

OMEGA BESTIES  
BOOK ONE

The book cover features a woman with long, dark, wavy hair and a nose ring. She has several tattoos, including a large one on her left shoulder and a triangle on her chest. She is wearing a black strapless top. A cannabis leaf is positioned to the left of the word 'Secrets'. The word 'STONERS' is rendered in a green, textured font, with a lit cannabis joint passing through the letters. The background is dark and moody.

Secrets  
&  
STONERS

JARICA JAMES  
SUKI WILLIAMS

OMEGA BESTIES  
BOOK ONE

Secrets  
&  
STONERS



USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHORS  
JARICA JAMES  
SUKI WILLIAMS

Copyright © 2022 Jarica James and Suki Williams

All Rights Reserved

This Book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, brands, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

No part of this publication may be produced in, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, including electronically or mechanical, without the prior written consent of the copyright owner.

The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of a copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by fines and federal imprisonment.

Please purchase only authorized electronic editions and do not participate in, or encourage, the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

Publication: December 2022

Editing by: Michelle Motyczka

Cover design & formatting: Black Widow Designs

## CONTENTS

1. [Hazel](#)
2. [Hazel](#)
3. [Hazel](#)
4. [Hazel](#)
5. [Maximo](#)
6. [Hazel](#)
7. [Hazel](#)
8. [Emiliano](#)
9. [Hazel](#)
10. [Hazel](#)
11. [Hazel](#)
12. [Hazel](#)
13. [Sutton](#)
14. [Hazel](#)
15. [Hazel](#)
16. [Maximo](#)
17. [Hazel](#)
18. [Hazel](#)
19. [Hazel](#)
20. [Hazel](#)
21. [Hazel](#)
22. [Zaven](#)
23. [Hazel](#)
24. [Hazel](#)
25. [Hazel](#)
26. [Emiliano](#)
27. [Alessandro](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[About Jarica James](#)

[Also by Jarica James](#)

[About Suki Williams](#)

[Also by Suki Williams](#)

# Chapter 1



HAZEL

“WHAT DO you mean the keys are in the truck?!” Eliza groaned as Sienna chewed her bottom lip, face pinched with guilt. Eliza shook her head and swiftly put her long blonde hair in a ponytail, her go-to move when faced with a problem she needed to solve.

“I’m sorry!” Sienna threw her hands up in frustration. “I thought the door was unlocked when I left to take these boxes up here.”

“Let’s go take a look at it,” Teagan said, joining the conversation as she walked out of her bedroom.

“Why don’t we all go down and look?” I suggested as I stood up and stretched my arms. “I’m sure we can figure it out together.”

Eliza led the way, her gait determined, and we all followed more sedately behind her. Sienna ducked her head, but I

wasn't having any of her guilt trips this early in the day. I looped my arm through hers and smiled at her. "Think Eliza will have a tool kit nearby to break into the truck, or will she complain that she could, but it's still in the back?"

Teagan snorted at the same time Sienna smiled, her laughter breaking free. "Definitely the second," my friends said at the same time.

"I heard that!" Eliza called out, but there was humor in her voice.

Sienna's body relaxed next to me, and I squeezed her arm, glad we could set her at ease. Moving could be frustrating in the best of circumstances, and moving in together for the first time was a big step despite how long we'd been friends. We were all just so different, so even though we were best friends, we didn't always agree or do things the same way. Time would tell how we all meshed with living in the same apartment.

Eliza was the mom of the group, always there to take care of whoever needed help. Teagan was the wild child, up for new adventures and experiences, which helped balance out Eliza's type-A tendencies. Sienna was the quiet one, with a resting bitch face not many dared approach, but she was one of the sweetest people. I, on the other hand, was a walking, talking fight waiting to happen. I liked to have a good time, but I was the person you watched on a night out because I'd start and end every damn fight that came my way.

"Hazel!" Eliza called out, and I looked up to find her staring down the moving truck. "See if you can help me break into this piece of shit. It can't be that hard."

Rolling my eyes, I dropped Sienna's arm and hurried forward, brushing my inky black hair out of my face. It was so hot that I was ready to get this over with.

I laughed. “Not really my area of expertise, Eliza.”

Eliza’s crop top had ridden up, showing off her curvy figure, as she leaned over and pressed her face against the window, probably trying to see if she could spot the key ring. I copied her on the other side.

“Found them! On the passenger seat.”

“That won’t be easy to get to,” Teagan said from beside Eliza before loudly sipping her boba tea.

“We don’t need the keys,” I told them confidently. “We just need a wire hanger and to get the window down an inch or so. We can use it to unlock the door, then boom! We can get the keys.”

“Just one problem,” Sienna said.

“We don’t have any wire hangers,” Eliza finished for her.

“What is this, *Mommie Dearest*?!” I huffed. “Let’s see if someone has something we can use.”

“Nothing like meeting our neighbors by asking them to help us break into our moving truck.” Teagan grinned and grabbed Sienna. “This will be fun.”

“This is the opposite of fun,” Sienna muttered, but she let Teagan pull her along.

Eliza followed right after them, but I glanced around, trying to see if there was anything laying nearby. The apartment building was in an okay section of Alexandria, nothing too fancy, but it was safe enough. There was some litter nearby, but no wire of any kind. A loud roar suddenly caught my attention, and I spotted a group of bikers riding by. They pulled into the bar just two buildings down. Each guy wore the patched jacket of some sort of motorcycle club. I

knew I shouldn't stereotype, but I bet they could break into the truck.

Wishing I'd had the time to at least do my makeup, I set out to approach them. I studied the guys as they got off their bikes, most of them alphas from the feel of them, and my omega instincts definitely made note of the physical space they took up.

One of them noticed me approaching and hit a bigger guy's shoulder. The guy, whose jacket I noticed said President, focused on me with a curious expression, his eyebrow quirked in silent question. He had buzzed dirty blond hair and a long beard that would do any Viking proud. His bright blue eyes looked old and wise; he studied me, waiting to see what I wanted.

I ignored the others as I waltzed up. "You look like the kind of alpha to help me out."

"Well, that's one way to be approached." His lips twitched, and I huffed out a laugh.

"Think you could break into a truck for me? My friend locked the keys inside, and we're trying to move in. Unless you aren't good with your hands..." I let the taunt hang in the air, and the guy who had nudged him silently began to chuckle when the alpha's mouth dropped open. "I mean, any alpha here would do."

"How do I know you're asking me to break into *your* moving truck?" he finally asked, a spark of amusement lighting up his expression.

"You can look inside afterward. No one wants the piece of shit third-hand furniture we have," I told him dryly, which made him grin. The smile totally transformed his face,



showing off dimples that I never would have expected to go with that leather jacket and bike.

“Lead the way, then.” He gestured, and I spun around and started to head back to the truck. He fell into step beside me. “My name is Loki, by the way.”

“Hazel,” I told him with a half-smile then looked back at the bar his guys were walking into. “Is the bar any good?”

“Some of the best drinks in the city,” he told me. “Now, let’s see what you did with the keys.”

“*I* didn’t lock them in,” I replied in exasperation. “My friend did.”

“Of course,” Loki responded, but his disbelief was obvious. I’d dealt him enough snark that I shouldn’t have been surprised.

Unwilling to argue the point since he was willing to help me, I let it go. Loki messed around with the truck for a little bit, cursing the “bullshit keys” as he tried to get the window to come down. Eventually, he pulled out his cellphone, and a few taps later, three more bikers joined us at the truck. My phone dinged as they started talking about breaking the glass.

“No breaking the glass! We don’t have insurance on the thing.” They waved off my words, which made me flip them off as I unlocked my phone.

**Eliza:** Any luck finding a hanger?

**Teagan:** None, sadly. Not even a spare wire or anything.

**Sienna:** I’m not dumpster diving for wire to open the damn truck.

**Hazel:** I think I’ll have it open soon.

**Eliza:** How?!

**Hazel:** Found some alphas nearby who looked like they could help.

**Eliza:** You just approached some random strangers on the street and got help?!

**Teagan:** Are they hot?

**Teagan:** Send pics!

**Sienna:** Oh god. I'll never hear the end of this.

**Hazel:** Decide for yourself.

Unashamed, I aimed my phone at the guys just as they pushed the window down a crack and got a wire of some kind inside to unlock the door. I snapped a photo right when Loki looked up at me. With a shit-eating grin, I waved and sent the picture to the group chat.

**Teagan:** Holy shit. I'll save this for when I get to relax in my room later.

**Sienna:** I plead the fifth.

**Teagan:** That's not the only thing they'd make you plead.

**Eliza:** I can't with all of you.

**Hazel:** Hey, they're getting into the truck though!

**Eliza:** I'm coming.

**Sienna:** So are we.

“There you go,” Loki interrupted, and I glanced up as he held out the keys.

“Thanks,” I told him. I grabbed the keys from him, our fingers brushing before we both pulled away.

“Your friends enjoy the picture of us?”

I threw my head back, not the least bit ashamed of my laughter or the picture. “They did. If you tell me all your names, I’ll make sure they call them out later tonight.”

“Oh my god, I swear I’m never leaving you alone again,” Eliza groaned, embarrassed by my lack of filter. She’d reached me just in time to hear my response to the alpha, yet another thing I had zero regrets about.

The alpha in front of me stilled, blue eyes blazing with desire, as did one of the other men behind him. Eliza didn’t pay any attention to his reaction though. Despite being a fucking bombshell, she was fairly oblivious to most of the flirting and advances thrown her way. If we didn’t point it out, she would likely be single forever. “Thanks for the help. Let’s go, Hazel.”

“Thanks for the help, boys!” I waved at them over my shoulder as she manhandled me to the back of the truck.

“You omegas need a place to hang out, you’re welcome at Neon Nights.”

“Oh, Eliza, isn’t that where you have your interview tomorrow?” I asked my friend who shushed me fervently.

I threw a wink over my shoulder at the two interested alphas, receiving a lazy grin and a wave of acknowledgement before they walked away. *Gotta help a fellow omega out, and I think those two could definitely help her get her groove back.*

“Do we need to have a talk about stranger danger, Hazel?” Eliza hissed at me, but that only had me cracking up all over again. If only she knew that I’d walked up to the bar and asked for help. She’d have a never ending lecture going without hesitation.

“No, Eliza,” I deadpanned. “It’s broad daylight, and there was a huge group of them. Plus, he was the president of the MC. They have codes and shit. I was fine.”

She muttered to herself about reckless friends and heart attacks as she hoisted herself into the truck and started to unload our stuff. I had half a mind to go back and offer pizza and beer to the entirety of the bar just to help us carry this stuff upstairs. Who knew that four omegas could have so much shit? Teagan was the only one of us that didn’t have a ton, and that was because she’d lived most of her life on the road, so she’d never put much thought into material possessions. Most of her belongings consisted of her cameras and tripods that she used for her blog.

Now, Eliza, on the other hand, was the exact opposite. She’d filled half the moving truck herself, so Sienna and I were stuck shoving what we could in the remaining space.

“I’m slowly dying,” Sienna groaned as she passed me yet another box marked *Eliza*. I passed it down and looked around for Teagan, who was supposed to be setting them on the sidewalk, but she was nowhere to be found.

“Teagan?” I called out, but there was no response.

Somehow, she’d snuck away while we continued to unload. She was gone long enough that Eliza was getting huffy, and I was about to drag her back out here. Knowing our luck, she had run into a cute, flirty alpha or found somewhere to take some pictures. I swore we were always having to drag her back to reality, and right now it was getting dark. The last thing I wanted was to be unloading and stumbling around at night.

“I’m back!” Teagan called. She flashed her phone toward us, showing off the grocery app. “I got us the essentials since

our cupboards are bare.”

Eliza froze and blinked at her. “Wow, Teag, that’s really nice of you.” The fact that she sounded so damn shocked had both Sienna and me biting back laughter, while Teagan flipped her off.

“Bitch, I’m a nice person,” she grumbled. Eliza rolled her eyes at that.

“Don’t lie,” she sassed back. They both cracked up, not an ounce of real resentment present. Our usual banter likely sounded like arguing to outsiders, but it was our way of showing affection.

Omegas weren’t usually as close as we were, instinctively becoming territorial because they viewed other omegas as competition, but we had grown up together. Over the years, we’d realized that we didn’t have similar tastes in men, *at all*, so living together wasn’t an issue.

“Come on, we’re on the last portion, and my ass is exhausted. Get to work,” I ordered everyone, hopping up to help Eliza drag out the final few boxes. Once that was done, we each grabbed a side of our time-worn couch. It took a bit of work to get it out of the truck, but we managed to maneuver it inside and collapse on it just as the sun finally dipped below the horizon. Not long after, the doorbell rang.

“That’s our groceries,” Teagan sang out as she skipped over with more energy than anyone should have after carrying boxes and furniture all damn day.

She thanked the delivery person and carried in far less bags than there should’ve been. I was confused until I saw her pull out chips, wine, and coffee. Clearly, her priorities were messed up.

Eliza groaned. “I take back the nice comment. You only got wine and coffee?”

“*And* chips,” Teagan countered like she couldn’t understand Eliza’s annoyance.

“Fuck this. I’m ordering pizza,” I said. There were a few places nearby that we didn’t have back home. Our small town only had one mom-and-pop pizza place that burned your food fifty percent of the time. Not exactly the variety a girl needed in her life.

“Oh yum,” Teagan sang out as she twisted the cork off of the cheap wine and carried the whole bottle with her to the couch. She took a swig before passing it around. I’d just hit the order button when it got to me, and I winced as the warm, tart wine filled my mouth. Next time I was taking the initiative and ordering fucking weed because that would have been much better than the five-dollar wine this tasted like.

“Classy,” I choked out. “Next girls’ night needs to not be here. We live in an actual city now.”

“Well, that might be a while, between interviews and getting our shit organized,” Sienna said. I hadn’t really taken a look around our apartment since we first arrived, but now it was pure chaos. Boxes were precariously stacked, our furniture jumbled in one room.

“I don’t have time to waste. Dad messaged me today, and we’ve got a trip to New York City next week,” Teagan announced.

“How long this time?” I asked. Her dad was a huge music producer, so he tended to travel wherever he needed to check out venues and do promotional shoots. More often than not, he

hired Teagan for the photography elements, so she traveled almost as much as he did.

“Just a week,” she said. “There’s a huge gala that one of his bands is playing at. Remind me to pack ear plugs and migraine meds. They’re trying to bring boy bands back, and I just can’t handle that.”

“But you’ll be in New York!” Eliza reminded her. “All the fun places you can go will make up for it.”

Teagan grinned at that, her face lighting up. “You’re right. I’ll bring you guys back some of those cheesy ‘I heart NYC’ tees this time.” It was her tradition to pick up tacky tourist gifts from each location she visited. I had a whole box of postcards and trinkets somewhere in this mess.

“Tell me food is coming,” Sienna whined as she clutched her stomach. “I did way too much work today to not eat properly.”

Eliza snatched the chips and opened the bag before taking a handful and passing them around. We were quiet for a moment, and I couldn’t help but take a second to appreciate where we were. I’d spent far too much of my life without real freedom. I was now officially living in Alexandria with my three best friends, and no matter the chaos, I knew I’d love this life.

“Oh god, Hazel’s getting all sappy in her head again,” Sienna noted, launching a chip at me. I snatched it out of the air and popped it into my mouth.

“Leave her alone. She just appreciates new experiences,” Eliza said with a soft smile. That was her nice way of saying I was sheltered and got way too excited about things.

“Are you going to join social media now that we’re here?” Teagan asked. I didn’t have a single site to my name and refused to post any pictures or let them post any with me in them. She respected my choice since they knew better than anyone what was at stake, what it would mean if anyone from my past found out. But in Teagan’s mind, she couldn’t fathom how I could stay so disconnected from the cyber world.

“No,” I said simply, and I was saved from further explanation when the pizza arrived. Instead, we all talked about our upcoming interviews. I had high hopes for The Happy Herb, and I was ready for this new chapter of my life.

New city, new Hazel, right?



# Chapter 2



HAZEL

THE HAPPY HERB was everything I'd hoped it would be. The dispensary logo on the front of the building was cheerful and vibrant, and the moment I walked in, I was greeted with smiles. The last job I'd had was at a local clothing store, and my coworkers had just plain hated their lives.

“Can I help you find something?” a beta asked. He gave me a bright grin and ran a hand through his black curls. He was adorable and appeared to be around my age, but he was *definitely* not my type. Not that it mattered because I didn't do relationships and had a strict rule against one-night stands with coworkers. That shit would get awkward as fuck.

“I'm actually here for an interview,” I explained. I'd dressed up in black slacks and a white button-up shirt with a tie, all of which I had borrowed from Eliza because my ACDC t-shirt, ripped black skinny jeans, and boots didn't count as appropriate interview attire—or so I'd been told. The chunky

belt and tapered shirt gave the outfit a feminine but professional edge, at least that was what I hoped. I appreciated my friend's help, but I was counting down the minutes until I could be home and back in my regular clothes.

Eliza tried to convince me to tone down my makeup and piercings, but I had firmly put my foot down. I was interviewing to work at a fucking weed shop, not an office job. I kept things simple with dusky rose lipstick and light blush, really keeping my focus on the black smokey eye and thick mascara that really brought attention to my blue-gray irises. With plain silver gauges, a small matching septum ring, and a silver ball for my Medusa piercing, I was as toned the fuck down as I ever got.

“Oh, you're Hazel?” he asked. His gaze dipped over my entire body before coming back up to my face.

“I am,” I said quickly, clenching my tattooed hands together. That was the only sign of nervousness that I allowed myself because I somehow managed to keep my expression neutral. I hadn't been nervous about the interview until he walked in. He'd instantly caught my attention, and I'd be damned if it wasn't the worst possible timing. Getting horny at an interview was bad; having it happen during an interview with the alpha who would potentially be my boss was even worse. “I'm supposed to talk to Sutton.”

“Did someone say my name?” My world stopped for a brief moment when a copper-haired Adonis stepped out from behind the counter. He shot a disapproving glare at the beta who blushed furiously and rushed to take his place helping customers that were looking at the selection. “Sorry for making you wait. I'm Sutton. Follow me.”

The way he spoke was full of command, and I found myself wanting to follow even though I'd usually bristle at direct orders from alphas. Between his gorgeous amber eyes, perfectly combed back red locks, neatly trimmed beard, and freckled skin, he could be a model. Hell, he even had the stoic thing down.

The moment I stepped behind him, I was hit with his scent. The alpha had a spiced woody scent that reminded me of cedar, cypress, and nutmeg. It was earthy and fitting for the man in front of me.

“Did you find the place okay? I remember your application mentioned you were new in town,” he asked as he opened a door and gestured for me to step inside. The thought of being locked in an office with that scent was torturous, but I plastered a smile on my face. I needed to keep my shit together, especially since he looked completely unaffected.

“I did. It was a quick bus ride over,” I said as I took the chair across from his desk. The office was nicer than I'd expected for a dispensary. He had a big dark wooden bookcase behind a matching desk. There was some artwork on the walls, but the pieces worked together cohesively to create an inviting, homey feel.

“Good,” he noted as he sat and pulled out my application. He glanced over the papers as he said, “And you don't have any work restrictions.”

“Outside of refusing to have my picture on your website or promotional images for the store, no,” I corrected. I knew that people were supposed to be agreeable and make the best first impression at interviews, but this was a point that I couldn't afford to budge on.

He gave me a long look that I couldn't read, then he nodded once before going through the rest of the standard questions. He was a master of giving nothing away, which I found unsettling, but I didn't feel unsafe with him. I'd count that as a huge win. As a result of my upbringing, I was always a bit hesitant about being alone with an alpha, but this one didn't feel as intimidating as the ones I was used to.

“As an employee, you'll get a discount in the store. As far as general requirements go, we ask that you wear the employee tee. Keep it in decent condition, and you can dress it up however you want,” he explained.

“I have the job?” I asked. My voice held a bit more hope than I meant to give away, and there was already a grin on my face. Sutton looked at me with a bright smile. And fuck, if it didn't leave me breathless. The man was far too attractive to be real; working with him would not be easy. Especially when he smelled fucking phenomenal.

“It's yours if you want it,” he promised. “I just need your availability, any upcoming days off you need, and shirt size, then we'll contact you with a schedule tomorrow.”

“Thank you, sir,” I said as I bit back an excited squeal. It was such a nice store, and outside of the overly flirty beta in the front, the environment here seemed laidback and fun. That was exactly what I needed in my life.

“Don't thank me yet.” His grin completely filled his face, making butterflies go nuts in my stomach. *What the hell?* I never reacted to men, especially alphas, this way. “Wait until you've filled out all the paperwork on your first day. Now, what size shirt do you need? I'll grab a few for you from the back room. They're the unisex shirts, if that makes a difference.”

“Large please,” I told him. Better it be a touch big and comfortable than have it shrink on the first wash. Sutton left to grab the shirts, leaving the door cracked open. Quickly, I grabbed my phone and texted the group chat, too excited to wait until I was out of the shop.

**Hazel:** I got the job! I get my schedule tomorrow.

**Eliza:** Look at you go!

**Sienna:** Congrats!

**Teagan:** I knew you’d get it, Hazel! We need to celebrate.

**Hazel:** I’ll take care of it tonight.

**Eliza:** Please not more wine. My stomach is still rolling from the cheap shit from last night.

**Teagan:** Hey! That was good wine.

**Sienna:** Maybe if we were alcoholics.

Footsteps in the hallway made me slip my cell phone back into my pocket right before my new boss walked in holding three black t-shirts. I ignored the vibration of their replies and stood up to take the offered shirts. “Thanks.”

“Do you have any days you need off in the next two weeks?” Sutton asked, walking around to the other side of his desk to grab a pen. “After that, you can submit time-off requests.”

“No, no time off needed,” I told him after silently counting back to my last heat and clinic appointment. *I can just make my next appointment on one of my days off.*

“Perfect.” He jotted down something on my application and held out a hand. I held out my tattooed one and firmly

shook his. “Welcome to the team, Hazel. I’ll reach out tomorrow morning.”

“Thank you,” I replied with a grin then pulled my hand from his. “I’ll be waiting for your call.”

“I just need to make a phone call.” Sutton turned his back to me, opened a file cabinet, and began rifling through folders. “If you go straight down the hallway, you’ll take the door at the end back to the shop.”

I said goodbye and didn’t linger, a skip in my step as I hurried out to the shop floor. I knew exactly how I wanted to celebrate my new job. Instead of rushing out of the dispensary, I looked over the counters. The flirty beta came over, much more professional now that he saw the work tees in my hand. I picked out a few different flowers that looked good to me, some candy edibles, and some of the free pre-rolls they had for first-time customers. There were a few pipes that looked really cool, but I’d wait until my first paycheck to get something new.

With a quick thank you, I completed my purchase and left with my weed in one hand and phone in the other. I ignored the thirty-plus missed messages and sent them a pic of the black bag in my hand.

**Hazel:** Get ready for tonight. Who’s got munchies handled?

**Eliza:** I’ll get food from the bar after my interview.

**Teagan:** Awesome, and I’ll order more munchies.

**Sienna:** I’ll make sure she gets filling stuff this time.

I threw my head back and laughed. This was a great start to my new life here, and I couldn’t wait to see what Alexandria had to offer me and my best friends. A few heads

turned to stare at me, but I ignored them, not giving a shit what they thought. Nothing could kill my vibe today.



Sutton

HAZEL BRADFORD.

Her name bounced around my head, taunting me, as I drove to my friend's home. If I thought her name was going to haunt me, it was nothing compared to her scent. Holy shit, I'd thought I was going to come at the first whiff of the intoxicating smoky smell of leather, tobacco, and a hint of violet. Her basic business-casual interview clothes contrasted with her gothic makeup and jewelry. Generally, the dark makeup and clothes aesthetic wasn't something that usually drew my attention, but I'd had to hold back a possessive growl when I saw Cade giving her a once over.

Creaking drew my attention, and I let out a long shaky breath until I could loosen my grip on the steering wheel; my hands ached from how hard I had been clenching it. Well, talking about Hazel with Maximo, the other alpha in my pack, was going to be interesting, not to mention how Zaven, our beta, would take it. Not that it mattered, per se, that she had drawn my attention. Hazel was my employee, which meant she was strictly off limits. And even if she weren't my employee, I couldn't make a move unless she showed interest.

Alphas and omegas had strict rules when it came to the "courtship process," which covered the first expression of interest and even the beginning of the dating process. In the

past, alphas never took no for an answer, grabbing and claiming omegas left and right without their consent. After a swarm of long overdue protests happened a few decades back, laws and societal expectations changed. Omegas were the only ones that could initiate a relationship, of any kind, with alpha *or* beta partners.

Not all alphas had loved the change in law, but it needed to happen. Far too many omegas were getting attacked at the slightest hint of heat. Alphas still held most of the power in our world, but this victory was ours—even if men like the Humble Creed tried to fight back against it.

I recalled meeting Hazel earlier today and instinctively knew that there was more to this raven-haired beauty than met the eye. That image was then replaced with her laughing in the middle of the street, a black bag from my shop in one hand and her phone in the other.

“You going to come inside any time soon?” The dry voice broke the silence, making me jerk.

I cursed out my friend as I tried to slow my racing heart. “For fuck’s sake, Maximo, a little warning.”

“I’ve said your name three different times,” he replied evenly, dark brown eyes searching my face for a hint of what I was thinking. “Something happen at the shop today?”

“Finally hired a new person,” I said, trying to sound casual, as I took my seatbelt off and got out of the car. “So no need to work as many shifts to fill in.”

“What else?”

Of course he would never let it go. You didn’t become a mob boss by being anything but tenacious. “The new



employee is an omega, one I wanted the moment I smelled her. Fuck, she's..."

"If she has you this tongue tied, she must be something," he replied, brows raised in surprise. "But it's best to keep talk of the omega until later. I had a problem with my last shipment, and Zaven isn't going to be pleased that I have to head out of town without him."

"Why not bring him with you? He *is* your bodyguard," I asked. Together, we walked up to the front door of his home.

"Because it's in Clearview and I wouldn't ask him to go back there. I should only be gone for two, three days tops."

"That'll soothe him," I deadpanned. We both knew Zaven would put up a fight, and we'd have to find a way to calm him down.

"I'll be taking the twins with me. They don't usually dabble in the Family business, and I don't want to drag them into it, but I need back-up."

"Good." We were both alphas, but we weren't stupid enough to think we were invincible. Being the head of the mob in Alexandria came with enough rivals, people hungry for his blood, that he had to watch his back at all times.

"So, what does she look like?" I snorted at his not-so-subtle subject change, but my mind immediately went back to Hazel nonetheless. He'd stopped just outside the door, giving me a chance to answer before we went inside to face our beta. He'd said we should talk about Hazel later, but he knew me well. I didn't think I could fool anyone into thinking I'd be capable of focus until she was out of my system. I had this urge to share what little I knew of who she was, like every

tidbit I revealed would somehow bring her closer to being mine.

“A goth goddess,” I said with a huff of laughter. “Not my type at all outside of being sexy as hell. She’s got the dark makeup down, but it looks fucking fantastic on her. She’s tall and slender but has the omega softness. And that fucking scent...” I adjusted myself at the thought.

“That will make work more difficult,” he noted with a grin. Of course Maximo was finding pleasure in my pain.

“I nearly killed Cade for flirting with her before we even spoke,” I admitted. “Good thing I’ve got immaculate control. I wanted nothing more than to rut her in that office.”

“Holy shit,” he said, almost startled by my reaction. “Now I kind of want to meet her.”

Oddly enough, that didn’t fill me with jealousy or possessive anger. We’d shared our beta for long enough that it wasn’t hard to picture him with her too. My mind teased me with an image of her on her knees before us, and I was hard all over again. *This is not how I need to go to dinner.*

“We have to stop talking about this,” I groaned. “Give me the details on this shipment.”

His expression was hard as he pushed open the door. “I will over dinner. Valentina is out, so it’s us three.”

The smell of garlic permeated the air, and we both made a beeline for the kitchen. Our beta wasn’t only a fierce bodyguard, but one hell of a cook, too. He smiled as we entered. It was adorable seeing him with the pale blue apron tied around his waist, business-casual clothes underneath. That man wore dress slacks and vests unlike anyone I’d ever met.

And the sight of him bending over to pull bread from the oven didn't help my still-hard erection at all.

"It's not polite to stare," he teased as he straightened and set the bread aside to cool. Although his tone was playful, I winced, knowing it would be replaced by anxiety and fear soon enough.

"What did you make?" Maximo asked as he leaned against the counter, arms crossed. The poor guy was probably trying to figure out the best time to drop the news. Maximo was the cool, put together mob boss to most, but Zaven could bring out all of the alpha's protective instincts. That went for protecting his body *and* his heart. Zaven was precious to Maximo despite his position as the alpha's bodyguard, and Maximo was always unsettled by the idea of upsetting our beta.

"What's wrong?" Zaven asked as he narrowed his eyes. Nothing slipped past this man. I didn't know if it was some kind of beta instinct or just a Zaven thing, but when it came to Maximo and me, the beta was an expert.

When Maximo first started looking for someone to have his back, I never thought he'd pick a beta, but Zaven was fierce and protective and fit the bill perfectly. It only took a few days before he was part of the Family and then part of something more with us soon after. He was hard to resist, and the more we brought him out of his shell, the more we were captivated by the beta with a chip on his shoulder. To be fair, that sort of came with the territory after having a reckless former boss who didn't care about his or Zaven's safety, nearly getting them both killed on several occasions before Zaven left it all behind. From verbal abuse to being reckless, it wasn't a fun position to be in. He'd even used Zaven as bait for his enemies, which had been the final straw. Leaving a mafia

Family wasn't an easy task, but he had found his place with us, and we weren't going to let him go.

"Danny never responded when I called today," he started. Zaven continued to focus on his cooking, but he was visibly stiff. "I sent Clark after him, and I was just notified that they found Danny half dead in his car, no shipment in sight and no payment."

Zaven plated the rigatoni he'd prepared, each movement slow and precise. He set the table with my help, but the intensity of his angst was rising so swiftly I wanted to scream. Finally, when we were all sitting down, he tented his hands in front of him and stared at his other alpha and boss.

"And what did the Russo Family have to say about it?" He wasn't an idiot. The Russos ran the city he was from, and just the mention had him slipping into his old quiet self. His eyes were immediately shadowed, and he'd stopped talking altogether. With a boss like his former one, you could never truly leave it behind you. We'd heard too many stories about how Sal Russo had treated Zaven to give the man any sort of respect. Maximo played games with the man because he had to, but if given the chance to kill him, he would.

"I'll know when I go speak with them," Maximo said. "And you're not coming."

Zaven's head snapped up, but his reply was cut off by the front door slamming open. From the chatter, we knew it was the twins before we saw them. Emiliano and Alessandro came in arguing, as per usual.

"No, *Insidious* is far better than that bullshit could ever dream about. It's a work of fucking art," Alessandro said with a condescending laugh.

“Nothing could top *Arrival*. It’s already a fucking classic,” Emiliano shot back. Their banter quieted as they walked in and noticed the mood in the room. Even the scent of garlic couldn’t hide the anger filling the air.

“Damn, what the fuck happened?” Alessandro asked. He grabbed two plates and took an empty chair, sliding the extra plate to his brother when he took the seat across from him.

“Yeah, I thought all this stress was usually reserved for our arrival,” Emiliano added as he snagged two glasses of water and slid the other one to his twin. The brothers were so in tune, they always worked together without asking what the other needed or wanted. It was borderline creepy most of the time.

“Why are you here?” Zaven asked curtly. He knew damn well he couldn’t cause a scene with an audience—though they were hardly that. The twins were family, but Zaven didn’t make scenes unless it was just the three of us.

“We were invited, thank you very much. You need Sutton to give you some weed, buddy? All that tension is hurting my shoulders,” Alessandro snarked. Emiliano covered his laugh with a cough as Zaven shot a glare at them both.

“Actually...” Maximo said, drawing their attention. He relaunched into the story, though this time with an addition. “I’d like you both to come with me. I’ll need back-up, and I refuse to let Zaven go back there.”

Now that the bomb had dropped, they were both all business. Emiliano pulled out his phone and typed away for a moment. “I have a few clients, but I’ll have Stein reschedule them for me. I can pick them back up next week,” he explained.

“You caught me at a good time. I’m free,” Alessandro agreed. “When do we leave?”

“You don’t. *I* do,” Zaven ground out. “I don’t need to be handled with kid gloves.”

“No, you don’t. And you also don’t get to let yourself spiral, Zaven.” Maximo’s words were sharp and final, which was a cue to Zaven to not push Maximo further. “No one in this room is willing to let you be a martyr.”

“Harsh.” I winced. “But true. This is one of those times you have to trust our judgment.”

“If either of you let him get hurt, I’ll dismember you slowly and painfully, starting with your dick,” Zaven bit out as he stood up abruptly enough that his chair slammed to the floor. He stormed out, and we could hear him stomping through the house to his room. It was going to be a long night.

“Can you two clean up and see yourselves out? We have a beta to calm,” Maximo said. He stood up without touching his plate, but I shoved one last bite into my mouth before following his lead.

“Meaning you’re going to fuck him until he’s happy,” Emiliano joked. Despite the teasing reply, they were already moving, cleaning up and making themselves plates to take with them. They were out the door before we even reached the second floor landing.

Zaven was in his room, pacing and muttering to himself, his sharp green eyes lethal when he shot a glare in our direction. Maximo reached him first, grabbing his wrist to stop him, while I locked the door behind us.

“Zaven,” he started, but the beta was too far gone to listen. He threw himself into Maximo, crushing his lips to the older

man's. Sex was an outlet for him, and we would never deny him the peace we could bring.

Maximo met the energy without faltering, and I maneuvered behind Zaven, sandwiching him between us. My fingers trailed over his body, then I started to pull his clothes free. He shifted to help me and kicked his pants aside. Once I'd shed my own clothes, I spun our beta around, giving Maximo a chance to do the same.

"I'm not happy with this," Zaven said, but his argument was weaker now. He wouldn't directly defy Maximo no matter how many times he voiced his feelings.

"Noted," Maximo said evenly as he dropped to the ground. My dick throbbed at the sight of him swallowing down our beta's cock. Most alphas didn't take a submissive position like getting on their knees, but Maximo was in control no matter what stance he took, and our beta knew it.

Zaven's head fell back, and he breathed out a shuddering sigh of relief. He stayed still while Maximo did the work, fucking his throat with our beta's dick to give him quick relief so we could drag out the rest. I grabbed lube from his dresser and coated my fingers before moving behind him again. My fingers teased over his ass, and he shifted enough to give me better access. His legs shook with his effort to maintain control, but between the blow job Maximo was giving him and my fingers stretching his ass for our cocks, he didn't stand a chance.

His fingers tangled in Maximo's hair as he came. The alpha swallowed him down and pulled away before standing. Now, my fellow alpha was practically feral, and I knew this was going to be good. Maximo needed to take the lead as much as Zaven needed the release, so I gave him that.

Maximo went for his dresser of toys while I led our beta over to the St. Andrew's cross against the wall. I pulled off the sheet that covered it and tied his hands in place, his back facing the room. While his other alpha was busy, I added more lube to my hand and continued to prepare him, getting four fingers deep before Maximo finally joined us, a riding crop in hand.

"You'll need to save your fascination with fisting him for later," Maximo growled, arousal shown in every taut line of his body.

I pumped my fingers in and out of Zaven a few more times, enjoying the way he whimpered and squirmed on the cross for me. "Too bad. It's always so hot when he finally gives in. I love those screams as I pound into him." Zaven begged me not to, which just made my dick throb even more.

"You know your safeword, beta," Maximo told him harshly.

"Let me at least get a butt plug for him. I don't think either of us are in the mood for going slow tonight." Maximo nodded as I withdrew my fingers. I grinned at my best friend and winked as I headed for the dresser. Grabbing wipes, I cleaned my fingers then started digging through the toys until I found the new plug we had gotten as a surprise. Holding up the toy for Maximo to see, I raised my eyebrows in silent question and he laughed harshly, nodding.

Once Maximo's harsh laughter hit the air, Zaven jerked against the cross, knowing something was up. I walked over. I knew I'd gotten him lubed up enough that we could move on to the plug.

"What are you doing?!" Zaven asked.



*Crack.*

Maximo brought the crop down on Zaven's ass cheeks, left then right, in quick succession. Zaven cried out, straining against the restraints. "You'll find out soon enough, Zaven. You want to act like a damn brat, then you get to face the consequences."

"Hold him open for me," I instructed. Dropping the crop for the moment, he grabbed a handful of each pink cheek to expose his hole. Maximo held the man still so that I could push the new plug into him. It was only a medium-sized plug, but Zaven groaned as I smoothly pushed it until the flared base pressed against his flesh. A combination of a vibrating butt plug and anal beads, it was going to be so fucking good when I turned it on with the remote.

Maximo slapped the beta's ass and stepped back, grabbing the crop again. Each slap of it against his flesh helped Zaven channel his anxiety into pain. I moved around to kneel in front of Zaven, bringing his hard cock mere inches from my mouth, close enough to see the precum already dripping from his tip. Zaven's eyes were wide, his cheeks flushed with arousal, and I smiled, teasing him with a quick swipe of my tongue across the head of his cock.

"He's so fucking ready to go again," I told Maximo, my voice gravelly thanks to the lust taking me over.

"Good."

That was the other man's only answer before he hit Zaven for the first time. Maximo didn't go easy on the beta, raining down hits down his body with barely a breath between them. Not wanting to be left out, I softly cupped his cock and balls, my gentle touch at complete odds with the beating Maximo was giving him.

“Please, god, please! Just fuck me.” Zaven continued to babble, body jerking between us, and I laughed cruelly.

“Maximo gave you a blow job, you selfish beta,” I said, tapping my hand against his balls hard enough that he let out a high-pitched cry. “Now, it’s about us.”

“Sutton!” Zaven pleaded, pupils so dilated his eyes looked fucking black. “Fuck, please. I’ll do anything! I just need to cum.”

“You think he’s earned any mercy?” I asked the alpha, ignoring Zaven’s frantic nod.

“Do it.”

I stood up and walked away from him, going for the dresser to dig out the remote. With a smirk, I hit the *on* button. Zaven screamed, his tense body jerking against the cross from the vibrations. He was so fucking hot, and I licked my lips before glancing over at my best friend. We might both be alphas, but in the bedroom, I allowed Maximo to ultimately take the lead. Maximo seemed just as close to his limit as I was; his muscles were taut, his hard cock jerking at the sight of Zaven frantically begging for us to fuck him. To fill him up. Breed him.

“Together?” I asked, running a hand down my length while hoping I’d last long enough for this.

“Fuck yes,” Maximo said, his voice so low it was distorted.

We left the plug inside Zaven as we worked together to put new wrist restraints on him, then threaded it through the anchor in the ceiling. It was far enough away from the cross so we could surround him with our bodies. Zaven trembled between us as Maximo took his place in front of him. Maximo

grabbed our beta's hair, yanking his head back so he could kiss him passionately. Zaven wrapped his legs around Maximo's lean hips, trying to hump him as he kissed him back.

“Like a fucking dog in heat,” I murmured harshly as I came to stand behind him. I ran a fingertip along the butt plug, pressing it deeper into him until Zaven broke away to let out a keening wail. I could tell he was about to come, so I pulled the plug out of him.

Zaven screamed out, jerking as he came. His scent intensified with his release, surrounding us with grapefruit, lemon, mint, and a hint of sandalwood. I lined myself up to Zaven's hole and pushed inside as I ground my teeth to keep from coming when he immediately clenched around me. Our beta sobbed my name, turning his head toward me, and I slanted my mouth over his, kissing him languidly. Now that he'd channeled some of his anxiety, I knew he was ready. I slowly pulled out until I felt Maximo's dick right beside mine. We didn't usually fuck him at the same time, but at times like this when our beta's anxiety was high, it helped him get out of his head. I knew he was about to speak to Zaven, so I kept my lips pressed to his, using our moment together to muffle more than just his cries of pleasure.

“You want to make sure I'm okay until I'm back,” Maximo whispered huskily as we pushed into our beta together. “I will do everything in my power to get back to you. I won't be going alone, and I'll call you. This is the life, beta. There are no others who can do this for me.” Zaven tried to move away, but I didn't let him pull back from our kiss. I ate up every whimper and sob, starved for the man I was inside of.

Maximo and I slowly thrust into our beta until we bottomed out. Zaven was delirious, his body covered in a

sheen of sweat, and our three scents mixed together to fill the air. Zaven's fresh fruit, Maximo's spice scent, and my woody fragrance combined into a scent all their own.

"I'll be here with you, Zave," I reassured him once I broke the kiss.

"I can't lose you too. I can't—" Zaven whimpered brokenly, his green eyes glassy.

Maximo didn't promise that he wouldn't get hurt; it would have been an empty promise if he had. Mob life didn't equate to safety, and we all knew it. Instead of empty words, Maximo flicked his gaze up to me and nodded, then we were fucking him hard, timing it perfectly so it was like we were pounding into him with one huge cock instead of two. Zaven choked on a garbled scream and pulled at his restraints, the chains rattling as our knots swelled until we filled him completely.

I pressed kisses to Zave's back while Maximo did the same to his neck, all of us panting with exertion. We petted Zaven through the aftershocks of his third orgasm that made his muscles twitch. He liked to stay close until our knots finally went down enough that we could pull out of him.

We took the beta down, and I carried him over to the large bed, cuddling him on one side as Maximo laid down on the other. It was quiet for a while, none of us breaking the silence until Zaven squeezed his eyes shut.

"I wish I wasn't like this."

"We love you the way you are, Zaven," Maximo growled, eyes flaring in warning. We were working to break him of his negative self-talk, but it was an uphill battle. He was so used to being broken down before us that we still had to remind him

he was fucking worthy. “And you know we don’t tolerate that kind of talk here.”

“I know. I’m sorry... I just—” Zaven stumbled over his words, shaking his head from side to side as if he couldn’t talk past his building emotion.

“Would it help if one of the twins drove?” I asked, running my hand along the beta’s side. The man’s dick twitched as if it was contemplating another round, and I couldn’t help but enjoy it. I loved the effect we had on him, and I was selfish enough to contemplate chasing his desire even though I knew I had to hold myself back.

“Maybe,” Zaven said after a minute of thoughtful silence.

Maximo hummed. “I can do that.”

“Thank you, and I’m s—” Maximo stopped Zaven’s apology with a finger against his lips.

“Stop apologizing, Zaven. Stay with Sutton while I’m gone, then we can all stay here together the day I get back,” Maximo ordered. The beta nodded, making no movement to move his alpha’s finger from his mouth. “Good. Now, let’s get cleaned up and eat because I’m fucking starving now.”

Zaven smiled, some of the anxiety gone from his green eyes as he looked up at both of us.

“Cleaned up doesn’t mean clothes though,” I told him with a lazy gaze. “If we hadn’t both fucked you at once I’d stuff you full of the butt plug again and play with you as you make us dessert later.” Zaven whimpered, trembling between us at the idea as we laughed huskily. “Next time, beta.”

“Enough teasing,” Maximo told him firmly. The alphas stomach growled, and the sound was loud enough not to be missed. “I need some damn food, then, Sutton, you can fill us

in on that new employee of yours. I have a feeling we all need the distraction, and she sounds... interesting.”

“New employee?” Zaven asked, looking over at me as we all got out of the bed.

“An omega... I think even you would like her, Zave.”

“Oh, then we have to meet her.” Maximo brows rose when Zaven glanced back and forth between us as he chewed his lip.

“But I think the more important topic of conversation is what trouble is Valentina up to tonight.” I grinned, dodging when Maximo tried to grab me. “What?”

“Let’s not talk about my great-aunt right after sex.”

“Better than during,” Zaven joked, eyes wide with faux innocence.

“Shower now. Both of you.” Maximo glared before stalking off.

“So touchy,” I said loudly, not the least bit intimidated by the other alpha. He might think that he was the head of everything, but in the end, I was still an alpha, and I didn’t let Maximo’s bite get to me. “Let’s go get that food, though. It smelled amazing.”

We got out of bed, and I threaded my fingers through Zaven’s, leading him into the large walk-in shower that Maximo had started up. I gently pushed the beta toward the other man. I knew that was who he really needed reassurance from right now. As Maximo started washing the other man, taking care of him with a keen eye, I smiled. The dynamic between the three of us just worked with a simple ease that brought me contentment. Or at least it always *had*. Hazel’s excited smile flickered in my mind’s eye, and I wondered what it would be like if she were here with us.

# Chapter 3



HAZEL

THE BIKER BAR was nothing like I expected on the inside. Instead of wall-to-wall wood paneling and an overstock of lame metal beer signs, it lived up to its name, Neon Nights. The beer ads were all neon, and vibrant lights lit up the liquor shelves behind the bartender. The sleek black floor, walls, and bar only made the lights stand out more. Its style was high-end club meets biker bar, and I loved it. That, and the huge list of drink specials that hung on the light up board next to the bar.

I was there before the others, but that just meant I had time to pregame. As I moved closer to the bartender, a group to my left caught my eyes. An older woman with more style than I'd ever possess was facing off with a handsy guy half her age. She was getting annoyed, fast, so I impulsively rushed over.

“There you are, baby,” I purred as I slid between them, my hands gripping her shoulders. Her red painted lips twisted into

a smile while I gave the guy behind me a glare. “Get away. Shoo.”

“Fuck off, bitch, she’s not your concern,” he slurred. To top it off, he nearly stumbled into me, unable to keep his feet firmly planted on the ground. His alpha stench was covered by booze and sweat, and I wanted to vomit.

“Not what she said last night when she called out *my* name. Now, get your drunk ass out of here. You know the laws, buddy,” I shot back with more venom than I generally used. I had no tolerance for alphas who tried to force omegas into giving them a chance. “Oh, there’s my friend who works security!” Seeing a familiar man stepping into the bar, I lifted my hand and waved at the biker who’d helped break into my car. The nod he gave me was enough to make the drunk scurry away. Well, more like stumble, his steps sprawling and awkward like a newborn giraffe, but at least he was out of our hair.

“That was fun,” the woman drawled. “I’m Valentina, by the way.”

“Hazel,” I said as I let go and stepped away from her.

“Generally, I handle myself, but that show of defending my honor definitely caught my attention. Unfortunately, you’re about eight to nine inches away from my type,” she joked.

“That’s okay,” I laughed. “I just wanted him to fuck off. God, he stank.”

“That he did,” she agreed with a chuckle. “I’m in a hurry tonight, so I’m about to head out, but let me buy you a shot as a thank you.”



She grabbed my hand and led me to the side of the bar that had no line. The bartender ignored the next customer and came over to us.

“Two Valentinas,” she ordered with a flirty smile.

“Anything for the beauty behind the name,” he teased back as he stepped away.

“You have your own shot here?” I asked.

She smirked. “That I do. I’m a regular here. I’m sure Loki would have stepped in if you hadn’t. That, or I would have knocked him out.” I had zero doubts this omega would have been capable of that. She had that badass, take-no-shit-and-have-fun-doing-it vibe.

The bartender was back in a moment, sliding over two bloodred shots. She grabbed them both and blew him a kiss before turning back to me. For a woman who looked to be in her sixties, she sure knew how to dress, flirt, and party. I hoped I could be as cool as she was when I grew up. Hell, she was even rocking the long, flowing, wavy white hair. Paired with her black leather jacket, black clothes, and red accessories, she was everything.

We clinked glasses before I threw back the shot. It was tart but sweet and one of the best things I’d ever put in my mouth.

“Damn, that’s good.” I slid my shot glass across the bar while she grinned and did the same.

“It is,” she agreed. “And just wait, the buzz is no joke. Next time we run into each other, maybe we can dance it off. This time, however, I have to go. Bye, my white knight.” She blew me a kiss and left before I had to come up with something witty in response.

“She’s a whirlwind, isn’t she?” the bartender asked. Together, we watched her leave. His voice revealed his fondness for the older woman, which only confirmed her awesomeness. Bartenders tended to be excellent judges of people, or so I had always told myself. At the moment, I saw nothing to contradict his opinion of the mysterious Valentina. If I was into women, she would have been my type hands down... Too bad I just had to put up with men to get dick instead.

“She is,” I agreed. “I’ll be back for more shots in a bit. The girl—”

“Hazel!” Eliza called out. I heard her voice before I saw her pushing her way through the growing crowd.

I glanced back at the bartender. “Nevermind. Can I get a round of those shots for us and another round of the neon storm? Four of each.”

After I paid for them, he slid over eight shots; the others had arrived, so everyone grabbed two before Eliza led us to a tall table next to the dance floor. Valentina hadn’t been kidding about the buzz. I was already feeling great.

“Dad’s moving up the trip, so I leave tomorrow,” Teagan announced. “That means it’s an early night for me. Flying hungover is a bitch.”

“You need electrolytes and tylenol before and after sleep,” Eliza said. I swore that woman had a remedy for everything. Hell, she probably had both in her purse right now.

Teagan laughed. “Will do, Mom.” She raised the electric blue shot and began a toast. “To travel and living our lives how we fucking want.” We followed her, tapping them together before throwing back the shots. It tasted like candy,

and I just knew we'd be in trouble with shots like these. They went down a bit too easily.

"I got a job too!" Sienna added. She'd been quiet, so I should have known she was holding something in. "As a waitress. There's a casino on the edge of town."

"Why do you sound so unsure?" I asked, immediately picking up on her lack of enthusiasm. "You can say no if you don't want the job."

"I do," she sighed. "I loved the environment, and the girl who was interviewing at the same time got it as well, and she was great. I just..."

Teagan groaned. "Out with it, woman." Sienna loved to beat around the bush, and Teagan didn't have the patience for it most of the time.

"They also have burlesque shows. God, I wish I could dance," she whined. "The outfits, the stage, I want all of it... but I'm too fucking shy."

"Girl, you may be shy around most people, but you aren't with us," I countered. "Work there for a bit and build up your confidence! Between your physique and love for it, you'd be a show stopper."

"Agreed," Eliza said without skipping a beat. She lifted the red shot in the air, and we followed. "To Sienna's new job and building confidence. Because she *is* going to move on to dancing someday." Our friend grinned like the Cheshire Cat at that and clinked the glass before letting out a giggle. The first shot was already taking hold.

"To the dance floor!" Sienna shouted over the crowd. Now that she was done sharing her news, she was back to her normal self. Or at least the version we got. I wished she could

find the confidence to show the rest of the world the sassy, fun woman she was.

I followed her out to the dance floor without question. All four of us were grinding against each other, deflecting needy alphas and betas, in minutes. Between the beat of the song and the alcohol flowing through my veins, I was having a great time.

Of course, someone always had to be the first to yell that they had to pee. All three of my besties did, but I wasn't playing that game until I had to. While they moved away, I continued to dance. A smarter omega would have gone back to the table to wait, but the song that had just started was amazing, especially since the warm buzz from those shots were really starting to hit me.

"Need a couple of dance partners?" I looked up to see two identical men staring back at me. Well, identical in features. One had long hair, while the other kept his shorter hair styled back off his face. Aside from that and their clothes, their similarities were striking. They looked like the definition of trouble with a capital T, and that seemed like a *great* idea right now.

"Sure," I said, not bothering to exchange names. They moved in and sandwiched me between them, matching the sway of my hips. The guy with longer hair was in front of me, while the guy with slicked-back hair ground against my ass. Brown eyes watched me intently in the darkness of the bar, and I half-smiled, teasingly brushing closer to him. The alcohol was making me bold, but that wasn't all of it. In the thirty seconds I'd been around them, I felt safe.

But that odd sense of safety wasn't something I needed to focus on during girls' night, so I ignored the heat rising in the

man's face. I closed my eyes and enjoyed every fucking moment of the two sexy betas making me the filling of a twin sandwich. I wasn't ashamed to admit it was hot as fuck, and my pussy was begging me to have a one-night stand if they'd be willing. It had been way too long since I'd gotten laid—three, maybe four months, a fucking drought, to be honest.

But of course mother hen Eliza was back far too soon, pulling me out of their arms. I gave them an apologetic shrug before I was towed back to our table, a cup of water pushed into my hand.

“Drink this before you try to go home with strangers, Hazel,” she teased, but I didn't miss the way her eyes traveled over my twin dance partners. I followed it and gave them a smirk before looking away. I could feel their eyes on me as we chatted through our water break, the attention not unwelcome. They wouldn't be able to cut in again now, so I'd just have to save that sexy memory for later when my battery-operated boyfriend and I met up.

# Chapter 4



HAZEL

“FUCK!” I moaned, my legs tensing as my orgasm ran through me. It was good, but not as good as what those twin betas could have given me a few nights ago. I’d gone back to the bar twice since then but hadn’t seen them either time. Guess fate was telling me to get my fucking hormones under control.

Part of me wished I knew at least their names to add to my fantasy of the dark-eyed twins worshiping my body while my battery-operated boyfriend teased me. I shifted the toy, ready to get one more release in before I had to shower and head to work. I teased myself, building up my second orgasm, but right before I tipped over the edge... it died. Fucking *dead*. I frantically hit the button, hoping against hope that it would turn back on, but nothing. *Son of a fucking bitch, Bob!*

A knock on my door, then Sienna was calling out, “Hazel! If you want that ride, I need to leave in the next five minutes!”

I had totally forgotten that I'd asked Sienna for a ride to work. Grabbing Bob, I took him into my bathroom and washed him off before throwing on one of the black work t-shirts and a black skirt. After the first few days, I slowly started incorporating more of my style into my work outfits. It was nice to show a bit of who I was, not to mention a money saver since I didn't have to buy all new work-compliant outfits. Snagging black thigh-high fishnets, I stuffed them into my backpack and slipped into my boots just in time. When I saw Sienna waiting by the door, I triumphantly yelled out, "Made it!"

She just shook her head, amused, and we walked together out of the building. Sienna had gotten an old but nice beater of a car soon after she'd started her job at the casino. It was an old gold Toyota Corolla that was worn, with a few rust spots, but it was hers, and that was all that mattered. She felt safer driving herself at night than riding the bus alone, which we all understood. Despite the social rules that gave omegas the power of initiating relationships, like that asshole in the bar, some alphas and betas had zero regard for what they should and shouldn't do.

I got into the front seat, leaving my seatbelt unbuckled so I could slip into the fishnets I had grabbed. Sienna laughed at my contortions, but hey, you try wiggling into fishnets without slamming your head into the roof of a car! "Don't laugh at me, Sienna! It worked."

"Can I start driving now? I'm not driving in the crazy city traffic until you're buckled up." She lifted an eyebrow, and I rolled my eyes, buckling up slowly. She waited for the click before starting the car. "Besides it's going to be bad enough being stuck next to you since you practically reek of sex."

“I wish it was real sex and not just Bob over-promising and under-delivering again.” I rolled my eyes.

“You might want to go to the clinic.” She glanced over at me, concern in her green eyes. “Isn’t your next heat coming soon?”

I groaned, realizing she was right. Ugh, I hated my heats. Nothing helped besides the drugs I could get at the omega clinics, and I hated the weird hazy feeling they gave me. I’d never had an alpha to help me ride one out the fun way. “Fuck, you’re right. I’ll make an appointment once I get off work today.”

“Bet you’re gonna sell a lot of weed today smelling like that.” I flipped her off as I burst out laughing at her friendly teasing. She wasn’t wrong; my pheromones were all over the place, and I had a feeling the only thing that was going to help settle me were the twins I kept thinking about. Then I thought of my sexy boss. Freckles all over his serious face, red hair, and that beard... fuck. The idea of Sutton and his woodsy scent all over me made my thighs wet with slick. *How the hell am I supposed to work like this?!*

“Fuck this,” I muttered just as Sienna pulled up outside the shop. Before she could ask me what was wrong, I unbuckled, ripped my soaking wet underwear off, and balled them up.

“Hazel!”

“I don’t have any extras, so I’ll just be super careful at work,” I told her reasonably. “And if Eliza tries to cockblock me next time, I swear I’m tossing her in the direction of the MC.”

“So mean.” Sienna grinned, eyes bright with barely suppressed humor. “I’ll help you.”



“I always knew you were my favorite.” I winked and slid out of the car, tossing my underwear into the nearby trash can. Luckily, it was a cheap pair, so it didn’t really hurt to tear off. Though now I felt a bit naked walking down the sidewalk. The breeze against my bare pussy was a tease I could barely stand. If this had been some kind of sexual game and not the result of my battery-operated boyfriend, Bob, failing me, it would have been more enjoyable. I needed to think of anything but sex before it got me in trouble.

“Hazel!” I looked around and saw Sienna holding out a joint. “It’s Kali Mist, and it might help you get through the day.”

Smoking before I went into work wasn’t really the best idea, but setting off a bunch of alphas wasn’t going to be good either. *Fuck it.* Stalking forward, I took the blunt. Sienna held up a lighter, and I inhaled deeply, enjoying the euphoria of the spicy yet sweet flavor as I held it in, then slowly blew the smoke out. This was just what I needed to get through today.

“You’re the best.”

“Get me some more before you leave work, and we can call it even,” she told me with a smile. Sienna smoked whenever her anxiety got really bad, so her giving me some out of her personal stash was saying something. I nodded in agreement as I took two more deep hits then put it out. Handing over the half that was left over, I smiled. The effects of the drug were already winding their way through my system. “I’ll see you tonight.”

Quickly making my way to the back employee entrance, I clocked in, somehow right on time, and stashed my backpack in my locker in the lounge. Brushing off some lint on my skirt, I made my way up front, saying hi to Cade who was manning

the register today. There were a few customers in the store, but no one needed my assistance.

Somehow, the shift flew by until it was time to clock out. Just as I was buying more Kali Mist for Sienna, the door banged open. In walked none other than the striking beauty from the bar, Valentina. Her long gray hair fell around her shoulders in waves, and today she wore a black blouse with a leather corset over it, black slacks, and stilettos so sharp they could be used as weapons.

“Is Sutton here?”

How in the world did she know my boss? Cade’s face had gone pale at the sight of her, so I answered for him. “He hasn’t been in today. Well, at least during my shift.”

Her sharp gaze whipped around, and surprise filled her face, then a wide smile. “If it isn’t Hazel, the flirty omega from the bar.”

“And the beautiful Valentina, who is way more intoxicating than the shot named after her,” I flirted back, a smile tugging at my lips.

Valentina threw her head back, laughter pouring out of her as she came over and looped her arm through mine. “Actually I don’t think I need Sutton for this. Hazel, can you help me?”

“Help you with what?” I asked. Maybe it wasn’t the smartest idea, but I didn’t fight as she tugged me out of the shop and toward a black town car at the curb.

She opened the door and got in, pulling me inside as well. “Just some casual stalking.”

I leaned back, searching her gaze to see if she was joking, but nothing about her sharp smile looked like she was teasing. “Stalking who?”

“This isn’t a good idea,” a calm voice said from the driver’s seat.

Jerking my head around, I met the calm gaze of the driver. His black hair was swooped back and neatly styled to complement his very well-kept short beard. He was wearing a pale blue button-up under a gray vest. The man briefly looked me over before focusing on the older woman next to me.

“This isn’t Sutton.”

“No, this is my new friend Hazel. She can help me out. Don’t be such a stick in the mud, Zaven.”

“A stick in the—” He bit his words off, shaking his head, and the clench of his hands around the steering wheel conveyed the feeling beneath his warning. “This isn’t a good idea.”

“You’re right. It’s the *best* idea,” Valentina countered with a wide grin. “Now, let’s get a move on.”

“Who exactly are we stalking right now?” I asked, glancing between the two other people in the car. “And why am I the perfect person for this?”

“My nephew,” Valentina grumbled. “He’s being a pain in the ass, and I need some dirt on him to get him to do what I want. He doesn’t know you, so you’re helping me by being my inside man... or woman as it were.”

“And we’re going... where?” I prompted for more information.

“Shit, you can’t go in your work shirt. Here.” Ignoring my question, she proceeded to rip off the corset and hand it to me. The fact that she even got the intricate thing off was a miracle, and if she thought I was capable, she was *very* confused.

“Uh...” I started. She rolled her eyes and unabashedly yanked up my shirt. In moments, she was tying the corset in place, with only my bra left on. I didn’t know how I’d gotten here, being manhandled by Valentina, but I was just going with the flow. She prompted me to remove my bra once I had the leather to hide my exposed boobs. Rolling my eyes, I did as she said. *When in Rome and all of that.* Soon, I was laced up and feeling claustrophobic.

She whistled. “Damn, you look amazing. Now, here’s the plan. We’re going to drop you off. Gino’s Place has a bar, and all you have to do is walk that sexy ass up there and order a drink and an appetizer.”

“This is a bad idea,” Zaven supplied, and I agreed with him.

“He might have a point. I’m not exactly skilled in espionage or even being subtle, really,” I told her. “But if you buy me a drink and food, well, who am I to complain?”

“See, perfect for the job,” she said with a smirk, tucking a few bills into the corset. It was a little alarming that she was so comfortable with me, but I could tell that was just her style. Her personality was boisterous and in your face, and she clearly had no issues crossing lines. There was a hint of laughter sparkling in her eyes even as she acted like a tough-as-nails badass. “Here.” She held out her phone to show me a picture of a sexy man. He was older, a bit of gray in his previously dark hair. He had a full, well-kept beard and a glower on his face. All in all, he had that sexy, broody vibe. Delicious memories of my failed masturbation flooded my mind, but I hurriedly pushed them away to make sure that the others in the car didn’t notice. *Plus, I’m still commando, so I need to keep my shit together.*

“And I’m watching him do what?”

“Eat,” Zaven answered. Our eyes met in the mirror, and he rolled his. I bit back a laugh and turned to Valentina, watching her tap her chin.

“See who he meets, what he does, anything strange and you tell me, got it?” she said. I nodded, not sure how I would know what was strange considering I’d never met this man before in my life. She snatched my phone from my hands and tapped away. “My number is in here. I’ll text you when it’s safe to join me.”

Moments later, I was unceremoniously shoved from the car without my backpack or my damn ID. I stumbled but caught myself on the sidewalk. The tall windows of the storefront in front of me gave me a full view of my thrown together outfit. The fishnets and corset worked, though it showed more of my body than I ever had before, and it took everything in me not to tug at it or fold in on myself. *I look like a prostitute... I hope I don’t get arrested.* Instead, I held my head high and walked into the restaurant.

“Oh, hello,” the waitress said, drawing out the word as her gaze slipped over me. There was amusement and a bit of judgment there, and I wanted to walk right back out, but I didn’t. Time to channel my inner bitch.

“A seat at the bar, please,” I asked sassily, raising my eyebrow when she just stared at me a few more seconds as if that would intimidate me. She nodded and grabbed a menu.

“Of course, right this way.” The staff milling around watched her lead me to the old wooden bar. They weren’t the only ones either; patrons stared just as much, including the sexy broody guy I was supposed to be watching.

“I’ll sit away from the windows,” I said like I had all the confidence in the world. She looked startled when I snatched the menu and chose a seat that gave me an easy view of him without being obvious.

“Ignore them,” the bartender said as she walked up. She had a smoky voice and a bright grin. Her wavy blond hair was pulled high into a ponytail, and she was dressed in all black. She was about ten years older than me, and the way she gave the hostess the stink eye said she’d encountered the attitude before. “She can’t stand it when someone is hotter than her, and honey, you are smoking.”

I grinned. “Thanks. Can I get a mixed drink? Something sweet and tart.”

“I’ve got the perfect one,” she promised. With a parting wink, she was gone, so I opened the menu. I made it about three items down before peeking at the man I was supposed to be watching. He was still there, but the moment I locked eyes on him, he was looking back at me. *Shit*. Glancing back down, I busied myself with browsing the appetizers.

After I chose one, I risked another look. This time, he didn’t notice, and I breathed out a sigh of relief.

“Here you go,” she said, sliding a tall hurricane glass over. I took a drink and hummed happily. This was a nice addition to a long night. “Any food?”

“The cheese focaccia, please,” I said as I closed the menu. My stomach rumbled at the thought of fresh bread.

“On it,” she promised before leaving me again. As I waited for my food and nursed my drink, I continued to steal glances at him. Mr. Boring over there did nothing. He ate his pasta and read a book. *A fucking book*. I wasn’t sure what Valentina was

expecting, but he was about as fun to observe as watching paint dry. That driver, Zaven I think, was right. All I was doing was sitting here, watching him eat.

Now that I had finished my drink, I had to pee. Whether Valentina wanted it or not, I headed for the restrooms. Despite the place being older, the bathrooms were newly updated and clean.

After taking care of my business, I pushed open the door in the tiny back hallway and nearly stumbled when I came face-to-face with Mr. Boring. Before I could say anything, he had me backed into the wall, his body towering over mine as he glared down at me.

“What are you doing? Why are you watching me?” he asked. His voice was husky, and the way it washed over me had my already needy body acting up again. He breathed in, then his eyes widened. “Answer me.”

“I thought you were attractive?” He stepped back, the look on his face angry, not amused.

“Answer me honestly,” he growled. Whiskey, cinnamon, tobacco, vanilla, and cedar melded together into an earthy, manly aroma that had me lightheaded and enamored. Yet again, I was overly affected by scents. Maybe Sienna was right about me calling that clinic.

“Look, I don’t have to answer to you, asshole,” I said, putting emphasis on asshole like I was a closet badass. “I came for a drink, some food, and to avoid life for a few minutes. If I look around the room while I’m waiting, then that’s really not my fucking problem. But if you’re going to be all touchy, I’ll keep my eyes to myself, or at least off of you. Now, if you’d kindly fuck off, my appetizer is probably ready.” Stepping around him, I walked back to the bar.

My heart pounded in my chest so harshly I felt myself becoming lightheaded. Even though he had been an asshole, his scent lingered in my mind, and I felt slick dampen my inner thighs. *Fuck it. If I go back to the bathroom, he'll know, so I'm just going to ignore it and eat my free food.*

The older man's glower and dark eyes filled my mind, then memories of my past hit me.

The condescending eyes of my prospective pack trained on me as I bit my words back. My father scolded me, cutting me off anytime I dared to speak up. My mother, whose disapproving eyes reflected my inability to be the perfect omega. Every moment was crystal clear in my mind, making me feel small until I physically shook it off. I wasn't that girl anymore. I was free, and I was going to fucking act like it.

*Never again.*

My focaccia was waiting when I got back, and I not so gracefully ripped off a hunk with my hands and shoved it in my mouth.

"Another drink?" the bartender asked, looking a bit concerned.

"Sprite, please," I said as soon as I managed to swallow. She chuckled and got the soda for me before going off to clean some glasses.

My phone dinged then, and I glanced down to see Valentina's name pop up with a new text thread.

**Valentina:** He snuck out. You're good to come back.

Not wanting to waste it, I quickly worked through the appetizer and downed my drink before pulling out the cash to pay. This was quite possibly the strangest afternoon I'd ever had.



“Anything?” Valentina was on me the moment I was in the car. I grabbed my tee and pulled it on before answering.

“No. He read a book. Then he confronted me outside of the bathroom to ask why I was watching him. A few fucking glances, and he thinks the world is after him,” I grumbled.

“Hm.” She frowned at the news. “I expected more from him. Oh well. There’s always another time. Thanks for helping me out. Now, take us by Neon Nights. I owe my girl here a real drink.” I had half expected her to drop me back off at the dispensary, but this change of events was definitely welcome. After the startling encounter and strange stakeout, I was ready for another shot... or two.

*Okay, maybe I’ll call the omega clinic tomorrow.*

# Chapter 5



MAXIMO

IT HAD BEEN three days since I'd caught the omega watching me at Gino's Place. I hadn't heard or seen anything of her since, but I was keeping my eyes out. She didn't seem like someone who would be involved with the mob, drugs, or the police, but that didn't mean anything. I shifted in my seat, staring off into space, as I recalled the way she filled out that leather corset. The dark makeup and piercings looked fucking amazing on her, but I could tell the corset wasn't her usual style. She'd shifted and tugged at it more than once as she tried to 'discreetly' watch me. It had me curious to see what she looked like on a regular day. Either way, I knew it would be just as sexy as she looked now. Not to mention the cloud of leather, tobacco, and violet that had intensified when I pushed her for answers... Hell, I still couldn't get that scent out of my nose.

But mooning over an omega wasn't going to get me anywhere. I needed to concentrate on the problem at hand, and it was a big fucking problem. The meeting in Clearview hadn't gone well. There was no progress about what had happened to Danny, and the man remembered nothing. Zaven and Sutton tried to point out that we should be thankful he was alive, which was true, but I needed fucking answers. At least when we went to check on him, he was healing up and coherent. That was more than rivals usually left their victims.

The entire shipment was gone. Fifty thousand dollars worth of ecstasy didn't just fucking disappear, and I was going to find out who took it and exact my payment from every damn bone in their body.

“Earth to Maximo!” The irritated voice captured my attention.

Blinking slowly, I turned my head and focused on one of my younger brothers. *Emiliano, who else would it be.* “Yes?”

“Are you going to come down for dinner?” he asked, his clear exasperation letting me know that wasn't the first time he had asked me that question.

I glanced toward the window and internally groaned. How the hell had it gotten so late? It had been mid-afternoon when I'd come in here to do some paperwork. Fuck, Zaven and Sutton were both going to be pains in the ass about this.

“Shit. Yes, I'm coming now,” I said, standing up and walking around the desk to join my brother.

“Valentina should be here any minute.” Emiliano sent me a wide-eyed, panicked look. “She said she had an announcement to make.”

“I need a drink,” I muttered, rubbing my head as we hurried downstairs and into the dining room. The full spread was already laid out, and the others were waiting for me and Aunt V to join. Alessandro brushed his long hair out of his face while texting someone on his phone. Emiliano sat down beside his brother, leaning over to see what he was doing. Those two didn’t have many boundaries when it came to each other.

Zaven and Sutton sat across from the twins, lost in conversation, though I couldn’t tell what they were discussing since they stopped as soon as I got close. Settling down in the seat beside Zaven, I left the head of the table for Aunt V. Although I might be the head of the mafia side of things, V was unquestionably the head of our family. Most thought it was odd that a woman, much less a widowed omega, was our leader, but she did it so well. Her ballbusting attitude wasn’t something to take lightly.

“Glad you decided to come down,” Sutton joked, a wide shit-eating grin on his face.

Just as I was about to open my mouth and tell him off, the front door slammed open. My aunt swooped in, high heels clicking on the floor, her long gray hair combed to the side and done up in a loose braid. She had on tight skinny jeans, black heels, and a navy blue t-shirt. As always, her face was fully done up. I thought she looked beautiful without it, and I’d told her as much on many an occasion, but she’d just patted my face and said I was a good liar.

“I’ve arrived, boys! Oh look, you all waited on me.” She smirked, settling on the last open chair as if it was her due. “You’ve finally learned manners, I see.”

“Maximo was late,” Emiliano unhelpfully stated, smiling innocently at V. “So we had to wait.”

“Oh my god, E.” Alessandro choked on a laugh as he closed his eyes and shook his head like we weren’t used to Emiliano being a chaotic mess.

“Emiliano said you had news to tell us,” Sutton chimed in, redirecting the conversation. His brow was furrowed as he stared at the older omega. “What news do you have for *all* of us?”

“You have a date. Tomorrow night.”

I blinked, unsure I’d heard her correctly, and she proudly preened and laughed to herself before taking a bite of the pot roast Zaven had made for us. *A date?! Who had a date? With who? What the hell is going on right now?* I wasn’t the only one brimming with questions, but just like me, no one knew how to start getting any of the answers.

The twins looked at each other, then at V, who remained silent, her eyes bright with good humor as she waited for one of us to break. I looked over to find Sutton and Zaven staring at me, like I was supposed to be the one to get clarification. I was an alpha, but I wasn’t the only alpha here. *Of course this shit gets passed to me.*

“Who has a date?”

“All five of you. Don’t worry, I already made the reservations and everything. You just have to show up,” Valentina said with a smile.

“We all…” I pinched the bridge of my nose, hoping to hell it would help with the growing pressure in my head.

“Wait, wait,” Alessandro interrupted, his husky voice strained. “You set up a date with someone for all *five* of us?”

But we're not part of Maximo's pack."

Emiliano nodded a few times, looking back and forth between his brother, V, and myself. "I mean, no offense to your pack, but we are a bit... different. Why would you set us up with the same person?"

"Because she's perfect. I approve of her. Plus, you all should trust me by now. When have I ever led you wrong?"

"You made me lose a bet to the twins about naming my business," Sutton deadpanned, and I couldn't hide the smile that tugged at my lips.

"You told me that buzzing my hair would help me meet women." Emiliano mock glared at Valentina, whose lips suspiciously twitched. "My hair still hasn't recovered."

"Then there's the time you said we should just take a look inside the casino in Vegas... I had to call Zaven to come bail us out," I added on, settling comfortably into a conversation we'd all had before. It was when too much time passed without V-inspired mischief that we suspected something was wrong.

"You all are so damn dramatic!" She rolled her eyes at us. "But nonetheless, you have a date tomorrow. You're going to Osaka Nights, and the woman I'm setting you up with will be there at seven sharp. The reservation is under my name. Boys, I know what I'm doing." We all looked at each other, then her, in disbelief, making her grin wickedly, "We could make a bet."

"No bets!" Sutton shook his head firmly. "I've learned my lesson."

"But you'll all show up?" Her narrow-eyed gaze stared us all down. "Otherwise, you'll make me look bad. You wouldn't do that to your dear aunt, would you?"

“That’s a low blow, Aunt V,” Alessandro and Emiliano groaned at the same time.

“We’ll be there,” Zaven said quietly. I glanced over, eyebrows raised in surprise. Out of everyone here, I didn’t think he would be the first to give in. Zaven cocked an eyebrow in response, a look that was far too attractive for me to argue with. “You wouldn’t want to disappoint Valentina, would you?”

They had me by the fucking balls, and they knew it. “Fine. Yes, we will be there. Just one dinner. No promises beyond that,” I said pointedly.

“We can do that,” the twins agreed after a minute of consideration.

“Good.” Valentina grinned, then her expression smoothed out, focusing on me. “How’s business going?”

I grimaced, taking a quick bite of food before it grew cold. “Shitty. No progress at all. And I need to figure it out before the Humble Creed representatives show up. They’re here for their big yearly purchase. I don’t want anything to happen to their product while they’re in my city.”

“You think it goes beyond one stolen shipment?” Emiliano questioned. “I thought this was an isolated attack.”

“That’s the fucking problem,” I said as I stabbed my food hard enough that the china clinked against the silver fork. “I don’t know who did it or what they’re after, but pissing off our biggest fucking client isn’t on my to-do list. I’m putting everyone and everything I have on this one.”

“I’ve got a few eyes around the city. I’ll put feelers out,” Alessandro said casually before taking a long sip of his wine. I didn’t question my brother. He had his own secrets, and I

respected that. I had pushed them to find their own way in the world, and they did as I urged. Emiliano was thriving in his tattoo career. I had no fucking clue what Alessandro did, but he was successful at it if his designer clothes and car were any indication. When it came down to it, they were family. They'd always step in if I needed them.

“Thanks,” I said, and some of the tension drained away. Thanks to Aunt V, I had the perfect distraction to occupy me when I wasn't dealing with this missing drug fiasco.



# Chapter 6



HAZEL

MY EYES WIDENED as I stared at the pictures on my laptop screen. I'd only agreed to this damn blind date because Valentina didn't take no well.

*"I don't date," I argued when Valentina proposed the idea. She raised her eyebrows at that.*

*"Lies. You're in your prime," she scoffed.*

*"I'm more of a one-night-stand-and-move-on kind of girl," I admitted. She shoved another shot my way. My fingers wrapped around the glass, and she clinked hers to mine, urging me to drink up.*

*"One date. No commitments unless you want them," she countered. "My nephew is adorable. You'll absolutely love him. When's your next day off?"*

*"Friday," I answered. "But I'm not going." She blinked at me with puppy dog eyes, and I groaned. I could already feel*

*my resistance slipping away.*

*“Do this for me. Please? He works far too much and needs a night out with a pretty girl like you,” she pleaded.*

*“Fuck,” I groaned. “Fine. One date.”*

*She let out a loud whoop and motioned for the bartender. “Two more!” He grinned and whipped up the shots before sliding them over. “Drink up. I’ll make sure you get home safe.”*

*“Do you want me to remember this or not?” I slurred.*

*She held up her phone with a wink. “Don’t worry, I’ll send you the details.”*

And she had. Osaka Nights, the most expensive and exclusive restaurant in the city. It was a Japanese fusion restaurant, so at least I could have some high-end sushi to get me through if the date tanked. Which was awesome because sushi was my favorite food... Maybe I’d told her that the other night? Honestly, I couldn’t fully remember.

The restaurant was gorgeous. The dark wooden tables and chairs were surrounded by colorful dividers that gave you privacy from the other patrons. They had a few rooms with the traditional shoji sliding doors for even more exclusivity. Everything screamed money—the art, the fabric covering the chairs, even the dishes. It wasn’t the typical place I would go which meant deciding on my makeup and outfit was even harder.

A soft knock sounded on my door before Eliza pushed it open. Her eyes went wide at the disarray in my room, clothes and shoes lining the bed and dresser, some falling to the floor. I winced when I realized how bad it had gotten. My room was

typically clean to a fault, everything in perfect, spotless order. This mess wasn't me.

“Okay, so we're having a crisis. Do I need to get alcohol, weed, or a snack?” she mused.

“None of the above. Sit your ass down on my bed and help me pick an outfit,” I begged.

“Damn, this must be nuts if you're breaking down and asking for help. Are you sure you want to go?” she asked, concerned now. I waved a hand at my laptop screen, and she raised an eyebrow at the gallery of photos. “Okay, that's fancy as hell. This blind date must be with a fucking billionaire or something. Get it, girl.”

“So not helping,” I laughed. But having her here was calming me a bit more. My face was covered in a sheen of sweat, and I grabbed a magazine to fan myself.

“Did you call the clinic?” she asked. Great, now she was even more worried about me.

“I left a message,” I promised. “I'll call again on Monday if they don't call back. It's a big city, so I'm sure they're busy.”

“Okay, then let's start with your top three outfits.” That gave me a purpose, and I was soon sweeping around my room, grabbing the ones that stood out the most. She stared at them while I cleaned up the rest of my stuff. Now that she'd pointed it out, it was bugging me.

It wasn't that I was nervous about the date itself. I was a confident omega, and the fact that it didn't have to go anywhere else after tonight took care of any worry that might have popped up. I just wanted to make sure I didn't stand out in the wrong way. After the awkward stares in that corset, I

wanted to make sure I fit the standard a bit better this time. Plus, a girl needed to tease an alpha now and then.

“This one, definitely,” she finally concluded. I knew she’d purposefully taken long enough for my room to get back to normal. My besties knew me far too well.

The dress she held out was one of my favorites. The bodice and skirt were made of black velvet. The back was corset-style, which helped make my boobs look amazing when I wore it. The entire bottom was lined in a delicate lace that matched the off-the-shoulder short sleeves. It came with matching lace gloves that wrapped from my wrist up to just past my elbow. Of course, it was solid black. It was a mix of goth and class, so it was the perfect mix for the date.

“You’re a genius,” I said as I blew her a kiss. She laughed at my change in mood and stood from the bed.

“I’m glad you’re bouncing back. I’d go for the black booties,” she said as she left me to finish getting ready. I grabbed the pair she’d chosen and slipped them on, staring at myself in the full-length mirror. I couldn’t help but smile. I felt sexy and powerful now, two things that would definitely make this date easier.

I put on my usual dark makeup and black lipstick, though I made sure it was a bit more well-done tonight than my toned-down work version. I played up the smoky eye and added a hint of dark red to the black lipstick to make it stand out, then applied a bit of liner on my eyebrows. With a critical eye, I looked over my makeup, making sure everything was blended and in place before using setting spray to finish it all off.

Just as I finished brushing my hair, my phone dinged. *Who would be texting me now?* I hurried over to my desk to check it. Valentina’s name popped up on the screen, making me grin.

**Valentina:** Tell me you're not chickening out!

**Hazel:** Oh, I've already skipped town. It was nice knowing you.

**Valentina:** Ha. Ha.

She got my sarcasm so well. Knowing she was just making sure I wasn't going to ghost her nephew, I took a quick mirror selfie to show off my outfit. It had barely loaded before she replied.

**Valentina:** Holy shit, you're gorgeous.

**Valentina:** Every man in that place is going to be begging to sweep you away.

**Valentina:** Strike that, every person, women included. I remember how you flirted.

Before I could respond, my phone alarm went off. I'd set it just in case I got distracted or took too long to get ready. That chime meant I now had to get my clutch ready and head out. As soon as my cards and phone were tucked inside, my phone went off. I pulled it back out to read Valentina's parting words.

**Valentina:** Oh, one last thing. Or two. Zaven is coming to drive you. Us ladies don't drive ourselves. And two. Have fun.

"Well, that beats catching a bus," I said to myself as I hurried from my room. He didn't seem the type to be late, so I rushed through the apartment, yelling hasty goodbyes to whoever was here before heading outside. The black SUV was parked on the curb, and Zaven was leaning against it, waiting for me. This time, he was dressed in a charcoal gray vest with a black button-up and black slacks. The form-fitting clothes hugged his muscles, and I had to remind myself that he wasn't my date tonight. I didn't miss the way he stilled when he

caught sight of me, his lips parted for just a moment as if I'd made him lose his breath.

“Why don't you ride up here with me?” he offered when I was close enough. He opened the front door for me, and I slid inside. Having to move so close to him had his scent slamming into me. It was strong and fierce, overwhelming me in the best way. The mix of citrus, mint, and sandalwood was downright heavenly. It was a light and calming blend of scents that I wanted to lean into and rub myself on like a desperate omega.

*What the hell is wrong with me?*

I'd been through tons of suppressed heats but never had one made me react this strongly to anyone's scent. Maybe my heat was coming on faster this time? Either way, I had to get myself under control, fast.

Fighting back the blush rising on my cheeks, I buckled myself in. With him this close, the ride there would be torture, but I could do this. *It's just one date*, I reminded myself.



Zaven

I DIDN'T KNOW what I'd expected out of this date, but Hazel wasn't it. I hadn't expected to see her again after the “stakeout” Valentina had talked her into.

As soon as Hazel had seen me, I noted her surprise, and I worried that she wasn't interested in me at all, but then her scent hit me. Smoky leather, tobacco, and violet wrapped

around me, and it took every ounce of my self-control to not moan out loud as my dick hardened.

Taking a deep steadying breath, I walked around and slid into the driver's seat. Slamming the door closed, I buckled up and glanced over to make sure she had done the same. Hazel had looked uncertain before she turned to stare out of the window, and I cleared my throat, unsure how to put her at ease.

"I like your dress," I said abruptly, then I internally groaned. *How fucking awkward can I be?!*

Hazel blinked slowly before her lips tilted up in a half smile. "Thanks. And thank you for picking me up. Valentina didn't give me any details about the date besides a time, place, and meeting her nephew for dinner, so I'm really glad I didn't have to take the bus."

My brow furrowed, focusing intently on the road as I replied, "A date with... her nephew?"

"Yeah," Hazel answered quickly, but I felt her gaze land on me, then she started cursing under her breath. "It's the nephew she had me spy on at the bar, isn't it? Fuck. This is going to be so awkward."

*She doesn't know the half of it,* I thought ruefully as my hands clenched on the steering wheel. We hit a red light, so I snuck a nervous glance at the omega beside me. I knew I couldn't let her walk into this date thinking she was only meeting Maximo, not with her scent was curling around me. Who knew how the alphas and twins were going to react when they got around her?

"What did Valentina say to you, exactly?" I asked carefully.

“That she wanted to set me up with her nephew. Something about him needing to loosen up.” Hazel blushed and chewed her lip. “To be honest, the rest of it is a bit blurry. We were having shots at Neon Nights, and, well, the next thing I knew, I had agreed to the date. What? Why are you looking at me like that?”

*How the hell did I end up being the one to tell her this?* Damn it. I was going to have words with Valentina later. “She said you were going on a date with *just* him?”

Hazel shifted in her seat until she was looking at me, her face pale as she searched my expression. “What do you mean *just* him?”

I licked my lips, glad that I was behind the wheel of a moving vehicle. Surely, she wouldn't hit the man driving the car. “Hazel, you're going on a date with more than just one alpha. Maximo, her nephew, has a pack, and she also invited her two other nephews, Maximo's younger brothers.”

Hazel stared at me, not saying anything, and I could tell from the way her lips parted that she was shocked. Then she threw her head back, her laughter filling the SUV as she lost it. She laughed until she began to cry, dabbing at her eyes to stop her makeup from running. I pulled into a parking spot across the street from the restaurant and waited. The poor girl deserved a minute to breathe.

“So how many people am I having dinner with?”

“Five of us.”

Her head jerked up, eyes wide. “Including you?”

My heart pounded, my chest suddenly feeling tight now that she'd asked that question. “Yes?” She studied me with a



new awareness in her gaze, but I had no idea what it meant. Was that disappointment, nerves, or disgust?

“Good because I’ve wanted to do this since the moment I saw you against the SUV earlier.”

Then she was on me. Her full lips were insistent as she tilted her head and flicked her tongue against mine. I whimpered and opened up to let her in. Was there any other choice? My head swam as I faintly registered her unbuckling her seatbelt and climbing into the backseat. Her hands on my face encouraged me to follow her, and I did, not giving a shit that I was wrinkling the clothes I had meticulously picked out for tonight.

Messing around wasn’t something I did. Hell, it had taken me months to believe that Maximo and Sutton wanted me in any kind of genuine way. Yet here was this omega whose scent made me lose all fucking reason and logical thought. A nip made me gasp, and she pulled back, her long black hair splayed around her like a dark halo.

“You’re thinking too much.”

“The others are waiting for us.”

“I don’t care about them right now. I care about you,” she purred, and I cursed weakly, rocking my hips against her.

“We can’t keep them waiting,” I argued, though I didn’t pull away from her hold.

“One more kiss for courage then,” she whispered, her hand pressing at the back of my neck to bring me closer to her again. This time, when she deepened the kiss, my hands squeezed her ass through her dress. The only thing I could think about was flipping the skirt up and burying my face in her sweet pussy. *I bet she tastes even better than she smells.*

She gasped into the kiss, and my hands slid down until I could feel her warm skin against mine.

Nothing in the world could have stopped me once her scent intensified around me, making any idea of restraint go firmly out the window. Slowly skimming my hand up her inner thigh, I moved back from her enough that I could closely watch her face, making sure she was okay with every step. Anticipation shone bright on her flushed face as my fingers moved up to that damp lace that was practically calling my name. Moving it aside, I stroked her wet folds, loving the way her back arched. She cried out as I easily slipped two fingers inside of her.

Hazel writhed as I fingerfucked her, my thumb teasing her clit until suddenly her thighs tensed, and she grabbed my upper arms.

“Fuck, Zaven!” she called out, and I felt her pussy clench my fingers, pulling me further inside of her. I kept rubbing her clit, not letting her off that easily. I only stopped when she collapsed onto the backseat.

Harsh breathing filled the silence of the car, and as I waited for her to say something, I slipped my fingers into my mouth to taste her. I nearly came from that alone. She was fucking delicious. Fuck, this was supposed to be a date to appease Valentina, but I knew that letting her leave was going to be anything but easy. The omega’s eyes fluttered, and a soft smile spread across her face before she sat up and kissed me, not the least bit put off by the taste of herself on my tongue.

“Well, that certainly took away some of the awkwardness of the date and a lot of my tension. Let’s go meet with the others.”

My mouth opened and closed a few times when she shifted and began to pull at her dress until she was satisfied. *This woman is totally unfazed.*

“How’s my makeup?”

“Perfect,” I answered roughly, and she grinned, wicked humor sparkling in her eyes.

“Since you know who we’re meeting, you want to lead the way?” I swallowed hard, uncomfortably shifting in my seat.

“Give me a few minutes.”

She grinned and flopped back into the seat beside me, her shoulder brushing mine. “To be clear, I don’t usually... Well, that’s not true,” she said, cutting herself off. “I don’t really date. But I really, really needed that. Thanks.”

It felt odd to be thanked for something that was so intimate, but I nodded anyway, the motion coming to an abrupt halt when I saw someone approaching us. None other than Sutton was approaching the SUV with a concerned expression. How was he going to react to me having fingerfucked our date before we even got inside the restaurant? That was a scenario I’d never had to prepare for.

My dick was still rock hard when he wrenched open the front door. There was an intake of breath before he stuck his head further in and turned. The expression on his face went from confusion, to shock, to amusement.

“Hazel?”

“Sutton?” she responded. Her gaze flickered to mine, then she leaned closer. “Is he one of the dates?” Too stunned to answer, I nodded. “And just like that, right back to awkward. Hey, boss.”

She pushed open the door and climbed out with a shake of her head. It seemed that not a lot fazed this omega, not even Valentina's schemes. With a moment of silence to myself, all of the pieces slid into place. When Valentina had dragged her from the shop for the stakeout, I hadn't fully grasped just who she'd recruited. But now I realized this was the girl Sutton had mentioned. *Okay, I thought this was going to be complicated, but it's downright chaotic now.*

With nothing left to do and my cock finally under control, I climbed out of the SUV. I smoothed out my clothes before acknowledging Sutton and Hazel who were quietly standing there, eyeing each other. The tension was thick, and I hoped we would manage to get past it fast. I might have just had a small taste of this omega, but it was enough to tell me that she was different. I wasn't going to let her slip away because of one awkward date.

"So... are we going in, or or should we continue to stand around and worry about shit getting weird?" Sutton barked out a laugh, and he visibly relaxed. "I was promised a fancy dinner, and I'm not leaving here until I get it."

That had me grinning. Her spark of attitude would be exactly what she needed to get through a date with our fucked up group.

"What if I say this crosses a line and I leave, taking my beta with me?" Sutton challenged. I knew my man well enough to understand it was a bluff. He just wanted to see her reaction, and I could admit that I was curious about it too.

Her black-painted lips twisted into a wicked grin. "I'll just call Valentina and tell her that I got stood up. I'm sure she'd have something to say about that."

“Ouch. Petty and bold. I like it. Come on, you two. We have reservations,” Sutton urged, holding out an arm for her. She hooked hers through his and grinned like she’d won a battle. In a way, she had, though she had no clue what she was truly getting into.

Sutton must have already claimed our table because he ignored the hostess, leading us through the main dining room to the private areas. We’d been here often enough that they didn’t question us. Hazel turned more than a few heads, but she didn’t even seem to notice. It was only when we started getting closer that I could see her shoulders tensing again.

The chatter among the brothers died once we entered. Maximo stood, and his eyes narrowed on her.

“You.”

“Me,” she agreed without skipping a beat. “Let’s just cover this part of it too because I intend to enjoy myself tonight. Yes, I followed you. Your aunt paid me to see if she could get something interesting on you, but you were a boring target, so that was that. Case closed.”

Maximo’s jaw twitched as she rambled on, but I could see him relaxing as amusement sparked in his eyes.

“That old bat.”

“Hold your tongue! She’s a genuine badass,” Hazel scoffed. “For one, what woman her age can rock outfits like that? Answer... no one.”

“How do you two even know each other?” Maximo asked. Ever the gentleman, he pulled out the chair for her.

Instead of answering him, her eyes were trained on the twins. She gasped, and I couldn’t wait to hear what was going to come out of her mouth next. “Oh man! The twin sandwich?

You guys are what fantasies are made of.” Her cheeks tinted pink like she hadn’t meant to be so blunt, but they were anything but embarrassed by her comment. They exchanged a pleased smirk before turning that look on her, in perfect unison, of course.

“Alessandro and Emiliano, actually,” Alessandro replied. “I’m glad we get to see you again. You had us wound tighter than Maximo on a bad day.”

She snorted at that and finally took her seat. Maximo dutifully pushed it in before settling beside her.

“You know them now, too?” he asked, shaking his head. “I stand by my earlier comment. Old. Bat.”

“She’d kick your ass for saying that,” Hazel sang out. “And I know her because I flirted with her at Neon Nights to get some creep to leave her alone. Then she kidnapped me from work after my shift, and that’s where we met you. I doubt it’ll be our last adventure.”

“Oh, you have no idea,” Sutton laughed. “Make her some Happy Herb brownies, and you’ll be a quick favorite.”

“Noted.” She grinned. “Now, what’s good here?”

Everyone fell into conversation, sharing their favorite dishes. Our two packs melding so easily with a stranger was something I’d never have predicted. Sure, the twins and Maximo were family, but they were so different that it would take a rare omega to keep things settled between them. It helped that Hazel was blunt, cheeky, and unapologetically herself. Any tension that might have ramped up was easily stamped out under those boots of hers. It wasn’t lost on me that Valentina had predicted this, but I kept my mouth shut. I was still waiting for someone to comment about her scent

being all over me; but I had no delusion that the alphas would go the entire night without noticing.

“Zaven?” she finally asked. She’d listened to the others, and she’d actually noticed I hadn’t answered. Man, that fucking filled me with pleasure. She’d thought of *me*.

“I order the same thing every time. The steak hibachi is phenomenal.” She thoughtfully tapped her chin before focusing on her menu again. It was extensive enough that you could come every day for a month without eating the same thing twice.

“Just wait for dessert. They make this amazing Daifuku,” Emiliano gushed. He was the one with the biggest sweet tooth, and from the excitement on Hazel’s face, they shared that.

“This is going to be hell to choose,” she joked as she looked through the menu. Of course, the waitress chose then to come in with a flourish and a low bow.

Maximo being Maximo, he took charge. “We’ll take a round of saké for the table,” he started, then added a mix of appetizers and entrees, essentially one of everything we’d mentioned. He’d locked it away as important information to be used when the moment struck. The stoic alpha was observant and used everything to his advantage, even now.

She took individual drink orders before leaving. Once we were alone, everyone looked at Hazel as if to assess her reaction. She seemed so independent that I didn’t know whether she’d enjoy or be offended by Maximo taking the lead. Frankly, I enjoyed it, but I wasn’t a headstrong omega.

Finally, she shrugged. “Well, that made things easy.”

“Okay, this girl wins. I don’t know about you, but I already demand a second date. We deserve to finish our night of

dancing and debauchery,” Alessandro declared. She huffed out a laugh and shifted in the chair. It was a tense movement, uncomfortable, not her being turned on like I expected in that situation. I sensed that familiar urge to run, and I realized that this girl was not as happy and sure of herself as she seemed. She had skeletons in her closet just as we all did.

“I don’t do second dates,” she hedged before she let out a breath, “but you had me at debauchery.”

We didn’t argue with or question her comment. She’d said it like she was convincing herself, not us, and from one overthinking person to another, I knew she needed a subject change. It was funny. Usually, I could read people so easily and knew what they wanted. I was always trying to ease tensions and ensure things ran smoothly. It was ingrained in me as second nature now, but while strangers rarely elicited the same reaction, this crazy, sassy omega had settled right into that category.

“So... tell me about the flirting with Valentina thing,” I said before things got awkward again. She laughed at the question then launched into the story of meeting the woman who’d orchestrated this entire dinner. We were all cracking up by the time the drinks arrived, and we did a round of shots in salute to Valentina. She’d be pleased to know she was the center of that.

“Girls’ night? That’s really a thing?” Alessandro practically purred when she mentioned meeting up with her friends.

She rolled her eyes. “Clearly, you need to stop watching cheesy porn, Alessandro. It’s much less dirty than that. Think cheap wine, junk food, and gossip. Unless we’re out, then it’s us drinking and dancing while Eliza mother hens us.”



Even Maximo broke out in a laugh at the porn comment. “Damn, she’s got you figured out already.” The twin just shrugged, fully unapologetic.

“If I choose to believe that there are sexy omegas pillow fighting in their lacy underwear, then that’s my prerogative,” he huffed, but it was all for show. He wasn’t actually offended. If I knew anything about the twins, her back and forth with them would only pull them in faster.

“Oh, sweet summer child,” Hazel teased. “If only you knew how crude girls truly are. There are no boundaries or TMI. We let all the stereotypes and boundaries fall away. What happens at girls’ night, stays at girls’ night.”

“You know,” Emiliano said as he pointed at her, “that’s actually refreshing. No one wants a fake, preening woman. Give me one who’s unafraid to tell it like it is, one who will fight back.”

She simply gave him a flirty smile and took the second round of shots Maximo was handing out. The alcohol was a smart move; there wasn’t an ounce of tension left, and it seemed we’d all easily resolved to enjoy the evening and see where it went.

Sutton leaned over from the seat next to me and whispered in my ear, “I see you watching her, and I can smell her on you. I told you she was different.”

A shiver ran down my spine at the proximity. I held my tongue and didn’t say anything, but as Hazel shifted, her thigh brushing against mine, I knew he was right. The twins were enthralled, so focused on the omega that they barely ate. Maximo and Sutton’s alpha tendencies were both coming to the forefront, anticipating everything Hazel wanted and ordering without her asking. All the while, Hazel laughed, ate,

and looked to be enjoying herself immensely, but under that laughter, I felt her anxiety rising. What was going on in her head? Would we be able to help her through it? Would she let us?

# Chapter 7



HAZEL

THE DATE HAD BEEN AMAZING. Great. Even wonderful. All those stupid words could be used to describe a night that went well, even if Valentina had left out some *small* details. *Stop thinking about them, you idiot. As if they would ever really want you.* My chin wobbled, and I tried to push off the intrusive thoughts that sounded like my father. That was a whole ass can of worms that I wasn't going to open.

*Cleaning. That's what I should be doing.* I should be focusing on scrubbing and organizing; maybe it would help me sort my thoughts out. Padding into the living room, I opened the door to the small laundry room and grabbed the plastic tote full of cleaning supplies. I set it down in the kitchen, grabbed a fresh roll of paper towels from under the sink, and slipped on the ugly yellow cleaning gloves we had. My friends were still asleep, so I couldn't play any music, but I would just make do.

I worked through the kitchen, scrubbing the countertops, the entire fridge, and the floor. With each task done, something in me started to calm, bit by bit. I honestly wasn't sure if this was some weird omega thing. Maybe it was just me? In any case, there was more to work out of my system and a lot more kitchen to clean. Grabbing the grout cleaner and an old toothbrush, I got to work on the tile floor, losing myself in the task at hand until the past came back to smack me in the face.

*“Omegas are meant to serve,” my father told me sternly. All I had done was ask about getting money for a college application, which I hadn't thought would set off a lecture. “You don't need to go to one of those places to serve an alpha properly.”*

*“But Father—”*

*“See? You are already being defiant, and that's only after the idea of such a thing!” He looked at me with disapproval and something akin to pity, making me instantly more upset. “You'll never find your pack if you get all uppity, sweetheart.”*

*“What if I don't want a pack?! What about what I want?”*

*“You aren't an alpha,” he told me coldly. A shiver ran down my spine whenever I heard that particular tone. “Besides, having a pack isn't your choice.”*

*What the hell did that mean?!*

“Hazel?!” I jerked my head up to find Eliza and Sienna standing there in their pajamas. They were staring at me with equally concerned expressions. “How long have you been at this?”

I blinked and looked around, realizing that I had probably blacked out. I wasn't in the kitchen anymore. I was in my bedroom, all my clothes piled on the bed, and I was apparently

wiping down the empty drawer. My hands itched to continue; I wanted to refold all the clothes I had piled up high. I could almost see the wrinkles forming on the cotton as it laid on my bed.

“What time is it?” I asked absently.

“It’s almost two in the afternoon,” Sienna answered, sharing a look with Eliza who approached me slowly.

“Hazel, sweetheart, what’s wrong?” Her voice was so gentle, so damn *careful* that I wanted to lash out, scream, something, *anything* to get this anxiety out of me. “Was it the date?”

I swallowed hard and let her pull the cleaning gloves off my hands. “Yes.”

“Did they try something?!” Sienna asked, anger filtering across her face. She was usually the most timid and laid back out of the four of us, but the idea of someone hurting me had her ready to fight. The sight settled me, and I managed a wobbly smile.

“No, no, they didn’t try anything.” I laughed a bit hysterically as I ran a hand through my long inky black hair. “They were perfect, actually. Funny, attentive... hot as hell.”

“They?” Eliza asked. She pushed some clothes to the side so she and Sienna could sit down and listen.

I walked over, grabbed a shirt off the pile, and folded it meticulously, making sure every crease was crisp and exact before putting it away and getting another one. My friends said nothing; they watched me slowly calm down, waiting for me to answer her question when I was ready.

“Valentina said she was setting me up with her nephew, which she did, but he’s part of a pack which included another

alpha and a beta. Not to mention two betas who were also her nephews...” I bit my lip, recalling the men from the night before—Maximo taking charge and the twins’ wicked sense of humor. Sutton and Maximo took turns taking care of all of us, ordering more food or drinks, dealing with the check while we all kept talking. Zaven had mostly remained quiet, but I could feel his intense stare on me and the others in between his occasional contributions to the conversation. “They were great.”

“Okay... then why the rage-stress cleaning?” Eliza asked.

“Because they mentioned a second date.” I swallowed hard. “I don’t do second dates. I don’t do *dates!*”

“You deserve to be happy,” Sienna said softly as I crumpled the shirt in my hands. “Why not go on another date?”

“Besides one of the alphas being my boss? The younger nephews are the twins you pulled me away from at Neon Nights, Eliza.” I snorted when their jaws dropped. “Yeah, it’s complicated on more than one level, so it’s not just about me not dating. I can’t go on dates with my boss!”

“Well, if they ask, say no,” Sienna pointed out after a minute of heavy silence. “If it’s stressing you out this much, then don’t do it. After all, they can’t push for more if you say no. The only way things can progress is if *you* initiate things.”

“That’s true...” I trailed off, realizing that was true.

In *normal* society, omegas were the ones that started things, the complete opposite of how I was raised as part of the Humble Creed. Unlike the rest of the world, THC’s values revolved around alphas. Their mission was to preserve the ideals of old where alphas ruled the world. They refused to see

the dangers in following this principle where the dominant had the only say that mattered. Omegas were torn apart in the streets and left for dead. Alphas maintained their power through the threat and use of sexual and physical assault. If the people were afraid, they wouldn't try to take any power back for themselves.

On a smaller level, homes were ruled by the father, or whoever the lead alpha was. Children who showed alpha tendencies were automatically elevated above the women of the household, no matter their age.

My life was decided for me by the time I hit puberty. Omegas were groomed to please their alpha, and yes, that was as fucking creepy as it sounded. Imagine spending your weekends learning to cook, clean, and be a submissive zombie with no real thoughts of your own. Hell, omegas weren't even allowed to nest, something that still affected me today, because it was seen as selfish. If we tried to create a nest, to carve out a small space in the home that was just ours, we were seen as being slaves to our desire. The alphas thought we needed to keep control of ourselves so that we could always prioritize *their* needs.

Despite being out of THC for five years, I still had a hard time allowing myself to create a comfy space to unwind. The suppressants kept heats at bay well enough that I wouldn't have to fight my instincts. Now that I was out of THC, I didn't need to fight them, but the idea of giving in to them scared the shit out of me. If it weren't for getting some outside socialization as a kid, I'd have been even more of a mess than I currently was.

The fact that I was able to go to school was an anomaly. It was only allowed because my father didn't want my mother to

dedicate more time to my schooling than his needs. Very few of THC's omega children had the luxury, and it was the one thing I was grateful for growing up. Though it didn't come at no cost. I didn't escape without a daily lecture to make sure that I remembered the importance of my purpose.

My friends still didn't know the full extent of the shitty way I was raised, but they knew more than anyone else. That was why they were so concerned now. It had taken years for me to really break the anxiety rituals, and right now, I was probably giving them flashbacks to my early days being free of that bullshit.

"Look, why don't we let you finish up your room so you don't get more stressed out?" Eliza said briskly as she pulled Sienna up from the bed. "I'm declaring an emergency brunch day! So we will get ready while you finish this up and shower. We're going to get brunch then walk you to that damn omega clinic because you smell like fucking walking sex, Hazel. No arguments!"

I nodded, a smile finally tugging at my lips. My friends were the best thing that had ever happened to me. They had stuck with me through thick and thin, always by my side even when I had run away from home after shit had hit the fan. But I wasn't going to think about that right now. *Straighten up, then shower.* Now that Eliza had mentioned food, I realized how hungry I was.

I quickly and efficiently folded and put away my clothes, then I started the shower. As much as I liked these men, I knew that it wouldn't go anywhere. I couldn't let it go any further, for so many reasons, not the least of which was my engagement to another pack—a detail that even my besties had no idea about.



It wasn't just my paranoia getting the best of me. Twice before, we'd had to relocate when I saw my former fiancés poking around, though I'd told my besties it was my parents I'd seen. I hadn't been careful enough, hadn't gone to a big enough city, something I'd corrected this time, or we, rather, since my besties had stayed by my side. THC never gave up on searching for those of us who dissented; I'd seen countless omegas dragged back.

So even after all this time away from my family, I couldn't find it in myself to fully defy them by binding myself to another pack. Why did my life have to be so complicated?

Thirty minutes later, we were seated at some adorable bistro nestled in the heart of the city. The place was clean and modern with bold pops of forest green and gold that stood out against the white walls and ceilings. We claimed a circle booth in the back and made ourselves at home. Our brunch trips were nothing if not long.

“Welcome to Parkside Bistro,” the waiter said with a bright grin. He was a flirty omega, which I knew was going to make this brunch even better. “Lucky me, I get a table of beauties.”

“I like this place already,” I teased. “Tell me you have some sort of mimosa here?”

He scoffed, clutching his nonexistent pearls. “Oh, honey, we have standard mimosas, strawberry pineapple mimosas, cranberry mimosas... You name it, and we can probably make it.”

“Ooooh!” Sienna sang out as she did a little shimmy in her seat. “I'll take a raspberry one.”

“One of my favorites,” he said as he jotted it down. “And you two?”

“You had me at strawberry pineapple,” I said. “And can we start out with the brunch platter appetizer?”

“Anything for you,” he flirted with a wink.

“I’ll be boring and take orange juice,” Eliza said.

“Not boring,” he chastised. “Classic.”

“I like that better,” she said. We were rewarded with a wiggle of his fingers as he hurried away.

“Teagan is going to be jealous,” Sienna noted as she glanced around. “She’d be snapping pictures. We should take a selfie with our drinks and send it over.”

“She’ll beat us with a picture of her stretched out on a beach somewhere,” Eliza huffed playfully.

They continued on, but my mind refused to let the date go. I couldn’t help but keep thinking of the guys. My stomach whirled with nerves as I considered how I’d avoid them. Sutton was my boss, so all I really had to do on that front was be curt and professional. But how would I keep the others away if they tried to reach out? The thought of hurting their feelings genuinely bothered me.

“Oh, it looks like someone’s thinking too hard,” the waiter, Theon by his name tag, said. I jumped at the greeting, then I turned to see him. He had a bottle of champagne in hand and three carafes of different-colored juices. “Let me get you a little extra champagne.” He proceeded to make me a mimosa that was predominantly champagne and just a splash of juice. I grabbed the glass and chugged it down, coughing when the bubbles tickled my throat and nose on the way down.

“Whoa,” Sienna called out. “Keep them coming, I guess.”

“Just keep her sober enough to eat, or she’ll need to be carried out of here,” he warned. There was a momentary break in his bubblyness to give us a stern look, and I pointedly took a sip of my water.

“I’ll behave! I promise. Let’s just say last night’s blind date didn’t end well for me.” In true bestie fashion, the girls didn’t call me out on the lie.

“Ouch. Been there. I’ll keep them coming. Do you want to order anything besides the appetizer?”

“God yes,” Sienna said. Her sweet tooth had struck again, so she ordered some crepes with strawberries and cream in the middle. I went for hearty, ordering an omelet and hash browns. Eliza got herself a healthy sandwich and a side of fruit.

“We can’t get too plastered this early; we have a clinic to swing by,” Eliza reminded us, but we would be fine. This wasn’t our first brunch. Even though I did start off a bit intense, I slowed down and dug into the appetizer that Theon brought out.

Sienna’s phone buzzed, and she swiped a finger before holding it up with a grin. “Did you like our mimosas?”

“Cheers!” Teagan called out to us. Sienna shifted the phone so we could see that she was, in fact, sprawled out in the sand with a drink in hand. “I’m having one with you! What are we celebrating?”

“That I don’t do second dates even when first dates go well?” I summarized and raised my drink. She barked out a laugh at the words, knowing exactly where I was coming from. They’d heard plenty about my dating rules. She disapproved of it almost as much as she hated my need to stay off of social media.

“Well, cheers to that because I had a terrible date with an alpha last night. Do you know how to properly change spark plugs? I don’t either because I tuned him out, but he sure as hell told me. He even made me wipe my feet before getting in his precious car. It was a top ten worst,” she said before I heard her dad’s voice cut in. “Ugh, duty calls. Bye, love you guys, live a little, Hazel!” She hung up before I could say anything back.

“You know... she’s kind of right,” Eliza said. It was a much more gentle delivery, but my glare shut her right up. I knew she was right, we all did, but that didn’t change the facts. My past hadn’t let go of me yet, and I’d never put the guys through that.

# Chapter 8



EMILIANO

THE BUZZ of the tattoo gun does nothing to pull me into the zone this time. I'm so on edge today that I feel like I could fight Maximo and win. *Maybe.*

“Okay, I can't take this. Stop,” my twin begged from the tattoo table. I hadn't even started yet, but he knew me better than he knew himself.

“Sorry,” I mumbled as I started cleaning up everything I'd just meticulously set up. He gave me that moment before speaking up again.

“It's Hazel, isn't it?” he asked as I stood up. I brushed nonexistent dust from my shirt, avoiding his eyes, before answering. It was too hard to keep my thoughts to myself when I was with him, and sometimes it was infuriating. The downside of your best friend being your twin was that they always called you on your shit.

“Yes,” I admitted with a frustrated sigh. “I don’t get why she ghosted. Sutton said she’s been icy at work—professional and almost robotic. Something happened, but I don’t get what.”

“You’re a fixer,” he said after a beat of silence, the weight of his stare heavy. “We both are. Let’s crash our brother’s meeting and figure out what to do.”

He didn’t wait for my answer before walking out. I closed up the shop since we were the only ones in there this early and followed him out. His obnoxiously nice car sat at the curb, and I climbed in the passenger side. There was no point driving since Alessandro had his car. He wouldn’t hear of it, and if I insisted on driving myself, he’d just get all huffy about it later. It irritated him to no end that I drove an old beat-up pickup truck that I didn’t give a fuck about. All I cared about was that it ran, but my twin had much pricier standards.

The house was far too quiet when we entered. Between Maximo’s pack and Valentina, things were *never* quiet. *What is going on?*

“Hello?” I called out. There was a click of a door before Valentina’s light footsteps made it down the hall toward us. She looked more frazzled than usual, and her voice was hushed.

“Thank fuck you two are here. Maximo is in a mood, and I’m about ready to lose my damn mind,” she admitted. “Did the date go that badly?”

My eyebrows wrinkled in confusion. “No. They didn’t tell you how it went?”

“Nothing,” she said bitterly, throwing up her hands. “I present you with this amazing omega, and I get not a damn

word in return.”

“It went fantastic. That’s the issue,” Alessandro answered.

Now it was Valentina who was lost. “Explain.”

“She ghosted us. It was the best date of our lives, and now she won’t even talk to Sutton at work,” he continued on before walking into the sitting room and collapsing. We followed him in, and she delicately sat in the empty chair beside him.

“She really ghosted you? Wow, she didn’t seem the type,” she said quietly. Her mind was already spinning with a way to fix this. As much as she played the fun aunt, she cared about us all too much to sit by when we were this upset. “Something had to have happened.”

“I think it’s personal.” Zaven walked right in and sat next to me on the couch. He was observant, intensely so, meaning if anyone had real insight as to where things went south, it would be him. “She had a great time. But I did notice this slight shift in her demeanor every so often. She’d catch herself laughing, and something like panic would dim those bright eyes and smile.”

“Rough ex?” I wondered aloud as my hands curled into fists. Just the idea of someone hurting that sassy, sweet omega had me ready to murder them. And I was the black sheep of our mafia family! I didn’t do the murder and torture around here.

“Maybe. Or she’s on the run,” Alessandro mused like it was the most exciting idea of all time. “A fugitive, perhaps?”

“I checked,” Maximo’s voice added in. He and Sutton strode in, and the tension in the room rose significantly. Valentina was right; my brother was in a mood. Maximo’s shoulders were tense. Every damn fiber of his being radiated

violence for the next person who crossed him. Sutton just looked fucking miserable. “When she didn’t call back and Sutton mentioned her attitude at work, I looked her up. As far as social media and google searching goes, she’s a ghost.”

“The plot thickens,” Alessandro added as he wiggled his eyebrows. “That makes her *so* much sexier.”

“Nowadays, it’s almost impossible to be a ghost. Pictures, videos, *something* always ends up on the internet, which means it’s on purpose,” Valentina observed, her keen stare bouncing between all of us.

“Who’s going to intervene?” I asked pointedly. “Obviously, we liked her enough to have this bullshit conversation. She’s not a fucking fugitive, and who cares if she’s got secrets? We’re the fucking mob, so do we! Someone needs to figure out why she’s avoiding a second date. She’s not even giving us a reason, just the cold shoulder.”

“We’re out. I’ve had my chance, and Maximo is anything but subtle,” Sutton said as soon as I finished speaking. Maximo grunted in response, which was the equivalent of an agreement when he was stuck in angry caveman mode.

“I could go,” Zaven said, but Maximo cut him off.

“No. I need you to drive me today. I have a delicate matter to handle.”

“Okay.” Zaven dragged out the word before he turned his stoic gaze on me. “You? Alessandro might not be able to rein in the flirting, and we don’t want to scare her away.”

“First,” Alessandro gasped, “I take offense to that. Second, you might be right.”

When I’d said we needed to handle this, I wasn’t expecting for them to turn it around on *me*. *Well, fuck, I guess that’s what*



*I get for opening my fucking mouth.* I might not be a flirt like Alessandro or a stubborn alpha like Maximo, but that didn't mean I was the person for this job either. I let out a tired sigh when I saw all the expectant expressions staring back at me.

“Fine, I'll talk to her. When's her next shift?”

“Fuck that.” Valentina clapped her hands together. “I'm getting ready, and we are going to talk to her. Right now.”

“What?” I started, but Aunt V was already up and out of the room, telling me to wait for her in the foyer.

“Have fun with that, brother!” Alessandro clapped a hand on my shoulder as if to reassure me.

“Tell us how it goes,” Sutton ordered before spinning on his heel and leaving.

“We need to go too,” Maximo said, gesturing at Zaven to join him. “If you need us, let us know.”

Maximo stalked off, Zaven not far behind him. That left me sitting beside my brother, completely at a loss as to how I'd ended up here.

“What the hell just happened?”

“You get to figure out what the hell is going on with our omega,” Alessandro stated possessively, his dark eyes full of lust and stubbornness.

“That will be interesting to do with an audience,” I joked, but my twin looked thoughtful.

“Aunt V might be just the person you need with you.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, more than a little confused.

“If you all are making her nervous,” Aunt V cut in, “then another omega might be exactly who she needs to talk to.” She

was standing by the entrance of the sitting room, full face of makeup, hair braided, totally ready to go.

I nodded slowly, standing up at the same time my brother did. “That’s true.”

“Another reason why Maximo and Sutton couldn’t go,” Valentina said with a huff. “Look, I know where she lives. I’ll drive.”

“Works for me since Alessandro drove me here.”

I followed Aunt V out, wondering if I was doing the right thing. Having another omega to talk to made sense, but would I be able to reassure her of our intentions with Aunt V there? I guessed I was about to find out.

# Chapter 9



HAZEL

I PICKED at the label of the beer bottle, grimacing at the state of my nails. *I really need to make time to get them done soon.*

“Oh, you’ve got it bad,” Eliza chuckled as she approached, wiping her hands off with a bar towel. “You can always call them, Hazel. You wouldn’t still be thinking of them if you weren’t interested in *something*.”

“If I call, they’ll want more than just a one-night stand,” I pointed out to my best friend, ignoring the judgmental gasp from the patron next to me. “Something I’m not interested in doing.”

“You don’t know that,” Eliza replied before sighing. “Look, you come home from work and just sit, sulking around the apartment... You’re miserable! Just. Call them. Or someone!”

I snorted, amused despite myself. “You’ve always hated my one-night stands.”

“But I like you being happy more,” she told me gently, putting a chilled beer in front of me. “So drink up and dance.” She took the empty beer bottle out of my hands, and I grabbed the cold one.

*Live a little. Be happy.* So fucking easy for them to say and so damn hard to do. Nothing was ever that easy, but over the past week, I’d been thinking my friends might be right. I needed to take some risks and really live. If I held back at every turn, was that letting them win? Because my past didn’t need any more power over me, that was for sure.

Chugging back half the beer for some liquid courage, I placed it on the bar counter and stood up, making my way onto the dance floor at Neon Nights.

I closed my eyes and put my hands up in the air as I let the music pulse through me and take over. The beat directed my hips, and I tipped my head back letting all my racing thoughts fall to the wayside. I danced with a few different people, none for more than a few minutes, until a familiar voice sounded from behind me. My movements stuttered when I felt the warmth of his breath against my neck.

“I’ve thought of the first time we did this for nights on end,” Emiliano’s voice murmured raggedly. “Dance with me.”

“The first time, your brother was here,” I reminded him, hoping it would distract him so I could put distance between our bodies.

“I could call, and I guarantee he would be here to join us in a hot second,” he chuckled darkly. “My brother and I, we like

to share. You'll have to think of something else if you want to scare me off."

"No need to scare you off since I'm not with you," I replied tartly, hoping I could act like his body against mine didn't make me groan.

"Why not?" he asked, wrapping his arms around me, holding me tight, and his sweet almond-and-vanilla scent intensified. My only reaction was to gasp when he pulled me impossibly closer to his chest. "You could be, you know. You could be with all of us."

I shook my head. "I can't. Shit is complicated."

"We know *all* about complicated, Hazel." I licked my lips, unsure of what to say. Finally he sighed before speaking again. "Valentina is here. If you just talk to me, I can help you avoid that particular ambush. She has lots of questions after finding out you ghosted us."

"That's just evil," I told him sternly. Unworried, he twirled me around so our chests pressed together.

"Sweetheart, you have no idea." He winked then sobered up. "But really, we're confused about what happened. Why *are* you ghosting us? Is it something we did? Because we all had a great time."

I swallowed hard, my body no longer dancing to the music, so Emiliano walked us backward, away from other dancers. "I had a great time too, but that doesn't mean I can handle more than something fun right now."

"Let us try to convince you," he offered, eyes lighting up as if he'd had a huge epiphany.

"What do you mean?" I asked uncertainly. *What is he getting at?*

“We can be a lot to handle all at once.” Emiliano smiled softly, reaching forward to tuck a strand of my black hair behind my ear. “Spend some time with all of us in smaller doses. Alessandro and I will take you out, then Maximo, Zaven, and Sutton can take you out since they’re a pack. After that, we all go out again, all of us, as a second date.”

“I don’t do second dates.” I tried to step away, but he grabbed my wrist gently, keeping me from retreating. “Emiliano—”

“Go on a first date with my brother and me, then a first date with the others before you decide about that second date. Let us show you why you should give us a chance.” He searched my face, trying to figure out what I was going to say in response.

I couldn’t say yes... but I really fucking wanted to. My experience with people of the opposite sex was shitty on a good day, and the THC men took the cake.

How many times in my life had what I wanted mattered? Before I’d met my friends, the answer was zero, but I had a feeling that if I truly said no, my whole heart in that answer, Emiliano would listen to what I wanted. He would get the others to abide by my answer even if they didn’t understand it. I wasn’t really sure what made that intuition ring so strongly and clearly, but... If that was the kind of man he was, could I go on this date?

I was going to give him a flippant answer, unable to be completely vulnerable despite the track my thoughts had taken, but his expression stopped me. Those dark brown eyes were intent on me, even as his face fell. It was as if he could read my mind, the denial that was on the tip of my tongue, and my heart twisted.

“Yes,” I breathed, hoping like hell I wouldn’t regret it.

“Yes?” he repeated, clearly shocked. *That makes two of us.*

“*One* date with you and your brother, then the others,” I told him firmly. “I’ll decide about the second date after that, but don’t get your hopes up. I was serious; I don’t do second dates.”

“Deal,” he rushed out, a smile splitting his face. It transformed him. His face lit up, eyes sparkling with happiness at my answer.

“Hazel!” a familiar voice called out, and I coughed out an embarrassed laugh as Emiliano rolled his eyes.

“I already talked to her, Aunt V, which you would have known if you hadn’t stopped to hit on Kraken the bouncer.”

Valentina waved his commentary away, not the least bit put out. “Pfft, he was fine as hell! Of course I’m going to hit him up. He’s hot.”

“You mean the bouncer outside?” I asked in admiration. “Get it, Valentina!”

“Is that so?” Emiliano growled at me, and I tried to ignore the pool of warmth building inside of me. Thank goodness I’d gotten my suppressors yesterday. If I hadn’t started those, I’d be all over the beta at my back.

“So I see one of my boys was able to talk some sense into you.” She inclined her head toward her nephew. “Good. That saves me the trouble of a lecture that I didn’t prepare. Now, how are we celebrating?”

Emiliano grinned. “Am I invited?”

“We could get shots?” Valentina offered, but I shook my head.

“You two go for it,” I told them with regret. “I open the shop tomorrow.”

“I’ll walk you home,” Emiliano offered, holding out his arm. I threaded mine through his and let him walk me down the block to my apartment.

I was leaving the bar more sober than I’d intended, but I knew this was the right choice. I’d lived through shots with Valentina once, and it did *not* feel good the next morning.

“Sorry I ghosted you guys. I just... have reasons,” I admitted, trying to explain some of what was going on in my head. He was too nice not to give him some sort of explanation—even if it was a lame one.

“Like I said, we’re all complicated, Hazel. We’ll figure it out,” he promised. “There doesn’t have to be strings attached, just a few fun dates. You know the rules; the final decision is up to you, and we’ll honor it.”

That reassurance actually did help soothe my nerves. My intended pack wouldn’t have cared if I said no. Omegas didn’t get to say no in the Humble Creed. Alphas were on top, betas worked hard to support the pack, and omegas were submissive property, there for the sole purpose of breeding and satisfying their pack. As I grew up, I never understood how anyone could live like that, but then again, most of the omegas had no choice.

But I did. I’d chosen me. I had run, never looking back. Sure, I stayed vigilante and kept my face off any and all social media, but I was fucking free.

“A lot on your mind?” Emiliano asked as we made it to the front of my building. I turned to him instead of reaching for the door.



“Always.” I shrugged. “I just hide it well most of the time. But I’m okay. When is this little date of ours?”

“Oh, it won’t be little.” He grinned, excitement bright in his eyes. “But I’ll have to talk to Alessandro and figure out where we want to take you. Can’t let my brother and his pack upstage us, after all.”

“Of course,” I laughed. “As long as there’s food involved, I’m game.”

“We can make that happen,” he promised. “I can’t wait. I’ll text you as soon as I have details, alright?”

“Okay,” I said, grinning as my own excitement grew despite myself. Being this close and breathing in his intoxicating scent was addicting. I didn’t want to turn around and walk away. I wanted to give in to my instincts and get closer... but I let my mind win this time. “I should probably go up. Early shift.”

“Okay,” he said quietly. My breath caught as he stepped into my personal space and brushed his lips over mine. It started off sweet and soft, but when he came back for more, it was the opposite. His kiss became demanding and hungry, full of a lustful promise for more when I was ready. And dammit, I wanted to give in. But he respected me by slowing down and stepping away. His hands shot out to steady me when my feet wobbled, and I laughed nervously.

“Goodnight, Emiliano.” He chuckled at my kiss-drunk walk when I finally made a move for the door.

“Goodnight, Hazel.”

When I got upstairs, I pulled out my phone and texted Eliza. I hadn’t remembered to say goodbye in my shock, and I

knew she'd flip out if I gave no explanation to my whereabouts.

As I stripped out of my clothes and went to get in the shower, I glanced in the mirror. My blonde roots were threatening to take over. Sighing, I changed plans, throwing on an oversized tee I used just for this and grabbing a box of black dye. I had a surplus of them for these moments. Just the sight of the light roots had my stomach churning. I wasn't that girl anymore, and I never would be again.

As I prepared the bottles and started sectioning off my hair, my mind got stuck on the beta who'd convinced me to give them a try. I hated myself for putting them through that, but it was so hard to give in. I'd lived and survived on my own, keeping a low profile. The idea of tying myself to them felt wrong, especially since I was 'engaged' in the eyes of THC, but that horrible pack didn't deserve me.

My mind drifted to our first meeting. I had been wholly unprepared. It was a month before my eighteenth birthday. I'd just graduated high school and was preparing for my escape when I got called down to dinner. Instead of finding my parents at the table, I came down to another pack. By pack standards, they were small, only an alpha and two betas. They were well dressed and well behaved for my parents. The moment I met the alpha, I recognized him. Elias Pierce was known for being a bit eccentric, one of those types who went into everything with his full enthusiasm. He'd just graduated from college and was several years older, with a chemistry degree under his belt. For my family, it would be marrying up, meaning my father would get undeserved status at my expense.

When they informed me that I would become theirs on my eighteenth birthday, I panicked. All three men looked at me with hunger and possessiveness in their eyes. They appeared harmless, but every fucking instinct in my body was screaming that I'd be doomed if they got me.

So I left—not when I turned eighteen but before. I decided that I deserved to be in charge of my life, not them. Which was why I couldn't let my guard down. I couldn't afford distractions like this.

Trauma had a way of digging its claws deep enough that even when you did get free, the wound remained, painful despite its healing. The sharp gash would eventually disappear, but a scar always stayed behind as a reminder. I'd never fully forget the horrors I'd seen and lived through with the THC, and if I truly escaped, it would be a miracle.

*You're free.*

*But am I?*

The back and forth wouldn't stop, and I was ready to scream. Teagan was still gone, and Sienna and Eliza were at work, so I had no one to talk this out with, to ground me. With my freshly dyed and washed hair in a towel, I went into the kitchen and pulled out my cannabutter and brownie mix. I knew it was the only way to stop this war within myself.

**Emiliano:** Alessandro and I claim first date. How does Wednesday evening sound?

**Hazel:** I'm off on Wednesday, so I can make that happen.

**Alessandro:** Okay, so two choices, gorgeous. One is low key and intimate. The other is an... adventure. Which do you choose?

**Hazel:** Adventure. Always.

**Alessandro:** That's my girl

**Emiliano:** Too strong, brother.

**Alessandro:** Never. See you Wednesday, gorgeous.

**Hazel:** See you Wednesday.

It was crazy how a text and some flirting had a smile on my face and a portion of my stress falling away. I was so angry that something as simple as a date could trigger such a windfall of bullshit, but in the end, I was proud of myself for agreeing.

With a plate of freshly baked brownies in hand, I walked into the living room and turned on some trash TV. Thirty minutes into it, Sienna joined. She didn't ask me what was wrong; she just grabbed a portion for herself and joined, snuggling into my side in a show of silent support. Another twenty minutes, and Eliza was here doing the same.

We were all hysterically laughing at the people on the TV, the edibles hitting us just as the current episode ended. Sienna was grinning like a fool, and Eliza seemed fully relaxed, her body sprawled out. My mind was a little fuzzy, making everything comfortably soft around the edges. *This is the perfect time to tell them.*

"I have a date Wednesday," I casually said as the new episode started. They both froze, their laughter dying off, but it only took a few seconds for them to compose themselves.

"Same guys?" Sienna asked.

"Two of them. I'll see the others after this one for their own date," I admitted, a small smile tugged at my lips as I recalled the feel of Emiliano's lips against mine.

“Good for you,” Eliza said. “Proud of you.”

*Now, if I can just get through the dates without turning into a complete psycho, we’ll be golden.*

# Chapter 10



HAZEL

**Hazel:** But what should I wear?

I SIGHED as I tossed my phone onto the bed. The twins were being cagey with details for the date, which meant I had no idea what we were doing. My interest had piqued when Emiliano had messaged asking if we could move up the start of our date to the afternoon, but that was all I knew.

**Emiliano:** Whatever you want. There's no dress code.

**Alessandro:** Or nothing. We aren't opposed to that. Might change our plans though.

**Emiliano:** Brother, we are trying not to scare her off! Ignore him, Hazel.

**Alessandro:** Note he didn't say he wouldn't be interested in that option.

**Emiliano:** I'm kicking your ass, A.

**Alessandro:** You could try.

**Hazel:** You two could wrestle it out. Have you seen anything about Turkish oil wrestling? It's hot.

**Emiliano:** ....

**Alessandro:** I'm looking it up.

I burst out laughing, falling back on my bed as I waited for their reactions. I couldn't remember the last time I'd laughed so much, and the date hadn't even started yet. The twins could be intense, that much I already knew, but them being so fun and making me smile so much my face hurt made my heart pang. *I want this.* This feeling all the time. To just be excited about everyday shit.

My phone started to buzz with a call—Alessandro. Smothering a laugh, I answered brightly, “Yes? Did you look it up?”

“That was cruel,” Emiliano started, the echo of his words telling me I was on speakerphone. In the background, I could hear the roar of an engine. They must be on their way to pick me up.

“I'd be down to do that with you.” Alessandro hummed. “No need for anyone else though.”

“Are you ready?” Emiliano asked. “We're about five minutes away.”

“If sitting on my bed naked counts as ready, then yes,” I teased them, unable to help myself. Their answering growls had me grinning. “You didn't say what we're doing.”

“Can I request we change our date, and it's the three of us in your bed?”

“Unless all of us can fit on my small twin bed, I don’t think that’s going to work out how you want it to. I’m going to get dressed now! I’ll see you both in a few minutes. I’ll meet you outside.”

“See you soon, gorgeous,” Alessandro said right before the call ended.

*If they aren’t going to tell me, I’m going to go casual.* Snagging some black jean shorts and a loose red tank that looked amazing on me, I called it good. I didn’t bother with a bra since I didn’t like the lines it made in the shirt. Teasing the two betas would be a bonus that I’d happily accept. I tugged on some black chucks and snagged a wristlet that had my phone, ID, and a credit card, just in case, then called out to Sienna, who was still here getting ready for work, that I was leaving.

“Have fun! Don’t forget we have girls’ night tomorrow! Teagan is going to be home.”

“Got it!”

I hurried down the stairs and out the front door to find Alessandro and Emiliano waiting for me. They hadn’t spotted me yet, too busy talking to each other, so I took the opportunity to study them. Both were wearing dark-washed jeans as if it wasn’t almost ninety degrees outside and black t-shirts. Emiliano’s loose shirt showcased some Pink Floyd cover art on it, while Alessandro’s fitted plain t-shirt showed off his impressive muscles. I was already salivating over them which didn’t bode well for how I’d handle being trapped in a car together.

Then, as if they could sense me, they looked up in unison, and I couldn’t help but bite my bottom lip when their gazes



heated. “So... what’s the plan?” I asked once I’d walked closer.

“I have all kinds of new ideas for what we can do,” Alessandro muttered roughly, and both of their scents intensified. Alessandro’s amber, violet, and magnolia had me suppressing a shiver. The vanilla and almond from Emiliano made me feel weak in my knees. They could tempt an angel to damnation, and I was hardly an angel.

This date was about getting to know them and enjoying myself before I decided about that second date, and I intended to do just that. The only problem was that the thought of that decision had my stomach twisting into knots.

As if Emiliano could follow my thoughts, he shoved his brother aside and snagged my arm. “Let’s get in the car and out of the heat. We can fill you in then.” We all slipped in, Alessandro starting up the car while Emiliano and I settled in the backseat. He looked back at us with a narrowed gaze, and the man beside me gave him a shit-eating grin. “I wouldn’t want her to sit here alone.” The feigned innocence had me cracking up.

“Are those your only tattoos?” Alessandro asked, focusing on me.

I glanced down at the tattoos that covered my hands and my thigh pieces that were clearly visible, not to mention the tattoo on my collarbone. “I have a few more. We can see if you earn the right to know where those are.”

“That’s hot as fuck even if I want to punch the person who was lucky enough to mark you with ink when I haven’t,” Emiliano said as he clenched his fists. My body thrummed with awareness at the spark of possessiveness in his eyes.

“You’re a tattoo artist?” I asked, focusing on him with wide eyes.

He smiled, his eyes lighting up. “I own a shop downtown. Come by the next time you want something.”

“Do you do piercings?” I asked, excitement filling me. “I have a few things I want to get done...”

“Like what?” Alessandro asked.

“A few things,” I teased, purposely keeping it vague.

“I do piercings too,” Emiliano rumbled, his lips brushing the shell of my ear, making me shiver.

“We could do a tattoo date,” I suggested, gasping when his tongue ran along the edge. *Fuck, I remembered to take my suppressants, yes? Yeah, I did.* Apparently our chemistry was just this hot. “We could pick what the others get.”

“That’s so much better than our plan. I’m in. We can go to my shop,” Emiliano breathed, and Alessandro agreed.

“If you two don’t separate, we’re starting the date with group sex in the backseat,” Alessandro warned us as he pulled out onto the road. “And I much prefer our first time be less cramped.”

A breathy laugh fell from my lips as I pulled away, scooting over until I sat behind the driver’s seat. “I’ll behave.”

“That would be more believable if you were wearing a bra and I couldn’t see your nipples.”

“A bra ruins the look,” I told him flippantly, enjoying the way their scents surrounded me, getting me drunk on their arousal. It would be a fucking miracle if we made it through this date without sex... a miracle I hoped didn’t fucking happen.

We switched to small talk, trading stories about our jobs as we drove into the city, closer to Emiliano's tattoo shop, I assume. The tension between the three of us was still there, simmering under the surface, and just as we pulled up to the tattoo shop, another building across the street caught my eye. A grin tugged at my lips, and I was unbuckled and out the door the moment he put the car into park.

“Hazel!”

“Come get me, betas,” I called back, running across the street to the shop that had caught my attention.

*Naughty Peach.*

I'd heard about this place from Cade and knew I wanted to check it out. One of the largest sex shops in Alexandria, they had a huge selection of toys. After Bob let me down, I had to break up with him, so I could upgrade to a newer model that I could recharge or plug in. Nothing was worse than having the toy fucking deny you when you were *so close* to climax.

They had almost caught up to me when I got to the door, but I beat them inside with a wink over my shoulder. This was going to be fun, it would take them forever to find me in a store this big. *What could be more fun than playing hide and seek with the twins in a sex store?*

My steps were quick as my eyes took in everything lining the shelves. This place was enormous, and I was far enough away that I couldn't hear the twins anymore. When I rounded the corner, I froze. The aisle I'd reached was full of shibari rope, every single one a different thickness and color. It was a rainbow of rope, and I couldn't help but imagine myself tied up and at the twins' mercy.

“Ooh, it looks like someone found a new kink,” Alessandro practically purred in my ear.

“Who said it was new?” I asked and was rewarded by their jealous growls. “But really, it might be fun,” I said with fake indifference that had him chuckling.

“I can see it already. Emiliano is good with his hands, and that extends to knots. He could tie you up for us, leave you vulnerable and wanting. We’d work our hands and mouths over every inch of you until you were screaming for mercy. But there would be none. Your pussy would be wet with slick, filling the room with your scent. We’d make you come so many times you’d forget your own name, then we’d fuck you together, both of our cocks filling you up until you felt like you couldn’t take any more. But we know you would because you’re so good for us, aren’t you? Our good girl...”

His hands slid carefully, teasingly, down my sides, and my only answer was a soft whimper. I looked back in time to see Emiliano selecting ropes with one hand while he adjusted himself with the other.

“Okay, change of plans. No one is listening to me when I say take it slow, so fuck that. Our place, then tattoos. Deal?” Emiliano asked as he continued to pick out more of the colorful rope. We’d said no strings attached, but ropes weren’t off the table. Besides, sex had never been the problem—feelings were. Right now, I fully believed myself capable of fucking the twins without emotions getting involved. Or at least I better be. I was *so* on board with this idea, and so were my hormones.

“You handle that, and we’ll get a few more toys,” Alessandro said as he took my hand and led me away. He paused just before walking out of this aisle. “You good?”

“I’m good,” I promised, smiling up at him. “Unless you suck in bed.”

He laughed at that and gave me a side eye. “Challenge accepted, gorgeous. Just wait.”

Now, it was out of my hands. Alessandro wandered from aisle to aisle, picking out everything from traditional vibrators and remote-controlled vibrators to butt plugs and nipple clamps. Something dark caught my attention out of the corner of my eye, and I started to drift away from him.

”I swear I’ll buy a damn collar and leash to keep you in line if you don’t stop wandering away from me,” he grumbled when he grabbed my hand a few seconds later. “Well, well, well... You do find so many interesting things, little omega.”

I licked my lips, eyes wide, as I stared up at the selection of crops, paddles, whips, and other implements I didn’t have names for. On the opposite side of the way was an array of penis pumps, fleshlights, strap-ons, and dildos that gave me all kinds of kinky ideas.

“I like to try new things,” I told him roughly. My scent choked the air around us, which was either a good omen or a big warning. It had never been this intense before... *ever*. “Do you?”

“Depends on what it is,” Alessandro murmured, his breath hot on my neck as he brushed the front of his body against my back. “What do you have in mind? Because right now, I can see that paddle turning your ass a wonderful shade of pink so it stings every time I thrust into you from behind.”

“It could also do you both wonders before I fuck you with a strap-on,” I shot back. The mental imagery of both twins submitting to me made me lightheaded with power. Slick was

sliding down my inner thigh, and I knew he could tell. His nostrils flared as he inhaled deeply.

“Grab one, baby girl. We are always up to try anything once.”

I grinned, rocking up on my tiptoes to kiss his cheek before rushing over. He pulled down the wooden paddle that he had talked about as I grabbed a black harness and a silver dildo with an alpha knot at the base and nubs around the head. Fuck, I bet that would feel amazing. Alessandro just raised his eyebrows and tucked it into the shopping bag he had somehow acquired before we moved on.

By the time we emerged by the registers, Emiliano had joined us, his hands full of ropes. They gently tucked me between them as they handled it, not letting me even reach for my wallet.

“Do you need to eat first?” Emiliano asked as we walked out with four bags in hand.

“After,” I said. My pussy was practically begging for their touch; I wasn’t doing anything else until they gave me some relief.

There were no words as we walked across the street to the tattoo shop. Alessandro led me around back and to the stairs on the side instead of the front door. “We live up here.”

From the outside of the brownstone, I’d expected the apartment to look older. That, or more like a bachelor pad since the twins shared it alone, but they had style. Everything was sleek and modern, an array of black, white, and red. The metal fixtures were a shiny silver, and even the hardwood floors gleamed.

“Damn, I’m impressed,” I said as I kicked off my shoes, but they weren’t up for small talk about their decorating. Alessandro snagged my hand and led me down the hall to a large bedroom. The room had the same color scheme as the rest of it. On one wall was a large floor-length mirror, but it was the king-sized four-poster bed, lined in red satin, of course, that caught my attention. The thought of the twins entertaining other omegas in this bed had jealousy spiking through me. *They’re not yours, remember?* I reminded myself. That was enough to sour my mood, but then they were next to me, dumping the toys on the bed, and I was right back to horny as fuck.

“Hm, she’s wearing far too many clothes, don’t you think, brother?” Emiliano asked. He didn’t move, but Alessandro did. I stood still as he slowly peeled off my clothes, lifting my shirt over my head and flicking out his tongue to taste one of my exposed nipples. Next, he moved to the button on my shorts. The way his eyes tracked the skin he revealed was hot as hell. Like he couldn’t wait to see every inch of me.

My attention was so focused on Alessandro that I forgot what Emiliano was doing until he came over with a hot pink rope in hand. He trailed the tip of the rope over my collarbone before teasing it over my peaked nipples. Even with so few touches, I was already wound up tight.

“What’s your safe word, gorgeous?” Alessandro asked as he freed me of the last of my clothes and stood back up, meeting my eyes.

“Uh,” I said eloquently. “Chocolate?”

“Works for me,” he said as he stepped away to let his twin work.

Emiliano didn't start tying me up six ways to Sunday like I'd expected. Instead, he leaned down, capturing my lips in a searing kiss that left me breathless. He chuckled as I desperately rubbed my naked body against his fully clothed one to get his scent on me. I'd had plenty of one-night stands, but something about this was different. Everything was heightened, and I felt like I was in heat. All that was missing was the heat fog that turned you into a mindless, sex-crazed zombie for a few days.

"Someone is horny," Emiliano said as he broke away from me. I tried to follow him, needing the taste of him on my lips. "Not so fast, sweetheart. We have plans for you."

I whimpered, trying to control myself as he started to methodically wrap the rope around my torso. Alessandro undressed and sat on the bed, his erect cock leaking pre-cum as he watched his brother wrap me in rope like some kind of kinky present. I was a bit shocked by his control, but the more Emiliano moved around me, the more I couldn't focus.

I must have zoned out at some point because one minute Emiliano was hard at work, and the next, he was stepping back. The ropes went in between my breasts, leaving them free for the brothers to tease and torment, then criss-crossed along my stomach before making a diamond above my pussy. The whole arrangement ended with them wrapped around my thighs twice like garter belts.

"Fuck, you look amazing." Emiliano brushed his fingertips over the bright pink rope. "I have so much I want to fucking do to you—"

"But that's going to wait until next time," Alessandro finished for his brother. "Get over here, gorgeous."



Emiliano pushed me toward his brother, and as I padded over to him, I heard the rustling of Emiliano undressing. Alessandro grabbed me once I was in range, pulling me closer as he fell back on the bed. I smiled down at him as I caught myself, not wanting to collapse on top of him.

“Climb up here and let me taste you, little omega,” Alessandro growled, yanking me further up. Scooting up his body, I cried out as soon as my pussy was above his face. His hands gripped my thighs, dragging me down until I was basically suffocating him with my pussy, not that he was protesting, of course. If anything, he was firmly holding me in place, refusing to let me move away from his tongue. He thrust it inside of me, lapping up my slick.

“You like that, baby?” Emiliano asked. The bed shifted before his fingers teased one nipple, then the other. “Alessandro is rather skilled with that tongue of his, and from the smell of things, you could drown him in your slick soon enough. What a way to go.”

“Fuck!” I gasped when teeth scraped against my clit, making my body jolt like I had been electrocuted. My orgasm hit out of nowhere, and I moaned both of their names, riding Alessandro’s face as I threw my head back.

“My turn.” Emiliano grabbed at the ropes and yanked me to him. After the prep work his brother had done, he didn’t bother to do more than hold his dick and angle it before he pulled me down on it. *Holy shit*. He was long and thick, stretching my pussy, but god, that wasn’t the best part. *His cock is fucking pierced*. I felt at least three barbells rubbing along my inner walls. They hit just right, making me see stars. My thighs trembled as I settled against him and let out a shuddering breath.

“Oh, that’s a good omega. You took all of me in just one try. You’re fucking dripping for it, aren’t you?” For a brief moment, I was thankful that they were betas and couldn’t get me pregnant because this would be a lot less fun with a condom between us.

“Yes, god, please!” I begged. I started riding him, letting his hard grip on my hips guide me in my search for pleasure.

“That’s it. Take what you want from him, use his cock, because you’ll need the warm up before I pound you into this mattress so hard you don’t even know your name,” Alessandro promised darkly, brushing his lips along my neck as he came up behind me. I trembled between the two of them, feeling safe in a way I never had before. If I wasn’t busy riding a dick like my life depended on it, I might look into that thought more, but I let the sensations of the moment take over.

“She loves it, brother,” Emiliano ground out, his jaw clenched and sweat breaking out along his chest. “I bet we could work her up to taking us both at once. Wouldn’t you love that, Hazel? Being filled with both of our cocks until you’re delirious. One of us in this weeping pussy of yours and another in that gorgeous ass. Have you ever had anyone in your ass?”

“No,” I whimpered. Then Emiliano surprised me, flipping us so I was on my back on the bed.

“Hell yes,” he groaned. Snagging my legs, he propped them on his shoulders before slamming into me like he was trying to jackhammer into me. It should have been too much, hell, it almost was, but I could feel my next orgasm building inside of me. I was so fucking close, but I needed something else.

“Kiss me,” I cried out, turning my head toward Alessandro. Without question, he leaned in and captured my lips in a slow, languid kiss, and the moment I was between the two of them, my orgasm shattered hard enough that I sobbed into the kiss. Fuck, I needed this. It was so much better than my fantasies.

“I’m not going to last. She feels too fucking good,” Emiliano said. His voice shook with how hard he was holding back.

“Then let go,” I urged him as I pulled away from his brother long enough to reassure him. “It won’t be our only time.” The words surprised me, but they were apparently just what he needed. With one last slam, he came with a growl, filling me with his cum.

“My turn.” Alessandro forced his brother to step aside so he could take his place. My eyes were locked on him as he moved into position and sank into my pussy. Unlike his brother, he took it slow, letting me feel every fucking stud that lined his dick. I shivered as they teased my sensitive cunt, the feel of it making me impossibly more slick.

“Fuck,” I breathed out, earning a chuckle from the twins. “Someday, I’m going to need you both to fuck me, stretch me as far as I can go. If I can take a knot, I can take you both at once.”

True to his word, Alessandro fucked me hard and fast, the sounds of our moans filling the space as Emiliano watched us. Having an audience made everything so much fucking hotter. I could feel his gaze searing into me while his brother ruthlessly fucked me.

Alessandro kneaded my breasts, and the rough brush of rope and his demanding grip was mind blowing. He rolled my

nipples between his fingers before pushing my breasts together, letting the rope tug just enough that I felt it everywhere.

I'd been so focused on the feel of him and the rope that I hadn't realized another orgasm was hitting until it washed over me. I cried out when he pulled out enough to drag his pierced cock over my clit. The scrape of metal on my sensitive nerves had me screaming. There were zero fucks to give about being too loud.

"God, those sounds you make," Emiliano groaned. I turned my head in time to see him stand up and walk over, his hand swiftly pumping his cock. Without a word, Alessandro squeezed my breasts together as his brother came, marking them as his.

That was enough that Alessandro followed him, slamming into me with one last punishing thrust, holding there as he came hard. He bit his lip as he filled me, and I was enthralled with how fucking perfect he looked. Tonight blew every fantasy out of the fucking water.

"Holy shit," Alessandro cursed as stared down at me in awe. "We have to convince her to go on that second date."

I laughed at his reaction, and for once, the words 'second date' weren't like a curse, but a promise. If I gave them a chance, I had a feeling these men wouldn't let me go, and I wanted that with everything in my soul.

# Chapter 11



HAZEL

MY LEGS WERE CROSSED under me as I sat on the twins' kitchen island. They were pulling out takeout menus and arguing over which place would be the best. I sat there with a bag of chips and watched the show, though if it went on much longer, I'd intervene. I was starving now, and I had the promise of a tattoo waiting.

“Okay, it's down to two,” Emiliano said as he turned my way. “That means it's our omega's choice.”

My heart clenched at the word ‘our’ and the way he'd said it so casually, but I wouldn't let my mind ruin it. Not yet.

“My vote is tacos. Always.” Alessandro gloated at the fact that I'd sided with him. They were constantly in competition, and at this point I didn't think they even cared about who won or lost. And let's be honest... we'd *all* won tonight.

“Alright, alright. Only for you.” Emiliano sighed dramatically before handing over the menu. It took all of five minutes for us to get our order settled and called in.

“Now, I’m not having you pass out on my table, so we have thirty minutes to kill before we can eat, then we can ink.”

“Fair. Hmm, what do we do with thirty minutes?” I drew out suggestively.

“I have an idea,” Alessandro teased as he took my hand and helped me off of my perch. I let him bring me to a door at the end of their place. When he pushed it open, taking me into a utility room, I was beyond confused. *Where the hell are we going?* But he kept moving through another door that led to a stairwell.

We emerged on the roof. They’d clearly put years of work into this place. Raised planters lined its perimeter, the vines and plants overgrown enough to form a short wall that blocked out the rest of the world. In one corner, rested a hot tub that he was heading right for. The opposite corner featured a sectional and some chairs, and next to that was a fire pit. They even had a grill and cooking area nestled in between the two corners.

“This is amazing,” I told them as I glanced around. “How do you ever stay inside?”

“We spend most nights out here. With the lights and the fire pit, what more could we want?” Emiliano answered with a grin.

“An adorable and sexy omega nestled in between us after a round of kinky sex?” Alessandro mused.

“Do I get to roast marshmallows? I’ve never done it before, but I’ve heard it’s fun!” I asked excitedly. That was one of those simple things in life I’d never gotten a chance to

do. We didn't camp or really do anything as a family, and 'good' omegas didn't dwell on frivolous things like that in THC.

"Wait, you've never had marshmallows over a fire?" Emiliano asked. My cheeks burned when they both stopped walking to stare at me.

"I've never even sat around a campfire," I admit. "Sheltered childhood." I shrugged like it was no big deal, but from their narrowed gazes, I had a feeling they knew it was anything but.

"I'm buying this girl some fucking marshmallows," Emiliano muttered.

"Actually," Alessandro countered, "let's have a cookout up here for the full second date." The way he grinned had me shaking my head. "Yet another reason to agree."

"Are you bribing me, beta?" I gasped. "That's low."

"Nah, that's the game, gorgeous," he teased as we finally reached the hot tub.

"Uh, I don't have a suit, and I'm wearing nothing under this oversized shirt I stole," I reminded them.

"And we're on a secluded rooftop. We've already seen you naked, Hazel," Emiliano reminded me. That was all I needed to pull the shirt off, toss it aside, and climb in. I groaned as I sank into the warm water, my body relaxing even further.

"Fuck. Amazing sex, tacos, a hot tub, *and* tattoos? I don't know how Maximo is going to top this one," I joked as I settled into the corner and watched them climb in, naked as well.

“Oh, he’s competitive. In fact...” Alessandro trailed off as he leaned over the side of the hot tub to grab his phone. “Come here and keep down if you don’t want to show him your tits.”

“Not that he would mind,” Emiliano started.

“But he should have to earn the privilege like we did,” Alessandro said with a grin as he pulled me closer to him.

Before I could protest the picture, I realized he was video calling his brother.

“I’m in a meeti—” Maximo’s words cut off when Alessandro tilted the phone my way. I waved with a small smirk on my face, moving up just enough to show off that I was naked. I bit my lip as Maximo’s dark brown eyes flared. He turned away for a moment. “Get the fuck out.”

I didn’t know who he kicked out, but the moment he was alone, a smile slowly spread on his face. His cheeks were flushed as he leaned back in his seat, and I could just imagine him adjusting himself. Part of me wondered if he had any piercings like his younger brothers. *Fuck, I can’t wait to find out.* My libido was all about these men even though my heart and head were on the fence.

“Hello, Maximo.” I grinned. “I’m having a great time on my date tonight, and it got me wondering... What are we doing for ours?”

“Well, whatever it was is out now. You’re both assholes, by the way,” he called out to his brothers.

The doorbell rang, the noise filtering through an intercom I hadn’t noticed.

“Taco time!” I gasped excitedly, laughing when Emiliano climbed out of the hot tub, flashing his bare ass at his brother.



“Tacos *and* a hot tub?” Maximo laughed. “Shit, I better plan.”

“Plus a sex shop and some shibari,” I teased in a low voice.

“How many times did they make you come, omega?” he growled low as he leaned in closer.

“I lost count,” I said casually, enjoying the way his growl grew louder. “But it was a lot.”

“We didn’t lose count,” Alessandro said cheerfully. “We can send you the final count.”

“Of course you didn’t lose count.” I rolled my eyes as I playfully smacked his bare chest. “I guess the real question is, who gave me more, you or your brother?”

“I see you’ve figured them out already.” Maximo’s deep laugh surrounded us. Alessandro gave me nothing but a lazy grin, looking much too satisfied with himself.

“I’ll send you both counts. Maybe you, Sutton, and Zaven could have some healthy competition. It would be good for you.”

“Send me the number, Alessandro. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have to finish this meeting and take my raging boner out on my beta,” he said with a glare. I popped out of the water to slide onto Alessandro’s lap, settling in with an exaggerated wiggle to tease both the man I was with and the alpha who was watching my bared breasts sway back and forth with the movement.

“Okay, have fun,” I sang out as I waved at the camera. His chuckle was deep and throaty, and fuck, if it didn’t have a shiver running through me. I had a feeling I’d be paying for this little stunt later.

Alessandro ended the call as he wrapped a hand around my throat, tilting my head back to press a soft kiss on my neck. “You’re a tease, omega. I like that.”

“Hey! I went to get tacos, and you’re fucking in the hot tub without me?!” Emiliano burst out a few seconds later, making me laugh.

“No, I was teasing Maximo,” I replied, moving away from Alessandro to get out of the hot tub. Not bothering with the shirt since I was soaking wet, I padded over to where Emiliano had the tacos. I snagged my order and made myself comfortable on the sofa, digging right in.

The twins joined me soon after, one on either side of me, as we ate and talked. It should have been weird, sitting here with all three of us completely naked, but the brothers were completely comfortable around each other. They didn’t care how close they were or that there was only me in between them. But the real kicker? While they appreciated my body, their hands running along my arm or legs in between bites, they kept their eyes on my face, actually listening to everything I said.

*Who are these betas? How the hell has no one claimed them before now? But the biggest question was something else. What do they see in me?*

“So how about those tattoos?” Emiliano asked, teasing his fingers along my thighs. The touch was soft, though it felt anything but. It pulled me back to them as surely as if he’d spanked me.

“Hell yes,” I enthused with a grin. “How are we figuring out who picks whose design?”

“Well, you said something about piercings, sweetheart,” Emiliano said suggestively. Both men grinned at me, their hands sliding up my body until they each cupped a breast.

“And we are in agreement of where those should be,” Alessandro breathed in my ear, making me shudder.

With no clothes on, it was impossible to hide the slick surging thanks to their suggestion. “Yes,” I breathed, rubbing my thighs together to try to find some relief. “Does that mean I get to pick out what you two get?”

They both paused at that, exchanging a look before turning back at me. “Deal.”

# Chapter 12



HAZEL

I HISSED as I slipped into my shirt for work. My nipples were still extra sensitive after being pierced a few days ago. My sensitivity had increased with the piercings, but I loved the black barbells Emiliano had given me. He was an excellent piercer; even with all the teasing from him and his brother, I could tell he took his job seriously.

As for their tattoos, I bet they were at the itching stage already, and I couldn't wait to see them show off the designs in all their glory the next time I was with them. The best part was that Emiliano let me have a whirl at doing the tattoos myself. Gotta say they only looked half as nervous as I'd felt when I started. They each helped me tattoo the other one, which seemed to make them feel a smidge better after I suggested it.

"You ready, Hazel?" Sienna poked her head into my room.  
"No bra?"

“No, it still hurts.” I shrugged. “From what Emiliano told me, it should be good in a few more days. Besides, free the nipple and all that.”

She rolled her eyes at my comment and waved me on. “Come on! We don’t want to be late.”

I slipped on some black flats and hurried after my best friend. We made small talk on the way to the dispensary, and I waved goodbye as I rushed inside, clocking in right on time.

“How’s it going?” Cade asked as I tossed my bag into my locker.

“Pretty good.” I threw a smile at him over my shoulder. I’d been off the past three days, but now I was scheduled to work the next five days in a row. I was excited and nervous because I hadn’t seen Sutton since Emiliano had convinced me to go on the pack dates. Before that, I had been avoiding him at work. Guilt filled me, but I pushed it off. They all said they understood, and the twins had been great. *But they aren’t alphas.* A shiver of fear ran down my spine at that thought. The thought of Maximo’s laughter and smirk settled me a little bit before I walked out to the shop to start my shift. *They aren’t like the alphas of the Humble Creed.*

“Hazel! Good, you’re here,” Sutton called out the moment I came out of the back. “I need you to take over helping this customer.” As soon as I walked over, he pushed the product toward me, succinctly telling me what the man needed, then he was off.

The entire work day was like that, the two of us dancing around each other. Every time he came close, I got a whiff of his woodsy scent, which put me on edge as much as it made me feel safe. By the time the end of my shift started to roll around, I felt like a bundle of nerves, ready to explode.

Between my shirt teasing my newly pierced nipples, Sutton's scent over every inch of the store, and my swirling thoughts, I couldn't take it anymore.

Asking Cade to take over so I could have a small break, I headed to the backroom only to be stopped by a large hand on my arm. It tugged me into a storage room and closed the door behind me. Sutton immediately released me once we were alone, but then he surrounded me, his arms on either side of me as my body pressed against the door. His amber eyes searched my face, though I had no idea what he was looking for. I held his stare as best I could. This wasn't an alpha seeking to dominate; this was an alpha on the prowl for something, and instead of scaring me, I was beyond intrigued. His copper hair was pulled back, and his red beard was freshly trimmed. In short, he looked fucking fantastic.

"I heard about your date with the twins," he said, his voice low and husky. "Maximo had a lot of fun telling Zaven and I about it in detail the other night."

"It was a lot of fun," I told him, very aware of how close we were. "Maximo promised your pack would be up for the competition."

A small smile tugged at Sutton's lips, humor in his gaze. "We will. But it seems like I got a sneak peek at one of our surprises for the date." Right then, his stare flicked down to my chest where my clearly pierced nipples rested against my shirt.

"They're still sore," I said, by way of an explanation. I wasn't the least bit sorry about accidentally teasing him. "But I did want to talk to you before I left today." He nodded, arching an eyebrow, waiting for me to continue. God, I hated apologies, but after everything, it felt like he deserved one the

most. “I’m sorry for cutting you off and avoiding you at work after our first date. It was just... I was nervous.”

“Why?” Sutton asked, but right as I opened my mouth to answer, someone started banging on the door.

“Hazel! Sutton! Are you fucking in there? If so, I have condoms... Well, at least I think I do. Regardless, wrap it up. I need your assistance,” Valentina whisper-yelled.

“Oh my god,” Sutton groaned, leaning his head down far enough to rest his forehead on mine.

I gave him a shaky grin. “She has wonderful timing. I hope the others didn’t hear, given you’re my boss and all.” I twisted around to open the door, but his hand gripped the knob, stopping me.

“Just one thing, omega,” Sutton said, stepping forward to be right at my back. “If anything we do makes you nervous, in a bad way, just tell us. There isn’t one person in our group that wants you to feel afraid or unsure when it comes to us. The twins are intense and thrive with competition. Maximo can be controlling and dominating, though he means well. And Zaven... Zaven is quiet and caring, though there is plenty hiding in that quiet.”

“And you?” I asked, needing to know what he was going to say.

“I may be easy going, but that doesn’t mean you should forget I’m an alpha too,” he purred. My insides quaked at the sound, and I felt slick on my upper thighs. “But that laid back personality doesn’t extend inside of the bedroom, omega. The twins might be kinky, but you’re about to go out with a pack that has two alphas. I want to make sure you are aware of that.”

“I doubt I’ll be able to forget,” I managed with a choked breath, turned on beyond fucking reason. If not for Valentina waiting on us, I’d be dropping to my knees to convince him workplace sex should totally be on the table, pack date or no. I fucking needed it. *What is going on with me and my damn hormones around these men?*

Somehow, I managed to regain my composure and force myself to follow Sutton out of the closet. Valentina was leaning against the back wall with a knowing smirk on her face.

“That’s some break,” she teased.

“What’s up, Aunt V?” Sutton asked as he bit back his laughter at my flaming cheeks.

“I’m here for her, actually. How long until you’re off, Hazel?” she asked with a conspiratorial smirk. “I’ve got plans for us.”

“Does it include a sushi café? Because I’m starving. I’ve got another hour.”

She sighed dramatically. “I’ll entertain myself back here until then.”

“Why don’t I get you something to help occupy you?” Sutton offered an arm to the older woman who took it graciously before patting his cheek and calling him a good boy.

I barely suppressed a snort of laughter as Sutton shot me a glare. Blowing him a kiss, I winked before turning around and pushing through the door to the front.

The next hour crawled by as I wondered what we’d be getting into this time. Last time, she had me spying on an



unsuspecting Maximo. Maybe a bank robbery? Running away to Paris?

When my shift ended, I yelled out a quick goodbye to my coworkers, grabbed my bag, and ran outside to meet Valentina. She was driving herself for once, sitting in the driver's seat of a cherry red mustang. The moment she saw me, she turned on the ignition with a roar.

“Get in, Hazel. We're going shopping!” she called out. I snagged my sunglasses out of my bag and slid them on before hopping in the passenger seat. “But I believe you mentioned sushi? Oh, also, nice piercings.”

“Thanks. They hurt like a bitch, but they're almost healed.”

“Mine were amazing after a solid week,” she said. “Have you been to the plaza district yet?”

“I don't even know what that is,” I told her as I buckled in, gasping when she took off faster than anyone should.

“Well, let me enlighten you,” she sang out as she cranked up the classic rock station loud enough that I couldn't keep asking questions. *And I thought I was a brat.*

The city around us became fancy boutiques and restaurants. Everything in this area screamed money, and I was suddenly worried about this shopping she'd spoken of. I couldn't afford a freaking hair tie in these shops, but I knew better than to argue with Valentina, so I chose to go along for the ride and enjoy the window shopping.

She parked outside of a small sushi café. The moment she stopped the car, she grinned.

“This is my favorite little place. Come on, my treat!” She was out of the car and on the sidewalk before I could say

anything, but I wasn't turning down free sushi. Jumping out, I peeked in the window and squealed in excitement.

"I've always wanted to come to one of these places with the conveyor belt!" She winked at my excitement and headed inside.

We snagged a prime spot while the waitresses gushed all over Valentina like she was a celebrity. In this city, she probably was.

"So, what are we shopping for?" I asked as I snagged a few sushi rolls that rolled by. She did the same.

"I've been given Maximo's card and very explicit instructions on what to get you," she revealed with a grin. "The plans are a secret for you though."

My eyes widened, and for a second, I froze, unsure how I really felt about them buying me something. The twins might have bought sex toys, but buying me expensive clothes, because I knew Maximo would settle for nothing less, seemed much more significant.

"Oh, and he said to remind you that you left date planning up to him."

I laughed. "Of course he did." He'd think of everything because that was the kind of alpha Maximo was. I knew if I fought it, he'd have a few choice words for me as well. *Did Sutton know what Valentina was up to when she came by this afternoon?* "So you're telling me that I get to have free all-you-can-eat sushi, *and* we get to go shopping on Maximo's dime? Count me in." It was mainly a joke to get past my discomfort. As I said it out loud, I reminded myself that this wasn't the same as the Humble Creed alphas who'd controlled

omegas through the family finances. This was Maximo spoiling me, and that was different. Nice, even.

“Well, that was less of a fight than I expected,” she noted with a raised eyebrow. “Especially after ghosting them.”

I winced. “Listen, it’s complicated, but I’ve decided to give them a shot like Emiliano proposed, and that means accepting what they choose for our dates. Apparently, that also includes humoring an alpha and his credit card. He better not get used to it, though. I have my own money.”

“And there she is!” She laughed before popping a bite in her mouth and moaning. “Oh my god, try the spicy tuna. It’s phenomenal!”

My gaze zoned in on the conveyor belt until I spotted one and snatched it from the rotation.

She chuckled as I tasted it and groaned in satisfaction. This place had some of the best sushi I’d ever eaten.

“Okay, we have to make this place a regular thing. No one eats sushi with me,” I complained.

“I’m usually forced to come alone, so I’ll keep that in mind,” she promised. “Now, are we ready to move on?”

I snatched one last small plate and devoured it before agreeing. The good thing about sushi was that even though I’d eaten my fill and then some, I wouldn’t be miserable by the time we got to the store.

When she told me the plan, I knew that I’d be in for it, but walking into a store that had marble floors and personal shoppers was a bit of a shock. We were greeted like royalty, flutes of champagne pressed into our hands. Soon, Valentina was in her element, barking out orders. Without asking, she somehow knew my size. Before I knew it, I was in a dressing

room with so many options it was overwhelming. And it wasn't your run-of-the-mill clothing; they were fancy dresses.

"Uh, formal attire?" I questioned when I stepped out in the first dress. It was a horrendous forest green number with ruffles. Her bark of laughter had the girls rushing me back into the room.

"It's a surprise, remember? I promise you won't be overdressed!" she called back to me. This time, I chose my own, a violet strapless dress that cinched at the waist and flared out below it. I knew it wasn't right, but I showed Valentina anyway. She simply shook her hand side to side and voted it 'meh.'

Twenty more dresses were tried and turned down. *Twenty*. I was speechless at how picky of a shopper she was, but the moment I tried on twenty-one, I knew her opinion no longer mattered. It was a gorgeous black satin number. The top criss crossed over my boobs and around my neck, leaving a small section of my stomach exposed. There was a wide belt of fabric that separated the top and flowing satin skirt of the bottom half. The slit in the side showed just enough leg to tease the pack. It was sexy and alluring yet classy.

Valentina stood up and clapped when I walked out. "That's what I was holding out for! That grin on your face and the confidence in your strut. This is it, lady. Get her accessorized and a pair of shoes as well."

I was rushed back in and unzipped so I could change while they took care of everything else. The moment I stepped out, I was bombarded with jewelry and shoe choices. Valentina saw my panic and stepped in to help.

By the time she dropped me off at home, I was exhausted but happy. It was a fun experience despite how different it was

to what I was used to.

“They asked me to give you this.” She handed a slip of paper out of the window, speeding away while I read it, but I barely noticed her exit. I glanced down at that note one last time and let those words settle in my chest, building my confidence in these men. They made me feel safe and happy, and I was going to embrace it for once.

***I can't wait to see what dress you picked out with Aunt V. While I let her help you pick out the dress, Sutton, Zaven, and I picked out something for you on our own as well. It will get delivered tomorrow, and we expect you to wear it.***

***We will pick you up at seven sharp.***

***P.S. Don't think I forgot about your teasing on that video call.***

A breathless laugh escaped me as I spun around and walked inside the apartment building. Tucking the note in my pocket so as not to lose it, I dug my keys out of my bag, only to be greeted by my besties calling out my name. A wide smile filled my face as I shut and locked the door, taking in all three of the omegas blazed out of their minds.

Teagan's dad had needed her to stay a few extra days, so she made it home late yesterday. The three of them had broken into my pot brownies, and from the looks of things, they had eaten way too much. There were sandwiches, chips, cookies, and candy all over the place, making me shake my head.

“Bitches! Those are my brownies, and you couldn't even wait for me to get home?!” I whined as I dropped my bag on the kitchen counter and kicked my shoes off.

“You're lateeee!” Teagan dragged out the 'e,' almost falling off the couch when she started laughing hysterically.

Sienna smiled lazily from where she was sprawled out, looking completely comfortable. She watched Teagan fall, not moving to help her. Eliza shoveled a few chips in her mouth, eyes red and only half open as she watched me grab a brownie off the plate. *Yeah, half the batch is gone. They had way too much.*

“I had a surprise shopping trip after work,” I admitted with a blush heating my cheeks. Before they could start asking questions, I snatched a brownie and took a bite.

“Yes, with the sexy pack you told us about,” Teagan said from where she was now laid out on the floor. “Details! Now!”

I rolled my eyes, grabbing a cheeto and throwing it at her face. She caught it mid-air and happily ate it as I flipped her off. “Well, I told you I agreed to go on two separate dates before deciding about a second date with all of them. The twins were...” I trailed off with a shudder, remembering the feel of them against me and their easy laughter as we ate tacos on the rooftop. “They were amazing. Tomorrow is my date with the other pack.”

“The two alphas and the beta, yeah?” Sienna asked after slowly blinking at me for a few seconds too long.

“Yeah,” I agreed, taking another bite of my brownie. I was already feeling more relaxed. “Valentina, his aunt, picked me up from work for a surprise shopping trip. Maximo paid for everything, and they all picked out something else that’s getting delivered tomorrow.”

“Lingerie!” they all said at the same time, chuckling at the heat on my face.

“Shut up!” I told them, but then I joined them, laughing as I fell into Eliza’s side. There wasn’t anything better than

spending time with my best friends. Teagan started having a philosophical conversation with Sienna about whether time was, in fact, linear, or more of a ball of timelines, meaning everything was happening simultaneously.

I snuggled into Eliza who wrapped an arm around my shoulder. We settled back into the couch.

“You look happy, Hazel.”

I smiled at my best friend. “I think I am. I mean, it’s definitely the most happy I’ve felt in a long time.”

“Don’t overthink, or at least try your hardest not to. Enjoy the ride. You deserve to be happy!” She squeezed me.

“Thanks,” I choked out, determined to take her words to heart. We all relaxed, sitting around the living room until a ring broke the easy atmosphere. Everyone moved quickly, though in reality we were probably slow as fuck, considering how high we were at this point. It was Eliza’s phone.

“Hey, boss. What’s...” Panic started to creep into her voice by the time she hung up. “Oh shit!”

“What? What’s wrong?” I asked, my brow furrowed.

“I have to go to work. The night-shift bartender is sick, and they don’t have anyone else who can come in.”

“You’re high as hell, Eliza,” I hissed. “Why did you agree?”

“I couldn’t not agree,” she protested. She tried to stand up, but she couldn’t get off the couch on her own.

“Shit.” I bit my lip, trying to figure out what I was going to do, then it hit me. I had the perfect person to call. “Give me a minute.”

Fumbling with my phone, I opened my contacts and found Valentina's name. I hit it before I could second guess myself. She picked up on the second ring, loud music blaring in the background as she yelled a hello over the line.

"Valentina! I need your help. I'm having a bestie emergency," I told her. "My friend is a bartender at Neon Nights and got called in, but we're all high as fuck, and she can't do it."

Laughter filtered over the line. "Oh my god, Hazel. That sounds like a fantastic time. Bring me some of the good stuff. You got it from Sutton, right? I bet you did. Okay, we'll meet you at the bar."

"We?" I asked, confused, but the call ended. *Who is we?*

I blinked at my phone and looked up at my best friends. "Well, I called in help. Guess we get to see who's coming with her."

"Valentina? Is that the cool omega you told us about?" Teagan asked excitedly.

"The same one you hit on at the bar?" Eliza asked as she finally managed to stand up.

"Yes to both. Now..." I clapped my hands. "We got to get you to work. I'm sure we can help you do this."

"This isn't going to end well," Sienna groaned, but she got moving and somehow helped Teagan off the floor.

I wasn't sure it was going to end well either, but it was going to be an interesting story nonetheless. Besides, I wanted to know who was coming to the bar with Valentina.



# Chapter 13



SUTTON

“WHAT’S WRONG?” I asked Valentina. She’d barged into the study where we were all sitting.

She grinned at me. “Your omega has a ‘bestie emergency.’ Neon Nights called her friend in to work because they’re down a bartender, but they’re all high as a kite. Time to go show your omega how you rise to the challenge, boys.” I glanced over at Zaven who looked exasperated at being volunteered. Despite the look on his face, he didn’t protest, which meant something about how interested he was in Hazel.

“I’m not bartending,” Maximo grunted, but he started pulling his shoes on while Zaven rushed out, muttering something about doing a quick clean-up of the kitchen.

All four of us were in the SUV within a few minutes, driving across the city. I’d seen Hazel buying some of our products but never using them. A small smile formed as I

pictured how adorable she'd be, totally high and carefree. Even when Hazel joked and smiled, she always seemed to carry an underlying tension with her. What would it be like to see her relaxed, *truly* relaxed?

*I guess I'm going to find out.*

The reality was as good as expected. Hazel and her friends were crowded together behind the bar, trying to make drinks. Loki was with them, trying to rein in the chaos, but having zero bartending experience meant he couldn't really help. It didn't escape my notice how the alpha and his second in command, a beta, were protectively hovering around the curvy blonde as she handed out drinks.

"The cavalry has arrived!" Valentina called out. "I'll be your waitress tonight. Throw me and Zav an apron. Maximo and Sutton, get back there and help mix drinks and clean glasses."

Maximo gave me an annoyed look, but the moment he walked behind the bar, Hazel threw her arms around him, and it was forgotten.

"You guys came!" she shouted over the music echoing through the bar. "We didn't know what to do. We'd eaten the brownies, and Eliza can't say no because she didn't want to leave them without help."

My heart clenched that she'd called on us to help her. I didn't know her that well, but I knew enough to realize it wasn't easy for her to rely on people. Okay, so maybe she had called Valentina, not us, but it was close enough. *She doesn't have our numbers yet*, I reminded myself, but that was changing ASAP.

“Okay, since you haven’t met them, the small redhead is Sienna.” Sienna turned and waved, nearly spilling a cocktail on herself. “Then we have Eliza, the one that actually works here.” She pointed to the blonde who nodded as she passed by with a round of beers. “Then we have Teagan.” The tall, lean blonde grinned at us as she put her entire body into shaking the martini she was making.

“We got interrupted before we got to the good details, but whatever delivery you have for her tomorrow better involve lace,” she huffed out.

“Oh my god, Teag!” Hazel shouted, and her face flamed a violent red. “Don’t embarrass me.”

“That’s our job.” She shrugged, unapologetic.

“Well, we’re at your service,” I said with a grin, changing the subject for our poor omega.

Seeing her turn those bright eyes on me before she gave me an enthusiastic hug was everything. Without that shadow in her eyes, they truly sparkled, and having her scent this close was torturous. I’d be wound tight by the end of this shift, that was for sure. From the hard set of Maximo’s jaw, he was feeling the same.

Oblivious to her effect on us, Hazel rushed off to help the next customer. She seemed the most sober out of all of them, but that wasn’t saying much. They laughed and bumped into each other as they sang along to the music and served up drinks. Luckily, the MC didn’t seem to mind. They were all good sports about it since the omegas’ general happiness seemed to be infectious. As the night went on, they found a groove and a bit more of their ability to smooth out the chaos.

“Hey! I’ve been waiting!” a newcomer called out as Eliza passed. She stopped and turned to him, her voice full of innocent confusion.

“You just walked up,” she said. “I’ve got one ahead of you.” She started to walk off, but he wasn’t done, muttering under his breath. Loki was a blur, rushing forward to pick up the asshole beta by his collar, lifting him into the air.

“Don’t talk to her like that. Fucking apologize!” he thundered. Not a single person came to his aid. He’d dug his own grave there. If Loki was reacting, whatever he’d called her under his breath must have been pretty bad.

“S-s-sorry,” he stuttered out before he was dragged through a crowd that parted for their president. A few moments later, Loki was back empty handed.

“If anyone else has a problem with my staffing tonight, bring it up with me,” he called out. “Or you’ll be thrown out on your ass too!” Cheers rang out around him, and the girls started teasing Eliza instead of Hazel.

“Mighty protective of you, Eliza,” Teagan shoulder bumped her friend. Her cheeks heated, and she pointedly avoided looking at the president when he walked by.

“Oh man! This is much harder than I expected,” Valentina groaned when she came up to the bar where Maximo and I were mixing drinks. “I’ve had to bat away grabby hands and even saved a few drinks. This crowd knows how to party.”

“If you need us to—” Maximo started, but right then, Hazel rushed up. Eyes sparkling, she grabbed Valentina’s arm.

“Doesn’t this remind you of how we met?” She grinned up at the older omega.

Valentina threw her head back, her booming laughter making nearby customers turn to look at the two omegas. “You told that annoying man to fuck off cause you could make me scream more than he ever could.”

“What?!” Maximo and I asked at the same time, growls of jealousy erupting from both of us.

Aunt V rolled her eyes at us then waved us away with an annoyed, “Alphas.”

“Oh shit! I almost forgot!” Hazel winked at Valentina before joining us behind the bar. Reaching for a purse, she pulled out a wrapped up brownie. “For you! It’s the last one.”

“Oh, you’re my savior,” Valentina said, snatching the brownie and dancing away as she unwrapped it and dug in.

“She is going to be difficult when it comes time to leave.” Maximo pinched the bridge of his nose and took a deep breath. Our omega was a bit of an enabler; her and Valentina were quite the pair together.

“She asked if I made it from stuff from the shop,” she said with a good-natured shrug, leaning on the bar between us. “But thank you guys for coming to help us. It was a bit crazy.”

“How crazy?” Maximo asked. He reached for her and pulled her against his front.

Hazel snuggled into him and laughed, which totally made me jealous. “We live less than a five-minute walk from the bar, and it took us thirty minutes to get here because they’re all light weights.”

I chuckled, imagining those four omegas stumbling down the sidewalk to the biker bar. Right then, Zaven joined us, looking tired, but when Hazel grinned and called out his name, pulling from the alpha’s hold to tackle him, I saw him smile.

“Did I just see you give Valentina a brownie?” Zaven asked into her hair, and Hazel chuckled. The next breath that escaped Zaven was a long sigh, and I wanted to echo the same. The easy way he held her made my chest tighten. He’d had such a hard time accepting Maximo and me when we’d met, I had been a little worried that he would fight this connection with Hazel. But there was just something about her that just seemed to pull all of us. *And the twins.*

It should feel weird adding them to our dynamic, but it didn’t. Maybe it was because I had known them for years or the fact that they were Maximo’s brothers... Either way, with Hazel, they fit. Of course, we’d only had one group date, but it seemed to be working out. Thinking of the twins... “Your brothers are going to be upset they missed this,” I said to my best friend.

Maximo smirked. “Serves them right after the video call.”

I groaned, wishing I’d seen what he had. Maximo told us all about it as we fucked Zaven that night. Hazel in the hot tub with the betas. Naked. Teasing about a sex store, tattoos, and sex... Fuck, I couldn’t think about this if I wanted to make it through the rest of the night.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Hazel looked at us wide-eyed before she started giggling.

“Hazel!”

We all turned to find Loki approaching us with a concerned expression. “Hey, Trickster. What’s wrong?”

All of us exchanged curious and jealous expressions at her greeting for the other alpha, but the man paid it no mind, pointing at the women’s restroom. “Your friend Sienna needs

help, I think. One of the old ladies saw her in the bathroom. She didn't look like she was feeling the best."

"Shit," Hazel cursed with feeling, then she was pulling away from Zaven, running through the crowd to the bathroom.

Valentina rushed over, likely having seen Hazel taking off. "Where's the fire?"

"Something with her friend Sienna," I said, my focus completely on the bathroom.

Bane nodded at the three of us. "I'll keep an eye on them both."

"We'll keep an eye on Eliza," Maximo told him seriously. I nodded in agreement as Aunt V left to approach the other girls. Right as they began speaking, Hazel rushed out, her expression serious. She spoke with her friends before coming over to grab Zaven's hand.

"I need you to walk with me."

"Where?" His brow furrowed as he took off the apron Valentina had forced on him.

"I need to get something from my apartment for Sienna," she said vaguely before pinning Maximo and me with a stare. "Make sure no one goes in that bathroom that isn't myself or my friends. They can use the men's room."

Without another word, Hazel and Zaven were gone. I was confused until someone tried to open the door, then it hit me. *Heat*. Out of nowhere, Sienna had gone into heat. We had been around her all night, and there were no signs, nothing in her scent to hint she was going into heat. *What the hell?!*

"I'll guard the door." The offer came from the enforcer that had been keeping a silent, keen eye on Eliza all night. He

immediately headed that way, not waiting for a word back from us, and set up guard at the door. Another beta from the club joined him a moment later.

“She didn’t smell like she was going to go into heat,” Maximo rumbled, echoing my earlier thoughts.

“What set her off to go from nothing to full on heat?”

“It could be a person?” Maximo proposed, but it didn’t feel right when he said it. The whole situation felt... off. I didn’t know what was going on, but heats just didn’t happen without build up.

Tension built for the next twenty minutes until Hazel and Zaven burst back into the bar, the former heading straight for the bathroom with a bag in her hand. Zaven had a dazed, concerned expression on his face. Maximo and I wiped our hands with the nearby bar towels, eager for an update.

“What’s wrong?” Valentina asked, making us all jolt. She’d come out of nowhere like she sometimes did. For a woman whose very presence was loud, she was sneaky as fuck.

Zaven swallowed hard. “Hazel had heat suppressants in her apartment that she was using. She grabbed them for Sienna and her friend’s stash of pot. She’s hoping that between the suppressants and the weed, she’ll calm her enough to get home. She said she might need help getting her out of here.”

“We can do that.” The rest of us murmured our agreement with Maximo.

“Wait.” I licked my lips, the realization hitting me. “If Hazel is giving her suppressants to her friend, that means...”

“That she’s going to go into heat and soon,” Maximo purred, expression shifting to one of pure possessiveness.



Even Zaven's cheeks heated at the idea.

"She said that while she has people who would help her through a heat, Sienna doesn't," Zaven said softly.

"Think we could convince her to stay with us until it hits?" I asked half-heartedly.

"No," Valentina said ruefully. "Too prideful by half. But that doesn't mean you can't take turns watching out for her until it hits."

Maximo grinned at his aunt, pressing a quick kiss to her cheek. "Exactly what I was thinking."

"We need to let the twins know," I said, pulling out my phone. "And I need to change the work schedule. I'd hate to have to kill my staff if this happens to her."

"I'll check on the omegas," Zaven said firmly, hurrying over to the betas guarding the door. Betas might get the short end of the stick a lot, but in situations like this, I was grateful we had solid ones around.

He knocked, then a few seconds later, Hazel appeared. After exchanging a few words, Zaven was let inside.

"Sometimes I don't think betas realize the privileges they get that we, as alphas, don't," I commented ruefully.

"I don't think I'd be able to control myself if Hazel went into heat here," Maximo said roughly. He cleared his throat before focusing on the customers around us. "Better to leave it to Zaven. He'll make sure they're all okay. Tell my brothers what's going on, and I'll get these drinks out."

The tension in the bar slowly went down, the laughter and music starting up again once the alcohol was steadily flowing.

I checked my phone and saw we only had an hour before closing time. *Thank goodness.*

I started a group chat with the twins, the best way to tell them anything.

**Sutton:** We have a situation.

**Alessandro:** A Family situation?

**Emiliano:** I can't reschedule my appointments again so soon.

**Sutton:** No.

**Sutton:** It's Hazel.

**Alessandro:** Where?

**Emiliano:** We will be there in ten.

**Sutton:** No, she's fine right now. But one of her friends went into heat. Hazel is giving her suppressants from her own supply.

**Emiliano:** Which means she's going into heat soon.

**Alessandro:** She seemed borderline when we met, to be honest.

**Emiliano:** She did.

**Emiliano:** Wait... how do you know all this?

**Sutton:** She called Aunt V because her friend got called into Neon Nights to work, but they were all high out of their minds. She needed help, so the three of us came with her to help out.

**Alessandro:** Maximo said not to include us because of the hot tub, didn't he?

**Emiliano:** Worth it.

**Alessandro:** We will be there soon to wrap things up and help out.

I sighed, knowing there was no use telling them we had it handled. Sometimes, being an alpha meant knowing when to pick your battles. The twins were not the battle to pick.

“When will they be there?” Maximo asked, his voice filled with good humor.

“Ten minutes,” I told him with a grin.



Maximo

ALL OF MY humor faded as Hazel walked out of the bathroom, her expression determined. She came right up to the bar and snagged a cup with water. She sniffed it, immediately raising my hackles.

“What’s wrong?”

“She just had a heat, Maximo,” she admitted. “This isn’t right. It didn’t feel natural if you get what I mean.”

Those words hit me, and low growls echoed from both me and Loki, who was only a few feet away. Hazel pushed it closer to us with a pointed look before rushing off. She was sober now, and angry, but I couldn’t blame her.

“Someone drugged her drink in *my* bar?” Loki hissed. His eyes swiveled to mine because we both knew damn well that wasn’t any of our products. None of our shit would send an omega into a full-blown heat in hours, which left one of two

options. Or three, rather. Someone was selling bad drugs in our territory, a customer had brought them in, or this was related to the missing crates of drugs.

“Wait,” Sutton breathed out as he met my eyes. There was a fury bubbling under the surface that I felt through my entire damn body. Sutton was the more laid back of the two of us, but the moment someone fucked with one of our own, he was more vindictive than even I could dream of being. “What was the missing shipment, exactly?”

“Ecstasy,” I answered in a low voice so no one else would hear. “Not something that would cause this.”

“No, but...” Sutton shook his head. “I’ll talk to you about it later. Just in case the person who drugged the water is still here.”

I nodded sharply in acknowledgement.

“Hey,” Loki called out to one of his guys. He held out the cup Hazel had given us. “Get this to someone who can test what’s in it, then get the results to me and Maximo.”

“On it, boss,” the beta reassured him as he put a hand over the top of the cup and rushed out. I had no clue who he had on speed dial that could figure that out, but I was grateful regardless.

“I’ll put my own guys on it too,” I promised him. Not that they weren’t already looking for the bastards who’d taken my drugs. Our most recent sale had gone off without a hitch, but everything else was going to shit. I had to get a handle on my territory, fast.

# Chapter 14



HAZEL

MY EXCITEMENT for the date was dampened after last night. I'd kept my cool while my poor friend went into heat, but all of us could tell it wasn't normal. The way she'd gotten sick was the first sign, but the zombie she was after it hit a bit too close to home. She'd become a perfectly compliant omega in heat. Even with the suppressants, she still seemed to be in a daze.

“Hey, don't let this get to you. I'm fine,” Sienna promised. She blinked several times to focus on me. I'd thought she was sleeping it off while I gazed out the window at the city, but apparently not. I wasn't good with hiding my worries around my best friends.

“No, you aren't.” I sighed. “I told the guys about it last night though, so it shouldn't happen again. You sure you don't want me to take you to the doctor?”

“God no,” she groaned. “I’m already feeling more myself again. Another dose of suppressants, and I’ll be me again.” Her eyes widened before she looked at me accusingly. “Wait, what about your heat?”

“I’ve got five willing men to get me through it,” I reassured her. “And I took half the pack, so I should be okay for a few more days.”

“You’re going on that date with some of them today,” she reminded me—like I could forget. The package had arrived an hour ago, but it was still sitting on my bed unopened.

“I’m going to cancel,” I argued. “You need me more.”

“No, I need you to go. I’ll be fine here, binging some trash tv,” she countered. “If you stay home, I’ll be upset. This isn’t their fault or yours. Don’t punish yourself, and they don’t deserve that either.”

I groaned. “Oof, you had to go for the heart, didn’t you?” Because she was right. It wasn’t fair to them to cancel if she didn’t need me here.

“I’m hanging with her tonight anyway. They gave me the night off,” Eliza smugly announced as she walked into the room. “No dodging those men. After last night, I’ll admit that I like them. Also, you should pack a bag for your heat. Not that you’ll need much clothes during, but after wouldn’t hurt.”

“Yes, Mom.” I rolled my eyes. “I’ll do that now, so it’s out of the way. You sure you don’t need me?”

“Nope. Get out,” Sienna ordered. Seeing her humor come back was enough to lift the weight of worry from my chest. There was nothing okay about seeing your friend heat drunk, possibly drugged, and turning into a lifeless zombie. Heat fog was one thing, but this wasn’t it.

The red box was waiting on my bed where I'd left it. I don't know why I was hesitant to open it, but something was holding me back.

*Fear.*

I was slipping further, letting them in too much, and that fucking terrified me. They didn't know my past. Not fully. But I wanted them to.

With a deep breath, I tore open the package. Inside was beautiful lingerie, a black lace bra and matching thong. They were completely see-through, leaving nothing to the imagination. I thought of Sienna's encouragement, and with a deep breath, I pushed aside my uneasiness from seeing her like that. She was right; I couldn't let something outside of our control ruin things for me or the guys who'd dropped everything to help us out last night.

A smile played along my lips before I undressed and slipped the set on, but that wasn't all they had put in there. A black leather harness was underneath, and I was totally up for that fun. I stepped into it and pulled it over the bra. The harness hugged my thighs and wrapped around my waist before outlining my boobs, ending just under my collarbone. The thin straps weren't uncomfortable, just tight enough that I knew they were there. Apparently, they were trying to one up their kinky brothers.

A small note lay under all of that, and I laughed out loud as I read it.

*We heard you were a bit of a rope bunny, so we thought this might help you feel comfortable for the night.*

*Comfortable, my ass. If they want to play, so can I.* Grabbing my phone, I set it up on one of Teagan's tripods,

making sure it faced the small armchair in my room. I set a timer then got in position, giving them a flash of everything they wouldn't see under my dress.

After checking it, I decided to play with the entire group. I set up two different group chats—the guys insisted I had all their numbers before leaving last night—sending the twins the teasing photo first, then Maximo, Sutton, and Zaven.

Smirking at the read status on both messages, I got to work on my hair and makeup. I still had no hints as to where we were going, but I wasn't going to dwell on that. They were teaching me to live in the moment, something I'd never really been able to do. It was hard to do that when I was constantly looking over my shoulder, but I felt safe with them.

My phone started blowing up with notifications, but I continued getting ready. I curled my hair and put on my makeup, keeping it classier since I'd be wearing a formal dress. When I opened the small black box they had sent me, I grinned at the sight of the hair comb that was nestled inside. It had black and silver flowers and a black veil that draped down. I braided a strand of hair on each side before pinning it back with the comb. The dress was still hanging up, but I already felt fancier than I ever had.

“Can someone help me get into this thing?” I called out. There was no modesty with friends like mine, so when they walked in and catcalled while I gave them a little twirl.

“That's hot as fuck, Hazel. Tell me you teased them?” Teagan gushed.

“Oh yeah,” I laughed. “And I could totally do worse, but I don't know if it'll show through the dress,” I admitted.



“Let’s find out,” Eliza said. She helped me zip up the back after I stepped into it. Everything fit together perfectly.

“Holy hell, Hazel. You look like you’re ready for a gala or something,” Eliza breathed out in awe. “You’re always gorgeous, but right now, you look fucking phenomenal.”

“Aw, thanks, guys.” Honestly, I felt truly pretty. For a girl who rocked black clothes and a punk style most of the time, I was apparently a sucker for formal dresses.

A knock on the door had the girls disappearing with hasty goodbyes. I grabbed the matching clutch and shoes and hurried out to answer. My jaw dropped when I pulled it open. All three of my dates were dressed to the nines. They each had on a sleek black tuxedo that hugged every fucking muscle, and of course were extra enough that they gave me a little spin to show it off. And Sutton’s ass? It looked fucking sinful in that tuxedo. Then Zaven turned around, and he took the cake... literally.

“Damn.” I whistled. “You guys look amazing.”

“And you look ravishing, omega.” Maximo eyed me over from head to toe, a slight flush coloring his cheeks.

“Oh, and that picture?” Sutton raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms. He didn’t need to add anything else to it, but I didn’t think his look achieved what he wanted it to. Instead of feeling chastised, the bulge of his muscles made my body take notice, which wasn’t something I needed this early in the evening. I was already taking a risk by not having enough suppressants. Thankfully, I’d taken a full week’s worth, so it might stay at bay long enough for me to get some more time before the heat hit.

*Or not.*

The thought of them helping me through it was far more enticing than taking pills every day that left me tired, crabby, and still horny.

“So, where to first?” I asked briskly, hoping to redirect my thoughts. “Someone has been keeping all the details from me.”

“Dinner at Château on the Lake,” Zaven said proudly. The name probably should have meant something to me, but I stared back in silent confusion. Zaven breathed out a suffering sigh. “Lord, woman, we have to get you out more. It’s just the fanciest, hard-to-snap-reservations spot in the city.”

“Oh, sounds like someone pulled some strings. Who has the connections?” I asked, glancing from one to the other before landing on Maximo. “It’s you, isn’t it? You know what... What do you guys do? Emiliano does tattoos, Zav is a driver, and Sutton has the shop, but what about you and Alessandro?”

Maximo’s face shuttered, and I knew whatever he was going to say wasn’t going to be the truth. “We work in the family business. It’s boring.”

“Boring enough to need your own driver?” I asked archly, calling him out on the lie, but Maximo shook his head.

Sutton held out a hand. “Come on, Hazel. We don’t want to be late for dinner.”

I narrowed my eyes, glaring at all of them to let them know this wasn’t the end of this conversation by a long shot, but I would push it aside for now because I was fucking starving.

“What kind of food does this place have?” I asked, taking Sutton’s hand and letting him lead me down the hallway.

“A bit of everything,” Sutton said as he pulled me close. Maximo and Zaven weren’t far behind as we walked down the stairs and toward the standard black SUV. I was only half listening to Sutton as he listed things on the menu with an almost practiced ease. *He must eat there a lot.* The scents of the two alphas and the beta surrounded me. The heady whiskey, cinnamon, mint, and earthy tones swirled together, making it hard to focus on anything besides the warmth of Sutton’s hand in mine.

If I wasn’t careful, we’d beat my date with the twins, leaving us doing fucking yoga to have group sex in this SUV. Fuck, I wished I could get more suppressants, but I wouldn’t be able to get anything until my next heat cycle hit. And Sienna was in no place to get me a pack yet.

Letting Sutton help me into the SUV, I settled in my seat while Maximo walked around and claimed a seat beside me. Zaven got into the driver’s seat, carefully checking everything and making sure we were all buckled up before he even turned on the car.

The alphas didn’t speak, but their presence and scents were enough to send a shudder through me. I licked my lips as I felt slick wet my upper thighs. This thong wasn’t going to last long. Hell, my hormones weren’t even considering I was sitting between two alphas. They weren’t even doing anything, but my pussy was weeping in need.

“Hazel,” Maximo growled, making me whimper.

“Fuck, we aren’t even going to make it to the damn restaurant,” Sutton cursed. Zaven met my gaze in the rearview mirror.

“Everyone stays buckled back there, or I’m pulling over,” he warned.

My body jolted like I was hit by lightning when Sutton trailed fingers along my arm. “Fuck, my heat isn’t going to hold off for long.”

“You should just stay with us until it passes,” Maximo breathed in my ear. “My brothers have rooms there, and I’m sure we can find a nice room for you to nest in, omega.”

Maximo’s long fingers teased the slit along my leg, moving fabric aside to trace designs along my thighs, slowly moving higher while avoiding where I wanted him to go.

“Maximo,” I whispered, turning my head to look at him. His thin face was flushed with arousal, lips parted, and his eyes trained on my lips. I leaned forward, slanting my lips over his in a desperate kiss. The alpha purred into it, making my pussy practically drown my thong, and Sutton continued up my arm to my neck. He pressed soft butterfly kisses along my shoulder, the sensation a complete contrast to the other alpha sliding his tongue along mine as he grabbed my face to direct the kiss.

One alpha was controlling and dominating, while the second used pleasure and patience to draw things out. Fuck, I was screwed—in the best way possible. My heat was going to be *intense*.

Suddenly, the SUV stopped moving, and I heard Zaven curse from the front seat. He must have pulled off to the side of the road, but I hadn’t even realized we’d stopped moving. “You can’t just put on a fucking show in the back while I’m trying to safely drive us to the restaurant!”

“This isn’t a show,” I said breathlessly as I pulled away from Maximo’s kiss. The alpha’s purr increased, and my nipples hardened when I felt Sutton trace a hand down to cup my right breast through the dress.

“But we could put one on for you, beta,” Sutton teased him. “Just imagine your two alphas ravage this omega while all you can do is watch, listen—”

“Smell her fucking delicious cunt. If you’re really good, we’ll feed you some of her juices as you drive,” Maximo finished for his friend, and I moaned.

“You could always eat me out afterwards,” I said with a sly grin at Zaven, making the two alphas pause. “Have the taste of us all mixed together.”

“Yes,” Sutton growled, cupping my face. His lips were on mine before I knew what was going on. At the same time, he pulled the dress down, freeing my breast, then Maximo’s hot mouth was on my nipple. There was some rustling, then someone’s hands were on my thighs, spreading my legs before my thong was ripped off my body. I felt a breath of air on my pussy, and I lost all ability to function.

Zaven hummed softly before swirling his tongue around my clit, using long flat licks to drive me mad. Thrusting two fingers inside of me, he found the same spot as last time and pressed into it, making me yell into the kiss. Maximo moved to my other breast while Zaven drew two more orgasms from me, one for each of them, I realized belatedly, before pulling away. Sutton nipped my bottom lip as he broke the kiss, and Maximo carefully fixed the top of my dress.

Zaven’s face was wet with my slick, which led Maximo and Sutton to grab their beta, taking turns kissing him and licking my juices off his face. It was hot enough that I felt almost no relief from the desire that had assaulted me at the sight of them.

How the hell was I ever going to get through dinner with these men?

# Chapter 15



HAZEL

THE RESTAURANT WAS as fancy as I anticipated. The lights were dimmed, and each table had a flickering candle to illuminate the meal. The waiters and hostess were dressed in full suits, and their wine list consisted of things that cost more than my rent. But I wasn't paying, so I just enjoyed the experience.

“Hello, welcome to Château on the Lake. Name?” the young omega host purred. His eyes flickered over my men, and a low growl rumbled out of me in response. The alphas pulled me into their side as Zaven stood in the front.

“Reservation for De Luca,” he said in a commanding tone that had the omega's entire demeanor changing.

“Yes, sir. Right this way. We have your usual table,” he said formally. He led us through the dining room, though I

noticed he didn't grab the menus stacked on the stand before he walked off. *They really must come here a lot.*

The alphas flanked me as we walked as if my heat might kick in at any moment. They were prepared to fight for my honor and my virtue, which was hotter than it should be considering I prided myself on being strong and independent.

“Welcome back, Mr. De Luca.” A waiter approached the moment we reached a secluded table in the back. Sutton led me around to the back chair, with Zaven claiming one side and Sutton the other. Maximo sat at the head of the table, of course. He immediately put in a drink order for us, including champagne. “Oh, before I forget. The menu has switched from its seasonal offerings to our regular menu, but let me know if there's any issue.”

“You changed the menu?” Sutton growled. It was forceful enough that I froze, and the waiter swallowed hard.

“It-it was the new management, s-sir,” he pleaded like Sutton might pull out a fucking gun and shoot him.

“Uh, Sutton?” I hissed. “Might want to chill a bit?”

“Thank you,” Maximo said, and those words seemed to give the waiter leave to scurry away. He practically ran, stopping just out of reach to take a deep, shuddering breath before going on. When Maximo's gaze bounced back, he gave the other alpha a sharp look. “We don't look at the menu anyway. Your usual?”

“Yes,” Sutton said through gritted teeth. I glanced at Zaven for help, but he was too busy placating the alpha. Apparently, my earlier assumption that Sutton could snap if he wanted to was correct because these two were acting like he was a ticking time bomb.

“Okay, is someone going to clue me in? What do you all do?” I asked sharply.

Maximo had started to answer me with another fucking lie, the dark look in his eyes giving him away, when he was cut off.

“De Luca! Did you think your Family’s disrespect would go unnoticed? You crossed the line, and now I will take what’s mine,” a burly man in a wrinkled suit called out. His eyes flickered to me, and he breathed in deep, his copper hair falling over lifeless green eyes. “Or I can take her as payment. Smells like she needs a real alpha right about now.”

Everything happened so fast. Maximo was up and slamming a gun into the man’s head. *Where the hell did he get a gun?* The stranger crumpled to the ground as Sutton stood up with a gun in his hand as well, that fiery anger of his turned stone cold as he searched the restaurant. I was dragged to the floor behind the table with Zaven, who had another motherfucking gun. *What the hell is going on?!*

“What is going on?!” I shrieked, and he immediately clamped a hand over my mouth to cut me off.

“Look, the boss of the Mackenzies did not come alone. I need you to keep your wits about you, Hazel,” he said in a deadly serious tone. I swallowed hard and nodded. I would follow his orders—for now—but if these assholes thought for even a fucking second that they’d give evasive answers after this, they were wrong.

The other patrons didn’t seem to notice that anything was amiss. With a glance around, Zaven stood, pulling me with him. Sutton and Maximo were picking up the alpha Maximo had knocked out while Zaven walked me past them. Instead of walking through the main dining room, he carefully led me



through a back hall. The sound of an Irish lilt had him yanking me into what was apparently a broom closet. He clicked the lock as soon as we were safely closed in.

Once again, his hand was on my mouth, and my panic rose when someone jiggled the handle then moved on. It was weird, but I wasn't terrified. This situation was crazy, like nothing I'd ever been through before, but I wasn't terrified. I knew I was safe with them, and I held onto that even as my heart pounded.

"I think it's clear," he whispered as he quietly unlocked the door and slipped it open. Before we could fully step into the hallway, hands reached out for me. Zaven slammed his gun into my captor's face and yanked me free before I could be pulled down with him, the scream still locked behind my lips. He yanked me with him down the hall and back outside the restaurant to the SUV.

Zaven manhandled me into the front seat and had me buckled in, car running, and head down. The back doors opened and had barely shut before he peeled out of the lot. From the murmurings in the back, the other guys had somehow beat us out to the car.

"Okay, listen. The twins were kinky, and I thought that made the date exciting, but what the fuck was that?!" I tried my best to keep calm and cool, showing him I could handle the truth, but my final words ended in a screech that could have given a dog whistle a run for its money.

"Valentina said she likes sushi. Take us to that place they ate at," Maximo said in answer. I unbuckled, earning a protest from Zaven that I ignored in favor of twisting around to glare at the alpha.

“I do like sushi, and I’m not saying no because I’m really fucking hungry, but you better tell me what the fuck just happened. If I’m going to risk my life to date your asses, you better fucking share what it is I’m risking my life for!”

Sutton shrugged at Maximo when he glowered at me, then his friend. “She’s not wrong. Clue her in.”

“I second that,” Zaven said. “She watched me take down a man and didn’t flinch. And she wasn’t scared. Which kind of makes me question her sanity, but she’ll be fine for this news. The worst I scented was a little bit of panic, but she didn’t let that put us into danger.”

“I’m the head of the De Luca crime Family,” Maximo said without fanfare. The words hung in the air as I decoded what the fuck he could mean by that.

“Crime Family. Like the mafia? I’m dating a *mob boss*?” I asked with a raised eyebrow. “That officially takes ‘bad boy’ to a whole new level. I’m not really excited about the danger. But fuck... really? Mafia?”

“Yes,” he sighed. “And no, I’m not getting into the dirty details. I’m pissed off and hungry.”

“Okay, grumpy,” I snarked as I settled in my seat and buckled back in. Zaven glared at me, and I held up my hands. “No more moving around. Got it.”

*Mafia.*

Things like that weren’t real, right? I’d seen the movies and shows, but organized crime happening here in Alexandria? No way.

Apparently, I was wrong about that.

Despite this news, I felt more curious than anything else. Honestly, it all kind of clicked into place. The money. The driver and bodyguard. The emphasis on family. Though the man himself wasn't exactly what I'd picture for a mafia boss. He had more style and didn't don a suit every day of his life. Not to mention the rough-around-the-edges demeanor and tattoos didn't really strike me as the leader of a Family.

"Hazel?" Sutton asked tentatively. "Are you okay?" The worry in his voice had me questioning my reaction. Had my childhood just been so radical that this seemed like nothing to me, or was it some kind of shock-delayed reaction? Would reality soon slam into me so the freak out could begin?

Even as I had the thought, I knew it wouldn't happen. They were different, and I found myself willing to see where this was all going.

"Do you kill people? Torture them?" I asked quietly.

"Not if we don't have to. We're not savages," Maximo replied. He almost sounded offended, and I heard Sutton smack him. "We deal in goods, not murder. That's not to say I haven't killed. I'm not a good man, Hazel, but I'll be good to you." That line was honest, his words lined with a passion that left me a bit breathless.

Was this reckless? Oh hell yes, it was.

Did I give a single fuck? It appeared not.

"Okay," I said simply. "Does it make you see me differently if I once killed a man in Reno?"

"Excuse me?" Zaven huffed out a startled laugh. "What?"

"Just fucking with you," I reassured him with a quiet laugh. "But I'll be serious now. Do I need a bodyguard? That dude saw me."

“He won’t be a problem. We made sure of it,” Sutton said, and once again, I was whipping around.

“Did you fucking kill him?!” I gasped. They both burst out laughing and unbuckled. I hadn’t even realized that we’d reached our destination.

“No. Come on, omega,” Maximo ordered. Before I could climb out, he was standing at my now open door, reaching for me. He helped me down then wrapped a hand around the back of my neck and pulled me close. “Are you really okay with this?” There was a quick hint of vulnerability that was quickly masked.

“I’m processing,” I said honestly. “Let’s see how this goes.”

His entire body deflated like he was expecting the worst. “Okay, that we can do. Sushi awaits.”

When he started to lead me inside, I stopped. “So, what did you do to him?”

“Broke his kneecaps and left him with a strong warning,” he said with a grin.

*Oh, is that all?*

# Chapter 16



MAXIMO

I DIDN'T KNOW what I was expecting Hazel's reaction to be, but her acceptance was definitely not it. She hadn't asked even half the questions I'd thought would be flung my way.

“Maximo?” Her breast brushed against my arm as she leaned toward me. “Do you know what you want?”

*You.*

It took every bit of my self-control to not fucking bend her over the table and ravage her right here. The taste of her on my tongue and the memory of her flesh against my skin, her rich and heady scent... Shit, if I didn't stop thinking like this, I would claim her right now.

“What's your favorite thing?” Sutton interrupted, and I was nothing but thankful when Hazel shifted her attention to my friend.

“Anything spicy, but spicy tuna is my favorite. And you can’t go wrong with a California roll.” Hazel grinned at him as she grabbed a menu and pointed out the ones she was talking about. I could see the tension in Sutton’s shoulders drain away as he realized there were pictures for most of the items. Most people didn’t know it, but Sutton had always struggled with reading. He did everything he could to avoid it since his dyslexia made it hard for him, so he’d adapted—reading menus before we went out, memorizing the items available at his shop, their symbols, and where they were stored so no one would notice. I didn’t think Hazel knew. My friend wouldn’t willingly offer up that information because he considered it a weakness.

Somehow, without even knowing what she was doing, our omega was solving the problem and helping him adapt to the change in plans.

*Our omega?!*

Fuck, when did we get here? Not even a second date in, and I thought of her as mine. *Ours*. Hell, I wasn’t opposed to figuring out a new dynamic that included my younger brothers in this arrangement. A low growl rumbled in me as I recalled them claiming her first.

Even with how hungry I was, I was counting down to the end of this date. More than once, the picture she’d sent us crossed my mind, making me shift. I needed to make room in my slacks to be more comfortable. Hazel shot me an amused glance, telling me she knew exactly what was going on. *Brat*.

“You’re taking this incredibly well,” Zaven observed, his dark eyes intent on Hazel as she picked three rolls from a nearby belt. “Most people wouldn’t.”

Hazel shrugged. "I'm not most people." My eyes narrowed at her avoidance. If she wanted to call me out for my bullshit, she needed to realize this was a two-way street.

"What does that mean?" I asked, grabbing a few rolls for myself as Sutton and Zaven did the same. Despite everyone grabbing their food, we were all waiting for her answer.

Hazel slowly chewed her bite, buying herself some time. "I just... I grew up sheltered."

"Which would usually make accepting this harder," Sutton pointed out. He didn't mean to be rude, but he wasn't one for flowery words or avoiding a point. When there was something he wanted to know, he could be very blunt. Our pack was not one for holding back our thoughts, but Hazel seemed to appreciate that.

"I don't like talking about my childhood." Hazel bit her lip, face pale. Whatever she was remembering had her more shaken than she'd been in the restaurant. Finally, she shook her head. "Let's just say there are worse things and people than the mafia."

I raised my eyebrows, a joke on the tip of my tongue, before I realized she was serious. Hazel shrugged again and grabbed more sushi rolls. What the hell had her life been like growing up for my Family not to be a big deal? Was this shock talking?

"Sutton, try this one! It's fried. You can't go wrong there," she said. I still couldn't stop myself from trying to figure out her secrets without actually pushing her. For now, at least.

A slight weight pressed on my upper thigh, and I looked down to see Hazel had rested a hand on my leg, her thumb absently rubbing as she changed the subject with my beta.

Zaven, in true form, let it happen, listening to Hazel talk about her friends and what was going on with them. Once that was finished, she and Sutton started talking about work. The entire time they talked, Hazel kept her hand on my thigh as if she needed the contact.

We stayed there for a few hours, getting to know each other, until we were some of the last people there. My cock was throbbing, so I grabbed her hand and slid it up to cup me through my slacks. I was tired of fucking talking and the teasing. I wanted her *now*.

“Come home with us.”

Hazel didn't even blink. “I thought you'd never ask.”

Not giving a shit about the hard on I was sporting, I tossed a few hundreds on the table, then all four of us were out the door. I wasn't the only one feeling the effects of her impending heat because Sutton grabbed her, pushed her back against the SUV, and slanted his mouth over hers. Hazel tried to wrap her hands around him, but the alpha caught them, slamming them down on either side of her. Hazel's answering whimper and the snap of her hips made me growl. Tonight was going to be good. So fucking delicious.

Zaven didn't try to interfere or head for the driver's side. He watched, cheeks flushed and lips parted. He liked watching almost as much as he liked being the center of attention, but with Hazel looking like she was about to join our pack, I wanted to make sure my beta didn't feel like he was being neglected. My attraction and draw to Hazel didn't take away from how I felt about him.

Reaching out, I snagged Zaven's arm and pulled him in front of me so I could tease soft kisses along his neck. “Do you like watching them together, Zaven? Sutton dominating



that brat.” I smiled against his skin when I felt Zaven’s chuckle and heard Hazel’s muffled protest. “I remember how much you like watching, Zaven. The last time I caught you watching me, you ended up on your knees with my cock down your throat.”

He whimpered, his body jolting when I bit down on his neck. I increased the pressure until the point of pain that my masochistic beta liked.

“Yes! Yes, I like watching.”

“How do you want to do this, Maximo?” Sutton asked, his voice low. That alpha purr had distorted the words until I almost couldn’t understand his question.

Hazel looked like she was holding on by a thread, the tension of her impending heat rising as she looked up at my friend, then me, with desperation. I pulled away from Zaven’s neck to address Hazel. “Is your heat coming, omega?”

She blinked for a second, her brain needing to catch up to what I was asking. “Not yet. It’s building, but not yet.”

“Home. We do this at home,” I told them huskily. “We will not let my beta brothers show more restraint than we do.”

Hazel huffed out a laugh, blue-gray eyes glittering. “You should have seen their reactions to that picture.”

“You sent it to them, too?” I asked, arching an eyebrow. We all moved slowly, getting in the vehicle with Zaven and Hazel up front. He put it in drive but didn’t take off just yet, waiting for her to answer.

“You got the hot tub video, so it seemed fair to tease them as well since I’m going home with you three.”

“What did they say?” Zaven asked, and I could hear the humor in his voice.

“Something about sending me a gift and having a surprise for the next time they see me.” Hazel turned and grinned at Sutton and me. “After they complained about wanting to know where we were going because they wanted to see the lingerie in person. I’m just glad we made it through dinner because going commando is very much a problem right now.” Masculine growls filled the SUV as that knowledge hit us. I hadn’t realized Zaven had ripped her thong off before we even got to the restaurant.

“Don’t tease us like that,” Sutton warned.

“Why should I tease you when I could tease Zaven?” Hazel breathed. “You all have wonderful imaginations.” Fabric ruffled from the front seat, and then I could smell her. She held out a slick wet finger to Zaven. “Have a taste, beta. It’s time the alphas learned turnabout is fair play.”

I snarled as my cock hardened even more when Zaven opened his mouth, taking her finger into his mouth. I could just imagine the way his tongue swirled around that digit like it did when he sucked me off.

Hazel had Sutton and I biting our fists to restrain ourselves as she ducked down and pulled his cock free. Zaven put the car back in park, refusing to keep driving while she did it. She didn’t know him well enough to realize this was a trigger.

The scent of their arousal permeated the SUV until my head was swimming. My cock was so fucking hard, it was painful, but I didn’t want to fuck her fast and frenzied. I took measured breaths, attempting to regain control. From the way Sutton was pushing down on his own bulge, he was struggling as well.

“Fuck,” Zaven cursed, and a moment later, Hazel sat up and turned to us, licking her lips with a devilish smirk on her face. Yup, we’d found ourselves a brat.

She kept to herself during the ride home, which was the only reason we actually made it there.

Valentina was out, thank fuck, so we escorted her straight to my room without interruption. She stood there for a moment, glancing at us to see if we were going to make a move.

“I think she’s teased us enough, pack. Our turn now,” I said. Zaven grinned and went to my dresser to grab some rope that I kept there.

“We heard you’re a fan of being tied up,” Zaven teased as he held up the red rope in his hand. “The twins shared some of the details of that adventure, but we do things a bit differently.”

She swallowed hard as Sutton approached. He stripped out of his clothes as he stalked closer so that he was naked by the time he reached her.

“Now, strip,” he ordered. She stepped away, her usual confidence back in place, then spun around and gestured to the zipper. He slowly slid it down, and she shimmied out of the dress. Seeing her in the lingerie we’d bought, sans thong, was just as good as I imagined. Our girl was exquisite in lace and leather. Soon, she’d have so many sets she wouldn’t know what to do with them. Good thing the Family house had plenty of spare rooms. She’d need one for just this... I knew there would be a constant competition between us and the twins.

“Let me help,” Zaven said huskily. He came forward and removed the harness with a torturous slowness. The beta and

omega were a dangerous combination because every second of their flirting just drove my arousal higher, and with a quick glance, I knew Sutton felt the same.

“Keep it up, beta. She won’t be the only one getting fucked tonight,” I promised him. He bit back a laugh as they started walking over to the bed.

“Oh no, Hazel. Come here. You too, Zaven.” She glanced up at me, confused, but she complied, my beta close behind.

I reached up to grab the ring hanging in the ceiling and lowered it down between us. Her eyes went wide as Zaven started to secure her hands to it.

“You remember your safe word?”

“Chocolate,” she whispered. “And no, I don’t need it yet.”

“If you do, you use it,” I said firmly. She nodded in agreement as she watched Zaven work. Her lips parted, and the tip of her tongue darted along her lips. She was loving this.

“Raise her up,” Zaven called out to Sutton, who flipped the switch and slowly lifted the ring until her hands were just above her head.

“Now...” I said as I walked around her, the tips of my fingers trailing over her exposed skin. She gasped as I teased over her hard pierced nipple through the sheer fabric of the bra. “I say we play a little game. See if she can tell us apart.”

“What?” she breathed, blinking like she was trying to come out of a haze. Zaven slipped a blindfold over her and fastened it, then we began circling her like sharks so she couldn’t tell where we were anymore. Despite how fucking hard I was, this part was just as fucking perfect as I knew sinking into that pussy of hers would be.

Sutton moved in first, dropping to his knees and lifting her up so her legs hooked over his shoulders. She let out a startled yelp and squeezed her thighs around him for balance, which only gave him better access. She relaxed as he worked her over, the soft cries turning into loud moans. Our omega wasn't holding back, and neither would we.

I moved in next after snagging a feather. With light movements, I ghosted it over her skin, reveling in the goosebumps that decorated her creamy skin almost immediately. She was so responsive and confident. It was a heady, sexy combination.

“Please,” she begged as she shamelessly rode Sutton's face. Zaven moved in behind her to give her more leverage, placing soft kisses on the back of her neck. “Thanks, Zav.” Her voice was raspy, but there was amusement in it. That little vixen could tell it was him from just that slight touch. Part of me was jealous as hell, and the other part was slightly amused.

“Let go, Hazel,” he responded. Sutton must have given her just what she needed to fall over the edge because her cries rang out a second later, her body tense with the force of it.

“Lower her,” I ordered as Sutton moved away. She was slick enough that I knew she could take me, so he lowered her until I could place her hands around my neck and lift her up. Her legs wrapped around my waist, and I immediately lined myself up and slammed into her tight cunt. She gasped, and her arms tightened around me. Sutton moved in behind her this time. He pressed his body into hers, not fucking her yet, so I could have my time with her. I reached up and ripped her blindfold off before I started to move. “I want to see your eyes while I fuck you.”

“I knew it was you!” She grinned happily before her lips parted in a silent cry. I picked up the pace, mercilessly fucking her into the other alpha. She took everything I gave her beautifully, her cries and the scent of her slick threatening to send me into a fucking frenzy. Now I understood a little better why alphas would go into ruts in the streets, claiming omegas left and right. If she smelled this fucking alluring now, I couldn’t imagine what her scent would be like in a week or two when she slammed head first into this heat she’d been fighting.

Reaching between us, I teased her clit, letting her sounds guide me until I had her where I wanted her, then I applied just enough pressure to send her careening into an orgasm. She clenched, her pussy tightening around my cock, which forced my knot to start swelling. I’d never been one to struggle with control, but she wasn’t letting me hold back from her. I clamped my teeth down on her neck as I came, biting hard enough to leave my mark without breaking the skin. No matter how far gone she had me, I would never take that choice away from her.

She gave us as much as she took, and that was one of my favorite things about her. If she was timid or submissive, she’d never fit into our dynamic. She was such a wonderful surprise. I’d never seen Zaven take to someone so fast, so easily, but he was just as enthralled as we were. There was just something about seeing him open up like that... As his alpha, it brought me such contentment, a soft feeling that I’d never experienced before.

“Get her loose,” I ordered as I continued to fuck my knot into her. She was slumped in my arms, her body practically boneless, but I knew she still had more in her.

By the time they had her untied, my knot had gone down enough to pull out.

“Here, Hazel. Some water,” Zaven offered. She obediently took a sip and smiled softly at him.

“You guys are so fucking cute.” She chuckled. “No one has ever offered me water in bed like this.”

“We’re not most packs, or most men, for that matter,” I said. “You need a break?”

She glanced up at me with a raised eyebrow. “What, alpha, you don’t think I can take more?” Sutton choked out a laugh and shook his head.

“Oh, we know better. We’re just offering a break if you need one,” I countered. “Don’t hold back then, Sutton. And Zaven, the lube is in the top drawer.” Her eyes widened at the words, but she didn’t argue, nor did she look worried.

*Interesting.*

# Chapter 17



HAZEL

LUBE?

Fuck. I knew what that meant. Nerves filled me at the thought of anyone fucking my ass. I'd never done it before; there had been no one I wanted to try it with given I didn't do repeats.

"Hazel?" Sutton asked, breaking me free of my thoughts. His hands cupped my face, making me meet his gaze. "What's wrong?"

Zaven and Maximo looked at me, concern clear on their faces, and I swallowed hard. "I just... I've never done anal."

"Ever?" Sutton asked as his eyebrows rose in surprise.

I shook my head, trying to not feel self-conscious. "I just haven't yet, and since I don't *usually* do repeats, there was never anyone I trusted enough."



“We don’t have to tonight either,” Zaven said softly as he brushed a hand along my back, making me shiver.

“We could use a toy to see if you like it, nothing crazy,” Maximo suggested. “If you don’t, then we don’t have to. It’s up to you.”

I bit my lip as I tried to figure out what I wanted to do. How much did I trust these men, really? To explore this with them when I had never done it before was a big step. My gut reaction was to say yes, and that concerned me more than I thought possible. How the hell did they get past my guards so quickly? These dates were supposed to be fun, not anything serious, but I somehow knew I’d be saying yes to that second date because I couldn’t imagine anything else.

“Yes to the toy,” I agreed, hoping I wasn’t disappointing them.

I shouldn’t have worried because wide grins filled their faces. Sutton sat down next to me, keeping us connected the whole time, and leaned forward to slant his lips over mine. When he flicked his tongue against mine, I whimpered, needing to feel his skin against mine.

Long fingers undid the barely there bra I had worn all night, and I gasped when my sensitive nipples brushed against Sutton’s slightly hairy chest. He fell backward, pulling me down on top of him, and threaded a hand through my hair as he nipped my bottom lip.

There was some rustling and talking in the background, but I didn’t pay it much attention until I felt someone settle in behind my exposed ass. Long fingers pet the back of my thighs and ass as Zaven shushed me. I couldn’t help but tense when I heard Zaven ask for Maximo. My attention was pulled away by the sound of a loud smack, and I jerked back from the

kiss to hiss at the unexpected sting. The hit didn't hurt much, and before I could ask what they were doing, Maximo spanked my other ass cheek, making me moan, and my hips snapped forward. Shit, this was hot as hell.

“That’s it, omega. Surrender to us. It’s going to be so fucking good for you,” Sutton breathed into my ear. He reached down and started to rub my already sensitive clit. I cried out his name, the sensation almost too much. “I could become addicted to hearing you say my name like that.”

Maximo rained down hits on my ass until I was humping Sutton, then cool fingers pressed against my asshole, gently pushing in, and it took everything in me to not tense. My eyes rolled back in my head with the motion of Zaven’s skilled fingers. He slowly worked in one finger, then two, thoroughly scissoring me open until a cold, smooth object was right at my asshole.

“Breathe, Hazel,” Zaven soothed me. “Press down, and it will help it go in easier.” That was the only warning I got before he wiggled what I assumed was a plug inside of me. My entire body shook as he pushed it past the tight ring of muscles until it popped inside of me.

It was weird being filled back there. I knew it wasn't anywhere close to the size of their dicks, but it felt huge in my virgin ass. “If someone doesn't make me come soon...” I warned.

Sutton chuckled, his skilled hands leaving my clit to reach for his dick, then he lined his cock up at my entrance. “Sit on my cock, Hazel. Be a good girl and ride me. Show us all how much you love being filled in both holes. Soon enough, you'll have two cocks inside of you, threatening to tear you completely apart.”

“You’re taking it so good,” Zaven praised me.

Maximo grunted, forcing me to look over at him. His dick was already hard again. He sat down on a nearby arm chair, his hand languidly jacking himself off, watching the other alpha guide my hips.

Throwing my head back, my long black hair tumbled down my back, and I closed my eyes, losing myself in our rhythm. The feel of the toy and Sutton inside of me fanned the flames of my arousal until my orgasm hit out of nowhere, making me scream out Sutton’s name. Sutton cursed as his knot started swelling, and he rocked into me, his firm hands keeping my hips moving even after my orgasm. When Zaven reached between us to play with my clit, I cried out, sobbing as I came again.

Sutton pulled me down to him, kissing me as he rocked his knot into me until it went down. Rolling over, he pressed a few open-mouthed kisses to my shoulders before he moved away. I felt the last man crawl over me, pinning me down, but I couldn’t have moved even if I wanted to. And, let’s be honest, I didn’t fucking want to.

Zaven looked down at me with a soft smile, his serious dark eyes searching my face. A half smile pulled at my lips as I reached up, gripping the back of his neck, and tugged him down. I kissed him deeply, thoroughly, waiting until he groaned and surrendered himself to the moment. Reaching between us, I guided him inside my sensitive pussy, and he sank into me as if we were made to fit together.

We fucked languidly, with Zaven setting the pace as we made out, never breaking the kiss. He was so patient and skilled, building my next orgasm until I was begging him for more, anything to push me over the edge.

“Zaven,” I whimpered after forcing my lips from his. “I need more. Fuck, please!”

“More what?” he taunted.

“I need to come,” I complained, rocking my head back and forth. “Please, Zaven. Fill me up, please.”

“Shit,” Zaven hissed, losing his pace at that.

It wasn't long after that he lost the battle and finished inside of me. The feel of him filling me set me off. I whined his name, the sound raspy and broken, my nails digging into his back while I tried to center myself.

“Shit. Fuck,” I breathed out when Zaven rolled to the side, putting the smallest of space between us. The alphas' knots were a fucking joy, but there was something to be said about not being locked together. My skin was so sensitive, my body heated and ready to combust, and I needed a minute to just exist.

Rough hands pushed my legs apart, then I heard the snap of a camera. Blinking at the flash, I flopped my head to the side to find Maximo standing there with a mischievous smile on his harsh face. It was a good look on him. So good, in fact, that it had me thinking about things I was in no way ready for at the moment. He flipped his phone around to show me a picture of my swollen pink pussy. Cum was dripping out of it, and I was hit with the insane urge to purr. It was fucking hot, sure, but I was also so goddamn pleased to see that they'd marked me.

“To remember tonight by. Now, Zaven, clean up our omega. We can let her recover for a little while before round two.”

Zaven looked dazed, his lips parted, but he obeyed, moving down my body until he settled between my spread legs. His talented tongue licked over my sensitive folds, making me whimper before he started to lick me earnestly.

Fuck, round two after watching them fuck Zaven... These men might kill me, but what a way to fucking go.



“THERE YOU ARE!” Sienna called out the moment I walked into the apartment the next morning. I laughed as I waved. It was a walk of shame if I’d ever done one, minus the shame of course. Hell, I was sure I was probably glowing, or some corny shit like that. That pack had dirtied me in ways that I’d be panting about later when I had a moment alone, and fantastic sex did wonders for one’s mood.

“In the same dress? I’m genuinely surprised it survived the night,” Teagan teased. “You looked fine as hell.”

“It barely did,” I promised as I rushed off to my room to clean up and change into something more comfortable. They didn’t bother to wait for me, barging into the bathroom to grill me about my date.

“Girl, no. You can’t just waltz in here the morning after in *that* dress and give us *nothing*! We need details,” Teagan complained. I poked my head out of the shower and laughed when I saw her sitting on the counter. Eliza was perched on the closed toilet, and Sienna had leaned against the door.

“Why do I feel like I’m at an inquisition?” I joked as I disappeared behind the curtain again. I didn’t mind the lack of boundaries between us. I actually liked it, though I’d never tell them that. They’d just use it as an excuse to crash even more of my showers.

“You are. Now answer,” Teagan ordered.

“How were they?” Sienna and Eliza asked, though the difference in their tones forced a snort from me.

“When did you get so bossy?” I joked. “And yes, they were gentlemen. Dinner ended up being sushi after some creep approached us, and Sutton and Maximo... escorted him out.”

“Okay, pause. *Escorted* him out?” Eliza asked. Of course, she’d catch on to me dancing over the words.

“Um, yes. So, apparently, Maximo is a mob boss,” I casually said as I poked my head back out to gauge their reactions. They looked torn between laughter and shock until they saw my face, then they all went with the latter. They asked me to keep it quiet, but I knew damn well that didn’t apply to my besties. Or at least it couldn’t if they wanted this thing between us to last.

“Whoa, so that’s a thing,” Sienna said with a strangled laugh. “I guess we should have known with names like that. Maximo De Luca sounds like a damn mobster.”

“Are you safe with them?” Eliza asked as she worried her bottom lip. “Will that man target you?”

I sighed, unsure how to phrase it since I wasn’t willing to lie to them. “Well, I hope I am. The guys make me feel safer than anyone else, other than you three, ever has. I guess there are some inherent dangers in being with them, but I’m willing to risk it. Can’t be worse than the Humble Creed, right?”

“Fuck, she’s got us there,” Sienna said. “The Humble Creed was filled with crazy assholes. She’ll need men with a bit of... bite to keep her safe. Her eyes had clouded over in anger at the mention of the cult I grew up in. Because that’s what they were. An organization hellbent on making things their version of better, which meant taking every right omegas had earned in history, away. Forced submission. No fucking thank you.

“So all in all, I guess I don’t care? At least he didn’t kill the guy. He just knocked out a kneecap or two,” I said as I started rinsing my hair and putting in conditioner. They were silent for a little bit, but I knew they were still there. I didn’t check back in, knowing damn well it was a lot to wrap one’s head around.

“Okay, well, you tell us if you feel unsafe,” Eliza prompted.

“Always,” I promised. “But I don’t think that will be an issue. Not with them. They want me to stay with them during my heat, and I agreed. I’m going to hold out until my symptoms start escalating, but then I’ll be out of here for a bit when it’s time.”

“That’s a good idea. Sorry you have to do this,” Sienna said quietly. “I didn’t mean to force you into a heat.”

“Oh, such a hardship to take some knots,” I teased. I pulled the curtain aside to give her a wink so she knew I wasn’t upset in the least.

She relaxed and rolled her eyes. “I’m not at all jealous,” she joked back. “However, I don’t want to see your naked ass, so I’m out of here.”

They all followed her out, and I finished rinsing off before stepping out. I put a bit of leave-in conditioner in my hair and wrapped a towel around myself then joined them in the bedroom, laughing when I found them chatting on my bed.

“We were thinking of going to Neon Nights. Eliza has an earlier shift, but she’s off at seven, so we can head there then?” Teagan offered. “I’m out again next week, so I figured I might as well spend as much time with you guys as I can before you become a mafia queen.”

“Oh my god.” I snorted. “I’ll still be around, but regardless, I’m always here for a night out with you guys.” Since it wouldn’t be until later, I grabbed a comfortable outfit and slid it on. “And until then, I’ll be napping.”

“Yes!” Sienna cheered. She shoved Teagan and Eliza off the bed and snuggled under the covers, the other two leaving us to it. I clicked off the lights and pulled my blackout curtains closed before crawling in next to her. Friend naps were something we did often, so she was already curled up with eyes closed. “Things aren’t going to change too much, are they?” she asked softly after a few minutes.

“We won’t live in this place our whole lives, but girls’ nights and hangouts are a must. I wouldn’t survive without them,” I reassured her. “I need you guys just as much as I need that pack.”

“They’re good for you,” she whispered. “It’s nice to see you happy.”

“I am happy,” I agreed before we both drifted off, content to cling to every moment we could. She was right about things changing, but I meant every word I’d said. I wouldn’t just abandon them. My best friends were family.



# Chapter 18



HAZEL

NEON NIGHTS WAS loud and crowded by the time we walked in. Eliza was still behind the bar, but from the smile and wave when she saw us, it wasn't for long. Loki was a few steps away from her, talking to his beta, and when he saw us, he waved us over.

"I'm glad you girls came back. I just wanted to let you know that we've upped security since the last time," he promised, giving Sienna a pointed look. "I'm sorry that happened in our place."

"Not your fault," Sienna reassured him. "No incidents since?"

"Nope," the beta, Bane, answered. "We posted someone at the bar and have a few doing rounds. Everything has been normal."

“Well, good, then we can relax,” she said before heading for Eliza to order drinks.

“Thanks for keeping us safe. We appreciate you,” I told them with a smile. His shoulders dropped like he was almost relieved that we weren’t cursing this place and refusing to come back.

“Always,” he promised. “Valentina is on the dance floor if you’re looking for her, by the way.” Glancing over, I saw the silver-haired goddess dancing with a group of men—nearly our age by the looks of it—hanging on every move she made like they couldn’t get enough.

“That woman is goals,” I said as I walked away to join my girls. Sienna handed me a shot when I walked up, and we all clinked ours, including Eliza, and swallowed them down.

“I swear the alcohol here is magic,” Teagan joked. “Goes down a bit too easily.”

“Valentina is out there. Who wants to go dance?” I asked as I gestured at the crowd. Sienna held up her hands and parked her ass in a chair, but Teagan grabbed my hand and dragged me out to the dance floor.

Just as we were getting close, the flash of a camera blinded me. Teagan huffed and shoved the kid away.

“Fuck off. What the hell?” she growled.

“Maybe a blog fan?” I mused, blinking to clear the awful light away. *Hopefully, they didn’t get a good picture of me since I was facing away from Teagan.*

“I’ve had some ask for pictures because of my blog, but never like that. Maybe he just thought we were hot? Bad move, kid.”

“Who knows. Alcohol makes people weird,” I said, brushing it off.

The moment Valentina spotted us, she shoved off her horde of men and snatched our arms, pulling us in.

“Dance with me!” she ordered as the song switched over to some kind of techno remix that had the crowd going wild. We joined right in, getting lost in the buzz of alcohol and the beat of the music.

By the time we needed a break, we’d danced through several songs. Eliza and Sienna were waiting back at the bar with water and shots for all three of us. I chugged half a bottle of water before I even considered taking another shot.

“I need some fresh air,” I gasped. “Eliza, do you have a back entrance for staff? I don’t want to get stuck in the crowd out front.”

“Yeah, come this way,” she said as she walked off. I followed on the other side of the bar until she was able to duck under the partition and join me. “It’s better than the front.”

“Whoa, where are you two off to?” someone asked. I was about to tell him off when I saw the leather jacket that marked him as one of the Reapers.

“Fresh air,” Eliza answered shyly. Oh... *interesting*.

“I’ll join you, ladies. We don’t want anyone getting harmed, and you four are on our priority list.”

My chest clenched at that. I didn’t know this man, but the entire MC was here for us, and that was so reassuring. I was used to relying on me and my girls, and now we had an MC and the mafia behind us. God, Alexandria was a wild, wonderful place.

He escorted us out back then waited, standing guard. I grabbed my hair, holding it off my neck to try to cool down. The heat from the alcohol and dancing was getting to me.

“I’m glad we came here,” I said suddenly.

“Me too,” Eliza said. She grinned at me, a twinkle in her eyes that set me off. Before long, we were both laughing hysterically, leaning on each other to stay upright, and every time we looked at each other, we were set off again.

An alarm on my phone went off when we finally calmed down a few minutes later, and I pulled it out, groaning when I saw my reminder that I had to go back home since I had work tomorrow. Sutton had switched my shifts around, but he’d been unable to find coverage for tomorrow with such short notice.

“I gotta call it a night.” I hugged Eliza tight. “Go have some fun, Eliza. You deserve it.”

“Can you walk her back to the building?” Eliza asked the beta standing with us.

“Eliza,” I groaned.

“You’ve been drinking, and you’re dating a mafia boss. Humor me.” Eliza pulled out her mom voice without remorse. I pouted at her, but my resistance ended in a long sigh.

“Fine, Mom! Let’s go, Reapers. Let the girls know I had to go to sleep and be all responsible and shit.”

“Will do!” Eliza grinned when I flipped her off.

The beta fell into step beside me once my best friend was safely inside. He was my silent shadow the entire way back to my place. Only a few cars drove past us, and the few people

that were walking down the sidewalk quickly crossed the street to avoid us, or, more correctly, my bodyguard.

When we got to the door, I turned to him with a grin, “You can let my bestie know that you got me here safely. Thanks for walking me back.”

“Of course.” He gave me a half smile that somehow made him look adorable.

Something mischievous hit me when he started to leave. “Oh, by the way, I noticed how you and your president have been eyeing Eliza.” The beta froze and turned back to face with an unsure expression until he saw my grin. “You should ask her about her racing days. She wasn’t always so responsible, you know. I think you’ll be surprised by some of the things she keeps quiet.”

I threw a wink at him before I rushed inside, laughing to myself at his shocked expression. Oh, Eliza was going to yell at me when she found out I’d told him about that small detail of her life in Rothville, New York. I mean, her parents were mechanics, and her dad... Well, he wasn’t *just* a mechanic.

I let myself into the apartment and took a quick shower to get the smell of alcohol off of me before I slid into bed. Grabbing my phone, I set my alarm for the next morning so I wouldn’t be late for work. Before I could set down the phone, it started to ring, and the name on it made me smile as I answered.

“Am I talking to one of you or both of you?” I purred, and Alessandro’s smooth laughter filled the line.

“You’ve already got us figured out, it seems,” Emiliano answered. “What are you up to?”

“Lying naked in bed, talking to the two of you,” I said. “I have work in the morning.”

“Fuck, you can’t just say that, omega,” Alessandro growled, and his brother grunted in agreement. “You want company?”

“I’m pretty sure neither of you will fit on my bed,” I told them, a pang of loneliness hitting me as I turned down their offer. “Besides, I need sleep.”

“We can sleep,” Emiliano promised, and I could almost imagine the puppy dog eyes he was trying to pull.

“Are you trying to convince me you can be good boys, Emiliano?” I drawled, running a hand down my chest. I didn’t hold back my whimper as I played with my pierced nipples. “You both sure about that?”

“Are you trying to top us, Hazel?”

“Are you letting me?” I asked, genuinely interested in their answer. There was a beat of telling silence, then my phone vibrated with a text message. “Hold that thought, boys.”

I put them on speaker as I pulled up my texts.

**Eliza:** You didn’t!

**Eliza:** You did! I can’t believe you. Some friend you are.

**Eliza:** My racing?! Why? They aren’t going to let it go.

**Eliza:** Teagan is now filling in Loki and the Reapers with all the details. Some of which never happened.

**Eliza:** I hate you.

**Hazel:** No, you don’t. Let your freak flag fly high, Eliza. Live it up!

**Eliza:** I don’t hate you. But I’m not racing again.

**Hazel:** You don't need to race to give the bikes and bikers a ride. Then you'll always win.

**Eliza:** Oh my god. You've had too much to drink. Just sleep. I'm yelling at you more tomorrow in person.

I chuckled as I took the call off speaker.

“What's going on?”

“Just talking with Eliza. Apparently, she's going to yell at me tomorrow. So worth it.” My grin was broken up by a huge yawn. “I need to sleep.”

“Then let us inside, Hazel.”

“What?”

“Open the door,” Alessandro explained, “so we can all sleep.”

There was no way they were outside. Staying on the phone, I slid out of bed and padded through the apartment to the front door. Looking through the peephole, I found them both standing there with amused expressions as if they knew I was watching them.

I threw open the door after I hung up. “What in the world?” They immediately pushed me back inside, and Emiliano scooped me up as Alessandro locked the door.

“Tell me you don't answer the door naked for everyone. I'd have to get the security footage so I could kill everyone who has ever seen you like this,” Alessandro rasped. Emiliano tightened his hold on me, and I sank into the heat of his arms.

“Which room, sweetheart?”

I pointed at my room and repeated my question. “What are you doing here?”

“Sleeping,” they answered at the same time.

“But why? You could be at your much nicer apartment—”

“The sheets don’t smell like you anymore,” Alessandro said as his brother set me down in the middle of the bed. Both of them stripped out of their clothes, climbed into my small bed, and cuddled me.

“This bed doesn’t smell like just you,” Emiliano whispered as he ran a hand over my thigh, a hint of jealousy making the butterflies in my stomach go crazy.

I shrugged, instantly at ease in between them. “Sienna and I napped before we went to Neon Nights.”

The bed was small, so it was a tight fit, but the twins didn’t care about touching each other since I was in the middle. They didn’t try to do anything sexual. They just touched me, petting me all over like they were desperate to be marked with my scent. A satisfied moan slipped out as I cuddled into Emiliano’s chest in front of me and Alessandro’s behind me.

“We know you haven’t agreed to a second date with all of us yet.” Alessandro’s warm breath tickled my neck. “But we can’t stop thinking about you.”

“Or the photo you sent us before your date with our brother, Sutton, and Zaven,” Emiliano added.

“This isn’t us trying to get you to give us your answer. We just missed you.” My breath caught in my throat as Emiliano pressed a soft kiss to my forehead while his brother kissed my shoulder. They really thought I might not say yes to a second date? I shouldn’t agree. But when they both fell asleep wrapped around me, I knew I couldn’t walk away.

“I missed you both, too,” I whispered right before closing my eyes. Both of them tightened their holds on me as if they



could hear me, then sleep pulled me under.

# Chapter 19



HAZEL

A LOUD BEEPING sound woke me up. I groaned and rolled over to grab my phone, or at least I tried to. For some reason, I couldn't move. Strong arms were wrapped around me, holding me still. Opening my eyes, I saw that Emiliano and Alessandro were still fast asleep.

“Turn off that damn alarm, Hazel! I have another two hours before I have to stumble to the airport,” Teagan yelled out, waking up the betas beside me.

“Sorry!” I yelled out. “Maybe you shouldn't have had so much to drink then, Teag!”

“You're just jealous we got to go out with Valentina while you had to come home early. Now, shut up so I can sleep!”

I snickered as Emiliano rolled over halfway to get my phone. I turned off the alarm when he handed it over and tried to get out of bed, only for the brothers to strengthen their

grips. Falling back onto the bed between them, I glared at the twins.

“Don’t tease me! I have to go to work and actually be productive today. I don’t think fucking the boss gets me out of that,” I joked.

“You said we had to sleep last night to be good boys,” Emiliano said seriously as his long fingers trailed between my breasts and down my stomach.

“Which we did,” Alessandro continued. “You didn’t say anything about the morning.” He lifted one of my legs as his brother reached my pussy, and I whimpered when I felt slick wet my upper thigh as he sank two fingers inside of me.

“So fucking responsive.” Emiliano grunted, his thumb started to tease my clit with light circles.

“Perfect. You’re perfect,” Alessandro praised as my hips bucked at his brother’s touch.

As the beta in front of me finger fucked me, the other reached around to tease my breasts, rolling my nipples until I was moaning loudly. *Shit, I hope my door is locked.* Even if it wasn’t, I couldn’t stop what was happening.

“So were we?” Emiliano asked roughly.

“Were you what?” Alessandro bit down where my neck met my shoulders, drawing a hiss from me.

“Good boys? Last night?”

“Yes!” I exclaimed. Emiliano hit that spot inside of me, making me come. Slick soaked my thighs as his fingers rubbed that spot, insistently coaxing another orgasm from me.

There was a wet sound when he withdrew his fingers from me, which made my cheeks heat with embarrassment. He

brushed his wet fingers on my nipples, wetting them with my slick. Confused, I was about to ask what he was doing when he flipped me over. Alessandro instantly started suckling me, groaning at the taste of me on my nipples. His tongue carefully teased my piercing so as not to hurt me, and I heard Emiliano loudly licking his hand clean.

“What about you two?” I started reaching for Alessandro, but he shifted his hips from my reach.

“This was about you, omega,” Emiliano murmured in my ear. “You’ve consumed us, Hazel, driven us completely mad for just a taste of you and the smell of you on our skin.”

“We didn’t come here to fuck you. Hell, this wasn’t exactly the plan either. But waking up with you...” Emiliano trailed off.

“I’m sure the others will have plenty to say after Sutton smells both of you all over me,” I said. I could feel Alessandro smile against me before he moved on to my other nipple.

Emiliano laughed softly. “Oh, that’s just a bonus.”

“You both are trouble,” I gasped as Alessandro lightly scraped his teeth along my breast before pulling away with an audible pop.

“Always,” Alessandro agreed, his longer hair brushing against my skin.

“We would take you to work,” Emiliano said with a touch of regret. “But Maximo needs us to come by the house this morning.”

“That’s okay,” I told them with an easy smile. “I have enough time to catch the bus I usually ride.” Leaning back, I silently asked for a kiss, which Emiliano readily gave me before we broke apart. Alessandro’s lips took his brother’s

place soon after. These were lust-filled kisses, soft reassurances promising mornings like this in the future. I moaned into the kiss, but that was when Alessandro pulled back, shaking his head.

“If we keep going, there’s no way you’re making it to work, omega,” he warned before smacking my ass. “Get dressed, and we’ll leave. We don’t want to make you late.” They reluctantly crawled out of bed with one last kiss before forcing themselves to get dressed. The whole time, they kept shooting me sad looks like leaving was the last thing they wanted to do, and I couldn’t agree more.

The entire time I was getting dressed, a smile was on my face. I hadn’t given them a yes or no on our second date yet, but I knew what my answer would be. Just as much as they couldn’t shake me, I couldn’t shake a single one of them. They had gotten to me, and I couldn’t imagine going a day without talking to them.

Speaking of which, my phone was already going off again. I rushed out of the closet and grabbed it before Teagan could start round two of yelling.

“Hello?” I said without checking who it was.

“Hey, it’s Cade. I need you in early. We had another no show.” He sighed.

“I’m getting my stuff now. I don’t have a car, but I can be there in...” I glanced at the time. Man, I wished the twins didn’t have plans this morning.

“Sutton said he’ll come get you since it’ll be faster,” he said before hanging up. I blinked down at it, confused about why Sutton hadn’t called me himself, but I wasn’t going to turn down a ride. I had no clue how he was going to get us

both off work during my heat, but I guess he would figure it out. No idea where that thought had come from, but starting the work day with stress was going to bring up all kinds of anxieties.

Five minutes later, I was stepping out of the building as Sutton pulled up. He looked frazzled, so I rushed over to get in. He barely let me put on the seatbelt before he was rushing off again.

“Sorry,” he said, running a hand through his hair looking exhausted. “It’s been a morning already, and we’ve only been open for thirty minutes. Kerry called and said she wasn’t coming back again.”

“I bet she ran off with her new alpha,” I said. “She was bragging about how big his wallet was just a few days ago. But, Sutton, what do we do about my heat?” This morning with the twins, I had gotten hot and bothered with barely a touch, a sure sign that my heat was close. Swiftly. Stress could also trigger them, so if this was one of those days we never even got a chance to breathe, I’d be a ticking time bomb.

“I’ve got three interviews lined up today, and I have three solid employees left. I’ll stick one newbie with each seasoned employee and have the guys pop in and out with me as we can,” he said. “Today just happens to be busier. There’s some festival in the next town over, and we’re the closest weed shop. So prepare for a crazy day.”

“At least it’ll go by fast,” I reassured him, keeping my worries about my heat to myself for now. If it hit, it hit, and we’d deal with it then.

He stopped at a light, which was his first chance to turn that focus on me. His amber eyes intent, he breathed in deep. “Fucking betas.”

I grinned, flipping my hair over my shoulder. “I was wondering if you were going to notice. They slept over last night.”

Sutton studied me, not saying anything until he parked by the shop. When I reached for the door handle, he stopped me with a hand on my thigh. I had started to ask what was wrong when he leaned over the middle console and kissed me. It was a sweet, slow, toe-curling kiss that prompted an instant response. The brush of his beard on my skin raised my arousal, and his woodsy scent filled the car. We pulled away at the same time, and a satisfied smirk curled his lips. “Now, you smell more like me.”

A huff of surprised laughter escaped me. “Are you all always going to be like this?”

“Yes,” he said with a wink before getting out and coming around to open my door for me. Then he was all professional, work focused, and it was obvious why as soon as I saw the shop.

From the moment I got behind the counter, it was chaos. Customer after customer was in and out to the point I was about to lose my mind. Our register was so full Sutton had to empty it out twice before noon. It was complete and utter madness. I had never wanted a break so much in my life.

Things slowed down around two so we could finally breathe. Slumped over the counter, Cade looked ready to pass out. Thankfully, Sutton was the kind of boss that didn’t let days like this go unnoticed. The moment he could, he rushed us off for quick breaks and promised to get us food when we returned. Cade and I collapsed on the break room couch and sat in silence for fifteen minutes until he finally stood with a groan.

“Time’s up.” He helped me off the couch, and we zombie walked back to the front.

“I’ll grab us all lunch now,” Sutton offered, taking down our order. He rushed out just as another group from the festival came in.

When we got that wave taken care of, I rounded up the trash and grabbed the full bag. Apparently, festival day also meant opening the merchandise and tossing the packaging before you even left the store. Our small trash cans were overflowing onto the ground.

“Be right back!” I called out before I ducked out the back door, my arms full of trash bags. The alley was silent as I tossed the trash inside our dumpster, but a scream tore out of me when I realized someone was blocking the back door. “Who the hell are you?!” Okay, not my most calm response, but fuck this guy.

The alpha smirked. “Not a very polite mouth for someone raised in the Humble Creed.” His smile only spread at the shock on my face. “Your pack paid a pretty penny for me to find you, and I’ve been tracking you down for a while. I might have missed you if I wasn’t observant. You’ve changed a bit, Sarah.” He pointedly sniffed then chuckled. “They’re going to have fun breaking you in since it seems you’ve been fucking around with another pack.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. That’s not my name,” I said, trying to play it off. Inside, I was fucking terrified. I’d been so fucking careful. How did he find me? And who the hell was he?

“Don’t play dumb, omega. It’s not cute,” he growled just as the door slammed open.



“Hazel, get back in here—” Cade’s teasing voice cut off. Suddenly, he was standing between me and my would-be stalker. “Get out of here. This isn’t a place you want to mess around. Sutton will kill you, and this omega is a claimed.”

“Cade? Hazel? Where are you guys?” Sutton called out before the door closed completely.

“Help!” I screamed at the sound of my alpha’s voice. He was outside in less than a second, and the moment the guy saw him, he started running, but my alpha gave chase.

I didn’t think I took a full breath until the creepy guy was slammed to the ground, with Sutton holding a gun to his back.

“Call Maximo. Now.” I immediately followed his order. The deep voice that answered was teasing until I sobbed into the phone.

“Maximo, we need you at the Happy Herb. Back alley,” I pleaded.

I heard keys before he said another word. “I’m on my way, Hazel. What the fuck is going on?” he growled. An engine roared to life, then tires squealed. Knowing my pack was here to defend me had the adrenaline dissipating, but I was still shaking.

“I’m going to watch the front,” Cade said with wide eyes, ducking inside. I made a mental note to have Sutton check in on the poor guy soon.

Fuck. What had I brought to their doorstep? How the hell did they find me?!



## Sutton

SEEING Hazel pale and completely panicked had my blood boiling. The man under my hand was whimpering as I crushed his skull into the concrete and dug the gun into him harder. He was lucky I didn't make it worse.

She stood there and shook while we waited for Maximo, who made the drive across the city in less than ten minutes. His tires came to a screeching halt at the end of the alleyway, then he was out of the car, pointing his gun at the man before I could blink. Zaven pulled up just as the alpha reached us, and Alessandro and Emiliano arrived right after the other beta. Maximo had called in the cavalry. Never in my life had I been so grateful to see these men.

“Who is he?” Maximo demanded. His voice was harsh, but his eyes softened with a glance at Hazel. Her mouth silently opened and closed as the twins sandwiched her between them, offering what comfort they could.

“Hazel,” I said, “we need to know who this is.”

“Her name's not Hazel,” the man taunted stupidly. Maximo growled and slammed the hilt of his gun into the idiot's head so it was lights out.

“Get him to the car. We'll find out what he knows and why he's here,” Maximo said, gesturing for the twins and Zaven to take care of business.

“Hazel,” I tried again as I approached. I’d never seen this fiery, lively omega so lost and broken. We knew she hadn’t told us everything about her... but a fake name? Why would she need a new name?

“I’m sorry. I don’t know how he found me,” she whispered before a sob overtook her. Soon, she was crying so hard she was gasping for breath, a panic attack swiftly coming on. Maximo was there with me, coaxing her to crouch down and put her head between her legs. We’d dealt with enough of Zaven’s to know just what to do. After a few minutes, she was calm enough to function, but still no words were coming.

“I have to go back into the shop and check on Cade. Take her home, Maximo. I’ll close up and meet you there,” I urged. He scooped up our omega and carried her to the car. In that moment, what she’d said on our date came back to my mind.

*“Let’s just say there are worse things and people than the mafia.”*

Apparently, her ‘worse things’ had caught up with her. I just hoped that she didn’t run from us instead of giving us a chance to help. We all knew a thing or two about skeletons in closets, and if she gave us the opportunity, we could help her get through this in one piece.

# Chapter 20



HAZEL

MAXIMO KEPT a hand on my thigh the entire ride back to the house. There wasn't one moment he wasn't touching me, offering comfort, as I battled my body and mind. They were both ready to spiral into another panic attack. I could feel another one lingering, the anxiety and tension keeping me wound so tight that one word would send me over the edge. There was nothing about this conversation that would be easy. Nothing.

Would it kickstart my heat? Could this make it worse? Would they stay once I told them about what was going on? I mentally stumbled for a second, realizing that I wasn't questioning *if* I would be telling them the truth, only what would their reactions be *when* I told them the truth. I was one hundred percent positive they would kick my ass after realizing just how bad things had gotten before I ran from home.

The car door opening made me blink, but Maximo didn't wait for me to move. Reaching across me, he unbuckled the seatbelt and scooped me up. Without hesitation, I wrapped my arms around his neck, burying my face in his chest to get the scent of him all over me. I needed the extra comfort to help me figure out how to say what I needed to.

Maximo didn't say anything, but he started to purr. The deep rumbling sound in his chest instantly made me relax into him.

"Thank you," I croaked, hating that my makeup was fucked up beyond fixing. I probably looked like a fucking raccoon.

"You're ours, Hazel," Maximo told me, his deep voice gravelly. He walked into the living room and sat down on the couch, holding me. But the stillness, even with his purring, just put me on edge again. I pushed at his chest, and Maximo released me so I could pace the length of the living room, wringing my hands until the others slowly filtered in. First Zaven, then the twins, and lastly Sutton. All five sat down, watching me on high alert, waiting for me to spill the beans. But where the hell did I start?!

"I don't..." I swallowed hard and tried again. "I don't know where to start."

"The beginning would probably be a good place since we have that asshole tied up in our basement," Alessandro drawled, earning him a smack from his brother and glares from the other men.

I hiccuped and gave him a wobbly smile as I snorted. Dry humor and practicality, something I could appreciate right now.

“You said there were worse things than the mafia,” Zaven started. “Would that be whatever this is?”

I bit my lip and nodded a few times. “My childhood was... not the best.” All my men’s expressions hardened, and I wrung my hands hard enough that I swore I could hear bones grinding together. “My parents are part of the Humble Creed.”

Perplexed expressions crossed their faces as they searched mine. “The weird people who live in those compounds? *You* were part of *that*?”

“A cult,” I said with pain and disgust, squeezing my eyes shut. “It was... It’s awful. I ran away as soon as I could. My friends came with me, and we moved here so they couldn’t find me.”

“They’re a cult?” the twins asked at the same time. *I guess the assholes manage to hide their true nature from the world.* Everyone knew of THC and what they stood for, but not the extent of their oppression and abuse.

Zaven got up and slowly approached me. I stared at him wide-eyed as he reached out and grabbed my hands. He made sure his grip was loose enough that I instinctively knew I could break it if I wanted to put distance between us. This was about contact, not containment. His long fingers rubbed my hands, pulling them apart. Apparently, he didn’t like my nervous habit, but it was okay. Now I could say this next part without looking at the two alphas in the room. I’d take whatever buffers I could.

“They believe that it’s their mission to restore alphas to their rightful place and put omegas back in their proper role—serving alphas. They train us from childhood...” I explained despite the growing tension. I kept my eyes trained on Zaven, who met my gaze with his steady one, his hands still rubbing

mine. “How to treat alphas and how to properly obey them. We were to be seen, not heard, never permitted to talk back or have an opinion. No jobs, no hobbies. In the eyes of THC, omegas were meant to take orders and follow them in their entirety. We’re forced to give up our autonomy with the needs of the pack taking precedence over everything else. In fact, they ensure it.”

“What does that mean?” Alessandro asked, the icy rage in his tone making me shiver.

I chanced at my alphas glance to find them looking like they were ready to kill someone, and the twins appeared to be fully on board with that sentiment. “Every Sunday was the day of Rapture. Omegas were given ‘medicine,’ a communion almost, in small amounts at first, then more as you got older... It was...” I trailed off as my voice broke, anxiety crashing into me.

It felt like the walls were closing in with the memory of each Sunday—my father giving me doses, telling me I was the perfect omega, whispering orders he needed me to follow. The glances I would get as I shuffled around town, cooking and cleaning for alphas in the pack. At least no one touched me. My father was high ranking in our chapter, and that meant I was given some *privileges*.

Lucky me.

“Hazel, breathe with me.” Sutton reached out, cupping my face, and the moment his skin touched mine, I whimpered. A spike of fire shattered the numbness threatening to take over.

*Shit. My heat.*

“Hazel...” Maximo breathed in deeply, his pupils shot as he started to purr. “If you don’t want us to help you through

the heat, now would be the time to say it. We can get you the drugs.”

“What?” I asked, and Sutton nodded in agreement.

“If you don’t consent to this, with us, considering what set it off...” They were so different than the alphas I’d grown up with. The fact that my heat was about to hit us all like a ton of bricks and they checked in with me... getting my consent... It cemented my answer. Our second date was apparently going to be my heat.

Leaning forward, I slammed my lips over Sutton’s. His answering growl made my pussy clench, slick wetting my thigh as my heat took over. Zaven’s long fingers reached for my work shirt. Grabbing the hem, he ripped it off of me, letting me press my upper body flush against Sutton’s. I scrambled to tear away the offensive clothing keeping his skin from mine.

“We should get out of the living room,” Emiliano suggested, standing up.

“The spare bedroom would make a good nesting spot. It’ll be Hazel’s room eventually, anyway,” Alessandro offered.

“No,” I groaned. Nests were something that was fully tainted by the Humble Creed and the lessons I’d been forced to learn. The last thing I wanted were those memories repeating while I tried to focus on the guys. It would just make my panic worse. “No nest. Take me somewhere that smells like you guys.”

Sutton groaned, picking me up as I arched against him. There were too many clothes between us still, and I ached to have all of them against me, inside of me. Shit, I needed more.



“Whichever bedroom is closest. Let’s go,” Maximo ordered, and everyone must have listened because we were in the living room one minute, and the next, I was being tossed on a bed, watching them strip down.

“I need- There’s one more thing,” I pushed out. I thought I could go through with this without telling them the biggest part, but it seemed like a betrayal of the worst kind to not tell them beforehand. “Before we—”

“What is it?”

“The reason I ran...” I swallowed a whimper and rubbed my thighs together. “It’s why the private investigator was here. They found me.”

“They?” Alessandro asked.

“My fiancés.”

You could have heard a pin drop. The silence was so deafening I wasn’t even sure they were breathing.

“Excuse—” Emiliano held up a hand and waved it. “Can you run that by us one more time?!”

“My father set up an alliance,” I said brokenly. “I hated them, but it’s not an omega’s place to disagree. We are property, not people. So... I ran. From them, that life. I had already planned on it, but that was the last straw. I won’t live that life, and I won’t give myself to them.”

“I’ll kill them,” Alessandro promised with a venom that made me believe him in my bones.

Maximo strode forward, grabbing my chin and shaking it enough to get my attention. “Listen to me, omega. You’re ours. No one is going to come in and try to take what is ours.

*Ever*. This will just make it permanent. You've made your choice, Hazel."

"And we aren't going to let you go," Sutton agreed, his eyes blazing with conviction.

"They are not your fiancés. They are your attempted slavers," Emiliano added. "If they even try to take you, we'll kill them together."

"Then prove I'm yours," I challenged. Maximo was, of course, the first to move. He didn't bother with words or foreplay. He took a deep breath of my scent, climbed on top of me, and filled my pussy with his already hard cock. The heat had his knot already beginning to swell. The twins moved in as well, with Emiliano claiming my mouth while Alessandro grazed his teeth over my sensitive nipples. I cried into the kiss when another hand found my clit. Every inch of my body was being possessed by these men, their claim chasing away any thoughts about my past and the men who haunted it.

The heat fog took over fast, my body acting on pure instinct. I met Maximo's hips, thrust for thrust. By the time his knot was fully swollen, they'd already pulled three orgasms from me, and my body was ready for more, so much more.

"Zaven, clean her up for me," Maximo ordered when he was able to pull free. The twins each grabbed a leg and spread me wide, a chorus of groans echoing in the room once my dripping cunt was on display for them.

"Fuck," Zaven said as he dropped to his knees. They yanked me to the edge of the bed, and he dove right in. His tongue lapped up every ounce of my slick and Maximo's cum. He worked me over, teasing me with flicks of his tongue before thrusting it into my core. Soon, I was shamelessly

riding his face, chasing yet another release, as the twins relaxed their hold. I screamed from the force of my orgasm.

“I can’t wait,” Sutton rasped as he shoved all three out of the way. “Come on, Hazel,” he urged as he picked me up and took my place, maneuvering me on top of him. My greedy pussy was aching for more, so I quickly sank down on his cock. We both gasped with relief as he stretched me. Sutton held me still, waiting for me to meet his eyes. The heat fog lifted just enough for my chest to tighten at the intensity I found there. “You. Are. Ours.” He punctuated each word with a thrust. My head fell back, and my hands trailed over my skin, teasing my pierced nipples until I braced against his chest instead. Now that I was in place, I was gone, my mind blanking. I was consumed by the chase for my pleasure. The scent of Sutton’s wood and spice mixed with the smell of sex and faint hints of my other guys, the aroma heightening the entire experience.

Someone moved in behind me—almond and vanilla with a hint of lavender and honey. *Emiliano*.

He pressed against my back, kissing the nape of my neck before moving lower. As I leaned forward, grinding my clit on Sutton, he took the opportunity to go lower still. I gasped at the feel of his tongue sliding between my cheeks. My reservation was whisked away by the chaos of my heat as quickly as it came.

My eyes slipped close as he teased the tight ring of muscle, a breathy moan escaping me, but Sutton wasn’t going to let me forget him. His hands gripped my hips, lifting me off of his cock before slamming me back down again. It was an impressive show of strength, his muscles rippling with each movement, and I lost myself again. It was so weird to be

aware, but not, letting the warm cloud overtake me and whisk away all worries and thoughts. In here, right now, it was just me and my pack.

I was insatiable. Even once Sutton's knot started to swell, I needed more. Before I could even ask for it, Emiliano was there, the tip of his cock teasing my entrance, spreading the lube that he'd added. My body was too far gone to tense, and I let Sutton pull me forward as Emiliano pushed inside of me, slowly pressing forward until he filled me completely. I gasped, my body feeling too full, but in the best way. It was a relief, like scratching an itch you couldn't reach for the longest time.

Then they started to move. Stars danced behind my eyelids as they slipped closed. They did all the work, Sutton moving me in sync with Emiliano. Emiliano's hands teased over my sides, then around my front, cupping my breasts in his hands.

All I knew was the stretch of their cocks, Sutton's knot, and that this was far from over.

# Chapter 21



HAZEL

SOFT TOUCHES on my overly hot skin roused me from a restless sleep. I'd never ridden out a heat before, and it was alarming to have a thought one second just for it to be ripped away. I was hyper aware of my body, and my greedy pussy was begging to be filled... non-stop. In fact, if I wasn't being fucked, the sensations started to border on painful. I whimpered as I clenched my thighs, letting my body take everything they gave me.

A knee slipped between my legs, and I started to grind against it, seeking out more friction.

Fingers teased over my wet folds, my slick heavier than it had ever been. I probably looked like a mess, but just like all of my other thoughts, that one was gone as quickly as the rest.

“Be a good girl and take me.” Maximo spread my legs wider and slammed his hips forward. I gasped as he filled me,

stretching me perfectly. There was no frenzy on his end; he pulled out slowly, then slid back home again just as languidly. I was ready to kill him.

“More!” I demanded, finally opening my eyes to see the lazy smirk on his face. There were dark circles under his eyes, and I had no idea what round this was, but he wasn’t complaining.

“You’ll take what I give you, omega,” he countered as he blatantly ignored my request. “At what pace I give it to you.”

“Maximo, please.” I whimpered when he snapped his hips so that he teased over my clit as he slid out again. A shiver ran through my entire body, and my pussy fluttered around him, an orgasm teasing my frayed edges. They happened so easily that it was almost overwhelming, each one more intense than the last.

“No,” he chuckled. “You’re mine, remember? No one but our pack is allowed to touch you, and I’ll take you as slowly as I feel. You’ll get this knot though, don’t worry.”

I whimpered again and tried to move, but he let me know he was in charge. My mind drifted as he moved, maintaining a slow and steady pace that had my body winding tighter and tighter until I felt like I would explode.

“You have to,” I pleaded. “I need to come.”

“No,” he insisted, cutting off his movement right as my pleasure began to peak. My answering growl had him laughing. “Oh, this is going to be fun. And just think, it’s only the morning of the first day. We’ve got days of this torture, my sweet omega.”

“No!” I cried in protest, but it was cut off by the dance of his fingers over my clit. That was all it took for it to explode.

The pleasure coiling in my belly slammed through me, my screams so loud my voice rasped as my toes curled. My pussy clenched around Maximo so tightly that he groaned, his knot swelling in response. Our bodies were at a war for domination. I'd never known it could be like this, but I'd be damned if it wasn't my favorite thing now.

“Take it, omega. Take every inch of my knot,” he ordered as he rocked his knot deeper and deeper. He finally let me go so I could move, and I grinded into him until I was screaming out his name. He was stretching me so fucking good I could barely breathe. It felt like I was being ripped apart from the inside out, but I wouldn't be uttering a single complaint.

Maximo whispered sweet words to me as he went back to gentle pushes of his hips. My mind drifted in a comfortable mix of awake and sleep where I was aware enough to feel but not enough to move.

*Who knew heat could be this fucking good?*



Alessandro

“THE FIANCÉS ARE A PROBLEM,” I stated icily, glancing over at my contemplative brother. “We need names. It can be taken care of before her heat is over.”

“There's no way we would leave Hazel right now,” Emiliano protested before I shot him a look. “Maximo would want to be there for it.”

“Sometimes it’s easier to ask for forgiveness than permission, brother,” I told him softly, rage burning through me as I pictured what Hazel had lived through. Or whatever her name used to be. I hadn’t missed that she side-stepped that question, but she would always be Hazel to us.

“I have it!” My brother snapped his fingers, eyes bright with whatever idea he’d had. “We need to talk to the others. Let’s see if Hazel has passed out again.”

Curious to see what he had thought of, I followed him out of the living room and peeked into the bedroom just to see Hazel curled up in bed alone. Continuing down the hallway, we stumbled into the kitchen to find the exhausted alphas sitting at the counter, slumped over, as Zaven coaxed food into them both. It was the middle of day two, and it didn’t seem like Hazel’s heat was lessening. It seemed to be getting worse, something that I didn’t think was normal, but I wasn’t an alpha.

“I have an idea,” Emiliano announced as we got closer, leaning on the counter to look at our brother and Sutton. The two alphas glanced up at him. Their faces were drawn, the exhaustion making their movements slower, but their eyes were sharp and attentive.

“About?” Maximo rasped.

“The fiancé situation,” my brother said, ignoring the matching snarls from the two alphas. “I have a solution.”

“We can’t kill them if we don’t know who they are,” Zaven said dryly. Ever practical, he pushed two plates over, motioning for us to eat. We’d come together as a pack so quickly, which was a little surprising considering my older brother and Sutton had been with their beta for a few years now. Never once had we considered finding a shared omega



and joining them, but it was natural to follow Maximo's lead, and we had known Sutton forever. Maximo huffed out a laugh at Zaven's response, and a half smile curled Sutton's lips before they focused on Emiliano again. I knew then that there was no backing out of this pack. One way or another, Hazel would be ours.

"We don't need to kill them yet," Emiliano said with a rush of excitement. "We just need to make it so it won't matter when they show up."

Maximo rubbed his face. "I haven't had enough sleep for you to be talking in riddles, Emiliano."

"We should marry her!" Everyone stayed silent after his outburst. Maximo and Sutton didn't appear to be breathing. Their food forgotten, they focused on my twin with an intensity that made me glad this was his idea, not mine. "When they do show up, it won't make a difference. Hazel will have been claimed in every way that matters, and we can legally tell them to fuck off."

"We haven't even gotten her to agree to go on consistent dates with us, yet you want us to ask her to marry us?"

"No," I interjected, already knowing where my brother was going with this. "She's in the middle of a heat. She won't give us a straight answer right now. Not one that truly counts as consent, anyway. Valentina is still ordained thanks to her adventures on the gay love cruise a few years back. She'll do it as soon as we fill her in about the basics of Hazel's background."

"And our lawyer can file for an emergency marriage license to make everything official. If they try to come and take her, well, the law will be on our side. We won't even have to do anything illegal."

“We don’t even know her legal name,” Sutton pointed out.

“Hazel could be her name now.” Emiliano shrugged. “Didn’t you do a background check when you hired her, Sutton?”

He frowned. “Yeah, but nothing was flagged.”

“I have a question,” I said, changing the topic for a moment, thinking back to our omega splayed out naked on the bed, her body screaming for sex. “Are heats usually this... insatiable? I feel like she’s barely getting any downtime at all.”

Maximo and Sutton didn’t answer right away, sharing a look before shaking their heads.

“No,” Sutton said carefully. “No, there are usually more lulls so her body can recover and ours can as well. Hazel’s body is acting like it’s wired for an almost constant level of heat. It’s like it’s trying to use her body up.”

“She talked about something called Rapture... What the fuck is that?” Zaven asked, looking between all of us. “She mentioned they were given something on that day. Could it be a drug of some kind?”

“But she’s been away for years,” I argued.

“We should ask her friends,” Emiliano suggested. “They could have the papers we need to do the marriage license, and they might be able to fill in some of the blanks.”

“I’ll call Valentina and get her to bring the lawyer with her,” Maximo said confidently.

“I’ll reach out to one of the roommates and see if I can get an answer,” Zaven remarked just as a moan filtered out from the bedroom.

Even from here, her leather, tobacco, and violet scent surrounded me, making my mouth water. I could already taste her on my tongue. The alphas started to purr, but I could sense the exhaustion in them when they looked toward the room.

“We can take care of her,” I told them, clapping a hand on Emiliano’s shoulder. “I have an idea. You two get that taken care of, then get some rest.”

“Thank you.” Sutton nodded, as did my brother, while Zaven mouthed thank you to us as he grabbed our plates, wrapping them up to save them, before Emiliano and I walked away.

“What are we going to do to help her ease things?” Emiliano asked, and at my smirk, he started to laugh. “Hell yeah, you brought those? Fuck, this is going to be awesome. Let’s see if they work.”

After our first impromptu trip to the sex shop with Hazel, we went back, grabbing a few items we had heard about for the next time we got to play together. With her heat so close, I had kept a certain bag in the back of my car just in case. I had snagged it during a short lull and stashed it in one of the drawers. Now, as we walked back into the room, I grabbed our surprise.

Cock sleeves.

With a knot.

As betas, we didn’t have knots to fully satisfy an omega in heat, but this toy just might give Sutton and Maximo a longer break and keep Hazel happy. Tossing one at my brother, we both undressed and slipped them over our erect cocks. We watched Hazel toss and turn on the bed, her pierced nipples hard and legs scissoring together, desperately trying to find

relief. Her body was covered in a fine sheen of sweat, slick, and cum from all of us.

She looked like fucking heaven.

Unable to stand back any longer, I slid onto the bed beside her. Instantly, she rolled over to face me, lips on mine, kissing me like she was dying without me. I fell into it, and she reached up, combing her fingers through my long hair as she opened her legs so I could slide into her wet pussy.

I bit down on her neck as I lost myself in the tightness of her cunt. When the cock sleeve stretched her with the full knot, which was now at the base of my cock, she moaned, her pussy clenching down on me with her orgasm. Was this how it felt every time with Sutton and Maximo? I could become addicted to this feeling, the power it gave me when I saw how completely I had satisfied her. Hazel rode my dick like she was a fucking bull rider, expertly rolling her hips as she threw her head back.

Then my brother was there behind her, his hands roaming her chest and playing with her nipples. I could listen to her scream our names every fucking day.

“There’s our pretty omega,” Emiliano praised her. “Ride Alessandro’s cock, Hazel. Let him fill this greedy pussy of yours. I’m next.”

“Both of you,” Hazel gasped out, the edge of desperation in her eyes when she looked between the two of us. My hips stilled at the offer, and my brother gripped her chin, forcing her to make eye contact with him.

“Are you sure about that, Hazel?”

“Are you not man enough, Emiliano? I thought mafia men were made of sterner stuff. Fuck me. Own me. Breed me. Be

my good boys.”

We both groaned. Being called her ‘good boy’ was turning me on a lot more than I ever thought possible. Emiliano and I were both dominants, never once submitting to a partner in bed, separate or together. But with Hazel... The idea of give and take with *her*? I couldn’t get it out of my head.

Emiliano kissed her savagely before pushing her down against my chest, opening her up to him. He took her at her word, lubing up his cock then pushing, slowly and steadily, into her ass. Hazel moaned, her slick pooling faster until I could feel it on my thighs. She took control, pushing herself down on my dick then back onto Emiliano’s cock with a seductive roll of her hips.

“Fuck, wait... You have knots... how?”

“The sex shop has a ton of fun toys,” I told her roughly. “We got these made specially for you, Hazel, to fuck you beyond all fucking reason, and it’s a good thing too. I might be addicted to it. Brace yourself, sweetheart. We’re going to fuck you within an inch of your life and then a little bit more.”

Then we started. Together, we fucked her with practiced ease honed through years of sharing. Hazel came apart between us, crying and begging, tears running down her cheeks, and we forced three more orgasms from her for good measure.

When my head started feeling fuzzy, I gave in, cursing her name as I pounded into her, chasing my orgasm while Emiliano did the same. Both of us fucked her roughly, making her come so hard it felt like she was having a seizure.

*We are definitely wearing these again sometime soon.*

Now, to get the marriage stuff figured out and tell Hazel...  
Well, that was a post-heat problem.

We just needed our cocks and bodies to survive the next five days.

# Chapter 22



ZAVEN

THE ALPHAS and Hazel were delirious. We were on day three now, and they had all barely slept. The twins had come through enough that no one was on the verge of passing out, but I was worried about our omega. She wasn't eating, barely sleeping, and there was little to no water intake either. What I got into her wasn't easy, and we'd reached the point where I had to feed her in the brief moments of lucidity she had or even during sex with the alphas since they could use their commanding tones to force the issue.

“Valentina is here,” Emiliano announced as he came into the kitchen. Maximo was fucking Hazel as we spoke, so Sutton and I followed him into the living room. If anyone thought it was awkward to have our aunt here for this and the lawyer waiting in the car, they didn't complain.

“I've done plenty of these marriages, but this might take the cake as the strangest,” Valentina noted as she shuffled

through her papers. “What of the man in your basement?”

“We’ve been preoccupied,” Sutton said, “but all we’re getting from him is that he was hired by someone higher up in the Humble Creed. A leader, I assume. He gave us a location, but we’ll have to let him go or kill him soon.”

“If he lives, he’ll go straight to them,” she pointed out.

“Or the police,” I countered.

“Nah, I doubt it. He’s a PI and has done enough shady shit that I doubt he would,” Sutton said. “Maximo wants to let him go once the marriage is legally binding.”

“So he brings them to us?” Alessandro answered with a smirk. “And here I thought I was the smart brother.”

“Then let’s proceed,” Valentina said as she started walking down the hall. It was unmistakable where the others were given the sounds of their feral fucking. “Damn.” Valentina stumbled when the scents slammed into her. We were lucky that Hazel was out of it enough that all of her instincts weren’t fully online. Normally, an omega in heat would flip the fuck out if another omega was anywhere near her alphas, family member or no.

“Hazel, we need you to sign something,” Maximo ordered. He took the offered papers as he continued to fuck her into the mattress. I crouched down and helped guide her hand to the line. Maximo paused for a moment. “Sign it, or I won’t give you my knot, omega.” With a whimper at just the thought of being denied, she hastily followed his order.

“Do you, Hazel, take this pack to be yours in a binding marriage?” Valentina asked.

“Say yes, Hazel,” Maximo urged as he slammed his cock into her.



“Yes,” she gasped out as she clung to him, her nails ripping through his skin as she lost herself in the swell of his knot.

“Do you, Maximo—” Valentina started again before he cut her off.

“Yes. Finish this.”

“I now pronounce you pack and omega. Have fun, kids.” She laughed as she walked out of the room. The rest of us followed her out to make sure she had everything she needed, including our signatures in the appropriate places. Now, we just needed Eliza to show up for her part.

Valentina tried very hard to pretend she couldn't hear everything they were doing. Nothing like hearing your nephew fucking an omega in another room, and all of our scents were at an all-time high... I couldn't imagine being Valentina right now. If we ever needed proof that she loved us, this would do it. I was sure the woman was committing herself to at least a few years of therapy at this point. Finally, Eliza stalked in, attitude in full force as the lawyer led her to the living room where we were waiting. Our omega's best friend didn't look happy.

“She's going to kill you all,” she ground out as she handed over the paperwork. “She worked hard to get this all changed anonymously. You're positive she said fiancés?”

“She did,” I assured. “She said her parents arranged it, and now they've sent a PI after her.”

“What happened to him?” she asked angrily. “Did you make him hurt?”

“We did. I can promise you that. He's currently stewing on his life choices. He'll be released when Hazel is safe.”

“Ouch, an alpha riding out the sounds and scents of a heat while tied down? Evil. I like it.” She laughed humorlessly. “Take care of her. I wouldn’t be allowing this if I didn’t think it was the best course of action, but if you ever take advantage of her, I will cut your dicks off with rusty knives and toss them over the closest bridge while you slowly bleed out.”

“Damn,” Alessandro groaned as he grabbed his cock protectively. “You’d fit in nicely with this Family.”

“Take care of her,” Eliza repeated, ignoring his joke. “She’s been through enough.”

“We will only treat her with respect. It’s a legal marriage, but if she’s against it, we can deal with that later. Either way, we won’t be forcing her into anything. This is just to keep her safe from the Humble Creed,” I tried to reassure her, which seemed to work. Her anger fell away to reveal her fear and concern for her friend.

“They’ll come for you,” Eliza said. “The moment they have her location, it’s going to be hell. They don’t give up easily. She’s meticulously kept herself off of social media and only lived under a low profile for years. They’re relentless and evil.”

“We’re learning that,” I said bitterly. The fact we’d done business with them made me sick. Maximo was going to be looking into their connections and the missing shipments the moment Hazel was herself again.

“Okay,” she sighed. “I don’t want to hang out and listen to you fuck my bestie, so I’m leaving. Take care of her, guys.”

“We will,” we all promised again as she slipped out of the door with Valentina. Now would be a tense waiting game to see if there were any hold-ups after they filed the papers.

“The Humble Creed buys from us, yes?” Emiliano asked.

“Yes, but what she described is nothing like what happens with the ecstasy we sell. That should just cause the usual euphoria, not turn someone into a zombie, and it certainly wouldn’t cause this insatiable level of dangerous need like what we’re seeing with Hazel’s heat. I don’t know how ecstasy could even be related to an omega’s heat since it’s supposed to be negative feelings like stress or fear that could push their hormones over the edge if they’re teetering on the heat line.”

“But Eliza said something about scientists... “ Sutton said slowly, like he was thinking out loud and wanted to be very careful about how he worded things. “People alter weed strains all the time. It helps create new varieties to offer. Could they be doing the same to create something for their twisted games?”

No one said anything, but as we all grimly shared a glance, I knew we were thinking the same thing. *Yes.* Those fuckers were doing just that, and Hazel, our wife, had been exposed to that since she was god only knew how young... Maximo was going to lose it.

In our defense, it took us a bit to catch on since they’d never been bold enough to use the altered drug in our territory. We knew the Alexandria chapter of the Humble Creed was one of the biggest, but I hadn’t known they were as Hazel described. Their public image was misogynistic, sure, but we never could have known quite how far they had fallen from their original truth. We’d done our research, dug up dirt on our specific business partners, but the THC was secretive. I couldn’t exactly waltz onto their compound and start asking questions. That would be suicide on our part, and we’d lose one of our biggest money-making partnerships.

“She loves working at the Happy Herb, but we’re going to have to keep her here for a few weeks until the assholes come for her,” Sutton said. I got where he was coming from. There was nothing we could fix about her heat right now, but we could strategize for how we’d take care of her as soon as it was done. We all wanted to protect her, and it was hard having things so far out of our control.

“She’d never agree to hide away,” I said as I busied myself with another snack and drink for Hazel in hopes she’d take it this time.

“You’re not wrong,” Emiliano agreed. “We’ll just have to take turns crashing her job when she works, but I think we could get her to stay here outside of that. We need to make sure she doesn’t go anywhere unattended.”

“Zaven?!” Maximo’s voice cut off our conversation, and I rushed in with the snacks. Maximo looked like he could fall over, so I pressed a plate in his hands as I settled next to Hazel. She was currently propped up on a pillow, watching Maximo like she was ready to start begging again before he’d even caught his breath.

“Eat for me,” I begged as I pressed an apple slice to her lips. She blinked slowly at me as if she didn’t understand what I said before moving slowly to take the food from my fingers. My heart shattered as I watched our strong omega slowly chew, trying to fight through the fog that had overtaken her for days.

She managed to eat a few apple slices and cheese cubes and some water before she was out like a light. Her body and the bed was covered in a mess of sweat and cum, so I lifted her into my arms and headed for the bathroom. The bath water was warm, but she didn’t even open her eyes as I carefully

washed her body and her hair. As the water drained, I gathered up a few towels and brushed and towel-dried her hair before wrapping another around her body. I didn't try to dress her, knowing this wasn't even close to finished.

When I walked into the room, I saw that someone had stripped the bed, changed out the sheets, and gotten fans running to air out the room a bit. I settled her on the bed and put a loose sheet over her before walking out to check on the others.

"She's clean. Thanks for changing the sheets," I said around a yawn. I'd been so busy ensuring the others were sleeping and eating that I had barely gotten any rest myself. My alphas narrowed their eyes as they came to the same conclusion.

"Nap time for us. Can you two handle it for a few hours?" Maximo asked his brothers.

"We can," they agreed easily. The twins immediately headed for Hazel's room to snuggle until she needed them again.

My alphas led me to Maximo's room, and the last thing I knew before sleep took me under was my two alphas telling me how amazing I had been for them. The praise filled me with pride, and I fell asleep between them with a soft smile on my face.



Maximo

IT HAD BEEN two days since the marriage license was signed and whisked off, and Valentina had just called, asking for me to meet her and our lawyer, Thomas, outside. I'd just showered and stepped out into the afternoon sun. The cool air washed over me, and I breathed in a deep, calming breath. Hazel's heat was unchanging, her rest and eating still sporadic. We didn't know enough about the drugs they'd altered to know if this was normal, and I was almost desperate enough to call a meeting with them. What kind of shit had their scientists cooked up that would still be in her body after she'd stopped getting dosed? But the moment I accused them would be the moment things went south, very quickly. There were just too many unknown factors right now.

I almost wondered if this was because Hazel had never ridden out a heat before, but something in my gut told me that that wasn't the case at all.

A dark Mercedes pulled up, and I watched both Valentina and Thomas step out and approach me.

"You're a married man in the eyes of the law," Thomas reassured me as he handed over a file. I flipped it open to see our signed marriage license now notarized.

"Thank you," I replied as I let the relief hit me. Just another step in protecting our omega, even if it was one we'd pay for later. Thank fuck the Family's people didn't ask many questions. Hazel would have plenty once everything was said and done.

"Any updates on the men coming after her?" my aunt asked, and I shook my head in frustration.

"Nothing. Hazel's heat... It's not letting up, and to be honest, I think the recovery time after this is all over in two

more days is going to be hard on everyone. And that's if it's even over at a normal heat duration."

"She's not eating?" Aunt V asked in concern.

"Not unless Sutton or I order her to eat in between and Zaven feeds her. She's barely had any water either... It's not good."

"I'll make sure the Family doctor is on standby for you all then," Aunt V said firmly.

"And the PI in the basement?" my lawyer asked, and I gave him a rueful grin.

"He's tied up and very much alive. Just a bit too distracted by the heat to let him go just yet. I want to make sure my message is clear."

"Excuse me!" a high-pitched, whiny voice yelled out. We all stopped and looked over to find none other than one of the Humble Creed representatives. It wasn't hard to identify him since his button-up shirt was emblazoned with their logo right on the pocket.

"Can I help you?" I snarled, my instincts instantly on high alert. My pack was inside, helping our omega through her heat, her most vulnerable time. *My... our wife.*

"I have reason to believe you have one of our own here. Sarah Bradford? She is a wayward soul. She has fits sometimes and forgets herself. But now that we have found her, she's been promised to a pack in our community. They know how to handle her... *unique* needs." The man's black hair was slightly ruffled, thanks to the wind, and his pinched face reminded me of a rat. He shook under my gaze, and I took a little satisfaction in that.

I made a show of thinking about it before faking a sigh. “I’m sorry, but I think you’re mistaken. There is no one here by that name.”

“She’s just an omega.” The dumbass waved his hand, not even acknowledging my aunt’s gasp of indignation. “As a fellow alpha, I’m sure you know how *they* can be, especially since the ones you’re used to have been corrupted by this society.”

“The only omega here, besides my wonderful aunt,” I said calmly, gesturing at Aunt V, “is my wife.”

“Our wife,” two icy voices said behind me, then my twin brothers stepped forward, flanking me as they stared down the man who had dared to come here.

“She is tied to our pack,” I said with a wave of my hand. “And she is no wayward member of your group.”

“Sarah is engaged to my son. I’ll be back to make sure she isn’t here. My sources are reliable.” He gave us one last calculating look before stalking away.

“I have a clean shot if you want me to take it,” Alessandro muttered, leaning toward me.

I considered it, but in the end, I didn’t have enough proof to do anything against such a large cult. “We wait. Let’s see what he does. If anything, maybe this will bring the answers to us.”

“If not, then I’ll happily introduce my foot to his tiny ass nuts before you shoot him, Alessandro,” Aunt V huffed.

A bark of laughter escaped me and my brother before Aunt V left with the lawyer. When we went back inside, the house smelled like sex, and my body was primed just from crossing



the threshold. If this was what the drugs did to the omegas, I had no idea how they'd survived them at all.

“Did you get it?” Sutton asked as soon as I walked into the kitchen. Hazel was sprawled out on the cool kitchen island top with Zaven between her legs, eating her out.

“Yes. No issues. It's official,” I said, tossing the papers onto the counter.

“What's official?” Hazel murmured before letting out a keening wail as she started to ride Zaven's face.

“That you're our wife,” I said seriously, not missing the way Hazel's hips snapped forward, grinding harder into Zaven. “Bound to us all so we can protect you.”

“What?” she murmured. It was the most coherent she'd seemed in days, her mind warring with the heat to make sense of what I was saying.

“Don't worry about it,” Sutton soothed as he joined them. “You ready for another knot, omega?” His words had another string of pleading babble falling from her lips.

My phone rang, pulling me away from joining them. My jaw tightened when Enzo's name scrolled across my screen. I'd put my best man on hunting down the scientists who were responsible for creating this Rapture.

“What do you have?” I hissed into the phone as I ducked outside for a second time. I scanned the neighborhood while I waited, half expecting a whole congregation of cultists to come stomping down the street.

“Me and my tech guy, we tracked them down. The Alexandria chapter may be one of the biggest sites, but we got them locked down at this farm in West Oaks,” he explained.

“But when we raided the property, they were gone. That lab, boss, it was weird.”

“Weird?” I asked through gritted teeth. In my mind, I was already picturing omegas chained to walls so they could be experimented on. The little bit I knew about what they did to omegas made me think they were capable of almost anything.

“It’s like any other lab at first glance, tons of equipment. Files. Images. But then we found a staircase, and in the basement...” I closed my eyes, knowing what was coming next would have me sending my brothers out to collect a bounty in blood.

“Go on,” I urged.

“Girls. Omegas, to be exact, and a few betas. They were in this dorm-style room, but it was the shit from nightmares, boss. Dirty mattresses, no blankets, covered in stench and filth. I’m haunted for life.”

“What’d you do with them?” I asked. Because if he left them there, I’d be kicking his ass too.

“I called my men to get them. They’re at one of our safe houses in the city getting cleaned up. Valentina intercepted me. She’s on the way to them now with a Family doctor. They have to detox,” he said quickly. “But the scientists were missing. The last thing we found was a voicemail on some burner phone saying someone had found Sarah. The message mentioned your address and the Happy Herb.”

*Wait.*

That could only mean one thing. The scientists who’d fucked with our drugs and the men tracking her were one and the same.

“And there’s our connection. Good fucking work, Enzo,” I praised. “Get your guys to track them down before they get here. They’re likely already in the city. I need backup at the house to keep my omega safe from these assholes, a few guys at the safe house, and the rest canvassing this city. Get our contact at the police department to flag if they run into them. And post someone to watch THC headquarters.”

“On it,” he said before hanging up.

“Fuck,” I growled. Footsteps had me turning around to see Zaven and the twins waiting to hear what I had to say.

“What happened?” Zaven prompted.

“Enzo found the lab. The scientists are coming here. It seems they are probably Hazel’s fiancés.”

The twins had matching grins on their faces, and Alessandro let out a chilling laugh that had the hair on the back of my neck standing on end. “It’s always nice when the problems come to you. How helpful of them.”

# Chapter 23

HAZEL



MY MIND CAME BACK to me in bits and pieces. First, the fog lowered and my libido calmed, then my stomach began to growl angrily. I was so fucking hungry I was nauseous, but when I tried to move, I felt disgusting. My entire body was achy and itchy.

*Shower first. Food after.*

Pulling my sore body out of the bed, I tried to stand and nearly fell backward. My legs wobbled with disuse, and I just felt weak. Using the furniture in the room for support, I worked my way to the shower and kicked it on, hoping that the warm water would bring me back to life. Later, I'd find a bath and soak the aches away.

Just as I stepped under the spray, my knees buckled, and I whined when my elbow slammed into the ledge of the shower.

“Hazel?” Emiliano sounded startled, and he rushed in a second later. Not caring about his clothes, he pulled open the shower door and scooped me up. “Alessandro!”

His brother came rushing in, his breath whooshing out of him when he saw me up and aware.

“She can barely stand. I found her on the floor. Tell Zaven she needs food and electrolytes, then come back and help me get our omega clean,” he ordered. Emiliano wasn’t usually the bossy one; I guess that was a testament to how fucking pathetic I looked. Not that I needed any confirmation since I felt every bit of it too.

Without a single complaint, the twins got me showered, dressed, and out to the table.

“Here you go,” Zaven said quietly. He pushed a giant Gatorade bottle toward me along with a full plate of food. The sandwich was loaded with turkey, and he’d even cut up fruit. At first glance, I didn’t think I’d eat it all, but the moment I took a bite, I scarfed it down like it would be the last meal I ever had.

While I ate, I used the quiet time to inspect the betas. They all looked *exhausted*. Dark circles lined every single set of eyes, and they were much too somber for my comfort.

“I’m sorry I exhausted you guys,” I said around a bite. “The heat was that bad?” They all shrugged and gave me a smile, but not one reached their eyes. My heart started to sink, and Alessandro rushed forward when I started to push my plate away.

“Hey, no. This is not about the heat. We just have some... news,” he said. “We’re waiting on your alphas to get back, then we can all talk.”

“Is this where I’m kicked to the curb for being a nuisance?” I half joked. In reality, that was exactly what I was expecting to happen. A good omega didn’t keep her pack on the brink of passing out.

“Hazel, baby, no,” Emiliano said with enough inflection that I looked up. There was nothing but sincerity in his eyes. “That heat was just a bit unexpected. I’ve never heard of it being so intense, but we aren’t complaining.”

“No, I was even promised a knotted cock sleeve for the next one.” Zaven grinned with a wink. “Though you did have me worried. It’s been a week of barely any eating or drinking. No wonder you fell in the shower.”

My fingers toyed with the edge of my shirt as I thought it over. Or rather, Alessandro’s shirt. I’d snatched it off of the floor on our way back in because I needed the comforting scent of one of my mates.

Now that the food was consumed and my brain was back online, all I could focus on was the strange scent in the air now. *Worry, anxiety, and anger? What the hell is going on?*

I had opened my mouth to bug the guys for answers when the alphas came rushing in. Zaven must have called them the moment he knew I was lucid.

“Thank fuck,” Sutton said. He rushed over, grabbed my face, and gave me a toe-curling kiss. My body started to get excited, but then I was wracked with a sharp ache. *Down, girl, we need to recover.*

Maximo picked me up when Sutton stepped away and took my place, settling me in his lap.

“Okay, spill. What’s going on?” I asked, facing my surly alpha. He frowned and ran a hand through his beard. I’d never

seen him nervous, so that only added to my anxiety.

“A lot happened during this heat,” he started, “but I need you to know that we protected you through it all. We did what we could with what we had.”

“Okay,” I said, drawing out the word. It wasn’t like these guys to dance around a point.

“Oh my god. I can’t. This is painful,” Alessandro interjected. “The PI who attacked you was working for those fiancés you mentioned. Well, they were coming for you whether we liked it or not, so we got legally married as a pack to protect you from them. Otherwise, they’d be here with law enforcement, saying we kidnapped you. We weren’t taking the risk that they had falsified documents proving you’re their wife or establishing a conservatorship or something. We aren’t taking risks with you, Hazel.”

“If I didn’t sign anything, how could it be legal?” I snorted, thinking they were joking. Until I realized I was the only one laughing. Glancing between all of them, I realized they were serious. *How the fuck did this happen?* “I didn’t sign anything! I would remember that.”

“You did. I ordered you to,” Maximo said with a wince. “Valentina is ordained. I assure you it was all done legally.”

“But not consensually!” I argued, panic making me lash out. My heart pounded in my chest. Married? “Fuck. They’re going to *kill* you! You have no idea what kind of power those men have.”

“Wait, you’re concerned about us? After you just found out we got married while actively fucking you through heat?” Emiliano asked.

“Oh, I’m kicking your asses for that later,” I reassured him.

Was I mad? Yes. Definitely. But the more I thought about it, the more it made sense.

“If it helps, they did try to come get you,” Maximo added. “Some representative came by, saying you were promised to his son.”

“Fuck that guy,” I said, instantly knowing who he was talking about. “He might have been worse than my own father. The day I first met my ‘intended’ pack, he took me aside to explain how his son was a bit rough and that I’d have to learn to take him like a *good omega*.”

“So, add him to my hit list. Got it,” Alessandro said. I was sure it was meant to be a joke, but his voice was ice cold.

“You have a hit list?” I questioned.

Maximo shook his head with a long sigh. “You know, that actually makes sense.”

Alessandro shrugged. “I do a lot of things. I’m a jack of all trades. But is my *job* something we should be discussing right now?”

Speaking of... “What happened to the PI?” I asked.

“We just got back from a long conversation and a drive. He’s alive and mostly unharmed,” Sutton said. From the evil smirk on his face, he’d enjoyed that little bit they were able to do. That should probably freak me out, but when faced with something as sinister as the Humble Creed, I was glad to have these killers and mobsters on my side. Call me crazy, but I still stood by what I said. There were far worse things out there than the mafia.



“We tracked your fiancés,” Maximo continued. “They weren’t at their lab, which likely means they’re coming to find you. We can’t order you around, but please, for the sake of our sanity, stick with us.”

“Done,” I said without hesitation. The memory of that alleyway confrontation was a bit too fresh to ignore.

“My guys found a group of omegas being held in the labs under deplorable conditions,” Maximo said reluctantly. I appreciated him telling me, especially when his tone made it obvious that he didn’t want to be doing that.

My eyes went wide, and my heart stopped. “What happened to them?”

“They’re safe,” he promised. “Valentina is with them, trying to get them the help they need. I’ve got my doctors and lawyers there too. We’re building a case against the Humble Creed. My guys were smart enough to get copies of every document and thing they saw in that lab. Even the mafia needs to do some things the legal way... unless it doesn’t work out.”

“Good. I want to see them go down in flames,” I said vehemently, “including my supposed parents. No matter how that comes about.”

“They’re buying and altering illegal drugs, so that’s one hit. They imprisoned unwilling and drugged omegas. Our doctor documented every bit of bloodwork he did as well. We’re going to get them for you, Hazel. They can’t have you.”

“Thank you,” I said, choking up at the weight of the gesture they were making. They were putting themselves at risk to protect me at all costs. That level of loyalty and sacrifice was something I never thought I would get.

“You don’t have to thank us,” Sutton reassured me before he placed a kiss on my temple. “You’re part of our pack now, and we will *always* protect you.”

I just hoped they could keep that promise because if I knew anything, it was that my former fiancés would not give up that easily.

# Chapter 24



HAZEL

I COULDN'T BELIEVE what my life had become in the blur of the past week. I'd ridden out my first-ever heat, and all of the men were taking turns resting, eating, and recovering from our week of non-stop sexcapades. I had napped for a while, wrapped around Zaven, until my best friends came knocking, demanding to see me for themselves so they could get answers.

When I told them about being married, they were surprised, and Eliza revealed she had brought over the legal documents for them to get the marriage license. That was when they found out about the fiancés I had failed to mention, and even though I apologized, I could tell that Eliza was deeply hurt by the secret.

Maybe I shouldn't have been worried about THC as much as I should have been worried about my best friends. To say they were pissed was putting it lightly.

“You were *engaged*, and we didn’t know anything about it?!” Eliza yelled. She was pacing the length of the living room, which would have betrayed her anxious feelings if the volume of her voice didn’t. Eliza lectured and hovered, but it was rare that she full-on yelled.

“Well—” I started, trying to explain myself, but she cut me off with a sharp hand gesture.

“I’m not done!” She glared at me, cheeks flushed and finger pointed. “You *lied* to us.”

“I didn’t lie so much as avoided the topic,” I told her diplomatically.

“That’s so much worse,” Teagan commented dryly from where she and Sienna sat on a nearby couch. “But I love it.”

“Teag, you’re not helping,” Sienna shushed her.

Teagan shrugged. “I have more pressing questions.”

Eliza spun around to face Teagan. “More pressing than the fact that our best friend has been engaged to a pack the entire time we’ve been on the run?!”

“Are they always like this?” Zaven asked in a hushed voice as he tightened his arms around me.

I grinned, snuggling back into him, and tilted my head back to look at him. “Yes.” Zaven chuckled lightly, pressing a quick kiss to my lips before I faced my friends again. They were now watching us closely, but I couldn’t figure out what they were thinking.

“I want to know about these people, not the creed douchebags.” Teagan waved a hand at the beta at my back.

“I second Teag,” Sienna said, pushing her newly dyed red hair out of her face. “You’re still going to go by Hazel, I

assume?”

“Yeah, that’s who I am now.”

“Are you still going to dye your hair?” Teagan asked, and Eliza threw her hands up in the air and collapsed on the other couch. She had given up on grilling me about the past, but I knew that was temporary. She wouldn’t be letting it go until I spoke to her privately.

“Wait, you dye your hair?” Emiliano asked when he and Alessandro walked into the living room.

“Oh, if it’s not the guys who kept me up during my hangover,” Teagan teased with a mock glare. “Don’t think I missed you both slinking out of my friend’s room before she left for work.”

“We are angels!” Emiliano tried to look innocent, his hand over his heart as if he was wounded by what Teagan was saying.

“At least go with something believable, brother.” Alessandro rolled his eyes, making all my friends smile, even Eliza. Alessandro sauntered over and sat on my other side, pressing a soft kiss to my temple as he got comfortable. Zaven didn’t seem the least bit bothered by the other beta coming over.

“What are we talking about?” Emiliano asked, sitting down on his twin’s other side.

“All of you,” Sienna said with a mischievous smile. She might be the quietest out of all of us, but that in no way meant she was innocent.

“We should celebrate!” Teagan clapped her hands together and stood up. “I have the *best* idea.” Then she was out of the room, yelling something about coming right back.

“What could she possibly be getting right now?” I asked before a loud yawn made my jaw crack. “Shit, sorry.”

“You were out of it for a week, sweetheart,” Alessandro said, running a hand down my thigh. “I’m surprised you’re still up.”

“Perfect, you take a nap because I still have a few things to get,” Teagan said as she came back in and grabbed my two other friends. “We’ll be back for dinner, then it’s on, so rest up, Hazel.”

“She can’t go anywhere right now,” Zaven said softly, and I bit my lip. I wanted to protest because I was so used to being independent, but I also knew he was right.

“We’re going to celebrate here,” Teagan told him with a wink. “No worries. After all, we’ve been doing this running thing with her for a while now. Crazy cult or not, we can’t just have you get married and not party.”

Then they were gone, the last bit of my energy leaving with them, so I snuggled in between Alessandro and Zaven.

“Tonight will be interesting,” Emiliano said with amusement.

“We should take their warning to heart and sleep,” I murmured, exhaustion making my words start to slur together.

“Are we sleeping here on the couch or a bed?” Zaven asked, running a hand through my long hair.

“Doesn’t matter to me,” I told them.

One of them scooped me up and carried me down the hallway. I was only vaguely aware of being in one of the twin’s rooms, seeing dark walls and black satin sheets, then I was in the middle of the large bed.

“I can just—” Zaven started, and I opened my eyes in time to see Emiliano roll his eyes, grab the other beta’s wrist, and tug him to the bed.

“You can get on that side.” Emiliano gestured at me. “Alessandro and I can be on the other.”

“That means keep your pants on,” Alessandro told his brother.

“Too late,” Emiliano joked before he slid in next to me.

I hummed with happiness, rolling into him as he wrapped his arms around me. Even with my clothes on, I could still feel his very naked body against mine; the heat of him was too strong for him to be wearing clothes. I ached to feel him against me, so I sleepily pulled at the shirt I had stolen while Emiliano, who must have figured out what I wanted, pulled at my leggings until I was naked and basically laying on top of him. The moment his vanilla, almond, and lavender scent surrounded me, I was a goner.

“If you set off another heat, brother, I don’t think we’ll survive it,” Alessandro said.

“Join us,” the man beneath me said to Zaven. “We aren’t shy. We promise to keep your virtue intact. I don’t want to deal with Maximo and Sutton’s possessive bullshit anyway.”

“I’m so glad that’s what’s going to keep you in line,” Zaven deadpanned. After another moment of hesitation, he joined us, stripping down to his boxers before he slid in next to me. Alessandro did the same before he climbed into bed next to his brother. They all made sure they were touching me in some way, even if it was just a hand on my hip, then we all drifted off.

I didn't know what life held in store for me, but with my pack and my best friends, I knew I'd make it through anything.



WHEN I WOKE UP AGAIN, I was alone. I stretched out in the large bed and didn't get up right away. Not only was I still sore and slightly exhausted, but my mind was going a million miles a minute, with no signs of relenting.

*Married.*

*Intense heat.*

*Angry friends.*

I was actually relieved to be married now, even if we might need some more time to truly become a pack. It took time to learn everything about each other and really feel that pack bond.

Finally dragging my lazy ass out of bed, I threw some clothes on and pushed open the doors to the twins' balcony. I just needed fresh air and a moment of peace. A soft wind blew, and even though it was chilly enough to send goosebumps over my skin, it was refreshing.

"Hazel?" Eliza's voice filtered into the room, and I spun around. I knew we needed to have this talk now because there shouldn't be anything left to fester between friends as close as us.

"Hey," I said softly. I sat on one of the patio chairs they had up here, gesturing at the other, and she joined me.



“So...” she said, urging me to start.

“For what it’s worth, I’m sorry. I think keeping the secret was more about wishful thinking than any lack of trust in you guys. If I didn’t talk about it, if I ran far enough, it wouldn’t be real, right?” I laughed humorlessly. Obviously, it wasn’t the healthiest response. but it was all I had.

“How did it happen?” she asked as she stared out at the yard. It hurt that she wasn’t looking at me, but I knew she wouldn’t stay mad for long.

“One day, my dad came home from work a bit too happy. He’s pretty far up in the Humble Creed. I don’t know his exact place in their hierarchy, but that wasn’t for omegas to know anyway,” I said bitterly. “He said he made the perfect deal, and I was going to give the family the honor and respect we deserved. That night, I was tied to a chair and fed Rapture while he recited the omega tenants, over and over again. I’m not even sure how long that went on, but he said he wanted to be sure they were ingrained in me. ‘Keep a tidy house. Be submissive on all accounts.’ My feelings and opinions did not matter. All that mattered was my compliance with my fiances’ command so that I pleased them.”

“That’s fucking gross,” Eliza said before a sob broke free. “God. I should have helped you sooner. Done something.”

“No, no, no,” I soothed as I rushed over to give her the hug she needed. “This isn’t on you or me. I just didn’t want you guys to think I was a freak or something since I came from an actual fucking cult. I’m not like them, and I was *never* going to be their omega.”

“I’m sorry you felt like you couldn’t tell us. We wouldn’t have judged,” she told me.

“I know, and I’m sorry I held back. There’s just never a good time to rehash the awful trauma of my past.”

“When I was sixteen...” she said, and I went back to my chair to give her space. The tremble in her voice meant this wasn’t about to be pretty. “Right before Dad died, he told me I was adopted. I was the child of some estranged brother of his. I always wondered why he’d tell stories about him and didn’t figure it out until then. In my mind, when I was hearing them, he was this super cool hero. Dad just didn’t want me to have a negative view of my ‘real’ dad, I guess.”

“Wow, Eliza,” I breathed out. I couldn’t imagine what she had felt like at that moment. Eliza always looked up to her dad, and to find out that he wasn’t biologically her dad must have been devastating.

“I know!” she wailed miserably. “And here I was, being an asshole because you kept a secret, but I kept mine too.”

“And yet we’re still best friends,” I reminded her. “Shit like this comes and goes, but we won’t change.”

“Oh, things will change, but I refuse to not talk every day. I’ll hunt you bitches down if I have to.”

“Who are we hunting?” Teagan asked as she came out, followed by Sienna.

“You guys. Specifically, if you stop talking to me every day once we all get packs and live our lives,” Eliza clarified. “And we’re spilling deep, dark, hidden secrets.” She explained her situation all over again, getting a speechless, shocked reaction from our two friends.

“Holy shit, woman. Have you searched for him?” Teagan asked.

“Teag!” Sienna groaned. Teagan shrugged, not in the least apologetic. Our girl was, and always would be, blunt as fuck. “Just know we’re here for you if you ever need us.”

“Thanks, Si, I know,” Eliza said with a sigh. “And no, I haven’t been brave enough. I’m not ready.”

“That’s okay,” Sienna reassured her as she crawled into our friend’s lap and crushed her in a hug. She might be an introvert, but Sienna was the glue of our group, calming and bringing us together. She always made sure we felt respected and loved.

“Anyone else?” I joked.

Teagan tapped her chin. “One time, at a PR event with Dad, I snuck into a band’s dressing room and stole one of their rings. The lead singer has a ton, so I nabbed one because I was obsessed with them.”

“Who was it?” I asked. All three of us were hanging on to this story. Her cheeks burned red, and she groaned, hiding her face behind her hands.

“Drake from the band Timeless Death. I was obsessed with that little emo guy and I... may or may not still have it.” She held up her hand to show off one of her rings. She always wore a mix of them, and I’d never realized that one stood out. The ring she held up was black with silver skulls, and it was thicker than the others.

“Stop it!” Sienna barked out a laugh. “You didn’t!”

“I did.” Teagan joined in, all of us laughing until we were crying. “It fit perfectly, too.”

“Good thing you chose the skinny punk,” I added as I wiped the tears away.

“Sienna?” Teagan prompted.

Our redheaded friend shrugged. “I’m the innocent one, I guess,” she joked, and I didn’t think any of us were surprised. We knew she had taken care of her sick mom and didn’t get a chance to earn any crazy stories. I hoped one day she’d find herself a spontaneous, wild pack to bring out her crazy side.

“Oh shit!” I gasped. “Didn’t you guys have plans? We’ve been out here for like twenty minutes, spilling secrets like it’s truth or dare.” That set them off again until Teagan stood and ushered us out.

“Come on, you’ll see,” she said mysteriously, expecting us to follow.

Excitement filled me as I let Teagan lead the way into the kitchen where an insane amount of bags were scattered all over the kitchen counters. Peeking into the ones closest to me, I saw they were filled with bottles of alcohol, munchies, and, oddly enough, lingerie.

“Lingerie?” I asked, raising my eyebrows at Teagan.

Sienna grinned at me. “A wedding gift from us to your guys.”

“Plus a few other things we saw at the shop while we were there,” Eliza and Teagan said at the same time.

Despite the heat I’d just gone through, I could feel the heat in my cheeks as I looked through what they had picked out. There was a new vibrator, a few dildos, and a strap-on that had my jaw dropping open.

“Don’t knock it ‘til you try it out,” Teagan whisper-yelled, making me chuckle.

“There’s also some lube in there somewhere.” Sienna nodded at the bags.

“I think I’m ready for drinks now,” I told them. Teagan clapped her hands with excitement before she started pulling stuff out of the bags.

“Let me help her before she starts mixing us drinks that are a splash of soda and mostly alcohol,” Eliza said, rushing to take over before we were all drunk off our asses one drink in.

I turned to Sienna. “Did you start dancing at work yet? Last time I checked, you were thinking about it.”

It was her turn to blush, but she shook her head. “No. I know it’s more money, but I’m just not sure I can.”

“We should take lessons when all this is over with.” I gently knocked her shoulder with mine. “We can all go together. It would be so much fun, plus girls’ night!”

Teagan looked up from the food she was plating. “What about girls’ night?”

“Pole dancing class. All of us after this shit is sorted,” I told her, putting out my hand. “Let me look up some classes.”

Teagan slid me her cell phone just as Eliza started to shake her head. “No. No way—”

“I bet Loki and Bane would really love it. Might even distract them from your racing history.”

“I hate you,” Eliza shot back without any heat.

“I love you too!” I sang out as I pulled up a list of classes near us. Scrolling through with Sienna beside me, I found the perfect place after a few minutes. There was a small local dance studio that held weekly classes, and they even offered a

drop-in rate, which was great for Teagan since she was always in and out thanks to her work. “Found the perfect place!”

With a flourish, I signed us up for a class that started in a few weeks. Even if we hadn’t taken care of everything by then, there was no way I would be able to sit around the house and do nothing for that long. The guys would just have to suck it up. Plus, they would all benefit from me taking the class, so I didn’t think they would complain for long.

“See, now we can all do it together until you’re comfortable,” I told Si as Eliza slid a huge platter of snacks our way while Teagan passed out shots and drinks.

“I know you all aren’t about to take shots without one being ready for me,” a firm voice called out.

“Valentina!” I yelled in greeting as the older omega approached us.

“I can fix that,” Eliza said easily, mixing a drink for the older woman as she sat beside me.

“Might as well call me Aunt V now, Hazel. You’re family.” She winked at me. “Now, enough emotional crap. Let’s drink!”

What happened next became a whole blur of laughter, food, and more shots than I ever should have taken. My pack eventually showed up just as Teagan and Valentina started dancing on the kitchen counter, showing Sienna some moves to prep her for our dancing class.

I almost fell out of my chair with laughter. The only reason I didn’t end up on the floor was Sutton. All of a sudden, he was there, wrapping his arms around me while Maximo tried to convince his aunt to come down.

“I see you’re all having fun,” Sutton said dryly, and I hiccuped.

“Yupppp!” I dragged out the word then started hysterically laughing.

“Oh god, how much have you had to drink?” Zaven asked, coming up on my other side.

“Uhhhh...” My mind started to blank before I saw the bottles stacked in the sink. With a wide swing of my arm, I pointed, and Zaven started to swear. “All of that! In my defense, this is your fault.”

“How is this *our* fault?” Maximo called out, having heard my comment.

“You had us get married. We had to celebrate.” I shrugged like it was obvious, then my attention was torn away by the twins’ entrance.

With a grin, I called out their names and fumbled my way out of Sutton’s arms. “Dance with me!”

“Someone has had a lot to drink.” Emiliano smiled as he wrapped an arm around my waist.

“I think they all have,” Alessandro said with amusement.

“It’s like when we first met,” I told them with a smile. “Dance with me! I’ll show you guys the presents they got me.”

“Besides alcohol?” Emiliano asked.

“They went to Naughty Peach and got me a few things...” I teased.

“She’s going to look hot as fuck in what we got her... and using what we got her,” Teagan said as she shimmied with

Valentina. “Now, enough talking!” She turned the volume up on “Wasted” by Tiësto, and we all started dancing.

Sienna and Eliza danced together as Teagan and Valentina jumped down to the ground to join them. I threw my head back and let my body follow the beat of the music. Hands settled on my hips, then lips teased over my neck. The scent of almond, vanilla, amber, and violet told me the twins were recreating the sandwich we had made that first night. We danced together with abandon until the song ended. I was pulled away from them to dance with Maximo and Zaven, then Zaven and Sutton for the third song.

My caretaker beta urged me to eat in between songs as the other men tried to keep track of us all. Eventually, my friends passed out in various places around the living room, including Aunt V who claimed the couch. Thanks to Zaven’s effort, I had sobered up considerably, now feeling just a warm buzz.

“So they got you something from the Naughty Peach?” Alessandro husked into my ear making me shudder.

I instantly thought of the strap-on and bit my bottom lip to contain the anticipation I felt. “Yeah. I didn’t get to see the lingerie yet though.”

“Well, it’s getting late,” Emiliano said suddenly, picking me up around my legs and throwing me over his shoulder. “Alessandro and I call dibs.”

“Hey!” Sutton called out as I burst into laughter.

“You snooze, you lose, alpha,” Alessandro added as they whisked me upstairs and into their bedroom. I didn’t actually know if it was theirs, but that was how I thought of it since their scents were so wrapped together.

“Show us, omega. You want to tease us? Live up to it.”



Alessandro handed me the bag, and with a coy smile, I took it and went to the bathroom. Stripping out of my clothes, I slipped into the lingerie—a barely there see-through thong and a top that had the structure of a bra, but there was no fabric covering anything. With the lingering effect of that liquid courage, I grabbed the lube and strap-on.

When I walked out in the small strips of clothing, holding both of those things up, I thought they would protest. Instead, their jaws dropped, and the way their eyes traveled from the top of my head to my toes made me feel like a goddess.

“So, is this good boy thing going to extend to other situations?” I challenged them.

They shared a brief look then slid off the bed, landing on their knees at the same time. Fuck, I could get addicted to this, the two of them on their knees, looking at me like I was the center of their world.

That night was intense, with each of them walking me through what I needed to do to fuck them. We only stopped when they both came, covering me in ropes of cum, then they took turns eating me out until we passed out in a puppy pile in the middle of their bed.

# Chapter 25



HAZEL

“I FEEL like I haven’t stepped outside in weeks,” I groaned as I tipped my head back and let the sun wash over my face.

“You haven’t. It took you that long to convince them to let us take you out for lunch and shopping,” Eliza said as she linked her arm through mine and forced me to walk forward.

“Speaking of, where are we going for lunch?”

“My side of the city,” Valentina said with a grin. “I’m treating you all to an afternoon of pampering.”

“Being adopted by the mafia is the best,” Teagan whispered excitedly.

“Come on,” Zaven urged us. “Let’s not tempt fate and linger on the sidewalk. We’re done here, aren’t we?”

“Pop the trunk, driver,” Teagan teased as she held up two hands full of shopping bags. We all had at least one, but she

took the cake. Nothing came between Teagan and spending her money.

Once we were completely packed up and in the car, I felt like I could fully breathe again. I was enjoying being out in the sunshine, but being exposed in a busy place wasn't as easy as it used to be. Now, I felt like my exes were watching and waiting around every corner.

"Hey, it's okay," Sienna reassured me, wrapping her hand around mine with a squeeze.

"It just feels like they're everywhere," I admitted. "It's so stupid. I know I'm safe, but the thought of seeing them again terrifies the shit out of me."

"We'll be with you if that does happen," Valentina promised. "I have friends in high places. I'll dick punch them for you, and they'll never see the inside of a cell."

I laughed at that. "I appreciate that."

She gave me a wink before directing Zaven on where to take us. My eyes drifted over the passing city, and I was suddenly very glad we'd chosen such a big place to live. Hiding in a city was far easier than a small town. Here, I could slip into a crowd with my besties and blend in. That extra security made this day a whole lot easier.

"Mexican food? Girl, you had me at margaritas," Teagan sang out. My stomach wanted to groan at the thought of alcohol. After our wedding celebration, I was not ready to go up against her anytime soon.

The restaurant wasn't your average hole in the wall. Valentina's idea of a lunch out was gourmet Mexican food. They had an entire page of different margaritas, and even their food sounded fancy.

“No chicken nuggets for you, Sienna,” I teased in a whisper that earned me an elbow in the side. She was tiny, but she was strong.

“Shit, I left my phone in the car,” Eliza complained. “Zaven, can we go grab it?”

“Sure,” he agreed, then he gave me a look that said he didn’t want me out of his sight. I laughed and stood up too.

“Come on, bodyguard. You can guard us both,” I said as I took his hand.

“Sorry, guys, I’m not usually this forgetful,” Eliza said. The way she said it had my bestie radar going off.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, stopping mid-sidewalk, nearly causing a collision until Zaven pulled us both to the side.

“Nothing. I just have this weird feeling. When Loki was walking me home last night, I swore I saw someone slip into the alley. And just now, I swear I saw him again.”

My heart stopped, and Zaven went on high alert.

“What did he look like?” I asked as I glanced down the sidewalk. No one was standing out, but that didn’t mean he hadn’t been there moments ago.

“I’m not sure. I didn’t get a great look at him.” Eliza’s brow was pinched with worry as she looked around.

“I knew this was a bad idea,” Zaven muttered.

“We’re not going there,” I countered. “I’m not hiding away completely. Being cautious? Sure. Not living my life? Not an option.” His lips formed a thin line as he fought back an argument he knew would only make me angry. We’d had this talk several times over the last few weeks, and I thought I’d

made it really fucking clear that I couldn't mentally survive if I was stuck in their Family mansion for months on end.

"I'll grab my phone," Eliza said awkwardly as she ducked into the car. She screamed as she was yanked inside of the vehicle and out the other side. Someone had opened the door on the other side while we were busy arguing.

"Zaven!" I gasped, and he rushed to the other side to confront her attacker while I tried to pull her from the masked man's clutches.

"Let me go!" Eliza screamed. He listened, or rather Zaven made him, and the sudden break of tension on his end sent us flying back onto our asses. Before we could stand up, a hand clamped over my mouth, then a strong-smelling liquid overtook my senses. I instinctively screamed, but that was a mistake; the intake of breath had my head swimming. The last thing I saw was Zaven's panicked face as we were dragged away.



AN AWFUL THROBBING in my head had me trying to reach up and grab it only to find I couldn't actually move. Something rough tugged at my skin every time I shifted, and I finally realized that I needed to figure out where the fuck I was and what was going on. I blinked against the darkness in the room, trying to adjust my eyes so I could make out my surroundings.

"Eliza?" I hissed. It was quiet here, too quiet. Panic rose in my chest, clawing at my lungs until it was impossible to

breathe.

“You may want to calm down.” The voice came from my right, and I shuffled around to try to face its source. A low chuckle echoed out before I heard a click. With the small table lamp now on, I could make out who’d spoken.

“Santos,” I said quietly. My voice trembled, and I hated myself for that. I wanted to feel strong right now, not weak.

“Sarah,” he said in a mocking tone. “Or should I say Hazel?” He languidly stood up and walked forward like he hadn’t a care in the world. He reached out and lifted a chunk of my pitch black hair in front of my face.

“Sarah’s dead,” I snarled as I yanked my head back. “Why am I tied up, you fucking monster?”

He clicked his tongue like I was being a disobedient child. “You’ve been out in this corrupt world for too long. I’ll make sure that Leon grabs some Rapture when he goes out today. Ironic, isn’t it? That your *husband* is the one who sold us the drug in the first place?”

“Maximo would never sell you Rapture,” I growled. “Maybe you should learn what a real alpha is like. You’ve missed the mark several times over.” He walked over and leaned closer until he was inches from my face. The awful stench of sage and burnt herbs hit me, and I gagged. Anger flashed through his dull green eyes, and he shoved a hand through his long black hair. The man was sleazy, inside and out, always had been.

“Ah, but see, your alpha gangster made it possible for us to engineer Rapture. It’s his product that we altered to suit our needs. He was none the wiser. The idiot even gave us a discount in thanks for our continued patronage.” As he

laughed, the door behind him opened, and I heard Eliza's screams filter in.

“Let her go!”

When the newcomer walked in, I recognized him as Santos' right hand man and beta, Trey. They used to walk around the compound like they were god's gift to all omegas, but to me, they had always been so pompous and misogynistic. I'd hated them since we were kids. As the leader's son, he knew his future was laid out like a red fucking carpet. He'd never had to struggle or had his values challenged.

“My pack will kill you,” I said simply.

They laughed like this was a fucking joke, and that just made my rage boil over. I let out a feral scream that had them both pausing, startled. They'd probably never seen a woman, let alone an omega, act that way.

Santos turned to Trey with a serious expression. “This is worse than we thought. We should put them both in the reclamation chamber.”

“You think some drugs and stupid fucking creeds are going to change me? This cult is a goddamn joke, and I cannot wait to see this whole fucking place burn to the ground.”

I was mercilessly cut free and yanked to my feet. My body groaned in protest, but I didn't fight them. I needed to get to Eliza, and I knew this was the only way that could happen.

“She's scared now.” Trey snorted and gave me a sneer. “Don't worry, you'll find the way again.”

“Do you enjoy raping women, Trey?” I asked evenly. The question had their steps faltering, but Santos recovered quickly.

“Shut your mouth before we beat you for your disrespect,” he growled. “Some omegas need harsher discipline to comply, and it seems you are choosing that route.”

“I’ll cut your dick off,” I countered. Ignoring my promise, Trey yanked open a door and threw me inside. My shoulder slammed into a shelf, and I hissed at the pain, but the door was already closed and locked behind me.

“Hazel!” Eliza’s voice had me rushing over to her, pulling at the ropes that tied her to a chair. “Thank god.” Her tears had my own falling, and as soon as she was free, I was crushing her in a hug.

“I’m so, so sorry,” I whispered in a rough voice. “I swear we’re going to get out of here.”

“They have that drug,” Eliza told me softly. “They’ve been giving me huge amounts for the past few hours. Jokes on them, though, ‘cause it’s not affecting me one bit. Finally found an advantage to being infertile, I guess.”

My heart clenched at the bitter twist of her lips, but I knew she wouldn’t appreciate any pity. Eliza had known she was infertile since she turned eighteen and never experienced a heat in the years following. It had been hard to see one of my best friends, who had always wanted to be a mother, have no choice in the matter. But right now, it was our secret game changer. Her not being affected by the drugs was a huge win.

“Have you played it up?” I asked.

Eliza snorted, rubbing her wrists to get the blood flowing again. “Of course I have. Your fiancés are pieces of work.”

“Not as much as my husbands,” I told her with a wicked grin. “They’ll tear the city apart to get me back. In the



meantime, we should try to figure out a way to break out on our own.”

Just then, the door to the room slammed open, and I instinctively took a step back. There stood one of the people I least wanted to see, scowling at me with such rage that his face was a deep shade of purple I’d never seen before.

“Sarah Hazel Bradford! You ungrateful girl.”

I swallowed hard and tried to take a steadying breath.  
“Hello, Father.”

# Chapter 26



EMILIANO

“HAZEL HAS BEEN TAKEN.” My brother’s voice filled the line, and I immediately froze, forcing Alessandro to walk into my back. “I need both of you back at the house *now*.”

“What happened?” I asked, putting the call on speakerphone as I headed to my bedroom to put on a shirt. Alessandro and I had been setting up a surprise for Hazel at our place when Maximo called me.

“Zaven was escorting the omegas to get something from the car when Eliza was attacked,” Maximo said grimly, and I heard the faint sound of him loading a gun. “While he was incapacitated, they took Eliza and Hazel.”

“How’s Zaven?” Alessandro asked as he grabbed a shirt of his own. Completely in step, the two of us left the apartment.

“In the hospital, demanding to be released so he can come with us,” Sutton said with amusement, but I could hear a trace

of concern there as well.

“He’s staying there,” Maximo ordered.

“No, I’m not. Not with Hazel out there while they do god knows what to her!” Zaven said in the background. “I won’t let them best me a second time.”

“Zaven, how the fuck did you get home?” Sutton started.

“We’ll talk to you when you get to the house. I need to deal with this,” Maximo said before ending the call.

This was bad. This was really, really fucking bad. Alessandro and I said nothing as we got into the elevator and outside to where his car was parked in front of our apartment building.

“Your guns are at the house?” my twin asked as he slid into the driver’s seat.

I nodded, the movement jerky since he took off before I’d even buckled up. “Yours?”

“I have everything I need with me,” he said coldly, his eyes sharp and calm. He confidently drove through the city traffic and made it to the Family home in a record of five minutes instead of the usual fifteen.

I was out the door before he parked, and we barged inside to find Valentina and Hazel’s friends watching Maximo, Sutton, and a very beaten up Zaven argue in the kitchen.

“You should be at the hospital!” Maximo yelled at Zaven.

“My place is here, trying to find our omega,” Zaven replied calmly, not the least bit intimidated when Maximo threw his hands up in the air. “She was taken because of me.”

Teagan shook her head. “No, she was taken because of those douche canoes in that freaky cult. That’s on them, not you.”

“I could have done something different,” Zaven denied, shaking his head before hissing in pain.

“You need to rest,” Sutton urged him, acting much more calmly than our brother who was currently trying to stare down his beta.

“How long have they been gone?” Alessandro asked.

“Two hours,” Sienna replied softly, her green eyes bright with tears. “What are they doing to them?”

“Probably trying to convince her of the error of her ways,” Teagan spat out, cheeks flushed with anger.

“Do you think they’re giving her Rapture again?” I asked, and everyone in the room froze. “Could her body take that again so soon?”

“What about Eliza?” Valentina spoke up after being uncharacteristically quiet. “She doesn’t have a pack to come back to ride things out with.”

“I’ve called the club. Loki and Bane will be here any minute,” Maximo replied.

Sienna and Teagan shared a quick look, and if I hadn’t been watching them, I would have missed it. “What is it?”

Sienna bit her lip and shook her head. Before I could push for more, there was a loud banging at the door. It slammed open, then loud footsteps filled the house, with the entire motorcycle club spilling into the room.

“What do you need from us?” Loki asked, heading directly for my brother.

“Our wife and Eliza were taken by the Humble Creed. We are going to get them back.” Maximo smiled fiercely at the president. “By any means necessary.”

“We just need to figure out where they took them,” Sutton said, wrapping an arm around Zaven.

“I already sent men to their headquarters here.”

Danny and Clark rushed into the kitchen, and the bikers made way for them to come forward. “The headquarters are empty.”

Loki started cursing, but Maximo just hummed, keeping himself collected.

“What about where we meet up for purchases?” Zaven suggested. “It’s always that same location away from the compound, so it must be near *something*.”

“On it,” Danny and Clark said at the same time, leaving the room again.

“Teagan, Sienna,” I said, walking toward my wife’s friends. They zeroed in on me as I got closer, stopping beside my aunt. “It looked like you wanted to say something before. About them being drugged with Rapture.”

“Rapture?” Loki asked through clenched teeth.

“It’s a drug used by the cult,” Teagan explained quietly. “To make omegas obedient.”

“It also makes an omega’s heat rise to insane levels with almost no relief or breaks in between the waves,” I said softly.

Sienna and Teagan shared a look again, but they didn’t say anything until Loki and Bane joined me by their sides.

“If this has to do with Eliza...”

“Then you don’t have a right to know. You’re not her pack,” Sienna said simply. “I don’t want to betray her trust.” Teagan wrapped an arm around Sienna, pulling her close as if to protect her from us.

“It could help though, Si.”

Sienna looked at the bikers, then back at Teagan, before releasing a shuddering breath. “If she gets pissed off, it’s on you.”

“Deal.”

“Rapture won’t affect Eliza,” Sienna stated firmly, looking around at the men. “So, when you get to wherever they are, *if* they are drugged, Eliza should be able to help you get Hazel out. Depending on what else the drug does.”

“It won’t affect her?” I asked, shocked.

“It won’t send her into a heat,” Teagan explained, her chin tilted in challenge.

“Why not?” Sutton asked, and all of us kept our eyes on the bikers who were now very, very still.

“Eliza doesn’t have heats.” Sienna started chewing her bottom lip. “She never has.”

If that bothered Loki or his beta, they didn’t show it. Instead, they immediately turned back to Maximo.

“Weapons?” Loki asked.

“This way,” I said, heading downstairs. They followed close behind, and I led the way to the fortified weapons room. I went right for my guns and knives before pointing to the far wall. “Anything over there is fair game. I’m sure they’ll be armed, so don’t be shy.”

“Thanks,” Loki said as he handed the beta an assault rifle and grabbed one for himself. They already had knives and pistols strapped to their bodies, which was no surprise. A motorcycle club could be just as dangerous as the mafia, so we knew they’d be at least somewhat prepared.

“Let’s go! We’ve got them!” Maximo’s voice echoed down the stairs, and we grabbed the last of our gear before running up to meet him. The rest of our group was already outside, loading into the dark SUV. Zaven wasn’t driving, and he didn’t look happy about it.

“Where are they?” I called out as I threw a few extra guns in the back.

“Zaven was right. There’s a compound just outside of town where they’re keeping the omegas. It doesn’t look like a full facility, so I’m not sure what numbers we’re dealing with, but as long as her exes fucking die, I’m happy.”

“We’ll follow,” Loki promised as he went to his bike and revved it to life. “Let’s blow these motherfuckers up.”

“Gladly,” Maximo growled as he shut his door. The SUV was already in drive, so I barely had time to climb in before Sutton was peeling out of the driveway.



Hazel

MY FATHER’S face twisted further with his disgust. “Don’t use that name on me. You’ve disgraced me, Sarah.”

“Her name is Hazel,” Eliza bit out. “And when her pack gets here, you’re going to pay for all the hell you’ve caused her. You’re a poor excuse for an alpha, and I’ve waited for this fucking day!” She rushed forward so fast I couldn’t stop her, and he was too stunned to. The crunch of his nose was followed by blood, and I yanked her behind me before he could retaliate.

“It seems they haven’t kept up with your Rapture,” he said. Now, his voice was nasally, and I let a smile form on my face.

“We won’t be taking any. Run along now and take care of that. Let them know an omega broke your nose,” I taunted.

He rushed forward so quickly I expected to get hit, but he pried my mouth open, shoved a handful of pills inside, and held a hand over my mouth and nose. The bitter taste had me gagging and fighting to spit the pills out. Every second I fought, more panic flooded me. Blood and Rapture mixed together on my tongue, and I was ready to murder my father myself. But I didn’t need to do it alone. I had my bestie by my side.

“Fuck you!” she screamed as she jumped on his back. Her arm wrapped around his neck, and she squeezed enough that her muscles flexed. I fell to the ground when his grip released, spitting out pills and vomiting bile, hoping I’d purged every ounce from my system, but it was too late. My head was becoming fuzzy, and my body had already heated to the point that I was sweating.

“Oh no,” Eliza whispered as she dropped down next to me, stroking my hair. “I’ll get you out of here.”

She helped me sit against the wall before she frantically started to search for a way out. My overconfident father hadn’t



locked the door behind him, so she hurried back to me and pulled me up, mostly carrying my stumbling self.

“Sorry,” I slurred as we reached a larger room. She sat me down and shushed me.

“None of that.” And then she was rushing off to check the barred door. It must have been locked since she kicked it and screamed in outrage, but my best friend was too determined to give up. She continued shoving at doors until she called out, “Found the exit, and it’s not locked! I also found the Rapture.”

“Burn it to the ground, Eliza,” I said, my angry words turning into a slow, awkward slur.

“Hang on,” she said as she scoured the boxes in the room, finally finding a pack of long matches. “We’re getting you out first.” I tried to protest, but I was now officially out of it. She gave up trying to get me to stand and just scooped me up. Her steps were slow and a bit shaky, but she trudged us over to the exit and sat me on the stairs. She slowly opened the door and peeked out, a grin splitting her face. “They made it.” She pulled me outside and settled me under a nearby tree before disappearing back down the stairs. I didn’t think I’d ever been more fucking proud of her in my life.

*Let it all burn.*



Zaven

THE THIRTY-MINUTE DRIVE took less than ten. Thankfully, this side of town was devoid of cops—Maximo’s

doing, most likely.

“Stop here. We go in on foot.” Sutton followed Maximo’s order without hesitation, pulling off under the overpass to give us a bit of cover.

“They’ll already know we’re coming,” Alessandro said. “I’ve got my sniper rifle, so I’m going up.”

He was out of the car with his rifle in hand, heading for the top of the old abandoned overpass. The location, along with all the other damning evidence, confirmed that the Humble Creed was doing some illegal shit. There was no other reason to choose a building out in the forgotten portion of the city.

If Maximo had known what they were doing with the ecstasy he had been selling them, I was sure he would have put an end to it a long time ago.

Rage boiled in me so intensely that I needed an outlet sooner rather than later. Lucky for me, we were already stalking forward. Every step fucking hurt, but I wasn’t going to hold myself back. We could take some time to heal and relax after these assholes were blown off the fucking map.

“We’ll handle the distraction,” Loki promised, veering off through the field with his men in tow, ready to hit the opposite side of the complex.

Once we were over the top of the hill, a copse of trees came into view. Just beyond that, I could make out a tall chain-link fence with barbed wire on top.

“Must be scared of losing their sex slaves,” Sutton said bitterly. “Don’t harm a single omega, but everyone else in this building can fucking burn.”

“I’ve got Valentina and our doctors waiting at the safe house. We can call Clark to come in with the cargo vans if we

need it,” Maximo said as he clapped him on the shoulder. Seeing my alphas working side by side, like fallen vengeful angels, would have been hot as fuck if I wasn’t so damn worried about Hazel.

Once we reached the trees, the battle started. Gunshots and revving engines could be heard in the distance, telling us that the MC was seeing some kind of action.

“Fortified?” Maximo deadpanned as he shot the measly padlock and chains they thought would keep us out. It fell to the ground with a clink, and the alphas opened the gate, letting Emiliano and I rush ahead.

“I’m going for the biggest building. Come on, Zaven,” Sutton said, gesturing to the middle structure. Maximo and Emiliano went off to the right, heading for the first of the smaller ones.

The moment we stepped inside, the smell of smoke and chemicals was overpowering.

“Is this a fucking church?” Sutton asked.

“No,” I said. “Look, it’s a stage with a podium and nothing else. That’s probably where they talk about how they’re suffering out in our world and all that other cultish bullshit.”

“Hazel? Eliza?” Sutton yelled out. We both had our guns ready in case anyone came out to challenge us, but it seemed we were alone.

“Search the place,” I said as I started yanking open doors. The kitchens were empty, and so were the storage and restrooms. Before I could go on stage and check the door behind it, the front door burst open. Sutton and I jumped behind cover and got ready to shoot, only to see Loki and his men stomping inside.

“Fire?” Loki asked.

We stood up, and I let Sutton answer while I went for the last door.

“We’re searching now. No THC members here,” he answered.

“Alessandro took out their main guards, and we have about ten rounded up. It wasn’t a heavily guarded location,” Loki responded as they rushed to catch up to me.

“Basement,” I announced as I took the stairs two at a time. “Hazel? Eliza?”

“Zaven!” Eliza’s voice was muffled and far away. The hall was quickly filling with smoke, so we ducked down and kept moving forward. Loki and Sutton started kicking in doors, releasing terrified omegas from each room and ushering them upstairs. It figured that the alphas had abandoned the place when it went up in flames, leaving their omegas behind. *Pieces of shit*. Finally, at the end of the hall, we reached a barred door, seeing Eliza’s face on the other side.

“Where’s Hazel?” I yelled through the door when I realized she was alone.

“I just got her out a back entrance. Go! We’ll meet you outside!” she yelled before disappearing into the smoke.

# Chapter 27



ALESSANDRO

THE COMPOUND WAS IN CHAOS. Through the scope of my gun, I could see women running out of the building, and the fire was speeding up, consuming everything in its path. It took every ounce of self-control and discipline to stay on the hill, gun at the ready, watching everyone's backs.

I didn't see a sign of Hazel anywhere, but then again, I wouldn't be surprised if the alphas had taken her with them. The snap of a stick behind me drew my attention, and I had a smirk on my face before the guy even spoke.

"You must be one of the fools who thinks you can have our Sarah," the man spat. When I turned around, his face was full of rage. "A fucking beta. Pathetic! What use are you all, anyway?"

"She's found plenty of use for me," I replied smugly. "Especially when she came on my cock during her heat. Over

and over again. She's fucking amazing, but you'll never find that out."

Two other men came out from behind some trees to stand beside the first, equally pompous expressions on their faces as they looked me over. Their gut reactions to me being a beta weren't surprising. While there was always decent treatment of alphas, even with the restricted courting laws, the stigma with being a beta still remained. No knots to satisfy an omega and no heats to entice an alpha... where did we stand in the world? Luckily, I hadn't run into people like that often or maybe it's better to say, lucky for them to not run into me.

"What makes you think we haven't? We had her long enough to try her for ourselves. You can have our sloppy seconds, *beta*, we found her lacking."

The world stopped spinning as my breath left my lungs.

*They didn't... Did they?*

*I'll kill them.* I'd serve their dicks to Hazel on a fucking silver platter as an apology for not getting here sooner.

"Stay there, beta. Tell the De Lucas to watch their backs." The so-called leader spat in my face before letting loose with a loud, abrasive laugh. The other two joined in as I wiped the spit off my face and pulled my handgun from the shoulder holster under my jacket.

Without hesitation, I aimed, shooting all three in rapid succession. Blood and brain matter exploded, splattering myself and the trees around us. I might prefer distance when it came to my jobs, but this was personal. Nothing but grim satisfaction filled me as I walked over and looked down at their leader, his mouth open and eyes wide with shock.

“You thought you could give me fake mercy,” I told him softly, reaching down for my knife. “You picked the wrong De Luca. Now, to give my wife a gift.”

Putting the knife to work, I went about getting something that only I could give my omega.



### Maximo

LOKI LED the way through the burning building, running down hallways until we burst out of a side door.

“Eliza!”

“Around the left side,” she yelled back before she began to cough. Loki and Bane paled at the sound.

I was right on their heels as we rounded the side of the building, and relief hit me like a ton of bricks when Hazel came into view. The relief was short-lived once I took in the sheen of sweat on her skin and her fast breathing.

“Fuck,” Emiliano cursed as he came to stop beside me. Zaven and Sutton weren’t far behind him.

“Hazel,” Zaven breathed, rushing forward to drop to his knees beside her. His hands shook when he reached out to touch her, but he stopped short. Her eyes fluttered open, and a wide grin filled her face before her mouth formed my beta’s name. Zaven gathered her close, a broken sob falling from his lips as he buried his face in Hazel’s long hair. I could hear him apologizing over and over again.

Loki and his beta were looking Eliza over while my wife's friend kept her eyes locked on us.

“Can you tell us what happened?” I asked Eliza, giving Zaven his moment. He needed it more than any of us right now.

Eliza nodded a few times, letting Loki wrap an arm around her and pull her into his side. “They jumped us outside of the restaurant and drugged us with something to knock us out. I woke up alone, then some alphas came in, trying to show me the errors of my ways. Then they fed me those awful pills, and I had to pretend they affected me. I'm fairly sure they'd have overdosed me if not. Hazel got thrown into the room with me a little while later after she pissed off her exes. But then her dad showed up—”

“A real fucking piece of work,” Hazel slurred, blinking over and over as she turned to face the rest of us. I squeezed my eyes shut, desperately trying to keep my alpha urges in check, because every ounce of protective instinct was pulling at the reins, wanting to find someone to kill for giving her that drug again. “He's the one that shoved the pills in my mouth. He covered my face until I swallowed some of it.”

Sutton growled beside me, and I opened my eyes to see Zaven holding her, gently rocking her.

Emiliano grinned at her, the smile too wide and full of cruelty. “And where is this man so we can deal with him for you?”

“I put him in a chokehold until he passed out. I might have locked him in the cell so he couldn't escape the fires.” The bikers beside her slowly turned to look at the omega. I was shocked that she'd done any of that, but given the glimmer of



fury and pain in her eyes, I knew there was a lot more than met the eye when it came to Hazel's friends.

"Where did the fire come from?" Sutton asked.

"Hazel asked me to burn the Rapture." She shrugged nonchalantly. "So I did. I made sure it was hot enough to take out the whole fucking building."

"You're the best." Hazel grinned at her before shivering in Zaven's arms. "A heat won't hit from this," she tried to reassure us. "But it's going to take some time to work through my system."

"Let's get you home," I said gruffly, stepping forward and waiting for Zaven to release her. Right now, I wanted nothing more than to scoop her up in my arms.

"I'll get the SUV," Sutton said after pressing a kiss to Hazel's forehead. He ran off while Loki and Bane talked to Eliza in the background, saying they were going to take her back to the house because the girls were waiting there.

I had no idea what was and wasn't going on between them and Hazel's friend, but the respect they showed her made me feel comfortable leaving her in their capable hands. Somehow, during all of the insanity of my life, Hazel's friends had become like family to me. I'd be using my role as head of the Family to make sure they were okay, all three of them.

A slender hand came up, cupping my jaw. Hazel was staring up at me with a small smile. "Thank you, all of you, for coming for me."

"You're our wife, omega," I told her gruffly. "We will *always* come for you."

"We still have the ex-fiancés to worry about," Emiliano warned, his gaze searching the area.

“Tear the place apart...” Alessandro waltzed into view, ending my train of thought. Blood and bits of flesh were splattered on his clothes, and his sniper rifle was slung over his shoulder. His icy gaze was intent on Hazel as he strode forward and held up a bag.

“What is that?” Hazel softly murmured, her head listing to the side to look at my brother.

The tightness around his eyes told me he knew she had been drugged, but the grim expression lightened when he opened the bag and emptied its contents on the ground.

Hearts.

Alessandro had dropped three bloody hearts onto the ground.

“Your ex-fiancés won’t be a problem anymore, Hazel. Ever. I made sure of it.”

“If I wasn’t so drugged up I couldn’t stand on my own, I’d kiss you so fucking hard right now,” Hazel said, and the ice in Alessandro’s face thawed enough that he smiled at her, stepping closer to me to press a soft kiss to her lips.

“Save that thought for another time. After all, we’re married. You’ll have plenty of time to show your appreciation.”

Hazel laughed, the sound washing away some of my worry. Eliza had saved her, and we’d managed to get them both away in the end. I couldn’t imagine my life without the omega in my arms, and I could confidently say that everyone in my pack felt the same.

# Epilogue



HAZEL

THE BLACK WEDDING dress I'd chosen hung on the closet door of my fancy suite. My fingers ran over the lacy material, and a smile formed on my black-tinted lips. This day had been a whirlwind, but I'd never been happier. The guys had rented out an entire hotel just for this weekend, and I was waiting for the girls to finish getting ready in the other room.

In the weeks following our kidnapping, the guys had been busy. The clean-up had been swift to beat the police's arrival, taking advantage of the fire to cover their tracks. It was almost a full-blown wildfire before emergency responders made it out. By then, all the omegas were safe. Valentina had taken it upon herself to ensure they were getting the resources they needed for fresh, drug-free starts.

The Humble Creed had taken a huge hit, and thanks to the witch hunt the guys had started, the hits were going to keep coming. Some of the rescued omegas were speaking out, and

the entire cult was being hunted now. Now that the government was after them for their drug use, raids were happening all over. The missing omegas' families were coming out in droves, exposing the Humble Creed even further. All of the secrets were coming to light, really showing how far they'd fallen into corruption. At this point, there was no chance of the organization recovering their public image.

"You ready to get the dress on?" Sienna asked, joining me. I'd finished first and slipped in here for a moment of peace before we pulled on our dresses.

"I am," I said confidently. They rushed over and gave me a group hug, starting up the waterworks.

"The first one of us is finally getting married! I can't believe it," Eliza practically blubbered.

"Technically, I'm already married," I pointed out, earning a swat.

"That doesn't count! This is the real deal. The big dress, the ballroom, the sparkling lights." We all let out a collective sigh at the thought of what we'd find downstairs. I had entrusted our wedding planners to handle it. I wanted a big gorgeous wedding... with a gothic flair. She had shown me a few concepts, but approving a collage and seeing it in person would be completely different experiences.

Getting into the big dress was a struggle, but thankfully, my besties and I had few, if any boundaries, so it wasn't as awkward as it could have been. Nothing says best friend like someone grabbing your breasts to help them sit just right for maximum cleavage.

"Oh my god, Hazel. Look at yourself," Teagan said. Our least emotional friend was now crying, which totally didn't

bode well for my eye makeup. Turning to the mirror, I took myself in.

I was gorgeous. The black dress hugged every curve before flaring out, and I felt like a fucking queen. The sweetheart neckline made my boobs look amazing, and my smokey eyes and black lips were perfect. My hair was flowing in dark curls around me, and Eliza pinned the black veil in place before gently pulling it over my face to give me the full effect.

“Are you ready for your forever, Hazel?” she asked with a smile. I placed my hand in hers so she could lead me from the room.

“I am.”

We reached the ballroom, and I got my first glimpse at the room. The decor was a gorgeous mix of black, silver, and glitter. From the sparkling lights to the black flowers, I was enraptured.

But that wasn't what truly held my attention. It was the five men waiting for me at the altar. Every one of them was wearing an all-black, form-fitting tux, looking sexy as hell. I was a lucky bride.

When the music started, I took the first step to my future. I walked toward my men with my four besties by my side because I couldn't think of anyone I'd rather have give me away.

There was nothing holding me back now. The past was officially the past. And now we were about to have a wedding I could *actually* remember, with my best friends by my side and my pack waiting for me at the end of the aisle.

This wasn't the life I had ever envisioned for myself... It was better.

If you like our omegaverse then check out our completed duet paranormal omegaverse, Mystic Harbor. It has brothers in the harem, high steam, and a found family!

*Power of Fate, Mystic Harbor Book 1*

# ABOUT JARICA JAMES

For updates and info on my work, make sure you join my reader group and stalk...  
I mean follow me on social media!

[The Reaper Realm](#)

[Bookbub](#)

[Instagram](#)

[Website/Newsletter](#)

ALSO BY JARICA JAMES



*Omegaverse*

***PNR (The Knottyverse)***

Origins (Standalone)

<https://geni.us/kvorigins>

Embers and Magic (Duet) - Complete

<https://geni.us/embersandmagic>

## *Contemporary*

Safe Haven:

<https://geni.us/safehavenov>

***Fantasy RH - Complete 4 book series***

Fractured Fae - complete fantasy RH

<https://geni.us/fracturedfaeseries>

## *Paranormal Reads*

### ***Obsidian Cove Supernatural Academy series: (completed 6 book series)***

Call of the Siren: <http://geni.us/cots>

Path of the Bear: <http://geni.us/potb>

Trial of the Vampire: <http://geni.us/totv>

Mark of the Psychic: <https://geni.us/motp>

Power of the Mage: <https://geni.us/POTM>

Vigil of the Gargoyle: <http://geni.us/votg>

### ***Demons of Dark Haven Institute***

Reject: <https://geni.us/dhreject>

Misfit: <https://geni.us/dhmisfit>

### ***The Blood and Moonlight Series (Complete Wolf Trilogy)***

Pack Forsaken: <mybook.to/packforsaken>

Pack Evaded: <mybook.to/packevaded>

Pack Reclaimed: <mybook.to/packreclaimed>

### ***The Spirit Vlog series: (Ghost hunters, each book is a new case) (completed)***

Haunts and Hotels: <http://geni.us/handh>

Parks and Poltergeists: <http://geni.us/pandp>

Haunt Sweet Home: <https://geni.us/hauntsweethome>

Mines and Manifestations: <https://geni.us/mandm>

### ***Spirit Vlog: Haunted Histories***

Haunted Tides: <https://geni.us/HauntedTides>

### ***Mystic Harbor (Cowrite with Suki Williams)***

[Power of Fate, Mystic Harbor Book 1](#)

[Masked by Chaos, Mystic Harbor Book 2](#)

### ***The Forgotten: (Co-write with Suki Williams) (Dystopian PNR Demigods) (Completed)***

Nexus: <https://geni.us/fpnexus>

Broken: <https://geni.us/fpbroken>

Memory: <https://geni.us/fpmemory>

Reset: <https://geni.us/fpreset>

***Not Your Basic Witch series cowrite with A.J. Macey: (completed)***

Witch, Please: <http://geni.us/NYBW1>

Resting Witch Face: <http://geni.us/NYBW2>

Witches be Crazy: <http://geni.us/NYBW3>

Born to be Witchy: <http://geni.us/NYBWnovella>

***Academy of the Elite series cowrite with Rowan Thalia: (3 Book Series)***

Juniper's Sight: <http://geni.us/juniper>

Juniper's Peril: <http://geni.us/juniper2>

Juniper's Trial: <https://geni.us/juniper3>

***Pinch of Sass cowrite with Chloe Gunter:***

<http://geni.us/pinch> (Standalone)

*Scifi Reads*

**Chosen by the Stars:**

<https://geni.us/SOSChosen>

Check out Saved by the Stars and Healed by the Stars here:

<https://geni.us/sosshareduniverse>

*Contemporary Romance Under Jarica Riley*

***Arranged:***

**<http://geni.us/arranged>**

***Once Upon A Pineapple (Standalone MF):***

<https://geni.us/ouap>

***Broken Silence (YA):***

<http://geni.us/brokens>

***Battered Voices (NA):***

<https://geni.us/batteredv>

***Cruel Crimes: (Dark Mafia RH Romance Duet)***

Damaged goods:

<https://geni.us/Damaged>

Wicked Games:

<https://geni.us/ccwicked>

***Twisted: (Bully BDSM Standalone)***

<https://geni.us/twistedmmf>

# ABOUT SUKI WILLIAMS

The best way to stay up to date with my work is to join my reader group, sign up for my newsletter or check out my website.

[www.authorsukiwrites.com](http://www.authorsukiwrites.com)

<https://linktr.ee/SukiWilliams>

ALSO BY SUKI WILLIAMS

***Queen of Hearts Trilogy***

[Hard Limits, Queen of Hearts Book 1](#)

[Safe Word, Queen of Hearts Book 2](#)

[Their Domme, Queen of Hearts Book 3](#)

***Lies and Loves***

[Beauty of Corruption, Lies and Loves Book 1](#)

[Beauty of Betrayal, Lies and Loves Book 2](#)

***Standalone***

[Performed, Besties and Booze Book 3](#)

***Anthologies/Shared Worlds***

[Heartless Heroes](#)

[Chronicles of the Damned](#)

[The Enigma Society - Insidious](#)



*Co-writes with Jarica James*

***The Forgotten Series***

[Nexus, Forgotten Prison Book 1](#)

[Broken, Forgotten Prison Book 2](#)

[Memory, Forgotten Prison Book 3](#)

[Reset, Forgotten Prison Book 4](#)

***Mystic Harbor***

[Power of Fate, Mystic Harbor Book 1](#)

[Masked by Chaos, Mystic Harbor Book 2](#)