she gets out of the car and walks to the front door. I wait until she’s safely in the house before a big shit-eating grin takes over my face as I drive the ten minutes back to our pack house.

When I open the front door to the house, Ian and James are sitting on the couch hardly touching. Ian’s pinky is basically on James’ thigh as they watch the movie.

“She get home okay?” Ian asks. I nod and grin, plopping myself heavily on the couch and sending both of them jolting off the cushions for a moment. Ian grumbles, but James fights a smile.

“She wants you too. Well, I’m hoping all of us, but she wants you too,” I tell Ian. He looks between me and James. I can tell he’s thinking of all the possibilities and that panic is starting to set in.

“You’re sure?”

“She literally said she doesn’t have a pack because she can’t be with the one she wants. Also, your stepmom is a real fucking bitch. Have you heard the way Luna talks about herself?”

That gets James attention as his brows furrow. “What did she say?” he asks.

“She thinks she’s imposing, and she called herself stupid.”

I can hear Ian growl slightly before shaking his head. “I’ve got to figure out a way to make this work.” He looks down at our Omega. “Only if you’re sure, James.”

He nods, holding Ian’s hand and giving him the comfort he needs. “Ian, I promise, I’m sure.”

I can see the gears turning in Ian’s head as he thinks. “I’ll figure this out.”

He kisses the top of James’ head as he goes upstairs to his bedroom.

“So you like her?” James says.

I look down at him, expecting jealousy, but his features are relaxed, and I know he just wants the facts from me. “I mean I’ve always liked her, thought she was pretty and funny. But never considered her in that way. I have you.” I kiss his cheek, and he groans. “And well, there’s the whole stepsibling thing.” I groan, and James sighs.

“I know our pack needs something, I’m just worried.”

My brows furrow, and my hand is on his thigh. He openly accepts the touch. “What are you worried about, love?”

He shakes his head. “You and Ian are big hot Alphas, what if she likes you and not me?”

I tilt his chin, looking at his beautiful face. “Love, if she doesn’t like you, she’s not for us. But who wouldn’t?”

He groans and pulls away. “I know I’m not easy to love, Ezra.”

I grab his jaw, forcing him to look at me. “Loving you has been one of the easiest things I’ve ever done. Are you easy to get to know? No. You know that, love. But when someone has the pleasure to get to know you—who you really are—it’s a fucking gift.”

I swear his eyes water slightly at my confession. But he shakes his head and smirks as I lean down and press a kiss against his soft lips. His cinnamon and clove scent wafts over me as we kiss. My hands don’t leave his jaw as he grips my arms. We part, and he blinks at me.

“It will always be like this, always,” I say, kissing him again, letting him know that while there is space in my heart, the piece that he owns could never change.

He breaks away from the kiss and grabs me by my wrist. “Where do we start?” he asks.

“Fuck if I know. All I know is I need my mouth on you right now,” I tell him, and he groans as I fall to my knees, and he parts his legs on the couch. I unbutton my Omega’s pants

eagerly, wanting nothing more than to make him feel good. The scent of Luna still clings to my clothes, and the perfume that's wafting off James right now has me so fucking hard.

He lifts his ass as I roll his pants past his thighs and onto the floor. His cock drips pre-cum as his hand latches onto my hair. James is so fucking beautiful, his dark hair falling over his eyes as he looks down at me. Having his approval, knowing he needs me and wants me, is everything.

I grip his thigh with one hand as I grab the base of his cock with another. His grip in my hair tightens as he moans. I lick the tip of his cock, moaning as I taste him. His head hits the back of the couch with an audible thump. My tongue explodes, and I suck down his length, his taste spurring me on. I keep one hand on him as I unbutton my pants and stroke myself as I go down on him.

I take James' cock as far down as I can without gagging, and he holds my head in place and fucks into my mouth. I moan around his length, loving when he's like this, when he takes what he wants.

"Good Alpha," he says as he continues fucking my throat.

I come all over my hand, making incoherent sounds along his length.

James loses it then, spurts of cum dripping down my throat, tasting as sweet as he smells as I swallow. I'm a panting mess when I look up at him. He smiles, one of his true smiles when he looks down at my own cum-covered fist.

“Let’s get cleaned up,” he says, and I nod.

As I stand, James takes my hand and squeezes. “I think this will be good for us, Ez.”

I kiss his hair and nod. “I think so too.”





Ezra is waiting for me to get out of his car and go into mine when I look over at his smiling face. God, he’s so fucking handsome. His skin is pale, and he has the perfect shade of ginger hair. It looks so soft, and I wish I could just trail my fingers through it. There’s a scattering of freckles on his face, especially along the bridge of his nose. I’ve always noticed what a beautiful Alpha he is. It doesn’t hurt that he smells like a wet dream either, like rose and teakwood. But of course, it’s his kind words and jokes in his Irish brogue that drive me the craziest.

“Luna, sweetheart, you all right?” he asks. I must have been staring at him. I shake my head and smile.

“No, I’m good. Thank you.”

“Hope your mom didn’t give you too much shite?”

I clear my throat and shake my head. “Haven’t seen her yet.”

My hand is on the handle, and I’m about to go as Ezra grabs my forearm. “If you ever need anything, if things ever get too

bad, just call, okay?”

I put my hand on top of his. I swear it's like an electric current. “Thank you, Ezra.”

He grins at me like he has a secret. “Anytime, love,” he says sweetly, and I shiver. Why does he have to be so sweet? Why can't I find an Alpha like him? An unattached one that actually wants me and doesn't already have the perfect Omega at home.

I'm in my head the whole way home, thinking about how pathetic I am, pining after what I can't have. What I'll never have.

Even if they weren't already a bonded pack, why would they want me? I sigh as my phone rings over the speakers in my car. I click the button on the side of my steering wheel to answer.

“This is Luna.”

“Hi, Luna, this is Gina at Lavender Moon.”

“Hi, how are you?” Excitement is bubbling in my chest, and I can't help the stupid smile that is taking over my face.

“Well, listen, we love your look, scent, all of it. How would you feel about working two days a week?”

It's less than what I thought, but it's not an opportunity I'm willing to let go.

“I'd love to, thank you so much for the opportunity.”

“Let's plan on Fridays and Sundays?”

“That sounds great. Thank you so much, Gina.”

“Of course. I’ll email you all the paperwork to fill out and what you need to bring with you. Are you able to make tomorrow your first Friday?”

“Absolutely.”

“Great, I think you’ll love it here. We provide your outfits, so don’t worry about that. What size shoe are you?”

“Seven.”

“Wonderful, see you tomorrow at 4 pm.”

“Thank you again.”

“Of course, see you tomorrow, dear.” She hangs up, and for the first time in a long time, I feel giddy. I have something to look forward to. It may not be something that most people would be excited for. But I don’t really care.

I need this money, and I think more than anything I need this to give me the confidence to move on. Maybe this is what I need to move past pining over Ian and his pack.

My excitement is short lived as I walk through the front door. My mother is wearing a tight bodysuit, and her husband Stewart is sipping his coffee at the kitchen table.

“Where have you been?” my mother asks.

“I had a job interview,” I lie.

My mother scoffs while Stewart doesn’t even pay attention. “You’re an Omega. Your job isn’t to work. It’s to find Alphas.” I want to scoff, considering she’s an Alpha and has

never been able to find a pack that tolerates her. I'm not even sure why Stewart is with her, but maybe he's just happy to be a Beta that holds an Alpha female's attention.

“Well, I don't have a pack, and I'd like to get a job.”

She rolls her eyes. “And who is going to hire an Omega?”

“Lot's of places. Laws are changing and giving Omegas more options.”

“It's a waste of time. You should be going on dates and joining those websites that I told you about. What skills do you have for a job anyway?” I wonder how many digs she will take at my expense for the rest of this conversation.

What I want to say is that my skill set includes showing my tits and perfuming in a cage for Alphas to scent, but I don't. I just shake my head. “It's a candle shop, not much skill needed,” I lie.

“What will people think if my Omega daughter is so hard off that she needs to get a job making minimum wage. This is unacceptable.” She slaps Stewart's shoulder. “Tell her, Stew.” I grimace at his nickname, but my stepfather just shrugs.

“She's an adult, Margo. If she wants a job, let her get one.”

“People will think we're poor if she gets a job.”

I roll my eyes; it's always about appearance with my mother. She picks mine apart constantly. She gives me a once over and scoffs. “Please, Luna. Just let me set you up on one date.”

Wanting her to drop the questions about my new job, I agree. “Fine.”

She smiles and fixes my hair. “We can go to the store and get you a new dress. Jenny can do your makeup and hair. We can go over your etiquette again, so you can knock it out of the park.”

I think deep down my mom wishes she was an Omega. Lord knows she loves being the center of attention. “Okay, Mom.”

“This is for the best,” she says as I walk away and head to my room.

“Yeah, so you can finally get rid of me,” I say under my breath. I shut my door and look around my room. Mostly everything I have, Ian has gotten me. He bought my furniture, gave me money for clothes, he even bought my car.

I sit on the edge of my bed with a hand on my face. I think back to the first day I met Stewart and Ian. Ian was eighteen, and I was thirteen. I already thought he was the most handsome man I’d ever seen. He ignored me. He had already moved out of the house, and had the inheritance from his mother who had passed. But even though he didn’t need to, he would still come visit at least once a month.

I think he noticed at some point what an awful person my mother is and took pity on me. He showed me he cared by buying me things and doing little checks on me from time to time. Then I presented at seventeen, and that’s when I knew I was in love with my stepbrother. He started keeping his

distance then, always bringing his pack with him when he came over for dinner.

He didn't stop buying me stuff, but he hardly speaks to me. If anything, he's kind of an asshole when he comes over. But I know Ian cares. He might not feel the same way I do, but for the longest time, it's felt like Ian is the only person who cares about me. The only person I know I can count on if I'm in trouble. My mom is ready to hand me off to be someone else's problem.

Even though I annoy Ian, I know he doesn't want me in that way, and it's something that I need to accept. If that's all I'm able to get from him, then it just has to be enough.



I was stealthy as I left for Lavender Moon, making sure to not run into my mom or Stewart. Though I've made up where I work, I worry that if they ask me too many questions, I'll break and tell them where I'm really working. I wore my normal clothes since Gina said stage clothes would be provided.

Nerves are coursing through me, but I feel excited too. Like it's the start of something big for me. I want this place to be the thing that gives me the confidence to break out of who I've been. To leave the house more, to not listen to my mom's negative words, but most importantly, I'm hoping this is what I need to get over Ian. If I'm being honest with myself, getting over his whole pack. While Ian might be the biggest draw, the

more I get to know Ezra the more I wish I could have what I can't have. I barely know their Omega, James, but I can't deny that he's gorgeous and his quiet demeanor is a draw to me.

I sigh as I push through the front doors of Lavender Moon. The bouncer gives me a kind nod as I walk to the back room. There are multiple women in states of undress getting ready for tonight and one man. He's smiling widely as he adds just a touch of highlighter to his already pronounced cheekbones.

There's an open station next to him, and I sit down. He looks over at me and smiles. His dirty blond hair falls into his face a little, but he pushes it from his forehead. His eyes are a beautiful shade of light brown as he puts down the highlighter brush and gives me once over.

"You must be the new girl," he says.

I nod. "Hi, I'm Luna."

"Riley, but I go by Atlas on stage."

I hum and tilt my head. "Right, I'm going by Selene on stage."

"Seems like we've got a whole Greek mythology thing going on at the club right now. There's Persephone, Aprodite, Atlas for me, and now Selene for you."

"Seems like it," I reply. My nerves are getting the best of me, and I'm wondering if I'm out of my depth. Riley seems so sweet and confident. Sure, I did a good job at my audition, but that wasn't in front of a large audience. I'm an idiot for thinking that I could do this.

Riley's hand touches my forearm and squeezes lightly. "Hey, the first time is scary, just give it a try. If you don't like it, that's okay."

"I'm sorry. I just don't know if I have what it takes."

Riley shakes his head. "The Alphas that come here aren't bad people. There are a lot of protections in place. You can stay on the stage or in one of the cages. You don't have to do anything you don't want to."

I clear my throat. "Do you do more?" I ask, and he laughs, throwing his head back a little.

"Yes, but only because I like it."

Riley puts some unscented oil on his body as he looks in the mirror.

"But don't you want a pack?"

He smirks in the mirror, looking at me in its reflection. "One day, but I'll be damned if I don't try out every knot on my way to happily ever after." That gets a laugh from me and a few of the other girls around me. "A lot of the dancers find packs, if that's what you're hoping for."

I sigh, getting my makeup out of my bag and placing it on the vanity.

"Maybe. Really, I just need the money right now."

Riley shrugs. "Then go out there, dance, get your bag, and only do what you feel comfortable with. You can make good

money just by dancing. You don't need to do private shows or more," he says.

A girl behind him nods. "Seriously, most of the Alphas are honestly the sweetest." She holds out her hand, and there's a glimmering bracelet around her wrist. "Heath just bought me this just because." The bracelet sparkles under the soft light of the dressing room.

"How much longer are you going to hold out?" Riley asks.

The girl clicks her tongue. "He said he wants to help pay for the pottery classes I want to take."

Riley rolls his eyes. "She's in love with Heath and wants to bond, but Heath doesn't have a pack yet."

My brows furrow. "What's wrong with that?"

Riley and the pretty woman shake their heads. "Established packs are always the way to go," Riley says.

"Why?"

"First and foremost, more stability. Second, jealousy issues. Third, well, more the merrier for your heat."

"That makes sense."

Riley turns and chats animatedly with the girl who was showing off her bracelet. All of these Omegas have seemingly turned what should be a downside of our designation to a positive. I want that; I want power and control over my body and who I choose.

It's at that moment I feel myself grow a spine. I'm dancing tonight, and I'm going to give it my all. If it doesn't work, then it doesn't. But if I don't try, I know I'll regret it.



Tonight's theme is cowboys and aliens, and I'm extremely thankful that I'm a cowgirl. My bra is silver with little tassels hanging down. I have assless chaps and silver boy shorts that are nearly digging up my ass. I'm having a hard time getting used to the shoes, but I'm able to walk to my stage. Which is really like a giant bird cage with a pole in the middle.

"You good, hun?" Gina asks as she holds out a hand and helps me to my stage. I take a deep breath and nod. She gives me a kind smile, and I wait for the doors to open. "Only Girl" by Rihanna blasts through the club. The lights are drawn down, but each 'stage' has an overhead light featuring the dancer.

My stage is circular, and there are seats around the cage. I can feel my hand shaking, but I shake my head. I notice all the other dancers have started moving, so I do the same.

Gina told me I don't need to be the best dancer, that my scent and personality are the most important things. But as I look over at Riley doing insane acrobatics on the pole, I feel so insecure.

A group of Alphas are already planting their asses in everyone's chairs but mine. I try to keep dancing, to just be patient. I'm new, they don't know what to expect.

When an Alpha sits in front of my cage and slips a twenty between the wide bars and smiles, my heartbeat stops for a moment. He's not unattractive, and he seems kind as he sits and spreads his legs wide. He licks his lips as he watches me dance slowly to the music. I make sure to dance close to where he's sitting.

I know the rules, no touching unless I say. And I don't think I'm ready for any touching quite yet. But letting them scent me, yeah, I can do that. I bend down, my knees bent as he leans forward to speak to me.

"You're new," he says. I kind of want to reply with 'no shit.' Instead I smile and nod.

"I'm Selene."

"You smell amazing, Selene."

I give him a wide grin. "Thanks, what's your name?"

"Calvin."

I smile and nod. "Is there anything you like, Calvin?" Riley gave me the tip to say their name as much as possible. It makes them feel like you're connecting, and they'll tip out the ass because of it. He slides two more twenties on the floor of my stage, and I grip the bars.

"Let's see you on the pole, sweetheart."

I nod, and even though I'm not good on the pole, just kind of swinging and wrapping my calves around it, Calvin seems to enjoy it.

Before I know it, I have five Alphas sitting around my stage watching me attempt to dance. They look up at me while I'm looking down on them. It may not seem like it, but I'm the one with the power in this situation. I say who touches, I do what I want in this cage. All of them look at me hungrily. My scent drives them wild, and I can see how much they all want me.

I can't help the smile that takes over my face. I don't think I've ever felt more beautiful or powerful in my life. *It almost makes me forget about what I can't have.*



Chapter 4



“Oh no, blue isn’t your color,” my mom says from behind me as I look in the mirror. I actually really liked the dress, but as my mom clicks her tongue, she has me doubting myself. “Maybe yellow,” she says, and I grimace. She’s dressed like she’s the one going on a date tonight, her blonde hair in a blowout, a full face of makeup, and a skin-tight black dress. Her heels click against the linoleum as she glares at me.

“Yellow will wash me out.”

“Well, blue makes you look sick,” she says, pulling a deep maroon dress from the rack and handing it to me. “Try this one.”

I hold back my eye roll as I grab the dress by the hanger and shut the dressing room door behind me. I don’t even want to be here shopping for a dress—for a date I don’t even want to go on. But if it gets my mom off my back, it will be worth it. Maybe I can say I have a stomach ache in the middle and come home. If my mom picked the pack, I know they’re going to be a bunch of stuck-up assholes.

They'll probably think that I need to stay home and pop out as many babies as they want right away. Don't get me wrong, I want kids—someday. But I'd like to live a little first, be the center of attention when it comes to my pack. Maybe travel or find something I really enjoy. I sigh as I look in the mirror. The dress is pretty. It's tight against my chest and flairs at the waist. I just don't like it as much as I like the blue one. When I step out of the dressing room, my mom claps.

“That's the one. Less slutty,” she says as she makes me spin around. I repress a scoff as she directs me to keep the dress on. Her friend is doing my hair right after this, and then I go right to my date.

I thought maybe this would appease her, and she'd back off of me for just a moment, which is a delusional way of thinking. She doesn't stop speaking. “Jordan is a doctor, José is a lawyer, and they have a Beta named Ted, but I don't know what he does.” The way she talks about the Beta isn't surprising. I'm not exactly sure how my mom ended up with Stewart, but I know she thinks he's less than her. Anyone who isn't an Alpha is less, and other designations are there to give Alphas what they need.

“I'm sure they're nice.”

“You need to focus on Jordan and José. They're the ones you need to impress. So no sassy comebacks. Always act interested in what they're saying, and try to find something you enjoy that's similar.”

She's fussing with the sleeve of the dress, and I shove her hand off my shoulder. "Despite what you may believe, I know how to speak to people."

She clears her throat and takes a step back. "I'm just trying to help, Luna."

"I know."

"I just want you to have the best. My daughter deserves the best."

She heads to the counter to pay for the dress as I collect my purse and clothes. *Her daughter*. Not that I—Luna, as a person—deserve the best, but because I'm a reflection of her is why I deserve the best.

I take one look back in the mirror and hang the blue dress up to be restocked. I hate how symbolic it is. How it feels like everything I want is out of reach because of my mother. I'm hoping that changes soon. I made two grand last night. Two-fucking-thousand-dollars in one night. It's not like I have many bills right now, but if I can keep it a secret for a few months, I'll be able to get out of her house and live for myself. I'll be able to buy the blue dress I want and not feel guilty and be able to go on the dates I want to. Even if I don't truly want to go on a date at all, at least it will be my decision.

"Luna, today," my mother says after checking out. I give the cashier a polite smile as I follow her out of the store, and we head over to her friend Jenny's house.



My hair has more volume in it than usual, and I have to blink multiple times to get used to the fake eyelashes that Jenny put on. I'm sitting next to the Beta who goes by Teddy, not Ted. José and Jordan sit across from us, and I can't help but feel the power dynamic. It's a statement of them being the Alphas and the ones in charge. It's hard to not roll my eyes and tell them how chauvinistic and douchey they seem.

“So, Luna, do you have any hobbies or passions?”

“I really love animals, reading, and I like gardening as well.”

José smiles and nods his head, but Jordan doesn't look impressed. “I like reading too,” Teddy says next to me.

“Were you asked a question?” Jordan says to the Beta.

I glance over at the Beta, and he looks his head down, fidgeting with the material of his pants. “Sorry, is he not allowed to speak openly?”

Jordan glares at me.

“Listen, it's really cute how you got all dressed up for this date, but the only reason we need an Omega is to have a baby.” He puts his arm around José's shoulder, and they both nod their head.

I give them a wide smile. “Wow, I love going on a date and being treated like all I am is a uterus. This has been great.” I stand up, swearing Teddy smiles at me, and as I walk past Jordan, he grips my arm and tugs me back.

“You leave this date like this, and I’ll make sure all the Alphas I know in the area know to steer clear.”

I smile like a pageant queen and yank my arm out of his grasp. “That’s so sweet of you, Jordan. Thanks for helping me with that little problem.”

“I told you we should have made that other girl an offer,” José says to Jordan.

“She was poor,” Jordan replies. I give Teddy a pleading look, nearly begging him to walk away with me—that he deserves better. But he shakes his head, and I walk to the bathroom. No way am I going to call my mom. She dropped me off, I’m sure in hopes that I would go home with these assholes and bond them on the spot.

I don’t want to go home tonight, but I can’t stay here. I splash some water on my face and groan. I attempt to pull the eyelashes off with no success. I do my best to avoid Jordan and his pack as I leave the restaurant and start walking. It’s stupid to walk alone in the dark, but there’s a shopping center down the street with ice cream.

Moose tracks will make everything better. I didn’t even get to eat, that’s how awful they were. Truthfully, I want to cry. This is the part of being an Omega I hate. So many people see me as a thing, as my designation, not who I am. I just want someone to look at me, the real me, and like what they see. I’ve never had anyone give me that, not even the person who’s supposed to love me the most in the world.

My eyes might be watery as I get my ice cream and sit on the curb and eat it like the depressed loser I feel like I am.

There are only two things left open in the shopping center, the ice cream shop and The Vapor Lab. Two guys are laughing outside when the door opens, and they go inside, but another figure walks out. I turn back to my ice cream and self-pity.

I knew the date was a bad idea; I knew nothing good would come from it. But to have an Alpha outright say that I'm an incubator and a lower-class citizen makes me feel like trash. Honestly, it makes me want to go back to Lavender Moon. I feel more respected there than I do anywhere else nowadays. Lavender Moon is extremely picky about their members. While I obviously don't know what their true stance is on Omegas, everyone has showed me more respect than the two "esteemed" Alphas I was with tonight.

"Luna?" a soft voice says above me. I turn my body and shift on the concrete curb. I look up to see James' beautiful face. He's so handsome, he truly could be a model. I don't think I've seen a man with such a sharp jaw or perfect skin. He sits down next to me, stamping out his joint and looking out to the dark street with me.

I may snuffle a little bit and shrug. "Hey, James."

"Why are you alone?" he says.

"Bad date, why are you alone?"

He smirks and shakes his head. "I go where I want."

“Ezra and Ian don’t go everywhere with you?” I ask, confused.

“No, I like my space.” I shrug in some understanding. But if I were with Ezra or Ian, I would want them following me around everywhere. “What happened on the date?”

“I didn’t even want to go. My mother set it up.” He grimaces at the mention of my mother.

“You need a ride home?” he asks. My ice cream has nearly melted in my hand. I shake my head.

“No,” I say softly.

“You want to go somewhere else?”

“With you?” I ask, my tone probably far more hopeful that it should be.

“Yeah, with me.” I smile and nod my head. He holds his hand out for my dripping ice cream. I hand it to him, and he takes a swipe with his tongue. It’s fucking hot, insanely hot, watching him lick up the melting dessert. Maybe the hottest thing I’ve ever witnessed—I really need to get out more. He doesn’t care that I was just licking it. He hums at the flavor and then tosses it in the trash. James grabs a few napkins from the counter and hands them to me, so I can clean off my hands.

He holds his hands out, and I grab them as he tugs me up. We’re standing so close together that I can smell his cinnamon and clove scent. I haven’t been attracted to any of the Omegas’ scents at the club, but James’ scent does something for me. If he scents me, he doesn’t let anything on as he heads to his car.

James opens my car door for me silently as he rounds the vehicle and starts the engine and drives off. I trust him completely while he drives downtown. The windows are down, and the humid air clings to my skin and makes my hair fall slightly. I smile to myself, liking the idea of the fit my mother would be throwing right now.

The ride is quiet but content. I like just being around James. There isn't an overwhelming need to fill the silence like there is with other people.

He eventually pulls over to the side. The beach is to the left, and we both get out of the car. I expect him to walk me over to the sand, but he doesn't. He stands before an empty lifeguard chair and points his head in the direction. I follow and climb up. I'm pretty sure I give him a clear shot of my panties in this dress. But James doesn't say anything as he climbs up next to me, and we share the seat. He pulls a pack of Skittles out of his pocket, and I hold out my palm.

When we both have a fist full, we both do the same thing, separating them by color and eating them accordingly. It makes me smile. It seems I found another Omega with a serious sweet tooth.

"Your mom's a bitch," James says, breaking the silence.

"She is," I say in agreement.

"If you could move out tomorrow, would you?" he asks. His eyes connect with mine. He doesn't smile; honestly, I'm not sure I've seen James truly smile, but I know I'd like to. I throw

the stack of red skittles in my mouth and chew before answering him.

“That’s the plan.”

“She has plans?” he says with a smirk.

“I’m tired of feeling like everything is out of my control,” I say, confiding in him.

“I can understand that.” I nod my head. If anyone understands, it’s James. He’s an Omega just like me, except he has everything that I want.

“But you have an amazing pack,” I blurt out before I can think.

He smirks and leans back, the back of his head resting on the back of the lifeguard chair. “I love Ezra and Ian. But I’m more than having a pack.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I know you didn’t, babe,” he says. I melt into the chair as he says it. He acts like he didn’t just call me a sweet name as he continues. “Do you ever feel like you were born with the wrong designation?”

As much as I might hate some of the stigma around being an Omega, I can’t say I’ve felt the same way, so I shake my head no.

“That makes sense, you were meant for this. Sometimes I feel like I should have been a Beta.”

My eyes widen. “Don’t most people want to be Alphas?”

“I like my personal space, my alone time. It’s hard getting that as an Omega.”

“I wish I had less personal space,” I say under my breath, and James laughs. His laugh is soft but damn if it doesn’t make goosebumps cover my whole body. “How’s Ian?” I ask. I haven’t seen him in a few weeks, and he hasn’t spoken to me since Ezra picked me up that night.

“He’s fine, a little stressed.”

“Why is he stressed?” I look over at James, and I know worry is written on my face.

“Can’t seem to focus lately.”

“Mmm,” I hum and try to think what might be bothering him. “He hasn’t been over for family dinner in a while. None of you have.” I may sound a little pathetic, like the highlight of my week was when they came over. James takes pity on me and lightly squeezes my thigh.

“I’ll change that.”

“Really?” I say excitedly and look over at him. He’s looking at me in a way I’ve seen him look at Ezra before. Like he’s fascinated with me. Surely he can’t be fascinated by anything I say or do, but it makes me feel cared about nonetheless.

“Yeah, how about Sunday?”

I have to work Sunday, but I should be able to have dinner first. I’m just so excited to see them all again. I nod my head eagerly and smile. “I’d love that,” I tell him. He squeezes my thigh one more time.

We sit on the tall bench just a breath away from each other in silence, enjoying the breeze from the ocean and looking at the dark vast space in front of us. It's the most untroubled I've felt in years.



Chapter 5



“I should get you home,” I say to her. I don’t want to break this moment. She looks so happy to just be sitting here with me and enjoying the summer air. Like there’s nowhere else she’d rather be. Like we can just enjoy the same space together.

Luna is the epitome of what an Omega should be, and I can’t help but find myself attracted to her and her eagerness. I’ve known that Ian is attracted to her, I mean we all are, she’s beautiful. But there’s a difference between being attracted to someone and actually pursuing them as a partner.

I could sense in her answers that maybe we’re this pack that she wants but can’t have. Maybe I’m projecting, but I’m hopeful.

She grimaces and rubs some sand off her dress, which is currently exposing a good portion of her thigh. I look up and meet her gaze. “Do I have to?”

“Do you want to come back to our place?”

Luna bites her lip and contemplates it for a few moments.

“No, that’s okay. You can take me home.”

“Is your mom going to be pissed?” I ask.

She sighs and nods. “More than likely.”

“What pack was it?” I ask for nefarious reasons, but Luna doesn’t need to know that.

“Pack Thompson. Do you know them?” she asks, and I sigh.

“Teddy used to be a good friend.”

“I just wanted to wrap him up in a blanket and take him away from them. They were horrible people. They specifically told me the only reason they wanted a female Omega was to have a baby.”

I keep my temper in check but shake my head. “That’s fucked up.”

I climb down the lifeguard chair first and hold my hands up to her. She smiles, and I’m sad I don’t get a view of her black panties on the way down. But touching her waist and putting her down on her feet makes up for it.

Her breath stills as I squeeze against her soft flesh. Normally, other Omega scents are just background noise, but her lavender and vanilla scent has my dick hard and has me wanting to touch her even more. Against what my body wants, I let go, and she clears her throat. A gentle flush spreads along her cheeks as she gives me a soft smile.

“The offer still stands. If Margo gives you too much shit, you can stay at our place.”

“Thanks, James,” she says, and I’m glad she at least didn’t say something about how we wouldn’t want her there or something self-depreciating. Luna has a lot of negative thoughts to unlearn. I can’t imagine what living with a mother who is so jealous of her own daughter is like. It’s evident to me that Luna is what Margo always wanted for herself, and instead of supporting her daughter and helping her grow, she lashes out and puts her down at every opportunity.

The car ride back to Luna’s house is quiet but comfortable. I was on board with giving Ian the greenlight before I even had this alone time with Luna. But now I can’t help but want her for myself. I’ve never felt protective over a person before, and it feels nice. It feels purposeful. It’s not like where Ezra and Ian biologically are wired to want me. If Luna wants me, it will just be because she wants me—wants all of us.

I pull up to the ostentatious house in the gated beach community, and Luna sighs as she looks at the front door. She turns to face me, giving me a soft smile.

“Don’t forget about dinner,” she says, and I nod.

“We’ll be here.”

“Good.” She looks as though she’s about to lean over and hug me, but she doesn’t. She just shakes her head and opens the car door. She leans down, holding the door open. “Thanks again for the ride and the Skittles,” she says with a smile, and I can’t help the small smirk that takes over my face.

“Anytime.” She nods, shutting the door and gathering her keys out of her purse. Her calves flex with every step to the

front door. Luna gives me a small wave before entering the house and shutting the door behind her.

I spend the drive thinking of what exactly I'm going to say to my pack when I get home. While what I said to Luna is true that I have a looser leash than most Omegas, I was only supposed to only be gone for an hour. *Whoops.*

As soon as I put the code into our front door, it's like Ezra and Ian are both running to the foyer.

"Where have you been?" Ian asks in his dominating voice. He's lucky I like it in the bedroom, or I would tell him to go fuck himself.

"Yeah, where—" Ezra stops and tilts his head as he looks at me. "You've been with Luna?" Ian's anger drops from his face as he looks at me and crosses his arms.

"I was," I say, liking this game of having the upper hand.

"Why?" Ian asks.

"Obviously I declared our intentions and told her that her stepbrother has been wanting to fuck her for the last two years." Ian's eyes go wide as he stares at me. "No, I didn't say any of that, calm the fuck down."

I push past both of them, heading to the kitchen and pulling out some cheese. Ezra has crackers on the table before I can even ask for them. I give him a small smile as I start to snack.

Ian sits at the counter across from me. "So?" he asks softly this time, not being a domineering Alpha like usual.

“It was all by chance. She was on a date—”

“She was on a date?” Ian asks, panic written all over his face.

“If you would let me finish.” His cheeks heat, properly scolded. “She was on a date, it went bad. I ran into her when she was eating ice cream on the curb. She didn’t want to go home, so I took her to my spot, and we talked for a little bit.”

“What happened on the date?” Ezra asks.

I stuff a huge chunk of cheese in my mouth and chew before answering. “Something you might want to handle, Ian.” He stands up, and I smirk to myself. Nothing is hotter to me than when Ian loses his shit a little bit. He’s usually such a composed business man, but the Alpha does have a temper, especially for the ones he cares about. It shouldn’t be such a turn on, but it is.

“What’s that?” he says, acting indifferent, but I can tell he’s eager to know who might have offended our little Luna.

“Pack Thompson basically said all she was good for was breeding. Her wrist was also red.”

“She told you this?”

“Sure did, and she definitely seemed like she didn’t want to go home.”

“I don’t blame her. Margo is such a cunt,” Ezra says.

“I don’t think she gets the impression that she is welcome,” I say to Ian, and his anger turns to a bit of sadness as he rubs

his stubble. I'm not great at comforting my Alphas. It's part of why I think Luna would be so great for our pack. She'd be able to fill a void that I can't.

But I do my best and put a piece of cheese on a cracker and slide it over to him. He takes it and eats slowly.

“We have to do something.”

“About what, Pack Thompson or Luna?”

“Both,” Ian grumbles.

“Which one first, mate?” Ezra asks.

A slick-inducing grin takes over his face. “Pack Thompson, of course.”



I'm nearly bouncing in my seat to be included in something like this. Usually they would want me to stay at home and tend to my plants. But not this time. This time it's a personal offense to our whole pack, and I get a front row seat. One of the many perks of being with Ian is that to a certain degree, he owns this town—literally. He owns a huge majority of commercial buildings throughout town.

And the building that Jordan Thompson wants to purchase for his private practice just so happens to be owned by one Ian Martinez. Ian inherited a lot of money and property when his mother passed, seeing as she was a single child from a large pack household. He's nearly tripled his earnings since taking everything over at eighteen.

“I feel like you’re more excited than you were on Christmas,” Ezra says to me. His hand is close to mine but not touching. It makes me feel guilty. I should be better at this. I reach out and touch his hand, and he smiles, squeezing my palm.

“Watching Ian destroy someone is basically a gift. Especially when they deserve it.”

Ezra hums as he sits down in the office. Ian is adjusting his suit jacket. Damn, does that man rock a fucking suit. He gives me a slight smirk before the door opens. In comes Jordan and José, they start talking, not knowing that we’re here and waiting.

“This would be the waiting room. I’d like it to be nautical but not tacky. Maybe Teddy can be the receptionist.”

“Not with the way he follows directions.” I scoff, and that’s when the two Alphas turn around. Jordan gives Ian a wide smile and shakes his hand.

“Mr. Martinez, I didn’t know you would be here today.”

“Mr. Thompson. Please, take a seat.” Jordan and José both take their seats in front of Ian, who stands. It’s a power move, and I like it.

“Is everything all right with the lease and inspections?” Jordan asks.

Ian picks up a piece of paper, it’s not the lease, just some random document. He looks it over, rubbing his chin and then

looking at the men in front of him. “Oh, about that. It’s not happening.”

“What do you mean it’s not happening?” Jordan says, his voice getting louder.

“I’m no longer renting you the space.”

“But we signed the lease,” Jordan says.

“It hasn’t been notarized, and your deposit hasn’t been cleared. So no, it’s not finalized, and I will not be renting you the space.”

“I’ve already ordered stuff specifically for this place. Is there another offer? I’ll beat it.”

Ian shrugs, acting completely indifferent. “No other offers.”

“What the fuck are you playing at?” Jordan says, now standing.

Ian grins. He’s still taller than Jordan by a few inches. “What I’m fucking playing at is that I’m not renting you the space. Or any place in town, if I have any say in it.”

“You can’t do this!”

“I sure can.”

“José?” He looks down at his packmate, the lawyer, who shrugs.

“He doesn’t have to rent you any of his properties. It’s only an issue if he blacklists you from other renters.”

Ian grins. “Not many commercial properties available right now.”

Jordan is nearly sputtering with rage. “What the fuck, Martinez? What did I do to you?”

“That little blonde you went out with last night?” Ian says.

“Yeah, she had no fucking manners. What about that ungrateful, little bitch?” Jordan says.

Ian smiles, his face right in front of Jordan’s. “Well, that little bitch is mine, and you hurt her feelings. So now I’m hurting yours.”

“All of this over—” Ian grabs Jordan by the throat, and my eyes widen. Ezra clears his throat next to me because I’m clearly perfuming at the wrong fucking time.

“Wouldn’t finish that thought, Thompson. So take your packmate and get the fuck out of my face. You ever talk to Luna again and I’ll get a little more clever on ways to fuck your shit up.” He lets him go, and the Alpha rubs his throat, glaring at Ian. He grabs the other Alpha’s hand as they leave the office space.

Ian spins on his heel and gives me a feral grin, his pupils wide as he takes in my scent. “Liked that, didn’t you, baby?”

“Take your suit off,” I demand, licking my lips.



Chapter 6



“**T**ake your suit off,” James says, and I’m immediately compliant. While James is an Omega and enjoys sex, he isn’t usually the initiator—except during his heat. So having him want me in this moment, I’m fucking eager for it.

I scented how turned on he was when I put that pompous motherfucker in his place. It made me want to be even meaner, but it’s for the best that it didn’t get physical. I’ve worked hard to not let my temper constantly rule my emotions.

“You like what you saw, baby?” I ask him again, laying my suit jacket on the back of the chair and unbuttoning the cuffs of my dress shirt.

He nods and licks his lips. Ezra just grins, leaning back in his seat leisurely. The man is my best friend and a total fucking voyeur. He loves to watch, and boy, do I plan on putting on a show. It turns me on, knowing how protective James is over Luna already, that he instigated this meeting and wanted it just as badly as I do. It’s clear that she’s what we need in this pack. I’m still not sure how the fuck to make this happen or if she even wants us. But the way that James is

looking at me right now, we're going to make it fucking happen.

My shirt is undone, and I place it on top of my suit jacket.

“Come take me out,” I tell him, nodding my chin in the air with a smirk. He's on his feet immediately and standing before me. His long and deft fingers undo my belt. I thread my fingers in his dark hair and make him look up at me. “How does my good boy want it?” I ask. James may try to push against his Omega nature, but he can't deny that he fucking loves the praise.

“Hard,” he says, unlacing my belt from the loops and tossing it to the floor. The metal clanks against the hard floor.

I look up, and Ezra is just fisting his cock outside of his pants.

Going back to looking at James, I unbutton his pants and push them down along with his underwear. He kicks the material near my belt, and I grin down at him. I tug on the hem of his shirt and pull it over his head. I lick my lips, looking at his perfectly sculpted body. “Hands on the back of Ezra's chair, ass up.”

Ever the good boy, he listens immediately, placing his hands on the wooden chair on the sides of Ezra's shoulders, who smiles lovingly at our Omega. “Oh, hey, love,” he says, leaning forward and kissing James' throat, right where my bond mark sits.

Ezra's hand wraps around James' cock as he strokes him slowly. I stand behind him, wrapping a hand around his throat and pullin his ear next to my mouth. "I bet you're already so fucking slick, aren't you?"

He groans and nods.

"Always so ready for your Alpha. You like it when I'm aggressive, when I protect what's mine?"

"Yes," he pants out.

My thumb is pressed against my bond mark, and I push against it roughly. "I love that you're mine," I tell him, biting lightly against his shoulder blade and making him shudder and lean forward slightly. Ezra is still touching him as my hand glides down between his shoulder blades and spine before gripping his ass.

His scent is so fucking thick I groan at how good it feels to be surrounded by him and knowing he's mine. Slowly, I slide a finger inside of him, and he makes a keening noise. His forehead now rests against Ezra's shoulder.

"More," he tells me. Gripping his hip, I place another finger inside of him. Slick covers my fingers as I fuck him. There's never a day that passes that I don't thank the universe for giving male Omegas their own lubrication.

He groans and pushes his ass against my hand, and I put another finger inside of him. "Such a tight, good Omega."

"Fuck," James moans.

“Take a breath,” I tell him, and as soon as he does, I’m fisting myself and slowly entering his tight hole. “That’s it. That’s it. Good fucking boy,” I tell him through gritted teeth as his ass grips around my cock.

With one hand wrapped around the back of his neck and the other on his hip, my hips snap against his perfect ass. His flesh flexes against each thrust in earnest as he takes what I give him. Ezra is jerking both himself and James off as I fuck him. James’ head is tilted back, his loose, dark hair touching the knuckles of my fingers as I hold on to him.

I don’t check in, already knowing down the bond how much he is loving every second of this.

“Never get tired of this ass,” I assure him, going deep and hard, making both of us moan. He clenches around me, and I’m fucking him so hard the chair creaks with each movement.

Ezra takes over giving our Omega praise as all thoughts except breeding my Omega take over my mind. “That’s it, love. You gonna make a mess of me, yeah?” James pants and moans. “Let me see it, love. Show me how good you feel.”

James nearly shouts as he clamps around me, and his breath hitches. My abdomen tightens as I fuck into him three more times, holding back my knot as I spill into him. James falls forward onto Ezra who rubs his back. “So fucking good,” Ezra says to him. I place one hand on his back and wonder how long this sex-blissed James will last.

It’s probably my favorite form, when he’s too relaxed to worry about things or think too hard about what’s going on

around him. He lets us touch him freely, and we get the intimacy we crave from him.

I knead the back of his neck as I tuck my slick-covered cock and disappointed knot back into my pants. James rubs his nose against Ezra's collar, scenting him, and I grin. I continue rubbing the tension out of his neck when he finally sighs and sits up.

"Can we get food?" he says, and I can't help the laugh that escapes me.

"Yeah, bathroom's over there," I say, looking at the mess that is Ezra and James. Ezra is the one who is mainly covered in both of their cum as he shrugs at me sheepishly. "Drive-through it is."

"Good call," Ezra says as he grabs James' clothes and heads to the bathroom with him. I take my time putting my shirt back on properly, buttoning every button back into place before putting my jacket back on and pulling out my phone.

Dad: Hey, son, it's been awhile. Would love to see you.

I groan and rub my jaw. I love my dad, I really do. But the man is kind of a mess. He's been a mess since my mom passed when I was seventeen. I guess it was easier for him then because I got my inheritance when I turned eighteen. Deep down I know that he cared for my mother, I know he loved her. But he's used to a lifestyle that I continue to pay for, even though he makes no effort to contribute to the way he wants to live.

And now he has a wife who likes money even more than he does. The moment he married Margo, I knew I hated her. You could tell she was the kind of Alpha who liked having a Beta because she thinks they're beneath her. My dad was someone that Margo could control, and it didn't hurt that he had money. I'm not sure if Margo knew it wasn't exactly my father's money, but she certainly knows now.

It seems like the woman is always sucking my ass every time I come over. It's not that I don't think Margo hates me, I just think she's only kind to people when it benefits her. It's something that I realized as soon as I met my stepsister. She was so young then, hardly someone that I thought about except in the sense that I felt bad for her.

Luna had a terrible mother, and then my dad entered the picture and hardly acknowledged her existence. I never lived under the same roof as Luna, but I always tried to do the right thing and make sure that she was provided for. If our parents weren't going to do it for her, I was. It always gave me joy to give her things, to see the wide smile on her face when I brought a present over for her. When I showed up to her dance classes, and her graduation, even when her mother didn't. For the longest time, it just felt like the right thing to do. It was guilt and sadness for the small little girl that had no one in her life to give her any time or love.

I'm not exactly sure when it changed for me. James, Ezra, and I have been together for two years, and I imagine that it started festering then. I started to notice Luna more in a different way, a way that made me feel sick to my stomach for

the longest time. It's not like we have a major age gap, she's twenty-one and I'm twenty-seven. But the history there, the fact that we're legally related always made me think something was wrong with me.

It only got worse as she started to joke with me and push back toward me. I can't deny that I like it when she gives me shit and when she shows me attention. It doesn't hurt that she's also gotten so fucking beautiful or that her perfume is so sweet I know I could easily become addicted. It's all too fucked up and complicated, and I wrote it off.

I could deal with this, I could think my stepsister is beautiful and still treat her the way I do without ever touching. But it's only gotten harder the more and more likely she is to bond with some other pack. There's a need to say fuck it to society and our parents to make her ours. Getting approval—no—eagerness from James to pursue her, I've thrown caution to the fucking wind.

Luna will be mine—ours. History and legalities can fuck themselves.

“Everything all right?” James asks, still looking like a cute disheveled mess as we wait for Ezra.

“Dad just texted me.”

James' cheeks heat. “About that, I promised Luna we'd come to a family dinner on Sunday.”

I sigh, not really wanting to sit at a dinner table with my father and Margo. But the desire to be around Luna trumps

that.

“We can do that,” I say.

“Are you going to talk to her?”

I groan, not even knowing where to start when it comes to Luna. Ezra and James are so fucking sure that she has lingering feelings, but there’s no fucking way. She could have her choice of any pack, why would she choose one where she wouldn’t be the only Omega and it would be frowned upon by most people?

“I’ll think about it.”

“Okay, so you’ll think about talking to her. Does that mean you’re putting a pause on buying purple shit for her nest?”

I glare at him, and he smirks and shrugs his shoulders. Rolling out my shoulders I sigh and text my dad back.

Me: See you at dinner Sunday?

Dad: Perfect! Margo will be so happy.

Me: Is Luna coming?

Dad: I’d guess so.

I try to push my anger down for how easily they look past her. James squeezes my bicep, and I look down at him. “Come on, I’m starving.” I nod, and Ezra walks out of the bathroom.

“Damn, love, I’m not getting all this fucking cum out of my pants anytime soon,” he jokes. James just shakes his head.

“Can we please get something to eat now?”

“Oh no, our Omega is hangry,” Ezra says, and I want to smack him upside his ginger head, but I hold back as James walks ahead of us.

I drive us to his favorite drive-through, and I wonder just how fucking unhinged I am for building my Omega stepsister a nest in my home with all the intention of making her mine, despite the fact that I haven't even told her how I feel.





“Luna, is that honestly what you’re wearing?” my mother asks. I sigh and turn around to face her. She’s wearing a tight pantsuit that accents her height. Her makeup looks like she’s ready for the runway, and her hair is in a tight bun at the nape of her neck.

I look down at my blue sundress and shrug. “What’s wrong with it?”

“You know Ian will be wearing a suit, while you’re dressed like this.” Her hand motions up and down my body like I’m offending her. I guess my presence does that. Stewart opens his mouth but promptly shuts it.

I roll my eyes, and Stewart nudges my shoulder as my mom walks into the kitchen to make sure the chef has everything prepared for dinner.

“She just wants everything to be perfect,” he says, and I bite my tongue. The way he always defends her pisses me off. It’s not like she treats Stewart like gold, even though she should. He pays for everything we have. My mom loves talking about Alpha work ethic and how superior they are, but she doesn’t

seem to hold it herself. She just wants to be a part of her society clubs, even if it means being with a Beta.

She won't even bond him, for Christ's sake. How pathetic is that?

When Stewart first married my mom, I had hopes that things would get better, that maybe I'd have someone who would be a barrier, someone to be my protector. That's not what happened. Ian didn't even live with us, but he was the only person in this family who ever gave a shit about me. He came to my events, bought me gifts, and asked me if I was okay.

Do you know how nice it is for someone to just ask how you're doing sometimes? It's never like that in this house. It's always what I'm doing wrong or what I could be doing better. My mom and Stewart don't really give a fuck about me.

I push the sadness away. I can get through this dinner, go to work, and make more money. Even though it's not ideal, I'm going to do this for myself. I don't need a pack to get me out of this situation, I will free myself from this house.

There's a knock at the door, and my mother answers it with a beaming fake smile, acting the perfect host to the stepson that meets her standards.

"Boys, so lovely to see you. Ian, what a beautiful suit."

"Thank you, Margo," my stepbrother says while looking at me. I can't help but feel like he pities me sometimes with the wayward glances he gives me. It's annoying, especially when

I've started to look at him with anything but pity. It's a little concerning how much I think about my stepbrother, possibly borderline pathetic.

Now I wish I had changed my clothes. He looks so good in his suit. Meanwhile, I look like a twenty-one-year-old that doesn't have much going on for her. No pack, didn't finish college, working a job that some would find unsavory.

I stop myself from that train of thought. I'm realizing that most of the negative thoughts that go through my head are with my mother's voice, not mine.

Ezra and James follow as we all walk into the dinning room. God, they all smell so fucking good. Our parents sit at the heads of the table, with Ezra and James at the opposite side of me and Ian. I give them both a small smile. It feels like I have a secret with both of them, and I like it.

They haven't even come to a family dinner for weeks, and I'm still pining over men who will never be mine. It just feels like we would be so perfect together, like no other pack will ever compare—how could I ever settle for less. I shouldn't be this pining, overlooked Omega.

It should be the other way around. Alphas should be at my feet, begging to be with me. That's what my job at Lavender Moon has given me. It's time to stop fantasizing about something I shouldn't want in order to find something that is actually obtainable.

Sitting at the table, I spiral my blonde hair between my fingers and glance down at my phone. I have a few hours

before I need to get to work.

“Luna,” Ian says as he takes the strand into his own fingers and tugs slightly.

“Ouch, asshole.” He grins, even though I’m being rude. Something about Ian still wanting to be around me even when I’m being unreasonable excites me.

“I see your classes aren’t helping your manners.”

“I see you’re still a dick.” I don’t know why, but I love arguing with Ian. It’s like any attention I get from him is good attention.

“Hello, Luna, looking beautiful today,” Ezra tells me. Ian gives him a glare.

“Oh, Ezra, don’t lie to her. She should have been dressed more appropriately,” my mother responds. I glare at her, and Ezra ignores her comment.

“Thank you, not so bad yourself. How was your week?” I say, smiling at Ezra.

“Oh, same shite, different day. The lemur, Kenzie, is pregnant, so we have been keeping a watchful eye on her.” Yeah, the hot red-headed Alpha is an exotic animal veterinarian.

Stewart chimes in with a beaming smile. “Oh, that’s wonderful. I’ll have to plan a time to come to the zoo soon. It’s been too long, hasn’t it, Margo?” he asks my mother, who sticks her nose in the air and shakes her head in disagreement. “What about you, Son, how are all of your businesses doing?”

“They’re great, Dad,” Ian says, sipping his whiskey. “Luna, have you been going to your classes?”

Gulp. *Nope*. Does he know I’ve been skipping? “You know, about that, it just hasn’t been working out.”

He does that thing where he adjusts his suit jacket. Why is that so hot? “And why the fuck not?”

My stepfather looks a little embarrassed as he clears his throat. “Well, first of all, all they do is try to teach you what you can do for Alphas. Nothing about how to take care of myself or any educational material about being an Omega. Last week, she told the class we all needed to shave *down there*,” I point to my crotch, “if we’re ever going to entice an Alpha to be generous enough to do anything besides grace us with their knot.”

Ezra nearly spits out his whiskey and laughs. “Sounds like ‘er information is a tad bit out of date.” James smiles and shakes his head, hiding a laugh.

“Luna, do not discuss such vulgar things at the table,” my mother scolds me.

Ian glances between my mother and me, taking a drink before he responds. Is that distaste I see in his eyes when he looks at my mother?

“It’s supposed to be the best program in the tri-state area. I’ve only heard good things,” Ian says, straightening his cufflinks.

“From whom? Your douchebag Alpha friends and their perfectly subservient Omegas?”

“Luna, if you can’t behave, you can leave the table,” my mother says.

Ian glares at me, and Stewart clears his throat and interjects himself into the conversation. “And James, how is the garden coming along?”

James gives Stewart a polite smile and answers, “I will have to bring you some tomatoes once they’re ripe.”

“Oh, that would be lovely. I can make some fresh pasta sauce. Wouldn’t that be lovely, Margo?” My mother rolls her eyes.

I take a deep breath, trying to make sure I don’t piss off my mom any more than I already have tonight.

“I’ll go grab the bread,” I say, getting up from the table and patting down my skirt. With quick steps, I head to my secret spot. I’m not even sure my mom knows where the pantry is as I shut the door behind me and lean against the shelves, breathing slowly in and out of my nose. Ian’s rich scent of orange peels and cedar wood is heavy, and I just take a moment to collect myself.

In and out. In and out.

Why can’t someone else affect me this way? Why can’t I be fucking normal for once?

The door knob turns, and I sigh as Ian walks through the pantry that looks tiny compared to his huge size. His brows

furrow as he looks at me.

“Don’t listen to your mom. She’s a fucking asshole.”

I sigh and nod. “I know.”

“I could buy you a place, you know. You don’t have to stay here.”

Of course, he would just buy me a place, he buys me everything. He wouldn’t want me in his house or with his pack.

I shrug and shake my head. “I couldn’t ask that of you, Ian.”

“You didn’t. I was offering.”

“I’ll figure it out.”

Ian swallows and nods. “Are...are you seeing a pack?” he asks, and his Adam’s apple bobs. Why does he seem so nervous?

“I went on a date the other week, but it was horrible.”

“But you’re looking for a pack?”

I look into his dark eyes and wish I could just scream, grab his face, and kiss him so hard that he would understand that he’s what I want. That I want him and his pack.

“No,” I tell him honestly. I’ve already found my perfect pack, I just can’t have them.

He swallows and shakes his head, his large hand going behind his neck. “Listen, Luna—”

The pantry door swings open as Stewart laughs. “Bread isn’t in here, kids. Dinner’s ready.”

I wish I knew what Ian was going to say next, but I guess I won’t as we walk back to the table. My mom is tapping her manicured nails against the table with a look of irritation written on her face. I sigh but take my place next to Ian at the table, wishing that my mom and Stewart weren’t here. That it was just the four of us.

I shake my head. I’ve got to stop thinking like this.

Everyone is eating the pork and potatoes that the chef, Linda, made as my mom cuts into the conversation with gossip.

“Oh, did you hear about Janice’s nephew?” my mom asks.

“No,” Ian replies with a bored expression on his face.

“He bonded with his brother’s ex-girlfriend. Can you believe that? No decorum in this generation, I swear.”

“If they love each other, why does it matter?” I ask, wishing I could explain that I’m in love with my stepbrother, and it doesn’t feel wrong. Complicated, sure. But not wrong. My mother glares at me, and I look back down at my plate.

“It’s uncouth. I can’t imagine being Janice, having the whole town talking about her like that.”

I roll my eyes, and Ian catches the moment, nudging me with his foot under the table and giving me a small smile. I can’t help but blush as I smile back.

“Luna, would you like to come over and swim at our pool this afternoon?” Ezra asks from across the table.

I smile at him, excitement flooding me. The idea of finally going over their house would be enough. It would probably be a painful reminder of what I don’t have, but I’ll take it.

“I would love to,” I exclaim, but Stewart shakes his head, and my brows furrow.

“Luna, don’t you have to work?”

Oh, fuck.

I clear my throat and shake my head. “It’s not a big deal. It’s just stocking shelves at night,” I reply, the lie sweeping off my tongue. I should call off, go to his house, and pretend like I belong with them.

“Why are you stocking shelves? We have plenty of money,” Ian asks, looking at me with those deep brown eyes. He stresses the word ‘we’ like it has a deeper meaning to him. His presence is menacing, and I trip over my words as I reply.

“Just want to get some life experience, you know, have my own money and all of that.” He looks irritated at my response, like something he did is causing me to find a job. It annoys me, and in that moment, I decide I can’t call off. I need to prove that I’m independent.

“Oh, what is it called again?” Stewart says, snapping his fingers, and I don’t reply. He taps his chin and smacks the table. “Lavender Moon, right? What a cute name for a candle shop.”

All three sets of eyes immediately stare at me. “A. Candle. Shop?” Ian asks, enunciating each word.

“Yes, she stocks the shelves at night and helps make candles each shift. She always comes home smelling like an unfamiliar scent each night.” I’m going to kill Stewart, dig a hole in the backyard, and bury his body.

“Is that right?” Ezra says, smirking behind his glass.

“Uh, yeah. Lots of candle making,” I say and look down at the table.

“And all the scents don’t bother you?” Ezra asks, and he has to know. They all have to know what Lavender Moon really is. I really fucked up wearing the logoed shirt home that one night. I had to concoct this whole candle story to make the unfamiliar scents layered over my own make sense.

“No, I love candles.”

“Maybe next Sunday you could bring us some of your favorites,” Ezra asks.

“Sure, of course.” I look down at my phone. I’ve barely touched my meal, but I need to get the hell out of here. “I’m actually running late for my shift. I’ll see you all next week?”

“Great, now we can enjoy our meal,” my mother adds.

Ian glares at my mom before his eyes bore into mine, and a frown sits on his face while he rubs his lip. “Do you need a ride to work, Luna?”

“Thank you, but no, I’ll drive myself.”

“Stay safe,” he says, his brows furrowing over. Glancing at James before I leave, I see a worried expression on his face as he stares at his Alpha.



Chapter 8



With the awkward family dinner behind me, I get ready backstage at Lavender Moon. The employee area is modern and clean. All the other Omegas are usually kind to me or keep to themselves. I've only been working here for a few weeks, usually two or three nights during the week. Gabbi and Riley are both working tonight, and I smile to myself. They are the two Omegas who have made me feel the most comfortable and always have the best advice.

"Luna, do you want me to do your hair and makeup?" Gina says, looking at me in the mirror. I've really come to love Gina. She was so nice offering me the position a few weeks ago. If we ever have an issue, we can go to Gina. She and her Alphas, who run security, will handle it.

"That would be amazing, thank you."

"The owner is coming tonight, and I want to make sure all the girls look their best. And Riley, of course." Since Riley is the only male Omega dancer right now, he has quite the following.

She gets started on my hair, her long fingers making quick work, giving me the right amount of bounce and curl. She tilts my chin up, turning my face in the light. “Let’s make these blue eyes pop, shall we?” She dips the brush into different shades of brown. Gina hums a song while she continues working on my face. When she’s done and I look in the mirror, I feel beautiful and powerful.

“Wow, Gina, thank you.”

“Of course, your costume for the night is in your locker.”

“Thanks. What’s the theme for tonight?”

“Sinners and saints. I believe you got a saint’s outfit.” I walk over to my locker, and sure enough, there is a white garter, stockings, and a nearly see-through white bralette and boy shorts waiting for me.

What I do here really doesn’t bother me, and to be honest, it’s pretty much all PG-13 anyway. The Alphas can look but can’t touch, unless you approve of it. Anything done behind closed doors has to be consensual. There’s even scent marking allowed on the main floor and bodyguards observing for safety.

There are Omegas who have been here awhile and swear by private room fun. They gush about being scent marked and how good getting knotted feels. Could I do it? Maybe, with the right Alpha. Too bad the Alpha I want most of all is related to me. I should just rip the Band-Aid off, loose this fucking v-card, and gain some common sense and move on with my life.

After tonight, it couldn't be more clear that what I want isn't going to happen. So, for now, we'll stick to the no touching, just letting the clients touch themselves while being drenched in my pheromones.

The thought of watching and scenting me being enough for these Alphas to bring themselves to release spurs me on. I even have a couple of regulars now who show up outside my cage to watch every time I work. It makes me feel dominant, and something that makes you feel beautiful and powerful can't be wrong. Even if it may be frowned upon by some. But everything is legal, consensual, and most of all, liberating.

The work is also lucrative; the membership here is not cheap, and neither are the men and women who tip.

You would think Sundays would be the slowest day of the week, but you would be wrong. The club opens earlier, and Alphas eagerly line up, waiting to have one last enjoyable moment before the work week begins. Most of our patrons are wealthy and successful business people. Some are in packs, minus an Omega, while others are single. There are a variety of Omegas who work at the club, meaning everyone's desires are easily met.

All the other Omegas are in the dressing room now, wearing either black leather or white lace tonight. The theme is tame compared to other nights. It's nice that the club provides all of our performing attire.

"All right, darlings, tonight is a big night. The owner and some investors will be in attendance. It's important that you

perform well, not that you don't usually. You're all so perfect, and I'm so proud of you," Gina says. And like the little wrecked praise-kink deviants we are, we all smile when she tells us we please her.

Gabbi is standing next to me. She's dressed as a sinner tonight with a leather black bralette and a black thong. "I've heard the owner is hot. He never comes here, though. I wonder what's up."

"I'm sure it won't be a big deal," I tell her.

"Says the girl with the biggest crowds right now. Are you ever going to put out or just have them drooling and jerking off over you forever?"

"Why fix something that isn't broken?" I reply, not wanting to disclose my fantasy of becoming my stepbrother's Omega. I won't be able to go to the private suites until I let this little crush go.

"Fair enough, but I promise, once you let one of them touch you, you'll be hooked," she says.

"Why don't you find a pack, then, if you enjoy it so much?"

"Why wouldn't I test out every flavor of ice cream before choosing my favorite?"

"Are a lot of the Alphas here hoping for that? That one day, one of us will crack and leave here to be with them?"

"It happens at least once a month. An Omega takes an Alpha up to a pleasure suite, and then they up and quit. Now they're living the high life as a bonded Omega. I never see

those Alphas ever again, so they must be faithful. Honestly, Luna, you need to learn how to use that Omega scent to get what you want.”

What is it that I want? I started working here because I want independence and out from under my mother’s oppressive thumb. Since working here, I’ve only found out more about myself, but what’s my end game? Having one of these Alphas come all over himself watching me and then finding out he is the love of my life? *Doubtful.*

“All right, girls and boy, take your places. Cage now, nest later.” Gina chuckles. She uses the same joke every shift, but no one laughs at this point.

My stage/cage is in the center of the building. The other Omegas call it the money maker, mostly because new performers get this spot. The Alphas love a fresh scent, and I’ve been told to enjoy it while it lasts.

The music booms throughout the building, the lights dim, but each cage is lit up from within. Almost like a fishbowl, but it’s still dim enough that I can make out the Alphas around me.

The bass of the music vibrates throughout my body as I swing my hips and move my arms to the beat. I hear the voices of the club goers entering the building. Many of them head to the bar before they take their seats for their chosen show. Some of them rotate between different Omegas, but most have very distinct scent preferences.

I’ve learned that you should dance as soon as you’re in the cage. The more you sweat and work your body, the more

potent your perfume will be. My lavender and vanilla scent wafts off of me as more men and women take the seats next to my cage.

When I look over at Riley's stage, he's doing some crazy shit with his pole and flinging himself upside down, his abdomen flexing with each movement. Riley is attractive, there's no denying it. But comparing him next to James, well, he doesn't stand a chance.

James was so quiet at dinner tonight, and I wonder why. Ezra seemed mischievous, and Ian definitely seemed off, not as competitive as he usually is. Should I be thinking about what a clusterfuck dinner was tonight? No, I should be thinking about dancing.

Gabbi catches my eye. She's out of her cage and grinding on this Alpha, his hands tightly gripping the chair sides. God, I wish I could be more like her. I swallow and think about it. Maybe I could start with a dance and go from there. If there's an Alpha tonight that makes me feel comfortable enough to take that step with, I'll do it.

It will probably come with a hefty tip, and that's what I need. I need to forget about dinner and my stepbrother's pack and focus on what I want for my future. A throat clears, and I shake my head and smile as I look at the Alphas in front of my cage.

I'm always very good at making eye contact as I dance. It definitely helps bring in more tips. One of my regulars, Isaac, is here. He's handsome, but something about him leads me to

believe he would not be the type of Alpha I want permanently in my life. I have no problem taking his money, though.

I grab the cage bars and slide down, opening my legs. My lace-clad pussy is about a foot away from his face. I can hear his deep inhale over the music. I already know he's touching himself as I rise to my feet and continue dancing for my other onlookers. Isaac, I already know, is a good tipper. These other Alphas, I'm not so sure.

A new female Alpha watches, her perfectly manicured nails tapping along her thigh. She's beautiful with deep red hair and is wearing a black pantsuit. She leans over to bring her face toward the cage. I'm bending over at the waist, touching my toes and allowing an Alpha to smell my hair.

"You look beautiful," she tells me, and I smile.

"Thank you, what's your name, Alpha?"

She grins at her designation and nods. "Claire and yours?"

"Selene," I say with a smile.

"I'm sure your real name is even more beautiful, but I'm willing to work for it." I'm leisurely dancing for this Alpha as she continues to drop different bills on the stage for me. I feel so powerful. I can tell this Alpha commands a room; she probably has some high powered job and is in charge all day. But right now? I'm in charge, and I'm wanted. That's all I want; to be looked at the way she's looking at me right now? I get down on my knees, my body pressed against the bars.

“You can touch,” I tell her softly, and she smiles. Her finger tip drags down my stomach as she tucks another twenty into the top of my panties. She leans closer toward the cage, her warm hand gliding against my skin.

“Do you do private rooms?” she asks.

“I haven’t before,” I tell her.

“We wouldn’t have to do anything you are uncomfortable with, sweet Omega. I would take such good care of you.” I swear, it’s like she’s tucked me against her chest and purred for me with how seductive she’s being. I’m nearly about to comply, let this gorgeous Alpha show me what it’s like to truly be cared for. I’m holding the bars with two hands, my knees bent, smiling at this enticing Alpha, when two massive fists clench around the bars by my face.

“Luna, get the fuck out of there. Now,” he demands. I’d know that voice anywhere. *My stepbrother, Ian.*





“Ian, what are you doing here?” I hiss.

“Get the fuck out of the cage now, or I’ll drag you out myself,” he retorts.

“You need to leave, Ian. This is none of your business.” The female Alpha takes us both in and decides to remove herself from the situation.

Dammit.

I was finally going to do it, gather up the courage to go to a private room, and Ian comes in and ruins it. I need to get him out of my system. If I can’t have him, I need to find something—someone else.

“You’re my fucking business, Luna.” He grabs my arm through the cage, and it’s odd how security is watching but not doing anything. They would never let an Alpha touch me without my permission.

“Ian, you’re going to get me fired. Let go of me. Don’t you already have an Omega at home to pant over? How would James feel if he knew you were here? I knew you were a dick,

but I didn't think you were a cheater." The words taste like lies on my tongue, but I'm pissed, and they just fly out of my mouth.

"Luna, get your ass out of the cage right now before I bend these bars in and throw you over my shoulder."

"No, fuck off," I hiss. "I'm not letting you take this away from me. You have everything, Ian. This is all I have, and you will not take my power away from me. I won't let you!" I scream.

His face softens, and his touch loosens on my wrist, a more gentle touch. "Will you please come out, so we can talk?" He changes tactics by speaking sweetly to me.

"The owner is here tonight. I can't just leave my post."

He rolls his eyes. "Don't be fucking stupid."

My mouth gapes as I look at him, and the realization hits. Why he could touch me, why no one is batting an eye at this encounter. "You own this place?"

"Yes, now will you get out and stop being a brat?" He glares at me, and I'm at a loss and know I have to do as he asks.

I huff, but what am I supposed to do? I unhinge the cage from the inside and step out. He holds his hand out to me, so I can walk down the steps wearing my heels. He doesn't let go of my hand as we walk through the employee area. We continue down the hall to an office I haven't been in before.

He places his suit jacket around me, and as much as I like the smell, I push it down and expose my lingerie clothed body.

“Luna,” he grumbles.

“What? Didn’t you create this place because you like to watch? Is that your thing?”

“You can’t work here anymore,” he tells me as he pours himself a scotch.

“Being your stepsister doesn’t seem like a valid reason for termination. Sounds like a lawsuit just waiting to happen.”

He laughs sardonically. “What are you going to do? Use my money to sue me, Luna?”

“I’m sure Stewart would fund my wrongful termination suit.”

“At the candle shop?” he asks, and I shrug my shoulders. “Why are you even working here? I make sure everything you need is taken care of.” My eyebrows furrow, and I look at him. This is the least composed I’ve ever seen him.

“What do you mean?”

He sighs. “My father has no money. I fund the life you live. If it’s about living there, I can get you your own place. I just figured this was best since you are”—he looks my figure up and down and licks his lips—“unbonded.”

“It’s not about money.”

“Then what is it about?” he asks, crowding my space. His scent is nearly choking me.

“I like it,” I breathe.

“You like being watched?”

“It makes me feel powerful,” I tell him honestly.

“You don’t need to dance here to feel powerful. You hold so much power, and you don’t even know it,” he says.

“What does that even mean?”

“You could have any pack you want, Luna. Why the fuck are you here? If it’s about getting away from your cunt of a mother, why not choose a pack?”

“No one compares.”

“What?”

I look down and play with the collar of his jacket. “You wouldn’t understand, you get everything you want.”

He barks out a laugh and pours himself another drink as he leans his hip against his desk and takes slow sips. “You couldn’t be further from the truth, Luna.”

“What do you want that you can’t have?”

“You,” he replies.

I’m shocked by his words, and my mouth gapes open. I point to myself. “You want me?”

“It’s fucked up, isn’t it? The one person I can’t have is the one I want.”

“Why would you want me?”

“I’ve always felt the need to protect you from your mother. But as you’ve gotten older, I can’t seem to stop thinking about you. That’s why I need you to stop coming here.”

“Why do you even care, Ian?”

“Because if anyone is going to watch you and not get to touch, it’s gonna fucking be me,” he says with a growl.

His pheromones are even thicker. Orange peels and cedar wood are literally the only things I can think about right now. And how tightly his dress shirt is clinging to his muscular chest. He’s so fucking hot, and he wants me—to watch me? I’ve had dozens of Alphas pine over me while I’m dancing for them, but I’ve never felt so desired as I do at this moment.

He eyes me carefully, his dark gaze drinking up my body as I spread my legs. While I thought the teacher at the Omega finishing school was a total bitch, I do shave, and I’m pleased that I did when I slide my lingerie to the side and expose my pussy to him. When he groans and inhales loudly, I know I’m affecting him.

Maybe it will be enough to entice him, make him take what he tells me he truly wants.

I glide my finger down my center, collecting my slick, toying with myself as he watches with rapture. His gaze alternates between my face and my cunt. Circling my clit, a soft whimper leaves my lips, and he takes a step closer to me. He’s within touching distance.

He rolls the sleeves of his dress shirt up, exposing his muscular veiny arms. I want to be in those arms, no matter how annoying the man who owns them can be. Which in and of itself is a lie, Ian doesn’t annoy me. We love the push and

pull of whatever the fuck this is. And right now it feels like the ultimate power play.

I've never wanted an Alpha more than I do at this moment, and I feel bold. Without really thinking, I lift my leg and place my high heel on his chest.

"You said you wanted to watch," I remind him as I continue touching myself. I watch his Adam's apple bob as he swallows.

"We shouldn't," he says while he drinks in the image of me in front of him. I glance down at his trousers, and I can see the indent of what looks like a very impressive bulge.

His fingers wrap around my ankle, and I gasp at the sensation. "Is this what you've been thinking of, Ian? Watching me touch my pussy when you won't touch me yourself?"

"Who said I won't touch you?"

I swallow, and his grip tightens around my ankle.

"I'm not a good man, Luna. You think I won't get down on my knees and devour my sweet, little stepsister's pussy until you've soaked through this couch? You think I give a fuck that this is wrong?"

"What?" I ask, confused.

"Seeing how dripping wet your pussy is for me, it's clear you want me just as much as I want you. Are you going to be a good girl and let your stepbrother in between those perfect thighs, or are you going to make me beg for it?"

I've stopped touching myself. I'm too stunned. I thought he would call my bluff, maybe watch for a while, but then compose himself and leave.

"You want me?" I ask him, not truly believing what he's saying to me.

"Yes," he replies confidently.

"But your pack."

"They want you too," he says.

"But you already have an Omega."

"I'm greedy, Luna. I want you both."

Greedy is right. Two Omegas in a pack is nearly unheard of, with the ratio of Alphas to Omegas. Let alone a male and female Omega. I lick my lips and stare at him, his hand still wrapped tightly around my ankle.

"We're related," I remind him.

"That's why I tried to stay away for so long. You're still so young, Luna, I didn't want to force myself into being your only option—you deserve better. Plus, I was worried you would care what your mom thought."

"Why now?"

He laughs. "Because the second I found out you were working here, at my club, I just about lost my fucking mind. The thought of other Alphas looking at you, touching themselves while scenting you... it broke my resolve." His thumb rubs against my ankle, making me shiver. "You haven't

answered my question. Are you going to be a good girl or not?”

“Beg for it,” I say in a seductive voice. Even if he changes his mind after this happens, at least I will have this memory for the rest of my life. His hand slides down my leg, and he shifts my ankle over his shoulder as he gets down on his knees for me. He looks up at me, not necessarily asking for permission, but not touching. His gaze tells me he is going to take what he wants if I let him. His beautiful brown eyes are hooded by his lashes as he looks at me, and I stop breathing.

“Please, Luna. Do you know how much I’ve thought about touching you?”

“Tell me,” I respond breathlessly.

“Every time we come over to that stupid fucking dinner, I want to bend you over the table and fuck you—my bratty little stepsister—in front of everyone. Every time you give me that attitude, I think about spanking your ass or shutting you up with my dick down your throat.” His fingers graze down to the juncture of my thigh and hip. “Do you think about me, Luna?”

“Yes, since I presented,” I blurt out because I’ve had this fantasy so many times I can’t count. “Ever since I scented you the first time. I’ve used my fingers on myself before, wishing it was you.”

“Please let me touch, I’ll be so good for you,” he says with a conflicted gaze.

“You... you want to be good for me?”

“Baby, I want to be so good for you. I want to give you everything. Please give me what’s been mine this whole time.”

I can’t take it anymore as I scoot myself closer to his face. He inhales, and his brows furrow.

“Who else has touched this pussy?” he asks, his fingers getting closer and closer to where I really want them.

“What?”

“How. Many?” he asks again, in a tone that rattles my brain and makes me perfume even more.

“Two,” I tell him.

I’m obviously a convincing liar when he replies, “Alphas?” And I want to groan.

“Does it matter?”

“It does for them,” he says cryptically as his nose glides over my panties, and he inhales deeply. “Fuck, please,” he growls.

I don’t answer. I just grab him by his hair and bring his face to my center. Quickly, he pulls the white lace to the side with one of his fingers, and his lips hungrily circle my clit. He moans the moment my slick hits his tongue. His large hands wrap around my thighs, and he forcibly slides my ass to the edge of the couch, so I’m completely exposed to him. But he gets frustrated when the lace slips between his fingers and covers me. I feel like I can’t breathe. I’m so overwhelmed that this is finally happening, that it’s something he wants. My

heart beats rapidly in my chest and I just let him touch me, my body completely pliant to whatever he'll give me.

He growls as he takes the lace between his teeth, tearing the crotch out. The lace rolls and rests over my stomach. That is single-handedly the hottest thing I have ever experienced. He fucks me with his fingers while his tongue circles my clit. His grip on my thighs is so tight I know my skin will be bruised come tomorrow.

Ian removes his fingers from my pussy and slides one against my ass. He circles me with his slick-covered fingers. "How many have touched this tight ass?" he asks.

"Just you," I reply. He smiles as he slowly pushes a finger inside. The feeling is new but completely welcome. He uses his other hand to gather more slick to lubricate his fingers. Ian fucks me in the ass while he sucks hard on my clit, making me moan and writhe.

"I want you to come all over my face," he tells me as he fucks me harder with his fingers. The pressure is intense but so enjoyable. I never thought that would feel so good. His perfectly shaped lips suck hard on my clit as his tongue flicks back and forth, and I'm wrecked. My body starts to seize, and it's like the most exhilarating energy pumping through my veins. Touching myself never felt this good.

My thighs clench around his face, and he doesn't stop. He keeps licking and fucking me. He just won't stop, he doesn't reduce the pressure.

I'm panting and moaning as I try to push his face away from me. "No more, Ian, I can't take any more." He hums and shakes his head no as he uses his other fingers to fill my cunt. I'm so full as he stares down at me with a heavy gaze.

"You're not done until I say so," he says.

"Please, Ian, it's too much."

"Tell me you're mine. Tell me how badly you've wanted your older brother to fuck you, mark you, and make you mine."

I can't breathe. Every nerve ending is on fire. *What, he wants me to tell him what?* I stay silent as his fingers in my pussy curl upward, and he fucks me so fast I can hardly breathe.

I'm beside myself when my second orgasm hits me. The overwhelming sensitivity of my clit makes me want to push him away. The amount of slick that coats his hands is obscene. Spots dance in my vision, and I can hardly handle my breathing. His fingers don't leave me, and he keeps fucking me.

"Ian, I can't. Please."

"Tell me you're mine."

"I've always been yours. Now fucking stop!" He smiles and slowly removes his fingers from my ass and cunt. I wince at the loss of him, and he smiles in adoration as he sees the amount of slick on the couch. I don't know why, but it hits me that we didn't even kiss. He's honestly hardly touched me

except for fucking me with his hands, and it kinda makes me feel sad. Is his connection to me just primal and sexual because I'm an Omega, or does he want me beyond that? I wrap my arms around myself and sigh.

“Ezra is picking up your things. You're moving in with me. This is the last time you will be at Lavender Moon as a dancer,” he says as he washes his hands in the sink in the corner.

I look at him incredulously. I want to fight him over this, but honestly, I'm so exhausted from coming so hard. I just want to sleep. Would I even want to work at Lavender Moon if I had Ian and his pack? I guess not. But just because Ian says so, it doesn't mean that Ezra or James really want me.

“Will...” I stop talking and move Ian's jacket over my shoulders.

“Will, what?” I look at him, and he must see something in my face as he softens. Getting down on his haunches, his hands wrap around my thighs.

“What is it, baby?” he asks, and I melt a little. It's pathetic.

“Will James really be okay with this?”

He smiles. “James is not who he appears to be,” he says. Well, that's not fucking cryptic or anything.

I look down and sigh. He tips my chin with his thumb as we stare at each other.

“What is it?”

“Is this just sexual for you?” I ask in a small voice, and he laughs. I can feel my cheeks heat and tears well in my eyes. I felt like a powerful Omega, but now I feel stupid.

“Fuck.” He cups my face in his large hands. “No, Luna, this is far from just sexual. I’ve wanted this for a while, but I’ve been too worried about the repercussions. I’m sorry, and I will do better. I didn’t mean to upset you. You mean so much to me. This isn’t just sexual, this is everything.”

I sniffle. “But you’re always such a dick to me.” He sighs and strokes my hair.

“I need to get better at showing affection. Plus, for a while there, it was to keep myself away from you, but these past couple months, I’ve been trying to figure out how to make it work.”

“You’ve been planning this for how long?”

“Too long. Finding out you worked here kinda wrecked my timeline.”

“Your timeline,” I repeat.

“You just turned twenty-one, Luna. You’re my fucking stepsister. This isn’t going to be easy. If you don’t want this complication, I would understand.”

“How do you just no longer care about what people think?” I ask, furrowing my brow.

“You’re worth it,” he says firmly. “I’m going to get your clothes from your locker, and we’re going home.”

“What about our parents?”

“You don’t need to worry about that,” he says as he retrieves my clothes and leaves me in the office to change.

This night certainly took a turn.





I think I was too high off of Ian touching me and someone going down on me for the first time that it hits me when we're in the car.

"Ian, what are we doing?" I ask, clutching against my seatbelt that I don't even remember putting on and glancing over at him.

"I'm taking you home," he says matter-of-factly.

"You mean your home."

"Our home," he says.

While this is always what I've wanted, I start to panic. My breathing is irregular, and I tug the seatbelt away from my chest as I try and calm down.

"Fucking shit," Ian says as he swerves the car and parks at the closest gas station.

He grabs the sides of my face and stares at me. "Baby, hey. Luna, little moon. Look at me, baby."

My eyes flick to his, and I just stare at the deep pools of brown in front of me.

“That’s it, good girl. Breathe in and out.”

I wrap my hands around his wrists, and I try to breathe in and out. My heart rate calms down as I continue staring at him.

“If you really want to go back to Margo and my dad’s house, I’ll take you.”

I shake my head and breathe in and out. “I...I”

“Let’s go get food and then talk, okay? We can talk it through.”

I nod my head. It feels like my tongue weighs a million pounds, and my heart won’t slow down. It’s one thing to have a fantasy but another completely for it to come to reality. My stepbrother went down on me and basically forced me to accept his claim on me, and now he wants me to move into his house?

He told me it was more than physical, but what the fuck does that mean? My head is spinning, and this all feels like it’s happening too fast. My mom is going to freak the fuck out. What will people say and think about us if this really becomes a thing? What if they like me for now but decide I’m not a good fit later on? What if I never compare to James? They already have such a beautiful Omega.

Ian’s large hand grabs my thigh as he squeezes the flesh. “Stop overthinking.”

“I can’t just stop thinking,” I say back. How is he so calm and so sure about this?

He sighs and squeezes again, his hand is warm and big, and I can’t help but have flashbacks of him holding my thighs around his face. It makes me blush, and I can’t help my perfume thickening in the cab of the car.

Glancing over at Ian, he smirks and inhales. “That’s the good kind of thinking. Keep thinking about whatever you’re thinking about now.”

I blush and try to tone it down, but there’s no hope. My sexual experience is depressingly limited. While I masturbate like it’s a chronic condition, it just never felt right with anyone. I almost went all the way with a guy I met online, a Beta named Lenny. While he was blond and super nice, he was nothing like the larger than life man sitting next to me.

Is it pathetic to save your virginity for your stepbrother? Or is it even worse to save it, the opportunity is finally yours, and you feel like you might have a mental breakdown?

I attempt to rub my thighs together, but Ian doesn’t let me. His fingertips grip my thigh tightly, preventing them from touching each other.

Ian parks the car and glances at me questioningly. “What?”

He shakes his head. “Nothing. Let’s go eat.” He gets out first and gets my car door for me. I feel extremely underdressed next to Ian as we go into the small diner. A friendly woman in a baby blue dress and an apron smiles at us

and grabs two menus, then leads us to a cozy booth in the corner. Everything in the diner is 50s themed, except for the mini jukebox at our table, which has songs that go up to the 90s.

I felt underdressed before, but now that we're seated, Ian is the one who looks out of place with his perfectly styled hair and what I imagine is an extremely expensive suit.

"So?" I tilt my head, looking at him.

He scrubs his beard with the palm of his hand. "This all went a lot easier in my head," he says.

I swallow, and the waitress drops off our waters. "Ready to order?"

"Can I have a Belgium waffle with strawberries and whipped cream? Oh, and a side of bacon, please," I ask the waitress with a smile.

"Sure thing, sweetheart. And for you?"

"I'll do the Greek omelet."

The waitress walks away, and I rub my arm, thinking about how I should have gotten something healthier.

"How long have you wanted this?" I say softly, taking a big gulp of water and looking down at the table.

"The last two years," he says.

My mouth opens in surprise. "But you've been with James and Ezra."

“Just James, and I didn’t want to feel this way.” I nod my head; of course he didn’t. I rip up the straw rapper and make tiny little balls on the table. Ian’s hand grabs mine, and I look up at him. “Only because you’re younger and my stepsister. It would have been better for you if you found a pack that didn’t have so much baggage.”

I blink at him a few times. “I’ve always been in love with you, you know?” It’s Ian’s turn to be shocked as he looks at me with a softness I don’t think I’ve ever seen from him.

“What?”

I shake my head and go back to my straw paper. “You were the first person who ever thought about me and took care of me. So I always put you on this unobtainable pedestal. No one would ever compare, and they haven’t. But it was only supposed to be a fantasy. I tried to shut it down when you brought James and Ezra over for the first time, but it only got harder. James is beautiful, and I knew I didn’t stand a chance, but I’ve never stopped wanting.”

He squeezes my wrist, and I look up at him. “James is beautiful, and Ezra is kind, but our pack dynamic is far from perfect.”

The waitress brings our food to the table, and when I see how good the waffles look, I’m so glad I didn’t get something like Ian’s sad looking omelet. I hum as I eat and catch Ian giving me a small smile every now and then. When we’re finished, she collects our plates and brings us both a cup of coffee.

I can't hold back; this will be the question that determines where Ian takes me after this dinner. "What is it you like about me?" I ask. Every deep insecurity I have is bubbling up at the surface, and I worry that he only wants me for my looks. It's the only thing that my mom has ever complimented me on. I've never thought I was ugly, but who I am as a person, that's where her insults dig the deepest.

Ian smiles, sips his coffee, and puts it down. "I like that you're almost as stubborn as me. That you care about plants and animals more than you do about most people. Though you have a soft heart for people you care about too. That no matter how fucking terrible your mother is, you're still a good person. I like that you always ask others about themselves and actually listen. I like when you give me shit and talk back to me. I like how cute you are when you're nervous and fidget with things. But most of all? I like that you're brave."

My heart is racing again as he says all of these things. He doesn't mention my looks once. I feel close to crying, but I hold it in and shake my head.

"I'm not brave."

"Oh, so dancing at a scent club, despite knowing how pissed your mother would be? Or how about that time you got suspended from the academy for putting Nair in that boy's shampoo."

"He called Julie a cunt," I whisper, and Ian grins.

"It's pretty brave to stand up for your friends."

“Everyone should have someone that stands up for them,” I say softly.

“I want to be that person, Luna. We can go slow. Move at a pace you feel comfortable with. I’ve wanted to get you out of that house for years. Let me do that. Let me take care of you.”

“Okay,” I say softly. Ian smirks and nods his head. I watch as his shoulders release the tension he had been holding in.

“Okay,” he repeats, nodding his head.

“We have to go slow, though. I...I need to make sure that Ezra and James feel the same way and that this will work. If we’re really going to give this a try, everyone needs to agree.”

He nods, smiling widely, and I realize I haven’t seen him smile much and how contagious it is. I can’t help but to smile back. But it’s then the reality of telling my mom sinks in.

“My mom,” I say softly.

Ian shakes his head. “I told her that you’re moving in with us.”

My brows furrow, and Ian looks away.

“She didn’t find that odd?” He doesn’t say anything, just shakes his head. I sigh and look down at the table. “She was relieved?”

His hands reach out and squeeze mine. “Luna.”

“It’s okay. It’s not a surprise.”

Ian groans under his breath. “I fucking hate that bitch.”

Giggling is probably not the right response to him calling my mother a bitch, but if the shoe fits.

“My stuff?”

“Taken care of,” he responds evenly.

The waitress drops off our check with a soft smile on her face. “Ugh, I remember when me and my Lionel were young and in love. Never lose the spark. Have a good night,” she says, and I can’t help the blush that takes over my face. Ian slides out the booth and holds out his hand for me. I take it, and he helps me stand up.

He towers over me and places his hand on my lower back to pay and leave the restaurant. It’s brief, and I feel like I imagine the soft touch of his lips against the side of my head. My heart flutters, and it’s at this moment that I decide for sure that I’m all in.

I’m going to give this pack my everything and prove that I belong. This fantasy I’ve had all of these years could finally become a reality. I’m not going to let my mom or what anyone thinks get in the way of what could be mine.

I talk a big game in my head the whole ride to Ian’s house. But when the reality of actually living there sinks in, the nerves pick up again. What if this connection is only with Ian, and James and Ezra don’t like me as much?

As hard as it is, I push my anxiety down and take a deep breath as Ian pulls into the enormous garage and parks the car.





James grabs a fist full of Luna’s panties and shoves them in the top drawer.

“I’m in over my fucking head,” he says, just fisting the different lace and cotton into the top drawer.

I shut the closet door behind me after hanging up her last dress and stand in front of him. “You know if you’re not comfortable, this goes no further.”

“Yeah, like that’s not a fuck ton of pressure.”

“James.” He sighs and shoos me off with his hand.

“I like her, I like this idea. I think she’ll be good for us.”

I pet his hair, and he pushes my hand away, and I sigh. “You promise to communicate with us if you feel uncomfortable?”

“Yes.”

“So assuring,” I say, trying to grab him for a hug, but he runs away. “You better get back here.”

He stops in the foyer, and I nearly run into his back. Luna is wearing yoga pants and a tight white T-shirt. Her face is done

up in pretty light makeup, and Ian's hand is on her back.

"Hi," she says, waving a hand and blushing.

"Hey, Luna girl."

"Hi," James says.

"Luna's decided to come and stay with us," Ian announces like he didn't make us pack up all her shit and put it in the bedroom he had made for her.

"Did he have to rip you out of one of those cages?" James says, and I nudge him with my elbow.

"Yes, actually," she says, giving James a small smile. It does something to me. I haven't seen James and Luna interact much, but it's almost like they already have a mutual understanding of one another.

"Been meaning to try an amateur night or something," James says, and Ian glares at him. James laughs and waves. "I'll be outside if you need me," he says, and Luna looks affronted.

"James likes a lot of alone time, don't take it personally," I tell her, and she nods. She looks around the house with a curious expression.

"Would you like a grand tour?"

She nods, and I hold out my hand, and she takes it eagerly. Her hand is soft and small against my own, and I can't help but to smile. I fucking love James with every fiber of my being. I love his jokes, and when he does give affection, it

feels like I've won the lottery. But the truth of the matter is, I'm a needy ass Alpha. I want an Omega in my lap 24/7, and that's just not who James is. I love him for who he is, but our love languages are so different. I know he feels the pressure to be what we need, but I wonder if Luna is that missing piece. That can take the pressure from James, so he can feel more independent but also give Ian and I the needy Omega that we can't help but to crave.

There's a lot of stress in making this dynamic work and hope that this is what everyone needs in the situation. But I can't help but to be hopeful. I want everyone in this house right now to be the happiest they can be. And with Luna's small hand in mine, I feel like it might just be.

"Ezra?" she asks, and I realize I haven't moved from the spot.

"Sorry, love." We walk through the foyer into the large kitchen. "Kitchen, any food you'd like ordered, you can just write down on the pad on the counter."

"Okay," she says, sliding a hand against the countertop, clearly feeling a bit out of sorts about how she got here. She looks around, and her lashes fall against her reddened cheeks as she shakes her head. I squeeze her hand, and she looks up at me.

"What's wrong?"

She shakes her head and forces a smile. "I'm happy to be here."

“That’s not what I asked, love.”

“She didn’t care,” she says on a sigh.

“Well, we do.”

She gives me a real smile, then I take her through the rest of the downstairs, showing her how to work the TV and how the security system works. She glances out the patio doors, glancing at the pool and James’ greenhouse.

“You can use the pool at any time, but I would prefer if someone was out there with you.”

Her brows furrow, and she tilts her head. “I can swim. I’m actually a great swimmer.”

“I don’t doubt it. I would just worry,” I say shyly, and she smiles and nods her head.

“The greenhouse?” She points, and I nod my head.

“That’s James’. I’m sure when he’s ready, he will give you the grand tour.”

She clears her throat, and I look down at her. She’s such a tiny little thing. “You’re sure that he wants me here?”

“James is a hard one to get to know. But I promise you, having you here is something we talked about as a pack, and you are wanted. By all of us.” She blushes and nods her head as I put her hand back in mine and take her upstairs. From left to right, I point to each door down the hall. “James’, mine, Ian’s, and your room is the last on the left.” I didn’t take her into the basement because I figured that would be a little bit

much for now. We'll save that surprise for another time. I think she's had to take in enough as it is.

Her hand slightly shakes as she turns the knob to her bedroom, and the light gasp that catches in her throat makes me smile. "How... When?" she says, shaking her head.

"We wanted you to be comfortable, is it okay?"

"It's more than okay," she says, touching the light purple comforter and taking in all the feminine touches in the room. When she opens her closet, she gasps again. "Ian wasn't lying, you really did pack up all my stuff from home."

"Everything's put away, I hope that's okay."

She nods her head and smiles. "Thank you, Ezra." Her voice is soft and hearing her say my name sends a tingle down my spine. I don't want to rush things; it's clear she's been overloaded. No matter how badly I want to scoop her up and put her on my lap.

"Do you need anything, love? Do you want to be alone, or we could watch a movie?"

Her smile is radiant as she nods her head. "Let me get changed first?"

"Sure thing, I'll be in the living room." She nods as I turn and give her some space. Even though I want to be all up in her space.

Fucking play it cool.

When I get downstairs, Ian is already in the living room, having changed from his suit, and wearing sweatpants and a white T-shirt.

“So, wild night?” I ask, and he scoffs and rubs his beard.

“I just couldn’t leave there without taking her with me.”

“Mate, I get it. We’re happy she’s here. She seems happy to be here, just upset that her mom’s a fucking cunt.”

Ian groans, and his head hits the back of the couch.

“What is she doing?”

“Getting changed and coming down to watch a movie.”

“We need to make this work,” he says, and I hold my hands up in surrender.

“You don’t see me complaining.”

“I know, it’s just that I promised her that this would work, and she seems to not believe me.”

“Yeah, well, when your stepbrother kind of lowkey kidnaps you, it can be confusing.”

“I didn’t kidnap her,” he says.

“Well, you did pack up all her shit and tell her mom she was coming to live with us before you even asked Luna if she wanted to be here. By the way, how did that all go down at the club?”

He’s mid drink of his water and slightly spits it out. “She told you?”

I point at him and snap my fingers. “Knew you did something. You’re a deviant little fucker, Ian.”

“Whatever,” he says, waving me off. “I was jealous, and she looked so good, and I’ve been so patient.”

I arch an eyebrow at him. “Have you?”

“Did you come down here solely to give me shit, Ezra?”

“Someone has to. Seeing as I’m not blinded by your monster cock, I’ll need to be the voice of reason.”

Suddenly, there’s a clearing of a throat, and a pink cheeked Luna wraps her arms around herself. She’s wearing pink shorts and a simple white T-shirt with some band name on it. Ian groans next to me as Luna comes to sit between us on the couch.

“Is James coming?” she asks softly.

Ian shakes his head. “James is a night owl; it’s when he works on his plants.”

“Oh,” she says dejectedly. I’m already plotting ways to get these two to have some alone time together. This is never going to work if Luna thinks James doesn’t want this. Ian and I are used to how he is, we love how he is. But it’s something that Luna needs to make sure James is someone she likes—she needs time to get comfortable with our aloof Omega.

“What would you like to watch?” I ask, and she looks at the screen as I click through the menu. She shockingly chooses a thriller, and as soon as it starts playing, I watch as more tension leaves her body. Luna shivers slightly, and I grab the

softest blanket we have, hoping that James doesn't mind, and I toss it over her lap. She gives me a small smile before bringing the blanket to her nose and taking a deep sniff.

She sighs with contentment as she sinks deeper into the couch. It's like she's a beacon that Ian and I are drawn to as we both seem to get closer and closer to her as each minute passes. I'm not sure when it happens, but her head is on Ian's thigh as he runs his fingers through her hair. Her legs are propped on my legs, and I knead the tension out of her calves. A soft moan leaves her lips, and it makes me hard against my free will.

It must do the same to Ian as he shuffles his body and moves Luna slightly on his thigh. She yawns and squeezes Ian's thigh before sitting up. I can read his disappointment in his face, but she gives him a small smile. "I think I might try and get some sleep."

Ian nods his head, and I can tell he wants to say something, but he holds back.

"Um, do you all work tomorrow? Or?"

"I have work to do at home, James sleeps a lot during the day, and Ezra has to be at the zoo."

"You're welcome to come with me," I tell her, and all the sleepiness that was on her face is gone instantly.

"Really?"

"Really," I say, trying to hold back my excitement. This is what I wanted, someone who wants to spend time with me.

God, I'm needy as fuck.

"I would love to. What time should I be up?"

"Need to leave here at 8:30. Wear something comfortable."

She pops up, so she's standing. Her shorts have ridden up, and I can see the shape of her pussy lips. She claps her hands once and smiles, looking between Ian and I. She leans down and touches my scruffy cheek before doing the same to Ian. Her cheeks are red by the time she looks at us one more time.

"Goodnight," she says softly.

"Night," Ian and I say in unison, both of us with a look of awe as she makes her way up the stairs and to her bedroom.

"We're so fucked," I say with a laugh, and Ian rearranges his cock in his sweatpants and groans.

He scrubs his face and nods. "That's for fucking sure. Thanks for inviting her to work tomorrow. I'm going to go to bed. Will you check in on James?"

"You got it."

When I stand up, I have to do a similar re-arrangement as I walk outside. The humid air sticks to my skin as I walk across the lawn and knock on the door to his greenhouse.

"Yeah?" he shouts, and I come into the even hotter space.

"Hey, love," I say, and he nods his head as he's leaning over a plant and delicately clipping off buds.

I clear my throat, and he stops what he's doing to look at me with some frustration. "Luna really missed you at movie

night.”

He waves his hand at me and shakes his head. “She’s here for Alphas, I’m just an extra.”

My brows furrow, and I cross my arms. “So that’s why she was inhaling your blanket like it was a new addiction.”

That gets his attention as he stands straight and looks at me. “Okay?”

I sigh and approach him. His stance is open, so I put my hand around his neck and squeeze lightly. “It’s not just about Ian and I, it’s about all of us. She asked about you multiple times. I’m just saying, she’s an Omega. I think she needs to know that you’re interested just as much as you need to know that she is.”

He takes in my words with a nod of his head.

“She was really sniffing my blanket?”

“She was, made me hard.”

He snorts and shakes his head. “Yeah?”

“Yeah, wanna feel?” I push my crotch against him, and he laughs.

“Raincheck. I need to finish manicuring these plants tonight.”

“Fine, I guess Ian and I will just have to jerk off tonight.”

James nods and turns back to his plants. “Guess so.”

“Love you, night.”

“You too,” he says as he goes back to his work. I shake my head but smile. I fucking love him, quirks and all.



Chapter 12



My neck is starting to hurt, so I decide to call it a night, well, or a morning. Making some changes on the thermostat and the heat lamps, I leave the greenhouse and lock the door. When I turn, there's a light splash in the water. When I look over, Luna is sitting on the side of the pool with her feet swirling in the crystalline water.

I'm attracted to Luna, and I think our pack needs her. The fact is, I'm not the Omega that Ian and Ezra desire. I know that they love me, without a single shred of doubt. But I'm not the feral, needy, wants-to-be-spoiled Omega that they crave. I want Ian and Ezra to be happy, and I know how to share. Luna being our pack makes sense. But where does that leave Luna and I?

Two Omegas isn't particularly common, but I'm intrigued by her. I worry that I can't give her what she needs. She needs Alphas; she doesn't need an Omega who likes a copious amount of personal space and who lives in his own head.

She looks up at me and smiles softly.

"Hey," she says.

“Hey.”

“Can’t sleep,” she says, swirling her feet in the water, making small ripples throughout the whole pool.

“I’ve got something for that if you’re willing.”

She nods, and I sit down next to her. We aren’t touching, but if I moved an inch, we would be. I take my vaporizer out of my pocket and a baggy with the already ground up bud, putting it in the end.

“I...um, I’ve never smoked before.”

“You don’t have to,” I tell her with complete honesty. This isn’t a hobby anyone in my pack has to share with me. Ian and Ezra do every now and then, but mostly it’s something I do alone.

“I want to, especially if it helps me sleep.”

“New room?”

She shakes her head no. “More like the whole situation.”

I nod. “Ian can be intense.”

She smiles. “I actually like that about him. It’s just, a lot to take in and well, I’m just really hurt that my mom didn’t even call to check up on me and this was decided without me.”

“But you want to be here?”

She smiles and nods. “Yeah, I really want to be here.”

“I want you here,” I say softly, taking Ezra’s advice. She needs to know where I stand. I’m not one for making a first move, but for her, I find myself willing.

She nudges my shoulder with hers, and I wish I could hold back my smirk, but I can't. "You have to let me know if I cross any lines. You're already bonded and—"

I cut her off and shake my head. "They need you, I need you."

Her brows furrow as I wait for the light on the vaporizer to turn green. "I don't understand."

"They need an Omega who is affectionate, who needs them, who is less greedy with their time. I want Ian and Ezra to be happy, and that's what they need."

She shakes her head. "But what about you?"

"I'm still figuring that out."

"But you're happy I'm here? For more than just Ian and Ezra?" she says softly, trying not to show that I've hurt her feelings. I groan, hating how I can't just communicate properly.

"I'm happy you're here for Ezra and Ian and for myself. I just don't know what I bring to the table for you."

She shakes her head. "Maybe we could start by being friends and getting to know each other?" The answer is so sweet and simple. I nod and bring the vape to my lips, inhaling and holding it till my lungs burn before exhaling.

I hold it out to her. "Do you want to try?"

She shrugs. "Sure."

“Just put this part on your lips and inhale. When it hits the back of your throat, stop inhaling and hold it until it doesn’t feel comfortable anymore.”

Luna nods and brings the device to her lips and inhales. She holds it for longer than I expect. But when she exhales, she’s in a coughing fit. Her one hand grips her knee while the other is balled in a fist as she coughs.

“You good?”

She coughs again and nods. “Yeah.”

We pass it back and forth a few more times. She continues to be a trooper, even though she coughs every time.

“Mmm, so you don’t like affection?” she asks, clearly feeling more confident after smoking and asking me questions.

“It’s not that I don’t like affection. I like it on my terms. When you don’t have bodily autonomy at some point, it can be hard to seek and give affection sometimes.”

She gasps. “Can I touch your arm?” she asks, and I smile and nod. She squeezes my forearm. “Is it okay if I just ask to touch you?”

“I’d like that.”

“And it won’t bother you if I’m affectionate with Ezra and Ian?”

“No, I’ll enjoy it. It will make them happy, which will make me happy.”

“But what do you want?” she asks.

“I’m honestly happy with how things are. But I think I could always be happier.”

She sighs and tilts her head into the dark sky. “Promise to just talk to me. I want to make you happy too, James.”

Luna nearly whispers my name, and the sound is so delicate and sweet coming from her lips.

“I promise. Let’s get you to bed.”

“Yeah,” she says sleepily. I stand first and hold my hand out to her. When her hand touches mine, I can’t help it. It feels different than Ezra or Ian’s touch. I mean sure she’s half their size, and I’m sure that has something to do with it. But there’s something else. I think it has to do with how genuine she seems about wanting to get to know me. Any other Omega would be pushing me out and simply focusing on the Alphas in the pack. But Luna is different. She’s sweet and thoughtful. She’s the opposite of what I would consider my type, but maybe I’ve been wrong all this time.

She walks ahead of me up the stairs, and I admire her ass. It will be nice to not be the smallest one in the pack anymore. Our bedrooms are on the opposite sides of the hall, and she gives me a small smile as she walks down. I notice that she doesn’t go to her room, though. I keep my smile to myself, and I don’t know if it’s the weed, Luna’s words, or watching her sneak into Ian’s room, but I find myself slipping into Ezra’s bed.

When I tuck in under his sheets, he sighs and wraps his arm around my waist and tugs me against his chest. I have to push

back my initial reaction of being touched but think about how much I love Ezra and how much he cares for me. I breathe deeply a few times and relax.

He kisses the side of my head, and we fall asleep like this.

It's nicer than I imagined.



Chapter 13



“Luna?” Ian’s groggy voice asks .

“That’s me,” I say and want to slap myself after saying it. I couldn’t sleep because the room is different, and it doesn’t smell like me. I came out to the pool, hoping the night air would help. But it seems like whatever James gave me helps more. But I didn’t want to go back to ‘my’ room. Honestly, I was hoping that James would have been up for a little Omega snuggle, but it’s clear that it isn’t his thing. I’ll respect his boundaries, I just hope that he can open up to me. Knowing that he is interested in me more than just a fix for his pack means a lot to me. *I will crack his little shell.*

“What’s wrong, baby?”

“Couldn’t sleep.”

“C’mere,” he says in a raspy voice. Not needing to be told twice, I’m climbing into his massive bed and sliding under the sheets with my stepbrother. It feels like forever ago that he touched me, but something about this feels more intimate. He wraps his large body around mine, and his hard cock pushes

against my back. I squeak lightly. Okay, so Ezra wasn't joking about him having a monster cock.

He smells my hair and sighs. I can feel the muscle of his cheek against my hair. "You spent some time with James?"

I nod and grip his forearm, holding him close to me. "I did. I still don't completely know what he wants. But I'm going to find out."

"If anyone can, it's you."

There's some silence, and I sigh, the back of my head resting against his chest. Something about us being together still feels so wrong even though it feels so right.

"Ian?"

"Mmm?"

"What are we going to tell people?"

"That I seduced my sweet, little stepsister and made her mine."

"Ian," I scold him.

"Whatever you want, baby. I don't care what people think. We don't have to say anything for now."

"Our parents."

He groans. "You need that pretty little head of yours to shut up?"

Shit. Shit. Shit. I shouldn't have lied about having sex before. What if he wants to do it right now? Not that I don't want to, but I feel like that's the point of no return. If I sleep

with my stepbrother, then everything is changed for good. There's no going back. Not that I want to go back to my mom's house or stop whatever this is. But I'm not sure I'm quite ready for that.

“Shh, let me take care of you,” he says.

“Okay,” I whisper. I feel light and a little tingly. I'm usually in some state of arousal, but right now it feels like my nerves may revolt if Ian doesn't touch me. He slides an arm under my waist. His long forearm grazes against my chest as his fingers delicately stroke my neck until the span of his palm is wrapped around my throat. The touch isn't hard, he isn't choking me, it's a possessive touch more than anything. His thumb rubs a soft circle against the side of my neck, right under my ear. It's so delicate, such a stark difference to the large and demanding man behind me. My breath comes out shakily, wondering what he wants to do with me.

His other hand squeezes my hip, pushing my ass harder against him. There's a low rumble in his chest, and I can't help but grind against him. His breath is fanning against my face, and when I feel his lips against my cheek, it feels like my skin is on fire. He still hasn't kissed me, but with his lips so close, I'm hoping that he does. Except he doesn't move. Just moving me against him, it's almost like what I fantasized when I worked at Lavender Moon. The way I would dance on Ian, even though we're lying down, it feels just about the same.

Ian slides his hand across my stomach, and the tips of his fingers pull up the hem of my shirt before slipping under the

waistband of my shorts. The pace of his breathing increases as his hand goes lower, his middle finger touching my clit first with a few slow taps before going lower toward my entrance.

“Never going to get enough of this, little moon.” He squeezes my throat slightly before dipping his fingers inside of my wetness with a low groan against my hair.

Ian’s fingers are like heaven; I never want him to stop touching me. His touches are exploratory, the complete contrast of utter dominance that he showed in the back room of Lavender Moon. He’s showing me that he can be soft and not always domineering. I’m not sure which side I enjoy more. As his lips touch my cheek and his breath hitches, I find myself loving this side.

I know my body agrees. I can feel my wetness on my thighs and the damp material of my shorts as Ian lazily fucks me with his fingers. The ball of his palm hits my clit with each pronounced flick of his fingers.

I can’t help the wanton gasp that escapes my lips as he picks up the pace. Each of my hands has found purchase on his forearms. And as soon as my hands are on him, he picks up the pace. The sound of him filling my cunt and our heavy breathing are the only sounds filling his spacious room.

My hips can’t help but to cant against his hand, making me push against his rock hard length. His hips meet each one of my thrusts, and his low moan against my ear has me gripping his fingers with need.

I need Ian.

“Fuck. Are you trying to make me come by just rubbing this sweet ass on me?”

“Mmm,” is the only response I can come up with because everything just feels so good. The idea that I could make someone as powerful as Ian come without hardly trying makes me feel powerful. That’s what I’ve been searching for all along, isn’t it?

His words spur me on as I push against him, and he keeps finger fucking me. He picks up his speed, and so do I, a low whimper ripping out of my throat, and Ian shows his approval by giving my neck a little squeeze.

“Come on, baby. Come on your stepbrother’s fingers. I fucking need it.”

That’s what completely shatters me. Is it fucked up that I get off when he continues to call himself my stepbrother? Probably, but right now I don’t care if it’s wrong when it feels this good. His grip is heavy on my throat as my cunt squeezes against his fingers, my back arching and ass pushing against his dick.

If I wasn’t already coming, the moan escaping Ian’s lips would have sent me over the edge. I feel a small patch of warmth against my back. I did it, I made Ian Martinez come without touching him with my hands, mouth, or having sex with him.

I might not have believed him when he said I didn’t need to work at Lavender Moon to feel powerful. But at this moment,

I feel like a goddess, and I'll be damned if I let anyone take this feeling away from me.

That high is short lived when my release subsides and Ian gets up from the bed. The loss of his physical touch feels like a limb being removed, and I wish I could stop the whine that escapes my lips.

Ian is suddenly at the side of the bed. "Hey, just getting us cleaned up before bed."

He places a soft kiss against my hair, and the last thought before I drift off to sleep is *why the fuck he hasn't kissed me.*



There's a soft snore and a heavy arm draped over my chest when someone whispers my name.

"Hmm?"

"Did you still want to go to work with me, love?"

"Hmm?"

"It's okay if you need sleep."

I blink my eyes a few times to finally see that Ezra is standing in front of me. He's wearing a white polo with the zoo's name embroidered on the breast pocket. His hair is pushed back, and his glasses are perched on his nose. Simply put, he looks handsome and very edible.

I rub my eyes and push Ian's arm off of my waist. He grumbles and squeezes me tighter. "No, I want to come," I tell

Ezra, and the beaming smile that takes over his face is all the reassurance I need. I might regret it when I'm half asleep all day. But the truth is, I love animals, and getting to see what Ezra does is exciting.

The reality is, that living in this house, I don't think I'll be getting much sleep as it is.

"More sleep," Ian grumbles behind me, and I pat his hand, taking it off my hip. He turns and lies on his stomach, gripping a pillow. The view of his muscular bare back has me licking my lips, but I shake the sexual thoughts out of my head. It's time to be professional and go with Ezra.

"How much time do I have?" I ask him.

"Think you could get ready in twenty? We can stop for coffee and breakfast on the way."

"Yeah, I can do that."

Ezra gives me a smile, and I nearly trip while going to my room. When I look in the mirror, I grimace. There's some mascara under my eyes, and my hair looks like two raccoons had a fight inside of the blonde locks. He looked at me like he'd never seen anything more beautiful. I can't help the giddy feeling that follows me to the shower. I make quick work of washing myself and trying to detangle the nest living on the top of my head.

I follow suit, wearing a short sleeve, simple shirt, a pair of jeans, and boots. When I walk downstairs with my hair still

slightly damp and minimal makeup on, Ezra wraps an arm around my shoulder. “You look perfect,” he says.

I can’t help but smile at him with the small phrase of praise. When I lived with my mom, it was like I would take any crumb of a compliment she would give me. I’ve been here such a short time, and the amount of times I’ve felt like I’m good has been overwhelming. Can it truly be this easy to be happy?

The drive to the zoo is quiet, and I’m thankful as I almost fall asleep at least three times. My late night chat with James and the even later finger bang with Ian is finally catching up to me. When Ezra puts an iced chai and a chocolate croissant in my hand, I hum in approval and slowly let the sugar and caffeine help keep me awake.

When we get to the zoo, Ezra parks in the facility parking spots, and I already know at this point that all the guys seem a little touchy about getting car doors and such, so I wait for him to open my door for me. As soon as I’m out, he holds out a lightweight black vest with the logo on the left chest.

I grin as he helps me put it on, and I can’t help but feel proud. Proud that Ezra is willing to take me to where he works, and even more proud as he walks into work with his hand wrapped around mine.

It’s simple with Ezra. He’s an Alpha, and I’m an Omega. There’s no confusion like there is between Ian and I or even James, with both of us being Omegas.

“We’re going to check on Kenzie and her pup.”

An excited squeal slips out, and Ezra squeezes my hand and smiles. Who wouldn't be excited to see a baby lemur?

As we walk through the back of the zoo, we meet a few of Ezra's co-workers. Every time he introduces me, he says, "Our Omega, Luna." Thank god I wore scent-blocking panties because how is a girl supposed to hear that and not get wet? There's no falter in the way he says it, and he always says 'our,' not just mine.

A few of his co-workers give him a confused look, no doubt knowing that he already has an Omega, but everyone is friendly and kind as he introduces me. It's almost overwhelming being shown off like this. It's clear that Ezra is proud to be seen with me, and it's something I'm not used to. But I soak up every single second of it.

When we finally get to Lemur island, four bounding ring-tailed lemurs come bouncing toward Ezra. His smile is bright as they all cuddle together and wait patiently at the tree house. I spot the tiny, little pup clinging onto one of the lemurs, and I can't help but stare and smile.

"That's Kenzie and Kit. How are we doing today, darling?" he asks the lemur, and I nearly faint. "The three others are Terrance, Tonya, and Hugh."

"Oh my goodness, they are so cute."

"They are. They're pretty docile, but we try to keep their habitat as close to nature as possible. All of them came from a man who was keeping them as pets."

I try not to judge the guy too hard, because they are adorable, but they're wild animals. They shouldn't be pets.

"Kenzie was already pregnant when she came to us," he tells me as he carves out a pumpkin and starts filling it with fruit. The lemurs watch him intensely, and the small mammals make noises of encouragement as they watch.

"Oi, hold your horses, will ya? Hugh is a bit of an arsehole." I cover my laugh with my hands as I watch the small lemur throw a fit. "Stay here, all right?" he tells me, and I nod my head. I watch as he enters the enclosure and places the two pumpkins on their tree house. There is clearly a hierarchy. Kenzie, her pup, and Tonya take one pumpkin, and Hugh and Terrance share another. I watch as Ezra stealthily takes a look at Kenzie and her baby, making sure that they are doing fine. He seems pleased as he cleans up a few things in their enclosure and does a check of the perimeter.

I may not actively be doing something, but all my sleepiness has left as I watch Ezra work and see how much joy his work brings him. Seeing him happy gives me butterflies. I don't know this Alpha well, but I really want to.



Chapter 14



This day feels so reminiscent of the one where I met James. Should I be ashamed of the fact that I keep luring these Omegas in with cute animals? Possibly. But I have no shame, only unadulterated joy about my current situation.

“I want to thank you,” I tell her as she walks next to me while I push the wheelbarrow.

“For what?”

“For whatever you and James did last night. He never sleeps in our beds. It was nice to have him.”

She tilts her head and shrugs. “I’m not sure that I did anything. James doesn’t seem like the type of person to do anything he doesn’t want to.”

“This is true, but something you did or said must have made him want to come be with me.”

She taps her chin and shrugs again. “James and I are very different Omegas. I think a lot of the time he’s fighting against his instincts, maybe he’s done fighting.”

I can't help but smile. Do I want James to change? No, I love the stubborn, handsome asshole with my whole heart. But do I want to touch him more openly and often, yes, I certainly do. I won't push, even if this was just a one night thing. I'll take whatever these two Omegas are willing to give.

"How was your first night at the house?" I ask her, changing the subject. Her cheeks redden, and I hide a smirk. I knew immediately when I walked into Ian's room that they had done something. The mix of their scents was too thick not to notice.

"It was good."

"Just good?" I joke, and she rubs her arm.

"More than good. I...I'm just worried."

"What about?"

"A lot of things, this is all so fast."

"Sometimes the best things move fast," I say, thinking back to how quickly Ian and I bonded with James.

She nods and is clearly in a deep train of thought as we walk across the zoo. I give her space to think; I'm used to giving space because that's what James usually needs.

"Ezra?"

"Yes, love?"

"If James was more affectionate, would you still want me here?"

I put the wheelbarrow down and turn to face her, her eyes widening as I wrap my hands around her forearms.

“You’re not a consolation prize, and you’re not a spare. You’re the piece that our pack is missing. I don’t want you to ever think that you’re just here to fill a void. You’re wanted, beautiful, and perfect.”

“Okay,” she concedes quickly, wrapping her arms around my waist and leaning into my chest for a hug. Her scent is subdued but sweet as I stroke her back and hold her tightly.

“All of us want you here. All of us need you here.” Just in case she doesn’t believe me, I place a gentle kiss against the crown of her head. When she tilts her head up, her skin is flushed from all the walking and radiant as the sun shines down on her.

I can’t help myself as I lean in, my thumb tilting her chin as I place a chaste kiss against her lips. I want to go deeper, tangle my tongue against hers and kiss until we can’t breathe, but I’m at work.

When we part from our kiss, her eyes are as wide as the smile that takes over her face. “Thanks, I needed that.”

“Anytime you need that, love, just let me know.”

She holds my forearm the whole time I push the wheelbarrow, and I feel like I’ve gone to Omega heaven.



Luna falls asleep on the car ride home, her head lulling against the headrest. Today was good, it was simple but fun watching her face light up at the most simple tasks I do everyday. Her

small gentle touches throughout the day meant everything, and I can't stop thinking about the kiss. And how afterwards, she just seemed so content and happy. That such small acts of kindness and words of affirmation can make her so happy.

I feel complete as an Alpha, knowing that I know the things that make my Omegas happy. Luna needs a lot of confirmation and touch. While James needs acts of service and for him, actions always speak louder than words. For James, he just wants to know that he's being understood and thought about, and I plan on making sure both of these Omegas are properly spoiled with any want or need they have.

When we get home, Luna doesn't stir, so I open the car door and carry her inside the house. Her small sleeping form feels precious curled against my chest. As I look at the stairs, I huff and place her gently on the couch instead. James is in the kitchen and comes into the living room, placing his blanket on top of her. That small act means everything to someone like James, and my heart feels so full.

"Did you get enough rest, love?" I ask him, and he nods, while still looking at Luna's sleeping form.

"Yeah, I feel good."

"It was nice sleeping next to you."

He nods but doesn't comment. I won't let myself look too deep into it, but if he allows me a night here and there, I'll take it.

"How was work?"

“Amazing,” I say, and James gives me a good smile.

“She’s good for us,” he says, looking at her and moving back into the kitchen to eat.

“I think she is. You’re still happy and okay with her being in your space?”

He nods and looks at the countertop in thought. “I think... I think I need someone who gets it. Luna understands what I’m going through to some extent. It doesn’t hurt that she’s sweet and beautiful.”

“No, it certainly doesn’t. Didn’t think your type was sweet and beautiful.”

“Me either,” he huffs as Ian strolls into the kitchen. I watch as James rubs his neck. Ian is James’ type. Big, gruff, a little mean, and can take control. He leans forward, kissing James’ hair as he looks around the room.

“Where’s Luna?”

“Sleeping on the couch. Seems you gentlemen kept her up late.”

“Hey, I didn’t do shit. She couldn’t sleep and was outside when I came inside last night.”

Ian clears his throat. “Did you guys have a good time?”

“Yeah, we did,” he leaves it at that, but the look on his face is clear. Luna gave him something that Ian and I don’t. I want to give my Omega everything, but if I can’t provide it, I know I have a pack I can count on. This is why a pack dynamic

works, we all want each other happy, and there's always multiple people willing to pitch in where others might be faltering.

“Good,” Ian says, and I don't miss that James sits a little taller at his Alpha's use of the word good.

“Are you still wanting to go to the fundraiser tomorrow?” Ian asks James, and he grimaces. James is a bit of a homebody. He likes his trips to the beach and maybe a dinner here or there. But large crowds aren't his thing. I know he only agreed to go with Ian to this function because it's important to him and his job. It's a plus one sort of thing, totally diminishing pack relationships but whatever.

“Maybe Luna would like to go?” James throws it out there.

Suddenly a blonde head pops up from the couch, her makeup a little rubbed off from where she was lying on the couch as she blinks her big eyes. “Where would Luna like to go?” she says in a sleepy voice.

“There's a fundraiser tomorrow night. I have a plus one,” Ian says. My best friend is usually very confident, but I hear a small fraction of doubt in his voice when he says it.

“You don't want to go, James?”

“No, I hate that shit.”

Luna brings a finger to her mouth and lightly bites the nail. “You want me to go, Ian?” she asks, and he nods. She smiles and nods back.

“Okay, I just need something to wear.”

“I’ll take care of it,” he says, and I hide a smile. Ian already spoiled his stepsister before he wanted to fuck her. I can’t imagine all the shit he’s going to buy her now that he is. Or well, will be.

“And what will we do while these two go out and play?” I ask James, and he smirks.

“I have no doubt you’ll think of something.”

Maybe it’s the high from being with Luna earlier or how simple this pack conversation is moving, but I lean forward and kiss James. He accepts my affection openly. It’s short lived, but when I pull away and he’s smiling with pink cheeks, my heart feels a level of fullness that I never thought possible.

James clears his throat. “Dinner?”

Luna has plopped back onto the couch, poor thing exhausted. “Sushi, please,” her small voice says.

“Sushi it is,” James replies. If I didn’t witness it with my own two eyes, I wouldn’t believe it. James gets up from the kitchen and sits on the couch near Luna’s feet, sitting quietly near the other Omega as he puts something on TV.

Ian and I share a glance that reads ‘what the fuck.’ But neither of us say anything as we just let this moment happen, two Omegas sharing a space, enjoying each other’s close comfort.

“Right, well, I’ll order the food,” Ian says, staring at the couch.

“Yeah, you do that.”

“Take a shower, you smell like a fucking barn animal,” he says as he walks past me. I shrug off the asshole comment and just let myself enjoy the simplicity of it all.



Chapter 15



I don't know why I wake up at 2 am to sit by the pool. Lies, I totally know why. I want uninterrupted time with James. It seems like he is the most relaxed and willing to talk after he's finished his work. I didn't think he would enjoy me following him around while he worked like Ezra did, but I'm hopeful maybe we can get to that point.

James is an enigma that I can't help find myself drawn to. I want to know everything about him, his likes, dislikes. But most of all, I can't help but want James to like me. I don't think I can fully commit to this pack until I know that James is one-hundred percent in.

Thank goodness I took that nap between working with Ezra and dinner. I slept a little longer tonight but set an alarm, so I could be out here. I do the same as I did the night before, putting my legs into the pool water and waiting patiently.

When I hear the lock clicking into place from the greenhouse, I try to temper down my enthusiasm.

"Hey," he says.

I smile and try to hide my excitement. “Hi.”

“Can’t sleep?” I lie and nod my head. He sits next to me, but I swear he’s closer than the night before. “Do you want to smoke?”

I shake my head no. As much as I liked the feeling yesterday, I need to keep my wits about me.

“Mind if I do?” he asks, and I shake my head no. He has a joint this time, and he lights it with a lighter before inhaling deeply. “How was work with Ezra today?”

I grin. “So good and exciting. I had a lot of fun.”

“He seemed really happy after work, thank you.”

My brows furrow, and I spin my calves in the lukewarm water. “You know you make him happy, right?”

He nods, the lit end of his joint lighting up his face. “I know, but he deserves the world.”

“So do you.”

He shakes his head and exhales. “You don’t even know me.”

“I want to.”

“When you have two perfectly capable Alphas inside?”

“Even then.” He inhales again and looks at me softly. He’s so handsome, in a lithe male model way.

“What do you want to know?”

“Everything.” He laughs, and my cheeks heat. “Mmm, have you always liked growing things?”

He nods. “Yeah, I like the solitude and simplicity of gardening. There’s a lot that goes on with making things perfect, but it’s calming.”

“What else do you like to do?”

“I like surfing sometimes, but I mostly like staying at home. Ian and Ezra are the only people I truly feel like I can be myself around.”

“I want to be one of those people.”

I’m nearly shocked to pieces when his hand comes across and lands on my thigh, squeezing gently. His other hand preoccupied with his joint. “I think I want that too.” He grabs an ashtray behind him and taps the joint a few times.

“What about you, what do you like?”

“I think I’m still figuring that out, but I know I like dancing, animals, plants. I guess I have a lot of hobbies but none that I could make a career out of.”

He laughs and shakes his head. “Who says you have to work?”

“Well, I guess nobody, but it feels like I have to.”

“Why?”

“Well, isn’t that what you’re supposed to do?”

“Who gives a fuck what anyone thinks? No one but Ian would have to work, and this whole pack could survive a few

generations.”

I blink at him a few times and laugh. “But you work, Ezra works.”

“We got lucky, having passions that produce income. But if I wanted, I could just be in my greenhouse and never sell a single thing ever again.”

“But what would I do? What would I contribute?”

He shakes his head, stamping out the joint and exhaling one large puff of smoke. “You, you’d be contributing yourself. That’s all any of us needs.”

I blink at him and wonder how that’s even possible as he stands and holds his hand to yank me upright.

He’s quiet as we walk up the stairs, stopping at the same mutual point in the hallway.

“Goodnight,” he says.

“Goodnight.”

Yet again I find myself going to Ian’s room. He doesn’t wake up this time, but the comfort I feel sharing his bed lets me get some much needed sleep



There’s a tight pressure on my hip as I wake up and look down. Ian’s massive hand is touching me, will this ever get old.

“I’ve got a few things to do today. Your dress will be in your room, and the girl is coming over at three to do your hair and makeup.”

“Wha?” I say groggily. Surely he didn’t buy me a dress and set up to have someone do my hair and makeup in such a short time.

“Have a lazy day, go back to sleep if you want. Sharon will be here at three.”

“Um, okay.” He kisses my hair, and I wonder when the fuck this man is going to give me a real kiss. I sigh and plop my head back on the pillow as he gets ready for the day. I’m tired, but I don’t like the idea of laying here by myself in Ian’s bed. I’m wearing pajamas as I pad down the hall, and I wonder if I’m crossing a boundary as I lightly tap on James’ door.

“The fuck?” I hear him mumble, and I crack the door open and peek in. It’s pitch black in his room. They must have gotten some serious curtains for his windows; the light from the hallway is the only thing that allows me to see where the bed is.

“Can I sleep in here with you for a little while?”

“Yeah,” he says softly. I shut the door behind me quietly and tip toe to his bed, which is stupid, he’s already awake.

“If this is a boundary for you, you can tell me. Ian has to work, and Ezra already went to the zoo, and I didn’t want to be alone. I don’t want to seem like a needy Omega, but maybe I am, and I just never realized it. I know you like your personal

space, so if you want me to go to my own room I totally can.” I keep rambling. It’s like it won’t stop spewing out of my mouth. “This was dumb. I’m so sorry for waking you up. We can hang out later?”

“Luna?”

“Yeah?”

“Shut up and lie down.”

“Okay,” I say, glad that he can’t see how embarrassed I am. When I sit on the bed and scooch in, he puts the blanket on top of me. The room smells just like him, and it puts me at ease instantly.

I expect James not to touch me, and that would be fine. Being around him is enough. But I’m happily surprised when he plops on his stomach and wraps his hand gently around my forearm. It might not be the all out cocoon that Ian gives me and I imagine what Ezra wants to give me, but at this moment, it feels like everything.



Simply put, I feel like a goddess. Of course the dress that Ian got me fits like it was sewn specifically for my body. It’s nude with a shiny gold overlay that sparkles every time I move. The front dips low, showing just the right amount of cleavage, and the back dips even lower. A long beaded chain at the back of my neck is the only thing trailing down my spine.

Sharon gave me loose curls and makeup that isn't too over the top, but just enough eyeliner and lash to make me look seductive.

I'm not sure I've ever felt more beautiful than I do now as I hook the strap of my heel and stand to look in the mirror.

There's a light tap on the door that startles me as I turn and see Ezra enter the room. I give him a soft smile. His expression is full of heat as he looks me up and down.

“Oh, fuck it, I'll pay the ten grand for another plate.”

“Each plate is ten grand?” I say shockingly, and he waves off my question by coming closer to me and putting a hand on my hip.

“You look ravishing, love.”

I look up at him. He's wearing contacts, but I can see his bright eyes so clearly as I smile. “Thank you.”

“Save me a kiss before this dress comes off?”

I swallow and nod.

Fuck, I need to talk to Ian.

Ezra tucks a loose curl behind my ear and leans forward. His scent is thick and heavy. Even if he didn't tell me how beautiful I was, his scent would tell me everything I needed to know. This Alpha wants me, and I want him too.

“Make sure you put on some scent blockers tonight, wouldn't want any of those bloody assholes to smell what's mine.”

A shiver trickles up my spine, hearing the carefree and happy-go-lucky Alpha be so possessive over me.

“Yes, Alpha.” The words slip from my lips before I can even think.

“Fuck me,” he grumbles, his hand on my hip tight. “Let’s get you downstairs before I mess up your makeup like I want to.”

I lick my lips, ready to mess up hours of Sharon’s work just for that. I grab panties out of the top drawer, and he watches as I shimmy them up my thighs. If I somehow make it to this event without some sexual act happening, it will be a miracle. He loops his elbow with mine as we walk down the hall and down the stairs. I see James first, dressed in shorts and a tight T-shirt that should be a felony. He smiles at me, and I think it’s the first time I’ve seen him smile so widely at me. I feel like a goddess in gold having this Alpha on my arm and the most delectable Omega staring at me.

It’s the clearing of Ian’s throat that makes me look up.

Holy motherfucking Cuban James Bond.

He adjusts his cufflinks and tugs on the lapel of his tuxedo like he’s uncomfortable. His dark hair is pushed back, and I want to trail my hands through and mess it up the way I like. He smirks and holds out his hand.

“Ready to go, beautiful?”

I swallow and nod, looking over at James one more time. “James, are you sure you don’t want to go?”

“I’d rather stick a metal rod in my urethra than go to that event.”

All of us grimace, and he shrugs his shoulders.

“That was cute. I’ll keep him busy, love, go have fun,” Ezra says. I give him a small smile and place my smaller hand in Ian’s. He smiles down at me, and it’s like a current of electricity flows through me. Is this how everyone feels about their Alpha? Or is this truly something special between us?

I expect him to take me to the garage, not out the front door where a car is waiting for us. We both slide into the backseat, and his hand is already tracing the hem of my skirt and kneading my thigh.

I clear my throat, orange peels and cedar nearly choking me as I look down at how large his hand is against my thigh. In general, Ian is just a large person, and I like how small I feel next to him.

“So what is this event for?”

He pulls out his phone and scrolls. “The environment.”

“Oh, is it just dinner?”

He squeezes my thigh. “I sure as fuck hope so.”

I feel out of my depths with him this close. The sun is still out. It’s fucking daylight, and we’re about to be in public. I’m about to be in a room full of people with my stepbrother... and we’re what, exactly?

“Ian?”

“Hmm?”

“Am I going to this event as your stepsister or as your...”

“As my Omega?” he says plainly like I’m stupid.

“Yes, which am I tonight?”

He leans in his nose, swiping it against the side of my face.

“Whatever you want to be, little sister.”

I shiver. We’re so messed up in the head. Why does him saying things like that turn me on?

“Mmm. Good call on the scent-blocking panties. Wouldn’t want anyone to know how turned on sweet little Luna gets for her stepbrother, do we?”

I swallow, not knowing what to say or what to think. “Probably for the best I’m just your stepsister tonight, in public.”

“All right,” he says calmly but doesn’t move his hand from my leg. Just perches his palm under his chin and looks at the coastal view as we make our way to the venue.

It will be just like any event we’ve been to previously as a family, right?



Chapter 16



She wants to show up to this event looking like *that* as my stepsister.

Fine.

I want Luna to be comfortable, but the idea of bringing her around all these other Alphas without my claim on her makes me irate. I push down my irritation as we get to the event.

The driver stops the car and opens the door. I exit first and hold out my hand, which Luna takes. stepping out of the car looking like she's spun from fucking gold. Her smile is wide as she takes the oceanfront venue in. The warm breeze and salt of the ocean agree with me as it lifts her dress in the slightest.

I don't want to treat her like my stepsister as we walk down the stone path to the entrance of the banquet hall. I keep my hand behind her lower back, not touching, but close enough to yank the gold chain dangling down her back if I wanted to.

She gives me a soft smile as she looks around the room. I'm sure the room is beautiful, but I don't care as I look at her. She looks magnificent. It feels real for me, and I'm not sure if

Luna is still having a hard time grappling that this is her future.

There are a few hundred people at this black tie event. Heels clicking, champagne glasses tapping, and the undertone of consistent chatter fill up the large banquet hall.

“Ian,” a male voice says, forcing me to take my gaze away from Luna and look at him. Keith Myers. Don’t really like him, but he owns the biggest concrete company in the tri-state area, so it’s best to be cordial.

“Keith,” I nod my head in acknowledgement.

“And who is this?” he asks, looking at Luna with far more interest than I like.

“This is Luna.”

“And where is James?” he asks, and I have to hold in a growl. Not only is he eyeing up Luna like she’s a prized piece of meat, but he’s done the same to James before. While I get why someone would be looking at my Omegas like this, they’re mine, and I can’t be held accountable for my actions when it comes to being possessive of them.

“This is more of my kind of thing, so he stayed home,” Luna’s soft voice says, and I can’t help as my hand touches her bare back. I feel her shiver, and she takes a step closer to me.

“Two Omegas? You greedy dog.”

I don’t reply, and Luna clears her throat.

“Need champagne, baby?” I ask, and she arches an eyebrow at me. “Excuse us, Keith.” I give him a nod and direct her over to the next table.

“What happened to me being Luna, your stepsister, tonight?”

I hand her the champagne flute, which she holds delicately in her fingers and takes a sip.

“I couldn’t have Keith thinking that you were a possibility.” She hums as she sips on her champagne and takes in more of the room.

“So I’m not a possibility for Keith?” she says with a smirk, pushing me.

I lean forward, pushing her hair off her shoulder and whispering against the shell of her ear. “You know damn well he isn’t a possibility, little moon. Do you think Keith could take care of your pussy better than your stepbrother can?”

She chokes a little on her next swallow.

“Now be a good girl, and I’ll show you how good I can be for you later tonight.” I watch her throat bob as I stand back to my full height and look at her with a smirk. I love having this effect on her. Rendering Luna speechless is probably one of my new favorite hobbies.

There’s a clicking noise over the speaker. “Please take a seat. The presentation and dinner will begin soon.”

With my hand back on her lower back, I lead her to our table, pulling out her seat and pushing it in before sitting in my

own. The table guests couldn't be worse. Keith just so happens to be sitting next to Luna, and Darcy, the Beta who refuses to take a hint, sits next to me.

“Oh, who is your *guest?*” Darcy asks, specifically avoiding the word date.

“This is Luna.”

“Nice to meet you,” Luna says with a small wave and then fiddles with the stem of her glass.

Darcy furrows her brows. “Is she an employee of yours? Where's your pack?”

“I'm his stepsister,” she says, taking the champagne and drinking faster than I would like. Darcy smiles widely, and I groan at Luna's fuck up.

Keith clearly takes an interest in the conversation too, and I watch as he scoots his chair just an inch closer to Luna.

Give me the fucking strength to not kill anyone tonight.
Luna included.

“Aw, Ian, that is so sweet of you to bring your little sister to the event.” Darcy touches my arm, and Luna watches the movement with predatory eyes. She turns slightly and holds up her glass to be refilled.

“Maybe slow down, yeah?” I tell Luna, and she glares at me.

Keith leans over. “Need a new glass, sweetheart?”

“I’m good, thank you,” she says, putting the empty glass back on the table.

“So do you have a pack?” Keith asks her.

“I do,” she replies. I watch as she searches the table for something to play with. I pull out a beaded fidget toy out of my pocket and hand it to her on her lap. She looks over at me with a small smile before Darcy and Keith speak at the same time.

“I don’t see any bond marks,” Keith says to Luna.

“How sweet of you to bring a toy for your sister,” Darcy says to me.

I’m not sure which one of them pisses me off more.

“No, not yet,” Luna replies to Keith. I ignore Darcy to listen to their conversation.

“So there’s still a chance?” he gives her a sly smile, and I’ve had enough.

I grip the side of Luna’s chair and drag her so that her side is touching mine. I give Keith a look, and he holds his hands up in surrender. Darcy looks at the two of us with a soft expression and sighs.

“You’re so protective of her. Such a rare trait to find a family man these days.” I don’t look at her, I look at Luna who is staring daggers at Darcy.

I lean over and whisper into Luna’s ear, “You still just want to be my stepsister?”

She blinks at me as I pull back and smirk. I'd have no problem telling these assholes at our table that yes, our parents are married, and legally, we are stepsiblings. But Luna is mine, she's my fucking Omega, and if anyone tries to discredit that, I'll fucking destroy them.

But with how small and shy she looks right now, I don't stand up and make a scene. I do keep a protective arm over the back of her chair, however. I keep my eyes open for any movement on Keith's action. I'm sure Darcy speaks more, but I just completely ignore anything she says.

The dinner is droning along, and I wish I would have just thrown more money at the cause instead of having to physically be here today.

The meal is decent, and I think we're home free until some man in all black with wide-rimmed glasses and a bald head takes the stage. He starts talking about microplastics, but all I can think about is how badly I want my stepsister.

At some point, the tension between us grows. I don't know if it's her need to make a claim on me in front of Darcy or my need for everyone to know that she's mine. It starts with small touches, my fingertips lightly rubbing the back of her neck and shoulder. Or maybe it's when I can't help but toy with the long gold piece of jewelry that falls down her spine. It could even be when I twirl a long strand of blonde hair between my fingers.

Luna breaks.

Her small hand lands on my thigh under the table cloth. She squeezes the muscle harder than I thought she could, and I have to hold back a groan of pleasure. It makes me think about the way she would handle my cock.

I haven't pushed her to touch me, touching her has been enough. But I think about it constantly, almost as much as I think about the fact that men got to her before me. It's possessive and dark and something I haven't felt before. She should have been mine as soon as I realized I wanted her, and with me waiting, someone else got to have what was mine.

Her hand glides up and down my thigh with promise. Her thumb lightly grazes against my dick, making a loose puff of air escape my lips.

I twirl her hair and lean in to whisper against her ear. "Do you want to get a room?" I ask, hopeful. If she says no, that's fine. If she doesn't want to go any further than we've gone previously, also fine. It's not as if she hasn't been sleeping in my bed every night anyway.

There is something about the promise of staying at a hotel room, though. It feels seedy, and I can't help wanting to do so many depraved things to my sweet little Luna.

She nods her head, her hand moving closer to my upper thigh before removing it completely. When I look up, Keith and Darcy are both giving us concerned looks.

"Can I help you?" I ask both of them, who shake their heads immediately. *That's what I fucking thought.*

We finish semi-listening to the presenter when they announce the donation amount for tonight and to enjoy the rest of the celebration.

I plan to enjoy tonight, just not around these pricks. Immediately, I'm out of my seat and pulling out my chair before holding out my hand. Keith goes to speak, but I wave him off, grabbing Luna's hand in mine, dragging her through the banquet hall to the lobby of the hotel.

“Good evening, how can I help you?”

“I would like a room for tonight.”

The hostess smiles at me and searches her computer. “We only have the honeymoon suite,” she says like that's a bad thing.

“We'll take it.”

She clears her throat. “It is four-thousand a night.”

“Perfect,” I slap the card down on the counter with my ID and slide it over to her.

“Ian, we can just go home. It's not a big deal.”

I grab her by the nape of her neck, my fingers tangling in her wavy hair and dragging her close to my chest.

“What my baby wants, my baby gets,” I tell her. She may be wearing scent-blocking panties, but I can still scent her. The little hint of lavender and vanilla wafting off of her is everything I need to know.

The hostess smiles, handing me back my credit card and the two room keys. “Enjoy, Mr. and Mrs. Martinez.”

Oh... I fucking like that.

“Come on, Mrs. Martinez,” I tell her with a grin and take her hand to the elevator. It feels like it takes forever for us to get from the lobby to the honeymoon suite. But when I walk in, it’s so worth it. We both take a few moments to take in the luxury of the suite that faces the ocean before she licks her lips and looks up at me.

“Sit in that chair,” she says. My ass is in the chair quickly as I look up at her. “Where’s your phone?”

I take my phone out of the inside of my jacket and hand it to her. “Passcode?” she asks with an arch of her eyebrow.

“2502”

She blinks at me a few times, knowing that it’s her birthday as she puts the code in, and the beat of dance music fills the suite.

I spread my legs wide, and she steps between them. Her hands grip the back of the chair, and mine immediately grab her hips.

“I didn’t like the way that Beta looked and spoke to you,” she says, and I shake my head.

“I didn’t like the way Keith stared at you.”

“You’re mine,” she whispers softly. Her fingers are touching the back of my neck. I swallow and nod my head. “I think you

need a reminder.” Her hands are a little shaky, and I can tell she is nervous about taking control. Every time we’ve done something, I’ve initiated.

“Show me, baby. You’re the one in charge here.”

She blinks at me. I know she’s obsessed with the idea of power dynamics and what it means to be powerful.

Once she finds the nerve, she starts moving. Her hands glide down my chest, her hips swishing to the beat of the music flowing through our hotel room. I lick my lips and watch her face. Her eyes are hooded and her lips plush as she keeps eye contact with me exploring the panes of my chest.

With a confidence I love to see from her, she takes off my bowtie and begins unbuttoning the top three buttons of my shirt.

“Do you want me to dance for you, Ian?”

“I want nothing more.”

“It’s going to cost you,” she says with a smirk.

“Anything,” I say.

“Kiss me,” she says softly. It’s then that I realize I’ve never kissed her. James likes rough hot kisses while we fuck, but other than that, I usually just kiss the side of his head. I’m such a fucking idiot.

With one hand at the base of her skull, her soft hair gently wisps against my knuckles as I bring her face down to mine. I

use the other hand to lightly grip her throat, my thumb dragging down her bottom lip to caress her chin.

I lean forward, taking her lips against mine. Her hands squeeze my shoulders as our lips meet. It starts off soft and gentle, just the press of our lips together. Until she sighs against my mouth and I can't control myself. I grip her closer to me, possessing the kiss and putting every ounce of need and devotion into her mouth.

My hand leaves the back of her head to grab the back of her thighs, pulling her closer to me, her thigh pressed against my cock.

The need to rip her panties off and smell just how strong her scent is at this moment is everything. But this is Luna's show, me submitting to what she wants from me.

Her tongue explores my mouth, and her fingers slightly tug on my hair, eliciting a slight groan from me. She tastes so fucking sweet, and I don't think I'll ever get enough. I groan as our lips part and she looks at me. The low bass of the music is the only noise in the room, but the only thing I can focus on is her swollen lips and the flush on her cheeks.

"Sit back," she tells me. I adjust my cock and let her take the reins.



Chapter 17



I swallow thickly. The taste of Ian is something I thought I would never experience. The kiss was something out of a fairytale. I felt how much he wanted me, and the way he is letting me dictate how tonight is going is everything. He sits back in the chair, looking like a king with disheveled hair. He removes his suit jacket, throwing the expensive garment on the floor as he watches me with dark eyes.

I think back to Lavender Moon, how it's Ian's club, how powerful I felt on stage. How I never took it further. But right now, in the privacy of this suite and with it being Ian, I want to do what I wasn't brave enough to do at the club.

The music changes to something slow and sexy. and I start to dance. Not touching Ian at first, just how I would at the club. Enticing him, showing how my body moves. I swing my hips and lightly drag the tips of my fingers to accentuate the length of my neck, the curve of my breasts, and the dip to my hips.

Ian watches with his hands gripping his thick and muscular thighs. I take a few steps, the clicking of my heels like a

warning for what's to come. I know what tonight means, that I'm going to lose my virginity to my stepbrother, and I can't help but feel okay with the revelation. Ian doesn't have to know. I need him; he's all I've ever wanted, him and his pack that I'm learning to care for every day.

I'm back in my first position, standing between his waiting legs. He's at eye level with me when he's sitting and I'm standing. I take a deep breath. My hands explore his neck and the exposed part of his chest that has a delicious splattering of dark hair. His hands come to grip my hips, and I *tsk* at him.

"No touching," I whisper as confidently as I can in his ear. He swallows but listens. He puts his hands on the outside of his thighs as I spin, placing my hands on his legs and leaning my back against his chest.

He exhales audibly as I touch him, my ass grinding against his already hard cock. The rich material of his pants feels smooth against my hands as I hold onto his muscular thighs to dance. My back is pressed against his chest, my breath is getting heavy, and I can feel how wet I'm getting, and he isn't even the one touching me.

"Give me the perfume, baby. I need to smell you," he says against my neck. I shimmy my gold dress up over my thighs, the glimmer of gold bunching up against my waist.

"Take them off," I tell him. He swallows, and a low rumble in his chest shakes me slightly. His thumbs tuck inside of the elastic of the panties before he bunches the material and slides

it down my legs. I kick them off over my heels, and I hear him moan behind me.

My perfume is thick in the space, and when I look down, his knuckles are nearly white as he holds his fists to his sides.

I spin around, standing up but keeping my dress bunched up. Ian immediately looks down at my pussy. My cheeks heat. When he's looking at me, some of my confidence dips just because he's so intimidating. But I do as planned, straddling his thigh. My full intention being to stain his expensive pants with my slick.

My hands continue touching his chest as I grind on his thigh, the luxurious fabric rubbing against my clit perfectly.

“That’s it, fucking use me,” Ian says, and the moan that escapes me is feral as I continue rubbing against his thigh. “Maybe after you’re done, I can go downstairs and show Keith and Darcy how my sweet, little stepsister came all over my pants, and I didn’t even touch her.”

It breaks me, his filthy and so wrong words. They have me shattering on top of him, staining his pants with my cum and me a shaking mess on top of his lap.

“Can I touch?” he whispers, and I nod. His hand immediately goes around my throat, bringing me in for another kiss.

I’m not sure how I’m supposed to function without his kisses now. I need them, just like I need Ezra’s and one day James’.

His other hand kneads the flesh of my ass, and I moan.

“Does my baby want more?” he asks and I nod, biting my lip as I look at him.

It’s really happening. I’m going to have sex, and I won’t be the world’s oldest Omega virgin anymore.

“This has got to go,” he says, tugging the hem of my dress. His hands glide gracefully along the base of my neck, undoing the clasp with such accuracy I wonder how many dresses he’s taken off. I stop that train of thinking immediately before jealousy consumes me.

I never thought I was a jealous person. I’m not jealous of Ezra or James, but maybe it’s because I want them too. But the way Darcy spoke to Ian, the way she looked at him, I wanted to scratch her eyes out.

The top falls, exposing my breasts to Ian. He audibly exhales before both of his large hands are spanning my rib cage, and he’s rubbing both of my nipples with the rough pads of his thumbs.

I throw my head back at the sensation, my hair flowing behind me when I feel the wet pressure of Ian’s lips and tongue on my chest. I can’t help but to start grinding against his thigh again.

“So fucking needy, aren’t you, little moon?”

I nod, and he sucks a nipple into his mouth so hard I swear I see stars.

“Good, I want you needy and wet. I want to give you everything. You’ll never want for anything with me, Luna. You want to come? I’ll make you come so fucking hard you can’t walk. You want a pretty dress? I’ll buy you ten. You want a new hobby? It’s yours.”

“Oh...okay.”

“I’m going to treat you so good, baby. Give you everything you deserve. Let me?”

The way he says ‘let me’ is so sincere and hopeful. I can see the vulnerability as he looks at me. I nod and cup his chin, leaning in and giving him a gentle kiss.

“But what will I give you?”

The look he gives me is incredulous, like the look he has when he thinks I’m being stupid. He opens his mouth, I suspect to say something rude, but closes it. His hand wraps around my throat, and he brings his lips down to mine.

“I get you, your sweetness, your gentle touches. Being around you makes me happy. You make me happy.”

“Then let me make you happy,” I say, standing from his thigh, and with a deep breath, I unzip the side of my dress. It smacks against the floor, and I stand in front of my stepbrother completely naked, except my heels.

“On the bed,” he says in a dark tone. I back up the few feet to the bed, lying down. Not a huge fan of the scent, but I know Ian and I are about to change that.

My bravado slowly starts to fade away as he gets closer and closer to the bed. His clothes are still on, but I need him naked. I need this to move quicker before I lose my own nerve.

I've used toys, I'm only human and an Omega at that. I popped my own cherry when I was about sixteen. But I've never done the physical act, and from what I felt against Ian's pants, he's much...much bigger than what I've used before.

He tugs his dress shirt out of his pants and unbuttons each button slowly as his eyes rake along my body. He licks his lips as he watches me, and I feel how slick and ready I am for him.

I can do this. I'm going to do this. I want to do this.

He shucks his dress shirt off, tossing it on the floor before undoing his trousers. As he slides them down his long legs along with his boxers, I watch his cock bob against his firm stomach.

"Holy fuck." I meant to keep that in my own head, but seeing Ian's smirk, I know that I didn't. He crawls up the bed, and I can't help but stare at his cock. It's not even just the length, but the girth. I don't think I can make my fingers touch.

After my initial shock, I look at his knot, which isn't even fully inflated. I swallow thickly and meet Ian's eyes as he pushes my hair away from my face.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to," he says softly.

"I...I want to."

“I’m going to fuck you so good you’ll never think about anyone before me, before your pack.”

I swallow and nod as he holds his cock in his fist and nudges against my entrance. He can’t even be partially in when I feel myself clamping up, and I’m consumed with worry. He pulls out of me, and his hands are on my face. His thumbs rub circles on my cheeks. I know my eyes are watery, and I don’t want to cry. God, how embarrassing would that be?

“Luna?” he says. I was so sexy earlier, so confident. And now? I’m a mess.

“I lied.”

“That’s okay, we don’t have to do anything.”

“No, I lied that I had ever been with anyone.” His brows furrow, and he shakes his head.

“What?”

I grab a pillow and groan. “I’ve never had sex before. I did plenty of other stuff.” He looks irritated when I say that. “I masturbate all the time. But you’re...” I point at his still hard dick. “Huge.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

I shrug, knowing that I lied because at that point and time I didn’t know this was more than a sexual interest. “I was embarrassed.”

“You shouldn’t be embarrassed. I would hate anyone who touched you besides our pack. Whether it was two or two-

hundred. But I wouldn't feel any differently about you, I don't care that you're a virgin. We don't have to do this tonight."

"I want to," I say softly and honestly. I'm nervous and genuinely concerned if he will fit. But I want him so badly. I've wanted him for so long this feels like my reward for being so patient.

"We'll go slow," he says softly, his hands still on my face. "We can stop at any time." I nod, and he smiles at me. Not one of his smirks or his devious grins, a cute smile that I think might be reserved specifically for me.

One of his hands leaves my face and trails down my body, making a quick stop at each of my breasts before he cups me. His palm presses hard on my clit before his fingers slide into me.

"So wet." His fingers curl inside of me, each flick of his fingers causing an audible gushing noise with how much slick I'm producing. His thumb continues to rub my cheekbone as he fingers me. "You feel so good. You're going to feel even better wrapped around my cock. This pussy was made for me, you know that?"

I swallow and nod, liking his words of encouragement.

He pushes another finger inside of me, making me moan and thrust my hips against his hand. "That's it, this cunt was made to be filled up, wasn't it, baby?"

I moan again. Does this man just say every dirty thing that comes to his mind?

He puts another finger inside of me, and I nearly yelp from the pleasure of the stretch, my breaths coming out in puffy pants and my body shaking with need.

“That’s it.” He grabs the back of my neck, pulling my head forward, so I can watch what he does to my pussy. “See how well your cunt takes my fingers?” I nod as he takes it a step further, moving four of his fingers inside of me with his thumb on my clit. I shriek as my orgasm hits me, but he doesn’t let me go, making me watch as my pussy gushes fluid all over his hand and the sheets below us.

“More?” he asks. I feel limp as I lie on the mattress and nod my head. “That’s my good girl.”

I moan at the praise, and he smirks, spreading my thighs wide and pushing his cock inside of me. This time there’s less resistance. There’s still a stretch, but it doesn’t hurt like I thought it would. It’s more pleasure than anything as he pushes inside of me. Inch by slow inch, he moves his hip, giving me more of his cock with each thrust.

I close my eyes, and he *tsks*. “Watch as your stepbrother fucks you, baby. Look at how good you’re taking me.”

I moan and open my eyes. His hair has fallen out of its orderly pushed back look from earlier, and I grab it and bring his mouth to mine. He pushes my hair off my face and cups my head as he fucks me. It’s slow and delicious.

It’s intimate as he kisses me and fucks me at the same time, our chests pressed together as he fills me up. Eventually, the speed picks up, and I can feel his knot right at my entrance.

“So good for me. You feel so tight, so wet. Fuck, baby.”

I moan at his mumbled words of adoration. He switches angles slightly so that his pubic bone rubs against my clit. It feels like there's more pressure as he thrusts into me. I'm gripping him with my cunt as I shatter. My third orgasm lasts the longest and hardest. Ian kisses every noise that leaves my mouth until his hips snap even faster.

I've never felt so good, so full and stretched, in my life.

“Made for me,” he says between thrusts. I barely feel like I can take anymore, that if his pelvis hits my clit again, I may explode. “I'm going to fill your pussy up with my cum unless you tell me to stop,” he says. I notice that he doesn't push his knot inside of me, and I'm both grateful and curious; I want every piece of him.

“Please,” I say, and he groans. His lips are on my neck, his teeth dragging along the flesh that I so desperately want him to mark.

“So perfect for me. Such a good Omega for your stepbrother,” he says. And not a second later, I feel the warmth of his cum filling me completely. My face feels numb, and I feel tender everywhere. My only thoughts are about how something that feels that amazing can't be wrong and that as afraid as I am about going public, it's inevitable.

I breathe heavily underneath him and look up at the golden ceiling.

I just lost my virginity to my stepbrother.



I have to pinch myself as Ian lifts me up and takes me to the massive walk in shower. Did that really just happen?

He starts the water, and quickly we're inside of the all glass shower. He holds me as the warm spray hits the back of my head.

Ian eventually lets me stand on my own two feet. His hands don't leave me as he washes me in silence. His touches are gentle as he washes my hair, face, and a combination of the both of us off my thighs.

It feels reverent in the way he's touching me, like he's thanking me for a gift.

Once I'm washed, he quickly washes himself and looks at me through the copious amount of steam in the massive shower.

"How do you feel?"

I blink. "Physically?"

"Both?"

"A little sore and maybe a little worried." I shrug.

His hands are running up my arms. "I'll deal with people, Luna. You don't ever have to. I don't care if people judge us—this. But after what just happened, you sure as fuck can't tell me that us being together is wrong."

“No, it’s not wrong.” He gives me a small smile at my agreement and strokes my wet hair from my face.

“So next time we go somewhere, you’re going to be mine, not my stepsister.”

I smirk at him. “But you seem to like calling me it so much.”

His brows furrow. “I can stop if you don’t like it.”

My skin is already a few shades of pink from the hot shower, but I feel it warm. “I like it.”

He grins at me, leaning down, and plants a rough kiss on my lips. “Good. Do you want to stay here or go home?”

I balk at him. “You spent four grand on this room, Ian.”

“So?”

“We don’t have any clothes to wear.”

“I’ll have Ezra drop some off. Plus, I plan on keeping you naked,” he says, wrapping his hand in my wet hair and tilting my chin up. “If my sweet stepsister agrees.”

“You’re incorrigible.” He leans down, his teeth grazing against my neck, and I nearly come on the spot. “We can stay.”

He turns off the shower and exits first, wrapping a towel around his waist before holding one out for me. “Get dried off. I’ll text Ezra and get some room service.”

“Okay,” I say looking at the strong muscles of his back. Can I really get used to being Ian’s? He’s basically laid claim, says he wants me, Ezra and James have said the same too. So why

can't I stop the negative thinking in my head that's screaming that I don't deserve this? I shut it down and dry my body and hair. I grab the robe hanging on the back of the door and wrap myself in the material.

With a deep breath, I leave the comforting warmth of the bathroom and go back into the suite. Ian looks perturbed as he sits at the edge of the bed with a towel wrapped around his hips.

“What’s going on?” I ask. He looks up at me and smiles.

“Ezra and James are going out,” he says plainly, and as I look at him, I understand.

“We can go with them?”

“What?”

“We can go out with them.”

“But this is your night, after what we just did.”

I shake my head and smile at him. “I’m far from tired. What are they planning on doing?”

“The club.”

I swallow thickly. “Lavender Moon?”

Ian laughs and shakes his head. “No, my other club, Blaze.”

“It’s a scent club?”

He shakes his head again. “Just dancing.”

I know I look confused with the idea that James wants to go out to a club. So I vocalize it. “James doesn’t seem like the

club type.”

“He’s usually not. That’s why this is strange.”

“Do you think it’s because we’re out?” He shrugs his shoulders.

“Can Ezra bring us clothes, so we can go together?”

“You’re sure?”

I walk up to him, so I’m standing between his legs, well, as much as I can with the towel. His hands immediately go to my hips, and I’m nearly taken back by how the simple gesture comes so naturally to us.

“We’re working toward being a pack, right?”

He nods, and I lean forward and kiss his cheek. “Then let’s go be with our pack.”

He pulls back and grins, bringing my lips down to his. This night has been everything and more, and it appears that it’s only going to get better.



I feel a little guilty about how long it took me to get ready, I am however extremely impressed that Ezra brought my makeup bag and a very cute dress for me to wear to the club. Once I’m sure I don’t look like my stepbrother fucked me into oblivion and that I’m not walking like a newborn fawn, I finally meet the guys in the suite. Each of them look absolutely perfect and ready to go. James looks as relaxed as

I've ever seen him, and I can't help but hope he'll want to dance with me tonight.

I want to dance with all of them, but I feel like if I can grind on James, it will be a unique opportunity.

"Beautiful as ever. Let's fuck off, then," Ezra says with a smile, looping his arm around my shoulders and squeezing me tight. I watch as Ian kisses James' hair, and James smirks at the affection.

Getting that sexy Omega out of his shell is going to be such a fun project.

Ezra and I sit in the backseat, and to say he's handsy is an understatement.

"Have you been drinking, Ezra?"

"Mmm...and what have you been doing, sweet little Luna?" he asks, his nose against my neck and scenting me like he can't get enough of me. "You might have showered, but I can smell him all over you, love."

I try to speak to him quietly, so James and Ian don't hear. James is driving, and Ian is in the passenger seat, lightly rubbing the back of James' neck.

"Does that bother you?"

He laughs against my neck and shakes his head. "I'm very used to sharing with that prick," he says, and I can't help the bout of laughter that slips out of me.

“What are you two doing back there?” Ian says. He sounds light, not irritated. I wonder if he felt something down his bond earlier, and that’s why he was so torn between staying in with me and coming out tonight.

“Just telling Luna what a prick you are,” Ezra says, and Ian shakes his head.

“Be nice,” I say, turning to Ezra. He doesn’t have his glasses on and his bright green eyes look glassy and beautiful.

“If I’m a good little lad, will you give me a treat?” James starts cackling in the front seat.

“What kind of treat?”

“Dance with me first?”

“All right, I can do that.”

“Then I’ll be the nicest Alpha you’ve ever met.”

“You already are,” I say softly, leaning over and kissing his cheek.

“Maybe we should go back to that expensive as shite hotel room,” Ezra says. I swear his accent is thicker from drinking.

“I thought the Irish were supposed to be able to handle their liquor,” Ian says.

“Aye.”

We’re all laughing, and if this is what our pack could be like, filled with so much fun and lightness, I can’t help but to yearn for it. Ezra continues touching my thigh, my hair, and kissing along my neck until we get to Blaze.

The building is not what I expected. I thought it would be modern and lux like Lavender Moon, but honestly, it looks more like every other club in the area. James parks, and Ezra gets out, holding his hand out for me, which I take easily. He holds my hand as Ian holds on to James' shoulder. We're immediately ushered in when the hostess recognizes Ian.

The beat is loud, and the club space is dark with colored lights flashing from the ceiling. Ezra's hands are all over me as he follows Ian and James to a VIP section. I realize we won't be bumping elbows with everyone else on the dance floor, and I'm happy for it. The only people I want touching us are each other.

I have to shake myself for a moment. How did I end up here? A few days ago I was dancing in a cage that, unbeknownst to me, was owned by my stepbrother, whom I'm now living with, lost my virginity to, and am currently grinding on his best friend and pack mate.

I won't lie, I didn't think Ezra would have moves. Maybe it's the song or that he's been drinking, but he can dance. His hips move in the same rhythm of mine, and his hands wander very liberally around my waist, collarbone, and arms. The man can't seem to figure out what he wants to touch more.

While him touching me feels amazing, I can't help but be distracted as I watch James and Ian dance together. I've wondered about their bond; I've only gotten small glimpses. Both of them hold such mystery. But as I watch the way they move together, it's clear they have their own language.

Ian and James are facing each other, Ian's white button up showing off just the right amount of chest. James looks at him the same way I do. Like Ian is the fucking end all be all. Maybe I should be jealous as I watch, but all I want is to be in their orbit. For all of us to be together. I truly think this can work.

Ezra leans in, his one hand on my hem and the other around my waist. "Do you want to dance with our pack, love?"

I squeeze his hand before turning in his hold. "Why did you drink tonight?" I ask him, genuinely curious. Ezra doesn't seem like the type to drink like this.

He clears his throat and gives me a shy smile. "It's nothing," he says and shakes his head. I cup his chin, the short ginger hairs feel slightly prickly under my finger tips.

"It's not nothing."

"I didn't mean to drink so much, truly. But sometimes when I feel James down the bond, it's too much."

My brows pinch together as I look at him. "James told me to go to the event."

He grabs my wrists and shakes his head. "No, nothing to do with that. I think he's just worried that this isn't going to work. I know James is hard to read. Trust me, I'm thankful everyday that I at least have the bond to get an idea of what he's thinking."

"So you could feel what?"

“He felt confused and a little hopeless. So I drank, he found me and wanted to cheer me up and well, said we should do this, and now we’re all here.”

I lean forward and slide my hands behind his neck, bringing his lips to mine. Ezra’s kisses are so soft and safe. I feel comfortable with this Alpha who has been so open and honest with me. I just know I’ll be safe with him.

His hands start on my face but quickly head south, squeezing my ass. He kneads the flesh, and I moan into his mouth before separating our kiss.

“Shall we show him how much of a pack we’re going to be?”

He smirks, leans forward, and kisses me one more time before I find myself sandwiched between James and Ezra. Ian continues dancing behind James. Both Alphas make sure to touch both of us as they dance.

But the true shock is just how much James touches me. I notice he hasn’t had a single drink, so I know this is him. He grips my hips and puts a leg between my thighs. His eyes are dark as he takes me in as we dance. Our lips are so close I swear he’s going to kiss me, but he doesn’t. At one point there’s a slight brush of his lips against my temple, but other than that, it’s just the dancing. It feels far more intimate than it should, but I soak up every second that I have this attention. Ezra fists my hair and kisses my neck, and James watches.

I expect jealousy, but all I see is hunger in his eyes as he watches with devoted attention. I’m so fucking wet, and I

didn't think I would be ready to do something else tonight, but damn do I want someone to touch me.

“You need the edge off, love?” Ezra says behind me. I make eye contact with James, and he nods his head and licks his lips. I rest my head against Ezra's shoulder and nod and take a deep breath as his hands head south. They start at my waist as he continues dancing behind me and pushing me closer to James.

James grabs my hips again, moving me closer to him, and Ezra squeezes my thigh. His left hand slides under my dress, facing away from the crowd. I notice that James shifts himself and Ian, so no one can see what we're doing.

Ezra's fingertips play with the edge of my panties, a tease and a promise to what he's about to do to me. I watch James as he looks down and watches in appreciation to what his Alpha is about to do to me. Then he leans in, his breath fanning against my cheek. “He's going to make you feel so good. I want to watch you come.”

Oh, holy hell.

I'm not sure when I became this kind of girl, but I can't deny that I love it.

Ian finally catches on to what we're doing, and he seems more intrigued than anything as he squeezes James closer to his chest. His hand wraps around James' throat but keeps his attention on me, not that James needs any other motivation.

Ezra's scent is thick around me, even in this crowded club. I'm extremely thankful that we have our private area. The idea of others scenting him pisses me off.

In a bold move, my hand covers his, and he groans, finally giving me what I want. His fingers slide over my clit, rubbing gentle circles over the bud. I'm still sensitive from earlier with Ian, and I'm thankful he doesn't put his fingers inside of me, but it's clear he doesn't have to.

Ezra places wet kisses down the column of my throat as he plays with my pussy. Ian and James shield us from the crowd and watch like it's the best thing they've ever seen.

"Come on my fingers, love. I fucking need it," Ezra says low against the shell of my ear. He redoubles his efforts, strumming my clit like his life depends on it and sucking on the side of my neck so hard I know he's going to leave a mark.

I want to close my eyes, but I don't. I hold eye contact with James the whole time. No jealousy between us, just a hunger that's becoming so intense I don't know how we can fight this any longer.

When Ezra's teeth drag along my neck and he circles my clit again, I lose it. My orgasm is rocking through me. I bite my lip to stop any moans from escaping. Ezra supports most of my weight as I ride out the euphoria. I feel like a limp noodle when I come down from my high. He continues to hold me with one hand. But when he brings up my slick covered fingers to James' mouth, who happily sucks them in between his perfect lips, I nearly perish on the spot.

“Let’s go home,” I say with a pant, not sure how I’m still standing or have any brain cells left.

James licks his lips and nods. I want to lean forward and take his lips in mine. But I need him to come to me, I need to know that he’s okay with this.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here,” Ian says behind James, and we all nod. Our two Alphas bracket us as we leave the club.

If life can be like this, dirty, fun, and never boring, I’d be an idiot to run away from this. I’m all in, and I’m ready for all of these men to know it.



Chapter 18



I'm not sure why we're all asleep on the couches instead of our beds. But when I wake up and look over at Luna's head on James' lap, I can't help but smile. Last night went well; it was fucking everything. Luna and I went to the next level, and the time spent together out, as a pack, I wouldn't trade it for anything.

I feel like last night solidified this for everyone. I was being genuine to Luna when I said I would have stayed at the hotel if that's what she wanted. But it was hard when I felt James' uncertainty and fear down the bond.

I wish he would just talk to us more and explain what he's feeling. I've seen a change in him since Luna came to live with us, and I can't help but feel like she's everything and more that this pack needed to feel complete.

For the first time in a long time, I feel truly complete and whole. Not that I wasn't always happy with James. I love him with my whole heart, but it always felt like there were things we couldn't give each other, like our love languages weren't in

sync. But somehow this tiny Omega comes into our lives, and it feels like we're learning how to communicate properly.

"Pancakes," Ezra groans from the floor. "We need fucking pancakes."

Luna's head pops up from James' lap. She gives him a soft smile, and he returns it. "I can make pancakes," she says. She's still wearing the dress from the club, and the one strap is loose on her shoulder.

I can't help but think that we're all going to be frantically fucking each other for the foreseeable future. I can't get enough of Luna and James, and I never want to.

"Too fucking early," James mutters, scrubbing his hair off his face.

"You go back to sleep," Luna says and kisses his cheek like it's second nature. I watch his cheeks heat, and he gives her a smile. He nods his head and stands up and heads upstairs. I watch as he shakes his head, trying to compute last night and this morning.

"I'm gonna shower, and I'll make breakfast," Luna says.

"You don't have to."

"I want to," she says with a smile, and with more energy than someone should have with what happened last night, she springs up off the couch and goes upstairs.

"Mate, I'm in fucking love," Ezra says, and I laugh and throw a pillow at his face. He sits up, looking like a hungover

piece of shit, blinking because he can't see for shit. "Did you see how happy they are?" he says with a sly smile.

"Yeah, I did."

He plops back down on the floor and gets in the fetal position. "My fucking head and tummy hurt, but I'm really happy."

I rub my jaw, trying to contain my smile. "Me too, Ez. Me too."



Ezra is wrapped around Luna as she flips a pancake, kissing her neck and tickling her side, making her laugh. Fuck, it's so good to see her so happy. I definitely don't miss the fact that he keeps kissing the hickey he left on her neck last night.

Shockingly, James comes down the stairs fully dressed as Luna flips the last pancake on the plate.

We all sit at the island, eating breakfast with smiles, and it all feels so simple. Until the front door bell rings.

"The bloody fuck?" Ezra says. I wipe my mouth and walk to the door. When I open it, I'm very unpleasantly surprised.

"Dad, Margo," I greet them.

"Ian, sorry for the intrusion. It seems my daughter forgot all about me and hasn't called once. I wanted to stop by to make sure she was fine."

I hear Luna giggling in the background, and Margo looks past my shoulder with narrowed eyes. I open the door further, and they walk in.

This is just fucking perfect.

“Luna, sweetheart,” Margo says in a condescending tone. I watch as the blood drains from Luna’s face, and she pushes away from Ezra.

“Mom, what are you doing here?” she asks, taking a sip of orange juice and putting it back down.

“You didn’t think to call me and tell me how you were doing?”

“Didn’t think you cared,” Luna says, and I smile, loving that she’s finally standing up to her bitch of a mother.

“Luna, dear, don’t be so dramatic.” Margo looks around, and I watch as she starts clicking the pieces together. Margo is a bitch, not a dumb bitch.

My dad clears his throat behind me. “Son, maybe we should talk.”

“No, thank you,” I reply, sitting back down at the island and eating the delicious pancakes that my Omega made for me this morning.

Margo gasps, and it takes everything in me to not snap. “Luna, what in the hell is that on your neck?”

Luna covers her neck with her hand. And her mouth parts, but before she can speak, I do. I told Luna I would protect her,

that I would handle people.

“It’s from Ezra. Luna is joining our pack,” I say proudly, and I watch as fear is written all over Luna’s face as Margo gapes at the four of us.

“No. No, that is not happening. Luna, go pack your things, and come back home.”

“I’m not going back home,” Luna says in a small voice.

“This is disgusting. What will people think?”

“If your concern is what people think, then know that I don’t give a shit. Luna is going to be our Omega. You can either accept it or not be a part of our lives.”

“How could you,” Margo says, pointing at me. “You’re manipulating her. How long has this been going on?”

“Mom, it just happened. I want to be here.”

“I’m calling the cops,” Margo says.

“I’m twenty-one, Mom. I’m an adult, and I want to be here. I want to be in their pack.”

“We will be the laughing stock of the community. I know you were having a hard time finding a pack that wanted you, Luna. But this is just deplorable.”

I’m on my feet, and my finger is in Margo’s face. “Listen, I can understand that this is a lot to take in. But the last thing you’re going to do is come into my fucking house and disrespect Luna, do you understand?”

“Margo, maybe we should just go?” my dad says.

“Stewart, grow a fucking spine. Your son has been grooming my daughter.”

My dad’s eyebrows furrow, and he shakes his head. “Ian is a good boy, he wouldn’t do that. They said it just happened. Maybe we need to go home and have some time to cool down.”

“No, Luna, go pack your things now. This is horrifying. I’ll find you a decent pack. I know you don’t have much to offer a pack right now, but we can work on that.”

“Get the fuck out. Don’t contact us, don’t reach out to Luna, and sure as fuck don’t bring your nasty fucking ass back in my house.” I’m yelling at Margo, and she literally clutches her pearls as I grip her by the shoulder and basically shove her out of our house.

“Son,” my dad says.

“Listen, I love you, Dad. But if you can’t accept this, then you’re not going to be in my life anymore. I can’t have a relationship with you if your wife continues to disrespect me and my pack.” He looks at me softly and gives me a gentle smile and nods his head.

“I’ll speak to her.” I nod and turn back toward the kitchen where I find only Ezra still sitting at the island.

“Fuck,” I groan and sit down next to him. “Where did she go?”

“James took her to the greenhouse.”

I nod and take a deep breath to calm myself down.

“I fucking hate that woman so much.”

Ezra nods. “Poor Luna.”

“Are you sure James can handle this?”

“I think he’s the only one who can,” Ezra says. I stand up and grab the bourbon, then pour it in my coffee. Ezra nods to his cup, and I pour some into his.

This was the perfect morning, and that bitch just ruined everything.



Chapter 19



I unlock the greenhouse with my hand in Luna's. She sniffles, but I can tell that she's holding back full fledged tears. Her mom basically said that she understood that no one else wanted her, but she didn't need to settle for us. Luna could have any pack that she wanted, she just chooses not to care about the superficial shit her mom does. It's one of the things I like about her. I mean, it's clear that she likes being spoiled by Ian, but it's not about the things he gives her. It's the meaning behind it. Luna wants to be cared for based on who she is, and if anyone gets that, it's me.

We walk to the back, and I can tell she's taking everything in while holding herself together. Without asking, I grip her by the hips and lift her to sit on the table.

"You know not to listen to anything she said, right?"

She nods and rubs her eye with the back of her hand. "It doesn't make it hurt any less."

"My parents were horrible people too," I confess to her, and she looks up.

“I’m sorry,” she says softly, and I shake my head.

“It’s in the past, but it’s still something I’m working through. Having a mother who talks to you like yours does isn’t something you just magically get over. But I just wanted you to know that I want you here. And you know that Ezra and Ian do. You’re not a consolation prize, you’re fucking everything, Luna.”

She snuffles, and her watery blue eyes look into mine. “You really mean that?”

I nod my head. “I thought I wanted you here specifically for Ezra and Ian, but you make me feel lighter. It’s easier to be myself and show what I want since you’ve come here.”

She gives me a watery smile, and I hold her hand.

“It doesn’t hurt that I think you’re beautiful, and your scent drives me crazy. For the first time in a long time, I want to take care of someone, if you’ll let me.”

“Will you let me take care of you too?” she asks, and I nod.

“You really think we can make this work? Two Omegas and Ian being my stepbrother?”

“I think if anyone can make it work, it’s us,” I tell her.

She bites her lip and looks up at me, then looks around the greenhouse. “This is all really impressive.”

“Thanks, I don’t let people in here often.”

She shifts on the table and looks up at me. “James?”

“Yeah?”

“Will you please kiss me?” Her hands glide up my shirt, and my hand is on her jaw in an instant. I’ve been wanting to kiss her, even though kissing is something I reserve for sex, and I’m not sure why. These small intimacies are slowly becoming more natural to me, even if extremely slow.

Her lips are soft, and the small gasp that leaves her lips when we deepen the kiss has me moaning. Like heat ripping through my body. It’s unlike any kiss I’ve ever had before. It’s frantic and borderline feral the way that we’re touching each other. Like we can’t get close enough, like we can’t get enough of each other’s taste. Her hands are tangled in my hair, and mine are on her hip and jaw. Luna grinds on my torso as we kiss, and she feels so warm, so perfect.

I feel like my head is fuzzy, and that’s when I force our lips to part. She whines, and when she looks at me and I see her blown pupils, I try to calm my breathing.

“Luna, are you all right?” I ask her.

“I’ve never felt like this,” she says, rubbing the back of her neck. She drops her hand from her neck and grabs the hem of my shirt. “I need more.” She crashes our lips together, our teeth smacking and her tongue tangling with mine. This want, this need, is convulsing through my body. I feel it too now, the fever.

Fuck.

I break our kiss, and Luna whines again. “Luna, I think you just kick-started both of our heats.”

“What? No, I haven’t had my first one yet. We’ve only just kissed. This is too soon,” she panics.

Grabbing her face, I kiss her forehead. “It’s going to be okay. We’re all going to take care of each other, all right?”

“I’m scared,” she whispers.

“You have nothing to be scared of. Ian and Ezra are the best during a heat. You could ask for literally anything, and they will give it to you,” I assure her.

“What about you?”

“Well, I’ve obviously never been with another Omega during my heat. But the way you smell right now and with how ravenous both of us will be, I’m pretty sure we won’t be able to keep our hands off each other.” She furrows her brows. “Luna, if this isn’t something you want, Ezra will take you to the hospital, so they can sedate you.” I hope that’s not what she wants.

She threads her fingers in my hair again and licks her lips. “No, I want this more than anything. It’s just fast. I literally just lost my virginity to Ian yesterday.”

“What?” I question, and she shrugs.

“I guess I’ve been waiting for this pack.”

I push her hair from her face; touching her feels so easy. Touching someone has never felt so natural, and I can’t decide if it’s because this Omega has made us both go into heat or if it’s just who Luna is as a person.

“I’m going to take such good care of you,” I promise her.

She’s pulling me close to her, and her skin feels so hot as we touch. “Please, James. Please make it feel better.”

“Okay, but let’s go to the nest first.”

“I want you now,” she says, and it takes every ounce of strength I have to take her back into the house.

“Come on, sweet girl,” I tell her, and she whines as I take her hand in mine and walk back into the kitchen.

As soon as I walk through the door, Ezra is at attention. “James, love, your heat?” he asks.

Ian stands up, pupils wide. “Hers too?”

“Surprise!” I smile at my Alphas, and Luna shrugs against my side.

“But how? You two were only outside for twenty minutes,” Ezra asks.

“I don’t know. As soon as we kissed, it happened.”

Ian looks pained, but he asks Luna anyway. “Luna, if you aren’t ready for this, I understand.”

Luna must take it as a rejection since she shrinks in on herself and clutches against me. Ian approaches cautiously.

“Hey, hey, baby, look at me.”

He has to force her chin up to look at her. He cups her face delicately. “I want this more than anything. To take care of you and have you in every way possible. But I know it’s fast, I just want to make sure you’re okay.”

She blinks at him, and Ian looks frustrated and changes tactics.

“Little moon, I’m going to take you into the nest and fuck you so good that nothing hurts. Are you going to be a good girl and listen to your Alpha?”

She nods and licks her lips. Ian kisses her and wraps his hand around my collarbone, rubbing reassuring circles. He lets me know that we’re both his. There’s no favoritism, but he knows Luna needs him more right now than I do.

Ezra is quick with the smiles and swoops up next to me. His hand slides in my back pocket, squeezing my ass. “You like what you see, love?” He grabs my ass even harder. “Fuck me, having both of your scents mixed together smells like Dr. Pepper.”

“You’re so fucking weird. Let’s get her up to her nest.”

Luna’s lips pop off of Ian’s for a moment. He’s still holding her off the ground against his chest. “I have my own nest?”

“James’ is a little...macabre. We thought you might like your own,” Ezra replies and then looks down at me. “You’ll be all right in her nest?” he asks me gently. His hand has moved from my ass to my neck, kneading out the tension.

“I’ll be fine,” I say. Ian carries Luna bridal style up the stairs, and Ezra throws me over his shoulder before I can protest.

“Our treasured Omegas mustn’t dirty their delicate feet walking to the nest,” Ezra says in the worst British accent I

have ever heard.

Luna giggles, and as much as I want to tell him to go fuck himself, I do like seeing how strong he is, so I allow it.

The two Alphas carry us down the stairs to the basement in a show of dominance and strength.

“I need to grab a few things from my nest,” I say. Ezra nods, and we stop at the first door in the basement.

I can't help but watch Luna take it in. “Uh, is this my nest?” she says shyly and clearly not impressed. I look around at the black walls, black bedding, and the ridiculous amount of snake plants in the room. I grab my favorite pillow and the black fuzzy blanket off of the bed and point to the position cushions.

“Grab those,” I direct Ezra, and he agrees. “One of the plants too,” I tell him as he packs his arms with items to bring over to Luna's nest. I've had plenty of heats, and she's the one who needs to be comfortable right now, but there are a few things that I need to be completely comfortable.

“Your nest is nice,” Luna says. And I laugh.

“Don't need to lie to me, babe, don't worry yours is pretty.” She blushes, still over Ian's shoulder, her blonde hair spiraling toward the floor.

When I open the door to her nest, her mouth gapes open. It's so soft in here, and I realize I can definitely work with this. It might be purple, but I can deal with purple.

“Oh, it's beautiful. You all did this for me?”

“Yeah, weeks ago,” I say, and Ian swats at my ass.

She pulls up, and Ian reluctantly puts her down. “Weeks ago?” she asks him with a tilt of her head.

“You were always going to be mine—ours. I wanted you to have somewhere special.”

She looks around the room and clutches at Ian’s arms, her eyes watery again.

“I love it,” she says shyly.

Ian picks her back up and tosses her on the soft floor bed, which we all climb on. Not sure where to start, all I know is someone better touch me soon, or I might scream.

Ezra bends down and puts his hands on her knees, and she smiles at him. “What would make you comfortable, love? What would put your mind at ease, so you can relax during your heat?”

She tilts her head at Ezra. “Maybe just take it a little slow. I’ve only been with Ian once.”

Ezra blinks. This is clearly new information to him.

“We’ll take it however fast you want. You and James are calling the shots here.”

“Kiss me,” she tells Ezra, and he does so immediately. It’s very clear to me now how important kissing is to my Omega, and I make a mental note on being better at that. If it makes her happy, it’s something I can work on.

“There’s no going back after this,” she says as her and Ezra’s lips part.

“Good,” Ian says plainly, and she smiles at him.

“And you two feel the same way?” she says, looking at me and Ezra

“I don’t just go along with what that Muppet wants. I’ve been attracted to you since that first dinner. Shite, out of all of us, I’m the one that’s been openly flirting with you for years. You’re ours in my eyes,” Ezra says, and I give her a small smile.

“Really?” she asks him softly.

“We’ll do anything to prove it to you, love,” Ezra says seductively.

“You’re in charge here, Luna,” I tell her. While I’m an Omega too, this is her first heat, so I’m going to do my best to put her first.

“But what about you?” she asks me, and the concern written over her face is clear.

“I really like to share,” I say with a wink. I’m usually the one being shared, but I can’t deny that I’ve always wanted more between Ian and Ezra. They are best friends and nothing more. Having the pleasure of watching them with her, I can only imagine it’s going to be a massive turn on.

“Even your Alphas?” she says.

“*Our* Alphas?”

“And you’ll be mine too?”

“Completely,” I promise her.

“You ready to let us prove it, love?” Ezra asks.

“Yes, I think I am,” she replies with a grin.



Chapter 20



I take off my shirt and remove my pants. Standing in my underwear, Luna looks at me and licks her lips. I need to touch her and comfort her, let her know she's safe with us and she has nothing to worry about. She seems pretty confident in my desire for her. I think the other night made that clear. So this moment is for her to see that Ezra and James truly want her as much as I do.

Carefully, I situate my body, so I'm cradling her from behind, moving her hair over her one shoulder and placing tender kisses along her neck.

"So fucking perfect, baby. Are you ready for Ezra and James to show you how much they want you too?"

She leans into my touch, and I sigh. This is everything I've ever wanted. As I kiss her neck, I can't stop the intrusive thoughts about biting her and marking her as mine. I look over at James, and he watches me and Luna with eagerness in his eyes.

Mine, they're both mine.

“I’m ready,” she whispers. James’ lithe fingers roll her yoga pants and underwear down, exposing her beautiful pink cunt.

Ezra lets out a deep growl as he kisses her thighs, making his way down to her dripping center. James is holding her other leg. Both of them are on their knees for her, waiting for the chance to consume her.

“Wait,” Luna says, and they both stop their descent immediately. “Kiss me first?” she says. I can see Ezra’s cheeks redden as he leans forward and kisses her sweetly. Luna grabs his hair and brings him in for a deeper kiss. Luna fucking loves kissing, and it’s clear that we all need to do a better job of giving her what she needs.

James, who apparently already gave her kisses—the reason why we’re all about to be in the middle of a two Omega heat fuck fest—smirks as he continues kissing down Luna’s thigh. I was already hard, but watching my Omegas together causes me to grind against Luna’s back.

Luna moans into Ezra’s mouth as James fucks her with his fingers, unable to put his face near her cunt with the way Ezra’s leaning over her body.

“Can I taste you now, love?” Ezra pleads as their mouths separate. Luna nods, the movement shaking me slightly. I hold her neck with one hand and hold her thigh back for James with the other.

“Me first,” James says. His scent is so strong, and I know he is about to completely fade into his heat soon.

Ezra smiles and places tender kisses over Luna's body while James' soft lips cover her clit, making her moan. Ezra kisses up her thigh and watches in awe as our Omega licks our new Omega's cunt.

“Does that feel good, baby?” I whisper in her ear, and she nods her head. “James looks so beautiful with your dripping cunt in his mouth, doesn't he? I thought having him on his knees for me was the best sight I'd ever seen. But seeing him now, kneeling to you, it's the most perfect thing I can imagine.”

She gasps, and one of her hands rises and tangles in my hair. Her back against my chest feels perfect. With Luna here, it's like a weight being lifted off of me. She's what I've needed, someone to care for who also puts me in my place. I know we can make her happy. James needed another Omega to bear the weight of our attention, and Ezra's bleeding fucking heart needed someone who would be willing to cuddle 24/7. While we might not be perfect people, together we're perfect.

Luna's mouth parts, and she pants while James and Ezra bring her pleasure.

“Fuck, your pussy feels so good wrapped around our fingers, love,” Ezra says to her. “So fucking wet, I can't wait to taste your slick.”

James' mouth leaves Luna's clit, and she whines with the loss of his touch. “You want a taste, Alpha?” James asks Ezra, and he nods his head, grabbing James by the nape of his neck and bringing him in for a rough kiss. Their tongues tangle, and

Ezra moans as he takes in the taste of Luna's pussy from James' lips.

Luna's breath hitches, and her chest rises and falls as she watches Ezra and James kiss.

"You like watching?" I ask her.

"They are so perfect," she says, sounding unsure.

I tilt her jaw and look at her wide blue eyes. "You're perfect. We're perfect. Luna, you're mine, ours. Let us take care of you, okay?"

"You promise to take care of me forever?" she says, her eyes watering.

"Forever, baby," I promise. "You can let go. We will take care of you."

"What about bonding?" she asks.

"I want that so fucking bad, but you're about to go into heat. We can talk about it when I know for sure it's what you want."

"Ian?"

"Yeah, baby?"

"I've wanted this for so long, but I didn't think I would ever have it. I trust you, Ezra, and James."

James and Ezra break their kiss and bring both of their mouths to Luna's cunt. She gasps and presses herself further against my chest. Their heads hardly fit together, so I grab her thigh and bring it back toward her chest. Luna moans as Ezra lifts his face from her pussy, his chin gleaming with slick.

James is sucking on her clit frantically and fucks her with his fingers.

“Love, your pussy is so fucking sweet. James, don’t you think your other Alpha should have a taste?”

James lifts away from Luna’s cunt as he kisses me over her shoulder. She moans loudly at the sight. Ezra has now taken over licking her needy pussy.

James groans against our kiss and grabs Luna roughly by the throat and brings her into a kiss.

“Mine,” James rumbles as he draws her bottom lip between his teeth.

He moves down her body, taking her nipple into his mouth. Luna grips my thighs tightly as her body writhes under Ezra and James’ ministrations.

“Is your pack making you feel good, baby? Come for us. Look at your Alpha licking up your cunt. You like that, Luna?” I whisper in her ear.

James’ teeth clamp down on her nipple, and Ezra fucks her harder with his fingers, his lips wrapped tightly against her clit. The sensory overload brings Luna to orgasm as she grinds her pert ass against my length, moaning loudly, causing me to groan.

“Could drown between these thighs, love. You’re ours now, yeah?” Ezra says, removing his fingers from her and sucking them clean. “I might be fucking addicted.”

James kisses her sternum and nuzzles slightly at the soft flesh of her small breasts. He's never really vocal during his heat, so he just scent marks her as he nibbles and licks her smooth skin.

"Forever?" James is able to mumble out.

"Forever," Luna replies, and she kisses him before he crawls down her body, licking and sucking each tender spot he can find. He licks her cunt one last time, making Luna's back arch against me.

"C'mere, James. Let your Alpha take care of you," Ezra purrs. He rubs Luna's thigh gently and gives her a smirk. "Don't worry, sweet Luna, you're next. Ian is going to take care of this needy cunt first." He winks at her as he slides a finger against her clit before grabbing James by the back of his head and bringing him in for a kiss.

I pull her back, giving us more room in the nest. I kiss her lips tenderly, cradling her jaw. I slowly place my fingers inside her pussy. As soon as I feel how wet she is, I groan into her mouth.

Kissing her again, my possessiveness takes over. Ezra and James are completely oblivious as Ezra is now on his knees, sucking James' cock while fingering his asshole. Luna and I can't help ourselves as we take in the show before us.

While I might not fuck Ezra, watching him and James together is nothing less than extraordinary.

“I need more, Alpha,” James whines, and it’s then I know he has fully succumbed to his heat.

Ezra puts James on his back, lifting his thighs to his chest. He lines his cock up with James’ ass and slowly enters him. A large whoosh of breath leaves him as James groans. Ezra fucks him at a brutal pace, already inserting his knot and fucking him as it expands. He strokes James’ cock in tandem while he fucks his ass. James breathes heavily as he holds on tightly to Ezra’s forearms.

I avert my gaze to Luna’s as I remove her bra and shirt. Hastily, I remove my underwear, watching as Luna lies down on her back and spreads her legs for me. I eagerly place my body between hers, the tip of my cock grazing against her firm and eager clit. Her scent is driving me wild, but as badly as I want to rut her until we can’t breathe, I need to take this slow with her. It’s her first time taking a knot.

“I want your knot so bad. I need it to be you.”

“You’re going to make me come before I’m inside of you talking like that.”

“Then fuck me already,” she hisses.

“There’s that bratty mouth. You want your stepbrother to knot you, baby?”

“Please,” she whispers, and my lips eagerly meet hers, my hands tangling in her hair as I slowly enter her. My movements are as slow as I can manage with how perfect her wet cunt feels around me.

James' groan of pleasure stills us, and we both look over to see Ezra locked into place with his knot. "Fuck, love, you feel so fucking good," Ezra praises him, and Luna smiles.

"Don't worry, baby, you will get your turn. Let me just have you for now?" She nods her head and kisses me as I thrust all the way in her. "Your cunt feels like heaven," I tell her as I pepper kisses along her jaw.

She doesn't wince or grimace, so I pick up my pace, fucking her and watching the expressions on her face. I kiss her one more time on the lips before I rise up to my knees, so I can fuck her harder and play with her clit.

"You want my knot, little brat?"

"Are you going to make me come first?" she says back, and I smile, happy that we can still bicker, though I plan on treating her like a princess in every other way.

With her snarky retort edging me on, I thrust into her vigorously and rub her clit with my thumb, causing her to writhe and moan.

"Fuck," I hear one of my packmates say, unsure who since I'm so intensely focused on Luna.

"Come for me," I say, pushing my knot completely into her entrance and making her back rise off the mat. Her blonde hair is spread behind her, and her cheeks are flushed pink. A groan and whimper leave her lips as she shakes under my grip, her pussy fluttering around me as she reaches her release. The sound of her slick sticking to my thighs and the feel of her

tight pussy clenching around me makes me groan. I grasp her thighs roughly and rut into her until I can't anymore. I fill her up with my cum as I knot us together. With a grunt, I lie on top of her, my elbows supporting my weight around her face.

Her blunt nails scratch my back in a soothing motion, and I smile against her throat. When I catch my breath, I push myself up, so I can look at her face. Her pupils are taking over her deep blue irises, and she licks her lips. Her finger tips drag tenderly along my jaw. "Alpha," she whispers.

"What do you need, Omega?"

"Mark me," she murmurs, and I groan.

"Luna, baby, we talked about this. Soon, okay?" She whines and looks away from me. Another whine alerts my gaze to James. He's standing there looking impatient. "James, come here," I tell him, and he agrees eagerly. He sits next to Luna, his cock rock hard and ready.

"Do you want your Omega, Luna?" She looks over at James and smiles, seemingly forgetting about my rejection. I want to mark her so badly, make her mine. But I need to do it at the right time.

With no fear, she grips his length in her hand and strokes him. Leaning forward, James takes Luna's mouth in his, and they both moan as they taste each other. Something about their scents must be drawing them together as Omegas.

I keep one hand on Luna's hip as I rub James' back. I would never want one of them to feel left out or unequal in how I

cherish them.

Their movements are non-verbal as I watch James lean forward and place the tip of his cock on Luna's lips. She eagerly parts for him, and James slides deeper down her throat. She hums in approval as she tastes him and takes him even farther.

Ezra and I are both staring at them with nothing but adoration in our eyes. Ezra's hand sneaks through, and he rubs his thumb along Luna's clit. She moans around James' cock, and he throws his head back, groaning. He has one hand wrapped in her hair and one on my shoulder, holding himself steady.

"I want to watch both of my perfect Omegas come at the same time. Can you do that for me, little loves?" Ezra asks, picking up his pace on Luna's clit. Her cunt is pulsating around me, and I groan. I think I might come inside her again, which is fine. I want her full of my cum, even though we haven't even discussed birth control. The idea of her getting pregnant with my child makes me lose it, and I fill her up again as I orgasm, knotted deep inside of her.

She must feel the fullness and moans loudly, following suit with her orgasm. Then James groans as he climaxes, his cum dripping from Luna's mouth.

James falls back into the mattress, panting, and Luna barely has a moment to collect herself when Ezra licks James release from her face and kisses her deeply.

“That’s my good little Omegas,” he praises them, and Luna smiles. Both of them seem content for the moment.

My knot finally deflates, and I watch with pride as a combination of her slick and my cum drips out of her. She groans and leans over to James, who quickly wraps her up in his arms. They both shut their eyes and fall into a light slumber.

“We need to get some food ordered, and I’ll call work to let them know I’ll be out,” Ezra says, smiling down at our cuddling Omegas. “He doesn’t even let me hold him like that,” he scoffs. Ezra is the one out of the two of us who wanted a snuggly Omega, which I believe we found in Luna.

“She’s special,” I reply, and he nods and smiles.

“I’ll go get everything sorted, you clean them up, yeah?” he says before grabbing a pair of sweatpants and leaving the nest.

I take care to change some blankets and do my best to wipe down my Omegas. While I think having two Omegas in our pack will have its challenges, the benefits outweigh everything. They are mine, and I’ll do anything to keep them happy.



Chapter 21



I don't know where each scent ends and begins, the nest is a mess, and I should feel absolutely exhausted, but all I know is I'm at peace. Ian and I had been friends for a while, and we knew we could build a pack. Not being involved with each other meant we had more love to give to the right packmates.

James is quiet and sensitive, and I love taking care of him, even if he doesn't always want me to. I see Luna as the last piece of our pack, the piece we didn't know was missing. Watching them touch each other has been the highlight of the heat so far. I was worried that with two Omegas, Ian and I would be stretched thin, taking care of both of them. But that certainly has not been the case. We have woken up to those two fucking each other like wild animals multiple times, and now is no exception.

James' grunting is what wakes me up in the first place. I scooch back into the pillows and rest my head against the purple padded wall. I would never tell him, but I much prefer this nest to his dark and dreary one next door.

James is flat on his back as Luna rides him reverse cowgirl. Her ass bounces against his pelvis, and his hands grip her hips. She leans forward, placing one hand on the mattress on the outer side of his thigh as the other trails down his thigh toward his ass. He doesn't need any lubricant while he is in heat, and Luna knows this as she fingers his tight ass. Her hips stutter and slow to a gentle rock as she tries to multitask. Cute sounds of approval escape as James cants his hips up and spreads his thighs wider, accommodating her clever fingers.

Ian is passed out on the other side of me, completely unaware of the beautiful show happening before us. I'm tempted to wake him, but I leave him be. It feels like a private show from my Omegas. I can't wait till they both aren't in heat and James is more communicative to her. It seems like he's already done a good job of showing her his intentions, but we need more time. Everything has moved at such an intense speed. I just want time to truly get to know Luna, and to see how we will really work as a pack. I know it will work, but being comfortable and truly knowing someone takes time.

Luna moans as James grunts. One of his hands leaves her hip and spreads her ass cheeks farther apart. I get a lovely view of Luna's tight little hole. One day I hope she will give me the pleasure of fucking her there. She's already experienced so much sexually in such a short time. Why not add that to the list?

James takes her slick and uses his thumb to rub her asshole. Her slow rock on top of him shudders to a halt, her back bowing in pleasure as James continues thrusting deep inside of

her. Her fingers are still in James' ass. She massages his prostate the way he likes, and he groans, rutting into her hard from underneath her. Luna's thighs shake as she falls over between James' legs and moans out her release.

Once they're finished, they don't kiss. The heat's wrung him out. Poor thing is too exhausted to give Luna the aftercare I know he'd want to shower her in after such an intense release like this. He instead crawls over and embeds himself into Ian's arms. Luna looks around a little dazed, and I gather her attention.

“Love, let me hold you?”

She smiles and climbs onto my lap. I stroke her back gently. “I promise he will be much sweeter when he's done with his heat,” I tell her, and she rubs her head against my chest. “You did such a good job, sweet girl. You made him feel so good.”

“I love your freckles,” she says while the pad of her finger traces the speckles along my chest.

“Thank you, love,” I whisper, placing a kiss against her tangled hair. “Do you want me to brush your hair?”

She shakes her head back and forth, clearly against the idea. That's fine. She looks beautiful, uninhibited, and wild. It's clear that she's having a semi-lucid moment during the heat, probably sated from all the fucking.

“When did you know you liked me, Ezra?” she asks, not looking at me, just tracing designs on my chest.

“I thought you were beautiful the first time Ian brought me over for dinner and introduced me as his packmate. I knew I liked you when you told Ian he was being a douchebag under your breath when he signed you up for Omega classes. Then, I realized I could easily fall in love with you when you told me all the facts you learned about slow lorises to impress me.”

She nods her head. “They are cute but deadly. I want to cuddle one, but they could rot my flesh with one bite.”

“Jasmine is super sweet. Maybe next time I take you to work, you can meet her.”

“I like going to work with you.” It makes me smile; I like that she has an interest in what I do and loves spending time to me.

“I’d much prefer you to come to my job than Ian’s,” I joke. The idea of her dancing for anyone other than us makes my blood boil.

“I liked it because I felt powerful and beautiful,” she says.

“I would like to think we could give you that same feeling.”

She looks up at me and smiles, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “I think so too, but maybe sometime we could go and have a little fun. I never got to try the private rooms.”

“We could arrange that.” She tilts her head and kisses my lips tenderly.

“When did you know that you wanted James?” she asks, and I can’t help it when I let out a laugh. She smiles as my chest shakes her a little bit.

“He was high as a fuckin’ kite, staring at the polar bear exhibit. Just sitting there, looking at the bears splashing in the water and eating a soft pretzel. I sat down next to him, and he just handed me a bite of pretzel. No words, just handed me a piece of food. As I ate it, that’s when I really looked at him.” I rub her back, and she seems enthralled with the story.

“Ian and I knew we wanted an Omega. That was really the next step for our pack, especially since we weren’t fucking.”

“You two should really change your stance on that.” She giggles.

“He feels like a brother to me,” I say, and we both laugh over the fact that they actually are related in some weird fucked up sense.

“Go on,” she says.

“I noticed how beautiful James was, and I asked him if he was bonded and why he was alone at the zoo. He, of course, gave me some sass by saying something like ‘out here trolling for Alphas, obviously.’ He can be a real cheeky cunt sometimes. It’s probably one of my favorite things about him. I asked him if he would come over for dinner. I told him I could cook, which was a fuckin’ outright lie, so I ordered from this Italian place and acted like I made it. James could tell I was bullshitting from the get go. But he came over for dinner, and it really just clicked. I wish I could tell you it was some romantic courtship, but he came over for dinner, and we all fucked that night, and I knew I would never let him go. James didn’t truly need Alphas, he’s very independent and

introverted, but I'm honored that he liked us enough to give us a little piece of his tenderness. Ian and I both do our best to make sure he doesn't feel smothered. But it's hard—he's like a magnet, and all I want to do is take care of him and make sure he knows he's treasured.

“I won't let either of you go now, you're both mine, so you better get used to it, love.”

“It sounds like James and I are owed some romance.”

“Whatever you ask of me, Luna, I promise to do my best to provide,” I say honestly. I want to be an Alpha my Omegas are proud to have.

She snuggles up against me and bites me lightly on the chest.

“Are you hungry, love?”

“Not for food,” she murmurs, placing tender kisses down the column of my throat, her lips sucking and pulling at the tender flesh.

“Can't leave you wanting and needy, can I, sweet girl?” She shakes her head, and her hand confidently fists my cock. It seems talking is over, and she needs action. I push the blanket past my thighs and let her straddle me. Her warm olive-toned legs against my pale and freckled thighs. Her hand moves slowly up and down my shaft as she places wet kisses and love bites along my throat and jaw. She bites my neck to the point where I know I will have a bruise tomorrow. It makes my cock twitch.

I grab her hair by the nape of her neck and bring our mouths together, taking the kiss from her and demanding that she gives me what I want. “No fair, love. If I don’t get to bite, neither can you.”

“Mark me, Alpha. Please, Alpha.” Taunting clearly was not the right thing to do because now all I want to do is take her tender flesh between my teeth and make her mine.

“Soon, love. For now, I need you to be my good girl and ride your Alpha’s cock, yeah?”

Luna lines me up with her entrance and slowly descends down my length. Little gasps escape her throat, and it makes me groan. She’s so fucking wet, not only from the amount of slick she produces, but from being full of James’ cum. The thought has me even harder than I already was.

“Your pussy feels so perfect wrapped around my cock. Such a good Omega,” I say, and she smiles at me before her lips are back on my throat, and she continues riding me. Her clit pushes against my pelvis as she takes her pleasure. The sound of her slick cunt dripping around me makes me moan.

“That’s it, love. Come around your Alpha’s cock.”

Her speed quickens, and she grinds hard against my pelvis. Her hands grip my shoulders, her nails probably leaving crescent moon marks. One of my hands grips her ass as the other fists her hair. So beautiful and raw. She feels all of her emotions and enjoys life to the fullest. I want to be a part of that life.

She falls apart on top of my cock, her pussy fluttering around me. I can't hold back as my knot expands inside of her, and I give her every last drop of me. She pants against my neck, and my heartbeat is erratic as I hold her, continuing my slow strokes on her back from earlier.

“So good. Thank you for trusting us, Luna. I love taking care of you.” I place tender kisses on her forehead and hair. She promptly passes out with my knot fully inflated inside of her, and I sigh contentedly as the happiest and luckiest fucking Alpha there ever was.



“I'm fucking tired,” Ian says next to me, and the feeling is mutual. Even though we have two Omegas to occupy themselves, they both want knots, and there are only two knots to go around.

Luna crawls on the mat to a very naked and sleep deprived Ian.

“Need,” she says to him in a soft voice that only a fucking heartless asshole could deny.

“What do you need, little moon?” he says tenderly.

She fists his cock and looks down at it, licking her lips. The once sleeping James is now awake, from our voices or from the abundance of Luna's perfume, I can't be sure. But he is immediately behind Luna, grazing his teeth against her ass cheeks and making her whimper.

As any good Alpha would, I take my place behind James and finger his asshole, making him moan as he kisses Luna's flesh.

Not wanting Luna to feel left out, I wrap her long blonde hair around my fist as Ian grabs her delicately by the throat. Her small hand clasps around his wrist, not to push him away but to show how much she loves it.

"You've been so good, haven't you?" he asks her, and she nods her head in agreement. James whines as he parts Luna's cheeks, licking her from her asshole to her cunt, and I'm about to come from the sight alone.

Luna whimpers from James' touch, and Ian leans forward and kisses her delicately while I manage to hold her hair and push my cock into James' ass. All of us being connected like this feels like everything we've always wanted. Luna moans into Ian's mouth as James moans into her dripping pussy.

Ian must have had enough of the kissing as he puts Luna on her back and thrusts into her with force, making her keen against his cock. James squeezes against me, and I can't help but to grip his ass and moan. He gets down on his elbows, cradling Luna's face as they kiss while their Alphas fuck them.

Debauchery this deplorable shouldn't be this fucking adorable, but somehow it is. Despite the movement of mine and Ian's thrusts, the two Omegas seem to be connected in some way, whether it's touching each other's faces or capturing each other's moans with their mouths.

Luna comes first with a loud cry, James following her, making me knot his perfect tight asshole. I rut into him so hard, he's nearly pushed up to Luna's stomach by the time I'm finally coming deep inside of him. Ian finishes with a loud "fuck" until we all collapse in a messy pile of limbs, slick, and sweat. Quite frankly, I wouldn't have it any other way.



It's been the best five days of my life. Complete debauchery and fucking and just, well, perfect. I'm showering with James in the nest's bathroom and can tell the exact moment he's back to himself.

"My head fucking hurts," he mumbles. "Fuck, the plants," he goes on.

"Don't worry, I called Oscar right before everything happened. He's been taking care of your precious plants."

"He listens to trap music. The plants don't like it," he says as he sits down on the stool in the shower.

"I'm sure they will grow to be lovely, little upstanding citizens of the greater plant community," I joke, and he scowls.

His brows furrow. "Is she all right? Was I a dick?"

"She's fine. Ian is showering her in her bedroom. And you're my favorite dick, love." I wink at him.

He frowns. "I wasn't too selfish?" he asks, and I can see the vulnerability in his question.

“You’re both Omegas. Your heat is a selfish time. To be honest with you, I’ve never felt so refreshed after a heat. You two just kept waking up and fucking each other. You weren’t much for aftercare, but that’s to be expected.”

“I want to take care of her,” he pouts.

I crouch down, so we are eye level and force him to look at me. “James, that was sprung on us at the last minute. No one knew what to expect. You only have heats twice a year, you have all the other days to prove your intentions and care. And I think you did a damn good job.” He nods his head in agreement, and I stand and kiss his wet hair. “Stop pouting and get your sexy ass in gear. I need to get outside and get some fresh air, and it appears you need some Luna time.”

He rolls his eyes at me but stands and grabs the soap. I gladly wash his lean toned body. “You’ll tell me if you ever need more from me?” I ask him.

“She’s what this pack needed. I thought I needed her more for you and Ian, but I’ve realized I need her just as much,” he says, and I nod, glad that there isn’t any jealousy between the two Omegas. Being the best Alpha I can be for both of them is my first priority.

“She wants to come to the zoo with me again.” I try to hide my excitement.

He smiles. James isn’t much of a smiler, so it’s infectious when he does, and I smile back. “I love that for you, Ezra. Like I said, she’s what this pack needed.”

I nod at him and turn off the shower head. I dry his hair and wrap a towel around his waist before doing the same to myself, glad when he doesn't call me out for making a fuss about him.

“Let's go see if they're done showering.”

James opens the bathroom door to find Luna's back against the wall and Ian's hands grabbing her ass and rutting her against the wall.

“Harder,” Luna moans, and Ian obliges. You can hear her back smacking against the wet tile.

“Is that hard enough, baby?” he grumbles into her hair.

“If that's as hard as you can give it to me,” she taunts. Ian growls and smacks a hand against the tile as he ruts into her, and Luna screams.

“That's it. Grab me like a fucking vice,” he says. She moans, her orgasm rocking through her body. Her tits are soaking wet and beautiful as they bounce and grind against Ian's chest.

James clears his throat, and they both look over at us wide-eyed, but Ian doesn't stop his thrusts. “Being knotted in the shower isn't as great as it seems,” James says, and Ian nods his head in agreement. He turns back to Luna and kisses her roughly while he comes inside of her but doesn't knot her.

Luna whines in disappointment but sighs as Ian places her feet back on the floor, and his cum drips down her leg. He

steadies her and kisses her hair. His dick is still hard as he lathers them both up with soap.

“I’ll go get dinner. We’ll meet you two downstairs when you’re done, yeah?” Ian nods his head, and Luna’s cheeks flush. I give her a cheeky smile and take James’ hand in mine.

James looks fidgety, and I tell him to go check on his greenhouse as I sort dinner. I order from our favorite Thai place.

I wonder how Luna would feel if we never went to a family dinner again. It seems that her mother’s outburst might have had something to do with her heat, or just kissing James. I’m not sure, she didn’t show any nesting behavior, but maybe it’s because she was in a new place. I make a note to pay better attention to her habits so that I can be more prepared next time.

“Thank you,” James says next to me.

“For what?”

“For everything. For never forcing me to be someone who I’m not.”

I cup James’ chin and kiss his lips. He doesn’t shrink away, and I think I have Luna to thank for that. “It’s been the easiest thing in the world.” Which it has been, and it’s proving to be the same with Luna.



Chapter 22



It's been a few days since my heat and to say that I feel like a whole new woman would be an understatement. I knew Omegas were horny. I used to masturbate so much I was worried I would break my wrist at one point. But now that I have three ready and willing partners who are ready to go at any given time, I truly understand the extent of what being an Omega means.

I'm wrapped up in Ian's arms on the couch as we watch a show, waiting for Ezra and James to get back from the store. He's rubbing a spot on my neck, the same spot he has James marked. Ezra marked James on his ass cheek, and I wonder if he has the same idea for me.

I've hardly thought about my mom since I've been in this little bubble. I had accepted that these three guys were going to be my pack. But after my heat? The only things I need are the bite marks to prove it.

"Ian?"

"Yeah, baby?"

“I think we should plan a private night at Lavender Moon.”

“Is that so?” he asks, nuzzling against my neck and stroking my hair.

“I...I always wanted to do the private room, and I think maybe...maybe we could bond there?” His hand on my hair stops.

“What?”

I turn my head, so I’m looking up at him. “I just, why wait? There’s no going back for any of us... And I kind of feel left out if I’m the only one not bonded.”

“Hey, you know I want to bond with you, right?”

I nod my head, and he kisses me. They’ve all been kissing me constantly, and I love it so much.

“I know, that’s why I think we should just do it.”

“Okay, little moon,” he says, peppering my face with kisses, and I can’t help but laugh as he holds me tight against his chest and attempts to kiss every inch of my face.

When the door to the garage opens, I hear Ezra sing-song, “We have a surprise for you, love.”

“A surprise?” I say, and Ian kisses me one more time.

“Better go see what it is.” He smirks, meaning he’s obviously in on whatever this surprise is.

“Did we get enough shit?” I hear James complain along with the shuffling of bags and motion. When I walk into the

kitchen and I see the cat carrier, I squeal excitedly. Ezra places the carrier on the counter and opens it.

“How did you know?” I ask, and he shakes his head.

“You might have mentioned how much you want a cat a few times.”

When the small orange head pops out of the carrier, looking skeptical, I can't help my excitement as I lean forward and pick up the kitten and put him in my arms.

I kiss his soft little head, and he is so calm in my arms. I'm so happy that I can't help the tears that well up in my eyes. It might be stupid, but they listen to me, and they acted on it without having to be told, just to make me happy.

When I see all the boxes that James carried in, I realize that they got everything the little guy needs.

“Where did you get him?” I ask, the kitten is a little shy and tucks in nicely against my chest.

“The shelter. I thought a ginger cat would suit you,” Ezra says with a wink, and I shake my head. He leans forward and kisses my head. “We'll get the cat tree and stuff set up.”

“You were all in on this?” I ask, and Ian and James nod their heads. “Thank you, I love him.”

I'm not sure if it's the word love, but they both stand up a little straighter and nod their heads.

“Luna wants to go to Lavender Moon,” Ian says to James.

“We could do that,” James agrees.

“We will need a cat sitter.”

“Oscar can do that,” James says. I don’t know who Oscar is, but if James trusts him, I can.

“Maybe next weekend?” Ian says.

“Sounds great. I need the kitten to imprint on me anyway,” I say, and Ian rolls his eyes.

“What are you going to name him?” James asks the obvious and most important question.

“Neptune,” I say dramatically.

James shakes his head. “Neptune it is.” He leans over and kisses me on the head before giving the small kitten a gentle head rub.

This is it... This is the fucking life.



“You’re sure this is what you want?” James asks me for the tenth time.

“Yes, it’s going to be so hot. There won’t be anyone else there. You don’t have to worry,” I say, grabbing his face and planting a dirty, wet kiss on him.

These past weeks have been complete bliss. I couldn’t be happier. I’m still trying to figure out what I want out of life other than my pack. So far, the thing I enjoy most is helping Ezra at the zoo and obviously being a cat mom. Any time I have the opportunity to go with him, I do. He’s looking into

volunteer opportunities for me, but the fact is, none of them want me working in a place where I'm not protected. I can understand and respect that. I'm an Omega, and safety comes first.

I tried to help James in his greenhouse, but I realized that it's his safe space and where he goes to be alone. So while I'm figuring out my next move career-wise, I already know what I want in my relationship. I'm so ready to make it official and for us to bond.

We have all come so far in our communication and feelings for each other. I would never doubt James and Ezra's passion for me now. I'm so deeply in love with all three of them. Maybe it's biology, how long I've been pining for them. I don't care how fast it's moving. When you know, you know. And all I know is that I want their bond marks. I need our pack to be official.

I'm still not sure what's going to happen with our family, or how people on the outside might judge us. But being bonded with them trumps those fears every time. I work hard every day to care less about what people think of us and just be happy for what we have together.

"Of all places to bond, though," James says as our lips separate.

"It's kinda what started it all, plus I will be in the cage with you. Don't you want to see them panting over us? Being able to smell but not touch? It's going to drive them crazy."

“If you say so,” he replies as I take him backstage. Ezra helped me plan everything. It’s a Tuesday morning, and the club is closed, just for our use.

“Here’s your outfit.” I hand him the short leather shorts and leather harness. He scoffs but gets undressed, putting the clothes on. I let out an obnoxious whistle once he’s completely clothed. “You look fucking hot,” I say.

“What are you wearing?”

“Turn around,” I tell him, and he does. I quickly undress and hike up the black lace panties and put on the black bra that has a similar look to his harness. “Okay,” I whisper.

He turns around and beams a smile at me, his hands going right to my hips. “And how am I supposed to keep my hands to myself?”

“That’s why you’re lucky. You are the only one who gets to touch—for now.” He places gentle kisses along my collarbone and then stands again, staring at me affectionately. I longingly admire his bond mark on his neck, excitement bubbling within me. *Tonight’s the night.*

I take his hand in mine, and we head to the main stage. I had Gina make sure the lights were low and one of my favorite songs, “Whole Lotta Money” by BIA, blasts through the speakers. James and I are both in the cage when I hear Ian’s loud voice.

“What the fuck are we do—” He looks up at me and James on the stage and stops speaking. He thought that we were just

coming to maybe watch and then go to the private room, not that James and I would be dancing for him.

“Surprise! Now sit back and watch your Omegas. Tips are appreciated,” I say, winking at him and Ezra, who has a massive grin on his face and a stack of twenties in his hands.

I tangle my fingers into James’ hair, smelling his cinnamon scent. I can’t help it when I moan in his ear. He places his thigh between my legs, and I grind against him to the music.

He grips my hair and angles my head back as he licks up the column of my throat.

“Fuck, you smell so sweet, little moon.” Ian started the pet name, and it seems to have taken off.

James spins me, so my ass is grinding against his length, which is extremely hard at the moment. Our scents are overwhelming, and I can see the desire and want in our Alphas’ eyes. Ezra shamelessly has his cock out and is stroking himself slowly while Ian stares in awe with his legs spread apart.

James’ hand glides between my breasts, collecting sweat as we move together. I hold the nape of his neck while I let his body direct mine. His fingers roam over my panties, not directly rubbing my clit, but enough to make me moan. Just as soon as he touches me, he removes his hand, and I get frustrated. I spin in his arms to see a mischievous smile written over his face.

I grab him by the harness and bring his mouth against mine. He's so eager to taste me, and our tongues tangle for dominance. His thigh returns to grinding in between my legs as he pushes me against the cage walls. I wince slightly when the cold bars hit my back but then smile as James grabs my ass to grind my pussy harder against his thigh.

A light pinch on my ass makes me squeak, and I look down into Ian's hungry glare. He just pinched my ass.

"How much for the private room?" he asks. *Oh, I like this game.*

"Well, there are two of us. I'm not sure you can afford it," I say, sliding down so I can speak to him clearly.

"I'm willing to pay anything," he says, eyes sparkling with want.

"A pack vacation," I reply, smiling.

"That's a pretty steep price, little moon. I think I'm going to need some promises."

"What's that?"

"Your tight little ass," he replies, giving me one of his panty dropping smiles. Ian has so many lucrative businesses because he is a brilliant negotiator. But truly, it's me who is winning everything in this scenario.

"You have a deal," I tell him as I stand up straight and grab James' hand to open the cage.

“Luna, you know he already booked a vacation, right?”
James whispers in my ear.

“Really?” I say excitedly.

“When have you ever asked for something and he hasn’t given it to you?”

“Fair point,” I reply. “Should I ask for something else?”

“Don’t we have everything we could ever want?” he says.

He kisses me on the lips. I really do have everything I could possibly want. I nod and unhinge the cage. Ezra puts his cock away, and Ian holds out his hand for me to take. I smile at him and take his hand in mine as we walk up to the private suites.

Ian doesn’t let go as he opens the solar suite. It’s gorgeous; rose golds and deep blacks are all a part of the design. There’s a leather sofa in front of a fireplace and a massive pack bed in the middle of the room.

Ian leans in, whispering so only I can hear. “You’re sure this is where you want to do it?”

I lean over, kissing his jaw. “Unless you’re scared?”

“Little brat,” he says, picking me up by the waist and tossing me onto the bed, peppering kisses down my chest.

“How do you want to do this, baby? We have all night.”

“You closed Lavender Moon for the whole night?”

“I mean, he named it after you, love,” Ezra chimes in, plopping down on the bed next to us.

I'm frowning, and James laughs. "Really, Luna? Lavender like your scent. Moon for Luna. A club dedicated to watching and scenting but not touching."

My jaw drops, and I look up at Ian. "Bond me. You're allowed to touch now, that is, if you can handle it." Ian smacks my thigh but gives me a devious smile.

"I believe you owe me a payment, little moon," Ian says as he turns me over so I'm on all fours and gives my ass a nice smack. "I'm going to take this pretty ass of yours, make you mine. Then Ezra is going to knot you, and we'll be perfect. Is that what you want?"

"That's all I want."

"James, do you want to get our Omega ready?"

James' hand glides down my back, and my flesh pebbles from his touch. "With pleasure." His fingers glide my panties down, and I can hear him get on his knees behind me. His nose swipes through my pussy as he licks me, slow, tempting motions around my clit. Enough to tease but not put me anywhere near the edge. I feel him coat his fingers in slick as he rubs my asshole with his thumb. This is nothing new. I'm used to fingers, but I haven't actually had one of them fully take me there yet.

He replaces his thumb with his tongue, and it makes my arms collapse. My ass is still in the air, but I press my face into the mattress. James is grabbing both of my cheeks as he lavishes me with his tongue. I'm a panting, needy mess by the time he stops. I whine when I feel his mouth leave me. He

teasingly bites my left ass cheek as he moves from the space behind me.

The telling sound of a lube cap opening is what lets me know that Ian is behind me. His big hand lands on my ass cheek as he spreads me wide and prepares me to take him.

“Deep breath, baby,” he tells me as I feel the tip of his cock enter me. It’s not necessarily pleasant at first. But as he eases in deeper, the pleasure of the pressure hits me, and I groan. “There you go, good girl. Fuck, you look so pretty taking my cock. Going to mark you as mine. You’re so fucking special, little moon.”

I don’t think there has ever been more romantic words said while experiencing anal for the first time.

I wince a little as Ian fucks me deeper.

“Are you all right, baby?” he asks me. His large hand rubs reassuring circles on my hips.

“Yes, don’t stop. I want this, I want you, all of you.”

“We’re yours,” he exhales, and he is fully inside of me.

James is now in front of me, shifting my hair to the side, and I place my face on his thigh, grabbing his other leg tightly for support. Ezra takes James’ face and kisses him roughly. He slides James’ booty shorts down, and his cock springs free. It’s right at face level, and Ezra gets down next to me, kissing me tenderly as I pant from Ian’s fucking.

Ezra licks James’ cock from the base to the head. His tongue swirling around the weeping tip. He then offers me a

taste, which I greedily take, sucking James down as far as I possibly can. I gag when Ian's cock hits the right spot inside of me.

With a hand wrapped around my hair, Ezra turns my face to one side of James' length as he takes the other, both of us licking and sucking him at the same time. James tenderly holds both of our faces as we please him. His thighs shake with pleasure, and Ezra's eyes lock with mine in awe, both of us bringing our Omega pure pleasure.

A near scream erupts out of me as Ian fucks me harder. His firm grip on my ass is pushing me farther into the mattress, and I can't focus on giving James head any longer.

"You ready to be mine, Luna? Forever?"

"Fucking please," I tell him. He smacks my ass sharply and continues fucking me, his hand snaking between us to play with my clit.

He pulls me up, so my back is against his chest, his movements not as rushed as he continues fucking me and touching my needy pussy.

"I'll never get enough of this, of you. You're everything," he tells me. All coherent thoughts have left me as the pleasure deep inside takes over me, along with the anticipation of his bond.

I can't help the loud moan that escapes me as his fingers deftly bring me to orgasm. The pressure of him buried deep in

me makes me come so hard, I swear I see stars, *but maybe it's the ceiling of the room.*

Before I can even collect myself, I hear him whisper, "Mine." His teeth penetrate the skin where my neck meets my collar bone. There's an overwhelming emotion of elation and tenderness through our newly formed bond. I swear I can feel his heart beating against my back, and I know full well that his heart beats for me, for our pack.

The pain doesn't last long as I feel the weight of what we just did and what we are now. Now it's completely official.

Ian removes himself from me, making me wince as he kisses my bond mark.

"I love you, Luna. I want to give you the fucking world, if you'll let me."

"I love you too," I say breathless as he places kisses along my neck and takes extra care to attend to my bond mark. I can feel that he is at peace, that this isn't and never was just sexual for him. Like he said before, *it's everything.*

I look over and watch as James comes in Ezra's mouth, watching Ian and me without blinking.

Ian kisses his bond mark. "Ours now, little moon."

"Yours," I reply as he kisses his mark again.

I won't lie, that tired me out, and I'm a little sore. Ian kisses my shoulder again, rising from the bed as I turn, lying on my back. Ezra is quickly on top of me, kissing my neck and admiring my bond mark.

“Love, if it’s too much, we can wait,” he says. I know he’s being honest too. If I asked him to wait, he would, but I don’t want to wait.

I trace his sharp jawline and place a tender kiss on his lips. “Bond me,” I tell him sweetly. I look over and see James on Ian’s lap, making out while Ian fingers his ass. They seem completely occupied as I look back at Ezra’s deep green eyes.

“You want me forever too, love?”

“Forever.”

Ezra fucks me passionately and slowly, like we have all the time in the world, our eyes locking and our breath syncing. His hands fist in my hair as he peppers sweet kisses along my jaw and cheeks.

“Fuck, you’re so perfect,” he says.

I grab his hair and bring him in for a hard kiss, pouring all my love into it. Thanking him for his tenderness and the care he has given me. He’s our rock, he holds us all together, and I can’t imagine a life without him.

“I want your mark, Ezra.”

“Come for me, and I’ll give you what we both want,” he says as he grinds his pelvis against my clit with each stroke. I’m so sensitive from my orgasm with Ian that it doesn’t take long to shatter beneath him. It’s like zaps of static electricity meeting every nerve ending as I reach release.

His knot is completely full, locking us together. He bites me on the other side of my throat, and I gasp. Nothing has ever

felt so complete, so perfect. I've never felt like I belonged anywhere more than with these men. The love pouring down the bond makes me shed a tear, and Ezra kisses it away.

"I love you, Ezra," I tell him as we're locked together, waiting for his knot to go down.

"I love you too, love." James lies down next to me and kisses me softly, and Ezra kisses him tenderly too. "I love both of you, my perfect Omegas."

"What now?" I ask.

"You're our sun, little moon. We're just in your orbit. Wherever you go, we go," James says to me before kissing my forehead.

"Can you feel me down the bonds?" I ask James, and he grins. One of his genuine happy smiles that I've become addicted to.

"Yes, and I've never felt more at peace, Luna. You make me feel like nothing's wrong with me and that I can be myself. You bring so much light in our lives, and I love you so much," he tells me, and the damn tears start flowing again. Ezra wipes them away with his thumbs. Surely down the bond they all know these are happy tears.

"I love you too, James." He brings his lips to mine, and the bed bounces as Ian plops down next to James and collects him in his arms, placing a kiss to his hair. He leans over James and kisses me gently on the lips.

“Now kiss Ezra,” I say. He doesn’t even hesitate as he kisses his packmate on the lips.

“Sorry, mate. You’re not as cute as my Omegas. You just don’t get the blood flowin’,” Ezra jokes.

We all laugh, and Ian nods his head in agreement. “Not my speed either. I like bratty and broody Omegas too much. Let’s get some rest, I shut down the club for the whole day. I’m planning on getting my money’s worth.”

James rolls his eyes but snuggles closer to Ian. Ezra presses more of his weight against me since we’re still locked together. I look at all of their beautiful faces and smile to myself.

I’ll never have to worry about feeling loved or forgotten ever again. These men are mine, and I plan on spending the rest of my life cherishing them as much as they do me.



Chapter 23



I take a deep breath as Ian’s knuckles tap against the wooden door. Life has been fine without my mother in it, but there’s just this tiny piece of me still seeking her approval. I’m wearing the blue dress that she told me not to buy the last time she took me shopping. When Ian bought it for me the other week, it felt like kismet. Someone who finally sees me the way I want to be seen.

My pack loves me unconditionally, and I’m not about to let anyone tell me that what we have is wrong.

“She says one bad thing, and we’re fucking gone,” Ian says, and I nod my head.

My mother opens the door, and like she has bond mark radar, she zones in right at my neck. I watch as her eyes water.

“No, Luna, you didn’t. Stewart!” she screams down the hall, and my stepfather comes bounding down the hall and takes in my pack.

“What is it?”

“Look what your son did,” she points to my neck and shakes her head.

“Fuck this,” Ian says. James and Ezra are already turning around.

“Wait,” Stewart says, walking past my mother and putting his hands on his hips. He looks at my mother and shakes his head. “Margo, can you not see how happy your daughter is?”

“I don’t care about her being happy, what will people think?”

Ian goes to open his mouth first, but Stewart shakes his head and sighs. “You know what, Margo? How about, we’re not married, so it’s not a fucking problem for you anymore?”

“Wh-What?”

“You heard me. You treat me like I’m less than, and I’ve sat by and let you, enjoying the fact that I had an Alpha too much. I’ve sat by for years as you’ve belittled Luna, and now you’re treating my son like a pervert. I’m over it. If we’re not married anymore, they won’t be related.”

I know my mouth is wide open as I stare at Stewart who just magically grew a spine. When I glance at Ian, I see how proud he is of his father.

“Dad, I have an apartment for you.”

“Great, I’ll get movers.”

“Stewart, this is ridiculous. No other Alpha is going to be with you like I was.”

“Fucking good,” he says, waving his hand.

“We can talk about this, I can come around,” my mom tries to reason with him.

“I’m not sure how someone can just stop being a selfish bitch overnight.” The gasp from all of us is audible as my mother blinks at him.

“Stewart, where is this coming from?”

“You were what I thought I needed when my wife died. Ian was already an adult and could take care of himself. I sat by and watched the way you treated Luna but kept to myself because she wasn’t my daughter. I let you treat me like shit because you’re a female Alpha, and like you told me so many times, I should feel privileged to be with you. But do you know what I feel, Margo? Fucking suffocated. This is the last straw. I’m protecting me, my son, and your daughter. I should have done this a long time ago.”

My mom blinks and stutters as she looks at me, clearly realizing there’s no saving her relationship with Stewart, who has been paying for their lifestyle. “Luna, honey, I’m your mother.”

James’ fingers interlace with mine, and he squeezes in a sign of unity, and I sigh.

“I’m sorry, Mom. I need some space. My pack comes first.”

“I raised you! I gave you everything!”

I squeeze James’ hand, and he steps in for me like he’s an Alpha instead of an Omega. “If Luna decides to have a

relationship with you, she'll let you know. Have a nice night."

My mom keeps talking, and Stewart claps his son's shoulder.

"Just let me pack my stuff," he says, and Ian nods. My mom follows him through the house, being hysterical. James still holds my hand as Ian lightly wraps his around my neck and rubs my cheekbone with his thumb.

"You okay, baby?"

"Yeah, I didn't know Stewart had it in him."

Ian smiles and shakes his head. "My mom would have been proud of him. He became really passive and just shut down when she passed away. I think Margo being the controlling bitch she is was what he needed at the time. I'm happy to see him stand up for himself."

I nod and sigh as Ian leans in and kisses my cheek.

"Whatever relationship you want with her is up to you, okay?"

I nod again and tilt my chin up to give him a kiss, which he takes from me hungrily.

"I think for now, I'd like to just focus on our pack."

"Was hoping you'd say that. I think I owe you payment."

I smile at him. "You sure do."

"How do you feel about Dad watching Neptune while we go on a little trip?"

"Sounds like a dream."

Stewart comes out with two rolling suitcases as my mom runs out the door after him. “Stewart, we can talk about this.”

“Let’s get the fuck out of here,” he mutters. Ezra grabs his bags and puts them in the back as Ian takes the driver’s seat. It’s a tight squeeze with James and Stewart in the back, but it would be worse if one of the Alphas was back here.

Stewart clears his throat. “I’m sorry that took me so long, Luna,” he says. I tap his hand and sigh.

“It’s okay, Stewart.”

“It’s not, but I plan on spending as much time as possible making it up to my son’s mate.”

That’s what breaks me as I cry softly. Stewart pats my shoulder, and James rubs my thigh. The acceptance and being called Ian’s mate from Stewart means everything to me. I’m also a little emotionally drained from the encounter with my mother, and it just all pours out of me. The relief of not caring what my mother says, Ian’s dad admitting he could have done more, and accepting me as his mate. It’s just all too much.

“We’ll be home soon, love,” Ezra says from the front seat. He’s turned, so he can touch my leg.

“I’m not sad, just overwhelmed.”

“I know, I can feel you down the bond.” That makes me laugh during my little crying fit, and I wipe my eyes and just let it all sink in. This is my life now.



“Luna Martinez, you better get that sweet ass over here,” Ian says as I squeal as Ezra grabs me by the waist and tosses me over the shoulder. He swats my ass as he drops me down on the cabana between James and Ian.

“I was just going to go for a little dip.”

“With no sunscreen?” Ian says, arching an eyebrow at me.

“I was gonna...” He shakes his head, dragging me to sit between his legs. I look over at James who shrugs.

“I already got the same treatment, don’t know what to tell you.”

“I have to protect all you pale babies from the UV rays. That includes you, Ezra.”

Ezra holds his palms up. He’s got on a safari hat, and I can’t help but to think about how nerdy but adorable he looks. “Mate, I put on my SPF.”

“Did you get your back?” Ian says, acting like we’re all children who can’t put on sunscreen.

“James did, calm down, daddy, damn.”

Ian scoffs at him but immediately stiffens at my back as I perfume. Ian being called a daddy shouldn’t be as big of a turn on as it is. I’m not ready yet. I want to enjoy time as a pack, but one day I’m going to make him a father. For now, we can just continue being cat parents to Neptune until we’re ready.

“Better tamper that down, or I’m fucking you in the ocean,” he says behind me as he rubs sunscreen over my shoulders.

“Is that supposed to be a threat?”

“Only if you see it as one, my sweet little stepsister.”

“I’m not your stepsister anymore,” I say, and he scoffs behind me. Squeezing my sides, he kisses the bond mark on my neck before lathering me up with more lotion.

He leans forward, tugging lightly on my messy bun. “Doesn’t mean we can’t still play, little moon.”

And there goes my perfume again.

Ian groans, and James laughs and leans back onto the cabana bed, his dark hair wet from the salty ocean and pushed back with sunglasses covering his eyes. I grab his piña colada before handing it back to him. Our love for sugar has become a little bit of a problem for our Alphas. Especially when James and I smoke a little bit too much and eat a ton of candy and don’t go to bed until super late. They put up with us happily though.

James gives me a smile before drinking down the rest of the sweet cocktail. Ian rubs sunscreen into my cheekbones and the bridge of my nose, and I sigh. But when he boops my nose, I can’t help but laugh at his antics. It’s so fucking nice to have people who care. Truly care about me. Sometimes negative thinking creeps up, but now that I’m out of my mother’s toxic household, I finally feel like I can grow and be me.

“James, do you want to go for a swim?”

“I think I’m going to keep my ass parked right here,” he says, and I shake my head.

When I look over at Ezra who has a beaming grin on his face and holds out his arm, I know I have a swimming partner. As soon as I'm off the cabana, he scoops me up and carries me bridal style to the ocean.

He runs through the sand, bouncing me around in his grasp until the light waves meet his shins, and he carries me through the water. Mischievous as always, he dunks us under and loses his hat in the process. I grab the soggy material and plop it on his head, and he smiles at me.

"I love you," he says softly. I turn in his grasp so that my legs are wrapped around his waist and my hands are behind his neck, toying with the wet strands at the base of his skull.

"And I love you. This is the best trip I've ever been on."

"It's only just started."

"What do you sneaky Alphas have up your sleeve?"

"I can't say." I push closer to him so that our chests are pressed next to each other. His hands are firmly on my ass, and I truly will never get enough of how these men like to throw me around like I weigh nothing.

"Please, I'll be so good," I say whispering into his ear and grinding against his length.

"You're trouble, ya know that?"

"I do, so why don't you tell me?"

"There might be a candlelight beach dinner, and we're going to the pitons tomorrow."

I grin and kiss his sweet little face as he holds me. “You treat me so well.”

“That’s what a pack is supposed to do, love.”

“Promise me something.”

“Anything.” He enunciates it by squeezing my ass.

“Never stop looking at me like the way you do now.”

He smiles, and the way his eyes crinkle is infectious as I smile back at him. “It’s only going to get better, little moon,” he promises.

I guess our cuteness became too much for James and Ian to handle as they wade out to be with us in the water. James is clinging onto Ian’s back, doing minimal work with his drink still in his hand and the sexiest smirk on Ian’s lips.

“You two were having too much fun without us,” Ian says, ducking down into the water, James still on his back, who holds the drink out to me, so I can take a sip.

“What’s the plan for tonight?” I ask, taking one more long sip of the drink and acting like Ezra didn’t tell me the itinerary already.

“We’ll get dinner, and then I’m taking the Omega on my back and putting him on his and fucking my sweet little stepsister.”

I splash him with water, and we all start laughing.

This is it. This is what life is supposed to be like. Having fun and loving people with no conditions or restraints. I’m

slowly finding myself with these people, and I know that no matter where the road takes us, the journey is going to be filled with so much love and laughter, and there is simply nothing else an Omega can ask for.

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site**

Afterword

Thank you so much for reading Lavender Moon. It has been one of the most fun books of mine to write. When I originally wrote it for a short story in the Knot Over You Anthology I was so irritated with myself for not saving it for a full length. I hope you enjoyed the ride, and if you read the anthology, I hope you like the adjustments I made.

Thank you for reading my stories and being such a welcoming community.

-Sarah Blue

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About The Author

Sarah Blue writes contemporary sweet omegaverse, erotic, why choose romances. She loves romance in nearly any genre. When she isn't writing you can find her nose buried in a book or lit up from her kindle. She loves the sweeter side of romance and creating interesting characters while adding adventure and spice. Writing strong female characters and male characters willing to show weakness is something that makes her gooey on the inside.

Sarah lives in Maryland with her husband, two sons, and two annoying cats. If she isn't reading or writing she is probably working on a craft project or scrolling on Tik Tok.

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