

CLAIMED

Omega

Knot
My Pack
Omegaverse

LIORA ROSE

Claimed Omega

KNOT MY PACK OMEGAVERSE

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Claimed Omega



**Fighting for my own life may mean losing the men I love...
...men who I dared hope loved me too.**

I'm barely free from my father's deadly grasp when my alphas' pasts rise up to threaten us all. And I'm left wondering if I even know the men I've fought with and for.

Can I trust them?

Are they really mine?

I once thought I knew the answers, but now I'm not so sure - I'm really not sure of anything.

Except the hard, cold, deadly truth of our situation - two mafia families have painted targets on all our backs, and they're out for blood. And if I know the families, and I do, they'll have that blood no matter the cost.

I won't lie. I'm scared.

Scared to my bones of losing the men I've fallen for, of losing myself in them.

It will take a deal with a devil to pull this off.

Lucky for me, I just happen to know three of them...

One

8

TRINITY

“The fucking Matteis empire is mine!” Axel roared louder as if we didn’t hear the idiot the first time.

Still, I shuddered at his words, at the clash of the two guards fighting with Viper and Aspen, at Shadow flat on the floor bleeding to death.

I kept wiping my tears with the edge of my shoulder while my hands pressed down on the wound in his chest. My insides turned to liquid while agony burned through my chest and pierced my heart as I watched Shadow growing weaker, groaning with pain, and I couldn’t do a thing about it.

My pulse raced through my veins that I’d lose him like this, and I struggled for breath.

Jet black hair stuck to the sides of his face from perspiration and blood. His face was pale, and he looked so lost. This powerful man wasn’t supposed to be on the floor, suffering like this.

“Hold on, Shadow. I’ll get you help very soon.”

I jerked my head up to the chaos consuming the room. We’d come to speak with Shadow’s great-grandfather at his mansion after he asked for our audience, but I didn’t expect Shadow’s cousin, Axel, to kill the old man. I stared at him... Don, the mafia boss of the Shchavlev family, sprawled face down on the floor of his study with a knife sticking out from his back, blood soaking into his suit jacket.

The big man so many feared had been taken out by one of his own in a heartbeat. Nothing was secure in this world. The

higher you rose, the more people wanted to tear you down and take your place. Cruelty lived in most people's hearts rather than loyalty, but I felt no pity for men like him or my mafia leader. They could all go to Hell.

My focus returned to Shadow, his piercing blue eyes locked on me, and it killed me to see his agony. Heartache roared through me like a tsunami, rising to the surface, and my tears fell quicker, no matter how much I tried to blink them away. My throat thickened, but I couldn't be weak in front of him. He needed to see me strong. His breaths grew raspy, and his hard jaw clenched. My gorgeous Alpha was fighting for his life.

"Hold on," I murmured. My chest was on fire with each inhale, but I kept placing pressure on his wound. Ripping off my blouse as I wore a tank top underneath, I bunched it up and frantically pressed it on his wound. I didn't know much about gun wounds, but I knew enough to stop the bleeding before I lost him. My hands were shaking furiously.

Shit, we should have known our visit to his mafia family would backfire. We shouldn't have come. I glanced over my shoulder to see the men were still fighting. And wait, was Axel wiping the hilt of his knife on Don's back. Fury rose through me as it was clear what he was going to do.

I moved to get up, to stop him, to do something, but Shadow snatched my arm, his grip weak.

Leaning forward, I whispered with a trembling voice, "You're going to be okay, I promise. Even if I must take out the bullet myself and stitch you back up, I am not letting you die on me. No way is my Alpha dying on me." Desperation moved through me, hungry and sharp, tearing at my chest. "We need a doctor," I called out, unsure who heard me, but panic was coming over me like wildfire, destroying me.

I wiped the perspiration running down the side of his face, every inch of me shaking harder.

"Trinity," he croaked, his eyes flaring open as he groaned in pain, attempting to push himself upright, then collapsing with a growl.

“Don’t move,” I pleaded, my forced smile wavering. I couldn’t hold it together. “We have to stop the bleeding.”

Someone suddenly grabbed me brutishly by the back of my neck, fingers squeezing tightly, and ripped me away from Shadow.

I yelped from the sharpness biting into my muscles across my shoulders, from how roughly they hauled me across the room, my legs fighting to gain leverage.

Screaming, I kicked back, but I missed and found myself being swung around to face Shadow’s cousin, Axel. At first sight, I had considered him handsome with those deep blue eyes and dark, cropped hair, and he had the same captivating features as Shadow. It ran in the Matteis family line. Now, as I glared at him, I only saw the monster he was.

“What’s a little thing like you doing with these three maggots?”

His filthy grimace only made me angrier, and I shoved him, beating my fist on the arm locked around mine.

“Let go of me!” I yelled in his face. A growl caught in my throat from the anger that poured through me from the heartbreak. Before I knew it, I was swinging my fists at the asshole. “You got Shadow shot, you fucking bastard!”

His nose scrunched, then he snatched my throat before swinging me around to face the room. He pressed his chest flush to my back, his hard cock against my ass. The fucker was getting off on this. Hot, stale breath washed over my cheek as his mouth grazed my ear.

“I can smell your heat. It’s so ripe. I could lick it all, and you’d beg me for more.”

“Fuck you,” I hissed against the tightness of his hand around my throat. “You touch me, and I’ll kill you as easily as you murdered your own flesh and blood.” My gaze fell on Don once more, then shifted to Viper and Aspen, pounding fists into the guards, and I knew it wouldn’t be long before they’d win. Except my Shadow. Fuck... he was so pale now,

bleeding heavily. Dread wormed through my gut, driving the air from my lungs, only letting me draw short, shallow breaths.

He'd managed to place a hand over his wound, my bunched-up shirt having slipped off the wound. Blood spilled through his fingers. God, I'd never seen so much blood.

Please, don't die.

My chest clenched, and a cry stifled in my throat as Axel tightened his grip. I shoved against him, needing to get to Shadow, to help him.

"Listen here, Omega bitch," Axel droned in my ear, and having him touch me sickened me. "Let me simplify this for you. Stay with those pricks and you'll die with them. Get on your knees for me, and I'll spare your life. Then I'll show you what a true Alpha can give you."

He ground his cock against my ass, and I hated how harshly he held me, his fingers digging into my neck. This wasn't about lust. It was about him dominating me, making my Alphas suffer. I couldn't take the abuse any longer, or the ache in my chest of seeing Shadow slowly bleed out. I would never be with another Alpha than my three and never Axel.

"How does that sound?" he growled in my ear, his other hand squeezing my breast.

Fury blinded me, and I slammed my heel into his foot, then threw my bent elbow into his gut. Ripping from his grasp, I lunged away from him, whipping back around to face him.

"Don't ever fucking touch me again," I threatened, not recognizing myself. I grew up with hardship, with threats, but I'd never fought back. Now I wanted to rip the smug grin off his face. "I hate you."

"Good. I love women who have their claws out."

I recoiled toward Shadow just as Viper tore away from the groaning guard he'd left in a pool of blood and came my way. He was a warrior in that moment, blood streaked across his face.

Regardless of the unresolved issues between us, I was completely relieved to have him on my side. The empathy on his face when he looked at me and the ache in his eyes when he found Shadow were sincere. When we first met, he was standoffish and an asshole. He still had those traits and had a lot to make up for, but at that moment, I could see the true love he had for his pack, how much they meant to him... how much I did.

Viper turned his full fury onto Axel. "I'm going to rip your hands off for touching her and shove your balls down your throat."

The two stared at one another like primal animals, hatred reddening.

But when Axel raised his gun to Viper, my heart died.

Then it all happened too quickly.

A blur shot across the room—Aspen slamming into Viper just as the gunshot banged. Something fast rushed right past my arm, and I flinched back just as the bullet skimmed past my bare arm with heat, but by some miracle not hitting me. A scream rushed past my throat. My men were on the floor, and I was scrambling toward Shadow just as the front doors slammed open. My head was spinning, and my heart was in my throat.

Everything was going too quickly, and one of us was going to get shot again if we didn't stop that lunatic, Axel.

"What the fuck is going on here?" A man built like a bull charged into the room, followed by a dozen guards. His dark eyes were huge as he scanned the chaos in the study, pausing on Shadow's state and me, his meaty shoulders rising as though he was going to lose his shit.

"Axel," he bellowed in a reprimanding tone. "What the fuck happened?" Then, noticing Don on the floor, his eyes bulged out of his head, and he darted over to the dead man, kneeling at his side, taking his pulse.

"Help, Shadow needs help. Call an ambulance, please, something," I cried out frantically, but the man was more

concerned at seeing Don on the ground, unmoving. Of course, he wouldn't care. He was one of them... a Matteis.

"Don, fuck!" his voice quaked, his breaths deep and heavy. He cared for the old man.

Guards infiltrated the room, and I froze next to Shadow, pressing my shirt against his wound, too scared to move. We were trapped as the air thickened with tension.

My heart was going at a million miles a minute, and I had no clue what to expect. Viper and Aspen had gotten to their feet, looking ready to lunge into war, hands fisted, chests heaving for breath. We were outnumbered, and it would be suicide to think we could take them all on.

I'd heard it said that it didn't take long for your life to be turned upside down. A moment in time. A fleeting heartbeat.

"They killed Don," Axel announced at the newcomer, twisting toward him with aggression in his movement, his gun still gripped in his hand. I half expected him to shoot the guy for daring to question him.

Ice filled my veins, and I stiffened at his blame on us. Sucking in hard breaths, I watched everything play out, feeling a sense of déjà vu as though I was back at my father's mansion when he killed that man for breaking into this home.

"Fuck off." Viper was growling. "You took our weapons, fucker. Maybe check the knife and you'll see that it belongs to Axel. He killed his own family."

"Shut the fuck up, idiot. The guilty don't get to speak." Axel barked a laugh, shaking his head. "I was about to kill the lot of them to pay for their treason." He glanced over to the two groaning guards in the corner, pushing themselves onto their feet and looking like they'd been run over by a semi-truck.

"Rusty," Shadow groaned, but his voice was barely audible, and my mind buzzed, remembering that Shadow had met with Rusty in the bar. He was his contact in the Matteis family.

“We didn’t kill him. Axel did,” Aspen spoke, holding himself stiff.

“They’re lying,” one of the beat-up guards groaned, wiping the blood from his busted-up nose. “We were in the room and saw the whole thing. Shadow threw himself at Axel, grabbed his blade, and stabbed Don in the back. We barely stopped him from taking down Axel.”

I sneered at them. They were framing us. Panic flared in my mind, and I barely had room to think about anything else. There was nothing stopping Axel from just shooting all of us right that moment, especially with the way he kept glaring in our direction.

“That’s a lie,” I blurted. “He and the guards attacked us after he killed Don.”

Before I could even contemplate arguing the point, Axel swung his gun around, like a loose cannon, his attention on Rusty.

“How about you get out of my fucking face and do your job? Get those fuckers and bring them into the yards. We’re killing them today as revenge for taking out Don. And you can call me your new boss.”

Something vicious and prideful flashed behind Axel’s otherwise vacant eyes as the asshole raised his chin defiantly. Hatred shifted through me, and I clenched my jaw when I stared at him.

Rusty’s lips twisted with his displeasure, though he didn’t bite back right away. He stared back at us, at Shadow on the floor.

“Are you fucking deaf?” Axel barked, shoving a shoulder into Rusty as he passed him, stuffing his gun back into the holster on his belt. “Get them out into the yard. All of you. The Don has been murdered by his great-grandson, Shane. Call the family, guards, the whole fucking army, to show them how we deal with our enemies.”

“You son of a bitch,” Viper snapped at Axel, his voice darkening.

“What are you waiting for?” Axel turned to Rusty, challenging him. Even if he didn’t stand as tall or broad as the guard, Axel had a manic expression on his face that made him unpredictable and dangerous as hell.

Rusty cleared his throat. “I can’t do that. Under Don’s rulership, he implemented the Pact, which applies to his death.”

“What the fuck!” Axel growled, noticing the new guards who had entered with Rusty standing at his back.

Rusty squared his shoulders, his gaze skimming over to Shadow and back to Axel.

“We must adhere to the Pact, which means the accused can’t be harmed for twenty-four hours while they deal with their affairs, make peace with life, whatever the fuck they want. During that time, they can’t be harmed or touched. After that, they have a week to disprove their guilt, but during that time, they are also fair game for everyone to take them down. During that one week, if they haven’t found proof, they will be considered guilty and can no longer prove their innocence. And they will be on everyone’s hit list until they’re dead.”

I gasped from shock, and everyone twisted in my direction. Their eyes pierced into me, and I felt naked, vulnerable... like crying, but I didn’t care about me, not when Shadow was going to die if he didn’t get help.

“Are you fucking with me?” Axel snarled. “You have three witnesses who saw who killed Don, and you’re giving them leniency?” Axel’s upper lip curled into a filthy grimace, his eyebrows furrowing.

“It’s not leniency but giving everyone a fair chance to prove their innocence, just as Don would have done for anyone in the Matteis family. Shadow is his great-grandson, so the rule applies.” His gaze dipped to Don, lingering on the man for a long time, his brow furrowing.

Rusty had balls of steel. I’d never seen a guard stand up to someone in such a way, which made me think he was much higher on the food chain in the Matteis family.

With a flick of his hand to his guards, he pointed at us, saying, “Get them a car to go and settle their affairs.” With his attention on us, Rusty said, “And there’s no way to leave the city. All exits and entries are manned by our men, and you’ll be seen. Follow the Pact, and if you’re innocent, you’ll find a way to prove it.”

I couldn’t help but hear the distinct difference in his tone in his last few words—they told me he didn’t believe Axel’s lies, but he couldn’t go against him.

“Fuck!” Axel huffed loudly. “The Pact it is then,” he snapped, the nerve in his neck pulsing. “I’ll give them one day to fix their affairs. After that, they’re dead.”

And with those last words, our fate was sealed.

This was so fucking bad!

Two

8

“Fucking rats,” I growled in the rust-bucket car we’d been shoved into and told to piss off from the Matteis mansion. To close our affairs before they came to butcher us!

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

They hadn’t even offered to patch Shadow, just threw him into the back seat, bleeding all over the place and close to passing out.

I held my hand pressed tight to the bullet wound. He was lying on his back, head on my lap, his legs bent and against the door. I was livid, my muscles tense, my jawline set, and I needed to smash something.

That fucker, Axel, framed us to take the fall for his murder.

Fury roared, flooding my head, my pulse racing in my veins. Dragging in harsh breaths, they burned the back of my throat from the anger pushing down on me. All I could feel on the inside was fire.

“He looks terrible.” Trinity was twisted around in the front seat, her eyes on Shadow, her voice trembling. She was reaching back to hold his hand. “Shadow, please hold on.”

Viper, on the other hand, was driving like a maniac past the mansion gates, his headlights bouncing off the empty land across the street, drenched in the night. I was in the backseat, holding onto Shadow, while the poor guy was white as paper. He’d lost so much blood—fuck, we were running out of time.

His eyes were half-closed, and I was surprised he hadn't passed out yet.

I lurched into the door as the car's back tires skidded and had to grab the handle above the door to avoid Shadow falling over.

"Fuck, Viper!" I shouted, which did nothing. I knew it wouldn't, but it made me feel better. I had no idea if this piece of crap car would even handle corners without skidding out of control. Evidently, the Matteis fuckers said our car we'd arrived with at the mansion was unavailable, meaning they'd planned to strip and sell it. Assholes.

Trinity stared back at me, her eyes wild with terror. She held onto her seat with a death grip. The ache in her gaze as she lowered her gaze to Shadow was killing me, and my gut churned.

I couldn't tear my gaze from her beauty, from the way she messily tucked her pink hair behind her ears, how she looked so beautiful after she'd cried, so pure, so genuine. I'd never imagined that one day I'd finally meet someone as perfect as her. For too long, I told myself I didn't deserve anyone, not after I'd killed my brother. Accident or not, his blood was still on my hands.

Before the carpet had been yanked out from under us, I'd told Trinity about my past because I wanted no secrets between us. I wanted her to see the real me, even if it killed me to show her how weak I still was.

Heaving in a deep breath, I glanced at her once more to see she stared at me with stars in her eyes.

"Are you okay?" she asked gently, her hand reaching over and stroking mine.

My pulse sped at her touch, at the loving way she stared at me. I craved it as if my life depended on it as much as I needed oxygen.

"I'm just worried about Shadow, about you, about us," I finally answered.

We stayed like that for a few moments, in a silence that was cruel. Cruel because it was everything I'd desired when it came to finding my mate... an Omega—my Omega.

“Viper, where are we going?” she asked, turning to him.

“Only one place where we can get immediate help for Shadow.”

“Then do it. Go faster,” Trinity said, encouraging him. The guy was a lead foot already, not needing the push.

Next thing I knew, he had the cell phone to his ear, barking instructions, driving madly with one hand.

“Shadow's been shot. He's gonna need the bullet taken out. We're coming over now. Get everything ready.” Then he hung up and slammed his foot on the gas.

“Rusty,” Shadow murmured.

“Don't talk,” Trinity was cooing, stroking his hand, her eyes puffy from her tears.

We'd been through so much shit lately, it left me completely mesmerized at Trinity's tenacity not to completely lose her mind. She was a fighter, just like us. I absolutely adored that about my girl.

“He's going to make it, right?” she asked softly, staring at me, then at Viper. “Tell me he is because I feel like I'm going to burst out crying and never stop. My heart might also be close to having a cardiac arrest. It hurts so much to see him like this.”

“He'll survive. I give you my word, sweetheart,” Viper stated, placing his hand on her thigh.

She glanced at him, and I couldn't ignore the strain in her expression. Even before the lunacy we'd just experienced, the tension between the two had been skyrocketing. As much as curiosity got the better of me, I refused to put extra stress on Trinity to talk about whatever happened with Viper, but whatever it was, I'd find out. If Viper hurt her, fuck me, he'd wish Axel shot him dead.

Viper was still gawking at Trinity like a lost puppy, but she had her attention on Shadow. We were also swerving into the wrong lane toward oncoming traffic.

“Viper, watch the fucking road,” I growled. “Fuck, man.”

Snapping back to attention, he worked the steering wheel, swinging left and right in the car like we were on a fucking roller coaster.

“We’ll find out soon,” I explained to my little Omega. “I’m praying the bullet hasn’t hit anything major.”

“He’s bleeding so much,” she blurted, tears pouring out, and my heart broke. “Oh shit, what if it hit an artery or his heart?”

Panic squeezed my chest.

“Trinity, he’s—”

“Great fucking work, Aspen,” Viper chided.

“Fuck off and concentrate on driving.” Leaning forward as much as I could, with Shadow half-draped across my lap, I took her trembling hand. “Listen to me. He’s going to be okay, and right now, he needs us to be strong. Okay? Let’s not show him we’re afraid. He’s going to be okay. Otherwise, I’m going to go to fucking Hell and bring him back for you.”

“I know.” She wiped her cheeks, nodding. “I’m trying.”

“And you’re doing fantastic.” I wished I could collect her in my arms and hold her, tell her all would be alright.

For the rest of the trip, she held onto Shadow’s hand, humming a soft song to him, the tune soothing, easing the tension in the car. I breathed calmer, and even Viper wasn’t swerving across the roads as much or swearing at anyone who got in his way.

By the time we parked in front of an old derelict apartment block, I knew where we’d arrived. Viper jumped out of the car and yanked open my door. Awkwardly, I climbed out of the car, then the two of us hauled Shadow out of the back seat.

Trinity hurried out of the car and joined us.

“I’ll carry him. It’ll be quicker,” I offered and lifted Shadow, placing him over my shoulder. I was the biggest of the three, and this place didn’t have working elevators. In truth, no one lived in the apartment building. Most had moved out. Shadow and Daniel had been working on securing the place for years, keeping it empty from squatters and kept electricity running, as a backup safe house for us should the time come.

“I could, too, you know,” Viper muttered, eyes darkening.

“I don’t doubt it,” I said and turned away from him. “But we need him in the room today, not next week.” Smirking to myself, I moved across the sidewalk as he cursed me.

The whole neighborhood was close to non-existent in this part of the city—gray buildings, busted windows, boarded-up homes, broken street lights, potholes in the road. Nobody came to fix this shady side of Liberty.

Most who lived there were homeless or druggies—those lost to the city. Many of the mafia enforcers used the area to dump dead bodies. There were only so many bodies one could dump in the main river crossing the city.

Shadow was groaning.

“Hold on, my friend,” I said. “We’re getting you help.” I made my way up the steps to the front door of the apartment building just as the front door opened.

Daniel stood there, his face panic-stricken, and his mouth dropped open at the sight of his boyfriend, Shadow. “Oh God, he looks horrible.”

“Well, you better get out of my way if you want him to survive.”

He threw himself backward, terror flaring over his face. Behind him, the dilapidated foyer spread out—paint peeling off walls, cobwebs in the corners, spray paint on the walls—but generally, the place was clean.

“Quickly upstairs. Thelma’s got everything ready.”

I was already on it, making progress on the six flights, knowing my thighs were going to burn, but I pushed hard and moved like a demon.

Daniel's footsteps sounded closed behind me, as did his snuffles. I hated seeing him in agony. He'd grown on me, and he was my family. The guy loved Shadow to a fault, but he was also loyal as fuck and would do anything for any of us. His only downfall was his possessiveness over Shadow... which I suspected had a lot to do with the tension I'd felt between him and Trinity back in our compound.

"Seen anything suspicious in the area?" Breathless as we reached the third floor, my lungs were pumping for air as I held onto Shadow tightly so he didn't slip off my shoulder. Feeling his blood running down my back from his wound pushed me to go faster.

"Nothing. Not even the cops come around here anymore. Seen a few locals down the street... mostly just squatters."

"Good. We'll have to take turns watching the street. As far as I know, no one knows you live here, but I'm sure we've been followed, so we won't be able to stay here long." Gasping for air, I pressed on, one step after another, my thighs trembling by the time we reached the fifth floor. Pausing for a moment, I leaned a shoulder into the wall, needing to catch my breath.

Daniel sprinted ahead of me to the top floor until I heard the creak of his door opening.

The poor guy had grown up with his mother in hard times, with no support from his father or the government. That was why he and his mother moved in and lived with Shadow's family for a while. A single Alpha and a young kid living alone in the rundown part of the city was a dangerous mix that would easily attract trouble. He kept the family home as a secret hideout, not that it'd remain that for much longer. In truth, I felt sorry for the guy, but I'd never say that to him. He had too much pride.

With a sharp inhale of air, I pushed off the wall and started the last climb, just as the soft chatter of voices reached me

from down below. By the sound of it, Trinity and Viper were in a heated conversation. I'd find out soon enough what was going on.

Finally reaching the sixth floor, I burst into the apartment as Daniel held the door open. Thelma waved for me to follow her down a corridor. My footfalls hit the floorboards hard as I passed an old leather couch, a small TV, and a cabinet with brown glass that belonged in the 1970s. I charged into a bedroom where the mattress had been covered with towels. Beneath that was a plastic tarp, the kind used by painters.

Shadow groaned as I laid him on his back, and my chest constricted to see him in such a bad state.

"Take his shirt off," Thelma commanded, already bringing over a platter with surgical items she had most likely found in the kitchen and bathroom, along with a bottle of isopropyl alcohol. There were towels and bandages already on the bed.

I ripped the shirt right down the middle of his chest, then slowly peeled the fabric plastered to his skin away from the wound. His moans of pain hurt me because I fucking loved this guy like my brother. I wanted nothing for him but happiness. So, to see someone I respected in such a state sent wave after wave of fury over me. I was going to find Axel and murder that ass-munching fucker.

"It's high on his chest, closer to his shoulder." Thelma started cleaning around his bullet wound with part of a towel drenched in rubbing alcohol. "Good," she said, mostly murmuring to herself. "I doubt it's hit his heart."

"You've done this a few times, I gather," I stated, knowing she had patched our injuries in the past but never in such a dire situation.

"Yeah, my husband was once shot in the back. It was bad, but he survived, and so will my Shane."

Footsteps had me turning around to find Daniel, Trinity, and Viper entering the room. Their fast breaths and startled expressions said it all. Blood ran up Trinity's arms, her clothes blotted in red and completely stained. Glancing at myself, I

wasn't any better. I was covered in Shadow's blood, and ground my teeth, refusing to let the fear of losing get into my thoughts. I wouldn't...

"I don't need a show," Thelma stated, grabbing my attention. "Either you're in here to help or get out of my hair."

"I'm staying," Daniel and Trinity said in unison.

"Good, then you and Viper get out," she ordered.

The two of us left the room as the pair practically bowled us over to get the Shadow.

Viper was in the fridge and came back with two bottles of beer. He handed me one, and we went to stand by the window. The shutters were partially opened enough to let light in and for us to keep an eye out on things down on the main street and surrounding buildings.

"We're gonna have to leave in the morning," he murmured, then took a long drink of his beer. At the same time, Shadow bellowed from the bedroom, which I guessed had everything to do with the rubbing alcohol. "We can't stay here. We were definitely followed, and if not, the car would have a tracker on it."

I nodded, then guzzled down half the beer in my bottle.

"I'm going to skin Axel alive, then break every damn bone in his body while he's still alive." The bitter taste of rage hit the back of my throat. "I need him to suffer."

"Good luck because I'm getting to him first," Viper grunted. "Did you see the way he touched Trinity? I'm so fucking furious, I'll go back, ninja sneak up on him, and—"

"Like fuck you will. You'd break the Pact, and we lose the chance to prove that dicknose was guilty. You know the mafia families follow their damned rules to death and won't be lenient."

"I was about to say that before you lectured me. Fuck, have you ever considered becoming a teacher? You've got the nagging part perfected."

I narrowed my gaze at the prick as his eyes grinned at me while he finished his beer. I did the same, then he took the bottles into the kitchen and dumped them into the trash.

Glancing back outside, the street remained a ghost town. No cars. No people. Then again, it was in the middle of the night.

My mind was drowning in the shithole we'd landed in, taking Trinity with us. Savagery cut through me at the urgency to protect her, to keep her safe, to rut her brains out while she was reaching the crescendo of her heat. Instead, we were staring death in the face.

Viper joined me once more, staring out into the dark where the few street lights that remained flickered as if they were about to go out any second.

“What’s going on with you and Trinity?” I asked, knowing that as a guy, sometimes we may not ask for anyone to stick their noses into our business, but deep down, we appreciate having someone to talk to about it. Just like Viper talked me to when I lost my head after telling Trinity I killed my brother. I was repaying the favor.

Viper groaned, licked his lips, then answered while still staring down at the empty street. “I think she knows that I marked her, and she’s not happy about it.”

“What did you expect to happen?”

He grunted. “If you’re going to berate me, then fuck off.”

I groaned because he was right, even if I wanted badly to tell him I told him so. I sounded childish, but fuck it. He should have known better. Instead, I swallowed back all the words I wanted to throw at him.

“Okay, that’s fair. Go on.”

“I don’t know.” He shrugged. “Part of me hoped if she was as captivated by me as I am with her, she’d have embraced our marking. Now, I feel like a piece of shit, and it’s tearing me apart because when she stares at me, she’s furious and upset, but she won’t talk to me about it. Fuck, I promised myself I wouldn’t be this person anymore, but I’ve gone and fallen for

her so hard, I can't live without her. Marking her was the only way for me to deal with how desperately I wanted her."

"Look, man. Sometimes the biggest heartaches can be resolved by talking." I glanced at him, but he wouldn't turn away from the window.

"That's the problem. When do I get her alone for a conversation, so I can explain my decision to her, and to let her know how much she means to me? Fuck, it's breaking me on the inside." His voice cracked, and he cleared his throat.

"Talk to her." I reached over and squeezed his shoulder. "I see the way she stares at you. She doesn't hate you, but you need to make it up to her for taking away her right to make the decision about being marked. See how things go with Shadow, and if you don't get a chance with her tonight, you'll get it later. It's just shit timing with us facing death and all that." I gave another squeeze, then lowered my hand.

"I know." He turned away and left me alone by the window as he vanished down the corridor.

Survive. That was all we had to do first. Find a way to survive both mafia families wanting a piece of us. Everything else could come after. Viper would have to wait... just like the rest of us. The last conversation I had with Trinity before chaos broke out, I stormed out on her because I was too fucking pathetic to talk to her about my brother. Viper wasn't the only one needing to make wrongs right with our little Omega.

Three

ℒ

TRINITY

“Shadow just needs some rest,” Thelma mumbled to herself, helping Daniel collect the items they used and folding the blood-stained towels. He carried them out of the room for her.

“Will he be okay with the bullet still inside him?” I asked, my insides tight as a knot after watching her clean the wound and bandage him without extracting anything. I always thought I didn’t have the stomach to watch such a procedure, but there was something therapeutic in how she worked nimbly yet delicately.

“The bullet hasn’t hit any major arteries, and seeing we got the bleeding to almost stop, it was safer this way. If I tried to dig it out, I’d cause more damage, and he’d be more susceptible to infection. You know, many people who’ve gone to war have shrapnel and bullets inside them since it was a safer option than surgery in many cases.”

I nodded, staring at the bandages just below Shadow’s shoulder. He’d passed out at some stage as his grandma cauterized the wound, which was probably for the best. I would never get the image of her patching him up out of my head. Daniel and I had exchanged terrified glances at the time, but I was glad Thelma was the one helping Shadow. I might have chickened out and passed out.

Holding Shadow’s hand as he lay on his back, I couldn’t bring myself to let go of him. Dried blood still stained my hands, my arms, and my clothes.

Daniel entered the room just as Thelma walked out, leaving us alone. He took a seat on the edge of the bed across from me, pushing Shadow's damp hair off his face.

"He's going to be sore when he wakes, so he'll just have to take it a bit easy." He spoke mostly to himself, as though he was running through a checklist in his mind of what he had to do.

"We're going to leave tomorrow before the mafia comes for us," I croaked, cringing at how scared I sounded. Each time I stared down at him, my muscles tensed as I remembered how we got into this predicament and how things just seem to be getting worse for us.

"Shadow's strong. He'll be up and running around in no time. He once broke his leg just below his knee, and the day he got home from the doctor's, he was so horny, he pinned me down and..." He glanced at me with huge shocked eyes as if realizing what he was about to say. "Sorry, I'm not sure if you feel comfortable me saying stuff like that around you."

I shrugged. "I don't have a problem with it. You're his Beta and his lover. I get it. I think maybe you're the one with the issue." My intention hadn't been to sound bitchy, but after the day we'd had, I had zero patience for playing games.

"I deserve that." The faintest of frowns curved his lips downward. "And even though I apologized for being an asshole to you and a jealous dickhead, I know it's not enough to make it up to you. You came to us without agreeing, and..." His lips thinned, then he sucked in a sharp breath. "I don't want you to see me as the jealous boyfriend, so I'll do whatever it takes to show you that you mean a lot more to me than I've shown you."

A memory flashed of him walking in on me playing with myself and mocking me afterward. I swallowed at the recollection, embarrassment climbing over my cheeks.

"Yeah, you were a bitch to me, but you're not the only one being an ass to me in this pack. The only person who hasn't really hurt me is Shadow, and I'd give anything right now to crawl into his arms and be cradled against his chest." But then

I remembered finding the invoices in his cabin with the Bronze Cobras logo, and he hadn't told me anything about his business.

"You and me both." Daniel let his gaze drift from me to Shadow, pushing more of his dark hair out of his face.

The silence between us was long and painful. I hated holding grudges, but I refused to be walked over.

"I'm sorry," he murmured, meeting my gaze. "I'll say it every day of our lives to remind you that I fucked up, and I will always take responsibility for it. And I'll remind you how gorgeous you are, too."

"I'll hold you to it," I teased, half-serious to see how much he meant his promise.

His head tilted down in a bow-like nod. "You have my word."

While Daniel had made me bristle in his presence, he was different today, more receptive, warmer, and charming.

On my next breath, a tinge of pain surged through my gut. He must have seen the ache on my face because he moved quickly around the bed and sat beside me.

"The heat?"

I nodded. "It feels more intense than before. I think it's close."

"Can I hold you to ease your pain?"

Appreciating his gesture, I agreed and found myself softening against his chest. His arms coiled around my body. I'd always found Daniel extremely handsome and even arousing. If he made a move on me, I'd have gone there with him because my heat made me crazy like that. I also accepted that he wasn't into me that way, and I could easily share Shadow with him.

He rubbed my back, the ache softening, and I inhaled his chocolate scent, which left me salivating for the delicious treat.

“So, you were saying,” I started. “Shadow was going to fuck you while he had a broken leg.”

Daniel arched a thick eyebrow. “Are you sure you want me to talk about it?”

“Yes. How else are we going to become more comfortable about sharing him? Then I can tell you how he chased me down in the yard of his mansion and fucked me in the shadows while Aspen and Viper were outside, unaware.”

He tilted his head to one side, studying me with those piercing, deep hazelnut eyes, then he burst out laughing.

“Girl, you are dangerous, and it’s why I liked you the moment you arrived in the mansion. You know, I’m not jealous of just anyone. Just the best kind of people.”

I couldn’t help but laugh, then felt terrible for doing it while Shadow lay near us in pain.

I didn’t remember how long we sat there chatting, but I embraced the sense of calmness he brought me. After the shitty day we’d had, I needed the soothing.

“Poor Shadow didn’t even get to enjoy the birthday cake I made him.” Leaning against Daniel’s chest, I couldn’t take my gaze away from Shadow, at how pale he appeared, at the bandages stained with blood.

“It’s for the best. Shadow hates his birthday and refuses to let anyone make a big deal over it. He calls it his cursed day.”

A soft quiver travels up my spine. “That sounds ominous.”

“His parents died on his birthday, and he insists that every year, something goes bad on that one day.”

I raise an eyebrow, glancing up at Daniel. “Like beings shot.”

He nodded, a grimace spreading over his expression. “But everything’s going to be alright, you’ll see. The Alphas will find a way for us to stay alive.” His words were like velvet. Like the rest of us, he worried for all our lives, but I didn’t want to think about that. Not when every time I did, nausea

came over me, and I felt sick to my stomach that we were about to be hunted down.

A knock came at the door, and I stiffened.

Thelma entered before either of us could respond. “I’ll stay with Shane a bit. You two go have something to eat, then get some rest. Tomorrow will be a big day.”

Out in the corridor, I slipped into the bathroom, where I scrubbed my hands and arms free of blood. Looking in the mirror, I realized red spots had splattered over my chest and my chin. I washed those with soap, but the dried blood on my tank top was a lost cause. I didn’t even try to get the stains out.

The bloodied water swirled down the drain, reminding me of Don being stabbed right in front of me. How quickly life was snuffed away, and how the world moved on without you.

I suspected if I lost any of my Alphas, my world would stop and never start again. I wouldn’t want to move on without them, to only hold on to their memories in my heart, to try to go on in this terrible world. The more I thought about it, the more my eyes pricked.

“There’s my little Omega,” Aspen said from the bathroom doorway, shrouded in shadows, with the lights from the hallway behind him spilling into the dark bathroom. I hadn’t heard him approach. “How are you doing?”

“Scared. Worried. Confused. Everything’s happening too fast.”

Stepping into the bathroom, he was everything I could have ever wanted for my Alpha. His hands slid over my hips as he turned me around to face him, and his touch sent excited shivers down my spine.

“It’s going to be okay. We have connections and aren’t going to let you get hurt. I give you my word, gorgeous.”

His words comforted me as much as his body curling around mine. I pressed up against his chest. Warmth radiated from him, and I buried my nose against him. Taking in his sweet, fruity scent mingled with the masculine smell I absolutely adored, I melted into his embrace. His finger slipped

under my chin and raised my head as he leaned down, his lips closing over mine.

The kiss quickly turned into something more—an urgency to get closer, to lose ourselves from the chaos following us.

Aspen kissed me as though he was born to do just that, as if he always needed to, from every stroke of his tongue to the hunger of how close he held me. I was burning up, my nipples hardening, and I wanted nothing more than to fall into bed with him and have him put out the flames of my heat, then I'd fall asleep on his chest. When he broke our kiss, we stared at each other in the dimness of the bathroom.

“I hope you can forgive me for how I behaved back in the cabin... I'm not great at talking about my past regarding my brother. I shouldn't have run out on you.”

He'd told me about how he accidentally killed his brother and to this day, still blamed himself. My heart hurt for him, for everyone one of my men who carried their past like the weight of the world on their shoulders.

“Let's not talk about that right now. I liked when you were just kissing me, and I could pretend we weren't in so much trouble.” My lopsided grin felt awkward as if I had no right to happiness.

“We can do that, but first, you need to eat something. We've hardly eaten today.” Before I could protest, he took me by the hand and walked me into the living room, where he handed me a plate with ham and cheese sandwiches cut into triangles.

The clock on the wall ticked to one a.m., and as if on cue, I yawned.

“Thanks.” I moved to sit on the couch in the space between Daniel and Viper.

Maybe it was a mistake to sit next to Viper. Butterflies were beating their wings wildly in my stomach, heightening the earlier ache from my heat and the arousal Aspen brought out of me. I was hyper-aware of Viper's body next to mine, the way the sides of our legs touched, his arm propped up behind

me over the back of the sofa. Every so often, he shifted, rubbing against my side when his hand moved to my thigh. A whining sound purred past my lips at his touch, and his gaze was filled with desire.

He felt it, too. The electricity between us, the gush of slick on my panties so much more instant than in Aspen's presence—all the things Viper did to me because of one touch... because he marked me. I was so turned on, my head spun, but with it came my anger at him that he never asked for my permission.

“Trinity, sweetheart,” he whispered, gently sliding his hand up my thigh.

Heat climbed through me, and I needed release like never before. Staring at his parted lips, the quickening of his breath, all I could think about was his mouth brushing against my inner thighs. A tingle danced across my clit at the thought that left me short of breath.

“We should go into another room and talk.” He offered me his hand, his mouth breaking into a small smile, the glint in his eyes hopeful.

My breath caught because I knew the moment I went to a room with him, I'd throw myself at him and fuck him like a maniac. It hurt insanely how much I wanted to spread my legs for him, to beg him to knot in me, but I was torn and pissed at him. Until we spoke about what he'd done, I couldn't have sex with him, and right then, that was all I could think about.

“Not now,” I grumbled and stood from the couch, pushing past his offered hand. It hurt me to pull away from him, and I couldn't look back, or I'd see the ache in his eyes. I didn't for a moment think he marked me for malevolent reasons, but I needed my future Alphas to not treat me like everyone had my entire life.

I moved to the window, mechanically eating the sandwich, barely tasting it. I struggled with arousal, with the ache deep in my gut of my rising heat coming for me like a monster from my nightmares. Finishing my food, I set the plate down while I struggled to breathe. Guilt and annoyance rushed me, moving

as fast as the arousal swallowing me. Maybe I should have just gotten it over and done with it... fucked him, then we could have talked. I chided myself internally that I'd give in so easily.

I was no longer the girl I had been at the Institute. I was strong and a fighter.

Wincing when a shadow fell on me, I thought it was Viper, but the scent of muscadine grapes, fruity and sweet, came over me, caressing me and calling to the desire inside me.

"I'm here for you," Aspen purred softly.

"Her heat is coming on more aggressively," Daniel explained as though I wasn't standing there.

Viper growled and disappeared around the corner, then the front door banged shut.

"Where's *he* going?" Daniel asked, setting his plate down on the coffee table.

Emotions flared—anger, frustration, unbearable desire. It felt like all the air had been sucked out of my lungs, and I couldn't take another breath.

"Little Omega," Aspen started, reaching for me, but I realized if I didn't speak with Viper, I'd be a complete mess. I wouldn't sleep, knowing he was that upset, or worse yet, he would leave the apartment and endanger himself.

"I have to speak to him," I murmured, rushing across the room and out of the apartment. The dim light flickered overhead as I glanced over the railing at the spiral staircase. Two floors down, Viper was sitting on a step, arms on his bent legs, head hanging low between them.

My heart quivered at how worked up he got me. We had to sort this out.

Aspen stood in the doorway behind me, watching cautiously. His protectiveness was everything I wanted.

"Just don't leave the building," he suggested. "We have cameras around the place, and there's no one else living in the building."

I offered him a smile of understanding, then made my way down the concrete steps, my stomach practically in my throat. I hated confrontations, but what I hated more was being in an argument with someone when we could talk about it.

Viper didn't move when I sat down next to him. Desire flared at our proximity. Swallowing hard, I ignored the urgency to reach over and touch him, to ask him if he needed me as if his life depended on it.

Instead, I let the silence consume us.

When he finally lifted his head, twisting it to look at me, shadows swam under eyes that glistened. It struck me hard to see a powerful man like Viper close to tears because I was mad at him. On my way down the stairs, I'd been on the verge of turning back around, and I was glad I hadn't. The white elephant in the room was hurting us both, and I had to understand his side.

"You found out what a fucking jerk I am," he croaked.

"Thelma told me at the cabin." Clenching my thighs together, I licked my lips as I reminded myself I was pissed at the Viper, even if I was dying to reach over to him and straddle him there on the steps. It was difficult to be in heat and desire a man who you're mad at. "I'm guessing I don't have to tell you that what you did was wrong, that you took away my choice just like my father and the Institute did. Surely, you know that?"

"I'm not going to give you any excuses, Trinity. I fucked up so badly and don't know what I'm going to do now. Losing you isn't an option, but I'm screwed in the head. Better you know the truth about me and decide if I'm good enough for you."

"So, what?" I said, staring down at my hands, noticing I still had some blood under my fingernails. "That excuses you?"

"Fuck no, that's not what I'm saying." His voice shook, and there wasn't anger behind his words, only a broken man who struggled to hold on. "Something's wrong inside my

head. I lost Lillian, my first Omega, so abruptly, I convinced myself I wouldn't find another one... that I couldn't go through that pain. Then you did something to my heart I never expected. You took it without me realizing it until it was too late. I hate admitting it, but I was scared to hell I'd lose you, too. I wasn't thinking straight..." Pain and heartache flowed from his voice, his eyes softening, then he moved a couple of steps down in front of me, kneeling on a stair as he faced me.

"From the first time I joined you in your nest, something possessive and desperate controlled me. At that moment, I realized I loved you, that somehow, whatever cruel god was looking over us had given me one more chance."

"So, you marked me?" Anger flowed through my question. Part of me wanted to wring Viper's neck, while another part remembered the horrifying story of how he'd lost his Omega in the traffic accident.

For a moment, he just stared at me.

"I don't expect you to forgive me easily, but I'm hoping you do, eventually." He pleaded with his eyes. "Panic and obsession came over me, so I decided in a split second that I couldn't bear to lose you. I marked you in a moment of compulsion. I'm sorry, a billion times over. I'm sorry for taking that decision from you. I can't take it back, but I wish I could." His head dipped, and he smacked the side of his temple with the palm of his hand. "I'm going to make it up to you. I give you my word."

My body trembled as I reached over to grab his wrist, so he'd stopped hitting himself, but touching him had been the wrong thing to do. A zap rushed over my arms and raced all the way down between my thighs. My nipples hardened, crazing against the lacy fabric of my bra.

This gorgeous man was broken. I knew he was crazy and obsessed. I tried to look at him seriously without thinking about how hot I'd suddenly grown. I reminded myself that we'd all suffered and made mistakes, but that didn't change what he did.

“I believe you and the reason you marked me.” The words left my parted lips between rushing breaths.

His head jerked around to meet my gaze, hope sparking in his eyes.

“But that doesn’t mean I forgive your actions. For all you know, I didn’t want to spend my life with you.” I still held onto his wrist, my thumb stroking the inside of his wrist. Touching him felt so incredible, I didn’t want to let him go.

“Trinity, don’t say that,” he whispered, his voice breaking. “I wouldn’t wish my pain on anyone. I’d love to go back to the time when we first met and follow my heart. I wished I’d gotten out of my own fucking head and not been so scared of falling in love again. I’m dying on the inside that I hurt you, that I was so dumb when I should have spent every second covering you in kisses and reminding you that you are the most precious thing on the planet to me. I can’t hold on without you, so I’m going to make it right. I’ll fall to my knees every time we’re together and do everything you ask. Whatever you need, I’ll do it... just please, don’t push me away.”

“Viper,” I gasped from the heat unfurling under my skin, his words curling around my heart.

He met my gaze, both of us breathing heavily.

“Anything you want,” he whispered, leaning in closer, our brows touching. “I’m so sorry for everything I did wrong.”

My throat choked up when I tried to speak to explain it was going to take time for me to accept this, to ask him to explain to me what exactly this meant for us going forward. Instead, I held onto his wrist, losing myself in his smoldering green eyes, both of us panting.

“When you look at me that way, my heart beats harder,” he murmured. “Whenever I see you, when I hear you say my name, I’ll fall to my knees in front of you. You have power over me, and I give my all to you. I don’t want to be set free.”

His fingers grazed my cheek gently, closing the distance between us, making it harder for me to breathe, his gentleness

the opposite of his usual dominance. The myriad of emotions in his eyes touched me, stirring all kinds of feelings deep within me.

“Your scent is heavy. I’m barely holding back from ripping your clothes off,” he whispered, his breaths racing as much as mine.

My body quaked faster, but I’d promised myself to hold back until we sorted out the mess between us, but his tenderness, the closeness of his body to mine, and that delicious pumpkin pie smell were driving me crazy. Euphoria passed through my body as I tingled all over, and a purr slipped past my lips. The anticipation of begging him to touch me more vibrated between us.

“Trinity, let me help you with your heat.” He cocked his head to the side, and it was impossible to ignore just how gorgeous this man was, how weak he made me around him. The flash in his eyes was undeniable arousal. When he leaned in closer, my gaze was on his lips. I craved them on every inch of my body.

A moment of clarity washed the fog from my head, and I remembered that sleeping with him wouldn’t help, that I just needed a bit of space between us to think clearly. I pushed away from him.

“I-I...” Turning away from the man who stared at me like I was his world, I pushed to run back to the apartment. I barely made it to the next floor when strong hands grasped hold of my waist, twisting me back around. My back kissed the wall, and Viper was there, pressed against me.

“Sweetheart, please, let me give you what you need. You’re killing me right now. The things you’re doing to my heart are destroying me.” His deep, rich, and velvety voice left me quivering for more. He smelled so delicious, so masculine, my knees buckled. He caught me as I cried out.

“I’m trying so hard to hold back, but I can’t.” Words rushed past my lips as I reached for him, my hands holding the sides of his Adonis face—strong jaw, perfect cheekbones, lips

that weakened me, and a tiny dimple in his cheek I hadn't noticed.

God, it was sweltering in the hallway.

"Let me look after you, sweetheart."

Unnerved by how husky and desire-filled his voice sounded, it seemed my traitorous Omega side had decided to go against my plans, turning my body against me.

"We shouldn't do this..."

"Why not?" He held me close, our bodies plastered together, breaths racing in unison. His thumb moved tenderly down over my chest, pausing on my hardened nipple. His gaze fell to my mouth. "Tell me what you want me to do to you."

The desire between my legs was screaming for him, and I tried with a valiant effort to push past it.

"Use your words, gorgeous. Do you want to paint my face with your cum? You want me to be rough, I'll fuck you like an animal. You want me to be gentle? I'll make you a nest on the roof and eat you out as you watch the stars."

Quivering against him, my panties were soaking, his voice and his body against me making me gush with slickness.

"Just so you know, I still haven't forgiven you. I'm still angry at what you did." Fisting his shirt, I dragged him closer, crashing out lips together, and fireworks burst through my body.

His hands were tugging at the zipper on my pants as my hips rocked toward him at my desperation for him.

"Pleasing you is my only pleasure. Let me show you how sorry I am," he whispered.

Four

ℒ

VIPER

My sweetheart Omega knew exactly how to push my buttons. I hadn't intended to rip off her pants and underwear in the hallway of an old apartment building, but her scent was smothering me, and the way she stared at me was like a blade in my heart. I couldn't let her get away from me. I wouldn't.

I fucking loved Trinity and knew if I didn't fix my mistake, I'd do something stupid that wouldn't end with me having any kind of future with her. A man like me couldn't bear losing a second Omega. Without Trinity, I was a fucking mess and might as well be dead, but in her arms, I was alive, a fucking monster, her knight in shining armor. Whatever brought her happiness, I'd become.

She kissed me hard, her teeth grazing my lower lip, and I adored the way she moaned as her pelvis rocked forward, grinding against my cock.

Dropping my hand down between us, I found the fire between her legs. She spread them for me, and she was dripping wet. I didn't recall her this wet before, but her scent was so intense, I suspected the guys upstairs could smell it. Thank fuck no one else lived in this building, or we'd be in big shit.

Sliding my fingers between her folds, she groaned aloud, her teeth coming down sharper on my lip, breaking skin. Arousal whipped through me, my cock so hard I almost came in my pants from the pain she'd caused me.

She broke away from me, breathless. “Oh shit, I bit you too hard.” She clung to me, her eyes rolling upward from my fingers rubbing her engorged clit. It took every inch of strength not to drop onto my back and have her ride my face into oblivion.

“Not hard enough.” I licked the blood from my lower lip. “Do it again, make it really hurt this time. I want to feel pain. Hell knows, I fucking deserve it.” I meant every damn word.

“Please, will you fuck me now?” She leaned in and licked my bloody lip, her tongue soft and warm. My balls drew up into me with anticipation.

Giving my lip another nibble, she lowered her hand to my pants, tugging on my belt and freeing my cock. He bopped out, hard and ferocious. Her tiny hand curled around him, and she gasped, staring down.

My heartbeat was flying as she pulled my lower lip between her teeth, biting down, hurting me, turning me on.

She let go of me and peered down at my offering once more.

“How do you want me?” I asked her, taking her hand and placing it around my cock once more. She gripped it, squeezing hard enough to make me growl out loud, hissing as my dick pulsed. God, I was close to exploding.

Normally, I was the guy in control and got off on dominating my partner—fucking her, tying her up, giving her the ultimate pleasure—but the dynamics had changed between my Omega and me. I gave her power over me, giving her the choice to decide what she craved, and it was fucking exhilarating.

When she tugged on my cock, my body quivered with the desperation to spread her legs and slide into her pussy. I hadn’t planned on fucking her in a stair hallway where the floor was dirty, but my beautiful Omega was purring, rubbing her tits over my chest, her hands palming my dick while moaning. My nostrils flared with a sharp inhale of her scent of orange blossoms in the sultry night air.

“Sweetheart, you are going to be the death of me.” She was a drug, an addiction I could never get enough of. “The things you do to my heart will ruin me.”

“Please, it hurts deep in my gut, and I want it to stop.” Pushing herself on tippy toes, she kissed me, releasing my cock as she pressed herself closer, grinding against me. And when my little doll kissed, she did it with raw passion, devouring my lips like she was starved of them for weeks. The savage bite on my lip stung, bringing my beast out.

Breaking away from her for two seconds, I toed off my boots and dropped my jeans, leaving me bare-assed and hard as a flagpole. I shoved a hand under her shirt, grabbing a breast over her bra, loving every inch of her. Grasping her around the waist, I lifted her off her feet and pressed her against the wall, so we were face to face. She never stopped kissing me, and my hungry Omega growled, thinking I was going to pull away. I fucking adored how hungry she was for me.

Her legs desperately wrapped around my waist, and I kissed her back with hot passion, our tongues entwined with desperation to gain dominance. Neither of us was giving up, and we kissed madly.

Grinding.

Moaning.

There was no stopping my cock from sliding across her slippery folds, the minx pushing herself onto my cock with impatience.

My deep groans left my body buzzing.

Her cries grew louder.

I’d never seen her this savage, this desperate. Was this the start of her going into full-blow heat? Hell yes! My cock twitched inside her.

“If this is your way of claiming me,” I breathed the words, cradling her in my arms. “I accept. Fuck me. Use me. I’m yours.”

“I told myself I wouldn’t have sex with you until we sorted things out, but you do things to me I can’t resist.”

My gut hardened at hearing her holding off on me fucking her, coupled with a surge of torture. I’d fuck her the entire night, staying inside her until she changed her mind because that wouldn’t happen. It couldn’t.

Kissing me more tenderly, her hands went around the back of my neck as she pushed herself deeper onto my cock. I flexed my dick, my hands grasping her ass to guide her. Those soft groans in her throat made me crazy.

“Fuck,” I hissed, breaking our kiss. “You’re so tight, so wet for me.” My breaths grew faster, more uneven, as a deep rumble rolled in my chest.

Her eyes were glazed over, cheeks red, her chest rising and falling faster. She started working herself on my cock, burning fire through me. Grasping her hips, fingers digging into her soft flesh, I rocked my hips back and forth, taking her harder, faster.

“Don’t stop. Don’t you dare stop,” she pleaded, her eyes on mine.

I growled, thrusting into my gorgeous Omega. The slapping sounds echoed in the stairway, our scents strong. If the guys upstairs hadn’t known what we were doing before, they would now, with Trinity crying louder.

“I’m never going to stop fucking you, and you’re going to beg me for more, and I’ll give it all to you. I’m yours, Trinity. Forever.”

“Yes, my Alpha.” Her chorus of moans sang in my ears. “Cum in me, fill me, knot me. Please fuck me harder until I pass out.”

She clung to me, her body begging for me. It made me feel wanted. She needed me...

“I want it harder,” she cried, reaching for my face, her lips on mine. “Lay me down and take over. I can’t do it fast enough. Please.”

Her pleas were beautiful and sexy.

Holding her close against me, her body clinging to me, I hurried up the stairs, still deeply embedded in her. I lowered my mouth to her ear, my heart beating with adrenaline at how incredible she felt completely swallowing my huge cock.

“You like me huge and hard, don’t you, sweetheart?”

Her eyes were grinning, and she was licking her lips.

“You have no idea how amazing your cock feels inside me, pushing against my walls, forcing me open. The ache is euphoria. I can’t get enough, Viper. I want more and more and more.”

“Fuck, you’re beautiful,” I growled, sliding in and out of her, unable to get enough. “And mine forever.”

“I still haven’t forgiven you, but don’t stop.”

I almost laughed at her. “Well, that doesn’t change that I’m already in love with you.”

Her mouth made an O shape, not that she should be surprised since I told her as much earlier, but by her reaction, it made me guess she hadn’t believed me.

On the sixth floor, my body was running on adrenaline, and I didn’t feel anything but the tightness of her pussy walls drawing down on my cock. As I pushed open the slightly ajar door, I noticed a different expression in her gaze—astonishment, realization, or newfound confidence.

Having her stare at me that way did something to my heart, giving me hope she’d understand why I marked her, why I couldn’t bear to be without her even a second longer.

When someone cleared their throat, I broke my gaze from Trinity to find Aspen and Daniel on the couch with beers in hand and their eyes almost bulging out of their sockets. Poor suckers.

“Nothing to see here,” I announced, winking their way, then rushed into the spare bedroom I’d claimed earlier. It helped that the apartment came with four bedrooms. Kicking the door closed behind me, I flicked on the lights because I

wasn't a fuck in the dark kind of guy. I wanted to see it all. My Omega's facial reactions, her body, her pussy spread for me, her slick—everything about her was fucking stunning.

Sliding her off my cock, I set her on her feet at the end of the bed and started to drag the rest of her clothes off her body.

“I feel empty without you inside me,” she moaned, clenching her thighs. I knew her pain was flaring. It always did during her heat cycle.

Her tank top came off fast, then I circled my hands around to her back and unhooked her bra. The lace bra peeled off and slid down her body, revealing hypnotizing full breasts and pink nipples with beautiful large areolas.

“Get on the bed for me,” I ordered. With a spark of excitement in her eyes, I ripped off my shirt.

She turned away from me, climbing onto the bed on all fours, giving me the most spectacular view. I tilted my head lower to her beautiful pussy, her inner lips swollen, slick dripping from her hole, her inner legs covered in it.

Fuck me, the vision was heaven.

I lunged after her, grabbing her hips and dragging her backward so her knees balanced on the edge of the mattress.

“I need you doggy style,” I told her, gaining myself an approving moan. Her ass perched higher, her legs parting. Lowering my hand between her legs, I ran my fingers over her offering, grabbing her clit between two fingers and pinching it enough to make her scream.

“God, more, more,” she bellowed. She glanced over her shoulder at me, something dark and sexy as hell behind her eyes. She loved getting fucked way beyond just her heat, demanded it. My Omega was a little sex fiend.

“You love having your pussy pounded, don't you? You're going to cum for me, experience head-spinning highs.”

“Make me cum, Alpha... make me scream.”

With my heartbeat flying, I shoved my steel-hard cock between her folds, deep into her crevice. She squirmed, crying

out. I grunted at the way she accepted me so well.

“Your greedy pussy needs my cock. Look at her sucking down on him.”

She lowered her chest to the bed, her hands fisting the sheets as I plowed into her, spreading those pretty pink lips over and over. I was completely lost to her, losing the ability to pull myself together and not get my hopes up—too late for that. Fuck it. I was in this all the way and was going to show her she needed me, make her wish I had marked her earlier.

I rode her so fast, the bed shook and slammed into the wall. My gaze fell to her cunt as it milked down on my cock, sucking me deeper each time I pulled out. Unrelenting, I fucked her, thrusting into her, my thumb teasing that gorgeous puckered ass. She was so wet, when I applied a bit of pressure, the tip slid into her.

Her howl of pleasure told me she wanted more, so what was a man to do but give his girl everything she desired? My thumb sunk into her lush ass, fingering her as my cock worked her pussy.

“Sweetheart, just remember how much I love you, okay? Because I’m about to fuck you like I don’t.” Gripping her hip, I gave her everything, slamming into her, going wild. Her cries never ceased, and I wanted the rest of them to hear her pleasure, to know I did that to her.

Pushing herself up to her arms, she was writhing, her pussy strangling me. I drew my hand from her hip and reached over to those bright pink locks, curling my hand over her long hair, then fisted it. Tugging her head back, so I controlled her, I slammed into her.

“Let me know if I’m hurting you too much, okay, babe?”

“It’s not enough... make me cry from the pain. I need this.”

“Oh, you’re singing my song.” Her body was begging for it, and I gave her everything.

We moved like a storm, falling into a rhythm, thrusting, coming together in the most beautiful explosive sound. Trinity

made me mad with possessiveness.

“You’re mine, sweetheart. I won’t lose you. This gorgeous body, your slick pussy, your tits, this sexy ass sucking down my thumb are all mine. I’m happy to share you with my pack, but when we’re alone fucking, every inch of you is mine... and I’m all yours. Every damn inch...”

Her moans grew louder, and I knew if she tried to speak, she’d fail. Her pussy constricted me to the point of delicious pain. She was close, her scent stronger, dominating me.

She was perfect during sex... and oh, my little one was going into her crescendo of heat. If not now, any day, she’d need us all, day and night. The timing sucked, but I was so happy to finally claim her over her heat, to have her connect with us on a deeper level, to ease the pain she experienced during her cycle.

The scent was intoxicating. Then she did what she did beautifully—she screamed, her body shuddering from the spectacular, mind-blowing orgasm. I released her pink strands from my grasp, and they sprawled outward across her back.

Her toes were curling, and I fucking loved that as she writhed, both of us still were grinding like animals, grunting. Her explosive high went straight to my cock, and I roared. Releasing my thumb from her ass, I grasped her hips and slammed myself deeply into her to the point, I could have sworn my balls were inside her, too.

Growling, I stiffened, my cock bursting with my seed spilling into her. Stars danced in my vision, my girl’s cunt milking me, constricting me, over and over, pulling on me to keep filling her. Which was exactly what I did, and I fucking enjoyed flooding her.

The sharpening ache of my cock swelling inside her, knotting into her, and pressed so tightly to her walls, it locked us together. The savage need to take her over and over flared. My breaths left my chest in ragged exhales while staring down my naked Omega and the spillage of my cum sliding out from her stretched pussy lips.

My cock kept pumping my cum into her as I held her down, listening to her moans, desperately in love with the way she submitted to me. Adrenaline flooded my veins, and we were both sweating, my heartbeat thundering in my chest. When I'd spilled every last drop into her, I swooped my arm under her stomach and lifted her so her back sat flush to my chest, our bodies still joined.

“How are you holding up, sweetheart?”

Sucking in harsh breaths, she glanced over her shoulder at me, and contentment settled over her features.

“That good?” I burst out laughing. That was the same satisfied expression I wanted on her face every day.

“I can't get enough of coming so hard, I feel like I'm going to pass out.”

I skilfully got us both lying in bed, with me spooning her and my cock still locked into her delicious little cunt. When she looked back at me again, I leaned my head forward past her shoulder and kissed her deeply, filled with passion, love, and devotion.

“You are everything to me,” I whispered as we settled down, her sagging against my body, her head cradled on my outstretched bicep. “You may still be mad at me, but I'll show you that I can become the man you want.”

Her response came in deep breaths, which told me she'd already fallen asleep. Poor thing was exhausted. I kissed her bare shoulder, amazed at how she turned me inside out. No one else had ever affected me like this, not even my first Omega.

Normally, I was the kind of man who fucked any girl I wanted and killed whoever stood in my way, but I could never do her harm. She had me wrapped around her finger, and I didn't care to change a damn thing.

I pulled the blanket up and over her body, whispering, “I will always love you. I just wish you could see how much you mean to me.”

Five

8

TRINITY

The sun had barely risen when I padded out of the shower on bare feet and got dressed.

Aspen and Daniel were making coffee in the small kitchen, engrossed in small chatter. The nutty aroma called me toward the cup Daniel was pouring. There was no sign of Viper, making me curious where he'd gotten to. After last night's chat and his declaration of love, I would have expected to wake up in his arms. I was slightly disappointed, but at the same time, it was for the best since I hadn't fully forgiven him yet. Talk about being messed up in my head. I blamed the heat cycle for making him irresistible.

Daniel raised his gaze, meeting mine with a smile. Short brown hair framed the Beta's handsome face, and when he grinned, his eyes glinted, letting me see why Shadow had fallen so hard for him. He had that sweet but devious guy next door vibe going for him.

"Morning, and I'm sorry," he said. His grin was calming even before I reached him and took the cup of coffee he handed me. "You look gorgeous this morning."

His compliment had me laughing softly, and I couldn't deny that the smallest of praises did wonders for my confidence.

Clearly confused by Daniel's words, Aspen's brow was furrowed as he glanced at me, then at Daniel. "What am I missing?"

“Nothing for you to worry about,” Daniel said, patting his arm, then winked at me. “It’s something between Trinity and me.”

“Oh, we’re holding secrets now,” Aspen teased, moving toward me with that look in his eyes like he was going to throw me over his shoulder and carry me into a bedroom. My heart was racing from my huge Alpha. Messy blond hair made me want to comb my fingers through the strands and drive them out of his eyes, the color of paradise, crystal blue and glinting. With sun-kissed skin, he could easily be mistaken for a surfer, except I’d never seen anyone as broad and tall as Aspen riding a wave.

He moved toward me with real purpose.

“Don’t even think about it, I’m holding a scalding hot cup of coffee, and someone will get hurt.” I retreated a few steps because I didn’t put anything past my Alphas.

Aspen approached me regardless and put his hands on my hips. I pressed a hand to his chest before I spilled my coffee and burned him.

“You owe me,” he mused, his voice gruff and sexy when he lowered it.

His eyes lowered to my lips, coaxing an excited tingle through my body. It wasn’t fair. After the heat flare I’d experienced last night and Viper fucking me like a monster, I woke with my body still humming with arousal, and the ache deep in my gut lingered. So, the smallest touches covered me in goosebumps as an electric buzz danced between my thighs.

“Oh, yeah? Why do I owe you anything?” Holding my chin high, I held myself strong, even when his hand skated over my arm, and a groan escaped my lips.

“Because I didn’t sleep a wink last night, drowning in the memory of you wrapped around Viper and his cock inside you as he rushed across the living room. Even now, the image has my cock rock-hard. Then listening to your moans made me crazy all night.”

Heat brushed over my body, and my stomach flared at his words.

“Well, you should have done something about it,” I teased him, which I knew would only end up one way, and despite chiding myself for leading him on, I didn’t see myself pulling back either.

Daniel moved to sit on the couch, watching us while he sipped his coffee. It must be entertaining for him to see the Alphas dancing around me for my attention. It put me at ease and made me more comfortable around him to know he wasn’t jealous after our talk.

Aspen’s fingers grazed my shoulder, up and over to the curve of my neck, which tickled, and I giggled. Leaning closer to me, the hot cup of coffee pressed against his chest, but he didn’t seem to notice as his lips fluttered over my ear.

I really shouldn’t have bothered putting on new underwear because I stood no chance around these men. Getting horny was the last thing that should be on any of our minds, considering today was D-day. We had to get moving before the mobs came for our blood.

“I came three times last night with my palm, imagining it was your sweet pussy,” he whispered. “Just from thinking about you, inhaling your scent. I felt like I was going to pass out at one stage.”

The warmth of his body left me when he drew back, but my pulse was on fire, and a gush of excitement drenched my underwear.

All my life, I’d wanted nothing more than to feel safe and protected. Some days I’d lie in bed huddled in my blankets and bathing in the soft glow of the morning light, pretending I was anywhere but the Institute. Sometimes, I’d imagine being at home with my parents, and mom was downstairs making pancakes while my father mowed the lawn outside. Other times, I’d be surrounded by the Alphas who took me as theirs, and we’d all sleep together in a big puppy pile on the bed, me in the middle, feeling like nothing could harm me.

I'd been lucky enough to achieve the latter, but the part about no danger hadn't come to fruition. Instead, I'd brought danger to their home, and now we were all on the run.

"You probably shouldn't be teasing me like that." Aspen stared at me. My cup was a burning furnace in my hand. "My hand might very soon have third-degree burns from the cup of coffee." Pulling back, he collected the cup from me and set it down on the kitchen counter.

I chased after him, wanting to drink the coffee, just not have it glued to my chest.

"Now, where were we?" he asked, leaning a hand on the counter as I grabbed my coffee once more and blew across the liquid to cool it.

"We were waiting for everyone to get up so we could discuss our next steps," Daniel said.

I began to walk toward him on the couch when Aspen grabbed my waist from behind, drawing me back against his hard cock and grinding against my ass.

"Do you see what you do to me? I may not make it through the day without you," he murmured in my ear.

God, he was going to destroy me and bring my heat forward if he kept doing that.

"You need to cool your jets, big boy." I wriggled out of his grasp before I yanked off his jeans, and we turned the morning into a sex festival. "First, let's work out what we're doing today. As much as I want you humping me into next week, I want to survive the mafia first."

His lips pinched to the side in that adorable gesture as though I'd just wounded him. "Agreed," he said loudly, chest sticking out. "Afterward, you won't see the storm coming when I ravage you."

"Keep it in your pants is what she's saying," Daniel butted in with mirth.

Aspen grimaced, then grinned. "You just enjoy the show from the couch and see how it's done."

“See you being rejected?” he mocked, then stuck out his tongue.

“I didn’t reject him,” I responded, not wanting Aspen to feel worse, but the guy was howling in faux laughter.

“I’ll make sure to get you front-row seats when I claim my little Omega.”

“Umm, I think I get a say if we’re going to have an audience.” I narrowed my gaze at Aspen, watching him over the rim of my cup as I took another mouthful of coffee.

“Babe, I’ll bring anyone you want to watch us. Say their name, and I’ll have them there, tied to the chair if it will tickle your fancy.”

I almost choked on the coffee. “I think you misunderstood me.”

“Misunderstood what?” a croaked voice asked.

I twisted around instantly to find Shadow stepping out of his room, looking like the walking dead—black hair sticking out in every direction, sleep clinging to his eyes, and a few spots of blood on his bare chest. He still wore the boxers we left on when Daniel and I had removed his jeans once we carried him into the room.

“Should you be up?” I gasped at seeing him walking.

Daniel must have been just as shocked. He shot to his feet, staring at him incredulously.

“No, he shouldn’t,” Thelma scolded, stepping out of the room after him. “Went to check on him earlier, and he was awake, trying to get out of bed. But not before I changed his bandages.”

I gravitated toward him, unable to stop myself. Daniel did the same, and there was a comforting feeling to know he accepted me sharing his boyfriend. I clung to Shadow’s side as he wrapped his arm around my back, kissing the top of my head, leading to his groaning.

“You have to take it slow,” Daniel said, attached to his other side.

Shadow kissed him on the forehead, then Daniel shuffled back to the couch and collected his coffee from the small table nearby.

“I’m fine.” There was a hard rasp in his voice, and I kept staring at the fresh bandages over his wound and the way his skin around the white tape blushed pink. “We don’t have the luxury of resting today. I healed plenty last night. We need to survive the onslaught coming, and I have a plan for us.”

All eyes were on him as he scanned the room.

“Where’s Viper?”

I blinked down the hallway, seeing most doors standing open.

“He wasn’t here when I woke up.”

“He went out to check the perimeter,” Daniel explained, pointing his chin to the front door. “Said he won’t be long.”

“I’ll go check on him.” Aspen moved toward the door as it swung open, and Viper sauntered inside, all rosy-cheeked, breaths heavy as though he’d been running a marathon. It wasn’t just from running up the flights of stairs because the guy was all muscle and fit as hell. Had someone been chasing him?

I stiffened, fear crawling over my back at the thought.

“Ah, the big boss is awake. Good to see you’re alive.” He closed the door behind him and plonked down next to Daniel like all was cheery in the world. “It’s dead out there. No one was spying on the street or even from neighboring buildings. I also watched a bunch of footage from security cameras this morning. I think there’s definitely a tracker on the car, and they already came by yesterday after we arrived to check our location.”

“Then we need to find another mode of transport,” Daniel stated the obvious. “They could have multiple trackers, knowing we’re going to look for at least one. And they know what car they’re looking for, so we dump it.”

“Got you covered,” Viper rasped. “They’re half a dozen old cars in the parking garage under this building. Started them up, and two of them purred like a kitten, plus both had a full tank of gas. Luck is on our side.”

“And where exactly are we going?” I asked, catching the way Viper studied me the whole time he spoke, the tiny grin at the corners of his sexy lips. He blew me a kiss when he caught me staring, which made me hot. Last night, he was incredible, but that didn’t mean all was velvet smooth between us. It also didn’t mean I couldn’t still be turned on by this god.

Aspen was watching me, too. Something was gnawing at me, steadily growing as the minutes ticked by.

“We’re not going anywhere until we have full bellies first,” Thelma announced, heading into the kitchen and pulling a pan from the cupboard.

“I’ll help.” Daniel was on his feet, heading toward her.

Shadow and I moved slowly to the couch, and when he sat, he didn’t groan in pain, so I took that as a good sign he wasn’t as bad as I thought, or he was better at pain tolerance than me.

Aspen and Viper joined us—Aspen sitting on my other side, and Viper sitting on the coffee table, facing us, legs wide and bent arms resting on his thighs.

“Do you have to sit on the table?” Aspen asked, causing him and Viper to get into a battle of words.

Shadow glanced over at me, his touch tender, and I couldn’t begin to explain the joy that burst through me to see him up and about.

“I seriously thought I was going to lose you yesterday, but you look so much better today.”

“I feel it. What about you? Are you okay with everything going on? I heard you had a heat cycle last night.”

“I’m over it. Viper was there for me.” I held onto Shadow’s hand, stroking it and wishing we weren’t in such a life-and-death situation. I leaned against his arm once more, loving his warmth. I’d missed him.

“Everyone’s going to be looking for us,” Shadow began, glancing at his men, who calmed down their bickering.

My knees were bouncing from the danger we were in, but none of the Alphas were panicking, which tempered my anxiety.

“We should get out of here early,” Aspen contributed, leaning forward to watch Shadow, his hand on my leg, holding onto me, his touch like fire.

Shadow nodded. “We use the car Viper found, and there’s a rear way out of the building that takes us along back streets to avoid the front main road. Then we head toward the mountains. There are secret underground roadways that lead out of the city that not many know about. They may not be manned.”

“Or,” Daniel said, stepping out of the kitchen. “You use my other apartment. I haven’t been there for months. It’s located in the heart of the city, where no one will suspect you to go, and it has underground parking.”

Shadow’s brow pinched together while Viper rubbed his chin.

“He’s got a point. If we can get out of here without being spotted, we stand a good chance of hiding right under their nose.”

I blinked at the guys, nodding. “I’m with Daniel. Axel will have every exit out of the city blocked, and if you know about the mountain tunnels, then what’s the bet others in his mafia do as well?”

“I vote Daniel’s place, too,” Aspen said.

Shadow was silent, studying Daniel. “Why didn’t you tell me you had a second apartment?”

Daniel shrugged, looking away sheepishly.

“For a long time, I was scared that one day you’d realize you were wasting your time with me. I saved for a long time to get a nice place of my own in a good part of the city.” He sighed heavily, staring at his boyfriend, who groaned under his

breath. “Shadow, I wasn’t doing it for any vindictive reasons. I figured what harm it was to have it as backup should we ever need it.”

I leaned against Shadow, drawing his attention to me, his expression hard, the edges of his eyes crinkled with deep lines. My poor Alpha appeared older after being shot, and he worried so deeply for us, but his being upset with Daniel wasn’t the answer.

“If it wasn’t for Daniel holding onto his place, we wouldn’t have a place to hide. I see it as fate. Sometimes, things happen for a reason.”

Jawline tight, Shadow nodded. “Okay, so after breakfast, we get ready, take supplies with us, and head off. Daniel, you and my grandma are going to leave the city.”

“No!” Daniel snapped, then cleared his throat. “Shadow, I can help you. Don’t send me away, please. I’m not losing you.”

The room fell silent, and my heart broke for Daniel, his posture curling forward, his eyes glistening. Hearing his voice breaking had my chest clenching.

Shadow got to his feet and made his way over to Daniel, who pulled away from him.

“I hate that you constantly push me away. I’m not a child. I can look after myself.”

“Daniel, please,” Shadow pleaded, taking hold of his hand tenderly, then drew him against him, their brows touching. “I would never push you away. You are part of me, and I’d be nothing without you. But I need someone to care for my grandma by getting her safely out of the city to one of a dozen motels. The mafia doesn’t know either of you.”

Daniel’s chin was trembling as he lifted his gaze to Shadow. “I don’t want you to die when I could be there and maybe could have helped.”

My throat thickened watching them, my eyes stinging, and I felt awkward watching their intimate moment. I adored Shadow, and I understood Daniel’s agony because I would be

the same if he packed me away while two mafia families wanted his head.

When Shadow turned around, taking Daniel's arm with him, I lowered my gaze, wishing I could just disappear. They crossed the room and vanished into Shadow's bedroom, the door shutting behind them.

Then their raised voices started.

Aspen took me into his arms while Viper strolled into the kitchen, telling Thelma, "I'm here to help. Tell me what to do."

"Do they argue a lot like this?" I asked, glancing up at my huge blond Adonis.

"Sometimes, Daniel can get fiery, but I agree with Shadow on this one. I mean, if you weren't involved, I'd be shipping you off with them."

My shoulders shot back. "You wouldn't dare!"

His eyes widened with seriousness. "I'd tie you up if it meant saving your life, little Omega. Don't underestimate how much you mean to me and the length I'd go to in order to protect you, even if it makes you mad at me. I can live with your anger, but not if you're dead."

As much as I hated his words, I also loved them. "You're a real sweetheart, you know that," I said softly, wanting only him to hear me.

"Hmm, I'm pretty sure that's what I call you." He grinned wickedly, the sides of his mouth quirking upward. "Don't go stealing my nickname, or I'll have to come up with something new for you. Something like Chewbacca. Alfalfa. Bambi. Fire girl. Poke." He moved closer to me.

"Poke." I scrunched up my nose. "What the hell sort of nickname is that?"

His gaze trailed down my body as he gently brushed his hand over my breasts.

"Because you're always so horny that your nipples are hard, poking against your shirts." He grinned, followed by

Viper chuckling in the kitchen.

My nipples tightened with arousal from his touch as if to prove his point, and his eyes dipped, noticing them. Despite my face heating up, I wouldn't back down and glanced at the erection in his pants.

“That’s okay. I can live with Poke because your new name is Tent.”

Six

S

TRINITY

I stood outside Shadow's bedroom door, my stomach full, while the clanking of forks striking plates sounded behind me. Viper and Aspen kept eating with Thelma, but I couldn't stop worrying about Shadow and Daniel, who still hadn't appeared from the bedroom.

I lifted my hand and did a quick knock.

"Yeah?" Shadow grumbled, which I took as my chance.

Pushing down on the handle, I opened the door, peering inside, feeling awkward but also wanting to help. Daniel sat on the bed, wiping the tears from his eyes while Shadow was facing me, heartache in his gaze.

"Is everything okay?" he asked, his voice stoic.

I nodded and stepped inside, inviting myself in and shutting the door behind me. I figured Daniel didn't want the others to see him crying.

"I was worried about you both and wanted to see if there was anything I could do." The blur of the urgency of what our day was going to bring us and how much I adored these men, especially my Alpha, kept me in the room.

"It's all good," Daniel stated in a watery voice. "There's nothing I can do to make him change his mind."

Shadow sighed, facing his lover, the ache obvious when his shoulders sagged. "It's because I care for you that I'm sending you away. My angel, do this for me, and I'll have a lifetime to make it up to you."

Daniel's lips pinched tightly, blinking the tears away. He got off the bed and tugged down on his wrinkled blue shirt.

"It's okay, Shadow. I'm not an idiot. Of course, I know *why* you're asking me to go, and I will take your grandma somewhere safe, but what pisses me off is that I don't get a choice. If something happens to you, I will live with the guilt that I should have stayed to help you. But that's okay. You do you." He glanced at me with resignation in his eyes as he crossed the room, heading for the door. "Sorry that you had to see this, Trinity."

"No apology needed," I murmured, hoping my presence helped move the argument forward.

Grunting under his breath, Shadow turned and grabbed Daniel's arm, forcing him to stay. Daniel fought him, swinging around with fresh tears rolling down his cheeks. My heart squeezed seeing his agony, understanding how it felt to be pushed aside, not to be asked what he wanted.

"Daniel, don't leave like this." Shadow's voice cracked. He pressed Daniel against the wall, facing each other, plastered together. "Don't break my heart because I won't recover."

A spark of jealousy spread through me, and I wished I never came into the room. Shadow adored Daniel. I heard it in his quivering voice and saw it in Daniel's tears.

"We are meant to have a future, and I can't be without it," Daniel sobbed.

Shadow pressed closer, capturing his words with his kiss. I was very accepting of sharing him, but even for me, it was hard to watch. I wanted to be the one he kissed as if his life depended on it. The faint crack of my heart aching resonated through me, and I found myself crossing the room to leave them behind, feeling very much like the third wheel.

I reached for the door when Daniel grabbed my hand.

"Don't leave, please, Trinity. Join us."

Startled, I shook my head. "No, I shouldn't have come. You two need to make up because we need to leave soon." I

pulled against his grip, but Shadow twisted toward me, his large, powerful arm swooping around my waist, drawing me against him, his cock hard as stone nestled to my stomach.

“Daniel’s right. We are all together now, so you stay. I am the luckiest man in the world to have two lovers who accept to share me. Stay.”

Daniel maneuvered to stand behind me, his hands coiling around my middle, his breath on my ears. “It calms us both when you’re near.”

Quivering, I wasn’t sure how I felt aside from the unexpected sensual affection from Daniel. I found the guy sexy as hell, but we’d had some stumbling blocks since I arrived at their compound. I felt like things were changing between us all.

Shadow slid a hand under my chin, tilting my head back. I met his gaze, melting too fast at the love he carried in his silvery eyes. There was no illusion that he cared for me, that he wanted me to join them, too.

“Are you sure?” I murmured softly.

“It would be the most incredible gift.” Leaning in, his lips brushed over mine. We kissed with a heavy passion, him taking his time like he memorized every lick and taste of me. It was impossible not to fall madly over heels for Shadow, the dominant Alpha, who everyone craved attention from. He kissed me like he was breathing new air into my world. My toes curled as I ran my arms over his arms, holding onto him while I leaned closer, trying not to touch his bandaged wound.

Daniel had his lips on my neck, which was new, intimate, and felt incredible. His chocolate scent, mixed with Shadow’s night-blooming jasmine, flooded my senses with the sweetest smells. I closed my eyes and floated on the heavens, with both men placing me in the center of their attention.

When we came back down to earth, a sense of guilt came over me. This wasn’t a moment about me. Daniel was hurt, and they were both using me as a distraction to deal with their issues.

“I absolutely adore you both, and I want to pick this up again, all three of us, and see where it goes, but not like this. I’m not going to be your escape from working out your emotions. And we need to leave soon.” I wriggled out from their embraces, coldness flaring over my skin to leave their warmth. Pushing them away left a wedge in my throat, and I could barely breathe at the way they stared at me. My chest ached with the tremor that I’d done the wrong thing because I was so new to these relationships I doubted myself all the time.

“You’re right,” Shadow said with a thin smile, which screamed his genuine feelings, and I loved that he always carried his emotions on his sleeve.

“Thanks, Trinity,” Daniel said softly as Shadow collected him in his arms.

With my cue to depart, I walked out of the room, then stood in the hallway for a few moments, catching my breath as I heard their soft murmurs inside. There was no argument, and it warmed my insides to know I had made a difference, even if my heart squeezed at how desperately I wanted to remain with them, to have Shadow kiss me that way again.

I pushed into a walk down the corridor and emerged in the main room, where breakfast was over. Viper and Aspen were dressed, both resembling bodyguards with their sheer size, their clothes that hugged their bodies, and the blades and guns on their belts. Evidently, there must have been additional weapons stashed in the apartment.

“Everything good with them?” Aspen asked.

Viper was picking his nails with the tip of one of his daggers, smiling at me as though I was all he thought about. It had me grinning, loving the sly grin he offered me.

“Yeah, I think it’s going to be okay.” I smiled, seeing Aspen watching me intently like he always did, examining every reaction I had, everything I did, to stash it away for later. “Well, let me go grab my shoes, and I’ll be ready in a jiffy for us to all head out.”

On fast feet, I retreated to the room I spent with Viper, where I woke up with him gone, but my clothes we'd dumped in the stairwell were folded at the end of my bed, along with fresh new clothes that fit just as well—skinny jeans, my bra, and a scoop neckline tee with long sleeves. I knew he was responsible, and I adored him for going out of his way to make it up to me.

Just the thought of our kiss in the stairwell, which led to so much more, had desire licking the fire between my legs. There was so much to unpack from my time with Viper, but today, I had to keep my head straight and my arousal at bay. That meant focusing on not getting caught by the Matteis mafia family.

I put on my black tennis shoes that had been placed by the door, noticing how much my hands trembled. Movement came from the corner of my eye, and I lifted my attention to the doorway. Viper strolled inside, and my breath hitched at the sight of his lips curling into a devious smile. God, I had zero chance of resisting this beautiful man. He approached me with his saunter, a black hoodie dangling from his hand.

“Sorry I wasn’t there when you woke, babe. I couldn’t sleep and didn’t want to wake you.” He stroked a loose lock hanging over my eye and tucked it behind my ear. “We’re going to be okay, you’ll see.”

I stepped into his arms, wanting his comfort, and he peppered my forehead with kisses, holding me close. Whatever was going on between us, I couldn’t deal with it today. We had enough enemies without dealing with internal drama. At least for today, we had to work as a team.

“I’m worried,” I finally admitted. “I’m scared we’re going to be caught, that we’ll be on the run for the rest of our lives. And I’m terrified my heat is going to get worse. Even now, it hums below my skin as if waiting for the worst possible time to flare.” My chest rose and fell, breaths coming too quickly at the reality washing through me.

“Whatever happens, we’ll fix it, okay? If we’re found, we’ll fight. If you go into heat, I’ll fuck you until you’re sated.

I told you last night, I'll do anything to protect you. Let me worry about everything for both of us."

Time stood still as I lost myself in his words, then he leaned down and kissed me. Our lips came together like magnets, desperate for one another, and I inhaled his heavily sweet scent. I kissed him back, our lips sliding over one another, tongues tangling. He kissed like a god, as if he knew exactly how to rouse every emotion out of me from a single kiss. When he broke away from me, I was breathless, but he was handing me the hoodie.

"Put this on. It's cold outside."

It was getting harder to be mad at Viper while he was being all charming. I pulled the hoodie over my head, instantly engulfed by the most delicious smell in the world, pumpkin pie—Viper's Alpha scent. With it came the tingle deep in my gut because my body reacted wickedly to my Alphas. I kept taking deep inhaleds as I tugged the hoodie down my body where it came halfway down my thighs. It swam over me, but I loved that it felt like a permanent embrace from Viper.

He rolled up my long sleeves, then tucked his hands under my hair across the back of my neck and freed my trapped hair from within the hoodie.

"Gorgeous." He eyed me up and down, seductive eyes narrowing on me as he rubbed his chin, making a delicious moaning sound. "I want you wearing my hoodie with nothing underneath."

"If we get out of this, I promise to make it so."

"I'll hold you to it because that's all I can picture now... you in my hoodie, bending over to pick up something." His fingers threaded through mine, grinning at me while my knees trembled, my thighs clenching tight. It wasn't fair that his words made me so weak.

"Hey, that wasn't part of the deal," I managed to gasp.

Barking out a laugh, he led me out of the room just as Shadow and Daniel arrived, hand in hand as well. With the

whole gang in the main room, the air felt thick with anticipation, and my gut churned.

“Well, I guess this is where I don’t say goodbye,” Thelma stated, staring at us all from the kitchen entryway, close to choking up and showing more emotions than I’d ever seen from her. “This is just a temporary split, okay, Shane? You better all come back in one piece, especially with Trinity.”

My pulse sped up, hearing her single me out and knowing she truly cared for me.

Shadow crossed the room and took her into a hug, both of them not saying anything at first.

“You got it. Until then, you lie low and don’t let anyone know who you are.”

“Boy, I know the drill better than you. Now, let’s get a head start on those fuckers.”

I adored Thelma and her fierceness.

Shadow turned toward me and nodded, then we were moving, leaving behind the apartment and making our way downstairs.

Aspen had my side, Viper and Thelma at our backs, and Shadow taking the lead. We passed alongside the front entry doors to the building. We made our way along the staircase down a dark, imposing passage with walls peeling paint, the smell rotten, like something had died down there.

Shadow unlocked the padlock on the door that then led us to the underground parking garage. A dim light flicked on from our motion, exposing a large gray cement area with stone pillars and shadows everywhere. So many empty parking spots marked out by faded-out paint lines.

A pang of apprehension washed over me as I scanned the cement underground garage.

There were three cars randomly parked around the place, and Viper took the lead to the two sedans parked relatively close, his footsteps echoing in the empty place.

“Fuck, I miss my car,” Aspen grumbled. “And I’m fucking furious that the Matteis mafia took her. I’m going to take everything from them,” he ranted about them giving us the old car parked at the front of the apartment building while they refused to give him back his car, which we used to drive to the Matteis estate.

No one paid him attention.

Viper jumped into the smaller blue car that had seen better days and got the engine running in no time. Seemed Viper was the master at starting up the car old school with the wires he’d tugged free from under the steering wheel.

“Your chariot awaits,” he stated, pushing the passenger door open for Thelma.

“I’ll be seeing you all soon, you understand me?” she sniffled, and I rushed over to embrace her. She’d always been so kind to me. “Don’t be afraid to take control of the guys. Sometimes, they need to be told what to do.” She winked at me and got into the car, then I shut her door.

Daniel and Shadow were kissing before he broke free and gave us all a wave, then got into the driver’s seat. They headed for the garage doors, which began rolling upward at their approach. They swung left and were gone in seconds, making the situation more real.

We barely had the chance to turn toward the black Chevrolet Impala when four figures rushed into the garage just as the roller doors came down.

A sense of darkness rippled down my spine as they fanned out and came our way.

“Viper, get Trinity in the car now!” Shadow growled as he and Aspen rushed forward to cut off the intruders.

Grabbing my arm, Viper rushed me into the driver’s seat and started tugging at the electrical lines hanging out beneath the steering wheel.

“If they get the better hand, you get the hell out here, understand? Run over as many of the bastards as you can.” The car came to life. “Stay low.”

“But they weren’t supposed to come for us until tonight until twenty-four hours passed.”

“Fuckers never follow the rules. Love you, babe.” He shut the door softly and darted into the shadows at the edge of the garage, none of the beefheads noticing him.

My heart was slamming into my ribcage as I peered out through the dirty windscreen, convinced two of the men were familiar. It came at me fast as the terror punched me in the gut. They were my father’s men.

Fuck, he’d found me.

I whimpered, manic hysteria whipping through my veins, and I frantically wanted to get out of the car and run.

Run.

Run.

Run...

I gripped the steering wheel, my knuckles white. I felt like a sitting target in the car, so I desperately searched the middle console and the glove compartment for something I could use as a weapon. Shoving the trash and papers out, I found nothing, and the backseats and floor were empty.

Panic bristled over me because I wasn’t going back to my father. I’d die before I let him sell me off.

Sweating and panting for breath, I pushed myself back up to peer out the front window, the men shouting something at the newcomers that I couldn’t make out. My heart pounded, sending shivers over my body.

Aspen moved to the left, clearly eyeing two of the men in front of him, one of them holding a gun aimed at him. My blood ran cold, but wait... is that...

I blinked and leaned in, staring at the guy with the gun, recognizing him instantly. A big brute covered in scratches and bruises, he’d been one of the asshole guards in the room with Axel when he’d murdered Don.

What the fuck? I pushed back into the seat, waiting for the tears to come as my body shuddered, but they never fell. Instead, invisible hands wrapped around my throat, leaving me gasping for air.

Were the Matteis now working with their enemy, the Shchavlev family?

Seren

S

SHADOW

“Are you going to scream, asshole?”

I glared at Axel’s guard, standing before us with three of his men who were smug as fuck, his question hanging in the air and pissing me off.

Aspen’s chest was pumping for air with his fury, his gaze locked on the gun aimed at him.

“Get the fuck out of here, or you won’t be leaving this garage alive.” The angry threat tore from my throat. These sons of bitches rocked up before the twenty-four-hour deadline, thinking they’d get us early, then blame us for attacking them first. It was how it worked. I had just hoped we’d get out of the area before they came for us or at least not see us leave the building.

Desperation ripped through me that we’d made a mistake by staying the night for me to heal. That could end up being the death of us, and I should have known damned better.

The guard smacked his lips together and barked a laugh, glancing at his friend, who still held a gun pointed at Aspen. I’d noticed the other two guards now grasped their handguns.

“He’s gonna be a screamer,” he kept going on, but no one responded to him.

The other two meatheads exchanged a few words... in Russian! I’d heard it spoken enough in my dealings to recognize the language.

My head spun, and I jerked my attention from them to the two guards, clear they'd come from Axel. Were they kidding me? Axel made a deal with the Russian? It shouldn't surprise me, yet it collided into me like a truck.

I kept catching them stealing glances over my shoulder at the car where Trinity was hiding. Was that their goal? Steal our gorgeous Omega for her father?

Fury rattled through me. I'd destroy the pieces of shit in front of me before I let them touch her. Even with my gun wound still burning with pain, that wouldn't stop me.

"Give us the girl, and we'll think about sparing you," Axel's guard barked, while his friend nearby was grinning at the lie.

"And who's she for? Axel or her father? You slimy bastard, selling your family for the enemy."

"What's it matter to you?" one of the Russian bastards grunted, his accent thick, but I knew the answer. Axel made a deal with Arman, which explained why he murdered my great-grandfather. I didn't give a fuck about his death, but I cared about my Omega and pack.

From the corner of my eye, I caught movement in the shadows around the dimly lit garage—Viper was positioning himself behind the guards. I fucking loved how he never missed a beat.

"The lot of you can go fuck yourselves," I growled, revulsion and fury filling me that their plans would involve my Trinity. "What your two families have done has nothing to do with me or my Omega. A pity you won't get to see the empire's downfall."

"Arrogant cunt, just like your great-grandfather." His hoarse words flooded the room. Stepping closer, he reached for something at the back of his belt, and I tightened my grip on the hilt of my gun at my hip.

Heartbeat pounding in my ears and sweat trickled down my back, I held tight, not making a move and being the first to attack. I also wasn't going to let these fuckers shoot us.

“I say we gun them down, take the girl, and be done with this crap,” Axel’s guard buddy grunted.

He was going to die first.

Staring at the others, he waited for permission, so when the guard in charge nodded, Viper lunged from the shadows. Gun in hand, he slammed into the gunman, throwing an arm around his throat, then shot him in the back.

Bang.

The muffled sound set off chaos, and my blood ran cold. I charged forward.

Axel’s guard swung toward Viper, gun raised, bullets flying. They hit the dead guard, who Viper held in front of himself as a shield.

The Russian men swung in their direction, everything happening in seconds.

With their attention distracted, I hurled my gun out, shooting one, catching him in the throat. Aspen rushed toward the other guard for the simple reason that he believed guns were too easy. He slammed into the guy like a bulldozer, knocking him off his feet.

I darted right past him, rushing at Axel’s cocky guard, my heart thundering. The dick swung toward me at the last second, his brow furrowed and his gun pointed at my face.

Panic struck as my life flashed before my eyes for the split second it took me to duck.

The fiery bullet rushed just over my shoulder, and I frantically glanced back as it hit the front car lights of the black Impala. Fuck. A few inches higher and it would have gone through the windscreen and could have hit Trinity.

Fury roaring through me, a growl rolled over my throat. I swung back around, gun raised just as Viper rose up behind the guard, jerked his knife to his throat, and tore it across the guy’s flesh. Blood spurted out, gushing like rivulets. The man’s eyes were huge, a silent scream on his lips.

A tremor ran up my spine. The bastard would be dead in moments from how deeply Viper cut him.

“Fuck, Viper!” Breaths deepening, I watched the man collapse to the ground like a sack of potatoes, blood running freely from his open wound. “We needed to interrogate him.” I snapped my attention back up to Viper, who was heaving for air, nostrils flaring.

“Do you really think we have time for that? If these bastards came for us, how many more are on their way here?”

Of course, he was right, and we all knew it.

“It’s also a good idea to find out what the fuck we’re dealing with. If you haven’t noticed, our two enemies are now collaborating.” My pulse thumped like a sledgehammer in my chest.

I glanced over as Aspen got up from the guy with no face, Aspen’s knuckles red from his punches.

“I suggest we get the fuck out of here.” He crouched down and used the dead man’s shirt to wipe the blood from his hands. “No use arguing over spilled blood. They want us all dead.”

My stomach hardened as reality pushed into me. Still gripping my gun, I swallowed down the anger and swung toward the car.

“We leave now,” I ordered as I went to the driver’s seat, where my gorgeous Omega sat curled up, hugging her knees. Relief pulsed through me that she wasn’t hurt.

Blue eyes flooded with tears and fright. She looked scared out of her mind, but she wasn’t screaming in panic. She just stared at me with those big eyes. Vulnerable. Beautiful. Heart clenched at her fright, I leaned forward while tucking my gun away.

“You’re safe now, gorgeous.”

Quickly, I collected her in my arms and carried her out of the car. She curled in against me, and an ache flared across my chest at the wound. I swallowed past my pain, focusing on my

girl. Blue eyes crowned with long lashes clumped with tears, she clung to me, her touch soft.

“I can’t live in this world if I lose you three,” she whispered.

Hearing the ache in her voice shattered me. It was becoming impossible to calm my erratic pulse.

“They’re not going to hurt you or us. I would sell my soul to keep you safe.” Drawing her closer, I inhaled her delicious scent, embraced her warmth. She was my everything, so strong from everything she’d endured and so exposed in a world where Omegas were mistreated.

Holding her, I drew hard breaths, well aware our enemies were multiplying, and knowing they had their eyes on Trinity was a brutal ache to carry. Pain pulsed through me, thundered at the possibility they’d win and take her from us.

Every inch of her beauty was seared into my mind. Her scent filled my senses, her body traced on my hands.

“Can we leave? I really hate how trapped I feel in here,” she murmured, dragging me from my dark thoughts. Her huge eyes were flicking to the roller doors and back.

Anticipation of another attack welled in my mind. Steadying my breaths, attempting not to show her my worry, I murmur, “Yes, of course.”

“I’ve got her,” Aspen stated, coming to collect her from my arms. He took her into the back of the Impala while I jumped into the passenger’s seat, Viper coming in on the driver’s side.

We drove off, my heart in my throat the whole time the roller doors went up. Aspen had Trinity lying low across the back seat while he gripped his gun, his window down. I had mine in my hand, my heart in my throat, expecting the worst. Inching out past the gate, I leaned forward, left and right, seeing no one there. Taking that as our cue, Viper hit the gas, and we flew down the back street.

“Fucking assholes,” Viper growled, and I tucked his gun away. “Axel needs to die horribly.” He kept ranting while I

glanced back to where Trinity was sitting back up, encased in Aspen's arms. As much as I wished it could be me holding her, I had to get her to safety. At the same time, I leaned back into my seat, the ache of my bullet wound smarting from all my movement. Worst damned time to get injured.

"I just can't get the two families working together out of my mind. What's Axel's plan? Merge the families and have monopoly power over the city?" I asked.

Viper was going left and right along suburban sections to avoid the main streets for as long as possible. No one would be searching for this car, but we weren't going to risk being spotted either.

"It's fucked up," Aspen rasped from the back seat.

I met Trinity's gaze, her eyes wild, constantly scanning our surroundings. It irked me to see her so terrified when I should have kept her safe, but she wasn't hurt. That was my priority.

"We need to make a detour," I announced.

Viper turned the car down a side street, past small homes with broken fences and overgrown lawns where the poor lived in the city of Liberty.

"What sort of detour?" Trinity asked, her voice fragile.

"I have to see Rusty and let him know about Axel's working with their enemy. It may give us a quick solution to this shithole situation we've landed in."

"How much sway do you think Rusty even has?" Aspen asked, stroking Trinity's hair, holding her so close, it left me envious.

"I suspect he's in charge of the guards, so he'd have influence over them." Back at the mansion, he was genuinely distraught at Don's death, and the tension between him and Axel was palpable.

"Are you sure it's a smart move?" Viper slapped the steering wheel hard with his turns. "If Axel had those guys come after us, he'd have more."

“Yeah, I know, but I’m going back to the drinking hole where I met up with Rusty last. Taking me down there would declare in front of everyone that they broke the twenty-four-hour truce. We have until tonight, so I’ll be fast.”

No one spoke, and I got they weren’t fans of my decision, but they had to admit if I got Rusty to help us get out of his fucking death target on our backs, we’d be idiots not to try it.

Viper parked in a dingy alley like the last time we were in the downtown part of the city, right near an oversized trash can. I got out, glancing back, meeting Trinity’s terrified gaze.

“I won’t be long. Aspen, Viper, you know the drill. Give me fifteen.”

She gave me a slight nod, and I tore my gaze away, not wanting to do this, but for them, I’d face Satan himself.

Head low, I crossed the main road on fast feet and darted up to the concealed door, banging on it with my fist. The guard recognized me instantly, grinning as he opened the door.

My skin crawled, but I didn’t waste a second and darted downstairs to the bar section. Smoke hung in the air, choking the back of my throat, the place half empty, while a slow number played on the speakers. The place resembled a depressed pub for locals to drink their sorrows down the drains.

Sweeping my gaze across the room, I found no sight of Rusty, and my gut tightened. I took a chance he’d be there, especially that early in the morning, and I’d been wrong. Making my way to the bar regardless, I grabbed the guy’s attention while he dragged a keg of beer toward the bar counter.

“What’d you have?” he asked.

“Looking for someone. He’s not here, and I figured you might know where else I can track him down?”

“Yeah, and who’s that?” He grunted as he shoved the round keg into place.

“Rusty.” I kept my voice low, not needing anyone else to hear me searching for him or draw attention to myself.

The bartender shook his head as he straightened and wiped his hands down his apron. “Nah, he ain’t shown up yet. It’s a bit early for him, but I can’t help you. I don’t know where else you’d find him. Come in later tonight, and you’ll most likely catch him.”

“Sure, thanks.” I nodded, disappointment spiraling down through me.

I turned and made my way back up, the icy touch of fear wrapping around my chest of how we’d prove our innocence without getting hold of Rusty. Part of me toyed with dropping off Trinity and the guys at Daniel’s hideout, then returning. I had until sundown, and I might get lucky to find Rusty.

The guard opened the door for me. “Nothing to your liking?”

His sarcasm had me fisting my hands, and the urge to break his nose billowed inside me. Biting my tongue, I slipped outside, clenching my jawline.

The door banged shut behind me just as a figure came up into my face so fast, I shoved my hands into his chest. Head jerking up, I came face to face with Rusty. He ran a hand through his short brown hair, muscles pulling at the fabric of his blue-and-black checkered button-up shirt.

“You got a death sentence, boy?” His raspy words flew at me.

“Fuck, I didn’t see you there.” I chided myself that I had to get out of my own head and keep an eye out. “I came here to see you.”

His mouth thinned, and he glanced over his shoulder, back down the thin lane, and back up. “Follow me.”

We paused around the corner, where shadows from the building and nearby trees planted on the sidewalk concealed us.

“What could be so important that you’re risking your damned life?” His brow furrowed, shoulders bunched up.

I’d thought he might truly care for my well-being.

“We were attacked this morning by two of Axel’s guards, and they were fighting alongside two assholes from the Shchavlev clan. Axel’s working with the fucking enemy, and I bet it’s why he killed my great-grandfather.”

“Since when do you care about mafia affairs, boy?” Rusty watched me closely, scratching the side of his head, his eyes spinning with thoughts. “You’re better off lying low and getting the hell out of the city.”

“Fuck that. This is my home, and I’m not being chased away. Besides, I figured you’d have taken more interest in knowing you have a traitor in your midst.”

“I already know that fucking snotface, Axel, is up to something, but we need evidence. I assume you’ve got the guard tied up somewhere for grilling to get the lowdown?”

I cringed hard, grinding my back teeth at Viper for having killed the guard.

Shaking my head, I admitted, “He got killed in the attack.”

“Fuck, man. You know what that means? With them dead, you’ll be blamed for attacking first. So, you’ve just forfeited your twenty-four hours of everyone else coming for you.”

“Who gives a fuck? They’re attacking us already. They broke the damn pact.”

“You need to go now and fast... hide. You have a week to prove your innocence, but everyone will go gangbusters to find your lot in the first few days.” He stuffed his hand into his pocket and pulled out a small cell phone. “Take this. It’s my burner phone and untraceable. No one has the number but me, and my number’s loaded. Throw yours away to avoid being traced.”

Rage burned through me at Axel, making me sick at how exposed I felt.

“Thank you.” I accepted the phone and stuffed it into my back pocket.

“I’ll be in contact if anything changes while I investigate Axel working with our enemy. Fuck, Axel working with the damn Shchavlevs. They’ve been our enemy for over four generations. Fuck, I’ll slice him up myself.” He sighed. “Don’t do anything stupid, but you’ll need to find a way to prove your innocence. Go now.” He turned away.

“Wait,” I said. “Why are you helping me? What’s in it for you?”

He twisted his head, meeting my gaze. “Because your great-grandfather didn’t deserve that death... and neither do you.” Then he was gone, vanishing back up the alley toward the bar.

Checking the street around me and finding it quiet, I ran across the road to where I’d parked in a side lane. For every encounter I had with Rusty, he’d always looked out for me, never asking for anything in return, and he was grieving for Don. I wanted to believe not everyone out there was a psychopath, that some people like Rusty truly cared.

A raw sense of hope came over me that, somehow, we’d get out of his fucking mess.

Reaching the car, I noticed Viper had climbed into the back seat as well, and I exhaled loudly, ready to lose my shit if they were fucking now of all times.

I pulled open the door at the sound of Trinity moaning, and her delicious Omega scent collided with me so powerfully, I stumbled. She was straddling Aspen, grinding him, while both were still clothed.

“It hurts... oh God, I need you to knot inside me!”

“We need to leave immediately!” Viper howled before she leaned over to steal a kiss from him, tugging on his clothes.

I met Aspen’s glazed look of despair.

“Trinity’s just gone into full-blow heat. She needs all of us now!”

Eight

8

TRINITY

Panic kicked in. Sharp stabbing aches, one after the other, came over me so powerfully, I felt myself drowning. I could barely take a breath of air, and it terrified me.

Straddling Aspen, his cock so thick between my legs, I ground into him in the back seat of the car, moaning for more. His hands were on my breasts, and God, his touch was everything. Viper had my mouth against his, kissing me as if the world was about to crack open and we'd die any moment. In all my time since meeting them at the Glass Slipper Ball, I'd never felt this aroused or lacking this much control over my body.

My pussy clenched, desperate for their cocks. It was alarming how overpowering the sensation to have sex surged through me. It reminded me of being drunk, feeling nothing but liberated while my head grew foggier.

"Fuck," Shadow growled from the front, roaring the engine to life. If we weren't already squished in the back, I'd have grabbed him and made him join us. The urgency to have their hands on me—skin to skin—was painful.

My groaning flooded the car, my hips gyrating against Aspen, who grunted while Viper had his mouth on my ear, then my neck, licking and mock biting me.

"Keep making those horny little sounds, and I'll cum in my pants," Aspen ground out.

"Take mine off. I have to feel your fingers on me, or I'm going to explode." If I wasn't in such cramping agony, I would

have been embarrassed, except that was me being tame. Right now, I desperately need all three cocks inside me, stretching me, making it hurt so much, it eases the ache in my gut.

“Give the girl what she wants,” Shadow barked over his shoulder. “I’m dying here, listening to you all, smelling her scent. I’m tempted to pull over and fuck her.”

“Yes, please give it to me. I deserve it,” I purred. “I’ve been a bad girl. Punish me.”

Suddenly, the car swerved across the road, and I screamed as we raced right up against the guardrail, sparks flying as we brushed up against the metal. The car jerked, sending us swaying in the back seat. Shadow cursed under his breath as he got us back into the lane, and another car honked us from behind. My pulse was thundering that we were going to die.

“Shadow, fuck man, keep damn driving until we get there,” Viper snarled. “We’ll take care of our dirty little girl.”

Aspen, unperturbed by our near-death incident, tugged my pants and slid his hand down the front, under the elastic of my panties, and over the small mound of trimmed, pink hair. The moment his fingers slipped between my folds, a gush of slick rushed out, and I screamed.

An orgasm ran through me like a freight train. Aspen pressed two fingers into me, and I rode them, crying out as I soaked him, my body shuddering. I had no idea how much slick an Omega was capable of producing, but evidently, it was a lot.

“Damn, girl, this is the most beautiful thing ever.” Aspen never paused, his fingers thrusting in and out of me, driving me crazier by the moment.

My feelings didn’t matter, only the urgency to put out the fire consuming me. What scared me were the stories I’d heard that an Omega’s heat lasted for days, sometimes even weeks. If mine was just starting, I was in huge trouble. With my body clenching and purring for the Alphas to be inside me, how in the world could I last that long without passing out?

Though it wasn't just me, my heat was impacting the men, too. They stared at me with primal hunger, wildness behind their gaze, barely holding on not going animalistic on me. They were going to destroy me if I let them, turning me into a puddle of slick.

Aspen's fingers remained deep inside me while Viper's hand grazed my arm, my skin prickling and my body melting for them.

Shadow drove like a maniac through the roads, swerving around cars, sending us into left and right sways again, but my brain was too foggy to make out where we were. The car lurched to a stop, but I was drowning in the sensations of Aspen's fingers rubbing my clit and Viper cupping my breasts under my shirt to care about anything else.

The back door ripped open, and Shadow stood there, his chest pumping furiously for oxygen while his lips parted as though he might drool. I expected him to lunge in and join us with the way his nostrils flared, his gaze sliding down to where Aspen had his hand down my pants.

My heart pounded.

Beautiful gray eyes pierced me. "We need to get you inside, gorgeous, and fast before anyone else detects your scent."

Before I could make sense of it, Aspen pulled his finger out of me, to my protest, and handed me over to Shadow as if I weighed nothing. I clung to my Alpha, my body wrapping around him, my lips on his neck. He smelled heavenly, his skin soft against my mouth. The urge to bite into him growing, I grazed my teeth across his neck, writhing and holding onto him.

"You smell amazing." A purr brushed my throat. My body hummed as it connected to him, as if we were made for this very moment.

"Hold on, let me get you inside." His deep voice sounded strained, his fear palpable.

"Yes, I need you inside me, please."

He chuckled, the sound dark and seductive. With one hand under my ass, holding me, he hurried along a path toward two front doors of a white townhome.

We were indoors in seconds, Shadow rushing us through a hallway with white walls into a living room with huge black circular couches, a massive TV on the wall, and the windows covered by drapes, throwing everything into darkness. My curiosity about Daniel's place could only distract me so much from the flaring ache in the pit of my stomach and the fire igniting everywhere Shadow's body touched mine. He hurried us into a room where the sunlight drenched a huge king-sized bed and set me on my back. I reached up for him, my body shivering without his touch.

Viper and Aspen burst into the room after us.

"We need to do a fast sweep of the place to secure it so no one sees us." Shadow faced his men while I writhed on the bed, groaning from the agony squeezing my insides.

"Viper, you're with me," he ordered, which had Viper grunting, eyes throwing daggers at Shadow.

Aspen grinned, already tugging his shirt up and over his head.

I might have squealed with delight at the body of a god with toned muscles. My Alpha was huge.

"I'll look after Trinity until you two return."

"Yeah, I bet you will," Viper muttered under his breath as he and Shadow stormed out of the room.

"You can't get on the bed unless you're naked," I moaned.

"You're *still* wearing clothes." He dropped his jeans without pause, his massive cock springing to attention. The bulbous tip was so big, glistening with his precum. My big boy was ready. He palmed his dick, hissing between his teeth as he threw back his head, blond hair pushed off his face. God, he was gorgeous, and I still struggled to believe he wanted me as his Omega. Compared to them, I felt so insignificant, so plain, yet when Aspen lowered his gaze to me, staring at me as

though I was his goddess, it was hard not to feel slightly more confident about myself.

“Then you haven’t been doing your job,” I teased him, pulling my shirt up to show him my breasts, my bra cups still pulled down from Viper back in the car.

“My little Omega, you are devious and a temptation I could never resist. Now, let’s fix you up a bit. I can still smell you on my fingers, and I’m about to burst if I don’t see your sweet pussy.”

Leaning forward, his thick fingers curled around my ankles and hauled me toward him until my legs were dangling off the edge. I cried out, giggling at the same time at the thrill. Hands skated up my thighs, then curled under my already unzipped pants and tugged them down with my panties. Frantically, I pulled my shirt up and over my head before slipping my bra off. A sexy growl rolled over Aspen’s throat as he pushed my legs open, his gaze dipping. Nostrils flaring, he took in my scent, his eyes glazing over.

“I’ve never seen a more beautiful pussy. I know you crave my cock, but I need a small taste... please.”

My body responded before I did, my hips rocking for him. My cheeks blushed, but I’d gone way past that shy moment.

“Yes, taste me, take me. Do everything you want... just make me cum.”

“Those are the words I want to hear, my good girl.” Getting to his knees, hands on my hips, he dragged my ass to the edge of the mattress and placed my legs over his shoulders. With his head between my thighs, his fingers spread across my lips, exposing me completely to my Alpha.

I burned all over. His tongue flicked over my clit, and electric energy shot through me. It rattled me how easily he controlled my body, and I cried out, my chest arching upward.

“Yes, more. Please suck me... let me cum in your mouth.” I didn’t recognize my voice. It couldn’t be me who said those things, but the edge of impatience in my demand had him groaning with approval.

His mouth claimed my pussy, eating me like he was devouring ice cream on a cone, going in completely—lips and tongue and teeth. Desire pulsed over my body, my heartbeat accelerating to where even my legs trembled. Digging my heels into his back, I ground myself against his face as his fingers pressed into my hips, plunging his tongue into me.

“Don’t ever stop doing that.” My fingers gripped the blanket as my body rode him, rocking faster, the inferno inside me swelling. I squirmed and held on, all my muscles tensing.

Fire burst, ripping into me and making my hips twitch. I came so hard, I saw stars behind my eyelids. Closing my thighs around Aspen’s head, I screamed out the orgasm that claimed me. My Alpha never stopped licking. Each twitch of my hips had him sucking on me faster, as if he couldn’t get enough of my taste.

I reached down, my fingers curling into his hair, riding him as I kept cumming and cumming with a need carved in my flesh. My breath caught, and the tension in my muscles melted me. My Alpha released me, and I cried out, missing him already. He glanced up at me, his mouth, chin, and nose glistening with my cum, his eyes glazed over with hunger.

“God, I need more... please, more,” I purred.

“Sweet Omega, I will be your god, making your wildest dreams become reality.” He licked his lips just as Shadow and Viper rushed into the room. At first, I assumed someone had followed us, but as they sped to undress, I laughed.

“Our girl needs us all,” Aspen murmured, shuffling aside and pushing my legs wider. “Look how wet she is for us.”

All three naked men gathered in front of me, and it was hard not to blush. I still buzzed from my second orgasm, and these hunks were staring at my drenched, open pussy.

“Are you ready for us, beautiful?” Aspen ran his fingers down my inner thigh, pressing two fingers into me.

I moaned, moisture slipping out from my pussy as Aspen’s thick fingers pumped into me, and the sloshing sound was

beautiful. My inner walls clenched down on him in anticipation of what was about to come.

“Tell us how you want us.” Shadow moved onto the bed next to me, his cock thick, the vein running down the length bulging. Leaning forward, he ran the pad of his tongue over my hard nipples. Shivering, I was a mess with how desperate I felt, slick gushing from my core at every touch.

“Push me to the limit, make it hurt,” I cried out, unsure what I wanted, except for the sensation they brought me to be three-fold.

“Did you hear her, boys? She wants to be stretched.” Shadow’s deep voice sent excited ripples over my body.

“She wants two cocks in the same hole,” Viper purred as if it aroused him just saying them.

Aspen was smirking. “Oh, yes, she wants to feel the stretch.”

“I do...” I wasn’t sure if I meant that as a question or confirmation. I was scared but aroused to the point where I’d say yes to anything. “Wait, is that even possible?”

All three men grinned, and my nipples tightened, and the overwhelming desire inhaled me.

“Very much so,” Shadow purred in my ear. “I promise you’ll be able to take it. Are you ready for us?”

Viper shot me a grin. “Is that a yes, gorgeous angel? You want two cocks in your greedy little cunt?”

“I-I...” I gasped for air, fire coming over me in waves, fast and ferocious. I writhed on the bed, my heart pulsing in my throat as a strange excitement shimmered over my body, and my response shot out on a gasp. “Yes. Okay, I want to try.”

Nine

S

TRINITY

Dragging myself backward across the bed, my three men came after me like starved wolves. I couldn't stop giggling, my body quivering with arousal at all the pleasure they promised with their gazes. My pussy pulsed like she knew what was coming her way.

"You heard her," Aspen growled, the husky sound of his voice wickedly sexy. "Our Omega needs all of us to satisfy her."

Heart thundering, I was certain it was going to give out from how fast it raced. Their manly smells and Alpha scents flooded me, mingling in the most divine intoxicating cocktail. They did all kinds of crazy things to my body, and my hormones twisted over themselves for them.

I shivered all over, unsure how this was going to work. A blush grazed my cheeks as I studied the muscles on their gorgeous bodies, then dipped down to three huge cocks, desperate to plunge into me. Locking the image to my mind permanently, it would be a fantasy I'd go back to again and again... and that was before we even started.

Shadow's hand tenderly brushed up my leg, drawing a long purr out of me as liquid slipped out of me, dampening my inner thighs further. His hand slid higher, his gaze entranced by my naked body, as he deeply inhaled my Omega scent.

"I can't get enough of how delicious you smell."

Aspen was on my left side, his hand cupping a breast, and I gasped for breath. My skin rippled with goosebumps.

“Let me see again just how wet you are for us, beautiful Omega,” Viper growled and licked his lips as he widened my legs.

The moment was intimate, and being with all three felt as though it was meant to be as if this was where I was destined to end up, where the beginning of my new life would start. I blamed my body, which was running amuck with emotions and hormones.

Heat swept over me, and something inside me switched on. Fire blazed, the purring came from deep in my chest, and the pain... God, the pain was easing, as if my insides knew they were my solution. I reached out for them, seeking their warmth as I became entranced in their Alpha scents. Sweet. Delicious. Sinful.

Viper pushed his head between my legs, the roughness of his stubble against my inner thighs, heightening the arousal. I trembled, my pussy fluttering from his breath across my folds. Aspen cupped a breast into his mouth, and Shadow’s mouth grazed my neck.

“God, you’re all going to kill me.”

Their wicked tongues left me crying out. I tried to reach out to them, to rock my hips, but it was too much work, too exhausting.

Viper slurped as he lapped at my pussy, his eyes on me, hazed over from how turned on he’d become.

The world faded away as wave after wave of pleasure rippled over me. Viper spread my legs wider while Aspen tugged on my nipples, pinching them between his fingers and his teeth.

“You’re doing amazing,” Shadow whispered in my ear, his hot breath like a feather on my skin, shooting tingles down my spine.

I might as well be floating... I’d never felt this high before, this intense. Their breaths and touches rose the hairs on my head. My thighs tried to clench, but my legs just quivered. The Alpha’s grunts deepened, becoming something primal and

darker. My body reacted, and I tried to bring them closer, their energies resonating with me on a deeper level.

With my nerves taut, I moaned the longer they licked and tasted me.

“You love having your pussy eaten, don’t you?” Shadow teased. “Your hips are working overtime, grinding against Viper’s face. And fuck me, he loves it, taking your slick, rubbing it all over his face. I’m so fucking jealous. I want my cock deep inside you, rutting you savagely.”

“Shadow,” I moaned in my attempt to respond, my breaths coming fast. Sucking in each inhale, the overpowering pleasure hummed through me. “It’s so intense.”

“I know, gorgeous, but the heat has to run its course, and that’s what you have us for. To lick every drop of your cum, to fuck your holes, knot in you until your body can’t take it any longer. Then we’ll fuck you even more together, then each of us taking turns until your hormones settle down. But you need to know something...”

Awareness of the seriousness of his words called my attention. I tried my best to push past the fog in my head, but it was close to impossible to have any kind of serious conversation when one of your boyfriends was tongue-fucking you.

Shadow drew in a deep inhale, his lips on mine, then whispered, “During a heat, your body is aching because it’s preparing itself for a baby. Heats are about Alphas breeding Omegas, impregnating them. I figured you already knew, my gorgeous girl, but I wanted to make sure you know what’s going to happen.”

I tried to respond as a flare of pain wracked havoc with me and winced as a fresh burst of arousal pulsed through me. There was a flash of sympathy across Shadow’s face.

“I can’t even offer to use protection since our knot would break a condom, but without knotting, we can’t eliminate the pain.”

A baby. Was I ready for that? I knew I should be feeling all kinds of emotions, but it was close to impossible to do so when my body was too preoccupied with being bat-shit horny. My emotions were already manic, my mind panicking. Fuck, was I really ready for this? Hell no, I wasn't. Two mafia families wanted us dead, so how could I bring up a baby in such danger?

"I don't really have a choice, do I?" I whimpered.

"I absolutely adore you, Trinity." Shadow cupped my cheek, leaning down, while I moaned from Aspen's and Viper's affection. "I love you, and I'd be the luckiest man in the world to become a father and be the kind of man to my child my dad could never have been to me. You have no idea how much this means to me."

Primal lust tightened my body, and my head was spinning. I hadn't even thought about becoming a mother or starting a family. Shadow, on the other hand, must have because he stared at me completely smitten, as if I might break him if he didn't get to be with me to have our child. It was hard to deny that I loved him staring at me that way.

"I'm not sure how I'd be as a mom, seeing I never knew my own." It was hard to control my thoughts pouring past my lips when my body was in overdrive, and my mind was thinking about babies.

"Trinity, beautiful Omega, you are going to make a spectacular mother. I can already see it just from how caring and loving you are with us. Before you, I never even considered having kids. Now it's everything I want in life for us."

Everything happened so fast. Biting my lower lip, I glanced over at Viper and Aspen, who both released me and shifted up the bed to get closer to me. They were stroking me, kissing me, and I felt so loved I wanted to cry.

"My little dove," Viper started. "I know I still have so much more to make up to you, but you would make the most incredible mother, and I'm going to do everything to help. I'll

be on diaper duty and foot massages. I love you deeply and will do anything to prove it.”

“I’ll make all the meals as we want our baby to only eat the best foods,” Aspen added. “I am so excited to become a father. I wish circumstances were better for me to finally tell you that you are my world and that I fell in love with you when we first met. You will be so beautiful pregnant, especially all naked.”

I laughed, then writhed on the bed. “Well, right now, I can barely think about anything but how much my body hurts. I need you all inside me. I know what you’re saying, but it’s too much for me to think about now. First, let’s focus on riding the heat, then baby talk, okay?”

No matter how much I tried, my life insisted on being a whirlwind of surprises and twists. So, it shouldn’t come as a shock that heat cycles were destined for breeding Omegas. Of course, in hindsight, it was clear as day, yet it had never really crossed my mind.

Aspen rolled onto his back on the bed, twisting his head to glance at me with his devious grin. “Little Omega, come straddle me.”

As if a switch had been flipped, the Alphas took their positions. Aspen drew me to straddle him, Shadow got off the bed behind me, and Viper knelt close to us. With me sitting on Aspen, he shuffled us lower on the mattress, so his legs dangled over the edge. There, Shadow waited, his hand already on his cock, and Viper was watching me, his cock huge waiting.

“Just so we know, next round, I’m fucking my little dove while you two watch.” Viper meant every word, his gaze intense and tracking every inch of me.

I couldn’t help but laugh at his passion.

Lowering his hand between my legs, Shadow’s fingers dragged over my entrance, then made small circles over my clit. Every cell in my body was sensitive, aware of everywhere he touched me. “You are ready for us, beautiful.”

“Please,” I moaned, my body falling into a rhythm as I demanded more than Shadow’s teasing fingers.

“Are you ready?” Aspen asked, pushing himself up onto his elbows to reach me.

“Yes, so ready.”

“Good, sit on my cock, then I want your breast in my mouth. All I can think about is when you’re pregnant and how much I’ll enjoy sucking them, drinking your milk.”

I almost choked on my breath at his words while my body shuddered with arousal. In truth, I loved the way they admired and cherished me. I yearned for their touches.

Aspen’s hand slipped down his chest and stomach to his cock, shifting his erection so the tip brushed over my slick entrance. I groaned when he brushed it up and down my drenched folds, then he pushed his tip into me.

I stiffened, my chest sticking out in anticipation. Fire wrapped around me as Viper leaned closer.

“Nothing to be afraid of, my gorgeous Omega.” His lips were on mine, and I tasted myself, the sweetness, the muskiness, all mixed up with his masculine taste. I pressed myself closer toward him, needing more, feeling as though we were bonding as one at that moment when our scents blended together.

Aspen moved deeper into me, then paused. Shadow’s fingers spread my pussy, and the heat of his cock on my skin came next. Then the pressure of him pushing into me followed.

A groan grew in my throat, and the depth of yearning and the ache of them forcing me open left me crying out. Sweat bubbled over my brow, and my pussy pulsed. There was nothing uncomfortable about what we were doing, only a shuddering pain that had me gushing more slick. The sensation kept building, and I had to pull back from kissing Viper to catch my breath.

“Deep inhales and exhales, beautiful,” Shadow urged me.

The pressure of them squeezing into me had me lifting my pelvis for easier access.

“I had no idea two could even fit,” I groaned, every inch of me focused on the point of contact where they were now inside me, sliding deeper. Sweat dripped down my face, and my chest pumped my breaths furiously.

“The view from back here will be forever imprinted on my mind,” Shadow murmured, which had Viper scrambling to the end of the bed to stand behind me, staring down at the show.

“Fuck me, the stretch is everything. Seeing your pussy so wide is a stunning sight.”

I didn't have the energy to make a smart-ass comment or even look back for too long. Not when Aspen had my nipple in his mouth, his tongue licking me and being so gentle, it drove me insane with need. He and Shadow moved in sync, back and forth, going deeper.

There was no relief for me as the intensity swelled and desire pooled in my gut.

Goosebumps covered my arms when Viper climbed back on the bed. His cock was there near my face, and no words were needed. His eyes flashed with arousal, his smirk hinting at the devious things he had in store for me.

My pulse raced, the ache inside me battling the pleasure as my body roared to life. Glancing up at Viper, I stuck my tongue out before popping the tip of his cock in my mouth. He hissed, and his eyes rolled upward from his pleasure. Salty with a hint of sweetness, I worked my lips down his shaft, taking more of him into my mouth. I appreciated my other Alphas pausing for me to completely take Viper, running my tongue along the underside of his erection, teasing him.

Breaths rasped past his lips, his body quaking as he stared down at me with his cock completely in my mouth. Eyes watering from his tip kissing the back of my throat, he brought me the kind of arousal I never expected. My body clenched, heat igniting across my nerve endings. I bucked my hips, wriggling under them for movement.

“She’s ready for us.” Shadow stroked my ass, and as if on cue, he and Aspen began moving with the same motion, picking up their tempo. The friction of their cocks flared my desire as they started to really fuck me. Viper shifted back and forth in my mouth, slowly at first, his hand on my head, which I didn’t mind in the slightest.

Intense pleasure flared over me, building, taking me with it. This was just the beginning of our sex, but I already felt the sparks of my orgasm pushing forward. Another sharp sensation jolted through my body from my head to my toes, every inch of me fighting, and part of me felt like I was being torn in half.

All the while, scorching hot pulses rippled over my pussy, and I had no control over myself. I had to accept that my Alphas would take care of my needs, and they did. We fucked like crazy, explosive fireworks bursting over me with the orgasms that kept coming, but my Alphas weren’t stopping.

Viper’s cock pulsed, and he roared as he started to cum in my mouth. The excitement had me gulping down the salty ejaculate. It rushed down my throat, and I worked to take it all. My handsome Alpha was staring down at me, looking completely possessed as he kept on pulsing. These men produced so much cum, it was crazy. When I swallowed the last drop, he slipped his cock out of my mouth and gasped for air.

“Trinity, you’re so beautiful, I can’t stop touching you.” Viper collapsed on the bed next to Aspen and me.

I ended up doing the same on top of Aspen. My eyelids fluttered, my strength waning, but my desire never ceased. With each thrust, another spurt of arousal jolted down my spine, chasing away the pain. Core pulsing with more liquid, I heard my men grunting, and the pressure of their cocks intensified.

“Something’s happening,” I moaned, pushing myself up.

“Fuck, I’m close,” Aspen snarled.

Shadow's powerful arms gripped my hips, and with speed, he pulled me off their cocks so fast, I moaned with agony.

He had me on the bed, rolling me onto my back and pushing himself back between my legs. His cock plunged back into my pussy, and my walls clenched around him. Already, I felt him swelling, starting to pulse.

"I've got you, my little Omega."

I reached over with my free hand and grasped Aspen's cock, much to his surprise, pumping him as Shadow worked his huge cock into me, deeper and deeper. Viper joined in on the action on my other side, peppering my breasts with kisses.

The bond between the four of us strengthened. It was hard to pinpoint, but when I had all three of them touching me, the calm that fluttered over me was delectable, and I couldn't get enough.

Smiling as he leaned over me, thrusting, our bodies shuddering, Shadow suddenly paused with a grunt in his throat. His face tightened as he pulsed inside of me, flooding me with his cum, his cock engorging, pushing against my walls. If I thought I was stuffed before with two cocks, having his knot swell in me was everything. I cried out from the pleasure, from feeling the warmth of his cum filling me.

"That's it," he growled. "Take all of me, all of my cum."

Aspen was howling as his cock pulsed just as hard in my hand, the heat of his sticky cum shooting up and dripping all over my hand. I never stopped pumping him, squeezing him as we came together in the most beautiful moment of arousal.

I realized then that I was bound to these three Alphas.

We might have been strangers not long ago, but we now belonged to each other.

And I wouldn't change that for the world.

I decided then that I was ready to carry their baby, to become a mother. I'd cherish and spoil my little bundle, giving them all the love I had never received from my parents.

Exhaling a long sigh of contentment, I basked in the power of love my Alphas blessed me with.

Ten

8

TRINITY

I awakened with a moan on my lips, realizing I must have fallen asleep at some stage during unbelievably amazing sex. The last thing I remembered was being sandwiched between Shadow and Aspen and forgetting how many times I'd orgasmed.

My body still hummed, but the pain in my heat had calmed, and I wanted to cry with joy that I felt semi-normal. When a feathery stroke tickled across my pussy, I lazily opened my eyes, clenching my legs, only to find something obstructed them.

I jerked my head up to find Shadow crouched between my thighs, his smiling eyes on me, his mouth closed around my drenched pussy. I gasped, surprised to find him there, half-moaning because his tongue was velvety heaven.

One more lick, then he released me and crawled up and over my body, pushing my legs wider with his. He was naked, and my gaze dipped to his huge cock, which stood erect and hard. The tip was thick, with precum leaking down the head. He pushed it toward my pussy, brushing against my entrance as he hovered over me, staring down at me with stars in his eyes.

Moaning, I was desperate for him to be inside me.

Sucking on his lower lip, he murmured, "Morning, little Omega."

"Do you have a habit of going down on a girl when she's sleeping?" I pushed onto my elbows, my mouth drawn to him.

Call it primitive, but the jasmine and masculine scent dominated me, every inch of me drawn to him.

“Only when she’s my Omega, and it helps her sleep as she comes off her heat cycle.”

I blinked at him, warmth flooding my chest. “I feel like I’ve been sleeping for hours. And you’ve been doing that this whole time...” I glanced down between us, where his cock nudged at my entrance, dipping his tip into me.

He kissed my mouth, stealing my moans. “We’ve been taking turns, keeping you relaxed and helping lower your fever.”

There were no signs of the other guys, but they’d be close. To hear they had been enjoying me while I crashed out should have disturbed me, but it didn’t. It filled me with a sense of love that they did everything possible to ease my pain.

Shadow pushed into me all the way, and the sensation was like fireworks sparking between my legs. I arched, pushing my breasts against his chest, a purr caressing my throat. My Alpha studied me, grinning.

“Trinity, you’re absolutely spectacular.”

My insides buzzed at his compliment.

Grinding into me deeper, he growled, and a sense of passion and love filled me.

“I feel different. The heat’s no longer there, even though I’m still turned on. Does that mean my heat’s passed? Or does it mean I’m... I’m pregnant?” I struggled to say the last words because even if I accepted my fate, I still couldn’t believe this was happening.

“You reached your crescendo about two days ago and have been on a descent since.”

I froze at his words. “Wait, two days? We just arrived at the house yesterday, didn’t we?”

Shaking his head, he scooped a hand under my back and lifted us both upright. He knelt on the bed as I straddled him,

his cock still deep inside me. A pulse of warmth teased my nerves at how perfectly he cradled me.

“You’ve been under the fever of your heat for three days.”

I gasped. “Did I pass out and miss days?” I was startled that I wouldn’t have noticed so much time passing.

“Gorgeous girl.” He peppered my face with kisses, his large hands flat on my back, holding me close to him. “When an Omega goes into heat, time no longer matters, just the desperate urges. We made sure you got some food and lots of water.”

“I remember.” I nodded. “Yet it all feels like it happened in one day.”

“You’ll be okay, you’ll see. Your heat shouldn’t return for a while. Whether you fall pregnant is to be seen, but don’t worry about those things now. Today, you need to rest.” Shadow rubbed his cheek against mine, then kissed me all over. His hot breath and our naked bodies rubbing together were seductive and beautiful as his body cocooned mine.

I couldn’t explain it, but everything was different, more settled and secure around Shadow, as though the dynamics had changed, as if every fiber in my being embraced him as mine. This was very different from the bite and bond Viper had created.

Contentment came to mind.

“Can you please fuck me hard now?” I asked in a whisper, my cheek on his chest, our hips gently gyrating together, the thickness of his erection teasing inside me. My raised gaze locked with his, and I saw the passion that swam behind those beautiful gray eyes.

“Absolutely. I was just keeping my cock warm until you were ready.”

I couldn’t help but laugh, which made him hiss and stare at me with savagery when I gripped his shaft with my squeezing walls.

“I’m your cock’s tea cozy... is that what you’re saying?”

His loud laughter coated me in excited goosebumps. Next thing I knew, he had me on my back, my legs wrapped around his hips, and he was taking his time, fucking me like he savored every second of us.

“Your body is made for me. I meant what I said during your heat.” With his body on top of mine, he drove in and out of me. The pleasure threatened to pull me under, but I didn’t want to lose the moment as we looked into each other’s eyes. I knew then we weren’t just having sex. For the first time in my life, I was being made love to.

Moaning, I held onto his strong arms, both of us moving in rhythm.

“Yeah, and what’s that?” I gasped the words as he picked up the tempo. You’d think that after days of sex, I’d be sore, but instead, a sense of rejuvenation came over me as though I could be fucked for several more days.

“I love you, Trinity. I love your adorable smile, the way you giggle, the sway of your hips when you walk. I love how you always speak your mind and argue with me, how your cheeks blush when you’re naked in front of me, and the sounds you make when you orgasm is the soundtrack to my arousal.”

Moaning, my heart beat faster, and it was hard to ignore the sting in my eyes from tears of happiness at having this big, beautiful Alpha taking me.

“You’re going to make me cry.”

“Then I’ll kiss away your tears and find a way to make you laugh.” His hips pumped back and forth, the fire between us explosive.

Holding onto him, I stared deep into his eyes, unable to believe the joy that was bursting through me, and choked on the tears that now ran free.

“I love you, too, more than I thought I’d ever feel.”

The corners of his mouth lifted, then he licked my tears and kissed me deeply. He moved fast and hard, fucking me like a beast, as if he could barely hold back. His tongue

plunged into my mouth, my body sensitive everywhere we touched.

When my skin began to feel too stretched across my body, a delicious ache rose through me. Fire flushed over me, and a scream scraped the back of my throat as the orgasm hit me like an explosive. Shuddering under my Alpha, I writhed and held onto him tightly. My pussy clenched him so tight, he roared, but my climax kept coming and coming, harder than I remember.

Shadow withdrew, and I frowned. “What about you?” I panted. “You never came.”

“This healing is about you, and you’ve been knotted so much, I don’t want to hurt you.” He flopped down next to me on the bed, running his index finger down the valley of my breasts as I still buzzed, warmth drenching between my thighs from my orgasm, my legs quaking.

“That was fucking sexy as hell to experience,” he cooed.

“I love it when you say things like that.”

“Good. I’ll say it all the time if it makes you smile.” He drew me back into his arms just as loud footsteps sounded at the doorway.

Twisting around, I found Aspen strolling inside, hands deep in the front pockets of his worn jeans, his gaze roaming over my body. He grinned with approval. Moving to my side, he sat on the edge of the bed, took my hand, and kissed each finger.

“If you’re up for it, food’s ready. You must be starving.”

“Well, now that you mention it, my stomach is grumbling.”

Aspen leaned in and nuzzled against my neck, then kissed me where my skin tickled, and I giggled. The short growth on his jaw scratched my skin softly. I leaned against him, breathing in his muscadine grape scent, letting it surround me. Even his being away from me for a short time had me missing him. Kissing his cheek, I made my way to his mouth, and even then, it wasn’t enough.

“Seems you’re not really that hungry yet... not for food.” His tongue licked across my lips.

“It’s just so hard to resist you.” As if on cue, my gut grumbled loudly, and Shadow laughed.

“Your stomach begs to differ. Let’s get some food into you.”

“I would love a quick shower first, then I’m ready to eat.” A newfound energy rippled over me as though I was my old self again, not the Omega who’d lost all control of her urges. That told me the love I had for my Alphas was genuine and not just my heat speaking.

With a kiss from Aspen, he drew back as Shadow pulled me into his arms, then set me on my feet near the bed. Aspen winked at me, melting my knees from the simple gesture that turned me into a puddle.

I held onto Shadow as I gained my footing when the room spun slightly. My body still pulsed with a raw want these men brought out of me, and being on my feet, I sensed the soft soreness between my legs from our sex marathon.

“Okay, I need to shower, or we’ll never eat.” I fake-pushed Shadow toward the door, but the two men never budged, staring at me, unconvinced. “I promise I’ll be alright. Now go.” Turning my back on them, I strolled into the bathroom connected to the bedroom, heading straight for the shower, in desperate need of hot water.

By the time I finished and had my hair and body wrapped in towels, I walked out of the bathroom, feeling like a new woman. One who was confident and loved. I had survived my first heat with the help of my three Alphas, with growing feelings for them that made me feel all warm and fuzzy on the inside. Daniel popped into my mind as well, and I wished he could be here too instead of so far away that I know he suffered.

Lifting my gaze, I found Viper in the room, sitting on the bed. He sat next to a pile of folded clothes I assumed were for me, including a thin black thong on top. His head lifted at my

arrival, a hopeful look in his eyes, and I suspected his presence had nothing to do with ensuring I got dressed.

“How are you feeling, beautiful girl? Sorry I couldn’t be there when you woke up. I had to pop out really quick.” He studied me, appearing more relaxed than the Viper I knew. He wasn’t being pushy for a change, and I appreciated it.

“Is it a good idea to leave the house?” With the last three days flying past, the reality of our danger came thundering back like a steam train, colliding with me.

His piercing green eyes fixed on mine, and my attention dipped to his mouth, imagining it all over my body, his tongue lapping up the arousal drenching me between my thighs. My body tingled with the urge to step into his arms, to let my towel fall around me...

It took me a few moments to catch myself slipping into attraction mode toward Viper instead of remaining focused on our predicament with the two mafia families out for blood. The bond from Viper’s bite rendered me powerless around him if I didn’t remain focused.

Clearing my throat, I faced my folded clothes on the bed next to him, then back up at Viper, who studied me as if challenging me to dress in front of him. When he sized me up, licking his lips, and with my spirits high, I dropped the towel. It cascaded around my feet, and his eyes darkened in color as he stared at all of me.

My heart banged harder, and despite being naked for three days and my Alphas taking turns licking my pussy while I slept, my cheeks burned with a blush.

“I’m not a man who can resist you,” he murmured, his voice growing raspy, his gaze eyeing my breasts.

Wearing the bravery I didn’t feel on the inside, I casually removed the towel from my hair, tossing it aside. With shaky hands, I tried to hide, I ran them through my wet hair, pushing it off my face.

Viper was breathing heavily as he got off the bed and knelt in front of me. I gasped, thighs pressing together because the

way he admired my pussy made me both horny and shy.

“I have something for you,” he explained with the husky voice that always drove me crazy about Viper.

“Oh, yeah?” I reached for my clothes, but he grabbed my arm, stopping me.

“You don’t need them. I like you naked. If it was up to me, I’d have you like this every second of the day.” The corners of his lips curled upward as his hand slipped from my arm to my hip, his fingers making small circles. “Your body is a masterpiece and shouldn’t be hidden.”

I laughed nervously; well aware he meant every word.

“If I did that, we’d never get any work done. The moment I bent over to pick something up, you’d be there, and we’d end up fucking.”

His eyebrow raised with a quirky expression crossing his face. “And the problem is?”

I wriggled from his touch, pleasure already rushing through my body too quickly. This conversation was only going to end one way.

“Anyway, you said something about having a gift for me?”

He reached behind his back, pulling something out of his pocket.

Anticipation curled in my chest as my skin pebbled with goosebumps at my nakedness.

He presented an open palm with two golden rings in the shape of a love heart, each on a golden chain.

“I-Is that for me? When did you buy it?”

“They’re for us.” He grinned, looking rather proud of himself. “I had my father’s ring melted down and made into two hearts. I wanted to give you something so you always remember you’ll never be alone again and that this moment, as chaotic as it is, it’s also the new beginning of our new family.”

“You had them made for us?” Lost for words, I sucked in a long breath, shocked, yet my stomach burst with butterflies that he’d gone out of his way to make something just for me.

“I had them made when your father had kidnapped you. I knew I was going to get you back, or I’d die trying.”

It touched me deeply that Viper put thought into how to bring me happiness. He might have been unpredictable and jumped before he thought through his actions, but I could see that everything he did came from his heart. He just expressed himself differently than most, and I freaking adored him for it. Unable to stop smiling, I leaned in and kissed him on the lips hungrily. I loved the way he kissed me back. It was starving and passionate.

“Thank you,” I said breathlessly, my chest warming. “It’s beautiful, and I love that you did it to bring me happiness.”

His expression beamed, his eyes lighting up. “I made one for both of us. Let me put yours on.”

“Yes, please,” I said eagerly.

Next thing I knew, he had the gold chain around my neck and clasped it behind my neck. The small gold heart resting against my chest reminded me of Viper’s true intentions to show me how much he cared. With his necklace securely around his neck, he got to his feet, towering over me.

“I love you, Trinity, so damn much. I don’t expect you to forgive me right away, but I’m going to keep working to show you that you are my world, that I was given a second chance to find true love again.” The expression in his eyes was heavy and mesmerizing. “I’ll work every day to find new ways to express my love and devotion to you.”

My heart beat faster, and I was swooning, every nerve ending in my body ready to pop.

“I love your gift.” Clasping the heart pendant against my chest as his words left me breathless, I pushed myself closer. I was still getting used to being spoiled and adored so much. Growing up with my best friends, for too long, I believed I wasn’t worthy of love. Why else would my parents have

abandoned me? But now, my Alphas had shown me a different way.

“It means the world to me. You’re going to laugh, but I’ve wanted to be loved this way since forever, and now I might cry from happiness.”

“My precious, Omega. You deserve more, and I’m not going to ask you if you forgive me for the shit I pulled. I decided that I would keep doing everything in my power to remind you how special you are to me every single day. Not just for making up for my wrongs, but for the rest of our lives.”

It was hard not to smile crazily. In truth, after the heat and Viper’s doting on me, I had forgiven him in my heart and yearned for everything he promised me.

Drawing me closer, he buried his face in my neck and took a deep inhale, then kissed me right below my ear. I clung to him, blinking hard to keep the tears at bay and reminding myself that I deserved to be loved this way.

Embracing him, I didn’t know how long we stayed there before Aspen’s and Shadow’s low voices somewhere in the house drew us apart.

“I guess we better get out there before they send a search party.” Dressing quickly, Viper watched me wriggle into my thong as I dragged it up my legs. He then handed me my black leggings and a V-neck long-sleeved shirt, clothes I’d packed for myself.

Taking my hand in his, the smile on his lips was infectious. We headed downstairs, where the table was laid out with all manner of food. The savory smells had my stomach hurting from how hungry I was. Suddenly, I was speeding up, needing to eat something... everything.

Aspen and Viper were already at the table, watching the huge television hanging on the wall across the room, the volume low.

“I sure hope there’s enough food,” I teased, taking a seat next to Aspen, where he patted for me to join him. Not

waiting, I filled my plate with mac and cheese, southern-style fried chicken, coleslaw, two biscuits, and gravy.

Aspen handed me a bowl of spaghetti with meatballs and tomato sauce that smelled heavenly. Viper sat across from me while Shadow poured me a glass of apple juice.

“Eat up,” Shadow said. “You need your strength.”

I didn’t need to be told twice and dug in, eating hungrily. Moaning at each new dish I tried, I noticed the men watching me instead of eating.

“You need to tip the chef extra from wherever you got all this food. I’ve never tasted anything so divine. It’s the best I’ve tasted in my whole life.” I took another bite of the chicken, then the biscuit dipped in gravy. “You need to try this. It’s the best.” I kept eating while my men served themselves and kept adding more food to my plate.

“We can’t have you starving,” Aspen added.

“Just leave room for dessert. I got three different kinds of cheesecakes,” Viper explained.

My eyes bulged, and I wiped my mouth with the paper serviette.

“And you’re keeping the cheesecake away, why?” I grinned at him, and he shot to his feet.

“Coming up.”

“You must all think I’m a beast, eating so much,” Stuffing a meatball into my mouth, I moaned louder. I’d found my Nirvana.

I had no idea how much I ended up eating, but when I finally paused, I’d managed to eat a portion of every dish, including tasting all three cheesecakes—strawberry vanilla, cookie dough, and pineapple cream.

“How are you feeling?” Shadow asked from across the table, his voice soft and warm. Having all three Alphas paying so much attention to me had my pulse pick up, making my heartbeat race with excitement.

“Fully satisfied. I have no idea what came over me that I ate so much.” I chased it all down with the rest of my apple juice.

“After a heat, your body is craving nutrients and energy since you’ve been going on reserves. It’s normal.” Aspen placed a hand on my thigh, the warmth of his touch soothing.

Shadow and Viper had their eyes locked on the TV screen behind me. I twisted around to hear the news reporter talking about the decrease in violence in the city of Liberty. She stated some believed there had been a ceasefire between the Matteis and Shchavlev families.

I swallowed the thickness in my throat that felt like barbed wire. My body was numb to think Axel had achieved the goal of merging both families while my gut churned at the implication. I barely knew my father, but I’d seen enough to know he’d never bend his knee to anyone, let alone a dickhead like Axel, so there was more going on than it seemed.

Struggling to breathe, there was a sudden weight on my chest.

“We have four days left of the week to prove our innocence.” The words spilled out, followed by a small trembling in my breaths. “Four days to find a way to prove that bastard, Axel, is guilty.”

The guys began talking about the peace in the city, the possibility of the families joining forces, and about needing a connection to help them get more insight into Axel.

But my mind was thundering with terror. My thoughts were all over the place as I tried to swallow the panic surging through me. We’d wasted three days because of my heat, so there was no more delay.

“Is it worth calling Rusty to find out if he knows what’s going on?” Aspen asked.

Shadow was already shaking his head. “He’d let me know if anything significant happened. We still have to prove that dickhead, Axel, planned all along to kill my great-grandfather.”

“Then let’s find someone else in the Matteis family to find a way to get dirt on Axel,” Aspen added.

“You think it’s that easy to just make connections? They trust no one,” Viper rasped, and he had a point.

As he spoke, an idea came to mind, and I leaned forward.

“I may know someone.” Suddenly, every eye was on me. “Back at the Institute, there was a girl who bragged that she was connected to the Matteis family. Amy was a horrible person, but I once saved her from Jack, one of our caretakers who was all hands on the girls. Anyway, I got her away from him one night when he was going to enter her room, and she said she owed me anything for helping her.”

“Okay, that’s an in. What’s her surname? We can try to track her down.” Viper asked.

“I only know her first name, but her details were at the Institute office. They might still be there.”

“Good. Aspen, Viper, you two head out to the Institute tonight and find out Amy’s information. Then we’ll pay her a visit. We need dirt on Axel, a connection of someone who knew his plans and is willing to speak up against him.”

“Fat chance of that,” Aspen voiced my exact thought. “But getting dirt on him might be another way to take him down.” His tone changed, the deep, serious tone lacing every word, making me anxious.

Shadow and Viper nodded, each behaving with the confidence of taking down Axel, but I wasn’t so convinced. As they made plans, everything started to overwhelm me.

I wanted the asshole found guilty and punished, but I had a sinking feeling that things wouldn’t go so easily for us. As I turned my attention back to the news reporter, who was talking about an approaching storm, I blinked several times, watching her mindlessly as a tear slid past my eyelashes.

Finally discovering true love and my found family, I wasn’t ready for the universe to take it away from me. After I’d already lost so much, if I lost my Alphas, I knew I’d break and never be able to be put back together.

Eleven

8

ASPEN

My world was guns and blood. It'd been how I ran the Bronze Cobras with Shadow and Viper to grow it to the size it was now, to make our millions. We were still a small fire compared to the two mafia families, which was fine. We hadn't planned to compete with them, so we kept it low-key.

And for years, it worked.

We traded in pills, not caring who we sold to because we never offered synthetics or crap that hurt Omegas, only products with natural ingredients, even if ours were a lot more expensive on the market.

All that had gone out the window when we finally scored ourselves an Omega. Along with so much baggage, it might as well be a tidal wave that never stopped slamming into us.

Would I change a thing?

Fuck no! Trinity was ours, and if that meant fighting to the end, I'd do what it took because nobody was taking the woman I loved away from me. I'd fuck them up real good if they tried.

That was why I was driving like a maniac in the middle of the night down the backroads to avoid anyone seeing us. We had to find contact details for Trinity's friend since she might be our inside key against Axel.

"You think we'll cross paths with any of the Matteis?" Viper grunted, playing with the tip of his blade in the passenger seat. The guy always had a loose screw, but I didn't

hold it against him. I'd rather he was in my corner than against me.

Since he'd met Trinity, he'd changed. Tamed down around her, but the savagery in his eyes of anyone else potentially endangering her was as fucked up as mine. If he was going to go psycho on anyone, let it be all the pricks who intended to harm her.

"Pretty sure we'll see them or the Shchavlevs on our drive. We just keep low."

"I'm in a shitty mood and want to kill someone."

I glanced over at him, staring into the darkness, and knew he meant every word. As long as it was the enemy, I didn't give a fuck. Viper was a tornado when he got pissy, and standing in his way made you collateral damage. So, unlike Shadow, I didn't bat an eye at anything Viper did.

We drove in silence, my ears and eyes sensitive to what was around us. Headlights turned from a side road behind us, piercing through the night, and my pulse sped up. Viper already had his Glock in hand, lowering his window.

"It's probably a local," I murmured. "Don't shoot a civilian."

Viper watched the car behind us through his side mirror. Every turn I took, they followed, cranking up my panic. The gun I had tucked under my thigh felt like fire, reminding me it was ready for the taking.

I lifted my gaze to the streetlights up ahead, where the road diverged into two lanes on our side. Swallowing a shudder, I came to a stop as they pulled alongside us, my hand gripping the hilt of my gun to pull it free.

"When I start peppering them with bullets, you hit the gas," Viper grunted over his shoulder at me.

Heartbeat thundering, we sat at the red lights as several other cars ran across the road in front of us.

The white sedan pulled up alongside us, and my eyes scanned the driver frantically. Viper had his gun pointed at

them just below the window.

Single driver. A young female, hair pulled back, who appeared to be wearing scrubs.

Glancing at us momentarily, she flinched, fright palling her face when she saw both of us staring like death into her, Viper lifting his gun.

“She’s a civilian,” I hissed at Viper. “Stand down.”

The street lights flicked to green, and she hit the gas, flying away from us, probably on the way to the hospital for a late shift.

“Fuck, man, couldn’t you see she was an innocent?”

“You can’t be sure of that,” he growled.

“Just chill out. You’re so wound up.” I took off and swerved right onto the main road.

Viper settled back in his seat, his breath regular, as if we hadn’t almost freaked out on a poor woman.

Hitting the button to put up both windows, I mentally estimated how quickly we could complete the job. My guess was all documents were kept in the office, so if we were in fast, we should be in and out in less than twenty. I’d broken into enough locks to know my way around any filing cabinet.

“I fucking hate being out here instead of next to Shadow, protecting her,” Viper grumbled, studying the quiet streets, back to playing with his blade.

“Shadow will protect her until we get back.”

“What if he can’t, and he’s outnumbered?”

“Keep your head on the mission.” I cut him a sharp glare. “The quicker we get it done, the faster we can return.”

Growling under his breath, he fell silent.

As I sped up, my mind raced to keep alert. Being attacked wasn’t an option. Viper was letting himself go down that rabbit hole while I was adopting a positive-thinking attitude. Sometimes, I had to pretend and adopt all the positive mindset

stuff because, while I'd never share it with Shadow and Viper, it fucking worked. I'd manifested in my head for weeks that we'd find an Omega leading up to the Glass Slipper Ball, and the universe delivered. So, maybe there was something more to changing my mindset.

We were going to get out of this alive and return with all the information we needed on Amy—the girl from the Institute who had Matteis connections.

We'll find Amy's information fast, without being attacked.

Repeating the mantra as we pulled up a block away from the Institute, I killed the lights and engine. We sat there for a few moments in case someone spotted me pulling up and came to investigate.

No movement, no shadows. In truth, the street was barren, not a car in sight.

“We'll use the basement door to enter, like last time,” Viper rasped, and then we were off.

Sticking to the shadows, we moved fast, keeping an eye on our surroundings. Except, no one was there. The Institute had been abandoned following the death of Bakewell. With the Shchavlev boss also killed, this place would be the least of their worries. Rushing over the front yard, we cut across the driveway and sprinted around to the back.

Night swallowed everything, but the half-moon gave enough light to slice a path for us to the back door, which still had its lock broken. When Viper kicked it, the heavy door swung open with a creak, revealing a pool of darkness inviting us in so it could swallow us whole.

“You like horror movies. This should be fun for you.” Viper stepped inside, and I followed quickly, closing us inside.

“Fuck that. If I'm going to be part of anything horror related, I'm going to be the predator, not the damn prey.”

Pitch black suffocated us, and my skin crawled. I hated not seeing anything. Grabbing the flashlight from my jacket pocket, I flicked it on. Viper followed suit, and our orbs of

light bounced around the empty hallway, made for a deranged hillbilly wielding a machete to pop out of the cells.

Coming here again reminded me of how furious I'd been the first time we broke in, and I discovered that bitch Bakewell imprisoned the girls if they misbehaved. Fury had curled over my shoulder blades just seeing the empty cells and finding out from Viper that the guard down here would torture and abuse them. If he hadn't taken care of the son of a bitch, I'd have hunted him down and skinned him alive.

We rushed through the corridor, my skin crawling, and rushed upstairs. The place was just as dreary. Furniture turned over and paintings ripped off the walls, it looked as if someone might have broken in to steal what they could.

"This way," Viper muttered as we moved with haste. "I wanna get out of this pisshole."

Running down a hallway, our flashlights carving a path for us, we finally reached the main office door.

Viper pushed down on the handle, but it was locked. He stood back and threw his heel into it near the lock. Two more strikes and the door released a groan as it swung open, crashing into the wall with a loud crack. We poured inside and ran to the wall of filing cabinets.

"Fuck me, why are there so many?" Viper grumbled, tearing at the first drawer that flung open, almost sending him reeling backward from his force.

The first one I tried was locked. I groaned but set to work to break the lock... three seconds later, I had files flying out.

"Amy, right?" Viper asked.

"Yep."

We started pouring over the files, flicking through the folders. When I ended up crouched down and pawing through the bottom drawer, I paused on a folder titled Trinity. I drew it out and flipped the manila folder open to find a single piece of paper. A general form with her name at the top, Trinity Ainsley.

Of course, they didn't even write down her real name—Trinity Shchavlev. I bet they randomly drew the name Ainsley out of a hat to conceal her real identity at the Institute.

Her father had hidden her in the Institute until her Omega blossomed, then the fucking asshole was going to sell her and profit from his daughter. My hands shook with anger. One day, I'll get my chance for revenge.

“Did you find something?” Viper barked, glancing over at me, half bent over into a drawer of files.

“Nah, this is Trinity's. It has nothing on her, just her wrong name.” I held onto it to take from this place should anyone else come searching for anything on her.

“Who gives a fuck? She's with us now. Like you told me, focus on the damn job.”

I rolled my eyes at him while he was throwing papers all over the place in his search.

Pouring back into the files, I flicked through them fast when I spotted the name Amy. A deep, guttural cheer burst past my lips.

“Found her.”

I ripped the folder out just as Viper howled.

“Found her, too.”

“Mine's Amy Rain,” I murmured.

“I have Amy Morrison. I mean, are we looking for Amy Matteis?”

“Nope. Could be any of these, and considering we just found two Amys, we need to search all the cabinets in case there are others.”

Viper groaned, then dove back in, and I did the same.

By the time we finished, we ended up with five Amy files.

“Amy must have been popular back in the day.” Viper handed me the papers as he stretched his back. “Well, that took fuck longer than I intended to spend going through files.”

“Trinity can let us know which one is right now since this paperwork comes with photos of the girls.”

“Can we leave now?” he grumbled.

We got out of there fast, leaving out the rear door just in case. Without making a sound, we rushed up the driveway and around the lofty fence onto the street when we spotted another car parked on the road.

Terror washed through me as two figures were inspecting our car. Either they were in the market for a new car to sell on the black market, or we’d been found by one of the mafia families.

Viper signaled for me to join him back behind the fence, then leaned in close.

“It’s just two pricks. I’ll take them out. You protect the files.”

I arched an eyebrow. “The fuck. We’re each taking one.”

Gruff voices grew louder, and I recognized they were speaking Russian. Footfalls closed. I set the files down on the ground just as they rounded the corner of the solid metal fence.

Viper lunged at them, gun in one hand, shooting one bloke in the head. The other hand gripped his blade and jammed it into the other guy’s throat. They both fell over, bleeding, taking their last breaths.

Furious heat moved through me toward Viper. Barely a few seconds, and he’d taken them out.

“Thanks a fucking lot for having all the fun,” I growled. “You’re such a greedy bastard sometimes.”

A shrill laughter poured from his mouth. “Told you I needed to kill someone today.”

“Yeah, someone is singular. You could have left me one. You’re not the only one who enjoys spilling blood, you know.”

He shrugged, looking smug as he collected his blade from the still-gurgling guy and wiped it on his shirt.

“Collect your papers, and let’s get out of here.”

Narrowing my gaze on him as he strolled out of there as if he was sated, I snarled under my breath, “It’s *our* papers, asshole.”

Trinity

“**Y**ou want to mark me?” I asked, sitting on the couch, my legs draped over Shadow’s lap as he massaged my feet. His touch was intoxicating. The perfect pressure he applied across my heels was heavy and had me moaning.

“When you’re ready, yes,” he admitted, studying me carefully, waiting for my response to a conversation that came up only because he asked me how I felt about Viper biting me with his mark. “It’s a privilege to bond with my forever Omega. To know our bodies will always crave one another, our hearts and souls connected. It’s a beautiful thing, really.”

A smile curled my lips. Hearing the passion and love in his voice touched me right in my chest. Part of me was desperate to curl in his arm, push back my hair, and ask him to bite me—to make me his forever. My heart throbbed faster at the thought, but first, I wanted to better understand the mark.

“What happens if the person you’re bound with dies?” It was a question I could never bring up with Viper, knowing he lost his first Omega. I had no idea if he’d marked her, but did it matter now?

“It depends.” Shadow’s gorgeous mouth pinched to the side, his eyes dipping momentarily from mine. Sliding his hands under my hips, he brought me up to sit on his lap. Our faces were so close, I saw the flecks of gold in his gray eyes. Heat poured off his body as I pressed myself against him, and he cradled me to his chest.

“How does it depend?”

“Everyone reacts differently. I’ve heard of Omegas dying when the connection breaks. One Alpha I knew lost his ability to speak.”

“Shit, that’s bad.” Fear crept into my body.

“The connection is intense and makes you feel like you couldn’t live without your partner. The hard part is being marked by multiple partners doesn’t lessen the ache if one is lost. In fact, all of us bonded with you would feel it.”

I swallowed hard, lifting my gaze to his sympathetic one.

“Why do people do it, then?”

“Because it’s the greatest expression of love for someone. You are physically putting your life on the line to prove your love.” He stroked my cheek, a lock of black hair tumbling over one eye.

My heart thumped faster at how completely smitten I was by Shadow, how beautiful he was, how I could just look into his eyes all night long.

“I won’t hesitate to do that for you when you’re ready.”

I blinked at my beautiful Alpha, loving his affection and patience. I thought about Viper biting me without asking me first and how I couldn’t hate him for it. Maybe because I’d become so smitten with him, I stood no chance to keep being mad at him. Perhaps he knew that when he marked me, but Viper was also a man who acted on his emotions. When he loved something, he went out and took it... something that definitely took getting used to.

“Are you okay?” Shadow asked, stroking the back of his fingers across my jawline. “There’s no rush or to even mark you if you don’t want it.”

“I want to feel the deep connection with you and Aspen, too. What Viper has brought out in me when we’re together is breathtaking. I’m just torn if we do it now or after everything, and what if we don’t make it through? What if I lose you? Is it selfish of me to be worried I’ll hurt worse to lose all three of you if we’re marked?” I cringed and wished I could take my words back. “Shit, I’m sorry I even said that. You must think I’m so selfish.” Moving to get off him, Shadow brought me back into his embrace.

“Don’t be sorry. Those are the feelings we should be talking about—the fear, the excitement—because it’s a big decision. You need to do what feels right to you without any pressure, so if it’s easier to wait, then we wait.”

Snuggling against him, the silence was comforting, but with it came everything we’d gone through, along with my last conversation with Thelma back at Shadow’s cabin.

“So, you and the guys run a business called the Bronze Cobras,” I stated, not asking him.

“Yeah, we do.” There was no hesitation or pause. “We operate in importing and distributing enhancers and suppressants for Omegas and Betas.”

Pulling back, wanting to look him in the eyes, irritation curled within me.

“And you used to sell them to the Institute my father owns, the pills Bakewell would make the girls take when she wanted to sell them as Omegas, even when they hadn’t turned. Some of those girls ended up dead because of it.”

He exhaled loudly, agony rolling behind his gaze. “It’s my fault for not investigating further how these organizations used the tablets. I sold them and didn’t bat an eye. For that, I’m sorry. I worked hard to ensure the pills never harmed the girls as so many others on the market do.”

“I don’t think the idea of the pills is wrong. It’s like everything else. People use them to their benefit and to Omegas’ detriment.” I pinched my lips, feeling my temper rising. It wasn’t directed just at Shadow but at the whole fucking world that walked over Omegas.

“Your friend, Frannie, was a true Omega, and she ended up with terrible Alphas. I’m not excusing what Bakewell did or me selling them. As soon as I discovered you came from the Institute, I canceled all my orders from them. In fact, I paused all orders. Hearing everything you went through and finding out about Frannie’s death left a sour taste in my mouth. So, the business is on hold.”

I blinked at him, appreciating that he did the right thing in the end, although I wanted to be furious with him for not thinking about us like the rest of society. Breathing heavily, I shifted to get up off his lap, but he held me.

“Trinity, please don’t be mad at me. I’m making up for my wrongs now, changing my business, taking a hit. I want to help Omegas and am even considering investing in buying several of the Omega institutes around the city to run them correctly. To investigate every fucking Alpha who shows interest and do follow up with them.”

My breath caught in my throat. “Y-You are? I love that idea.”

We embraced once more.

“You will run it with us, ensure Omegas only have the best care and education.”

“It never even crossed my mind to do something like that, but can you imagine how good it would be? Yes, I would love that. We just need to not die first.” I laughed, sounding slightly strangled but adoring Shadow for actively planning to make a change.

The front door burst open, and we jumped to our feet, my heart slamming into my chest. Aspen and Viper strolled into the room, wearing smiles that let me breathe easier once more.

“We found five Amys,” Aspen announced. “One of them has to be her.”

My hope soared until I spotted the sprinkle of blood across Viper’s clothes, and my blood ran cold.

“What happened?” I pleaded.

“It’s okay, sweetheart.” Viper moved toward me, his touch soothing me. “We’ll tell you both everything. I suggest we head out to find this Amy at dawn before your father finds two of his men dead.”

A sharp ache ran through me at the mention of my father.

Twelve

Σ

TRINITY

I was nervous as hell, standing at the front door of Amy's three-story mansion in the early morning hours. We had no time to waste, so after the guys arrived with the files from the Institute last night, they were ready to go see Amy first thing.

The facade of her house was a stunning display of Italian Renaissance architecture, with tall columns, grand arches, and intricate carvings.

The longer I waited at the front door, the more I glanced over my shoulder at the guards by the gate who had patted me down next to the intricate wrought-iron gates, which cast dazzling shadows on the pavement. I told them my name was Charity since my friend got along with Amy back at the Institute. It got me through the gates.

Tugging down on my hoodie, I tried my best to keep a low profile. My men were parked down the road on a dirt road in the woods. Viper was on foot, insisting he could keep an eye on me if something went south, though I had no idea where he was hiding.

Hands deep in my pockets, my rising panic had me hoping I wouldn't see any of the men from the Matteis mansion. I never expected Amy's place to be guarded, which worried me that she was more connected to the mafia family than she'd made out. She used to say they were a distant cousin or something, but I suspected she had been hiding the truth.

The front door opened, and my stomach clenched.

As soon as Amy stepped in the doorway, I felt a rush of emotions. Memories of our times in the Bakewell Institute for Girls came flooding back, and I couldn't help but feel a pang of nostalgia for my friends, Charity, Adella, and especially Frannie.

Amy, on the other hand, appeared tense and uneasy. She was frowning at me, her gaze lingering up and down my body with a sneer on her lips. It was clear she wasn't happy to see me, and I couldn't blame her. We were never close at the Institute, but I never hated the girl.

Yet, seeing her outside the Institute, she was stunningly beautiful, dressed up in designer jeans and a floral flounce-sleeve shirt. Her hair cascaded in tight ringlet curls that bounced with each move she made. She had a delicate face, with high cheekbones and full lips that pulled tight at the corners. Despite her looks, her eyes revealed a world of hurt and pain—a world I'd experienced with her at the Institute, though part of me wondered if it was any better for her back home.

Growing up in a rich mafia family didn't guarantee happiness. I'd seen everyone quiver around my father in his mansion.

"You're not Charity," she grumbled. "What do you want, Trinity?" She said my name as if it left a sour taste in her throat.

I stopped short of telling her to keep her damn voice low.

"Look, I don't have much time," I stated, breaking the tense silence. "I need your help. I promise I won't be long."

Amy raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued. "What kind of help?" she asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

"I need information on Axel," I whispered, trying to keep my voice measured and unemotional. "Back at the Institute, you said you're related to the Matteis, and I thought maybe you could help me out."

Amy hesitated, her lips pinching to the side for a moment before pushing the door to close it.

“Nope, sorry I can’t help you.”

Instinctively, I blocked it with my foot, and she frowned. “Please, Amy. Remember that time I helped you out with Jack? You owe me this.”

“Fine,” she grumbled, her lips pinched tight. “Why’d you have to bring that up? I can see what I can do,” she answered, her voice guarded. “But I don’t want to get involved in your mess.”

I nodded, grateful for any help I could get. “Thanks.”

“Hurry in, and don’t talk to anyone,” she ordered.

Perfect by me. I drew my hoodie lower over my face. With a final glance over my shoulder at the guards, I hoped my men were safe.

As I stepped inside, the air grew cooler, and I was engulfed by the hush and serene atmosphere of the foyer. The floor was polished marble, and a magnificent crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling, casting a warm glow over the room. Elegant oil paintings adorned the walls, priceless antique furnishings filled the rooms we passed, and the air was heavy with the scent of rich mahogany and polished leather. The lavish lifestyle reminded me too much of my father’s mansion, leaving a bitter taste at the back of my throat, but there was an underlying sense of danger and foreboding that permeated the space.

Amy’s room was impeccable, with expensive furniture and designer decor. It was clear Amy had a comfortable life at home compared to the Institute, but then I reminded myself her family had put her in that place, waiting for her to come into her Omega. Guess with the Institute out of business, she was stuck at home for now. For all I knew, they intended to send her to another Institute, seeing she hadn’t changed yet.

“So, what do you need to know about Axel?” Amy asked, her voice clipped and businesslike as she shut the door. “I don’t really see him much, you know.”

I knew I had to quickly get the information I needed before her patience ran out.

“I want to know anything about him.” I tried to keep my voice calm and steady. “Like, where’s his family? Is he married? Kids? Anything that he cares about.”

“Why do you need to know that?” Amy frowned, her expression tight.

I sighed heavily. “I can’t tell you,” I said, shaking my head. “But it’s important and means my safety.”

She walked over to the window, glancing out.

“I heard there was a big attack on the leader of the Matteis family, and Don is dead. They say he was murdered.” She turned to stare at me, one eyebrow arching upward, her eyes piercing into me. “Do you have anything to do with that?”

My heart raced, and my palms were sweaty as I felt the weight of her question on my shoulders. The air in the room grew thick and heavy, and I suffocated from its intensity. A sliver of panic came over me to just get the hell out of there, especially under the scrutiny of her gaze boring into me, waiting for my response. The pressure was almost too much to bear.

My mouth opened with an excuse, but the explanation stuck to my throat. So, I went a different route.

“Why do you have loyalty to your family after they dumped you at the Institute? I remember you crying that they never visited or called you or even sent you a damn birthday card.”

“God, fine.” Amy’s eyes rolled up, and she sighed. “Don’t remind me. I’ll tell you what I know because I don’t owe my family any allegiance. You think once I was back, they’d welcome me, but nope. They treat me like a leper in my own home since I haven’t come into my Omega. My father said he would be an embarrassment if I didn’t change. So, fuck them.” Amy’s eyes glistened with unshed tears as she spoke. “I hate being part of this family. They don’t care about me. All they care about is their damn reputation. I’ve tried to fit in, tried to be like them, but it’s not in me.” She took a deep breath and composed herself before continuing.

“Axel, he’s my cousin. He’s always been a loose cannon and always bullied me growing up, but he’s family, so everyone is told to protect him. But I don’t care anymore. He’s married and has a mistress he meets at a local hotel where he’s paying for her to live. The guy thinks no one knows, but I once heard my father tell my mom in confidence that he’s her sugar daddy.”

As I listened to Amy’s words, my heart beat faster with excitement. This could be the break we needed to get something over him and save our asses.

“Thank you, Amy,” I said, my voice barely above a whisper. “You don’t know how much this means to me. I promise I won’t tell anyone I heard this from you.”

Amy’s expression softened. “Just be careful,” she warned.

Amy’s voice trembled as she spoke, and my heart clenched for her, yet she was in a better position than most Omegas. She wasn’t on the streets, and if she didn’t change, she’d be better off because her parents wouldn’t give her to anyone. Despite her bristling personality, I knew she was hiding hurt and trying to be brave... like the rest of us.

“Any chance you know which hotel he meets her at?” I asked.

Amy paused for a moment before answering, her voice quieter.

“It’s the Luxe Hotel, I once heard my father say. He meets her every Thursday night. I know she has blue hair. My mother confided in me that the woman was an Omega, but her Alpha died, and now she’s getting by, from what I’ve heard. But please don’t tell anyone I told you. I don’t want to get in trouble.”

“I won’t. I promise you with my life.” I felt a twinge of guilt for putting her in this position, but we needed to find something against Axel to save ourselves. Our time was running out fast. “I won’t tell anyone. Thank you, Amy. You’ve been a great help.”

She grinned tightly, then went to the door, opening it. “You should go now.”

“Thanks, Amy.” Relief washed over me. “It means a lot.” I hugged her. Even if she stiffened against me, I wanted her to know she wasn’t alone.

“Just be careful, okay?” We broke apart. “Axel isn’t someone you want to mess with.”

I know all too well what an asshole he was.

We talked for a few more minutes, catching up on old times, reminiscing about our childhood, and about where the other girls at the Institute were. As much as I enjoyed talking to her, I couldn’t help but feel a sense of sadness and regret for her.

As I left Amy’s mansion, a sense of gratitude enveloped me. Despite everything that had happened between us, she still helped me. It was a small glimmer of hope in an otherwise dark and dangerous world.

Thirteen

ℒ

SHADOW

From the back seat of the car, I glanced at Trinity, who sat next to me, staring out the window as we drove down the highway. She kept fidgeting with her fingers, folding them over one another in her lap. Since we left Amy's place, she'd become distant.

Viper kept glancing back at her from the front passenger seat, then at me with his brow furrowed, imploring me to do something about her silence. Aspen wasn't much better, watching her every few moments through the rearview mirror as he drove.

Reaching over to her, I placed a hand on her thigh.

"Anything you want to talk about?"

She shook her head, then murmured, "Have you ever wondered where you'd be if we didn't meet at the Glass Slipper Ball and you hadn't saved me from all those Alphas?"

Studying Trinity with concern, I knew that those memories were still painful for her. I squeezed her thigh lightly and gave her a small smile.

"We can't change the past, so does it matter what could have been?"

She shrugged. "Amy made me think of my time in the Institute and where lots of the other girls ended up. Some were sent to other Institutes, others to family, or sold to Alphas. It just makes me think how I would have ended up with my father, and he would have succeeded in selling me off because you wouldn't be there to save me."

Her voice cracked, and it hurt me to watch her put herself through the agony. I shuffled closed, wrapping her into my arms. And while I expected her to push me back, she surprised me when she melted against me as her breaths grew shallow.

“Trinity,” I murmured, my voice low and filled with emotion. Drawing in a deep breath, I gathered my thoughts before I spoke. “I just want you to know how much you mean to us. You are everything, and we’d do anything for you. You are the sunshine in my darkest places.”

“I know, Shadow,” she said softly, a fragile smile touching the corners of her lips. “And I feel the same way about all three of you... and Daniel. I wish he was with us.”

My heart soaring, I held her tightly, never wanting to let go, and wished Daniel could have been with us, too. Everything about Trinity made me feel as though we’d finally found our complete family. I couldn’t remember being happier. Just staring at her made me want to drag her into my arms and show her how much I adored her.

Staring at her gave me hope we could finally find true happiness... if we could just survive the targets on our backs.

“I love you, Trinity,” I said, barely above a whisper. “I will always be here for you, no matter what.”

“Totally unfair since I’m driving, but I love you, too,” Aspen interrupted.

“And me,” Viper announced.

Trinity giggled.

“I love how competitive you all are for my attention. I need to stop thinking about the past. We have to survive the present to have a future.”

She gave me a wonky grin and kissed me gently on the lips.

“I love you three so much,” she whispered. “You’re my everything.”

As Aspen drove the car quickly down the street, Trinity sat close to me, her in my arms.

I stared out the window, scanning the buildings for any sign of danger. Each car we passed felt like a possible threat, every pedestrian a potential assassin. Trinity's hand gripped mine tightly, and I squeezed it reassuringly.

As we drove on, I thought of all the things I longed to experience with Trinity, all the places I craved to take her, and all the moments we'd miss out on if we didn't survive. Shoving those thoughts aside, I focused on the task at hand. We needed to survive, and we had to do it fast.

By the time we arrived at Luxe Hotel, the tension in the car was thick. Aspen pulled up in a parking area across the street from the luxurious hotel. Thick, low branches of a huge tree shaded us, and I hoped it was enough to keep us protected.

"Nothing but the best for Axel's mistress," Aspen muttered sarcastically.

"So, are we just staking out the place or heading in there to ask questions?" Viper groaned. His hand gripped the door handle, leaning into it as if he was ready to jump out.

"Not just yet," I insisted. "First, let's watch who frequents this place, who comes and goes. There could be guards everywhere, especially if it's a place Axel frequents."

"So, we're sitting ducks," Viper growled under his breath. "At the least, I should scout out who's around and if anyone's watching us."

"He has a point," Trinity suggested, which took me off guard.

"See," Viper said, already pushing out of the car.

He was gone before I could call him back. Damn stubborn ass.

"Well, there goes staying incognito," Aspen rasped.

Viper

Adrenaline thumped in my veins as I slipped out of the car, my gaze scouring the street, the parked cars, everyone

lingering nearby. Any of them could be an assassin or a spy searching for us.

Everything seemed the normal kind of busy, with cabs dropping off customers and people strolling down the sidewalk, nothing grabbing my attention just yet. Sticking to the shadows, I kept my head tucked low as I crossed the road and approached the Luxe Hotel half a block away.

The Luxe Hotel was a towering building of glass and steel, climbing high into the sky. Rows of gleaming windows lined the wide structure, each one reflecting the light of the setting sun. The entrance was marked by a grand, sweeping staircase that led up to a massive set of double doors, framed by pillars of polished marble.

A valet stood at the entrance, waiting to greet the guests and take their cars. I eyed him to see if he carried a weapon or glanced around a few too many times, but he was too busy talking to his buddy. Beyond him, I spotted a glimpse of the lobby through the glass doors and windows, with its high ceilings and glittering chandeliers, promising a world of luxury.

Just as I strode toward the hotel, the repetitive thump of footsteps closed in from behind. Heartbeat racing, I glanced over my shoulder, my hand instinctively reaching for the gun tucked into the back of my jeans.

I whipped around just as two guards rushed me, dressed in all black, and wearing sneers.

Heart slamming into the back of my throat, I dodged the first guard's punch and delivered a swift kick to his abdomen, sending him reeling backward. But the second guard came at me too fast, and before I could react, he tackled me to the ground.

He snatched me by my hair and dragged me to my feet, my scalp on fire, dragging me down an alley and away from prying eyes, no doubt to finish me.

Fury surging through me, I grappled with the guard as I reached for my gun when the fucker slammed a fist into my

face.

Pain exploded through my head like a searing hot knife. With my vision blurring and ears ringing, a sharp, throbbing ache spread across my head, and I tasted the metallic tang of blood in my mouth.

The second asshole was making his way toward us. Anger fueled, I throat-punched the first dude, sending him reeling, his gun dropping out of his grasp.

I jerked for mine, still tucked in the back of my jeans. Gun lifted, I shot the second guy in a heartbeat, catching him in the throat. Blood splattered, and thank fuck, I got him at the same moment a huge truck roared past the main street, stealing the sound.

Swinging back to the first guard, I pointed the gun at him, and he froze on his knees, eyes bulging.

“Which bastard do you work for?” I snarled.

“What does it matter? You’re a dead man,” he spat. “You and your men, and especially that bitch Omega, won’t last long,” the dickhead sneered at me, a cruel smirk spreading across his face as he taunted me with insults.

My insides burned with fury, and my fists clenched at my sides.

“You think you’re so tough, Viper? You think you can take down any of us?” the attacker growled, his voice laced with malice. “You’re better off giving yourself to us, and maybe we’ll cut you a deal.” The side of his mouth twitched, his eyes averting mine momentarily—of course he lied.

My anger boiled over, consuming me, and instinct took over. I jerked my gun up and blew his damn brains out, spraying the brick wall behind him with blood. Not my finest work, and his death would get news coverage, which will piss off Shadow, but fuck them all. This would send a message to Axel to watch out.

We were coming for him.

“Bastard,” I grunted. Tucking my gun away, feeling the heat of the barrel through the fabric. Then, I threw myself to his side and searched for his pocket for ID or something to show me who the fuck had attacked me. I found his phone in his hand. It was opened on the screen, clearly ready to call for backup. Prying it out of his dead hand, I pulled back and ran deeper into the alleyway, away from the bodies and the main street, in case anyone else watched.

Two streets away, I shoved myself into a narrow back road, my heartbeat racing. Back up against the brick wall, I rapidly checked through the phone messages when the word *Bounty* caught my attention.

I stared at the phone in disbelief, my heart thundering. There, on the screen, was a bounty with all our faces—Trinity, Shadow, Aspen, and me—plastered across it. The sum of the reward was staggering, enough to make even the most experienced bounty hunter consider coming after us.

A cold sweat broke out across my forehead.

The bounty listed us as enemies of the Matteis family, and anyone could capture us to claim the prize money.

With grim determination, I threw the phone into the nearby trashcan and sprinted back to the car, taking the long way around. I darted through the narrow laneways, keeping off the main streets as much as possible. I kept glancing over my shoulder to ensure no one followed.

Not much freaked me out, but fuck, I was shaking. This wasn't just about me, but everyone I cared about, and right now, that fucking dickflop asshole had made us public enemy number one. A target impossible to pass, with our images for everyone to easily identify us.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

As I reached the edge of the parking area where I'd left the pack, I slowed down and scanned the area carefully. People meandered about, not paying me attention. A momentary sense of relief washed over me, but it was false because they could be anywhere.

I slipped out from behind a dumpster, head low, and made my way across the street, doing my best to blend in with the pedestrians, staying close to them. With my heart pounding faster, once I reached the car, I frantically got into the front passenger's seat, locked the door and turned to Aspen in the driver's seat.

"Drive! Get us out of here now!" I hissed, keeping a close eye on my side mirror and all around us as we rushed out of there.

"What's going on? What did you find out?" Trinity asked, her voice trembling with fear.

"Two guys jumped me. They came out of nowhere, but they knew me. I dealt with them, then I found something on their phone..." I turned to face her. "The price. Axel has put a bounty on our heads. Ten million for each of us, dead or alive, to anyone across the country."

Trinity gasped, dread etched on her face, Shadow's expression paled, and Aspen was deathly silent.

"The fuck?!" Aspen finally broke the silence.

"How can we find any evidence against Axel now?" Trinity's voice shook, and Shadow held her close.

"That's what he wants," Shadow blurted. "To eliminate us fast because we know the truth. This doesn't change our plans. We're going to find a way to take him down. And if that means getting to his mistress as a possible solution, we'll do it. Even if we're down to only a few more days left to prove our innocence."

No one said a word, then Trinity broke the peace.

"We need to return to the Luxe Hotel and try to find Axel's mistress. We can't run this time. We have to go back now and do this." The resolve in her voice hardened, and as much as I agreed, I didn't want her to be with us.

"Better option," I suggested. "Aspen and I head back. You and Shadow return to Daniel's place."

"No," they both remarked stubbornly, her brow furrowed.

“We stick together,” Shadow stated loudly. “Right now, with everyone after us, we are stronger together.”

I wasn't sure I agreed.

My gaze remained glued to Trinity, on her every move from the back seat of the car. She was a force to be reckoned with when she wanted something her way, but I couldn't shake the dread curling in my gut. My mind raced with the worst-case scenarios of her being caught... or shot... Fear of losing her gnawed at my insides like a relentless beast.

When she met my gaze, her eyes were filled with determination, worry... with every emotion under the sun, and she was scared. Yet, she wasn't running away.

I nodded. “So be it.”

Aspen was already turning the car around in the middle of a back street. The burden hung heavy on my shoulders that no matter what happened, I had to keep her safe, regardless of the obstacles coming our way.

Fourteen

S

TRINITY

My heart skipped a beat with trepidation.

Parked on a side road, a block away from the Luxe Hotel, all four of us were staring out the windows. With night cloaking the city and tension tightening around me, at least the bright streetlights made it easy to see the front of the hotel.

Shadow was pressed up against me in the back seat, his arm around my waist, drawing me closer. The pulse of his heart thundered under his skin, matching mine. Just having him that close to me burned me up. My heat had passed, but my body didn't seem to care that we were staking out a dangerous man. Fire swarmed over me, pooling between my legs as his fingers danced across my side. It felt as if the heat of a hundred blazes engulfed me at the sheer size of my Alpha against me, my mind filled with memories of the things he could do to me.

He glanced down at me with a raised brow. Clearly, he sensed something in me as well. I grinned and shrugged.

“How can you be so sexy at a time like this?” I whispered.

His nostrils flared, inhaling me, then chuckled.

“My beautiful Omega, if we weren't in a terribly dangerous situation, I'd strip and lick you all over this very second to make you purr, to give you everything you desired.”

His words left me fluttering, squeezing my thighs tighter.

“That's really not helping.”

“Um, who’s licking who because I want in?” Aspen added, his eyes sweeping over me hungrily.

A growl rolled over Viper’s throat, and when I met his gaze, I saw the primal need on his face.

“My vote is for Trinity flashing us her tits or her glistening pussy.”

“Viper,” I gasped, overexaggerating my expression and slightly shocked at his request.

“What? I need something to help pass the time. And I don’t see anyone else protesting. What do you say, little dove?”

The fact that I didn’t say no instantly but actually considered it said everything.

“The devil’s just rolled in,” Aspen announced.

We all jerked, following his gaze out the windows.

A black Corvette parked in the front of the hotel, while two SUVs, complete with darkened windows, parked across the street. Axel climbed out of the sports car, decked out in a black suit. He ran a hand through his hair, cut a sharp stare left and right, then darted up the steps and vanished into the hotel.

I clenched my fists, keeping a keen eye on the hotel, hating that worm for putting us in this situation.

“If he’s visiting his mistress, he might be gone for a while,” I murmured. “Isn’t this the perfect time to sneak up on him and catch him off guard? I mean, I know we wanted to find his mistress, but what if we take him out?” My eyes were fixed on the hotel’s entrance, nerves wriggling beneath my skin.

“We can’t risk getting caught,” Shadow stated, his voice low. “Guards are everywhere.”

I bit my lower lip, torn between losing our chance and not risking our lives.

“Maybe Trinity has a point,” Aspen suggested. “At the very least, we should find out what room he’s in so we can

find his mistress.”

“Sounds like a plan. You three stay here, and I’ll head out to get the intel we need without drawing attention to ourselves.” Viper pulled back from the front window, his eyes narrowing on Shadow.

“Yeah, right, like last time,” Aspen mocked.

“I got away, didn’t I?” Viper snapped, his voice low and urgent. “One person is easier to get around than four of us.”

“He has a point,” I concurred, which gained me one of his panty-melting grins.

“Then it’s settled.” Viper turned to his door when Shadow set a heavy hand on his shoulder. “Not so fast, Axel’s back.”

We all shot our gazes at the hotel where Axel emerged from the hotel, but he wasn’t alone. To my shock, he was hand in hand with a blue-haired girl in a slinky red dress—the mistress.

Leaning in closer for a better look, my heart thumped against my ribcage when I instantly recognized the girl. I gasped, my mind whirling with a mixture of emotions—surprise, confusion, and disbelief.

“Frannie! I-I think that’s Frannie,” I mumbled, tears springing to my eyes.

Axel was holding onto my best friend from the Institute, the girl who’d gone missing after her hair turned blue and she came into her Omega. The same person Shadow told me was found dead in a dumpster in the city.

“Are you sure?” Aspen asked.

“What the fuck!” I shook all over, pressing forward more, my fingers digging into the car door, then I fiddled with the handle. I had to get to her. “That’s Frannie. You said she was dead, but...” I croaked, my pulse thundering and confusion blaring in my mind.

I pushed open the door, but Shadow threw his arms around my middle and wrenched me back while Aspen reached back and shut the door. I fought against him, tears streaming down

my cheeks. I couldn't believe what I was seeing—Frannie was supposed to be dead, yet there she was, alive and seemingly under Axel's control. I turned to Shadow in the tight squeeze of the back seat, desperate to go and see Frannie, but he wouldn't release me.

“Let me go!” I pleaded, pushing against his broad chest. “Frannie's alive. I have to go talk to her!”

“Baby, you can't just run out there,” Shadow replied firmly, his voice steady and calm. “They'll shoot on sight, and not even your friend can help you.”

“I don't care,” I sobbed frantically, “Frannie's my best friend, and she's alive. Why did you say she was dead?” Words poured from my mouth, and my head hurt.

“It's what I'd been told by the cops,” he answered, his lips thin and brow furrowed, looking as confused as I felt.

He reached for me, but I pushed away, feeling like screaming at the whole situation. Not taking my rejection, he dragged me into his arms.

“We're going to find out how this happened, but not like this.”

“So, how did she end up with that fucker?” Viper growled.

The tears kept falling, and my heart felt like it was splintering. I should have been happy... fuck I was, but every emotion I'd been holding onto in dealing with losing Frannie came bubbling to the surface.

Agony.

Torture.

Anger that someone lied...

“We wait until they leave,” Shadow explained, stroking my back, and as much as I protested, my body softened against him while my tears wet his shirt. “Then we sneak into the hotel and lie low until they return and find out what room Frannie is in. If Axel is with her, we torture the bastard until he confesses the truth that he killed Don.”

Aspen and Viper grunted in approval while I stared blankly at my dead friend driving away with our enemy. My heart grew heavy, filled with fear for her, with a sense of sorrow because I refused to believe Frannie had any say in faking her own death.

I had mourned her loss, yet it remained raw in my soul. So, to see her alive and seemingly happy with Axel was almost too much to bear.

Taking a sharp breath, I tried to steady my nerves as I stood in front of Frannie's hotel room, my arms shaking at my side because I had no idea what to expect. Two hours later, she had been returned, dropped off at the front. Axel drove off, not even waiting for her to enter the hotel.

With a quick glance over my shoulder, I spied Aspen hiding around the corner of the corridor on the top floor of the hotel, keeping guard over me. Viper and Shadow were also nearby, keeping a low profile in case anyone watched.

All I could think about was the last time I saw Frannie before she was taken away from the Institute. The hollowness in her eyes, as if she'd known something bad was coming her way...

I woke up in the middle of the night to find Frannie sitting up in bed, her eyes wide with fear.

"Frannie, what's wrong?" I asked, pushing myself up next to her.

"It's okay..." She hesitated for a moment before shaking her head, her blue Omega hair catching the moonlight's glint. "I'm fine. I just can't sleep."

Of course, she wasn't fine. She was worried about what Bakewell would do with her now that her Omega had blossomed, as we all had worried, so I didn't press her.

Instead, I shuffled up next to her on her bed and took her hand in mine.

“Don’t worry, Frannie. We’re in this together. Maybe we should figure a way out of here before Bakewell does something,” I whispered so the other girls we shared a room with didn’t hear.

“Maybe,” Frannie managed a weak smile like she’d accepted her fate.

That broke me.

We sat there for a long time before finally falling back asleep.

The next morning, I woke up to find that Frannie gone. Her bed was empty, and with no sign of her anywhere in the Institute, I feared the worst—Bakewell had sold her to an Alpha.

Broken, devastated, I cried the whole day.

Taking one last deep breath and tugging down the hoodie to throw shadows over my face, I raised my hand and knocked on the door. My heart thundered in her chest as I waited for a response.

Finally, the door opened, and I was face to face with my long-lost friend. My chest tightened, my breaths were ragged as tears pricked my eyes, and my voice stuck to the back of my throat.

Frannie looked tired, with dark circles under her eyes. She wore a black tank top and a pair of faded jeans, and her blue hair was pulled off her face. I noticed a bruise on Frannie’s neck, and my heart sank. I realized that the reality of her situation was far from what I had hoped for—that fucking asshole was hurting her. My friend was in danger, and I had to help her.

“Frannie, what happened to you?” I asked, my voice shaking.

Her face remained blank, and my gut clenched. I'd hoped seeing Frannie alive would bring her some sense of relief, but instead, it left me confused and hurt. I took a step forward and reached out to hug her friend, but Frannie pulled away.

"I'm sorry, I don't know who you are," she said, her voice guarded.

My heart ached. "It's me, Trinity," I said, my voice trembling. "We've been friends since we were at the Institute."

She was shaking her head.

Tears welled up in my eyes—Frannie didn't remember me.

"Frannie, it's me. We grew up together at the Institute. Don't you remember?" I pleaded. What the hell had Axel done to her?

Her face softened slightly as she studied me, and for a moment, I swore I saw a glimmer of recognition in her eyes. Then it was gone in a flash, and her expression hardened once again.

"I'm sorry, I don't remember any of that," Frannie answered, her voice flat. "Are you one of Axel's friends?"

A lump formed in my throat. I couldn't bear the thought of losing my friend all over again.

"What's the last thing you remember?"

She blinked at me, glancing over my shoulder, and appeared slightly alarmed.

"I promise you, I'm your friend. Do you remember we attended the Bakewell Institute for Girls together? Then you blossomed into your Omega, and Bakewell sold you to an Alpha. Was it Axel she sold you to?" My blood ran cold thinking that the dick somehow faked her death... but why?

She frowned, shaking her head. "Axel saved me."

My shoulders pushed back. That was the last thing I expected to hear. Frannie stepped closer, asking me to move back as she shut the door behind her. We were both standing in the hotel corridor outside her room, leaving me feeling more

vulnerable. Her lips pinched to the side like she always used to do when she was worried.

“How did he save you?”

She shrugged. “It’s very patchy, but I don’t remember my past. Only when I opened my eyes, and I was in a dumpster bin. The first thing I saw was Axel’s angelic face. He told me that a really bad man had shot me and that he would take care of him.” She rubbed her side where I assumed she’d been shot, and my insides pinched.

I wanted to hug her and take away her agony.

“He carried me out into an alley swarming with cops. Then he came with me to the hospital and said an Omega like me needs a better Alpha, so after I healed, he brought me to this penthouse to live in. He visits me when he can. He’s a busy businessman.” The trust in Frannie’s eyes and gratefulness to the monster who saved her almost made me sick.

So, how much had he kept from her? The fact that he was married and kept Frannie in this tower like Rapunzel at his beck and call? No Alpha could turn down an available Omega, so of course, the asshole took my friend, yet it seemed he also saved her.

“I think I hit my head when I was shot and dumped in the bin. It’s such a horrible thing, to be honest, and I try not to think about it.”

“You have no idea how happy I am to see that you’re alive.” Reaching over, I took her hand as a tear slipped free from the corner of my eye. “I thought you were dead.”

Her gaze lifted, light beaming behind her eyes. “I would have been if my angel, Axel, hadn’t found me that night.” She smiled.

I bit my tongue, unable to bring myself to tell her that Axel was a fucking demon or ask her how she got that bruise on her neck.

“I’m happy Axel was able to help you when you needed it most, but I think it’s important to remember that not everyone

can be trusted. Sometimes people can surprise you in a bad way.”

“Axel has been nothing but kind to me.” She took her hand away from mine. “I don’t think he would ever do anything to hurt me.” Her touch shifted to her neck, covering her bruise. “You know he’s given me a home.”

“It’s always good to be cautious. Not everyone has good intentions, and it’s important to protect yourself. You don’t remember me, but we are really close friends, and I want to help you. Maybe you should come with me.” Just as the words left my mouth, I realized it might not be such a great idea to place her in the firing line.

She was shaking her head. “I don’t know you, and I’m not going anywhere. I don’t have anyone else.” She glanced outside the corridor as if she’d heard a sound.

I stood across from my best friend, Frannie, trying to hide the tears forming in my eyes. She stared at me with a confused expression.

“That’s not true. You have me, Charity, and Adella. We’re best friends, and you will always have us. You don’t have to stay with an Alpha who gives you bruises.” It was hard not to be upset. My friends and I had been through so much together, and with us separated, it felt as though a part of me was missing.

“I’m here for you, Frannie,” I implored, reaching for her hand again, but she pulled back, and her brow furrowed.

It brought back memories of our time at the Institute, surviving Bakewell’s abuse, along with the agony of losing Frannie when she went missing. The pain of that day was fresh as if it had just happened yesterday.

“Frannie, I’m worried about your safety. I’m trying to gather information on Axel to figure out what he’s up to,” I explained, hoping she would understand.

Frannie turned from me abruptly, anger curling in her expression.

“What do you mean by that? Are you spying on my boyfriend?” she asked, suspicion in her voice.

“I’m not trying to spy on him.” I took a deep breath, trying to explain my intentions clearly. “I just want to make sure you’re safe, and to be honest, an Alpha who cherishes his Omega wouldn’t hurt her.” I paused, tamping my emotions and focusing on the mission. “If you can tell me anything about where he goes or who he’s been talking to, it might help me figure out what he’s up to.” Standing, I approached her, trying to gauge her response.

“I understand if you can’t trust me since you don’t remember me, but please know that I’m here to help you, Frannie. I care about you and want to make sure you’re okay.” As I finished speaking, she gripped the handle.

“I think it’s time for you to leave,” she said firmly.

Feeling defeated, I nodded, but before I could leave, I raised my gaze to her once more.

“I don’t have any right to ask you for anything, but please, if there’s anything you can do to help me, I would really appreciate it. I’m in a tough spot and don’t know who else to turn to,” I said, my voice cracking with emotion. “Axel has hurt my friends.”

She paused, considering my words. Then, with a sigh, she glanced my way.

“I don’t know why I’m going to share this, but something about you makes me want to believe you. Anyway, Don’s funeral is tomorrow, and Axel will be there.” Her voice was barely above a whisper. “That’s all I know.”

At the mention of Don’s name, memories flooded back to me—memories of Axel stabbing him right in front of us. The lump in my throat grew bigger, and a tremor ran down my spine. A sudden urge to confide in her, to tell her everything that had happened, flared over me. Before I could gather my thoughts, she walked into her room and shut the door, leaving me standing outside in the corridor.

Part of me wanted to barge back in and tell her everything, but I knew it was too risky. If she told Axel I'd visited her, it could put her in worse danger.

With a heavy heart, I turned and rushed down the corridor, my mind racing with thoughts of Frannie. I took some solace that, for now, she was alive and safe, which was more than I could have hoped for in this dangerous game we were playing.

Fifteen

8

“**S**he’s sleeping with that asshole! And he’s hurting her, giving her bruises,” Trinity spat, still fuming, pacing in our living room. “Will she hate me if we have to get rid of Axel? I mean, we have to, right?” She stared at me for an answer, emotions glistening in her eyes.

“She’ll forgive you,” I reassured her softly, hoping to ease her worries. But as she paced back and forth in the room with her hands wrapped tightly around her middle, I knew her anxiety ran deeper than just her guilt.

She huffed in response.

I recalled reading when someone experienced shock, they were unable to process what was happening to them. Seeing Trinity deal with the pain of it all was hard to watch. I had never been one for grand romantic gestures, but my love for Trinity was endless. I’d put my life on the line to protect her, walk on fire, sacrifice myself without hesitation... whatever it took.

My mind wandered to Viper and Shadow, who were out scouting the funeral place for us. I wished they were here to help calm Trinity’s nerves, but sometimes, the best way to deal with trauma was a distraction.

So, I got up and wandered into the bathroom, knowing that Daniel kept all kinds of pampering things back in our mansion, so I might be lucky here. As I knelt down, looking under the bathroom cabinet, I sifted through the tubes and containers, and my hand brushed against a small blue bottle. Intrigued, I

picked it up and examined the label. It was massage oil with a soothing coconut scent.

I imagined using the oil to give Trinity a massage. I had always loved her strong nature, but it was moments like these—when she was vulnerable and in need of support—that made me fall even more in love with her.

Lost in my thoughts, I didn't hear Trinity behind me until her voice broke through my musings.

"Aspen, what are you doing?" she asked, her eyes flickering with curiosity as I glanced at her over my shoulder.

"I found this in the cupboard." I held up the bottle of massage oil. "I thought it might help you relax a little."

A hint of a smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she took the bottle from me, examining it closely.

"That's actually really sweet of you," she purred, her voice softening with gratitude. "It says it's mostly coconut oil and good for every part of the body or if consumed." She grinned mischievously, sending my cock into a twitch.

Getting to my feet, my heart was beating faster as I took in the way the soft light from the bathroom illuminated her beautiful features and lit up her pink hair. For a moment, I was lost in the depths of her eyes, feeling the intensity of the emotions that swirled between us.

Trinity's gaze lit up as she leaned in and pressed her lips to mine in a hungry kiss that left my heart racing and my cock hard with arousal.

"So, you were planning on just massaging my shoulders?" She batted her eyes at me wickedly.

"Well, I wouldn't want the oil to go to waste," I said with a grin, leaning in closer to her, pressing my face into her hair, breathing in her orange blossoms fragrance.

"And what makes you think I want a massage?" she teased.

I shrugged. "Just a hunch," I muttered, pulling back and offering her a wink.

“Well...” Trinity’s blue eyes beamed with amusement as she twirled a strand of hair around her finger, her chest sticking out toward me, and the faint whiff of her delicious, deep slick scent captivated me. “Maybe you should put that hunch to the test,” she whispered, her breath hot against his face.

The air grew thick with my fiery desire. My little Omega flirted with me, her moans pushing me to my breaking point. I had every intention of massaging her, but how much could any man take if the most beautiful woman kept kissing him hungrily, her lips all over his neck, her breasts pressed against his chest?

I was weak.

So fucking weak when it came to Trinity.

And I didn’t want it any other way.

I kissed her back with savage starvation, fisting the fabric of her dress and wrenching it up to her waist. Slipping my hand down her body, I fumbled with the elastic of her panties. I pushed them down her legs, and my fingers tenderly slid between her thighs to her drenched lips.

She gasped, holding onto me, her fingers tightening on my shirt, kissing me faster now, her tongue wrestling with mine. I adored the way she clutched me.

Pressing two fingers through her folds and deep into her sex, her pussy sucked down my fingers while my gorgeous Omega purred, ripping at my shirt, her kisses covering my chest. Pumping faster, she moaned louder, her teeth now nipping at me.

I grunted, my cock hard and to the point of pain.

“So, no massage then?” she said breathily in my ear as her hips rocked, riding my fingers.

“Oh, right.” I pulled my fingers out, much to her protest.

“Hey, don’t stop.” Her eyes widened, and she was stunning.

“Baby girl, I promised you a massage.” In fast forward, I ripped her clothes off her body until my Omega stood before me naked, her breasts full, nipples pebbled and pointy, and her inner thighs wet with her desire. “Fuck, I want you naked all the time, aroused for me.”

With her clothes around her feet, I swept her into my arms. The gorgeous thing weighed hardly anything. With one hand on her back, the other on the back of her head, I kissed all over her face, my lips gliding to her neck, where I drew in a sharp inhale. When I pulled back, her eyes were fully dilated, and her breaths were fast. I fucking loved her.

I snatched a bunch of towels on the way out of the bathroom, never taking my gaze off her.

She was giggling as I carried her to the bedroom, where I set her on her feet. I covered the bed with the towels, figuring Daniel would be pissed if we oiled up his bed. Then I lifted Trinity and placed her across the mattress on her back. I stripped, my cock springing up the moment he was freed. Hell, it felt incredible to free him from the prison of my jeans.

My minx grabbed him, sending me into a hissing moan at how hard she squeezed him. Fuck, but I loved it when she did that.

“Not yet.” I pushed her hand aside. “First, it’s your turn.”

Unscrewing the cap, I poured oil into my cupped hand and rubbed it between my hands, warming it up. The scent of sweet coconut filled my nose, and my muscles softened, despite my cock hardening.

My Omega was squirming on the bed, cupping her breasts, tugging at those delicious nipples.

Fuck. Me.

I couldn’t get enough of the image, and one day, I promised myself to video our fucking so I could watch it over and over.

Tenderly, I worked the oil across her thighs, applying just the right amount of pressure, her soft skin glistening. She purred and parted her legs open, letting me see everything. For

a moment, I froze, staring at the most beautiful pussy in the world. Sweet pink lips engorged, soaking wet, and almost quivering at my touch.

Touching her all over, a growl rumbled deep in my throat. My fantasy had become a reality.

Working up her inner thighs, moving higher, her hips were rocking and her chest arching from her desperation. My pulse jumped in my chest like thunder. Lust burned through me, my cock throbbing the more I ran the pads of my fingers across her bikini line. Spreading her legs wider for me, I adored how swollen her lips were, how she leaked arousal.

“Please, touch me,” she begged.

“Oh, fuck, yes,” I growled, unable to resist. My fingers traced the outside of her lips, then pulled them open to see that wet slit that called my name.

My girl moaned, and I had barely touched her. Her pleasure was off the charts—exactly how I liked her.

Jaw tightening at how hard it was to hold back from plunging my cock into that gorgeous hole, I slipped two fingers into her tight cunt. My thumb danced over her clit, rubbing her. She howled as both our pleasures raced as we barreled toward the inevitable need to fuck like rabbits.

With her spread in front of me, I fingered her faster and faster, my need dripping down my dick. It didn't take long for my beauty's body to seize up, her scream drowning in the silence of the home. The muscles in my forearm bulged as I kept pushing into her, slipping in a third finger.

That was the tipping point.

She screamed louder, her body shuddering, falling apart from the orgasm rattling her. Her pussy clenched my fingers, sucking me back in, and I couldn't get enough of seeing her spread around me.

Panting, she rode her rollercoaster, and I could barely hold back. I needed her desperately, and I was going to fuck her nonstop. Pulling out of her core, my fingers were sticky with

her cum. She glanced up at me, her eyes hazed over, and moans in her throat.

“Don’t worry, we’re just starting,” I promised, climbing onto the bed between her thighs. I guided my huge cock over her drenched core, then pushed into her greedy pussy.

“Yes, God, yes,” she bellowed, lifting her hips to accept me.

I pushed her knees high and wider, craving to ride her hard. Plunging to my balls, I fucked her like the savage beast I was. In and out, I thrust harder, her body moving up and down with each move, her beautiful breasts jiggling.

“That’s it, squeeze me,” I growled, my cock spreading her tight channel. “Milk me.”

“Aspen,” she cried out, perspiration across her brow as she fisted the bedsheets.

The craziest part was one fuck wasn’t enough. I’d wanted to get back into her for so long, I had to get it out of my system, or I’d go insane. Staring down at her tight pussy wrapped around me had me losing control over her tight little body.

Gritting my teeth with built-up lust, my climax shoved me off the edge as I plunged into her slit, my cock starting to engorge with my knot. But I wasn’t ready to finish fucking her. So, I withdrew to stop the process, even if the sharp ache pulsed through me. Instead, I came hard. Thick ropes of white cum spilled out from my cock as I pumped more and more of it across her stomach and her breasts, covering her.

“You wear my cum so beautifully.”

Before she could catch her breath, I plunged my cock back into her. Hands on her ass, I rocked into her like a ferocious storm.

“I’m not even close to finishing with you. You have four more orgasms to experience.” I’d keep pulling out before I knotted because today, I wasn’t going to stop until my Omega forgot everything else.

Her eyes flew open, and I chuckled, loving her reaction. I slid my hand between her ass cheeks, my fingers pushing into her wet, puckered hole.

“I also have to fill this sweet ass with my cum. I want you dripping with my seed from your ass and pussy, from your mouth. Fuck, I need to see you like that, then I’m taking photos.”

She froze for a moment. “What? No!”

“Don’t worry, I won’t have your face in it.” I grinned, working into her tight core, never stopping, my finger pushing deeper into her ass. “But I want your pussy spread and coated in my cum. I’m going to jerk off to that every damn night when you’re not in my bed.”

Her smile was the reward, the confirmation I’d been seeking.

“Yes, fuck me, and I want you to pump your cum into me. I want to swallow it.”

“I love it when you talk dirty.” Any willpower I thought I had dissolved. With large hands, I held my finger in her ass, my cock deep inside her, and leaned over her body, holding myself up on one arm. She writhed beneath me as I stretched her. Crushing my lips against her, she moaned hungrily, then kissed me, opening her mouth for my tongue to dominate her.

We craved one another.

She ground herself against my huge cock inside her, and my dick throbbed at the sound of her moans. Her hands ran down my chest, her fingers pinching my nipples, and I grunted, loving the pain she caused. I sucked and bit down her lips, barely able to hold on, so I drew out and slammed back into her. I let go of her mouth and lowered my head to where she lifted her chest to my face. My eyes locked on her puffy, dusty-pink nipples, I took one into my mouth, gently sucking on it.

She was fucking perfection.

My body rippled as I dipped into her core over and over, our bodies throbbing, moving in rhythm, locked together. My

cock slid past her wet folds as her ass sucked down on my finger.

She gasped, clinging to me, when I felt her pussy clenching up tight on my cock. In seconds, she fell to pieces around me for the second time. Her screams were everything.

Releasing her breast from my mouth, I stared down at her.

“That’s my good girl. Three orgasms to go.”

Sixteen

S

TRINITY

T railing behind my three Alphas, we made our way through an old, abandoned apartment building. The air was thick with dust and the musty smell of neglect. We moved quietly, our footsteps muffled by the debris on the creaking floorboards.

That morning, we'd made a plan. We had to discover how many guards we were dealing with at Don's funeral and how best to approach Axel. We had decided to kidnap him sometime during or after the funeral and force him to confess to his crimes, even if we had to record him secretly to get the evidence we needed.

Of course, there were many variables. I'd been freaking out most of the morning, but the guys insisted they'd make this work, and I believed them.

So, here we were, climbing up the stairs in the dimly lit building. I noticed the peeling paint and the broken tiles on the floor. The building appeared to have been abandoned for years. Why had no one bothered to tear it down? The place carried a strange combination of mold and decay, and it made my stomach turn. I tried to take deep breaths, but the air became more suffocating.

My skin crawled, and I kept staring over my shoulder at the shadows, feeling as though someone was watching us. Someone like Axel's men. The creaking of the floorboards beneath our feet sounded like whispers, and we were intruding on a place where we shouldn't be.

I sensed Shadow's eyes on me. "Are you sure about joining us? It's dangerous, and I don't want to put you in harm's way."

I let out a sigh. "Being left alone is just as dangerous, if not more so."

Aspen chimed in, trying to reassure me. "We won't leave you alone. I'll be right there with you."

"How about you give me a gun, and I can help," I responded, my voice measured. I needed my men, but I also had enough of sitting around feeling helpless. No one said anything, but I could tell they were all thinking the same thing. They had all agreed I shouldn't be armed, and that irritated me because I was a quick learner.

"Fine, then you don't get to complain about me being here."

"We know you're strong and capable, but the stakes are too high to take any risks. We can't lose you. I also respect your wish if you want to be here." Viper stepped closer, his tone gentle.

Frustration and fear boiled inside me. The recent events had shaken me, especially after speaking with Frannie and seeing where she'd ended up. I worried about her safety with Axel.

We finally arrived at the tenth floor, huffing and puffing from the climb. The floor revealed itself as a pitiful sight. Broken windows were boarded up with crude pieces of plywood, and large holes in the walls showed the rusted metal skeleton of the building's structure. Pigeons had taken up residence in the corners of the ceiling, their coos echoing throughout the space.

Shadow made his way to the dark and broken windows and with a flick of his hand, beckoned us to follow. We all peered out, looking across the park at the funeral home in the distance. It was an imposing structure with grandiose architecture and a towering spire that reached for the sky.

The scene below was chaotic, with people milling about and cars parked haphazardly. The funeral procession had yet to arrive, and the tension in the air was palpable around the sterile white building. A small garden in the front provided the only splash of color in an otherwise dreary scene.

I watched in silence. It was a risky move, but I also knew that our time was running out... someone would find us soon enough. So, we had to prove Axel was guilty in the next couple of days, then the bounty on our head would be called off. Otherwise, we'd be forever on the mafia's hit list.

Like hawks, my three Alphas sharply scanned the area outside, searching for any signs of danger. They had their guns out, long-range weapons from their bags, preparing for the danger out there.

“Two on the roof of the funeral home,” Viper whispered.

“Two more are in the garden,” Aspen murmured.

A shiver rushed down my spine, but I steeled myself, taking a sharp breath and reminding myself that our options were running out. In order to win our freedom, we had no choice but to confront the monster head-on.

Just then, a hearse pulled up, followed by a long line of black cars. More people were arriving to pay their respects to Don, and the road was quickly becoming clogged with traffic.

A figure stepped out of one of the cars, and my heart thundered.

Axel, the asshole, was tall and imposing, dressed all in black, and walked with a confidence that made my blood run cold.

My heart sank, watching Axel and his wife make their way into the funeral home. Anger bubbled inside of me, remembering how he had Frannie living in a hotel room, waiting for him.

Shadow, Aspen, and Viper were all fuming as well. They watched the mourners file into the funeral home, their faces grim and somber.

Viper turned to the others, cold fury in his eyes. “I can take him out from here,” he announced, his hand tightening around his rifle.

Shadow shook his head. “Too many people around. You could hit an innocent bystander.”

“We wait for the right moment,” Aspen added to the discussion. “We don’t get a second chance to do this right.”

Anxiety rippled over me as I turned to watch Axel and his wife, surrounded by guards and snipers, disappear into the funeral home, followed by the other attendees.

“Viper and Aspen will be in a car tracking them once they leave.” Shadow gestured to me. “The two of us will go in a second car behind them, where we’ll pick them up after they run Axel’s car off the road. In the meantime, we’re taking out the guards, so best you stay low and out of sight from the windows.”

My hands trembled as I clenched and unclenched my fists. I took a deep breath, trying to calm my nerves, but I couldn’t shake a feeling of dread. Yet I stared at Shadow with his chiseled jawline and intense gaze, and a flutter in my stomach reminded me just how much I loved him, Viper, and Aspen.

My thoughts were interrupted by a bang that seemed to come from within the abandoned building. Shadow moved into action, swinging toward the door abruptly. At that moment, I saw a different side of him. He was stronger and fiercer, ready to take on any danger. It was both terrifying and exhilarating, and it made me adore him even more.

Aspen and Viper cut across the room and vanished out of the room.

At my side, Shadow took hold of my arm. “Stay in the shadowy corner,” he whispered. “If things go south, we’ll take them out before they even see you. Can you do that?”

“Of course.” My voice trembled slightly. “I’m not afraid, and I want to make Axel pay.”

“That’s my girl,” he whispered tenderly. Brushing a loose strand of pink hair away from my forehead, his touch gentle

yet reassuring. The heartfelt feelings behind his eyes told me he was worried more than he let on. “You’re strong, and we’ll get out of this alive. I promise you. I will give you the happily ever after you deserve and adore you every single day.”

His words melted my knees, but I nodded and quickly made my way across the room, my eyes scanning for any weapons I could use to defend myself. Spotting a piece of broken wood on the floor, I picked it up, ready to use it if needed.

I watched from the darkness as Shadow approached the door, his every move calculated and precise. Deep in enemy territory, our stakes were higher than ever before. Before he reached the door, it swung open abruptly, revealing two guards armed with weapons. My stomach clenched as Shadow sprang into action, his muscles tensing as he launched into the fight.

I shuddered.

Taking them off guard, he drove the hilt of his handgun into one man’s face, knocking him off his feet, but the second guard rammed into him from the side. Shadow dropped his gun, then hit the floor hard. The second guard pressed a knee into Shadow’s chest, the mouth of his gun pointed at my lover’s face.

“Fuckhead, did you think we wouldn’t find you?” he snarled, spittle flying everywhere.

Oh, shit.

I crept up behind the guard, my heart pounding. Gripping my stick tightly, I swung it with all my might, hitting him square in the back. He stumbled sideways, long enough for Shadow’s eyes to lock with mine, dread consuming them.

“Get down,” he bellowed, scrambling to his feet and ramming the guy who came for him into the wall. The sound of their struggle boomed through the empty room, the clash of punches thumping in my ears.

Panic tore through me as I watched, my emotions all over the place.

As the first guard got back up, blood poured from his smashed nose. Having lost his gun, he charged at Shadow with renewed savagery.

Dread filled me, and I spotted a gun, but it was across the room. I didn't have time to waste, so with a burst of adrenaline, I jumped into action, raising my stick high. I ran behind the man and brought my weapon down on his head.

He growled, barely sensing my strike, and swung back around, catching me with the back of his closed fist on the side of my face. I stumbled backward and hit the wooden floorboards hard, my face on fire from his blow.

"Bitch, I'm coming for you, too, and I'll make you really scream." He grabbed his groin over his pants, and I was sick to my stomach at the sight.

I panted heavily, gripping the stick until my knuckles were white and full of determination. This wasn't a time to be scared.

The first guard went flying away from Shadow and crashed into a wall. He slumped to his ass, a knife sticking out of his chest, blood pooling through the fabric. Once he hit the floor, he tumbled to the side and didn't move.

One guy down.

My Alpha bled from his busted lip, and a bruise was forming under his eye. It hurt me to see him that way, but he was alive. He met my gaze, appearing panicked.

"Wait your turn, Omega, and I'll show you a good time," the second guard sneered, then swung toward Shadow.

"Fuck you." I pushed myself backward as he carved a path to Shadow.

My insides turned to ice.

"Stop," I called out, the room tilting around me, and my head thumped like a drum.

At that same moment, a third guard with a black beard charged into the room. He had a fierce expression.

And he came right for me.

Stick grasped tight in my hand as fear engulfed me, what I wouldn't give for a gun right now.

When another figure joined us, a blur as he rushed Shadow, all hope dwindled. We'd be caught and lose all chances of escape.

“Okay, let's get this done,” the bearded guard grunted. “Your bounty is going to set me and my family up for life. And I've heard that if you're all brought back alive, we get a bonus payment.”

His gaze locked onto mine with a cold, hard stare. They were filled with anger and greed at what I represented to him—money. It also explained why they didn't come in here, guns firing. Tension thickened the air as he glared at me with his piercing dark eyes. He looked like a man possessed by his own rage and desperation.

It was a terrifying sight to behold, but I refused to back down. I stood my ground, meeting his angry gaze with a steely resolve of my own.

He marched toward me, towering over me, a glare on his ugly face.

Trembling, I raised my stick, wondering where the hell Aspen and Viper were, they'd been caught or worse... killed.

The bearded guard suddenly charged me, and before I could even react, he grabbed me, his hand like iron clasp around my throat. I struggled to break free, slamming my fist into his hand and jabbing him in the face with the stick. He snatched it out of my hand, snapping it in half and tossing it aside.

“End of the road for you, bitch. You killed Don, so what did you think was going to happen?” he snarled, the hot breath of his breath on my face.

I choked on the lack of oxygen, his grip so tight, the pain matching the sting of my empty lungs. Just when stars blinked in my vision, a sudden force wrenched the guard off me. It was so sudden and unexpected, I reared back, almost losing

my balance. Coughing, I sucked air into my empty lungs, stumbling with the raspy inhales.

As I regained my footing, I raised my gaze to Daniel, who had dragged the bearded guard off me with an arm locked around his neck with an impressive show of strength.

Where had Daniel come from? I didn't care because he had just saved me, and I wanted to jump in his arms and kiss him.

He glanced up at me with his quirky grin while choking the guard, squeezing the life out of him.

I still couldn't believe it—I had been so focused on not dying, I hadn't even noticed that Daniel must have been the fourth guy bursting into the room.

The bearded guard fought against his grip, eyes blazing with fury as he threw punches behind him to break free, but Daniel was too strong. He held on tight, his muscles bulging as he choked the struggling guard. This was a new side to Daniel, and I couldn't deny how impressed I was, how ecstatic I was to see him.

It wasn't long before the guard's face lost all color, and he started to pass out. It was also the moment Shadow rushed to the window, the second guard on the floor, bleeding to death from a cut throat.

Daniel dumped the bearded guy he had choked and came to me. Running to him, drowning in emotions, I jumped into his arms and clung to him tightly.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," I whispered, my voice burning with emotion. "I thought I was done for. When did you get here? I'm so glad you came."

"You're safe now," he murmured firmly, his voice reassuring. He held me, his strong arms wrapping around me protectively. "I won't let anything happen to any of you. I couldn't stay away."

A sense of calm washed over me. He set me on my feet then.

“Daniel,” Shadow stated, sounding relieved and stunned as I felt.

I stood back, watching as Daniel and Shadow drew each other into a powerful embrace. It was clear that they had missed each other terribly, and the sense of relief and gratitude between them left me covered in goosebumps. I adored them and had missed Daniel.

They turned, and Daniel grabbed my arm, drawing me into their embrace, warmth radiating off them. They were my family in this dangerous, chaotic world, and seeing them come together like this was a reminder of how much we needed each other.

“I’m not even going to argue with how you found us or got here,” Shadow muttered, glancing over to the door. “I’m fucking over the moon that you saved us, but we need to go before more guards arrive. We need to make as little sound as possible.”

Shadow glanced down at me with a tender look, cupping my face gently in his hand. “Are you hurt?”

I shook my head, grateful for his concern. “No, I’m fine,” I said, my voice shaking slightly. “Thanks to Daniel.”

“I know. I’m grateful for him, too, but we need to find Viper and Aspen, then leave. Our position is compromised.”

“Well, the thing is,” Daniel began, his voice grim. “Aspen and Viper have been caught.”

The words hit me like a punch to the gut. Thought of two of my Alphas being captured was too much to take. Panic crashed into me, and the room spun with me once more.

Shadow growled. “Fuck!”

“Were they still alive?” I gasped, terror tightening my chest.

I could tell from the look in Daniel’s eyes that Aspen’s and Viper’s situation was dire.

“We need to get out of here,” Shadow said firmly, grabbing my arm and pulling me close to him. Daniel rushed to collect a

gun from the floor, his movements swift and efficient.

We raced out of the room, and my gut twisted with dread and fear. Aspen and Viper were my Alphas, men I loved, and the thought of them dying at the hands of our enemies would destroy me.

Tears stung my eyes. Axel was ruthless, and I was terrified that Aspen and Viper wouldn't make it out alive. Would he torture them to get information? Or use them as leverage against us?

The fear and anxiety were almost too much. Tears ran down my face, and my stomach knotted. All I could do was hope Aspen and Viper would survive until we found a way to rescue them.

We raced down the stairs of the dilapidated building with barely any light around us when the sound of voices reached up from farther below.

Shadow snatched me by the arm, and together with Daniel, we rushed into the next open doorway, pressing our backs to the wall in a pitch-black room. Sweat slipped down my back, and trepidation thumped in my veins. Barely breathing, we waited as the thundering sound of footfalls racing upstairs approached, echoing loudly in the silence.

Please don't find us, please.

As fast as they approached, they darted right past our location and kept going upstairs.

Following Shadow's lead, we emerged from our hiding spot and continued on our way, moving as quickly and quietly as possible. We couldn't afford to be caught.

By some miracle, we managed to make it out of the building undetected, slipping onto a back street into the morning sunlight. The nearby fence was lofty, and despite it being broken, it concealed us.

Shadow pointed to the street, away from the commotion of Dan's funeral, and we darted, our footsteps pounding against the pavement as we tried to put as much distance as possible between us and the enemy.

Adrenaline coursing through my veins, my pulse on fire. My mind was consumed with worry for Aspen and Viper. What were they going through?

We emerged from around the corner, where there were a few cars on the road and an old couple strolling across the road. Shadow gripped my hand, moving us faster.

A black SUV swerved onto the street.

“Shit, they’ve found us,” I cried out, both Shadow and Daniel twisting around. They tensed, the air suddenly thick, and I couldn’t breathe.

We darted, Daniel dragging me by my other hand into the front yard of a nearby home we passed. My skin crawled that we’d be shot in the back.

The crunch of tires on the road grew louder.

Shadow and Daniel stopped abruptly, shoving me behind them. Both raised their guns, ready to shoot, when the car stopped alongside us. The passenger window rolled down, and my body shook. The sense of being trapped overwhelmed me.

A face came into view, a familiar square face, strong jawline, short brown hair, and the picture boy for someone in the army—Rusty, one of Shadow’s allies inside the Matteis mafia family. I wasn’t sure what to expect from him.

“Get in,” he barked, his voice urgent. “They’re all searching for you.”

Without hesitation, we scrambled into the back of the car, then Rusty drove off madly, speeding down the abandoned street. Just as we put distance between us and danger, Rusty’s phone rang. He answered it quickly, his expression grave. Then he hung up just as quickly and glanced over his shoulder at us.

“You all are fucking screwed,” he snarled, his voice low and urgent. “Axel demands you go to him by tomorrow before sundown, or he’ll kill your two men.”

Seventeen

S

TRINITY

Rusty parked his SUV in front of Daniel's place, underneath a large tree that cast a shadow over the vehicle. Initially, no one spoke or moved, all keeping an eye on the street, scanning for any signs of movement. Shadow trusted Rusty enough to reveal our hideout location, but we didn't have many allies to rely on, so our options were limited.

I sat between Shadow and Daniel, pressed in tight. They weren't small guys, but it helped me keep my composure and resist bursting into tears over Aspen and Viper's capture. Daniel had his hand wrapped around my shoulder, his touch soothing me, keeping me calm.

Each time I glanced over at him, I smiled, glad he was back, wishing we weren't constantly running for our lives. Wishing we could just talk and laugh like we did when I first arrived at Shadow's mansion.

Rusty turned around from the driver's seat to face us, his lips pressed tightly together. He was just as panicked as us.

"I'll make this quick because I have to get back to the funeral before anyone notices I'm gone," he stated. "I agree with you, Shadow. Axel is planning to merge the Matteis and Shchavlev families, which will result in a lot of bloodshed, especially for those who oppose them. Axel is a fool if he thinks Arman Shchavlev will bow down to him or allow him to lead alongside him. We all know it, and huge massacres are coming for everyone in both families." Rusty shook his head

and exhaled deeply, fully aware Axel's leadership would lead to disaster. "But he's not going to change his mind."

Just hearing my father's name made the nerves in my neck twitch. I wanted nothing to do with him and feared we were about to be forced to confront him in order to deal with Axel.

"So, you believe us that he killed Don and not us, right?" I asked, a surge of desperation coming over me, an eagerness to know someone else was on our side and didn't doubt us.

"I knew from the beginning he did," Rusty grunted. "But without evidence, I didn't have a leg to stand on against him."

"What's the plan, then?" Shadow shuffled forward in his seat, the air in the car thick. "He wants us in by the end of tomorrow, no doubt to finish us off for good, but I need to rescue my men. And we need a way to get Axel to confess."

"You won't get a confession out of that prick. So, there's another way. You, Shadow, are the rightful heir to the mafia family. Don put it in writing. If you can take Axel out, it will put you in charge, and no one will hurt you without taking on the wrath of the whole Matteis family."

I gasped.

"Why the fuck didn't you tell me this before?" Shadow snarled. "We had the perfect moment this week."

My breaths were racing, frustration squeezing around my lungs at the news. Daniel held onto me closer.

"Calm the fuck down. There are rules to everything. It's not just a shot in the back from a distance and you're done. You must be seen taking him out in front of others, fighting to claim the role he took from you before his guards get you. And I only just discovered this after speaking with some of the elders in the family about the Rite rule. Not many know this, not even the fuckwit, Axel."

"Are you sure about this, Rusty?" Daniel asked, his voice sharp.

"I'm positive. This is the only way. Remove the snake's head, and his men will stop."

“Fine, then,” Shadow stated, chin high. “I’ll go and fuck him up, then end this.”

Maybe it was just my paranoia, but I doubted it’d be that easy.

“It’ll be close to impossible to reach him before his men take you out,” Rusty stated. “I’m going to risk everything because I hate that fucking snotface jerk. Be ready by dawn. I’ll be here to pick you up and sneak you into the mansion.”

My skin pricked with goosebumps, hating how final he made it sound. As though this was the showdown to end all showdowns—and tomorrow, one man would die. I just prayed it wasn’t my Shadow. Barely catching my breath, I couldn’t find any words to say or how much I didn’t like this plan.

“Now, get the fuck out of my car,” Rusty barked.

Daniel opened the door, and we scrambled out of the SUV. Rusty drove away as we sprinted through the lofty front gates of Daniel’s place into the safety of his enclosed courtyard. In seconds, we were in his home, him clicking the locks at the door. Daniel and Shadow started rushing about the home, checking that we were indeed alone. I hoped wherever Daniel had left Thelma safely outside the city, she’d be okay.

I couldn’t even focus on breathing. I kept going over Rusty’s words in my mind. We had to go to the Matteis mansion because Axel had Aspen and Viper, and for all we knew, he was torturing them. Just thinking of them hurt, broke me, and had me shaking with worry.

To finally find someone I loved and have them in danger was like having my heart ripped out of my chest, piece by piece. The fear was constant, a heavy weight that settled under my ribcage and refused to budge.

I wandered across the living room when Shadow and Daniel returned, appearing calm enough to tell me we were safe for now.

“I’m scared,” I admitted openly, and the words were like a gate to my emotions, shoving them open. There was no

stopping the tears streaming down my cheeks. I hated feeling weak, but everything of late just bubbled to the surface.

Daniel and Shadow were at my sides in seconds, embracing me and kissing away the tears. Before I knew it, we were in one of the bedrooms, all three lying down, with me sandwiched between them. Shadow was at my back, spooning me, his hands stroking my arm and hip, soothing me. Daniel lay facing me, resting his head on a bent arm, his other hand stroking my hair and collecting my tears.

“You don’t have to be scared,” Shadow whispered in my ear, his grip on me reassuring.

“I know, but...” I gasped for air. “Tomorrow feels like a death sentence. And we don’t even know how Aspen and Viper are. I can’t lose any of you because I have no one else in this miserable world who would care and love me like all of you do. And I can’t live without you.”

Daniel kept wiping away my fresh tears.

I twisted my head, glancing back at Shadow and the worry on his face.

“What if we don’t make it out alive?”

“We’ll survive.” My Alpha leaned in and kissed the top of my head. “I promise you. And I’ll get out in one piece.” Shadow assured us, his tone stoic and doing that thing where he hid his emotions.

“Wait? We’re coming, too,” I shot back instantly. “There’s no way we’re going to let you go alone.”

“She’s right,” Daniel supported.

“It’ll be easier for Rusty to sneak in one person than three.” Shadow’s brows pulled together into a furrow. “And I want this done fast.”

“What if shit goes sideways like it always does?” Daniel protested with clipped words.

“Wouldn’t it make more sense that we have your back, or even go and find Aspen and Viper to rescue while you take care of Axel, just in case...” I trailed off, unable to complete

the sentence. I couldn't let myself think of anything bad happening to Shadow. Otherwise, I'd never make it through the day without going into full-blown panic.

Shadow glanced away, his expression troubled, eyes darkening.

"Please," I pleaded while Daniel reached over to him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Trinity has a point about us rescuing the Viper and Aspen. Even the best hunter should have backup."

Shadow hesitated, his gaze flickering between the two of us. Conflict deepened on his face, the struggle between wanting to protect us and knowing that we could help him clear.

"I don't like it," he finally said, his voice raspy. "I can't put you both in danger."

"We're already in danger," I remarked, slightly louder than I'd intended. "Axel is a threat to all of us."

Shadow's jaw tightened, the muscles in his arm around me bulging as he clenched his fist.

"Shadow, see reason," Daniel pressed him.

Our Alpha huffed loudly, his chest rising and falling quickly.

"Fine," he quipped. "I know you two won't give up, but if things go wrong, you both get out of there as fast as possible. Don't try to be heroes."

"We won't," I promised. Leaning against him, I took comfort in the soothing balm of his acceptance of my frayed nerves. My heart filled with love and trust. "Thank you for being here for me. For always being my rock."

Daniel stroked my cheek, drawing my attention to his wide smile.

"I'll destroy anyone who touches my family." The corners of his lips curled into an adorable grin, which was contagious.

“You blew me away because I didn’t know you were so freaking strong and an incredible fighter.”

Shadow chuckled behind me. “Oh, Daniel is magnificent and works out a lot but rarely shows his talent.”

“You’re going to make me blush.” Daniel’s smile widened, and I loved seeing him so happy.

Shadow embraced me, his warm breath on my neck, his kisses reassuring.

“I’m so lucky to have all of you,” I murmured, holding onto Daniel’s hand as Shadow embraced me. “Daniel, you are going to teach me some of your moves.”

He chuckled, and I loved hearing the sound of laughter when my world felt like it was crumbling. There was something so different about Daniel. I found myself drawn to him in a way I couldn’t explain. Loving the way he sounded, the way he smelled like chocolate, and the way he stared at me.

Reaching over, he stroked my chin, and warmth spread through my chest, which had me slightly confused by my feelings. Daniel was Shadow’s boyfriend, and while I remembered him once telling me that he’d had girlfriends in the past, he’d never shown me that kind of interest. Well, he had been too busy being jealous, I guessed.

“You got it,” he agreed, minus any green-eyed monster traits.

I preferred this side of him.

“I’ll be present during these training sessions,” Shadow purred against me. “You both mean the world to me, so to see you working together is a new level of...” He paused as though he was going to say the wrong thing.

“Level of what?” I asked, glancing back at him.

“Arousal,” Daniel answered for him as Shadow grinned.

We were his, and it never really occurred to me until now that he’d get off on seeing Daniel and me getting along... maybe more than getting along?

Wait, did I feel that way toward Daniel?

The thought caught me off guard, heat crawling up my neck and curling up and over my cheeks. Daniel had always been slightly confusing to me—a friend, my lover’s boyfriend, the Beta—but perhaps the problem had always been mine in not seeing him for so much more than just the guy who soothed my Heat pain.

Now, when I looked into his eyes, something stirred within me, a spark of attraction I couldn’t deny. Rugged, masculine, cute... he had it all. Deep chocolate hair sat tousled around his face, and there were flecks of gold in his mocha eyes. For some reason, when he stared at me today, there was a new look behind them—a fierce intensity that both captivated and intimidated me.

I could easily see what had Shadow falling head over heels for him.

Well, aside from the strong, powerful body, and broad shoulders, he might not be as big as my Alpha Shadow, but he’d proven himself as a skilled fighter. Was it strange that seeing him being all protective left me impressed and gushing over him?

Shadow stretched an arm over me to his boyfriend, stroking a thumb over his lips.

“You have to look out for this one,” he murmured. “When he gets that mischievous and playful glint in his eyes, there’s no denying him.”

Daniel’s full lips curled into a smirk that drew me closer and made me want to know what he tasted like, to know him on a much deeper level. My feelings for him had grown into more than just admiration or friendship.

I leaned forward to Daniel while Shadow tucked my pink hair behind my ear, as though he knew my intention and approved. Elation swam over me in that perfect, innocent moment where I wasn’t sure what I should be doing, yet I wasn’t stopping.

Heart racing, we were pressed up against each other, face to face, his eyes blazing with such intensity, it stole my breath away. Before I could say anything, Daniel grazed my lips with his, and butterflies fluttered in my stomach. It was the sweetest kiss I'd ever felt—a gentle caress that had my toes curling.

Shadow lay against my back, his lips on my shoulder, where he'd slid down the fabric of my shirt. His hand skated to my waist, fingers digging in with an urgency I hadn't expected.

I wrapped my hands around Daniel's neck, losing myself in the way he kissed me like he was savoring every inch of my mouth. For those few moments when I was floating on Daniel's kiss and Shadow was kneading my breast, his huge cock cradled against my ass, a girl could easily lose herself to the fairy tale of happily ever afters.

Lost to one another, the three of us were grinding and kissing as heat and passion engulfed us. Breathless and dazed, we broke our kiss, and part of me still couldn't believe I'd just kissed Daniel, and he had instigated it as much as I had.

My gorgeous Alpha was getting off on us coming together. I smiled at Daniel, giving him a lopsided grin.

"I've been wanting to taste you for a long time," he whispered, the back of his fingers tracing across my cheeks. "As sweet as I knew you'd be."

"It was so fucking beautiful and sexy," I said softly, the weight of his confession dissolving the worry that he didn't want me. "I didn't think you were even interested in me that way. And Shadow, you're okay with this, right? This is so unexpected for me..."

My mind was a jumble of conflicting emotions. This wasn't what I expected. I'd found my three Alphas, but maybe Daniel had always been there for me, and I just refused to see it.

"I absolutely love this," Shadow murmured in my ear. "It's everything to see you two adore each other as much as I love you both. There's no rush, and it's okay if it doesn't go further

or if you want to explore it the whole way to a deep relationship. I just ask that I'm a part of every step."

"Yes," Daniel and I said in unison, then broke out laughing. I kept staring at this Beta who'd swept me off my feet and flooded my heart with anticipation and excitement.

"I want to explore this deeper, if you're willing." Daniel's eyes sparked. "I wasn't sure why I reacted so intensely. It's been a while since I've felt anything for a girl, so when I got jealous of you and Shadow, I didn't realize it came from a place where I also wanted you."

I drew in a sharp breath under his gaze, which flickered between me and Shadow at my back.

"I fucked up," he muttered, his brow furrowed, his lips pinching to the side.

My hands raised, sliding them around his torso while Shadow embraced both of us.

"Nothing to be sorry about. We all do crazy shit as we find ourselves," Shadow explained. "You are mine, both of you, and you have no idea how thrilled I am to see you two come together."

"You don't have to worry about anything, Daniel. I love this moment more than you realize. For years, I dreamed of having my own family, of being loved, and my heart is huge." I laughed at myself. "Gosh, that sounded dorky, didn't it?"

Daniel chuckled. "It was adorable."

Pressing back against Shadow, I glanced over my shoulder at his expression flaring with admiration, his gaze swimming with pride and joy.

"I knew all along that you two would eventually come together." Affection sliced through his voice.

"You knew, did you?" I raised a brow, lacing my words with mirth.

"I've seen you two together and know each of you well enough to see how perfect you are together. It was only a matter of time before true feelings surfaced."

“And it has nothing to do with having your two lovers able to give you the most incredible sex together.” Daniel released a cute, laughing huff.

“I’m glad that you both finally worked up the courage to show each other how you feel.” A twinkle sparkled in Shadow’s gaze. “It’s everything I’ve wanted.”

Relief rippled over me to have no tension between the three of us. Being pressed between the two of them, it was easy to lose myself to a moment of heat and passion, strong arms around me, Alpha and Beta kissing me. What I appreciated more was, despite feeling two hard cocks against me, no one was pushing me to go further just yet. I needed time to come to terms with my growing feelings.

“Can we just lie here all day like this and forget that tomorrow is D-day?”

“So, what you’re saying is that there’s no sex on the cards?” Shadow grinned while Daniel stared at me, clearly hearing everything he’d said.

“I think we wait and not rush things.” Daniel stole the words from my mouth.

I appreciated him saying it for me, for understanding it might take time to process the new budding relationship we’d discovered.

“Well then, I have the best solution,” Shadow stated, climbing out of bed, leaving me partially cold, but Daniel collected me into his arms, and his chocolate scent was intoxicating.

“Yeah, and what’s that?” I asked.

“If we’re going to lie in bed and not have sex, then we’ll enjoy a grilled cheese sandwich. According to Daniel, I make the best ones. As long as we have all the food we need.”

“We do,” Daniel started with a grin, as if he knew such a moment would happen.

I lay in his arms, wishing I could freeze time at that moment, enjoying them and the small window where we

pretended all was okay. But with it came the harsh reality that my other boyfriends, Aspen and Viper, were in dire danger, and suddenly, the calm I'd felt seconds earlier churned in my gut as if I was going to be sick.

Eighteen

8

SHADOW

The imposing front gates of the Matteis estate swung open, revealing an entrance as grand and foreboding as the gates of Hell.

I hungered to smash Axel's face in and end this bullshit.

Rusty had insisted we crouch low in the back of the SUV, relying on the heavily tinted windows to conceal us. Our all-black attire allowed us to melt into the shadows, yet I couldn't help but seethe at the thought of how much satisfaction I'd derive from destroying Axel.

Beside me, Trinity's face was set with an unwavering determination that impressed me, as she refused to yield to her fear. Despite my insistence that she stay behind, my tenacious hellcat had risen early this morning, then was fully dressed and ready to go before me.

She and Daniel could die today, but neither would listen to me and forced me to let them join me. How could I argue with that?

She glanced up at me, her hypnotic eyes captivating me, and my love for this Omega only grew stronger. Daniel, my handsome Beta, was on her other side, his gaze fixed on the passing scenery outside the window. I'd missed him dearly. Although it terrified me that he had put himself in danger by joining us, part of me was selfish and enjoyed him and Trinity close to me.

As I lifted my head, I caught sight of the mansion—an enormous monstrosity with countless windows and a

sprawling garden that seemed to stretch out in every direction. It wasn't until Rusty parked the SUV behind the mansion and killed the engine that I realized where we were—the loading docking area.

“Quickly, we need to get out of here,” Rusty commanded before hopping out of the vehicle.

We emerged into the eerie dawn light, the sky painted with crimson and gold hues, while distant birds cawed their warnings. A heavy silence enveloped the rest of the property. Rusty murmured something into his earpiece as he gestured for us to follow him up the steps toward the rear door.

We moved in a tight formation, with me close to Rusty, Trinity behind me, and Daniel covering our rear. No words were exchanged among us.

Once inside, we navigated through an empty laundry room and hurried down the hallways. I kept glancing over my shoulder, fearing the worst, but Rusty had assured us that Axel spent most of his mornings in the greenhouse, where we would find him with minimal guards. This meant I had a chance to finish him off—if I acted swiftly.

Every nerve in my body was on high alert, I was more than ready to make him pay for everything he had put us through—abducting Aspen and Viper and endangering Trinity.

Glancing back at Trinity, her wide gaze sweeping left and right, her face pale, I resisted the urge to take her into my arms. More than anything, I regretted letting her enter the wolf's den with us. If something happened to her, I'd never forgive myself.

Those corrupt thoughts only fed my fear and ruined my concentration.

We were here to destroy our villain.

I mentally shook the fear away.

Rusty led us fast through the winding corridors of the mansion, efficiently slipping us past surveillance cameras. We approached the greenhouse, an extension of the main house,

the glass walls connecting seamlessly to the rest of the mansion.

Don had spent a fucking fortune on this place when he'd been alive. The display of opulence and wealth was over the top and breathtaking at the same time. Exotic plants spilled out of the open French doors that led into an oversized greenhouse, the air already warm and humid.

Rusty's steps quickened as we entered the place, then he suddenly froze, me stopping short of crashing into him. Alarm bells went off in my head.

Trinity walked into my back, and I curled my arm back around to hold on to her. Ahead of us, through the explosion of plants, were two figures standing and talking with their backs to us. I recognized that weasel, Axel, immediately, my hackles flaring, anger squeezing my chest.

I stepped forward, but Rusty blocked me with an arm, giving me a death glare and motioning for me with his hand to go behind an immense array of plants with palm leaves the size of my face.

He wanted us to hide? Fuck that. I was here to rip that asshole's face off.

The moment I shoved past him, he snatched me by the shirt, tugging me back, his face in mine.

"Are you fucking insane?" he hissed. "Do you know who he's talking to? Arman, the boss of the Shchavlev mafia. He wasn't supposed to be here, so we need to hide or leave."

Ice flooded my veins. What the fuck was Arman doing here, anyway? Trinity tensed against me, shaking at the sound of her father's name.

"We're not leaving," I growled.

With a shove from Rusty on my arm, we moved with speed behind the greenery and crouched low, settling into a hiding spot for now. Trinity was at my side while Daniel stayed on her other side, keeping her locked in.

“Going to find out what’s going on,” Rusty whispered, then slipped out of there like a shadow.

My eyes locked on the two fuckers, Axel and Arman, peering at them from behind a tangle of leaves and branches, completely obscuring us from view. I had to get closer to hear their conversation. With a quick flick of my hand to Trinity and Daniel, we moved slowly on bent knees amid the plants to where the assholes were located in the center of the room.

The scent of blooming flowers and the rich soil scent filled my nostrils. Near the men were a chaise lounge, an outdoor metal table, and chairs. They were in hushed conversation, Arman shoving a finger into Axel’s chest.

Trinity stayed silent but glared at her father.

I was going to hurt the man for what he’d put her through. Make him see real fear and understand what it meant.

Daniel and I exchanged glances, his expression hard, danger scribbled all over his face. He knew we’d have to make a move, and so far, I’d seen only three guards in the glass house.

Movement beyond the mafia bosses took my attention to a young woman with blue hair, vibrant against the greenery around her. She wore a white summer dress with thin straps and matching sandals.

Trinity sucked in a sharp breath. It took me a second to realize it was Frannie—Trinity’s friend and Axel’s Omega mistress. She carried a bouquet of various flowers, smelling them as she approached Axel, who didn’t pay her even a side glance. Her innocence was slightly alarming because it told me she completely relied on Axel, and he wasn’t going to be alive for much longer.

Frannie took a seat at the table, arranging her flower collection.

Trinity shifted beside me, and I set my hand on her arm, stroking her gently, then placed a finger over my mouth so she kept silent. Agony ached behind my Omega’s gaze. With

Frannie at the mansion, she was in the line of fire when things were going to blow up... which they would... very soon.

Axel's loud, boisterous laugh drew my attention, and I had no idea what the pair had been talking about, but Arman's was giving him the world's darkest death stare.

"I have an offer you can't refuse, one that will leave you thoroughly impressed," Axel boasted, his chin held high.

God, how I despised the arrogant prick.

"Go on," Arman replied tersely, his jaw clenched, his expression ice-cold.

"You'll see soon enough," Axel retorted, his sly grin making my fingers itch to rip it off his face. He turned to one of his nearby guards and spoke in Italian. "Vai a portarli."

I knew enough to understand the first couple of words—go bring... What or who was he bringing?

The burly guard, clad in cargo pants and sporting a mustache, stepped out of the greenhouse.

"It won't be long," Axel assured Arman, his eagerness resembling a child desperate for his father's approval. Arman's stoic gaze never wavered, and it was clear that any attempts at blending the two mafia families would be short-lived. If I didn't eliminate Axel, Arman would surely do so soon enough. The mafia boss was a cold-blooded psychopath, while Axel was merely a power-hungry, egotistical fucking child.

An uneasy silence settled between the two men, both of them eyeing Frannie, who was oblivious to the malicious intent of their gazes. At that moment, I resolved to take her with us, no matter the outcome. We couldn't leave her in the clutches of these monsters. Trinity and Daniel also were focused on Frannie, their shared concern obvious even without words.

Heavy footsteps echoed at the entrance of the Glass House as the burly guard reappeared, shoving Aspen and Viper forward, their hands bound behind their backs.

My veins turned to ice.

Trinity's soft, startled intake of breath told me she was as shocked as me.

Bruised, bloodied, and clothes ripped, they were a testament to the brutal treatment they had endured, but their spirits remained unbroken. Viper bared his teeth, and his shoulders tensed as if he were ready to head-butt his way out of captivity. Aspen, meanwhile, took in the scene with a single sweeping glance. His gaze lingered on my hiding place for a split second—just long enough for me to know he was aware of our presence without alerting the others.

Trinity's face turned ghostly pale, her eyes wide with fear. Daniel glanced at me and nodded, confirming that he had also seen Aspen's brief acknowledgment.

Concealed among the plants while my men were restrained and hurt, I struggled to contain my rage. It felt as though a boulder was tied to my ankle, dragging me to the depths of the ocean and leaving me gasping for breath.

I was not an Alpha who idly stood by while my family suffered, but I forced myself to suppress my fury, knowing we had to wait for the right time to strike. God, how I yearned to leap forward and save my men.

“Who the fuck are they?” Arman snarled, his savage tone betraying his lack of recognition.

“These bastards are Viper and Aspen, Shadow's men. I heard they ruined your auction and stole your Omega daughter,” Axel sneered.

I vowed to gut him from groin to throat.

Arman stiffened, advancing on Viper and seizing him by the throat, spitting, “So you're the ones who took my daughter from me?”

Aspen lunged at Arman headfirst, eyes like a demon's, but one of the guards jumped after him and snatched Aspen by the arm roughly, dragging him back.

My skin tightened, muscles hardening as I found myself leaning forward, ready to strike. Trinity nudged my arm, her frown and a shake of her head reminding me to stay put.

Viper's face grew pale, his body rigid as he choked under Arman's grip. I was on the verge of launching when Axel spoke.

"Not yet, you don't." He wrenched Viper out of Arman's grasp. "You want these pieces of shit to torture, fine, but first, I want payment in exchange for them."

Frannie glanced up, her eyes flicking between Axel and Arman with a mixture of curiosity and dread. Arman paced back and forth, rubbing his chin with two fingers, contemplating his options.

"What's your price? Of course, it'd be more worth my while if you had the third bastard, Shadow," he growled.

"He's yours," Axel replied smugly. "By the end of the day, I'll bring him to you personally if you can deliver your end of the bargain."

Arman's sinister grin revealed a row of predatory teeth. "Fine. What do you want for them?"

Anxiety knotted in my gut as I awaited Axel's response.

Axel hesitated, rubbing a hand across his mouth as his gaze darted between my men and Arman.

"I'm making this deal as payment to show you my loyalty to our families working together," he said, his voice low and insidious.

Arman's patience waned, his glare intensifying. "So, are you going to tell me, or are we playing games?" he roared.

"In exchange for the three Alphas, you'll give me your daughter, Trinity's hand in marriage," Axel declared, his stare morphing into a malevolent grin.

Arman's expression darkened.

My entire body quivered with rage. This despicable worm thought he could get his hands on my girl, and he had the audacity to say it right in front of Frannie. She looked as if she was about to cry.

With perspiration rolling down my spine, I promised myself to destroy anyone who tried to take Trinity away from me. My gaze shifted to Trinity, her face a mask of horror, tears welling in her beautiful eyes. I stroked her arm reassuringly, and Daniel wrapped an arm around her, offering his support.

“He’s not touching you,” I mouthed to her.

War was coming, and it would be us against them because there was no way I’d let these monsters trade my men for my Omega. Dread consumed me as I remained crouched, hatred seething in my belly.

“So, do we have a deal?” Axel pressed, oblivious to the fact his days were numbered.

The tense silence that hung between us was a ticking time bomb. The thought of Axel forcing himself on Trinity sickened me as I imagined the torment he’d inflict upon her.

Arman’s brow furrowed. “Aren’t you already married?” he sneered, his reluctance to part with Trinity evident. Why would he settle for less when he could sell her for millions? But revenge had a way of bringing out the darkest impulses in people.

“That won’t be a problem,” Axel snapped, a malicious smirk playing at the corners of his thin lips. “I’ve heard dumping Omegas in a bin is a good way to be rid of them.”

That repugnant son of a bitch.

Frannie’s face crumpled, her shoulders slumping in defeat. It was as though I could feel her heart breaking. After everything she’d been through, she didn’t deserve this.

Trinity’s eyes filled with tears as her hands clenched in her lap so tightly, her knuckles turned white.

The men and guards in the room remained uncaring about Frannie’s presence, their attention focused solely on Arman and the decision he needed to make. They didn’t notice as she cautiously edged away from them, seeking cover behind the plants that surrounded the area. To them, she was insignificant, just another pawn to be sacrificed. Witnessing her suffer like this tore at my heart.

With Trinity's hand tightly clasped in mine and Daniel holding onto her protectively, we stared at the mounting tension escalating before us.

There was only so much I was going to take before I burst out there and fucking ripped them apart.

Arman hesitated. His eyes flicked between Aspen and Viper, weighing the worth of the trade.

Axel's impatience mounted, his foot tapping rhythmically on the floor, his face twisting with his frown.

The seconds stretched into an eternity.

Finally, Arman met Axel's gaze, a sneer of disdain warping his lips.

"Fine," he spat, his voice dripping with reluctance. "We have a deal."

It didn't surprise me that Arman would agree to the trade. He was a snake, always looking out for himself and his interests above all else.

The agreement hung in the air like a death sentence, and I knew that now, more than ever, we had to act. These scum would pay for their treachery.

As we watched the scene unfold, I spotted Frannie stealthily slipping out from the plants. She moved with unexpected grace and swiftness, her movements barely noticeable. Viper, with a guard to his side but not behind him, seemed to be her target.

My heart thundered—she was untying his binds, freeing his hands.

Fuck yeah, that's it.

A newfound respect for her surged through me.

As she worked on Viper's binds, the air around us crackled with tension as Arman glared at Aspen, leering at him like he was already picturing his torture. I caught Daniel's eye and gave him a subtle nod, signaling that he should ready himself

for the upcoming battle. Turning to Trinity, I mouthed for her to stay hidden and safe, my love for her stronger than ever.

Finally, with a swift and precise movement, Frannie freed Viper. Without missing a beat, he slyly knocked a fist into the guard's head. The man's knees crumbled, and Viper swiped the blade from the unconscious man's grasp just as Axel and Arman twisted in his direction.

Viper was already lunging for Axel.

A rush of adrenaline had me stiff as I leapt into action from our hiding place, Daniel at my side. It just also happened to be when the two remaining guards in the greenhouse burst toward Viper, one of them reaching for his gun.

The room erupted into chaos, a cacophony of shouts and clashing echoed through the air.

Axel, caught off guard by Viper's sudden attack, stumbled backward in a desperate attempt to dodge the deadly assault. His mouth twisted, the smug confidence that had so defined him just seconds ago replaced with pure terror.

Daniel and I trampled the plants, targeting the two guards attacking Viper.

As I slammed into one of the guards, hammering fist after fist into his ribs, my gaze frantically looked across to Viper, feet from me, who had the balls to swing around and punch Arman right in the face, knocking the gun right out of his hand in the process.

I threw myself toward them when Axel shoved into me, knocking me sideways, a gun drawn in my face. But it came in the same second Daniel delivered a punch to his lower spine, then jumped onto his back. Axel's eyes widened, and I ducked just as his gun went off, slamming into the glass wall, shattered glass cascading over us.

Someone bowled into me, throwing me completely off my feet, air bursting out of my lungs... a new guard had charged into the fight. Fuck!

That was exactly when I also caught sight of Trinity standing behind Aspen, frantically tugging at his ties to free

him.

It all seemed to happen in the blink of an eye. I kicked the guard in the jewels as he came at me, then scrambled up on my feet, leaving the guard for Daniel, who charged him. Viper fought a guard, Aspen rushed for Arman, who was pushing himself up off the floor, and I made a beeline for Axel.

Two new guards darted into the room, bullets flying.

Fuck!

Daniel was already weaving through the plants to come up behind them and leapt onto one of their backs, throwing an arm around his throat, and both of them collapsed into the bushes.

The other one was coming right for Trinity, who had her back to him.

Terror struck me, and I lunged after Trinity, needing to protect her.

Nineteen

S

TRINITY

An inexplicable rush of impending doom came over me. Before I could process the chaos spreading out in the greenhouse, Shadow suddenly lunged at me, shoving me out of the way with such force that I stumbled and fell. A sharp cry spilled past my lips as I collided with a potted plant, pain radiating from my hip bone.

What the fuck!

Not that I thought he pushed me with ill intent, so as I twisted back around, I spotted a hulking man barrelling down toward me from the doorway. My heart leapt into my throat, desperate for escape.

Fueled by fright, I scrambled to my feet and recoiled from the charging man just as Shadow darted past me in a blur of motion. He tackled the huge man with savagery, knocking him to the floor with several intense punches.

Panic set in as the situation spiraled out of control, but I had no clue how to get out of there.

The sound of someone whimpering had me stiffening, and I scanned the area, thinking about Frannie. I tracked her huddling by a chaise lounge in a dark corner, the sound of bullets whizzing past. I hunched down.

Fuck. Fuck.

Fear clenched my gut. My Alphas were all fighting, blood, grunts, and bullets flying, narrowly missing us. Deafening

gunfire flooded the glasshouse, the battle reaching a fever pitch while my men fought brutally, beaten and bleeding.

Glass shattered as a guard flew into a shelf that tumbled over, throwing pots everywhere. I took the chance to get to Frannie, attempting to navigate an impossible battleground. She remained in her corner, tears streaming down her cheeks, and my heart hurt for her.

A shadow fell over me. I flinched backward just as Aspen darted past me and plummeted into a garden of flowers. Rolling over, he shoved himself back to his feet, blood pouring from a gash on his temple, his shirt ripped, hair wild.

He glanced at me, his frown morphing into a momentary grin as he blew me a kiss. “Lie low, little Omega. Get out of the line of fire.”

A guard hurled himself toward Aspen but seeing me, pivoted in an awkward twist and came right at me. Heaving like a bear, he raised his gun, aiming it at my face with an icy, unfeeling stare. My breath caught in my throat, and my world froze. All the love I’d found recently flashed before my eyes and how quickly I could lose it all in a second’s decision.

Just as fast as he aimed the gun at me, Aspen tackled the brute, throwing him down while another guard leapt on top of Aspen, followed by Daniel. Where earlier we had four guards still standing and fighting, now there were more. Axel and Shadow were in a fistfight, throwing each other around, and my father was commanding his guards to take out Viper, who took that as a challenge. With so many guards, all the fighting was tearing down the greenhouse.

Retreating from the bedlam where I could barely make out my men amid the savagery, my heart hurt. Amid the mess, I spotted Viper hitting back as good as he got, punching and kicking, a blade glinting in his grip as he jabbed it into one guy’s chest.

I swallowed hard, reminding myself we were in survival mode. Going to get Frannie to get her out of here, I scanned the place for dropped guns I could use to help my men.

I kept a close eye on my father, the monster who was the biggest danger. His capacity for cruelty and his savage desire to gain control over me, to sell me, was horrifying. He moved toward me, his actions calculated, eyes locked on me like a predator stalking its prey.

The hairs on my arms rose.

When the battle swallowed him back up, drawing his attention from me, I sprinted around the chaos, making my way toward Frannie, who watched me with wide, frantic eyes. I shoved aside a garden chair in my path, struggling to breathe with the fear suffocating me.

With my attention swinging to the fight, then Frannie, the toe of my shoe got caught on an uneven brick in the path. I hit the floor hard on my hands and knees, a whirlwind of panic coming at me that I'd been jumped on and captured.

Glancing over at the fight, my insides twisted when my gaze clashed with my father. He towered over a kneeling Viper, a hand fisting his hair, a gun pointed at the back of his head.

Both men were staring at me, my heart quivering at seeing the cold-hard terror behind Viper's eyes. He wasn't an Alpha who showed fear often, but right then, he was petrified.

Tears pricked my eyes as my heart slammed into my chest, each beat echoing in the empty space between my ribs. My father was going to kill Viper and enjoy every second of torturing me. Getting to my feet, my stomach hurt.

"Trinity, what are you doing with these pieces of shit?" my father sneered. "A Shchavlev is a name to uphold, not drag through the dirt."

I lifted my chin to my father to show him I wasn't a pushover while the rest of the greenhouse and the fight faded away.

"I'm here protecting the people I love," I forced out. "And as a Shchavlev, I *will* fight for what is mine. I would rather die before I let you marry me to that fucking monster, Axel."

A tornado of emotions threatened to consume me. My father had never been there for me. He'd confined me to the Institute for most of my life, starved me of love and support, and tried to sell me at auction. And now, he wanted to do it again to advance his own interests.

To hell with him!

His piercing gaze bore into me, his upper lip curling.

"You betray me for this?" He yanked Viper's head back by his hair, lifting and pressing the barrel of the gun to the side of my lover's head.

"Harder," Viper muttered, defiance in his voice even if he was on his knees. "Make it hurt good, Daddy."

"Fucking filth," my father spat, slamming the hilt of his gun into Viper's head, causing my Alpha to wobble unsteadily on his knees.

My insides crumbled, muscles tensing with the urge to rush to Viper's side as he looked ready to collapse. His eyes were rolling back into his head, but my father held him upright by a fistful of his hair.

I gasped, the raw pain at potentially losing Viper stabbing into my heart. My father's venomous words rang hollow. Tears threatened to spill, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

His expression darkened, resembling the only father I'd known—brutal and cold-blooded.

"You ungrateful little brat," he hissed, his words dripping with malice. "I've done so much to keep you safe in the Institute, and this is how you repay me?"

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I choked on my breath. "You want me to kiss your feet with gratitude because you've prepped me to be a doll you're going to sell as a whore?"

Viper was blinking, still half out of it, and I hated seeing him that way. My heart shredded to pieces to see my father pointing the gun at him. Every inch of me trembled, and the desperate urgency to scream at him to stop left me crying. I

stared into his eyes, at the pain, at the terror that this could be the last time we looked at each other.

“Trinity,” Father snarled. “Are you with me or against me?”

The weight of his words pressed through me like a crashing wave, and it became harder to inhale. I wrestled with the decision. I couldn’t live with my Alphas’ deaths... but if I accepted my father’s decision, would he spare them all?

The blast of a gunshot ringing in my ears from somewhere in the greenhouse tore me out of my frozen state. My gaze clashed with Frannie’s, who appeared to be slowly drifting closer but ducked and cried out each time someone released a bullet. I wanted to shout for her to just stay down and out of the way, but I doubted she’d hear me from across the greenhouse.

Momentarily, I glanced at the ongoing battle, at the tangle of guards with Aspen and Daniel, and Axel chortling like a hyena as a guard had Shadow on the floor, his knee on his throat.

My body went limp as dread clutched at my insides.

For the first time, I felt our fighting wasn’t enough. Too many things were stacked against us. The struggle against the wave of violence was going to swallow us whole. I fucking hated feeling defeated, but the sinking feeling in my gut was making me sick.

Staring at my men in battle being hurt, my chest constricted with a savage love for them, with determination to save them—even if it meant sacrificing myself. In that harrowing space of time where I prayed the world would crack open and swallow me, tears fell, and my heart splintered.

Letting go hurt to the point of disaster, but losing them to death was unbearable. With a deep, shuddering inhale, I steeled myself, yet I couldn’t stop shaking or crying.

“So, you’ve made a decision, I see,” my father mused, the sound of enjoyment in his voice.

I couldn't bring myself to say the words, especially when Viper was coming around, blood dripping down his head from where my father had struck him. His gaze on me was huge, eyes whirring as though he caught up on our fucked up situation.

"Don't you dare," Viper growled at me. "I'll die before I let you go."

My heart was cracking as tears slid down my face.

"I want to hear it, now!" my father bellowed just as movement from the room entrance had me twisting my head toward Rusty entering with four much older men.

With every fiber in my being, I braced myself for interference, for his help. Shadow's ally, Rusty, had his shoulders bunched up, fury on his face, looking ready to fight alongside us, but when he stepped forward, one of the elderly men with a short beard held out his hand, effectively blocking him from joining the battle.

What the fuck!

They just watched, the old men's faces betraying no emotion. They studied the chaos, and it reminded me of the elders Rusty spoke about from the Matteis family.

"Enough," my father barked. "My men are surrounding this place, and one word from me, they'll bring it down. So, are you coming willingly or after I kill your Alphas?" Viper shifted, but my father smacked the barrel of the gun into his head. "Stay still, dog." His vile stare clashed with mine. His hand adjusted, and I knew he'd kill Viper. His gaze momentarily lifted to Rusty and the elders, and his lips peeled back in disapproval.

In that heartbeat of a second, Frannie was at my back like a shadow, pressing a pistol into my hand.

"Take it... shoot him," she whispered.

My arms shook as my finger curled over the trigger. I'd never shot a gun in my life, but I used both quivering hands to grip and lift it—for Viper, for my Alphas, for Frannie. Whatever it took.

When my father's eyes were on me once more, the terror in his eyes expanded, and he flinched, the muscles in his forearm bulging.

"Please don't," I pleaded, my gaze dipping to Viper, who knew what was coming. He felt the tension in my father, absolutely defeated, and horror contorting his face.

My finger twitched.

A deafening bang burst out of my gun, echoing through the greenhouse. A bullet tore forward and struck my father square in the chest. It threw him backward, his arms flinging outward in the motion of being tossed off his feet as another gunshot went off in front of me.

Fuck.

I shook all over, still terrified I would shoot Viper by mistake.

But searing pain struck me in the arm just then, feeling like molten lava racing through me. The white-hot sharpness radiating from that single point of my arm had me stumbling, the room spinning. Clutching my arm, my hand came back bloody, and I cried out from the excruciating pain that jabbed into my arm.

He'd fucking shot me.

It all happened too fast, too terrifying for my mind to catch up to what had taken place. Panic scratched at the edge of my mind, intensifying into a primal hunger for survival.

Viper was suddenly at my side, lifting me into his arms.

"You're hit," he blurted the obvious.

My attempt to respond came out in garbled cries as wave after wave of acid-like pain tore through my arm.

"Don't let me die, please." I clung to Viper's shirt.

"Trust me, you're not dying on my watch." His lips curled upward as he rushed me over to the chaise lounge just as someone jumped onto his back. He retreated, going into battle, while I moaned in pain.

My gaze fell on my father, lying unmoving on the floor, blood drenching his suit, the red patch spreading. My chest rose and fell with shallow breaths, each one growing weaker than the last. I hated my father, but I wasn't a killer. Yet I'd murdered him...

Frannie was at my side in seconds, tearing fabric off her dress and binding my wounded arm. I was completely overwhelmed, the pain of the past and the terror of the future clashing, leaving me uncertain if we'd survive.

Twenty

20

SHADOW

My world was all brutality and death.

Heart banging in my chest, I shoved an elbow into the bastard at my back and kicked my heel, slamming it into his knee. His weight fell away from me, and I grinned as I swung around.

The fucker was stumbling backward, clutching his ribs.

All I saw were flames of fury.

I'd had enough of this shit, of us being the targets, and I sure as fuck wasn't going anywhere until I delivered every son of a bitch in this place to Satan's door.

With Aspen fighting two guards and Viper and Daniel facing off four others, including Axel, I made plans to help them. First, I'd finish this asshole. Just as I rushed him, my fist flying for his face, my attention caught on Rusty.

He stood by four elderly men in suits, each with white hair, one of the men holding a stick. I immediately knew they worked in the background, the ones who called the shots in with the Matteis'. They'd worked closely with Don to set the rules for the mafia family, yet they stood there, watching the battle. Behind them were more guards, but none of them intervened.

My skin crawled with electricity as I realized the severity of the situation.

We were in the final test, the ultimate decision to determine the winner of the Pack Rite. It was a brutal, savage

battle, and whoever was left standing between Axel and me would survive.

I didn't give a fuck about their Pack Rite... only surviving. But with it came a surge of pride for Trinity, who'd pulled the trigger on her father. It must have been a difficult move for her, and I knew it would have taken everything in her to do it. The act would help her find closure from all the torture and abuse he'd brought into her life. I wished I could have laughed in his face as he died.

With Axel in my peripheral vision and the guard in front of me coming back for another round, I threw myself at him to get him out of my face. A kick to the shins brought him down, and I went in hard, hurling fists at his face, until he fell flat on his back, unmoving, blood everywhere, but I didn't care. I pivoted toward Axel, needing him dead.

Movement all around me had me dizzy at first at what I was looking at. Viper and Aspen were under four men while Trinity and Frannie were being tugged across the floor by their hair, crying out.

And Axel had Daniel by the throat as he thrust a blade into his gut.

Terror slammed into me like a storm. Daniel's eyes widened in shock, fear paling his face as he caught sight of me. My blood ran cold as my hands curled into fists. My lover, the man I tried so hard to keep at bay and safe, ended up at the hands of the fuckers I swore to destroy.

"Daniel," I called out, my voice cracking under the weight of my emotions as he collapsed to the floor. Sweat ran down my spine, and hot tears sprang to my eyes.

My heart died at that moment.

A cruel grin painted on Axel's face as he turned to me.

Savagery tore through me, hot lava pulsing behind my gaze. I couldn't think straight as I hurled myself on pure instinct at Axel, anger making me foam at the mouth. I struck him with a swift uppercut, sending him sprawling backward.

He'd taken everything from me. My soul bled to watch Daniel writhing on the floor, clutching his stomach.

I was engulfed by a violent frenzy.

Axel came at me, fists raised, but I dodged the first attack, countering him with a solid kick to his gut, knocking the wind out of him and causing him to drop his knife. Barely catching my breath, I pitched myself at him, both of us hitting the stone floor. I went berserk, slamming everything I had into him, not feeling his strikes.

But he managed to roll over and snatch his dropped blade then swiped it at my face. I reared back but not quick enough as the sharp edge bit into the flesh across my cheek. The warm trickle of blood was all I felt, no pain, only the adrenaline coursing through my veins.

I snatched his wrist, wrestling the blade out of his hand, both of us rolling across the floor with him like two maniacs. Next thing I knew, I was straddling him, but he was now gripping the pistol he'd grabbed from his belt, shoving it into my face.

"I knew you'd die eventually, asshole," he sneered, shoving the barrel between my eyes. "Just didn't think it would take this long."

There was no panic inside me, just the ferocious wrath. Grabbing his wrist with all my strength, I shoved the gun away just as it went off, shooting into the ceiling. The deafening bang ringing in my ear, without thought, I head-butted him, my brow smashing into his face. The sharp ache ricocheted across my skull, hammering like a drum, but I shoved myself off him and kicked the gun out of his grasp. Then planted several more kicks into his ribs because he'd suffer first.

Blood rolled down my face from where I must have split my forehead, but nothing would stop me.

Strong arms snatched mine, wrenching me backward suddenly, but unimaginable strength filled me. Kicking back, I thrust and yanked myself free from the two guards. Aspen and

Viper were there, beaten and bleeding, but they leapt at the guards, never giving up.

Axel, the fucking weasel, staggered to his feet and was making his way toward the elders, saying something in Italian, his hands in the air, and making his way to where I'd kicked his gun.

“Protect the girls,” I bellowed to my men.

I leapt after the prick who'd been alive for way too long. With his back to me, I didn't even think about it. Grabbing hold of his head, with all my strength behind my move, I abruptly twisted it to the side. The snap of neck bones was distinct.

He fell like a sack of bones in front of the elders, crying out and only inches from his gun.

I snatched up the gun, then kicked the bastard to roll onto his back, pointing the barrel down at his chest. His eyes were wide and startled.

“I will be the last thing you will ever see. You lost everything, you fucker, and now I'm going to destroy everything you've created.”

His mouth opened to speak, but I shot him.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

I emptied the bullets into him, making sure there was no chance of this filth ever returning. Then I tossed the gun aside. The other guards were all on the floor, unmoving or groaning, defeated.

Not giving a fuck about the elders, I darted to Daniel's side, my body screaming in pain, but I pushed past it, fueled by my love. I dropped to my knees at his side. Blood soaked through his shirt, staining the fabric in a deep crimson, and my gut clenched—there was so much blood. My heart splintered into hundreds of pieces, the jagged edges tearing at my insides.

“Daniel, God no,” I pleaded, my hands pressing down on the wound on his stomach.

His eyes fluttered open, managing a weak smile.

“Hey, you beat him,” he murmured, his voice barely a whisper. “I knew you would.”

In the background, Aspen was yelling at someone on the phone to get the paramedics to us ASAP. Viper had Trinity against him, both of them joining me by Daniel’s side. Tears were streaming down Trinity’s cheeks. I swallowed the thickness in my throat, needing to be strong for my Daniel.

My gorgeous Beta’s face scrunched up, the pain he was in unimaginable as his blood seeped through my fingers.

“I love you. D-Don’t forget that, alright?” he choked out.

“You’re not going anywhere, so don’t talk like you are,” I said quickly, staring into his half-closed eyes, remembering our lifetime together—the agony we went through, the losses, and every beautiful memory that made me love him so much more.

Trinity held onto his arm, murmuring to him to hold on, Viper wiping the perspiration from his brow.

Drawing in a deep breath, my body was tense with the ache of losing him burning through me. I’d always been the Alpha of our pack, the one who protected my family, led them, and shouldered the problems we faced. But the possibility of losing my Daniel made me vulnerable, as if I was caught in a powerful tornado, my body spinning helplessly, unable to gain control.

It killed me to see him that way. My love for him, for Trinity, for my pack swelled in my heart. It was my duty to safeguard them, and I’d failed.

Viper took off his shirt, folded it, and gave it to me. Placing it against his wound, I returned my hand over it to apply pressure to help stop the bleeding.

Everything was happening too fast.

“Ambulance is on its way,” Aspen stated as Rusty arrived at our side.

“Let’s carry him outside. It’ll be quicker when the paramedics arrive to get him help,” he stated. “And there’s so much to talk about with the elders, Shadow.”

My blood still boiled.

“Fuck you all,” I spat. “My priority is my family. Until then, the rest of the Matteis family can go to hell.”

“Understood.” He pulled back while I refocused on my beautiful Beta, his face rapidly losing color as he struggled to keep his eyes open. The sight sent a dagger right through my heart.

“Stay with me, Daniel, please hold on.” My voice trembled, and I stared over at Trinity. Her gaze flooded with fear and determination. “Keep pressure on his wound, okay, sweetheart?”

She nodded vigorously, her hands shaking, but she firmly held them down on the blood-soaked fabric. Carefully hoisting Daniel into my arms, I cradled him close to my chest. With Trinity’s unwavering grip on his injury, we hurried out of the greenhouse, my loyal men close behind.

Daniel groaned with pain, the sound a haunted reminder that he was fighting for his life.

I didn’t spare a glance at the elders, my heart too shattered to even acknowledge them. If I lost Daniel, I silently vowed to unleash hell on every last damn Matteis. Without my pack family, without Daniel, without Trinity, my world would be inhaled by a hollow darkness for eternity.

Trinity

“Daniel is ready for visitors,” the young female doctor announced, prompting us to leap up from our seats in the hospital waiting room. Shadow wasted no time striding toward the doctor as they exchanged urgent whispers. Aspen, Viper, and I trailed behind them, stepping into the room where Daniel rested in bed, a space reserved just for him. A blanket covered

him, and he was hooked up to IV fluids. His face lit up with a smile despite his patched-up wounds.

My heart melted to see that radiant grin. Once the paramedics had whisked him away from the Matteis mansion, he was rushed into surgery to stop the bleeding, and we had been anxiously waiting on the outcome ever since.

“You don’t look too worse for wear,” Viper teased, approaching Daniel and playfully tousling his hair.

“He was fortunate,” the doctor explained. “Nothing critical was damaged, and we managed to stitch him up. So, aside from a few weeks of bedrest, Daniel here got off very lucky.”

I moved to his side, perching on the side of her bed. Aspen did the same, his arms encircling me from behind.

“Jeez, you’re practically tipping the whole bed with your huge ass,” Daniel quipped sarcastically, eyeing Aspen.

Aspen laughed. “Now I know you’re not sick, seeing you’re already dishing out your sass.”

Shadow continued his conversation with the doctor, and I caught snippets revolving around the Matteis estate picking up all our expenses.

“You scared us half to death.” Grasping Daniel’s hand, I tenderly brushed his hair away from his face. “Promise me you won’t get stabbed again, okay?”

He attempted to laugh but winced instead.

“Alright, no one make Daniel laugh,” I declared. Nestling close to him, cheek to cheek, I whispered, “I’ve been so terrified I might lose you.” Pressing a gentle kiss on his cheek, I recalled the intensity of his kisses, the passion that ignited in my body, and the way his gaze carried the same fiery desire. I thought I had given my heart to three Alphas, but in reality, I’d fallen for four men...

“Is that a challenge?” Viper interrupted, a wicked smirk spreading across his face as he rubbed his hands together.

I rolled my eyes at him while Daniel held a reassuring hand on my thigh as though he couldn’t bear to let me go.

Shadow joined us, taking a seat on the other side of the bed. Cradling Daniel's face, I searched his eyes with a look of relief and tenderness. "I'm so glad it's nothing too serious. Now you have all the time in the world to heal, and I'll be right here for you."

"We all will be," I added, smiling at Daniel, whose eyes shimmered with unshed tears, his lips curling upward into a grateful smile. "You're all going to make me cry."

I tightened my grasp on his hand, and Shadow reached over to gently stroke my cheek. His face wore bandages from his cuts. We all looked as if we had just come from a battlefield, but no one in the hospital dared question us after they discovered we were connected to the Matteis family.

Voices sounded behind us, and I twisted around to see Rusty entering the room, accompanied by one of the elders from the previous day's chaotic fight. I had lost my father in that battle. Although I couldn't shake the knowledge that I had taken his life, I reminded myself that I had put an end to his murderous reign.

Shadow, Viper, and Aspen rose to their feet, standing at the foot of Daniel's bed like vigilant guardians, ready to defend us once more. I clung onto Daniel's hand, and he slowly lifted it to his lips, a soft kiss to my knuckles. I adored that he used his energy to heal and comfort me.

"It's going to be okay," he reassured me, his soothing touch and chocolate scent wrapping around me like a warm blanket. It eased my tension at Rusty's arrival.

"We don't want to take up too much of your time," Rusty said. "But we must address this now since the situation with the Matteis estate and Shchavlev family is currently unstable."

"Okay," Shadow replied, his posture commanding and shoulders broad.

The older man, leaning on a black cane, stepped forward, his lips drawn into a thin line. His bushy white eyebrows framed his eyes, which held a surprising softness as they studied Shadow.

“My son,” he said, setting a hand on Shadow’s shoulder. “Your great-grandfather made lots of mistakes in dealing with your father and keeping you away from the family, but he didn’t deserve to be killed by that snake, Axel. However, what’s done is done, and we can’t change the past, can we?”

“I guess not,” Shadow answered, his voice steady.

Viper and Aspen were silent but alert, their gazes tracking everyone in the room.

“I’m here to inform you that with Axel defeated, you and your friends are no longer being hunted. Your bounties have been rescinded. Most importantly,” he continued, clearing his throat and dropping his hand from Shadow’s shoulder, “you should know that with Axel’s demise, you are now the new boss of the Matteis family. I’m here to seek confirmation that you will accept the role to take your great-grandfather’s place.”

My pulse spiked. The possibility had crossed my mind, but I never allowed myself to seriously consider it while we were trying to survive.

“Go to his side,” Daniel whispered, nudging me to join my Alpha.

Shadow’s decision wouldn’t be an easy one, and the weight of it unnerved me. As I slid in beside Shadow, he intertwined his fingers with mine.

“That’s a huge decision. I’ve had more than my fill of war and conflict to last me a damn lifetime.”

The old man’s bushy eyebrows arched, his gaze shifting to me, causing me to bristle defensively.

“Then you better speak with the leader of your rival family, considering you’re holding her hand right now.”

My mouth dropped open, my stomach twisting. “Wait, what?”

Viper and Aspen gasped in unison while Daniel chuckled behind us. Shadow simply grinned down at me.

“My delightful little adversary. I like the sound of that,” he teased.

“You vanquished your father,” Rusty murmured. “We, along with some of his guards, witnessed it. As his only remaining blood relative, you inherit his entire estate, his possessions, and all his power.”

“No, that can’t be right. I-I...” I was at a loss for words, struggling to comprehend the enormity of my father’s wealth and power. Suddenly, I felt lightheaded and close to fainting. The room swayed around me, and I clung to Shadow.

“If you don’t accept this responsibility, we will appoint a new leader. You and your friends will be protected by the Matteis family, but you won’t gain access to your father’s fortune if you walk away,” the elder stated, lifting his chin and speaking in a firm tone.

Rusty grinned encouragingly at Shadow, as if willing him to accept it. My Alpha faced Daniel, then all of us.

“We need a family vote on this,” he said softly. “Raise your hand if you think we should accept the role. We can change the entire structure of the city, how Omegas are treated, and the threats these two families pose.” His eagerness betrayed his own preference.

The reality of inheriting my father’s vast fortune and power sank in, and a thrill of excitement pulsed through me. I wasn’t sure I’d ever come to terms with it, but the sensation was exhilarating, like winning the lottery.

I raised my arm, as did all the guys, though Daniel’s was more of a slight hand lift.

“Seriously, how could you not when you’re sleeping with the enemy?” Viper laughed.

I was grateful to hear that carefree sound again, free from the constant life-or-death struggle.

Shadow’s infectious smile spread across his face, and he turned to Rusty and the elder.

“I accept my role. I won’t run things like my great-grandfather did. I plan to make substantial changes.”

“I wouldn’t expect anything less,” the elder acknowledged, with Rusty nodding in agreement.

Of course, it wouldn’t be that easy, as many would likely resist, but I knew I’d have to do the same with my father’s estate.

After bidding farewell to the elder and Rusty, Shadow confirmed, once Daniel was healed and we were ready, we would begin our takeovers. He then came to us, and we all shared a moment of stunned silence, our faces reflecting the enormity of what had just happened.

“Well, looks like our families are still merging,” Shadow declared, amused.

I squealed with delight. “Oh my god, is this really happening?” I rushed into his arms, with Viper and Aspen joining us, while Daniel beckoned us to embrace next to him. That led to all of us piling onto the bed, and I was convinced we were about to break a hospital bed.

“I don’t even know where to begin with all this,” I confessed, the earlier elation transforming into a happiness I never thought possible. I’d struggled my whole life, and now this... Tears of joy began to flow.

Viper and Aspen set about kissing them away.

“No crying,” Aspen murmured. “Only smiles from now on.”

I hugged my four men, and for the first time in my life, I felt a sense of relief, as though I could finally breathe freely. I looked forward to the future with newfound optimism, knowing I would be surrounded by love, support, and an endless supply of delicious men.

Someone must have just given me the keys to the universe. It was the only way to explain the unimaginable joy dancing through my body. I wasn’t a girl who had good things happen to her, but at that moment, I was ready to enjoy being blessed.

Twenty-One

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Three Weeks Later

Dragging the hoodie over my head and down my body, I inhaled the most delicious pumpkin pie smell—Viper’s Alpha scent. It curled around me like a comforting blanket, reminding me how far we’d come. How the first time Viper gave me his hoodie, we were still at odds, how I couldn’t stand his arrogance, and how he bit me to mark me and bond me to him... Now, he was like the air I breathed, and we were inseparable. I couldn’t stand to be away from him.

I pushed the wet hair from my shower out of my face. The floorboards were cool beneath my bare feet as I made my way downstairs. The familiar grandeur of Shadow’s mansion filled me with a sense of ease and nostalgia as my footsteps echoed through the spacious hallway. The place seemed quieter, more serene, and something about it felt like home. It had been where the Alphas brought me after the Glass Slipper Ball and where the chaotic rollercoaster of our lives together kicked off.

I skipped down the last few steps.

Shadow and Daniel had ventured out in the early hours, likely engaged in finalizing legal documents to secure ownership of his family’s wealth. Meanwhile, unbeknown to me, my father’s entire fortune and estate went to me as the only surviving heir until I bore my first son, then he would get it all. It also explained why my father was so eager to sell me off. If I was married, I would lose the right to take any of his wealth for my first-born son. Asshole. I didn’t want a cent

from him, but now that it was mine, I'd make the most of it to spite him.

To avoid external influences while we worked out our next steps in managing the vast wealth and extensive workforce associated with both families, we temporarily moved back into Shadow's mansion.

We had a rough plan of what we'd do but agreed not to rush anything until we were ready to step into those roles. Until then, everyone could wait. There was a ceasefire between the two mafia families, and the streets were eerily quiet, as though no one knew what to do to occupy their time now that they weren't busy seething at their enemies. Although, in the meantime, I'd heard the smaller gangs were stealing territory—which led to both families working together to eliminate them.

We'd taken Frannie back to her mother's place after I thanked her endlessly for saving me. The day would have turned out very differently if it wasn't for her, especially since she went against Axel, her boyfriend. I had so much more catching up to do with her, but I hoped being with her mom would help jog her memories. Again, it was a temporary fix until we got ourselves organized, then we'd help her, my friends, and other Omegas from the Institute.

I strolled along the floorboards, the wood resonating as I moved quickly. The living room awaited, where my partner in crime, Viper, was sprawled on the velvety couch, completely absorbed in the pages of an ancient leather-bound book. His feet were propped up on a cushion, and he might as well be miles away on a tropical island with the air of serenity he exuded.

His indifference to my arrival pricked my insides, igniting a wicked urge to make sure he noticed me. Butterflies burst through my stomach in anticipation as I concocted my plan. His presence pulled me to him, and it was close to impossible to resist looking at him. Dark, reddish hair sat messily off his face, framing a perfect canvas of strong, chiseled features. Eyes the color of ferns seemed to ignore me but held secrets I

was determined to uncover. How was it fair that this man was so beautiful?

He lay there, dressed in a crisp white shirt, the top two buttons undone, teasing me with a glimpse of his sun-kissed chest. Fitted-to-perfection jeans hugged his powerful legs and a package that was nothing short of sinful.

My heart raced just staring at him, yet my eyes narrowed on him, still not sparing me a glance. What was he playing at?

Sauntering toward him, I pretended to notice something on the other side of the couch. With a mischievous grin, I leaned over him, allowing my arm to stretch across the back of the couch, as if reaching for an imaginary item. At the same time, I purposefully pressed my chest into the back of his book, effectively shoving it into his face.

He pushed the book down, his eyes widening with surprise, his mouth curling up with amusement just as he let the book slip from his grasp, tumbling to the floor with a thump. Those perfect green eyes were on me with an expression of mischief.

“You know, there are easier ways to get my attention.” He chuckled, his eyes twinkling.

I lost myself in the way he sounded and how his gaze lingered down my body as his hand curled around mine.

“Well, you were engrossed in your book,”—I shrugged, acting all nonchalant—“and I was bored.”

His sexy-as-sin laughter filled the air like a melody, engulfing me in fire, while his gaze darkened and the space between us charged with energy.

“Don’t think I didn’t notice you the moment you entered the room and that you’re wearing my hoodie and no pants.”

“This old thing?” Pursing my lips, I tried to suppress a smile as I plucked at the fabric of the hoodie that draped across my chest. “Just found it in a neglected corner in the closet.” I held his gaze, my heart drumming at the flirtatious glint in his eyes. I couldn’t tell if he was going to leap up and

chase me or let the moment slide. A part of me desperately wanted him to play along, to give chase...

“You really think you’re going to get away with what you just did?” he purred.

An inferno burned between my thighs and clenching them together wasn’t offering me the relief I sought. I bit my lips, acting as though I was considering his question. His gaze narrowed playfully, a wicked smile dancing on his lips. I couldn’t forget the way his mouth felt against me, especially between my legs. It was in those moments of flirting I felt the most alive, the fiery connection between us reminding me of the rollercoaster ride that had become our love story.

With a cheeky grin of my own, I swung away from him, my skin covered in excited goosebumps as I pretended to lose interest in his response. I’d barely taken a step when his strong arms snaked around my waist, and in one swift motion, he pulled me backward. I yelped out in surprise as he dragged me onto the couch with him, my body landing on top of his.

Giggles erupted from me, and Viper’s laughter joined mine. His breath on my ear tickled my skin and sent delicious shivers down my spine.

“Now that I have you, be a good girl and sit on my face. Let me find out if you’re wearing anything under my hoodie.”

I playfully nudged him as I attempted to wriggle free from his grasp, but his arms held me securely, like a tightly fastened seatbelt. There was no escaping his loving embrace, and truth be told, I didn’t want to.

“Really? Is that how we’re playing?” I asked, rolling around to come face to face with him, my legs straddling his middle. “Straight to the sexy stuff.”

“Well, you can’t saunter in here practically naked and perfuming the room with your scent, then push your breasts at my face and expect me to ignore it.”

I regarded him with a teasing gaze. “For your information, I’m wearing clothes under the hoodie.”

“Then why is your sweet little pussy like a furnace against my stomach? I can feel it drenching through my shirt. I’m so fucking hard right now, I’m going to explode if you don’t smother my face with your cum.”

Heat crept up my cheeks as I tried to mask my surprise at his words, but I was secretly thrilled at his audacity.

“You are so beautiful when you blush, sweetheart. Now come to me.” His hand curled up my arm, his touch tender.

Staring down at the god-like man sent another spark of excitement through me.

His hands skated up to my thighs, then, in a sneaky move, he shuffled himself at lightning speed down the couch on his back through my legs. Before I knew it, he had his face between my thighs, one hand pushing up the fabric of my hoodie to my stomach, revealing that I was completely naked underneath.

“Knew it,” he purred, his tongue sliding out of his mouth, dragging across his lower lip as he eye-fucked my pussy. “I can never get enough of tasting you, smelling you, fucking you.”

The right decision should have been to jump off him and make him suffer a bit longer. That was how the game was played, right? Except with his breath across the tenderest of places between my legs, his fingers spreading open my lower lips as if he was unraveling a Christmas present, I wanted to be nowhere else but sitting on my boyfriend’s face.

My life had gone from being a complete clusterfuck to having sex on a daily basis, and I couldn’t get enough.

His nose and mouth up against my pussy, he inhaled my scent, then growled like a possessive wolf. “So fucking perfect.”

Before I could respond, his tongue slid along my slick folds, tasting me. The silky sensation of his tongue sent me right to heaven. My body was on fire, spiraling out of control as I cried out for more, my hands on my breasts, kneading them.

“Off,” he snarled. His command was a muffled command since his mouth was full of pussy. “I want you naked.” His eyes scanned up my body, smirking, his shimmering lips delicious.

That teasing part of me still wanted to play hard to get, show him he couldn't always get his way, but who the hell was I kidding?

He licked his lips once more, and I melted.

“Do it!” he purred.

I tugged the hoodie up and over my head as he sucked on my pussy, his tongue lapping at my juices.

I gasped when a pair of hands grabbed my breasts roughly and pinched my nipples.

“Fuck!”

Shoving the hoodie off, I came face to face with Aspen, who was smirking. Shirt off, his chest belonged to a demon of sex. The button of his jeans sat undone, his fly all the way down, revealing his huge cock.

“Hello, my little Omega.” Cupping my face, he pushed closer, his mouth on mine.

We kissed like long-lost lovers, like lost souls, like an embrace of a fiery dance. My fingers twisted in his hair, every cell in my body close to snapping from every point of contact with my two men. Toes curling, I leaned in, wanting more. There was something deliciously empowering to have two men desire you at the same time—one pressing his tongue into your pussy, the other into your mouth. When Aspen released me, I breathed deeply, my body trembling at my core with need.

“You look preoccupied, babe,” he teased. “But I want in on the action.”

“You can fuck off,” Viper threw at him while coming up for air. “Her pussy and ass are all mine.” His finger slid up to my puckered ass and pushed the tip into me.

I flinched, my eyes widening, while a purr rolled over my chest for more. God, I couldn't get enough of these ravenous Alphas.

Aspen chuckled. "That's fine," he murmured sensually, his thumb gently tracing my lower lip. "I've got all that a man could ever desire. I fucking adore you, Trinity, and you have no idea how much walking into a room and seeing you naked, riding my friend's face turns me on." His voice grew deep as his masculine scent engulfed me.

"Is that so?" I cooed, running my hands down his muscle-carved chest. My body leaned forward at the waist as Aspen propped a knee up on the couch. With his erect cock right in my face, he thrust toward me. Hands on the sofa's armrest, I found the perfect position to accommodate both my men.

He pushed his jeans down his thighs, and I was completely mesmerized by his huge cock. I drew in a sharp breath when the heavy weight of his cock grazed my lips. My mouth opened, and he slipped into me. Sweet and salty, he was everything I loved.

Viper had settled in comfortably, fingering me, licking my clit to the point where I was on the fringe of exploding. I gasped at the intensity with which they dominated me, holding on tight, using me for their desire.

Aspen pressed deeper into my mouth, and I took him, even when he hit the back of my throat, and my eyes teared up. Viper stretched both my holes with his fingers, making me breathless. I'd had no idea that being loved could mean endless arousal and experiencing every form of sex possible.

I moaned with need, my body rocking, my insides starting to buzz.

"Fuck," I heard Aspen say. "Look how well your mouth takes all of me."

Viper sucked, then licked my lower lips. Grunting, I dug my fingers into the armrest as Aspen thrust into my mouth, and Viper melted my pussy. I was so wet, I felt it sliding down

the insides of my thighs. I wasn't sure how much more I could take, but they weren't stopping.

I was heaving for breath, my body tingling all over. My pulse raced at a million miles an hour as a groan ripped out of me when my orgasm crashed through me. My breasts were full and aching, the need brutally intense.

Sweat dripped down my back as Viper feverishly devoured me, his thumb strumming over my clit, driving me insane. I writhed, my hips rocking over him just as Aspen's cock pulsed. Warm gooey cum shot down my throat, and I worked to swallow it, taking everything he offered me.

Arousal dripped from every inch of me, my senses on overdrive.

"Oh... oh, yes!" Aspen breathed as his fingers speared through my hair.

The sweep of pleasure dominating me calmed me. Releasing Aspen's cock from my mouth, I licked my lips. I pulled back to find my gorgeous Viper with his mouth around my juicy offering.

"You haven't had enough?" I teased.

"It's my turn. He's had enough," Aspen responded. Standing in front of me, his cock still rock hard, I knew he wasn't close to being finished.

"Your pussy is always taunting me," Viper murmured. "I'm never finished with it. I want to taste it, tongue it, and rub my face in it all the time. Hell, I'm still working on how I can be inside you all the time, if I had my way."

"You're both insatiable." Laughing, I shuffled down to Viper's waist, still straddling him.

Viper's muscular arm curled around my waist, drawing me close to the warmth of his body. The heady mix of my perfume and his masculine scent enveloped us, creating an intoxicating atmosphere. His voice, deep and seductive, caressed my ear.

"Tell us, sweetheart. Are you ready to go again?"

My heart raced with excitement, and I couldn't help but answer eagerly, "Yes!" Their wicked grins sent a shiver of anticipation down my spine. I added, "But first, I need something from Aspen."

Their gazes fixed on me, a delicious mixture of curiosity and confusion behind their eyes. For once, I held a secret they were eager to uncover, and the power of that knowledge sent a thrill through me.

Aspen's hand cradled my chin, his thumb tracing the curve of my lips once more. His eyes bore into mine, an explosion of desire swirling within.

"What is it, gorgeous?" he whispered, as if completely and utterly captivated by what I was about to offer him.

"I'm ready," I whispered, my voice barely audible as I pressed a tender kiss on Aspen's fingertips.

Viper's strong embrace enveloped me, his warm breath fanning across my neck, sending shivers down my spine.

"Tell me what you need, and I'll give it to you." Aspen's gaze shimmered with eagerness, his voice a tempting promise.

I took a deep, calm breath, my heart racing with anticipation.

"Make me yours, completely and irrevocably," I implored, tilting my head to expose the delicate curve of my neck. I could feel the vulnerability of the gesture, the trust that it conveyed. I wanted Aspen to understand the depth of my trust and the significance of my surrender. My eyes locked onto his, filled with sincerity and love. "I'm yours."

Viper's breath hitched. "Fucking beautiful."

Aspen's eyes softened, and his fingers lightly grazed the exposed skin on my neck, tracing a path of forbidden promises.

"I can't thank you enough for trusting me, for asking me to be yours, for giving me this precious gift."

The raw emotion in his voice ignited something deep inside me, and at that moment, we were so much more than

lovers. The connection between us intensified, just as it had done with Viper and me.

“I’m going to bite you and mark you as mine, but not on your neck,” he playfully warned, then he glanced over at Viper with a knowing look.

Before I knew it, Viper had moved over and had me lying on my back over his lap while Aspen climbed onto the couch in front of me. Tender hands slipped up my legs to my knees as he pushed them open.

“Oh, I see,” I murmured, my body coming alight as though someone had thrown a match at me and erupted into flames.

Aspen knelt before me while Viper cradled me, cupping my breasts, seizing his chance to have his hands all over me. I loved his touch. Aspen’s gaze never left mine as he pushed my legs wider, spreading me out, seeing everything I had to offer.

“Your pussy is gold,” Viper whispered, staring at my glistening, spread lips.

“Do you want to cum while I bite you or while I’m fingering you?” Aspen leaned in and left kisses where I needed him, his tongue flicking out, taking a taste, teasing my clit. The sweetness behind his voice was the opposite of his words, leaving me breathless. Both options sounded incredible.

“She just wants you,” Viper stated. “Don’t make the girl wait.”

Aspen ignored Viper, still glancing at me with tenderness while his tongue licked the length of my pussy. I moaned, my hips rocking—he felt incredible.

“Please just bite me, then make me come, make me scream.”

“That’s my good girl.” Without hesitation, his mouth pressed against the tenderness of my bikini line as he thrust two fingers inside me.

I cried out from the pain, from the pleasure, as my pussy clenched around his fingers. Completely losing control, I came

all over his hand. I shuddered, moaning loudly. Viper covered me in kisses while Aspen's bite never relented.

A feeling of belonging and unity blossomed between us, weaving an unbreakable bond. I reveled in the euphoria of our connection, intoxicated by the knowledge that Aspen was now a part of me.

Viper cooed in my ear as my heart blossomed with certainty that Aspen was mine, and I was his, forever entangled in a love that would only grow stronger.

A smile spread across my face, mirroring my happiness as I nestled against Viper and Aspen, embracing the beautiful future that lay ahead for us.

Amid the contentment, I couldn't help but long for one final piece to complete me—forming a bond with Shadow.

After a day of fucking, there was something undeniably rewarding about collapsing on the couch. My feet found their way into Aspen's lap, and he gently massaged them, his skilled fingers working out the knots and tension. Viper played the role of attentive waiter, fetching me snacks and drinks from the kitchen with a loving smile. To top it all off, we were watching a charming Hallmark Prince romance, and neither guy voiced a single complaint.

As the sun dipped behind the horizon, casting a warm glow over the room, Shadow and Daniel finally arrived home. The moment they stepped into the living room, the irresistible aroma of pizza filled the air, causing our mouths to water, but something in my stomach turned, and I winced.

Aspen let out an appreciative groan, his eyes locked on the four pizza cartons that promised a feast fit for an army. Viper, unable to contain his excitement, strutted toward the mouth-watering delivery.

“About time,” he complained. “We're starving.”

Shadow's gaze was solely focused on me, and I realized how much I missed him. Daniel offered a warm grin in my direction, attempting to juggle all the pizzas while Viper eagerly searched for the pepperoni, his all-time favorite.

The enticing aroma of pizza grew stronger, and an uneasy sensation churned in my stomach. Confused by my reaction, I ignored the discomfort and focused on having my four men with me. Except, as everyone dug into the pizza, the queasiness intensified, and my stomach twisted into knots. Before I could comprehend what was happening, a wave of nausea came over me, and the room seemed to spin around me. I panicked.

Without warning, I darted from the couch, rushing toward the bathroom as the sickness rose through me. The door slammed shut behind me as I barely made it to the toilet, my stomach convulsing violently. Tears pricked the corners of my eyes as I clung to the porcelain, hurling. A million thoughts raced through my mind that I was sick with some kind of terrible illness. The sound of gentle knocks on the bathroom door broke through my daze.

"Trinity, are you okay in there?"

I heard the concern in Aspen's voice. Gathering my strength, I managed a weak response.

"Y-yeah, I'm fine. Just feeling a bit sick."

After washing my mouth out with water from the tap and drying my face, I slowly opened the bathroom door, finding all four guys standing there, their faces etched with concern. I was surprised to see them all there, staring at me, but I was touched by their genuine worry.

My gaze fell upon Shadow, who held a pregnancy test in his hand. The sight of the small stick sent my heart racing, and I felt a sudden surge of panic course through me.

"Why are you holding that?" I stammered, my voice a myriad of shock and disbelief. The thought of being pregnant had never crossed my mind, but now the possibility felt all too real. God, was this happening?

“We’ve been prepared, Trinity, waiting for the moment when this might happen.” Shadow, in his usual way, remained calm, his steady gaze meeting mine.

“You have?” I squeaked. My heart hammered in my chest when all four men nodded. What the hell? “Wait, you’ve all talked about this but didn’t tell me and bought a pregnancy test?”

“We didn’t want to worry you,” Viper said.

“But we’re here for you,” Daniel added.

“Why are you all so calm about this? I’m sure it’s just food poisoning or something.”

“My beautiful Omega,” Shadow began. “You cannot fathom how eager we are to start a family with you.”

I blinked at their stupid smiles. I had considered falling pregnant, even talked about it with them, and was ecstatic, but in reality, standing there with my gut churning, I was terrified of bringing a baby into the life of a big mafia family. There was danger all around us.

“It’s all a bit too much,” I admitted, then leaned forward, grabbing the test out of Shadow’s hand, hating the weight of the situation crashing down on me. Their gazes on me weren’t helping. I shut the door, closing them out, pressed my back to the door, and stared at the pregnancy test.

Why in the world were they so calm about this? My thoughts spun out of control, and my breaths came in shallow gasps. I wanted a family and children, but with so many things to worry about up to now, I hadn’t had the chance to really process becoming a mother.

The possibility of being pregnant filled me with excitement, and the look in my men’s eyes left me giddy. As I prepared to take the test, I couldn’t help but wonder how this would change everything.

With trembling hands, I held the tiny stick that would determine the course of my life. Was I ready for this? Only one way to find out. A wave of anticipation washed over me. When the result appeared, an explosion of happiness rushed

through me, and I flung open the bathroom door. My four men were gathered outside. With an elated laugh, I leapt into their open arms, waving the pregnancy test as a beacon of happiness.

“Oh my god, we’re pregnant,” I stated, crying and laughing at the same time.

Shadow quickly gathered me into his arms while Aspen and Viper exchanged wide grins, their gazes shining with their excitement. With Daniel, all four huddled around me, covering me in kisses.

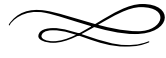
“We’re going to be fathers,” Shadow stated, his voice cracking, and I loved hearing the excited emotion in his voice. “It doesn’t even matter who’s the actual father because the little baby will be all of ours.”

The other three were agreeing, snuggling up to me, and I swore I saw tears in Aspen’s eyes. Amid our euphoria, Daniel’s voice cut through, filled with mirth.

“Only because you’re pregnant and I’m close to crying about a new addition to our family, I don’t care that you’re waving around a stick you peed on.”

I burst out laughing, as did the others, the joyous sound flooding the house with a promise of happiness that would be with us forever.

Epilogue



Five Months Later

“I still don’t know what I saw in that pencil dick. Even with my memories back, my time with Axel is still a blur,” Frannie admitted, her voice tinged with exasperation.

Entwining my fingers with hers, I drew her close as our shoulders brushed together. We meandered down the hallway, our steps in sync.

“Axel’s ancient history,” I murmured. “You have far more important things to focus on, like teaching at Haven Academy for Omegas and Betas. We’re all back together, and the world is finally starting to feel less terrible. Besides, fifteen new Betas just enrolled this morning. You’ll have your hands full with their induction.”

Her eyes widened in surprise. Her sapphire blue curls cascaded over her shoulders in her matching blue floral dress as she turned to look at me.

“Fifteen?” she gasped.

I felt an unmistakable joy fill me at the sight of her radiant smile. It still amazed me how, after all she’d been through, her memories had returned once she’d taken some time to rest at her mother’s home.

“Girl, you’re just lucky you’re pregnant and aren’t working, or I’d be dragging your ass into those induction classes with me.” Her laughter flooded the air as she glanced down at my already prominent belly.

At twenty-three weeks along, I couldn't deny the truth in her words. I cherished the growing life inside me, eager to meet my little bundles of joy.

Yep, I was having twin girls.

My Alphas were working on a nursery in the Matteis mansion—where we decided to move our family and live—and one in the Institute mansion. Most of the guards had been replaced, and Rusty was appointed as the head of security for the whole family and all our properties.

Frannie and I strolled through the grand mansion that had once belonged to my late father, still stunned by the transformation it had undergone. What I remembered as a cold, sterile dwelling, with female statues and lifeless paintings, now offered warmth and comfort. We had it modified to become a sanctuary for Omegas and Betas.

Elegant curtains framed the tall windows, allowing the sunlight to pour in and chase away the shadows. Cozy nooks with plush seating were scattered throughout the mansion, creating perfect spots to relax or read. Bookshelves were all over the place, filled with all manner of novels, and fresh flowers in vases decorated the mansion. I wanted everything about my father's dominance to be removed and for those living here to feel safe. Gone were the days of auctioning off Omegas like commodities. Instead, the mansion stood as a beacon of hope and support for those in need.

Walking with Frannie, passing a few Betas who rushed to their next class, I felt pride at what my Alphas and I were creating. This was only the beginning, but the moment we opened the doors, we had Betas and Omegas begging for a safe haven. Hence our name—Haven Academy for Omegas and Betas.

As we rounded a corner, we unexpectedly bumped into Adella and Charity, who we'd hired to teach at the Institute. Adella's raven-black hair was pulled back into a loose ponytail, and Charity's fiery red curls framed her lightly freckled face. Both were still Betas, their Omega selves not yet awakened, but they had time. If their change came, they'd be

safe. Our eyes met, and we rushed into an embrace that ended up in a group hug.

“I love that we’re all back together like this. I get all giddy about it every time we’re all together,” I murmured. “Speaking of which, are you hungry? The cafeteria is already serving lunch.”

“I’m starving,” Charity announced as several girls emerged from her classroom and darted past us, giggling as we made our way to the cafeteria. “All I had today was a cup of coffee.”

“I could do with cake,” Charity added with a smirk, then rubbed my belly as though I would bring her luck. “You are glowing and look so beautiful pregnant.”

“Aww, thanks, but I feel so heavy already,” I smirked.

“Do you guys remember that time when we snuck into the kitchen late at night at the Bakewell Institute?” Adella began, a mischievous look in her eyes.

“Oh, and we were so desperate for food that we ended up stealing that entire chocolate cake!” Charity chimed in.

“And we never got caught,” I piped up.

“It was the best chocolate cake I’d ever tasted.” Frannie giggled. “All of us stuffing it quickly into our faces before someone caught us.”

I laughed loudly as I recalled us huddled in the bedroom, our cheeks and fingers smeared with chocolate.

“Well, I’m sure if I put in a good word with the chef, he could whip up a cake for us,” I said.

“Do it,” Charity pleaded. “Now, let’s get some food.”

The four of us sauntered down the grand staircase and made our way into the formal dining room we’d converted into the communal cafeteria. Tables filled with chattering girls enjoying their meals together flooded the large space. The warm scent of freshly roasted meats and vegetables wafted through the air. Chefs behind the counter served dishes, from savory roasts to hearty pasta. No one was going to go hungry

on our watch. We grew up starving most of the time at the Institute, and I made sure that would never happen here.

My gaze landed on Daniel, Aspen, and Viper seated at a round table in the back corner, sharing drinks and chuckling. Daniel had his hands in the air, telling a funny tale.

“I’ll be back,” I said to my friends, turning toward my men.

“You go get ‘em, girl,” Frannie said, the other two laughing.

For those few moments, I felt as if we were back at the Institute, just children, with no one in the world but each other.

I made my way over to the guys, butterflies bursting through my stomach at seeing them. They turned to me, their gazes on my stomach, as though they were more excited about the baby than me. Hands reached out to touch me, then dragged me down on a seat next to them.

“Hey, where’s Shadow?” I asked just as the man in question strolled into the cafeteria with a broad grin. His black hair was windblown and pushed off his striking face. The man was a god and completely panty-melting. A lot of the younger girls in the Institute swooned over him, not that I could blame them.

“I have some fantastic news,” Shadow declared, his gaze gleaming with excitement. “The nursery upstairs is finally finished, and it’ll be ready for our little ones when we come to the Institute.”

I gasped, and my eyes widened as tears welled in my eyes. My emotions were all over the place lately.

Together with my beloved men, we headed to the newly built nursery, situated in the highest room of the mansion. The breathtaking view of the city from our vantage point atop the hill was awe-inspiring. Inside, we found Thelma fussing over the blankets with tender care. Her presence warmed the room as she enveloped me in a heartfelt hug.

“Trinity, dear, this nursery is simply beautiful. Shane and the boys have done an amazing job,” she complimented,

almost cooing, her eyes shining with affection. “And how are you feeling, my dear? Pregnancy can be quite the adventure, can’t it?”

I smiled, touched by her love. “It’s been a rollercoaster all right, mostly emotions and cravings.” I laughed, remembering my late-night escapade to the kitchen, craving a gherkin and egg sandwich.

Daniel was chuckling louder because he’d caught me deep in the fridge last night, cramming the sandwich into my mouth.

I finally looked around the nursery, bathed in soft sunlight from the oversized windows. A gorgeous mural depicting a whimsical forest scene adorned one of the walls. I wanted to cry so hard because it was beautiful. My men had organized this for us.

Two cribs, crafted from rich mahogany, were located side by side beneath a delicate, crystal mobile that cast dancing unicorns across the room. Each crib was dressed in luxurious linens embroidered with whimsical patterns to match the wall.

A plush, oversized armchair sat in the corner of the room, along with an oversized couch that ran the length of one wall, covered in soft-looking blankets and cushions. There was also a changing station with all the necessities for tending to our babies. I gravitated to the deep-green bookshelf, already packed with children’s stories and rhymes. Turning on the spot on the soft plush rug and taking it all in had me crying happy tears.

“This is everything I wanted and so much more than I could have ever imagined. Thank you. I absolutely love it.”

We came together in a tender embrace, Thelma joining us.

“You have all of us, and we’ll be here with you every step of the way. There’s something about this room that soothes my soul and brings back cherished memories of my own children. Shane, I know you’ll make an amazing father, as will all of you. I can’t help but wish I had four doting men during my own pregnancy. Trinity, you are indeed a very fortunate girl.”

“She very much is, as are we to have her,” Shadow purred.

I loved the way they all stared at me with love sparkling in their eyes. Thelma’s heartfelt words awakened something deep within me, and I responded, my voice choked with emotion.

“I truly am lucky. I grew up longing to meet my family, but when I finally did, I wished I hadn’t discovered the truth. None of that matters now because I’ve found my real family... and it’s right here with all of you.”

As we stood there, embraced in the warmth of our love for one another, I realized we had built something far more precious than a gorgeous nursery I never wanted to leave. We had created our own family through love, trust, and shared experiences. This was the perfect environment to raise our daughters—surrounded by the same love and need that had brought us all together. Something I never had growing up and had to give my daughters.

A Few Days Later

A knock came at the door. Shadow and I lifted our heads off the bed, from our embrace, from our bodies tangled together. After a long day at the Institute, I’d collapsed in his bed, only to be woken up by his tender kisses. Then one thing led to another, and...

The knock sounded once more.

“Come in, Daniel,” Shadow stated, leaving me unsure how he knew it was Daniel.

Sure enough, the Beta pushed open the door and entered the room, a warm smile gracing his face, his eyes lighting up when they met mine. I felt an undeniable jolt of energy, as if a spark had ignited between us. It was a sensation I couldn’t quite put my finger on, but it was magnetic and constantly there when we were together.

He wore only the bottoms of blue pajamas that hung dangerously low on his hips, where that sexy V on his hips had me staring too long. Lately, I’d found myself drawn to Daniel

on a crazy level of attraction. The lamp's light threw his shadow on the wall behind him, casting his gorgeous form, especially when he ran his fingers through his hair, his bicep bulging. Was he doing that on purpose?

The sly grin on his lips told me it was all for show for his lover... and me.

I'd recently noticed the way he stared at me, his tender touches, the way he inhaled my scent. Since our first kiss, the energy between us crackled and popped, but we'd done nothing about it. Guess it was hard when you're pregnant and taking over two mafia empires.

Shadow peeled back the blanket on my side of the bed, and Daniel seductively crawled into bed. Suddenly, I was feeling hot and horny.

"I asked Daniel to join us," Shadow whispered in my ear, helping me turn on my side to face Daniel while Shadow gently rubbed my hip, stroking my belly. He'd been a magician in his touches, soothing away all the aches. Aspen and Viper were just the same on the nights we spent together.

As a family, we'd decided it would be only fair if I spent two nights each week with each of my men, with one night that was mine to do as I pleased. With the way Daniel studied me, his eyes glinting with desire, I thought that might end up being his night.

Shadow softly squeezed my side, then sensually glided his fingers over my hip and down my leg.

"I've noticed the chemistry between you two is becoming more intense, and I think it's something worth exploring. I want you both to be happy, and if there's a chance you could find happiness between all three, I'm all for it."

Daniel rolled onto his side, sliding a hand under his head, the other hand flat on the mattress between us. For a moment, his cheeks flushed with a hint of color before he spoke up.

"I find you incredibly attractive, and there's just something about you that draws me in. I felt it from the first time we met, and I want more if you're interested in me in the same way."

“Yes, I want this, too,” I blurted a bit too quickly.

A soft laugh slipped from Daniel’s lips.

Shadow’s mouth was on my neck, which only heated me up more as a moan grazed my throat. As I tried to pull myself together and not fall under Shadow’s spell, Daniel moved closer. Our eyes locked, and my heart raced. The intensity of his gaze captivated me.

“We don’t need to rush things, you know? We can take it super slow and see where it leads us.”

“I know.” My nerves made my voice a little shaky, and when Shadow started licking the tender skin beneath my ear, I struggled to think straight.

“Yeah, sounds... God, that feels good.” Even as I said that, I glanced at Daniel’s lips. The desire to know how they’d feel against mine grew stronger with each passing moment.

“You tell me when you want me to do anything, okay?” Daniel purred the words as his body shifted closer to me while my Alpha’s cock nestled up against my ass, his mouth devious and tempting.

“Oh...” I moaned as Shadow cupped my breast, his thumb pulling down the fabric of my tank top, revealing my nipple. He was offering it to Daniel, and being between them, knowing they both wanted me, had me clenching my thighs together. I was dripping wet.

“Can I?” Daniel asked, moving his head in closer. “Can I have a taste?”

Shadow collected my earlobe in his mouth with his tongue, still holding onto my breast for Daniel. Fire sizzled through me, and I was losing control fast. No one warned me being pregnant would make me constantly horny.

“Yes, please do it,” I mumbled to Daniel, sticking out my chest. “Take it. Touch me. I need you.”

His Cheshire smile drove me wild as he lowered his gaze to my erect nipple. His mouth parted before he wrapped his lips around it. His tongue swept over my nub with tenderness,

yet he sucked firmly, and I just knew that Daniel would be a generous lover.

“You’re so breathtaking,” Shadow whispered in my ear, his voice filled with longing. “But there’s something I need from you, too. Something we’ve been putting off for far too long.” His tender kisses traced the delicate curve of my neck, his teeth gently grazing my skin. I instantly understood what he was asking for.

I was giddy as fuck, the anticipation of having Shadow mark me as his, just as Viper and Aspen had done, almost overwhelming. We had been so consumed by the takeovers, finding moments of calm and intimacy had been a challenge. My nerves were a tangled knot, and my body quivered with desire.

“Do it, Shadow,” I urged, my voice breathless with need. “Bite me. I need this connection between us.” Part of me wanted to ask Daniel to do the same, yet I knew that Beta’s couldn’t bond with Omegas in the same way that Alphas did.

Not hesitating for a moment, his lips pressed against my neck, sealing the bond we were about to forge. At that same moment, his hand pressed under the elastic of my pajama shorts, fingers sliding between my slick folds and finding my clit. He thrummed a finger over it just as his teeth sank into flesh.

I cried out. The euphoria of him and Daniel teasing me, driving me insane, coupled with the pain of him breaking skin, was deviously luscious. I craved their touches, their kisses, their love.

I didn’t exactly know where my future would take me, but it held endless promise as well as uncertainties. I was confident our journey together would overcome anything that stood in our way. For the first time in my life, I wasn’t afraid. I was surrounded by the love of my family, who would guide me through whatever the future had in store.

What else could an Omega ask for?

Pack Fever



Survival was all I knew...

My world spiraled when I took a bullet for the most beautiful man I'd ever seen.

Four years later, I'm bound to a man twice my age, his predatory gaze haunting me. But I never asked to be an Omega.

On our first night together, fear clenched my heart, until a shadowy figure stormed in, fueled by raw and untamed fury. Blood, screams—it was a nightmare.

In the midst of chaos, I found myself in a Maserati, and those icy blue eyes met mine. Time froze. It was him. The man I'd saved.

“Hello, pretty girl.” He smirked.

His possessive claim sent shivers down my spine, but it also ignited a thrill within me.

Yet, I hide a secret that could break us.

Unaware, he insists that I now belong to his pack. Until I learn that there's more to him than meets the eye...

Author note: This series is an 18+ contemporary omegaverse romance and does not include shifters. Pack Fever is a medium to hot burn, action-packed, super steamy, and sweet scenes with a heroine who's always been a fighter and three, possessive men but will burn the world down to protect her. It means the heroine does not have to choose one love interest.

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About Liora Rose

Liora has always been an avid reader who loves all things reverse harem and omegaverse. She decided to give writing a try and Hidden Omega is the result of her passion.

She lives in Australia with her husband, and when she isn't writing, she's either playing video games or has her nose stuck in a book.

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