



KNotted
FOR Life

Bound
TO THE CEO

AN MF ARRANGED MARRIAGE DARKVERSE ROMANCE

VIVIAN MURDOCH

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*For those that dreamt of their wedding day and it was
NOTHING like they imagined.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Husdom

Our wedding may not have been everything we wanted it to be, but in the end, being with you made it all worth it.

Amazing Alphas

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I may not have known you long, but you've already changed my life in ways I can't always put into words. Here's to years of working and laughing together! PS the cats still love their toys. :D

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TRIGGER WARNINGS

Warning!!!

THIS BOOK IS INTENDED FOR ADULT AUDIENCES AND CONTAINS ADULT THEMES. THE ACTS IN THIS BOOK ARE NOT MEANT TO DEPICT AN ACTUAL DYNAMIC AND CAN BE DANGEROUS IF DONE INCORRECTLY. PLEASE PLAY RESPONSIBLY. AUTHOR IS NOT HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR READERS' ACTIONS.

Kinks, Fetishes, Triggers:

Includes not limited to...

AGE GAP, VOYEURISM/EXHIBITIONISM, MILD HUMILIATION, SPANKING, ABO DYNAMICS, BITING, CLAIMING ... YEAH. THIS ONE ISN'T THAT DARK. SORRY NOT SORRY. LMAO

CHAPTER 1



*J*effrey

I GLANCE OVER AT THE MOUNTING PILES OF PAPERWORK, MY head pounding at the sight. But then, in a way, I asked for this. The timing, however, is less than perfect. Grumbling under my breath, I shuffle them into smaller piles: things for me to manage, things for me to delegate, and things for me to just reply with ‘go to hell’.

It takes several minutes, but without fail, the moment I get everything just how I like them, in walks our intern, Tiffany. Her steps are soft, faltering almost, as if she knows I’m in a mood and don’t want to be disturbed. Glancing over the rim of my glasses, I look her up and down, a frown never leaving my face.

Just as with all the others, I rule her with an iron fist. It doesn’t matter that her pretty face makes my cock swell and balls clench with need every time she pops her head in here. It doesn’t matter that those fuck me heels only drive me to strip everything else away and pound into her—her ankles clasped around my back with those heels digging into my hips as I drive into her young, lithe body.

Blinking that erotic image away, I watch through slitted lids as she beams up at me, face nearly glowing as the joy shines out of her. Such a bright little ray that flits about like a tiny sun, drawing everyone into her orbit—even me. I shouldn't want her, shouldn't crave her... And yet, I do with every fiber of my being.

I squint, attempting to age her down even further to when I first met her. She was just eighteen, the daughter of a new CEO that came to my company. Her father and I became fast friends. We were both so alike.

Sometimes it felt like we were one person, and every time anyone so much as dared step foot in our boardroom, it was as if they had no power under our influence. Though we were both Alphas, it was more than that. We plowed through so many others of our dynamic, snatching up properties and businesses until we were the most powerful name.

We were the corporate boogeymen others whispered about. We were a scourge, a force to be reckoned with. And when he died... The business didn't die along with him. I'm far more formidable than that. But truth be told, a part of me died that day. There wasn't joy in the acquisitions. Not like before.

It was almost a sport when we worked together. Now, it's simply a job. His daughter is the one thing I allowed myself to keep when he passed. She needed work, and I needed a reminder of my dearest friend.

To be sure, it's not as innocent as all that. Even at eighteen, there was something about her that called out to me, demanding I take her and claim her. I wanted her, even as the awkward girl transitioning into a woman. A man my age shouldn't have even looked in her direction, but I couldn't help myself.

Even at the cusp of womanhood, she had a presence about her. It shimmered about her body, highlighting those curves so indicative of an omega. Try as I might to convince myself that it was just dynamics at play, I couldn't deny the baser urges that wanted to rip away the innocence lurking in those eyes.

In some ways, it felt like just another acquisition, possessing something that was being denied to me. But now, somehow, it feels like more than that. It's no longer a simple matter of whether I can have her, but more like *should* I have her.

I'm the boss. No one would tell me no. And yet, something continues to give me pause. I wish I knew what it was. Possibly part of me feels like her father is looking down, watching over her from beyond the grave. As much as I want to own her, to fuck her until she can't think, a small shred of conscience doesn't want to ruin the last remaining thing I have of my dear friend.

More than that, however, the ramifications of claiming someone not given to me would be astronomical. If I was some peon with nothing to lose, I might defy the Governing Body and take her as my own. I might reach out and snag her, running off where we might not be caught.

But with this much at stake, all I can do is picture her face every time I stroke myself. Every time I try to bury myself, drowning my sorrows in another omega, it's Tiffany I picture. Pathetic as that is. One of the most powerful men in the world, and yet, I still can't have the one thing I truly want.

She's like some ethereal dream that can only live in the shadows. The moment the cold light of day shines down on my depraved desires, it disappears like a puff of smoke. If only my wants could disappear so easily.

Glaring at my computer screen, I wave her in, feigning an air of nonchalance. Thankfully, she can't see through the desk and know just how damn hard I am. All I want to do is sweep everything to the side and lay her across the polished wood.

I want to bring chaos to this carefully constructed order as I spread her thighs and taste her pussy. No doubt, it will taste just like her—sweet and citrusy. My own little pocket of sun drenching my tongue. Even now, her scent calls to me as she shuffles forward.

No one has a right to smell that damned good. Like she just rolled out of bed, dipped herself in sugar, and finished it off with a lemon drop or two. This close to forty, I thought I'd be able to put a clamp on these urges, and yet, here I am, just as horny as I was when I was a teenager.

The only saving grace I have is for the Governing Body to find my match. Surely it can't be this hard. Are my genetics so wrong that no one can be my true mate? All around me, Alphas and omegas walk down the aisle, eager to start the six-month experiment.

And yet, no announcement has come for me. There's no call, no email saying that I'm chosen. It seems as if I will be resigned to my hand and whores until I die. As much as I want to indulge in the nubile fantasy in front of me, it's far too dangerous.

With the various one-night stands, it's easy to keep the desire to claim in check. No one I sleep with is good enough for my mark. And yet, deep down, I know Tiffany is the perfect vessel. With her, I would not be able to restrain myself.

And that's what actually scares me. She's the one omega that can threaten my calm to this degree, to make me want to cast aside my aspirations just for her. I wish I knew what this

maddening desire was so I could just work through it and get on with my damned life.

Clenching my fingers into fists, I watch as she bustles around the desk, bending over as she places another stack of papers down. I glance at her ass, so perfect and round, definitely made for either grabbing or belting. Hell, she'd probably be able to take both with that signature smile that never leaves her face.

With another quick grin, she turns to leave, but I don't want her out of my presence so quickly. "Care to tell me what you just brought in here?"

She turns, her eyes widening for a moment. "Just some papers. Nothing major, I don't think."

"You don't think?" I growl softly. "Or you don't know."

"They came from Ralph, so I didn't look at them. I figured you'd know better what to do with them?"

Leaning back, I take my glasses off and toss them down to the desk. "You do know you're being groomed as my personal assistant. Yes?"

"Yes, Sir."

Just those two little words and my cock lurches against my Italian wool slacks. What would she look like saying that to me, her eyes cloudy with lust? Dispersing that treacherous image, I shuffle through the papers she just brought to me.

"Then don't you think you should know what it is you're interrupting me with?"

"I suppose? But then, how do I know what's fit for my eyes or not? Everyone here deals in so many trade secrets that

I'm worried I'll see the wrong thing." There's a sparkle in her eyes, almost as if she's teasing me.

Well, two can play at that game. "Valid concern." Pausing for a moment, I tap my fingers against my lips, delighting in her slight squirm. "And yet, you make it sound as if you'll eventually leave my employ. Only those looking for other jobs need to worry about secrets. Are you planning on leaving me, Tiffany?"

For a moment, her eyes glaze over. So fast, I almost miss it. Yet one more thing that draws me to her. She's so responsive, so compliant. The perfect little submissive wrapped up in a corporate package.

Sigh heavy on my lips, I stand, not at all caring that the outline of my massive cock presses against the pants, tenting them. Like the good little omega she is, she turns her gaze the moment she sees it. However, I can tell by the red painting her cheeks that she knows I'm hard.

It's far too delightful to tease her this way, knowing neither of us will act on it. "Take this to your desk and look them over. I want you to make sure it's something that needs my immediate attention. With the acquisition happening today, I don't need anything extra to distract me."

Though, if I'm being honest with myself, nothing is nearly as distracting as Tiffany. Again, I let my gaze drift down her body, taking in every inch and curve of her. How I want to smear the red from her cheeks to other parts of her body—secret parts that only I will see.

Perhaps I'm going about this all wrong. I got to where I was by sheer will. I'm sure I can resist biting into her delicate flesh as I pound my aggression into her body. Right? All I

need is one night. Just one night with her submitting to me and I'll be able to get her out of my system.

It's a lie, of course, but it lets me fantasize just a little. Once this takeover is complete, I'll celebrate with her body. With a flick of my wrist, I motion for her to leave, taking the opportunity to stare at her ass in that scandalously short skirt.

All I have to do is make it through the next week. She will be my reward, the thing that drives me forward as I sit in conferences with stuffy men. Just picturing her riding my cock as I sign these forms, plasters a rare smile on my face.

Making my way back to my desk, I barely have a chance to sit when she pops her head back in, blue eyes dancing about as if she carries some secret well of happiness. "Don't forget your conference call this afternoon."

Minx. She should know better than anyone that I never miss a call like that. Adjusting my pants, I scroll through my emails, pausing for a moment as the new message from the Governing Body blinks at me. Urgent. What could possibly be so serious?

But when I open it up, my heart sinks. Seems I've finally been matched. Yes, I wanted this not only a handful of minutes ago. I wanted my own bride I can defile and mark. But now? That's irony for you.

The very moment I decide to let myself indulge, to allow myself the sexual heat of Tiffany's embrace, they tell me I have a mate. It should make me angry, but in all honesty, I feel a sense of relief. As if a weight is finally off of my shoulders.

Now, I'll have an omega to call my own, to claim as mine. I won't have to ruin this young girl for all the other men to

come after, leaving her stranded when I can't offer her anything more than a good fuck.

Still though... This does put a damper on my plans for the day. Depending on how long the ceremony lasts, I might not have a lot of time to make it back before the conference call. Come hell or high water, I will not miss it. Not even for a new bride.

She will have to be okay with knowing we won't be able to honeymoon for a few weeks, if ever. With my schedule packed the way it is, it will be a lonely time for my new wife. If only the Governing Body chose either sooner or later. Now, with this acquisition in process, is the worst possible time.

Pulling up a new email, I shoot the information over to HR, informing them I'll be out of the office and to forward all communication to Ralph until I get back. Sure, I could have told Tiffany, but for some reason, I don't want to break the spell around us. Not yet.

That will come soon enough when I introduce the new Mrs. Jeffrey Daniels to the office. Until then, I want us to keep this secret simmering between us. Just because I've been appointed a wife doesn't mean it will last.

That's the goal, of course. To actually give things a try during this period. To find out if we are as compatible as our genetics say we are. However, science cannot account for pure, unadulterated human will. Even if our bodies say we're a match, our personalities could clash horrendously.

What if she isn't into sex games or pain? What if she doesn't understand my drive for business? What if she refuses to understand that she might not always be a priority to me? That sometimes, work will have to come first?

Hell, what if the sex is just horrible? So yes, I'm going to give things an honest try, but I'm not going into this with rose-colored glasses on. I'm going to keep myself true to this stranger, treating her as my wife. I'll even force this mouth-watering omega out of my mind if that's even possible.

However, after six months, if I haven't claimed this bride, we can go our separate ways. I'll be free again to pursue Tiffany. That is, if she hasn't been given to someone else in the meantime. Jealous rage simmers through me at the thought, and I curse the government and its need to interfere.

Yes, I wanted a mate, but now? When I finally have a hope of happiness? I swear, it's as if they live inside my head and know what's going on in my mind at all times. How else can I explain this 'perfect' timing?

Damn the birth rates. Damn the plague that almost wiped out the entire world. And most of all, damn whatever it was in that virulent virus that created the dynamics we have today. Without that, we would be simple, normal people. We'd be allowed to fuck who we wanted, when we wanted.

Just because being an Alpha has given me far more than I ever could have expected doesn't mean I still don't hate the ramifications. No doubt, they wouldn't care if I marked and claimed a beta. To the Governing Body, that dynamic is collateral, an inferior breed to be weeded out.

But since Tiffany is an omega, the price of marking her is astronomical. As much as my cock wants her, I cannot sacrifice everything for some pussy. Even if that pussy belongs to someone that calls to me like she does.

CHAPTER 2



*T*iffany

I SHUFFLE THE PAPERS IN FRONT OF ME, SEEING, BUT NOT really comprehending the words. Unfortunately, this isn't anything new. My boss always seems to have this effect on me, and I cannot, for the life of me, understand why.

There should be no attraction there, no pull. And yet... God, when he raises that eyebrow or gives me those gruff, growly demands, I want nothing more than to sink down to my hands and knees and crawl to him. I want to bask in that grumpy dominance, to feel his words rolling over my skin.

It's not some virginal longing that drives me. Far from it. I'm not a child. I've had sex with men—well, beta men—so that can't be it. There's just something about him that causes me to ache by simply being in his presence. The only thing I can think of is possibly the fact that he's an Alpha and I'm an omega.

I try not to have too many dealings with Alphas, seeing as just their mere existence is supposed to be enough to drive an omega into heat. However, in this job, I don't really have a choice. Mr. Daniels only deals with powerful clients—most of them Alphas.

Still though, to my knowledge, none of them have ever made my stomach clench or slick gather between my thighs. Ugh. It's so infuriating that the one man that manages to turn me on, with no effort at all, is the one man that I shouldn't even think about starring in my erotic dreams.

Not only is he my boss, but he was my father's closest friend. I'm not stupid. I know Mr. Daniels gave me this job in some attempt to honor my father's wishes regarding my safety. I'm not here because he wants me. I'm here because he's obligated to have me.

Shaking my head, I force the image of Mr. Daniels, all imposing in his suit, out of my mind. He may have granted me the job as a favor, but it's up to me to be worthy of the position. I have something to prove, not only to my father, but to my boss as well.

I long to show him I'm worth something. Maybe one day I can even get a seat at the boardroom table—a proxy for my father. That won't happen if I keep letting him distract me with his Alpha pheromones.

Applying myself to the task of distilling Ralph's documents into a cohesive summary, I almost miss the email as it pops up on my screen. I ignore the blinking banner, but soon, a soft beep emits from my computer. That only happens when something is urgent.

As I click on it, my heart plummets to my feet. A mate has been chosen for me. Why now? Why me? Couldn't they have waited until I was a successful career woman?

At this point, with me being just an intern, it would be all too easy for my future spouse to dismiss what I'm trying to do and force me to stay at home like a good little omega. Would I

be able to convince him I have far more ambition than just being a breeding machine?

Mind numb, I push away from the desk and walk over to HR. They will have to know. Especially now that I won't be able to prepare anything for the big conference call this afternoon. The rest of my day is blocked out with dress shopping and preparing for my walk down the aisle.

There's no way to squeeze in any more work. And just like that, all my ambitions begin to fizzle, sizzling through the air like an egg on hot concrete. Bitterness wraps around my heart, anger infusing its way into my soul. Six months. All I have to do is accommodate this man for six months.

After that, I can leave him and explain to the Governing Body exactly what I need in a man. With a sigh, that perpetual burst of optimism shoots through my brain. Who knows, maybe this stranger will be accommodating and understand my need to rush back to work just after we say, 'I do'. And just like that, it's gone again. I doubt any Alpha would understand this drive.

What Alpha would be content with their omega leaving every day, working on building a career that has nothing to do with them? Honestly, this is why I keep myself with betas. Beta men don't care. They're just happy to get omega pussy. At least that's how it seems to me.

Sigh heavy on my lips, I rap my knuckles on Linda's cubical frame and duck my head in. Her fingers fly over the keyboard as she nods along with whomever she's talking to on the headset. After a moment or two, she holds a finger up to me before motioning to a chair in front of her desk.

My feet twitch as I listen to her flat intonations of 'uh-huh, hmmm,' and 'I see'. Eventually, she finishes and turns her

attention to me, spearing me with an unnerving look. It's as if she can see straight into my soul, and I don't like it.

“What brings you in today, Miss Davis?”

“I've been summoned by the Governing Body. Seems as if I'm getting married this afternoon.”

She pauses, her fingers hovering over her keyboard. Again, she looks up at me, but I cannot read her expression at all. “Is that so? What time?”

“The email said the ceremony was to take place at three, but they need me to leave early for preparations.”

“Oh.” She leans back, her lips twitching in what looks like the ghost of a smile. But I can't be seeing that right. Linda never smiles. “And what of the conference call at four?”

Sighing, I drop my head into my hands. “I know. I know. I have a rough outline for Mr. Daniels, but it's not fleshed out yet. I was hoping to do that after lunch.”

This time, there's no mistaking the grin as it crosses her face. “It's not a problem. I'll simply have one of the assistants finish it off. Go enjoy your ceremony. All of us will still be here when it's done. If you can manage,” she continues, an odd twinkle in her eye, “try to come back afterward. I'd love to hear all about the Alpha that's compatible with you.”

Nodding, I rise, doing my best not to let my frustration out on her. It's not Linda's fault. In truth, she's kinda like the office mother in several ways... Meddling being the biggest one. It's not a surprise she's more excited than I am. She's not the one being dragged to the altar by a stranger.

If only I were a beta. From what I understand, no one forces them to do anything. True, they rarely amount to

greatness, but their lives are their own. What I wouldn't give to have that.

Stopping back by my desk, I gather up everything I'd been working on and plop it in front of Lindsay. "Getting married. Gotta go."

She stares after me, mouth agape at my pronouncement. I know I should show the situation more gravitas than this, but honestly, I'm just tired. For once, I'd like to be the one making the decisions about my life instead of having an Alpha doing it for me.



MY FINGERS BUNCH AND RELEASE AROUND THE STEMS OF flowers placed into my awaiting palms. Here, in the back of the municipal building, I'm surrounded by strangers as they pluck and prod, making me 'the most beautiful bride they've ever seen'. But none of it brings me any joy. This isn't at all how I pictured my wedding day to be.

As a little girl, I had dreams and fantastical notions, soon squashed with the reality that is the Governing Body. I don't judge my parents for not letting me hold on to my daydreams and radical ideals. Better they tell me the truth than have everything come crashing down on me later.

I glance over at the mirror, taking in the snatched bodice and ball gown bottom, practically overflowing with tulle. The gown is how I imagined, but in my mind, it was my parents with me, preparing me, and not some strangers appointed by the government.

They prattle on, excitement vibrating through the air, but I cannot reciprocate the feelings. How can I when I know

nothing of the man I'm about to meet? Will he be kind? Will he be like every other Alpha I've met so far—commanding, controlling, and just over the top with everything?

Unbidden, my mind drifts back to Mr. Daniels. If it were him at the end of the aisle, I probably wouldn't care. His controlling behaviors actually turns me on. Not that it makes any sense to me. There's just something about him that makes me want to submit, to hang on his every word as he growls them out in that filthy, decadent way of his.

And that's not even considering his scent. The smokey notes fade into a deep, musky bergamot, so reminiscent of hot summer nights and decadent days. I want to roll around in it, taking it into my body. Perhaps what's so alluring is how different it is from my own.

Where I'm all lighter notes and sunshine, he's the dark depravity you only whisper about in the cloak of night. It takes all my willpower not to lick him every time I walk into the office. He makes my mouth water in a way that a beta never can.

Hopefully, this Alpha will be either his equal or successor. It might not be fair that this stranger already has a man whose shadow he must try to crawl out from, but that's just how it is. Mr. Daniels was the first Alpha to ever turn my head, even at eighteen, when I first stepped foot into his office for an introduction.

This Alpha waiting for me will have to command the same attention. If not, then there's no reason to continue the match after six months. Deep down, however, I hope and pray he drives these lusts for my boss out of my mind.

They're not healthy, and I certainly can't act upon them. As an Alpha, he'll get matched up eventually, and then where

will that leave me? He'll never mark me, claiming me as his own. He has far too much integrity for that. All that will happen is casual, meaningless sex. It's what would *have* to happen. There are no other alternatives.

Again, I look at my flawless appearance, my golden hair wrapped up in an intricate design, and my makeup on point. I can't allow myself to cry and ruin all their hard work. Besides, what would crying even do?

"It's time."

Those two little words announce my doom. It's all the warning I'm given before two massive doors split open, showing me the path I must take. It's not a straightforward aisle. Oh no. It curves around so that I must walk a bit before seeing the stranger I'm set to marry.

Even though they tell me to move forward, they cannot dictate how fast I walk. And so, with small, halting steps, I take my time, dragging this part out. I don't want to see the man I'm marrying. Honestly, it might have been easier to show up to my house with him already there.

It's this unnecessary pomp and circumstance that makes me want to just stop in my tracks and refuse to move forward. But I can't. Even now, those that prepared me continue to shoo me forward, whispering well-meaning platitudes to spur me on.

Taking in a deep breath, I force my feet to move, one before the other. In my mind, I keep my parents at the forefront. They wanted me to be strong. It was all they talked about whenever marriage came up. Granted, they were also supposed to be with me, helping shoulder this burden.

I straighten my shoulders and take in another fortified breath. Just around the corner. A few more steps and I'll see him. It's then I make a silent promise to both myself and my future spouse that I will give this a try. An honest, putting the work into it, try.

It's what they would have wanted. And now, more than ever, since they're not with me, I want to honor them in this way. As the faint strands of music shift into "The Wedding March," I press forward.

The groom stands at the end, his back turned to me. Such broad shoulders, wide enough to carry the weight of both his world and mine. There's something so familiar about his stance, the way his jet-black hair curls at the nape of his neck.

But there's no way I can recognize anything about this stranger. The interaction I have with Alphas stays at a minimum. Still though... As I continue walking down the long aisle, my insides twist with a familiar longing, a twinge of need.

Even now, a tendril of his scent wraps around me, enveloping me until I'm unable to think. There's no way. What would be the odds of us two being paired together? However, as I step onto the dais, I watch as he turns. The man of my most indecent dreams.

"May I present to you your future husband? Jeff-"

"Mr. Daniels?" I cut off the officiant, my heart leaping into my throat.

It can't be. I must be dreaming. And yet, as I reach out to take his hand, I feel its warmth keenly, wrapping around me, cocooning me.

CHAPTER 3



*J*effrey

I BLINK DOWN AT THE SMALL OMEGA, HER EYES WIDE AS SHE stares up at me. Her expression is unreadable, and for a brief moment, a rare sense of insecurity washes over me. Am I not who she wanted?

Granted, the way this whole wedding thing works is we're not really supposed to know the other person. If it happens, great, but it's definitely not the norm. Straightening my shoulders, I raise my eyebrow, waiting for any further commentary. But she remains silent.

Next to us, the officiant smiles and glances between the two of us. "I take it you two know each other? Well," he jokes, "that's got to make this easier."

Sliding my gaze over to him, my lips thin into an unamused line. He clears his throat, a touch of pink tinging his cheeks. "Anyway. We are gathered here to unite Jeffrey Daniels and Tiffany Davis. Even though you two seem already acquainted," pausing, he turns toward Tiffany, "there are some things Mr. Daniel's family and friends want you to know about him."

Great, I think to myself, holding back a chuckle. Knowing them, they'll either choose the most embarrassing information or make me out to be larger than life. I wonder if Tiffany will find their antics amusing or more in line with me, where I'm preemptively annoyed. I haven't even heard it yet, but I don't want to.

"He's dedicated, hard-working, an Alpha that holds his own. Mating with him means that you will find a man that's committed to making things work, no matter how difficult."

So far, it's actually true and not at all humorous. In fact, if I allow myself to feel anything, a small bit of tenderness clenches my heart. But only for a moment. Soon, the officiant continues.

"You will also find the most stubborn, pig-headed man that you might either want to kill or," he pauses again, this time his face blazing crimson. "Or... let's just say, have vigorous relations to settle the argument."

A bark of laughter erupts from between my lips, startling both the officiant and Tiffany. "Knowing them," I growl, leaning in close enough to nearly graze her lips, "they probably said fuck me into oblivion. Because, my dear, that is the only way you're distracting me enough to win an argument."

She takes a small step back, imperceptible to most, but my eyes narrow in response. It takes every ounce of willpower not to chase after her, snatching her back closer. Just that one, small movement, and the predator within wants to devour her.

"Yes, well," the officiant mutters, fluttering through his papers. "What Miss Davis's friends want to tell you is that she's a luminous ray of sunshine that can brighten up the dullest day."

Shocker. I already knew that. But then, it would take someone both deaf and blind not to notice her effervescent nature.

“She loves animals but has never had the opportunity to own one of her own,” he continues. “She thinks she might be a cat person since she seems attracted to creatures that are aloof and hard to get along with. Opposites attract or something.”

Now, that is certainly something that surprises me but also gives me a modicum of hope. Tiffany is certainly my opposite in most ways, and her desire to cherish that opposing nature means we will certainly make a good match. I also know that by the end of the day, there will be a kitten waiting for her at my home.

As the officiant goes on about her sweet innocence, Tiffany glances down at the floor, as if somehow embarrassed by all of it. But she shouldn't be. The glowing praises of those closest to her only confirm what I already know. That she's the sweetest morsel of an omega just waiting to be defiled.

The rest of the ceremony passes by in a blur—most of it is just formalities and reminders that we have to commit for six months. Stuff that all could have been sent in an email. All I want to do is drag this woman away and strip her of that wedding dress. It's pretty, to be sure, but I want to see her. All of her.

When it comes time to kiss the bride, however, I'm back in the moment, staring into those sapphire eyes. They gaze up at me, wide with anticipation. At least, I hope that's what I'm seeing in those depths and not dread.

“That is,” the officiant interrupts, “if you want to kiss. It's not required.”

“Oh, it’s required all right,” I growl, pulling Tiffany into my arms.

God, I knew she was small, but feeling her slight form as I envelope her in my grasp brings home yet one more difference between us. Tipping her chin up, I look back down into her eyes, searching for anything that might make me pause. But there’s nothing.

Instead, her pupils widen even more, eating up her irises. Her breaths come in soft, harried gasps as she trembles in my arms. Scenting the air, I detect nothing that indicates fear. Only her sugary, citrusy scent permeates the surrounding space.

I find that I can no longer resist the urge to taste her, to drink her into me. Leaning down, I run my fingers through her hair until I cup the back of her head, holding her still. Her lips are downy soft as I rub my own against them, breathing in her soft gasp.

It’s a gentle touch, a light caress. Nothing like the maelstrom of want and desire raging through me. I force myself to tease her, to coax her into letting me have control. Soon enough, I’ll be dragging her under my body, but for right now, I don’t want to frighten her.

But just as I move to pull back, to temper my movements even further, a light moan flutters against my lips. It’s that small concession of need that snaps the restraint holding me back. Groaning, I press our lips together, holding her close as I devour her, claiming her with my mouth.

I make no pretense of just how much I want her as I slip my tongue inside the silken heat. Tiffany moans again, her delicate, feminine sounds the perfect accompaniment to the deeper guttural groan rumbling from my chest.

After several moments, I pull back, staring down at the crimson flush on her face and the wild look in her eyes. Just how I want her. Glancing back up at the officiant, I give him a quick wink. “Anything else? Or can we go?”

“Just go,” he murmurs, shooing us away.

Without waiting another moment, I scoop Tiffany into my arms and clutch her to me, a growl rumbling from my chest as her soft curves mold to my body. Her tiny frame turns into me, as if seeking out the sound, reveling in it. It does things to me I never thought possible.

My mind is on one thing and one thing only—getting her somewhere secluded to continue this cursory lust between us and see just where it goes. Keeping her shielded in the shelter of my body, I nod to my driver, motioning for him to get inside the car and start it up.

Rock hard, I set her down long enough to open her door and help her inside the back. What I want to do is take her home and consummate the marriage, but I know that’s not possible. Not with the conference call this afternoon.

Glancing down at my watch, I note the time and growl under my breath. Not nearly long enough for what I have planned. Fuck. Next to me, Tiffany squirms, and that’s when I detect a slight change in her scent.

The lemon drop effect is still there, but underneath is a warmer tone, something like dark caramel dripping over a lemon slice. The little omega is turned on and dammit if that doesn’t make my balls ache even more.

For a moment, I don’t even put up the tinted divider so I can have some privacy with my new bride. I just sit there, battling with myself. But that scent, that addictive, alluring

scent. I can't resist it any longer. And why should I? In the face of the Governing Body, she's mine.

As if a switch finally flips over, I lean forward and smash the button, raising it up. "Did you drive yourself here? Or did you rent a car?"

For a moment, she just stares at me, as if my words have no meaning. Shaking her head, she clears her throat. "I drove."

"Keys. Now."

To her credit, she doesn't even hesitate. Reaching down into a small satchel I never even noticed, she pulls out the keys and places them in my stretched-out palm. The trust in her eyes, the instant obedience... All it does is make me crave her more.

Tossing them over the divider, I order my driver to call someone to go pick up her car and bring it back to the office. With a simple press of my finger, the divider closes the rest of the way, engulfing us in heated silence. Even when the car jerks forward, propelling us back to work, I barely hear it.

It's a hum of vibration that rocks through us as he navigates the twists and turns with lethal efficiency. With him unable to hear or see what's going on in the back of the car, it's just Tiffany and me. Alone. Feral want twists through my body, slithering through my veins as I watch her breasts heave against the tight dress.

With slow, agonizing movements, I loosen my bowtie, noting Tiffany's eyes following my every move. Ripping it from my collar, I toss it next to her and start in on my cufflinks. Arousal hangs heavy in the air as she licks her lips, her pupils widening even more.

Turning in the tight car, I pin her with an intent stare. “Tell me you want me,” I growl out, sliding my right arm across the seat. “Tell me you want me to do whatever I want to you.”

“I- I-” she stammers out, her bright eyes blinking up at me.

“Christ, Tiffany,” I exhale, running my nose across her temple. “I’ve had my fucking eye on you ever since your daddy brought you into my office. I’ve wanted you for the past three fucking years. And now you’re mine. All fucking mine.”

Without waiting for a response, I drag my hand down across that satiny material and bunch it up into my grasp. She doesn’t tell me no. She doesn’t tell me to stop. All rational thought flees at her silence.

If she told me she didn’t want this, I wouldn’t force myself on her. Her silence, to me, is consent, and so I go further, sliding my hand underneath the expensive, voluminous dress, easing up her warm thighs.

Looking up into her expressive eyes, I note the lust swirling in those crystalline depths. “Tell me, Tiffany. I want to hear it.”

My hand drifts up over her mound, my fingers curling into the short thatch of curls guarding her entrance. I pause there, hovering, feeling the incremental shift of her thighs as she opens for me.

“P- please, Mr. Daniels.”

Again, I seal her lips with my own, growling as I sweep my tongue along the seam. She opens on a gasp, and I invade both her mouth and her pussy at the same time, swallowing her groan of need into me.

She’s wet. So fucking wet for me as I slip a finger inside her entrance. With a soft cry, her body clinches around the

thick digit, milking it as erotically as it would my cock. The organ in question jerks forward as precum wells at my tip.

Pulling back, I replace one finger with two, stretching her out, preparing her body for me. “Tell me,” I order, forcing my lips away from hers. “Have you ever been with a man?” She hesitates, her gaze turning uncertain. “I will have your words, little omega.”

“Y- yes, Sir,” she finally exhales, an air of uneasiness about her.

As if I care about her body count. It doesn't matter to me who she's fucked before, as long as I'm her last. “Have you ever been with an Alpha?”

This time, a slight hint of pink swaths over her cheeks. “No, Sir.”

My heart and cock both leap at those words. Again, not that it matters, but knowing that she's never had a knot stretch her out makes me want to rut her that much more. To ease her discomfort, I pump my fingers in and out, resuming my ministrations until she's once more squirming in her seat.

“Well, my dear,” I groan against her neck, “then you're in for quite an experience. I'm going to stretch this little pussy out with my knot, filling you up so full of cum until you're unable to breathe.”

Her inner walls ripple at my filthy words. “Oh, God,” she moans, her head falling back against the seat.

“God has nothing to do with it, but I promise you, before today is over, you'll be saying his name a whole lot more.”

Pulling out, I ignore that whimper of need. I can't indulge her. Not now. Instead, I make a grand show of sliding those

glistening fingers into my mouth, nearly groaning at the look of shock as it crosses her face.

Oh, but that's a mistake. Once I wrap my lips around my wet digits, the taste of her arousal swamps my senses until I'm rendered speechless. I suck her juice from me, just as sweet and tangy as her scent. It's like a creamsicle on a hot summer day, and one taste will never be enough.

CHAPTER 4



*T*iffany

MY BREATHING QUICKENS AS I STARE AT THE MAN BESIDE ME. The way he licks his fingers clean, as if savoring my taste. No other man has ever done that. No other man has ever looked at me as if they were hanging onto the edge of their sanity.

It's a heady knowledge, one that infuses heat into my limbs until I'm practically flushed. But just as quickly as he showers me with unbridled lust, he pulls away, staring out the window. What just happened? I know he wants me. Even now, when I glance down at his pants, I see the proof of his desire tenting the fabric.

So why pull away? Why not continue? Oh God. Am I really sitting here wanting our first time to be in a freaking car? This just won't do. I turn and look out the window, watching the trees and other cars blur by, but not really seeing them.

My mind and heart are in turmoil, twisting about until I can barely breathe. There's excitement there, thrumming under the surface. But there's also a niggle of dread. Mr. Daniels is my boss. And now, he's my husband. It's going to change so much between us at work.

I can't even fathom the ramifications, but there's bound to be some. It's inevitable. A heavy sigh drifts from my lips as I realize I'll probably have to tell Linda. But then, maybe that's a good thing. She'll definitely know what to do.

My mind continues to wander, never stopping, until the car jerks to a halt. The office building looms before us. How in the hell did we get here so quickly?

When driving to the mating center, it felt as if it were hours instead of mere minutes. And yet, here we are. Back to reality. I don't want to go back in there. Not yet.

Not when my body hums with arousal. It trickles down my inner thighs as I press my legs together in a poor attempt at getting my body to behave. But it won't behave. Not now, and probably not ever.

Stifling a whimper, I glance up at the imposing building and then back at Mr. Daniel's piercing gaze. There's something in those depths that calls to me. I long to throw all caution to the wind and just strip right there, consummating our marriage in the back of his car, even though I was against it minutes before.

Why did I resist? Now that we're back, there's no way we'll be able to do much of anything. There's just too much work that still needs to be done. And that stupid conference call...

"Shall we?" His deep baritone cuts into my thoughts, sending flutters into my stomach.

"I guess we have to."

His dark chuckle goes straight to my clit, making me throb and wet all over again. "I'll see if I can hurry things up. In the meantime, you have a change of clothes waiting in your office."

The moment you dress, I want to see you in the conference room.”

“Yes, Sir.” The moment the words leave my mouth, I see the effect.

Mr. Daniel’s eyes dilate as he stares at me. A soft growl rumbles from his chest, drawing forth a needy whine from mine.

“Good girl,” he murmurs, sliding his fingertips through the hair at the side of my face.

“So, before we go in there,” I hedge, not exactly sure how to ask the question burning in my brain. “What do I call you? I mean, you’re Mr. Daniels, but you’re now also my husband. Hell, I’m Mrs. Daniels. Wife. I-”

He cuts off my rambling with a quick kiss, a most effective way to shut me up. “In there or at home, I am Sir, to you. Understand?” Before I can answer, he grabs my hand and brings it down between us, pressing my palm against his cock. “Just hearing it drip from your lips makes me harder than I’ve ever been before.”

“Yes, Sir,” I breathe against his lips, my fingers curling as best as they can against the stiff fabric.

Groaning, he rocks into me, pinning me to the backseat with his bulk. “I’m going to make this the quickest damned conference call. And when I get you home, Mrs. Daniels, I’m going to fuck you so hard you can’t walk the next day.”

With those words ringing in my ears, he pulls away and exits the car. Stunned, I sit there, waiting for him to open the door. My first night with an Alpha. Groaning, I clench my fingers into fists, wishing I was the type of omega that kept a vibrator on her at all times.

Even going through my heat didn't feel this bad. Yeah, it was miserable, but nothing that a week off and medication didn't help with. This is more like an ache that will not go away, an itch beneath my skin that I cannot scratch.

What makes it worse is knowing that Mr. Daniels could make all of this go away. I just know it. If we could just take like thirty minutes or so... But no. I know that look in his eyes. It's all business. There's no way I'll be able to deter him now.

Not that I want to. Not exactly. His commitment to his business is one of the things that turns me on about him. Hell, I share just as high of a drive. But in the wake of these feelings rushing through me, work seems paltry somehow.

Silently, we walk side by side inside the building, keeping quiet on the elevators. In fact, it's not until the doors open and all our workmates jump out yelling 'surprise,' that I even hear a sound.

They swarm us, all smiles and congratulations. But how did they know? I only told one person... Linda. She stands in the middle, smug, with her arms crossed as she watches the merriment around her. It's the only answer that makes sense.

But honestly, I'm glad she put together this little moment of festivity. It makes what just happened back at the center seem far more real. Parting before us, the happy faces make way, steering us into the conference room.

Balloons and streamers litter the space, drawing a critical frown from my husband. He looks upon the whole affair with his normal, grumpy demeanor, drawing another smile from my lips. Shaking my head, I leave his side and take a party horn, grinning as I slip it into my mouth.

Crossing back over to him, I plant my hands on my hips and blow it in his face, urging him to join in the merriment. He doesn't, however. The only reaction is a slight smile and his eyes narrowing in retribution.

“Thank you all for this... display. But this is still a workday, and there is lots to be done. Grab a slice of cake and go back to your desks.”

Titters of laughter ripple across the room. Instead of being angered or offended by his pronouncement, they tromp across the room and cut into the enormous cake, large grins plastered on their faces. There's no need for them to be hurt by his actions. This is just Mr. Daniels being Mr. Daniels.

One by one, they file out, and I move to join them, eager to change and get out of this stifling dress that threatens to trip me at every turn. “Oh, no you don't,” he growls, gripping my wrist and hauling me into his arms. “You haven't had your slice of cake yet.”

Dragging me over to what's left, he slides his finger into the thick frosting and brings it up to my lips. I close my eyes as I open my mouth, sucking his digit into me. The saccharine sweetness of the frosting gives way to the salty taste of his skin, and I can't help the moan that wells up in my throat.

Once more, he slides his hand down, fisting my gown. Pulling back, I shake my head in earnest. “Others will see.”

“Not if they know what's good for them. They should all have their heads buried in their desks.”

I glance about, noting the open blinds. It's true that everyone seems to be working, but all it would take is someone looking up, even innocently, to see him touching my body so intimately.

“Please,” the words claw from my throat in a desperate whine. “I still work with these people.”

With a sigh, he drops his hand. “Go change and come right back.”

Nodding my thanks, I rush out of the room, cheeks aflame. I was so close to letting him touch me, not caring what anyone else thought. What I need is a cold shower to get my head on straight. But right now, I’ll settle for comfortable clothing and a moment to myself.

Locking the door behind me, I spy the bag on my desk. Some designer name I don’t recognize gleams up at me from the shiny plastic. And that’s when it hits me. I’m married, but not only that, I’m married to a man with money. Money with a capital M.

Though my father had probably just as much as Mr. Daniels, he didn’t really spoil or indulge me. Even now that all his money is no longer lying in trust, and I have full access, I haven’t allowed myself to spend any more than necessary to pay the bills and comfortably survive.

However, I’m with a man that seems to want to spoil me, and I’m not sure how to receive it. Digging through the bag, I pull out a short skirt, a soft velvety top, and a pair of dark heels to complete the look. At least they’re clothes I’d wear normally, even if they’re of better quality.

Yanking off the wedding dress, I stand there in my sky-blue bra. How ironic that today, of all days, I happen to have something blue already on hand. Thrusting those thoughts out of my head, I search the bag for underwear and groan as I find nothing.

My current panty didn't work with the dress, and I didn't think of wearing a thong. So I took them off and left them with my clothes. Though it made things much simpler when Mr. Daniels touched me in the car, it will make working nearly unbearable.

Perhaps if I tell him of my current predicament, he'll let me go grab a pair and come back. However, as I make my way to the conference room, noting how all the blinds are currently down, I realize I may not get the chance.

Arousal gathers between my thighs, and again, I curse my lack of foresight. From now on, there will be not only a vibrator but several types of panties left at the office in case I need it. Gritting my teeth, I open the door and slip in, my pulse quickening as I stare up at my husband.

His jacket lies draped over the table. His sleeves are rolled up, revealing massive, veiny forearms. Moisture dries up from my mouth as I stare at him, taking in the crisp hairs on his chest, revealed by his half-opened shirt.

“Lock the door behind you.”

“But the conference call...”

“Then you better hurry and obey me.” Pressing my lips together, I lock the door, my fingers trembling. I turn, watching him slowly curl his finger, motioning for me to come to him. “Don't worry, my skittish wife. No one will dare intrude.”

“I'm not worried about that. Not exactly.”

“Oh?”

“I- uh. What exactly do you have planned for me?”

His lips split into a wolfish grin. “More than you can imagine. But first, I want you to enjoy some more of our wedding cake.”

Before I can respond, he grabs me by the waist and plops me onto the table. I open my mouth, knowing full well he plans to tease me some more. Once again, he slides his fingers into the frosting and brings it up to my lips. As I suck him inside, he pushes me backward until I’m lying down with my legs hanging over the table.

He presses his fingers deep inside my mouth, rubbing my tongue as he urges my knees apart with his free hand. Helpless, I let my thighs fall open, desperately needing his touch to stop the burn deep inside.

However, instead of fingering me like I thought, the warmth of his breath stirs the crisp hairs at the top of my mound. I groan as his scalding tongue swipes across my clit. It’s relief, but not enough.

I buck my hips into the air, silently begging for more. Moaning around his thick fingers, I suck even harder, doing my best to translate my urgency with my actions.

“That’s right, my little wanton,” he groans against my heated flesh. “Lick me clean while I enjoy my own wedding day dessert.”

CHAPTER 5



*J*effrey

HER THIGHS QUIVER AROUND MY HEAD AS I LEAN IN TO LICK her again. God, but she really does taste as good as she smells. The little hint I got when I licked my fingers is nothing compared to the source.

I want nothing more than to live between her thighs, to eat her up every minute of every day for the rest of my life. It's impractical, I know, but never before have I known such an addiction. Though we're supposed to take our time, getting to know each other before I claim her, I'm already smitten.

It's more than just her taste. It's everything about her. The soft sighs. The way her fingers flutter through my hair as she hesitates between pushing me away and drawing me closer. It's the restraint I feel in her quivering legs, that part inside of her that just doesn't want to or can't let go.

But she will let go. For me, she will fall apart and beg for more. Before tonight is through, she will wear my mark on her shoulder. Now that I have her, I cannot fathom letting her leave.

Gripping her hips, I hold her still as I slide the tip of my tongue through her lower lips, letting her arousal coat my face. But it's not enough. Keeping my frosted fingers away from her entrance, I use my thumbs to spread her wide, running them between her inner and outer lips.

Her body ripples beneath me, her hips bucking into my face. She's a glorious display with her skirt hiked up around her and her shirt and hair all disheveled. I will never tire of that look.

Easing two clean fingers inside, I continue to lap at her clit, flattening my tongue so it widens, covering the entire surface. Her moans are music to my ears, but when I curl my fingers up, those soft sounds turn loud, nearly animalistic. Seems like my girl is a screamer in bed.

As much as I adore the decadent sounds, this won't do at all. Granted, me pulling down the blinds should have given the workers some clue that nefarious plots were afoot in the room, but there's still a possessive part that doesn't want them to actually hear her. These sounds are for my ears alone.

Pulling the bow tie off my neck, I pause my actions and hover over her, taking in the dark orbs of her eyes as her pupils war with her irises. "Open your mouth."

Her lips tremble as she opens them wide, no doubt thinking I'm going to slide more frosting along her tongue. The look of shock as cloth fills her mouth is both comical and arousing. My cock jerks at the sight of her, mouth stuffed with my bow tie, uncertainty dancing in her gaze.

"You're a little loud, my dear," I grin down at her. "But don't worry, I'll make it so no one can hear you. For now, at least. Tonight, when we're home, you will scream your pleasure to the heavens, drowning me in that erotic sound."

Groaning, I revel in the feeling of her inner walls clamping down on my fingers. She likes that idea very much. That, at least, is certain. I glance up at the wall, noting the clock. Not too long now before the meeting.

But I don't care. For the first time since starting my career, I honestly don't give a fuck about taking over another company. All I care about is Tiffany and the alluring scent of her arousal.

It fills my brain, shoving out all other rational thoughts. Forget acquisitions. It's her body I want as my own. Going back down to her pussy, I gaze at her swollen, puffy lower lips and the arousal that gathers at her folds. As a man possessed, I apply my tongue to that bundle of nerves peeking out from behind its hood.

Her moans are much softer now, stifled, but I can still feel the need in her body as she clamps down around me. Pulling out, I soon fill her with three fingers, groaning as her hot sheath grips me tight.

I want her to come. I *need* her to come. The desire to feel her body fall apart around me is an indulgence that rakes down my body, settling low into my balls. More precum wells at my tip as my cock jerks against my pants.

At this rate, I won't last long. What can it hurt to try to fuck her before my meeting? Again, I glance at the clock and grit my teeth. This isn't at all how I wanted our first night to be.

But if I don't fuck her soon... I need to find relief so I can actually give this meeting the due process it deserves. Besides, she's as ready for my cock as she'll ever be. Pulling out, I unzip my pants, groaning at the relief at that simple action.

As I pull down the band of my boxer briefs, Tiffany rises onto her elbows, eyes wide as she watches me reveal myself. I want to give her a little show. I want to tease her with what's coming, but I can't.

The need to be balls deep in her is feral and wild, demanding. I yank everything down, standing there in front of her with my erection jutting through the tails of my shirt. With soft, tentative movements, she pulls the bow tie from between her lips.

"I- I heard Alphas were big, but damn." My cock swells even more at her words of praise. "May I taste you?"

How can I resist such an earnest request? Helping her off of the conference table, I watch through slitted lids as she sinks to her knees before me. She looks so perfect there, her mouth stretching open to take me.

Fisting her hair in my hand, I guide her forward, my eyes nearly crossing as her hot breath flits across the tip. I jerk in response, earning a soft chuckle slipping past her plump pink lips. I shouldn't find something as simple as a laugh so erotic, but here we are.

She swallows a few times, eyeing my length and girth. As her first Alpha, I'm sure I seem intimidating. However, just having her hover there, mouth poised but not moving, is a torture unlike any other. Gripping her hair a bit tighter in my grasp, I pull her to me, my knees threatening to buckle as she laps at my slit.

Color explodes behind my eyelids at that tentative lick, but it's her moan of satisfaction as my precum paints her tongue that has me wanting to drag her underneath me and rut her like a madman. Gripping the table behind her, I school my body, forcing it to remain still as she explores me.

Besides, there will be plenty of time to fuck her. I don't have to have her now. Not like some teenage boy that can't contain himself. I'm a man of nearly forty years. I can and *will* control myself.

That's better said than done as she wraps her lips around my head, sucking from me as if desperate to taste more of my cum. Her soft moans vibrate through me, making my toes curl as I dig into the wood. She slides forward a bit more, but it's not enough. Not nearly enough.

Cupping the back of her head, I push forward, surging into her mouth until my tip touches the back of her throat. As she gags, she ripples around me, driving me insane. I pull back out, giving her just a small bit of reprieve before sliding back in.

Her mouth stretches out wide around my girth. Her pink lips lighten as she tries to wrap around all of me. But it's her eyes that arrest me, holding me still. Black pupils nearly demolish any hint of blue.

She's not in heat. Not yet, but dear God, she looks so close. More of her arousal scents the air, filling the room with that deep caramel scent. I want to roll around in it, bathe in it, and have it coat every part of my body.

We stay like that, locked in place. I don't dare move for fear of actually forcing myself down her throat. With her mouth stuffed as it is, she can't easily take much more. But then she swallows, her mouth convulsing around me, forcing my cock to jerk.

All pretense of restraint flees as I grab her head with both hands and hold her still. Sawing in and out, I undulate my hips back and forth, fucking her mouth. Soft gasps and moans pour

from the minute spaces around my cock, but they're still muffled and quiet.

My knot expands, brushing against her chin with every stroke. Electrical pulses spike through me, starting from my tip and running through every vein. Harsh grunts fly past my lips as I fuck my wife's mouth.

Her tongue laps at my underside, following the thick veins as I push even further, forcing my cock deep into her throat. That magical moment where her eyes widen in shock as she swallows around me sets my teeth on edge.

The need to claim, to conquer, and to mark flies through my brain. I nearly pull out and bury my teeth into her soft skin, but that would be highly inappropriate at work. As if what we're doing right now isn't inappropriate enough.

A loud, piercing ring shatters the erotic bubble, pulling my gaze away from Tiffany's needy stare and back onto the clock. Dammit. I can't stop now. Even if I want to. Pulling the phone up to my ear, I continue to rock back and forth, holding onto my omega's head with my free hand.

Foreign voices flow over the receiver, and for a moment, I can barely understand what's being said. Too much blood flow is being diverted to places much lower. But then, everything clears as my mind accommodates both my needs and wants.

I experience both pleasure and clarity. As I continue to defile Tiffany's mouth with my cock, I converse with the sellers, speaking to them in harsh, commanding tones. What would they think right now if they knew I was dealing with them while a nubile omega knelt before me, tears streaming down her eyes as arousal coats her inner thighs?

Pulling out, I motion for Tiffany to get back on the desk. Cradling the phone between my cheek and shoulder, I hook my arms under her thighs and pull her forward, until her ass nearly hangs down off of the wood. As much as I want to come, I am far more desperate to see her fall apart—both acquisitions belonging to me at once.

I force four of my fingers into her, slapping my palm over her lips as a keening wail threatens to expose what it is I'm doing. "Hold on one moment." Pulling my fingers out, I press the phone into my shoulder. "Touch yourself, Tiffany. Get yourself off on my fingers. That's an order. I will not stop until you come."

Without waiting for her reply, I bring the phone back up and start negotiating as I finger her tight pussy. Her inner walls ripple around me as her hips buck. Sweat beads on her skin as every muscle tightens, straining.

Though I can barely hear the sounds coming from her from behind my hand, I can feel the vibration against my palm. Her lips move about, questing, seeking. Asking them to hold again, I bring the phone down and pull my hand away.

"Bite down." The moment her lips part, I slide the edge of my hand into her mouth, the meaty part forcing past her teeth. As I stare down at her, I take a moment to brush my thumb against her chin. At first, there's hesitancy in her gaze as she looks up at me under thick lashes. "Did you hear me? Bite down. I want to feel your teeth against my skin."

After a moment more, she finally bites. It's light, at first, as if she's scared to do as I've ordered. Then, as I ram my fingers into her pussy, she bites down harder as a strangled groan fills her chest.

It's not hard enough to break the skin, but I definitely feel it. That small bite of discomfort makes my cock jerk painfully. All it does is fuel the lust, feeding it. God, I can't wait for her teeth to be somewhere else, breaking skin, and tying me to her for eternity.

Putting the phone back in place, I continue teasing and tormenting my willing bride. It's so hard not to come, but I hold back, seeing both to her pleasure and making sure I don't wreck this deal in the process. Her small fingers work furiously at her clit as she rocks back and forth, mewling and moaning.

It's so soft that only I can hear, but it still thunders through my brain, threatening to short-circuit my thoughts. Aggravation climbs up my spine as the men on the other end try to wheel and deal, making amendments to the agreement where none were before.

Barking into the phone, I put a stop to their antics, reminding them I am the one in charge of this acquisition. And as I pump in and out of Tiffany, I tell them exactly how this interaction will go down.

Though it takes several minutes to get to an agreement, the moment the word 'deal' slips from my lips, Tiffany's body bows up. Her orgasm races through, causing her pussy to clench tight, nearly cutting off the circulation to my fingers.

Tossing the phone down, I do my best to slide in and out as I help her ride out her release. "Good girl," I croon, easing my hand out of her mouth. Deep crescents line the skin, making my cock twitch once more. "My driver will take you home. I have some things to finish up, but I'll be along shortly."

"Yes, Sir," she breathes, her chest heaving as she comes back down.

“He will show you to my room, where you will wait for me. Naked. Am I understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl. Pull your skirt down, fix your hair, and head out.”

God but she’s so alluring standing there, her skin flushed with afterglow. Her hair spikes out about her face in a tousled tangle, clearly revealing the actions that just took place. But oh, how I want to wreck her even more, destroying her fresh-faced appearance until every inch of her bears my mark.

CHAPTER 6



*T*iffany

WALKING ON TREMBLING LIMBS, I SLIDE MY HAND ALONG THE side of the wall. Something to ground me as I leave the room. The scent of sex hangs heavy in the air as I pause, not wanting to leave just yet. As I turn to ask my husband if I can stay, I watch, mesmerized, as he pulls his pants back up and sets himself to rights.

It looks so effortless. As if he didn't experience the same amount of discombobulation as I did. But when he turns to look at me, the fire in his gaze proves just how wrong I am. He wants me just as badly, but unfortunately, work has to continue.

I know and understand, and yet, it doesn't completely drive the ache away from my heart. Taking in a fortifying breath, I open the door and step out into the fray. Part of me expects everyone to watch, hiding their smirks as I sulk over to my office.

But no one pays me any mind. Their heads are all buried in their work. Just like it should be. Blowing out a shaky breath, I quicken my pace, wanting to escape before awkward questions

can be asked. Once I'm safely in my office, I slump into my chair, my head spinning.

Someone has been in here. My wedding dress is no longer a heap on the floor and instead hangs on the wall for me to see. When I came to work this morning, I never once thought my day would end like this.

A soft knock at my door grabs my attention. Linda pokes her head in, a soft smile teasing her lips. Her gaze flicks over my face and hair before her grin morphs into something more knowing. Heat races across my cheeks as I pretend to look busy.

“Car is outside for you.”

“Thank you.”

“Hey, congrats again. I mean it. You two make a great pair.” With that, she slips away, leaving me with my thoughts once more.



MY INSIDES CHURN AS THE CAR PULLS UP TO THE ENORMOUS house. The opulence dripping from every corner rivals even the house I grew up in. I knew Mr. Daniels was rich, but I didn't realize he was *this* rich. Though my body still hums with arousal, the ramifications of today seep into my brain, scattering the feeling of afterglow.

I'm married. To my boss. But more than that, I'm married to my dad's best friend. What would my father think right now? It's not as if I have any choice. It was the Governing Body that put us together.

However, there's definitely no denying the chemistry that sparked between us. My body never burned like that before. It was as if I was an inferno that could never be put out.

Sighing, I shake my head. Even if the Governing Body never put us together, I don't doubt I would have ended up in his bed either way. At least now, I don't have to feel guilty about it. My nipples harden, scraping against the lacy bra as I make my way up the gleaming steps.

He will show you to my room, where you will wait for me. Naked. Am I understood? His words replay in my head as I follow this stranger. I'm not stupid. I know exactly what's waiting for me when Mr. Daniels comes home.

Images of his thick cock, practically creaming with precum, flash through my mind, making my knees almost buckle. Luckily for me, the railing keeps me from falling completely. However, it does nothing for the arousal that threatens to trickle down my thighs.

Even when I was in heat, I don't remember this much slick gathering. Could be it was the medication that kept the worst at bay. Or, maybe, it's that my body finally found someone it can come alive for.

The betas I had been with turned me on, for sure, but never once did they make my slick flow like this. Deep down, I knew it would be different with an Alpha. It's the main reason I kept away from them. But I never knew the difference would be this startling.

"Here we are, Miss." My brain stops in its tracks as I look through the open door.

An enormous, four-poster bed dominates the space, bringing me right back to that cusp, arousal flooding my

system until I can't see straight. It's definitely a bed that's made for fucking. Stepping inside, I wait for the man to leave and close the door before skimming my palm up the dark wood.

The bed is certainly big enough for both of us. Again, my brain conjures up the memory of how his broad shoulders stretched out my thighs as he licked me. Even now, the joints ache in protest, but all it does is spur me on.

Reaching down, I gather the short skirt up and reach in between to stroke myself. Pleasure zips through me, and I long to touch myself again, to rub my clit until I get myself off. But I don't dare. Mr. Daniels already proved what a commanding presence he could be. What would he do if he found me in his bedroom taking my pleasure?

A mischievous grin stretches my lips as I trail my fingers across the satiny bed covering. Maybe that's exactly what I should do. Get myself off so I'm not so discombobulated when he gets back. Sigh heavy on my lips, I drag myself away from the bed, opting to do a little exploring instead.

Who knows what will happen when he gets home? It could be he'll keep me so consumed with his body that I won't ever want to leave the room. This might be my only chance to get a good look at where I'll be living for the next six months... or eternity.

My heart squeezes in my chest as the enormity of everything crashes down around me. This very well might be for life. Is that what I want? I don't even hesitate. Mr. Daniels has been the man I've lusted after since the moment I knew what masturbation was.

The first time I saw him in his office, all fierce and commanding, every inch an Alpha, I wanted nothing more

than to curl up at his feet and beg him to take me. But it was a ridiculous notion. He was my father's business partner.

And after my dad's passing, he became my boss. There are just some lines you don't cross. It didn't keep me from thinking about him, touching myself in private when the arousal became far too much.

Even when I sought beta companionship, it was Mr. Daniel's face that swam into view. It was his name I cried out in my mind when I reached completion. Somehow, the dream I never thought could ever come true has. And now, I have no idea what to do with it.

What do I know about being with an Alpha? Just feeling his thick girth pushing past my lips showed me just how large he was. And that's not even including his knot. Can my body even handle it?

A soft chuckle flutters past my lips as I push my way out of the room. Such a ridiculous thought. As an omega, I'm the perfect vessel for his lusts. Still though... The very idea of something that large stretching me out makes my insides quiver with both anticipation and nervousness.

I can't just wait for him in this room. I will go crazy if I do. Making my way out into the hall, I glance about, looking for the driver. Nowhere to be seen. With a sigh of relief, I shut the door behind me and mill about, taking in all the various artworks lining the walls.

Not only does Mr. Daniels have a lot of money, but he also has good taste too. I'm so caught up in admiring everything that I don't realize just how far away from the room I am. I look back and forth, unsure of my bearings. So many doors line the halls, one in between each painting. How can I remember which room it is?

Racing back down, I stop near a painting I remember and wrap my hand around the knob. This has to be the right room. It just has to be. But when I open the door, my heart sinks. Instead of a luscious bed, there's a large wooden table surrounded by chairs.

A conference room, by the look of it. Leave it to Mr. Daniels to take his work home with him. It doesn't surprise me in the least. Curious, I step in further, admiring the craftsmanship of the table. A lot of love and work went into transforming a dead piece of wood into something with so many designs interspersed.

I turn to leave, but another painting catches my eye. Across the room, I spy a familiar face. From floor to ceiling, the portrait of both my father and Mr. Daniels stares down at me, gluing me to the spot.

A sob catches in my throat as my hand drifts to my neck. I shouldn't be surprised by this. They were, of course, very close. Still though, after all this time, I never expected to see my dad again in such a lifelike array.

Tears gather at the corners of my eyes, but I refuse to let them fall. He wouldn't want that. Though his death was tragic, he would want me to celebrate his life as opposed to mourning his death.

"This isn't the bedroom, and you are most certainly not naked."

Whirling about at the deep baritone, I take in Mr. Daniels' smirk. In his hands rests a large tray with steam drifting from the top. Though it smells good, my mind is not at all on the food but instead on something else.

"I- Forgive me. I was restless and-"

“And you disobeyed a direct order.” His smirk dips down into a frown, and my insides clench. Not in fear, but in abject need.

“I’m sorry. I-”

“Oh, you will be. Come.” His tone brooks no argument.

Head down, I follow him, scenting the air to determine his mood. He’s not angry. Not really. That, at least, is a relief. A few doors down, he opens up the way to the bedroom, and I nearly kick myself. That’s the painting I should have remembered.

Mr. Daniels extends his hand, allowing me to go first. But a few steps in, I turn around, pinning him with an apologetic smile. “Mr. Daniels, I-”

“Jeffrey. Please. You’re my wife now. Mr. Daniels is so formal. Especially after having my lips and tongue between your thighs. Alternatively,” he murmurs, setting the tray on the table. “I do so love it when you call me Sir. It gets me hard. Rock-fucking-solid.”

My cheeks blossom red, the heat telling me just how crimson his words make me. Glancing down, I see the truth. “Yes, Sir.”

“Ahh. There it is. Now then, clothes off.”

“What, now?”

“Do I need to give you some incentive?” He crosses his arms, his eyes narrowing to slits. “You’re already in trouble for disobeying me. I’m sure you don’t want to make it worse.”

“Trouble? But I’m your wife now. Not just your employee. What are you going to do,” I joke, “fire me?”

“I have other ways of ensuring obedience. Now then. Strip.” As he speaks to me, he unbuttons his sleeves, rolling them up to expose those forearms that make me lose all rational ability to speak.

“I-”

“Your lips are moving, but your hands are not. Shall I assist you?” Without waiting for me to respond, he walks over and grabs the bottom of my shirt, lifting it high above my head. “Such a pretty bra,” he murmurs, rubbing his thumbs across the stiff peaks of my nipples.

Groaning, I lean into his touch, needing something firmer, rougher. As if he can read my mind, he pinches them hard enough to draw a yelp from my lips. Arousal gathers between my thighs as my pussy clenches and throbs.

“Such a responsive girl. You like this, don’t you? And don’t even try to deny it. Your scent changed the moment even a hint of discomfort was applied to your body.”

“Yes, Sir,” I admit, hanging my head. “I like it.”

Pulling away, he tucks his fingers under my chin and forces my face up to meet his gaze. “Never feel bad for your wants and desires. Personally, I love causing a beautiful woman pain. The fact that you respond to it tells me the Governing Body definitely got something right.”

Again, he reaches down and lightly grazes my nipples before pinching them hard. A gasp flies out of my mouth, soon swallowed by him as he slides his lips over mine, drinking in my moans. Letting go of my left breast, Mr. Daniels slides his right hand down my skirt and under to touch my inner thighs.

“Spread your legs,” he gasps against my lips, his fingers already pushing forward, urging me to open. I do as he

commands, moaning as his knuckles brush against my clit. “That’s right, my needy girl. Moan for me. You’re in my house now. You can be as loud as you want to be.”

My head drops back as another loud moan erupts from my lips. Everything about this moment is perfection. His commanding voice, the way he touches my body like he owns me. Everything.

“Now, I want you out of these clothes and on that bed. Get on your hands and knees, sticking your ass out as far as it can go.”

This time, I don’t hesitate in my desire to obey him. Reaching behind, I unclasp my bra and let it flutter down to the floor, soon followed by my skirt. Clambering onto the bed, I position myself as he demanded, looking over my shoulder at him.

Need and lust swirl about in my gut, making my core clench. The only thought I have right now is the need to be filled by him. My insides twist as he stalks forward, his heavy tread echoing throughout the room.

“You know what I do to naughty girls that don’t obey me?” he growls against my ass.

“You fire them?”

Chuckling, he pulls back. “If it were at work, yes. But in my bedroom, I have a different method.” He pauses, trailing his fingers across my skin. “Do you want me to show you what I do? How I discipline wayward girls? Tell me, Tiffany, do you want me to spank you?” Unable to speak, I merely nod. “Oh no, my dear wife. I will have your words. Every. Single. One.”

“Y- yes, Sir. Please.”

The crack of his hand against my ass is both shocking and arousing. It doesn't hurt. Not really. But I can feel the restraint quivering under his skin. He could make it hurt very much if he wanted to.

“Well?”

Heat blossoms over my skin, the sting traveling much lower until I ache with need. “Please, Sir. Spank me again.”

CHAPTER 7



*J*effrey

I STARE DOWN AT MY OMEGA, WONDERMENT ZIPPING THROUGH my body. Though I've taken part in sexual games like this before, this is the first time a submissive has ever asked me for more. Granted, I usually don't allow them to say anything when we play, so this is a first on many levels.

Raising my hand again, I let it crash onto the opposite cheek, my cock jerking as the skin turns bright red. Again, I smack her, harder this time. She whimpers, but not in pain. This is pure, unadulterated lust.

Until this moment, I was hesitant to trust the Governing Body. How could they know who would make a great match? In truth, genetics can only go so far. And yet, here's my perfect mate, her body crying out for more.

Gripping her hips in my hands, I ease her over, needing to look into her eyes. They're nearly blown out, pure black rimmed with a light thread of blue. Again, I scent the air, convinced she must be going into heat. But she's not.

This is subspace, pure and simple. And just from me spanking her. Palming my erection, I rub myself through my

pants, desperate to take the edge off. Her wide-eyed gaze of wonder and lust will surely be my undoing.

“We need to talk.” My voice is gruff, rough even, as I drag myself away from the bed.

It takes Tiffany a few moments, but soon, the blue is back. I hate that I have to pull her into reality, but there are some things that are better discussed while she’s in the right frame of mind.

“What is your understanding of this arrangement?”

“Well, we’re together. Married. After six months, if we absolutely cannot make it work, we go our separate ways.”

“And the claiming process?”

“To be agreed upon by both parties. Why?”

“I’m going to claim you, Tiffany. Tonight.”

She gasps, her fingers fluttering to her heart. I wish so desperately to know what she’s thinking, to see into her mind, and I will... soon enough.

“What if I refuse?”

I raise my eyebrow and walk back toward her, noting the hitch in her breath and the swell of her breasts as she takes in my scent. “What exactly can you do about it? Hmm? Fight me?”

“Well, no. But... Are you serious?”

“Deadly.”

“But you don’t even know me. How do you know I’ll still be a good match?”

“Trust me. I didn’t make it as far as I did without being able to read people. You are my match. Perfect in every way.

That will not change for me now, six months from now, or ever.”

“But what if I say no?” She fiddles with her fingers, refusing to look at me.

Scenting the air, I detect a slight hint of apprehension, but nothing as drastic as terror. “Do you want to refrain? Now will be your only chance to have any hope of a say. Convince me. Beg me not to sink my teeth into you, tying us together for all eternity.”

Her large blue eyes blink up at me, but she remains silent. What game is she playing at? I slide my hand up her breastbone, pausing for a few breaths before easing up to curl my fingers around her neck.

Tiffany’s pulse jumps, fluttering against me as I tighten my grip even further. It’s not enough to choke her out, by any means, but it’s enough to show her who’s in command. And, just as I figured, her scent of arousal blossoms even more, flooding the space between us until rational thought threatens to flee my brain.

Reaching down, I bring my fingers up to her pussy, groaning at just how slick she is. “God, Tiffany.” It’s all I manage to say before burying my fingers deep inside.

I capture her lips with mine, easing her back down onto the bed. Stretched out over her, I slip my tongue into her mouth, my motions mimicking the actions down below.

“This is your last chance,” I growl, need pounding through my veins. “Tell me to stop, or by God, I’m claiming you tonight.”

Again, she remains silent, but this time, a small smirk teases the edges of her lips. Good enough. Reaching between

us, I undo my pants and shove them down. Leaving my shirt on, I kick them off, letting them fall to the floor.

Dinner will have to wait. I, however, cannot. Growling softly, I move over her, pinning her with my bulk. Her eyes darken as desire once more perfumes the air. My perfect fucking match.

You would think her light, bright, citrusy tones would clash with my darker, more bitter, musky notes. But they don't. In fact, they blend together, melding in perfect harmony as I notch the head of my cock in her entrance. Darkness and light, yin and yang, Alpha and omega.

Mine. All fucking mine.

The hairs on my body stand on end as I stare down at those pools of black surrounded by sapphire. Slowly, inexorably, I ease my way in, memorizing the curve of her face, the tremble of her lips, and the soft gasps and moans as they filter through the air.

Her pussy ripples about my length as I stretch her wide. Groaning, I pause, reaching between us to strum her clit. Her body bows up, her mouth dropping open as pleasure surges through her, so intense that sound doesn't even come out. Every muscle tightens, strains against me.

My knot swells as her body twists and turns. God, but I've never felt sensations like this before. Deep down, I know I never will. All it does is make me want to claim her even more.

Leaning forward, I nuzzle that space between her neck and shoulder, the spot I'm soon going to taint with my mark. I've given her enough chances to stop this. Now, there's no going back.

I slide my hand up into her hair, holding her, comforting her as I push in even deeper. She moans, her thighs falling open to accommodate the width of my hips. But she's still so small.

With a shift of my arms, I grab her legs so that they drape over me and continue to drive into her, filling her up, stuffing her so full with my cock that all she can do is squirm.

A soft growl vibrates from my chest, drawing more slick from her pussy, easing my way in. So fucking tight. But if I'm causing her any discomfort, she doesn't show it.

Soon, all that remains is my knot. Dragging my cock out just as slowly, I pause for several moments, gazing into her eyes as I drive back in, harder this time. The force of my thrust pushes her across the bed.

Her eyes cross for a moment before she closes them. Bending her further in half, I continue to piston in and out, rutting her like a wild animal. Crazy moans drip from her lips as I own her body, gripping her so tight that all she can do is take it.

Reaching down, I run the pads of my fingers over her clit, drawing feral sounds from her throat as she undulates underneath me. God, I love the sounds of her pleasure as they beat against my skin. So close. So fucking close. I continue to torture her, tease her, forcing her body to come for me as I slam into her with a force that would no doubt break a beta.

Her body molds to mine, as if made for me, opening even more at my rough treatment. Unable to resist the siren call of my release, I pinch her clit. She howls as her head drops back, her body rippling as her orgasm tears through her.

I drop my hands to the bed, caging her head as I pin her legs in place with my chest. With one final thrust, I force myself past her tight ring of muscle. My knot expands, stretching her even further.

Bending low, I lap at her skin, drinking in the salty taste of her. One lick, two, three. With a firm grip, I turn her head to the side and bite down, my cum surging out of me at the first taste of blood on my lips.

My hips rock back and forth of their own accord, dragging my knot against her G-spot. Though she's in obvious discomfort from my bite, she orgasms again, her inner walls milking my cock, drawing even more cum from my body. Light sparks behind my eyelids as threads of the bond weave themselves around us.

I know all about the bond. It's information that's drilled into our heads as children. However, knowing about it and experiencing it are two different things. Thoughts, feelings, and memories flash before my eyes.

None of them belong to me, but instead, the omega writhing beneath my body. I see myself through her mind's eye. To her, I'm a solid pillar of strength and comfort, a safe haven for her to hide. My heart nearly bursts with pride even as the sensations are a bit humbling.

I never realized she saw me that way. In fact, I thought I was nothing but a grumpy asshole to her. All of that, however, is soon overshadowed by the alternating sensations of both pleasure and agony that wash through her. Tempering my constant growl, I allow it to morph into something softer, more comforting.

The purr rumbles out of me, washing over her body. Through the bond, I feel the instant her pain goes away. It's

such a heady notion, to know that I can control her like this. Not only can I see to her comfort, but I can also force my will upon her.

Pulling my teeth from her skin, I lap at the raw edges, doing my best to tend to her while still locked together. My knot continues to pulse as her body tightens around me, stimulating me even as her eyelashes flutter closed, as if needing to sleep.

I hold her close, cradling her head against me as I turn us around so that she's lying on top. The moment her thighs stretch out around me, she groans in satisfaction. My fingers drift over her back, marveling at her soft skin.

She rests there, her breathing matching mine as she stays as still as possible. Inside her mind, however, it's anything but calm. Worries, fears, and apprehension for the future flit through, causing her anxiety to spike.

This just won't do. I strengthen my purr, reveling in the feel of her melting against me. Soon, her mind quiets, allowing her to relax against me. However, it seems to be the calm before the storm.

Soon, she rises, straddling me as she runs her fingers over the crisp hairs of my chest. Her breasts heave and bounce as she rocks her hips back and forth, riding me until my softening cock becomes hard once more.

Tiffany takes her pleasure, fucking me just as hard as I fucked her. I'm unable to resist as pleasure drips down my spine, twisting my insides. I grab her hips, directing the motion, grunting and groaning as my shaft pulses inside her alluring body.

Then, just as my knot swells anew, she bends forward, lapping at my chest. I know just what she has planned, and I don't care. I want to bear her mark the same way she does mine. I'm in this forever, and nothing will ever change that.

The moment her teeth settle over my heart, my balls clench as I empty myself into her again. Her bite, though painful, is nowhere near as agonizing. However, the moment she breaks the skin, the small threads that looped us together strengthen, increasing the bond between us.

Her fingers tremble as she searches my mind, seeking out who I am as a person, and finding the ruthless businessman that lies at my core. But she needn't fear me. She's my most precious acquisition, one that I will never part with. Wrapping my arms around her, I hold her close, whispering nonsensical pleasantries to settle her.

Soon, her eyes flutter close again, and this time, she drops off into a deep sleep. Holding her here, I listen to her heart, smiling as it beats in time with mine. We are so in tune, so in sync. Nothing can ever break this spell between us.

CHAPTER 8



*T*iffany

THREE MONTHS LATER

I STARE AT THE COMPUTER SCREEN, BORED OUT OF MY MIND. Three months of wedded bliss and all I have to show for it is access to any college of my choice. For some reason, Jeffrey doesn't want me back at the office, and I cannot understand why.

I mean, I understand his words, but the reasoning is stupid. Just because we're married doesn't mean I can't be his assistant. It's what I was training as an intern for. What I'm good at.

But now, all I can do is go to class, roam the massive, empty house, or shop. It was fun for the first few weeks. In fact, seeing how much I could spend until I earned a punishment was a reward all in and of itself.

It wore off after a bit, leaving me unsatisfied with life. I still don't know what I want to do, but it's certainly not this. It's not even about some weird, codependent need to be with my Alpha during the day.

I really liked my job. And being told I had to quit was agonizing. Not only did it take away part of something that brought meaning and enjoyment, but it was also somewhere I could still feel close to my dad. Now, I'm just stuck here.

Well, that ends tonight. Once more, my workaholic husband stays at work well past dinner. It's enough. I knew going into this that there would be late nights. That's not what bothers me.

Even when I was still an intern, there would be plenty of nights we burned the midnight oil. But now, it's as if he forgets all about me. I know it's not accurate, seeing as the bond reveals that he's still madly in lust with me, but I still want him to just listen. Leaning down, I scratch the chin of my kitten, a smile crossing my lips.

After that first night, I thought Jeffrey was done with surprises. Instead, he handed me a small kitten. The only other thing I wanted. She stretches and yawns, drawing a giggle from my lips. Oh, to be as carefree as her.

Straightening, I make a beeline for the closet, throwing it open to see what I can wear to entice him. Nothing, however, looks sexy enough. What to do? I tap my lips, my gaze skimming through everything.

And that's when it hits me. Why wear something at all? Tightening a jacket around my naked body, I once more push myself into the bond. Nothing seems amiss. The same as every night he works.

I shake my head and slip into the car, my brain whirling a mile a minute. It takes several moments, but I school my mind into nonchalance. No need for him to know my plan before I get there.

The building is quiet as I go to the front desk. Now, instead of pressing my keycard to the slot to let me in, I have to wait for the guard to do the honors. Yet one more thing I resent about all of this.

It's not that I don't love and crave his dominance, but at some point, I want to do things on my own. Not waiting for others to allow me. Flashing the guard on duty a quick smile, I hurry into the elevator before he can realize that there is absolutely nothing under this coat.

I'm already pushing my luck. I don't need to add any more to my awaiting punishment. At least, I hope there's a punishment. Knowing my husband, just the act of me leaving the house would be enough for him to turn my ass red. But to show up like this?

I'm practically begging for it. Maybe this way, he'll know just how much I need to be near him. How being stuck at home is just killing me. Instead of just being about my future, it morphs into all that and more.

Taking a deep breath, I pause and gather my thoughts. Anticipation floods my body, clenching my insides. Slick gathers at my folds, threatening to drip down my leg.

Thankfully, his office is not that far from the elevator. Placing my ear to the door, I listen for the deep rumble of his baritone. Based on the cadence, he must be on a very important call. It will be just like our wedding day. Only this time, I'll be the pursuer.

No time like the present. Smirk affixed to my face, I throw the door open wide and waltz in. My fingers graze the tie at my waist, nearly undoing it, when my self-preservation kicks in.

Instead of my husband pacing the floor, phone plastered to his face, he sits behind his desk. Glancing around, I note the curious gazes of five other Alphas, all of them sitting down, prim and proper in their suit and ties.

“Allow me to introduce my wife,” Jeffrey grumbles, rising as he motions toward me.

From around me, a chorus of greetings reaches my ear, setting my cheeks to blazing. “I- uh- see that you’re really busy. I’ll just come back.”

“No, no. Come in. I insist.” His voice is laced with steel, a command I cannot resist. One foot in front of the other, I shuffle over to him, the heat in my face growing hotter with each step. “What can I do for you?”

“I- it’s nothing. Really. I can just see you at home.”

“Yes,” he growls, “but then why come down all this way? Surely you have some need that must be addressed right now.”

I squirm under his attentive gaze. It doesn’t matter that five other men watch us, scenting the air, smelling my arousal as it wafts from me. All I can think about is Jeffrey’s thick cock stretching me wide.

My body burns as he wraps his fingers about my waist and hauls me onto his lap. “Well,” he murmurs against my ear, nibbling on the lobe for a moment. “What was so important you needed to interrupt this meeting?”

“Nothing,” I lie, doing my best to pull away from him.

“Oh no, sweet girl. You wanted my attention so badly, and now you got it.” And that’s when I feel him moving about in my mind, aided by the bond. He sees everything. My exasperation, my restlessness, but most of all, my need. “I see. So you need my cock then?”

From the other side of the office, smatterings of masculine laughs fill the room, sending shafts of embarrassment through me. But more than that, there's a sort of daring, an allure knowing that these men know just how badly I want my Alpha.

Ahhh, he whispers into my mind. My little wife is an exhibitionist? Every day I just keep finding new things about you that make me love you even more.

My heart stops for a moment at his words. *Love?*

You doubted it?

Well, you never said it.

Neither did you.

He has me there. Blinking up into his eyes, I take his scent deep into my lungs. "Really, I can just leave. It's okay."

"No," he barks out, wrapping his arm around me, holding me close to him. "What is the one thing I always say?" Pausing he glances about the men before pausing on the one closest to the door. "Jackson?"

"All actions have consequences."

"Correct. Now then, Tiffany. You have two choices. One, you will go home right now, and I will deal with you later. And trust me..." He forces my chin up so my gaze meets his again. "You might not like those consequences. Or two, you take your pleasure here and now in front of these men. The choice is yours, omega."

All the while, I feel his mind in mine, probing me, searching for my true feelings. Though one hundred percent in control, there's still that part that's always checking in, worried about my well-being. It's touching, and hot as fuck.

“They have to watch?”

His lips split into a wolfish grin. “Isn’t that what you want?” It is. Deep down, I’ve always wondered what it would be like to have someone watch as my Alpha reduces me to a puddle of slick and goo. “Your choice, omega. But know this. If you choose to go home, you will not be allowed an orgasm tonight. Punishment for interrupting this important meeting.”

Silently, I nod, catching myself after a moment or two. “Yes, Sir.”

“Yes, Sir what?”

“Please fuck me in front of your men.”

“Well, since you asked so nicely.” Rising, he undoes his pants, addressing the men once more.

I can’t understand the words flowing out of his mouth. I’m far too consumed with the eroticism of his massive erection jutting out from his hips. He continues on with his meeting as if nothing at all is happening between us, and I’m both stunned and aroused.

His acumen for business always made me wet, but seeing him in action like this... Unflappable, unfazed, unmoved? It’s almost more than I can handle. Biting down on my lower lip, I open up the front of my jacket, keeping the back of it hugging me so that my body is his and his alone. I turn more toward him, taking care to keep as covered as possible while I expose myself to my husband. But Jeffrey isn’t having any of it.

While still going over stocks and mathematics, he rips the coat from my body and tosses it to the floor before sitting back down in his large leather chair. I do my best to block out the men as I crawl onto his lap, but again, my husband has other plans.

Taking me by the waist, he turns me around, so I have no choice but to look these other Alphas in the eye. Slowly, he lowers me down, and I moan as the head of his cock brushes against my lower lips.

“Spread yourself out for me, Tiffany,” he groans, pausing in his meeting. “That’s a fucking good girl.” Holding my back against his chest, he rocks his hips, pushing his length through my folds and across my clit.

I hold back a moan as I let my head fall back against him. I’m helpless as arousal swamps my senses. All I can think about is his cock inside me. Once more, he lifts me back up. “Guide me in, sweetheart. Let these men see how well you take my cock.”

At his dirty words, a gasp slips from my lips. I reach in between us, grabbing his shaft with a firm grasp. He groans as he lowers me onto him, sinking into my wet heat. From this angle, he feels impossibly huge, stretching me out until I can no longer think straight.

With his hands about my waist, he moves me, urging my body up and down as one of the Alphas starts on a presentation. I cannot concentrate on the words flying about the room, only the feeling of Jeffrey’s strong hands as they urge me to an explosive orgasm.

Reaching down, he brushes against my clit, drawing a moan from my lips. But no one stops. No one seems to pay any attention. It’s as if I’m in a bubble where only my husband and I reside.

Emboldened, I ride him harder, squeezing my inner walls. He falters a few times but barely loses his concentration. I, on the other hand, can barely think straight. His fingers are rough

as they play with my clit, plucking, strumming, and pinching until I'm gasping, desperate for air.

When my orgasm hits, it slams into me, stealing the remaining breath in my body until all I can do is strain against him. No words, no sounds leave my lips. It's as if the world stops for those precious moments, and nothing exists.

He runs his nose up my neck, pausing as he gets to my ear. "Good fucking girl. I love it when you come on my cock like that." He pulls back away and grabs ahold of me, moving my body up and down.

His cock swells as he uses me like a fucktoy, sparking more sensation through my body. Moans bubble up through my lips as his knot swells, stretching me out even further.

With a loud groan, he sinks me back down onto his cock as his knot expands, tying me to him. We both gasp in the chair as the men gather up their things and exit. Somehow, I'd missed that the meeting was coming to a close.

Brushing some damp hair away from my face, Jeffrey presses a kiss to my temple. "What's this really about? You know you can have my cock any time. You don't have to come here and beg for it."

"I know. I just... I hate it at home. I'd rather be here with you."

"But your schooling-"

I cut him off, knowing what he's going to say. "Yes. If I find something else I'd rather do, then fine. But I was perfectly happy here. I want to follow in my father's footsteps." I pause for a moment, swallowing for a moment. "Your footsteps. What I can learn under you, they can't teach in school."

"Damn right," he growls, holding me close.

“I’m serious.”

Sighing, he runs his fingers up and down my arms. “We’ll talk about it.”

“That’s all I ask.”

“But I swear to God, if you distract me from my work-”

“What?” I tease, wriggling my hips, drawing a groan from his lips. “You’ll spank me?”

“Spank you, plug you, make you wear a vibrating panty at work... Shall I go on?”

“If you want. But you don’t need to sell me. I already want to be here.”

“What am I going to do with you, my stubborn wife?”

“Fuck me into submission?”

“Well, that’s a given.” Pausing, he cups my breasts, his sighs heavy as they wash across the top of my head. “You’ll, of course, be in my office with me.”

“That’s a given,” I giggle, copying him.

“And I won’t go easy on you.”

“I wouldn’t expect any less.”

“You’re going to be the death of me, you know.”

Lips twisting into a wide grin, I clench my inner walls, massaging his cock. “But not until we have some fun first.”

EPILOGUE



*J*effrey

SIX-MONTH POINT

I GLANCE OVER AT MY WIFE, WATCHING AS HER NOSE scrunches while she peers over some papers. She's so adorable that I can't help the squeeze of emotion that threatens to clog my throat. Needing to release some of the tension, I ease my hand into my desk, gazing over at her intently while I press the button.

With a small yelp, she jumps up and squeezes her thighs together, her face turning a light pink. A faint buzzing fills the room as I keep the vibrator on its highest setting. Watching her squirm, my cock twitches as she tries her hardest to keep her composure but fails every second that ticks by.

Just as a light knock sounds at the door, I turn it off, chuckling at Tiffany's look of mock rage as she glares at me. Lunch will be soon, and I have no problem making up for my devilish antics. Six months...

If they asked me then if I'd be happily married with my mate working with me side by side, I would have said they

were crazy. Yet, here I am, the happiest man on the planet. I couldn't ask for a better half than her.

Tucking my tie into my jacket, I ignore the daggers Tiffany sends my way as I go to open the door. Right on time. Based on the gleaming insignia on their jacket, this is none other than an operative of the Governing Body.

I let the stranger inside and show him to his chair. This is all a formality, but an important one, nonetheless. Glancing over at Tiffany, the man pushes his glasses up his nose and clears his throat.

“I see you're both already together. Good. That will make this much quicker.”

Motioning for Tiffany to come closer to me, we sit there for about half an hour, answering the inane questions until he's satisfied. Besides, what else could we say that we haven't already?

She wears my mark. There's no way she's leaving me. Not now. Not ever. Anger at the very thought of her choosing to end this blasts through me, making me see red. However, a cool, calming presence brushes through my mind. It's as if she's trailing her fingers across the ridges of my brain, extinguishing the flames of my rage.

Once he leaves, Tiffany winds her hands around my neck, dropping her lips against mine for a soft kiss. “Close the blinds,” I order. “We're taking lunch early.”

“Yes, Sir,” she giggles, wiggling her ass as she does my bidding.

Loosening my tie, I watch the show, my cock surging up as she bends low, pulling the blinds all the way to the floor. As

she gets to the last one, I walk up behind her, unbuckling my pants and dropping them to the floor.

I don't even give her a chance to finish before yanking her away and flipping up her skirt. The panties I put her in are drenched, making my mouth water. Shoving the fabric to the side, I surge forward, filling her with one stroke.

We both groan in unison, the lurid sound filling my brain, making it buzz. Holding her tight, I impale her, snapping my hips forward, ramming my cock so hard into her tight, pulsing pussy that I nearly send her toppling over. Tiffany plants her hands onto the floor and pushes back, rubbing her ass against me as I fill her up.

Sex is frantic, hurried, and desperate. Even after six months, I still crave her like I crave air. She is my better half, my mate, the one woman I could never live without. As I empty my seed into her, I know that it will only be a matter of hours before I want to do so again.

Before Tiffany, all I thought about was work. But now that she's here, I cannot see a life where I'm not constantly touching her, caressing her, or fucking her. And to think I foolishly thought I could fuck her once and get her out of my system. She's an itch I can no longer scratch, a part of me that will never go away.

Both of us heaving, I brush my lips against her hair, holding her close as my knot binds us together. "I love you, Tiffany Daniels," I murmur against her.

Through the bond, I can feel her heart swell with mirroring love and devotion.

"And I love you, my dirty CEO."

The End

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED MY FIRST TIME VENTURING INTO contemporary omegaverse. It was sooooo much fun, and I cannot wait to give you more stories of arranged matches. Keep on the lookout for these short, sexy tales. But in the meantime, if you like omegaverse, check out my free historical omegaverse prequel: [The Duke's Christmas Rejection](#) as well as my free darker dystopian omegaverse prequel: [Prelude to a Revolution](#).

Don't forget to sign up to my [newsletter](#) to keep up to date on all my releases and personal news about me.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Vivian is a sassy romance writer that likes to brat just as much as she writes. As a fly-by-the-seat-of-her-pants author, she's usually working furiously into the night when her creative juices hit her the hardest. Her books like to take you to the dark side and force you to dip your toes in, but don't drown you. She loves writing alphaholes, anti-heroes, and heroes you just love to hate. She likes to try out everything she's putting her heroines through, so the phrase "for science" is used in her house a lot! When she's not writing, you can probably find her playing Animal Crossing or tormenting her cats and Husdom.



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