



AN  
OMEGA  
WITCH'S  
*Dating Handbook*

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ALPHA

JOE SATORIA

HOW TO MATE AN ALPHA

*An Omega Witch's Dating Handbook*

**JOE SATORIA**

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This book contains material suitable only for mature readers.

Thank you to my team of eagle eyes.

Tonya, Nikki, and Sarah.

Any additional errors are all mine, but if you do find them,  
you can email me at [joesatoria@gmail.com](mailto:joesatoria@gmail.com)

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## **BLURB**

*Who knew “prove you’re an Alpha” was a good pick-up line?*

Rocco Hayda has everything; a found family coven, a bountiful garden, and healing hands. The one thing that’s missing, is an Alpha to treat him right.

Determined to write his own destiny, Rocco invokes potent omega witch magic.

Ignacio Cortez owns a billion-dollar pheromone company. And as a solitary panther shifter he’s unbound by pack loyalty.

Craving connection, Ignacio prowls the edges of society in search of a mate. Someone who doesn’t know his name, or scent.

The threads of fate entwine their lives, but there’s one question Rocco has that the Omega Witch’s Dating Handbook didn’t answer... how do you mate an Alpha when you’ve never been with anyone? And how will he know if he’s the one?

*How to Mate an Alpha is part of the Omega Witch’s Dating Handbook series. Each story follows an omega witch in search of their fated mate through magical means. You’ll find plenty of knots, ruts, and heats... oh my!*

# 1. IGNACIO

Strobe lights rained over the private booth in the VIP area. The heavy thrum of music vibrated against my skin like I was standing right beside the speakers, having each beat suck and blow me.

It was my nightly venture. I never drank. Everyone around me did. Bottles of champagne popped, barely audible over the music. I was fixed in my thoughts, staring out into the abyss of sweaty bodies as they all tried to make eye contact, hoping for an invite.

This wasn't my style.

I preferred my men with a little more autonomy over themselves. The last thing I wanted was to fuck someone who was so drunk or high that they couldn't appreciate me. Plus, everyone in here was human, and as much as they all wanted me, I'd done as much as I could to keep my truth from overpowering the space.

Everyone who could afford it wore my scent.

It drove the masses insane. Feral. And it kept anyone from sniffing me out.

“Hey, Nacho,” my friend, a loose term, Peter said, sitting beside me in the booth seat. “Why don't you point at one of them and I'll pick them up out of the crowd for you.”

Peter had two guys in the booth with him, both of them had been busy leaving hickeys on his neck and exposed chest. Peter was human. Average looking. He didn't know why

people wanted him. I could list every reason why, but he was so happy in his oblivion.

“I’m good,” I told him. “If you want to invite someone else in, do it.” I was happy to sit here and have every thought and feeling overwhelm me to the point I gave in and was part of the music, lights, and obsessive glances.

“You’re a boss,” he said, smacking at my leg. “Are we doing an after party at yours?”

“Not tonight,” I told him, scanning the bodies.

Humans. There was peace among the humans. It drove a tickle up my spine. A comfort I didn’t feel around my people, wherever they were.

Most nights were like this. It started out with dinner at a fancy restaurant. Peter, Henry, Carlos, were my friends who would occasionally cycle through meals with me. Peter was the only one without a job, so he was always around, and yet, I didn’t really know him more than I knew his appetite for fucking strangers.

When I was twenty, fifteen years ago, I founded a cologne. A single cologne sampled and pulled from my own pheromones. It sold out. It continued to sell out every single time it was restocked. As demand increased, so did the price, and before I knew it, there were more zeroes after the first in my bank account than I knew what to do with.

“Hey,” I said, getting Peter’s attention as a third guy had come into the booth and sat on his lap, pouring champagne into his mouth, and missing. “I’m gonna head out. You know the score.”



Peter winked at me.

The score was to spend whatever he wanted, it wasn't like it would dent my bank balance.

Everyone knew me here. And thankful for the favorable treatment as I got to leave the club out of a private exit.

This was Los Angeles, everyone was someone here. Famous people walked the streets, snapped by the paparazzi. I'd enjoyed the limelight once, but for someone like me, that was dangerous.

My driver, Don was outside. It was a relief to see. I leaned against the black Mercedes and enjoyed the quiet for a moment. Down the road, I could see the entrance to the club, the pop and flash of camera lights were still very active. I pulled out a herbal cigarette from the inside pocket of my suit. It was lavender and other relaxing herbs. It helped me after the brain squeezing noise from the club.

"Busy evening?" Don asked, standing beside me.

"Always," I told him. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting long."

"No, no, I was working through my puzzle book," he said. "Are we waiting for your guests?"

He was referring to Peter. It amused me how he didn't refer to him as a friend, but a guest, because it really felt like he was a guest in my life rather than a friend. "He's busy," I said. "I think we should take the long way back."

"Of course," he said.

After a couple tokes on the cigarette, I pinched the end, taking momentary pleasure in the burn only for it to vanish and heal completely.

The long way home was to drive through some of the areas of the city under development with high homeless populations. I put a lot of money into making sure people could find shelter, food, and the basic tools to survive. And most of those areas were filled with needy omegas who'd been left behind. It was sad to see, I wished I could've taken them all in, but I'd already tried that, and I was not cut out to lead a pack.

Most of the money paid for omegas to get heat suppressants, but still, a lot of them returned to working on the streets.

Once I'd seen enough, I gave Don a nod and he drove straight to the house in the hills. It was awful. But once I was behind those gates, I forced myself to stop thinking about them. There was only so much I could help.

As a child, I was raised in those poorer parts of the city. My mom was an omega who had been abandoned by her pack. I never knew pack life. I only knew that once I hit puberty and found myself, everyone wanted something from me. I didn't really know what it meant to be an Alpha until I caught the scent of an omega. I wanted to fuck him so bad, I pulled an entire row of metal lockers from the school wall. I didn't manage to fuck that omega, he transferred school the next day.

I'd always known about the world, and how humans were unaware. I had men and women fawn all over me from

the age of fifteen. But I never had anyone in my life other than my mom and she instilled her omega view of the world on me. She didn't know what to do with me.

I learned everything the hard way, taking an interest in science to better understand. Without it, I could've been one of those Alphas leaving a wake of pregnant omegas behind. That was the last thing I ever wanted to do.

I didn't mesh well with love at all. I never wanted someone to be all over me because of my scent, because they only wanted one thing, and that was all physical.

"Mr. Cortez," Don called out as the car parked.

Lost in thought, swimming through the darkest depths of my psyche was never fun, but something I always found myself doing when I was alone.

"Huh?" I grumbled, clearing my throat. "Thanks, Don."

"There appears to be someone at your door."

Since this was a gated community, having someone at the door meant they were a resident here, or someone who was very sneaky. I looked through the window to see a figure, sitting on the doorstep.

"Want me to get rid of them?" he asked. "I can call security."

If they'd gone through all this trouble, there was no harm in seeing what they wanted. "That's ok," I said. "You should get home."

Out of the car, the porch light turned on.

The figure turned and looked up at the light.

They didn't appear homeless. Well-dressed in fact. A dinner jacket, slacks, and carried the faint perfumed fruit on them.

"Hello," I said, announcing myself to them as I appeared within the light.

They stood, their heartbeat fast like heavy applause.  
"Hi—hi—hi—I—"

His scent was stronger now. My upper lip twitched, wrinkling my nose. "Omega," I grumbled. "You're an omega."

"I'm Rocco," he said, holding out a red rose to me. "I think you're my mate."

## 2. ROCCO

### *Eight Hours Earlier*

I was the first to do it. My heat cycle was about to start, and that's when this type of magic was most potent.

It was a full house as everyone watched me take the potion that had been brewing for a year. I was ingesting mine for full potency and to make sure there was no mistaking who my fated mate was.

Kyro's grandma, Sylene, had become somewhat our coven mother, without being part of the coven. It was a whole thing. She had been our guiding hand since joining us a year ago with her book. *The Omega Witch's Dating Handbook*. It was all her teachings, and the five of us omega witches; me, Nero, Lazlo, Evander, and Kyro had been learning from her. Kyro was with Mordeziel though, and their thing was entirely different. Mordeziel was a demon and they had a hellhound pup, who was getting quite large, but still slobbery and cute, like a Doberman.

"I'm nervous," I announced with my cup full of the potion.

Evander, the coven leader was not taking part in any of the mate finding magic, but he wasn't disapproving of it. He was just crushing hard on someone in town and scared if he took any potion, he might not feel the same way. "Don't be

nervous,” he said. “You’re gonna find someone special on the other side of that spell.”

“If it’s anything like what happened with me,” Kyro began, rolling his eyes.

“Oh, hush,” Sylene chuckled. “If I’d told you I’d slipped you a mating spell, I think things would’ve been different.”

“What if it doesn’t work?” I mumbled.

“It will work,” Sylene reassured me. “Now, once you’ve taken the potion, you need to cast the teleportation and it’ll send you straight to their door.”

Taking deep breaths, my thoughts were zooming so fast. “I look ok, right?”

“You look great,” they all said.

Mordeziel’s demon tail came up in front of me. “Don’t forget the flower you picked,” he said.

A red rose straight from the rose bush I’d grown outside. “Thank you. I don’t know where on Earth they might be.”

We all shared the same worried glances and expressions. Since Mordeziel was from Hell, we all knew that it wasn’t off the table. I just hoped my mate was on Earth, and hopefully they were a witch too. Maybe someone who loved to garden and grow veggies as much as I did.

“You’re taking your time,” Sylene said. “For months you’ve been talking and planning this. You’ve had that outfit

in a garment bag on the back of your bedroom door. It's been steamed, starched, and pressed twice already."

"Steamed, yes, but not starched, I'm not some ad-exec in the 80s," I grumbled.

"You're wasting time," Nero said, tapping his wristwatch. "C'mon, I wanna know what it's like so I can take mine."

It happened so fast. I drank the potion. It was earthy. A delight on the senses. And then I cast the teleportation.

A blur took me.

I hated teleportation.

Opening my eyes. It was brighter. I didn't know exactly where I was, but the house I stood in front of wasn't a house at all. It was a mansion.

\* \* \*

I'd almost given up. But something told me to stick around.

He was well-dressed, finally feeling like waiting around had paid off.

"You're mistaken," he said, ignoring the red rose. "I don't have a mate."

"Oh," I hugged the rose to my chest. "I was—that's ok. Never mind." I was told when I met him, he would sweep me up under his wing and my mind would be blown by the connection. "You—you live here, right?"

“Yeah,” he said, stepping closer. His eyes rolled back as he inhaled, almost like he was sucking in all the oxygen from around me. “You are—something else.”

“You already know I’m an omega,” I said.

He smiled. “I’m Ignacio, and—I’m curious how you got in here, and why you think it’s ok to wait on my porch.”

“Ok, so it’s a funny story actually,” I said, my smile fading as he didn’t look impressed. “Um. I’m sorry. Where am I?”

“What?”

“Long story short, I cast a spell to find my mate, it landed me here, and—”

His tongue wet his lips. “Are you telling me you’ve bewitched me into wanting you?” he asked. “Just because I’m—I’m—”

“You’re a what?” I asked.

“I’m an Alpha, it doesn’t mean I’ll fuck you.” He ground his teeth together with a crunching noise. “And definitely not while you’re in—heat.”

The heat flashed around my neck and down my back. “Prove it,” I mumbled. “Prove you’re an Alpha.” Of course, I was in heat. The spell required it. And I was sweating out pheromones. “I—I’m—I’m sorry.” I dropped to my knees, holding the rose to him. His overbearing presence quickly overwhelmed me. “This isn’t how I imagined. I’m sorry. I didn’t cast a spell on you. Please. Don’t hurt me.”



“I’m just—” he closed his eyes and let out a long exhale. “I’m not used to having people show up at my door, let alone someone who says they cast a spell on me, for me, or whatever. But the spell is cast, so why don’t you come inside.” He accepted the rose.

I smiled at him. “I grew that in my garden,” I said. “I’ve been growing it for a long time. I hope you like it.”

“And I don’t need to prove that I’m an Alpha.” He sniffed the rose, a wry smile appearing on his lips. “I don’t usually invite complete strangers into my home, but I can’t really turn an omega in heat away now, can I?” His brows raised on his forehead. “There’s no telling what might get you out in the dark lonely night.”

I kept it a secret that I had another teleportation potion in my pocket to get back home if this turned dangerous in any way. If my mate was dangerous, perhaps a demon in Hell, like Kyro’s mate.

Once inside the mansion, I couldn’t keep my mouth closed from how I stared. It was magical. Everything about this place was dominating my senses. I felt my ass open a little, loosened by the overpowering auras.

“You want something to eat?” he asked.

My stomach then grumbled, almost on cue. “Yes, please. I’m starving. I’ve barely eaten today. This is such a big—thing. I—I didn’t want to eat too much before the spell, and then I didn’t eat anything, so—”

Ignacio gently shushed, a smile widening behind his soft voice. “I live here alone, everything echoes.”

I hadn't noticed. "It's a big place does your entire pack live here," I noted.

"I live here alone. My mother lived with me too, but now she has her own place and travels," he said. "I'm honestly not too sure why I have such a large house, but it's comforting in some ways. I'm not sure I can even explain or understand it."

"I live in a cottage," I said. "It's a cottage for the coven. We're all omega witches, it's a lot of fun, and well, we all came together because our families were awful. They're my best friends."

It felt like I was walking through a small town with the time it took to get to the kitchen. Nero would've come to an immediate orgasm if he saw this place. He was always cooking in the coven, the official but unofficial coven cook.

"Your friends," he said, pulling out a metal stool for me to sit on at the counter. "Did they help you with this spell?"

"It's a funny story actually. Kyro, the newest witch to the coven, his grandma lives with us as our guide. Well, anyway, she has a book about dating, love, and finding a soulmate."

He stopped to stare at me. "I'm don't have a soulmate," he said. "I've already realized that much about myself."

But the spell had brought me to him. "Fate is fate," I said.

"And what if—" his eyes flashed yellow. "What if you never cast that spell? How would we meet? What fate would

that be?”

“Ok, so here’s the thing,” I cleared my throat. I had been preparing for this. “Not everyone gets to be with their fated mate, that’s just how unfortunate the world is sometimes. I was the same as you once, because I didn’t think I would ever find love.”

“And did you?”

I hoped I was staring at my future love. “It’s still too early.”

“Me,” he gestured, a hand to his chest. “So, say we do fall in love, what then?” He took his fancy jacket off wafting his delicious scent in my direction.

I went from giving a talk on fate to giving him goo-goo eyes. “Oh, I—I—”

“It’s ok,” he said. “I’m only asking because I don’t have the answer. I’d love it if you knew.”

It was impossible to stop staring at him now. My heart pulsed. And my hunger had completely vanished. I knew I was in the early stage of my heat, but his scent had triggered the swell of panic-filled lust throughout me. “Then—we fuck, a lot.” I pushed away from the stool to stand. “We connect our bodies in the way Alphas have been showing their omegas love for thousands of years.”

“I’m—” he stared at me, licking his lips. “I’m not going to give this anything.”

“What?” I asked, gulping on a breath.

“You,” he said. “It’s probably better actually, if you left. I’m not sure what type of magic you’ve got yourself involved in, but—this shouldn’t go any further.”

“It’s not evil magic, it’s good, it’s help, it’s support, it’s not forcing either of us to do anything.” Our current hormone entanglement, specifically, his against mine and how my omega heat reacted to them.

He turned around and punched his fist against the metal refrigerator door. His knuckles left an imprint. It made this much worse. “If I fuck you, it’s because I want to, not because of a spell.” His forced words spoken to the fridge door had me growing stuffy inside this suit.

I reached out and grabbed the jacket he’d folded on the counter. His scent was all over it. “That’s not magic,” I said, pulling his jacket to my face and inhaling deep. “That’s just nature.”

Slowly, turning back to me, his eyes yellow. “It’s been days since I fucked, and I make it a point not to go near omegas in heat. I don’t want to bring life into this world.”

“Please,” I whispered. “If you’re my one true mate, then it’s easier. If not, then at least we’ll have some fun before I have to leave.”

He smiled at me. “I’m a panther shifter,” he said. “I don’t have a pack. By choice. And I’m not going to start one.”

“But you’re also an Alpha, so I’ll do anything you say.” I wet my lips a little before putting the jacket down. “As long as you don’t really tell me to leave. And—” I cleared my throat. “I’m a virgin.”

We were stuck for a moment. He was ready to say it. I could feel the words about to roll off his tongue.

### 3. IGNACIO

I couldn't have him leave. What he was saying was right. This was nature. His scent reacting to mine. It was biology, and it had been a couple of days since I'd last explored it. But I'd never explored an omega in heat. And definitely never a virgin.

It was dangerous to have him here. I'd already punched my fridge door. Next, I'd feel compelled to smash the granite countertops or tear a door off its hinges. It was like small bursts of energy being pushed out of a small, compressed point in my body.

“You want me to fuck you?” I asked.

That's what this was. This was all about sex for him. And I suppose he must've come a long way to get it. I could do sex, but I wasn't going to sit around and mess with someone and call them a soulmate. Fate had a plan for me, my success was my fate. There was no way life had planned for me to have another success.

“Right now,” he whispered, his chest swelling bigger with each breath. “But only if you want to.”

I stepped closer to him. “Actually, before you even opened your mouth and I saw you standing in this suit, I thought, this would look better if it was in the trash.”

“Actually,” he said, “I thrifted pieces from a dumpster, so it was in the trash once.”

He reminded me of those omegas I'd grown up around. Sweet, so eager to impress and to please. It wasn't so much a turn on as it was endearing. "I want to warn you," I whispered. "This is a one-time thing. I'll fuck you and then you can go home and tell your friends the spell didn't work."

Little cogs spun behind his eyes. He nodded. "But if we're meant to be together," he mumbled. "I think that's going to be an issue."

The chubbed cock in my expensive, designer slacks wasn't showing any signs of deflating, even as he continued to talk about fated mates. There was only one way to solve that. "Back on your knees." I'd enjoyed him in that position on my porch.

He dropped to it. His hands already pawing at the zipper of my slacks.

There was no waiting around. I pulled my uncut cock out, already producing precum around the tip. And it went straight into his mouth like a pacifier, he sucked on it like he was trying to get to the core of my scent. It drove humans wild, but it drove omegas feral. Not only did they want a taste, but they also wanted it itself.

And I thought he was a virgin. I didn't know much about them, but I had assumed they weren't the type of people to immediately try and jump into bed with me. It was exciting though. I had been searching for someone to screw tonight, it was my nature, just like it was in his nature to want to get screwed.

Watching him pull my cock out, I chewed on my lip trying not to let him see what I was thinking. I had a lot of

thoughts, and most of them were all about how I was going to ruin this little omega's hole, but in the best possible way. I wondered how much he knew as he wrapped his wet lips around the tip of my cock, pushing the foreskin back with his tongue.

“You're good at that, for a virgin,” I noted, moving around to lean against the counter.

“I've done plenty of hand and mouth stuff,” he said, pulling away, a string of saliva and precum trailing from his lips to my cock.

The more he sucked my cock, the less annoyed I became that he'd cast a spell which brought him to my place. I didn't know if I liked the idea of it having any control over me, but since he was an omega in heat, there was already a certain amount of control he had over my Alpha body.

A sensitive shiver ran through me. I grabbed the back of his head and pushed it gently on my cock. I didn't want his mouth to come away from me, not for a second. He'd brought this on himself, and if he was going to get what he came here for, then he'd have to put some work in to really please me.

There was no sign of him giving up, gagging, or choking. He did just as my hand movements pleased. A big smile on his face when I pulled him away to take a look at his face. He was dribbling, down his chin, making a mess around the collar of his shirt. It didn't really fit well in the first place. He'd look better with it off.

“Ok, virgin,” I said, hooking a finger lightly under his chin. I pulled him to his feet. “You're going upstairs, you're going to take a warm shower, I have some soaps for you, and



then you'll join me in the bedroom." It was my ritual. Whenever I fucked, people carried scents with them, often too many scents for me to focus on them. Rocco's omega scent was there, but it was clouded by cologne and the smell of him puttering around in a garden bed. Distracting.

He stared into my eyes and nodded. There was no questioning why I asked him to do it, just a simple nod of his head and a smile. Maybe there was something to that spell he'd cast. An obedience, perhaps, I wasn't going to question it, even though I was still curious.

The mansion had several rooms, most of which had their own smaller ensuite bathroom. But only two of those rooms had beds, and only one of them was behind a locked door.

I always locked my room. When friends were over, they seemed to think there was a scavenger hunt game where they used their noses to find a new formula or cologne. My cologne was laced with my own pheromones, taken straight from droplets of my sweat. Nobody knew that; it would ruin the appeal, like seeing how the sausage was made.

"Wow," Rocco let out as I opened my bedroom door. It was followed by an intense moan. A hit of my scent, pure and unbridled from the room. My scent clung to everything I wore, and more intensely on the bed. "I wanna—"

"Rub yourself on my things," I finished for him. I knew exactly what he wanted to do. He wasn't the first person I'd brought in here, and they all wanted the same thing. To curl up and purr, like a cat rolling in catnip, I knew I had a

hold over people, specifically omegas. “Go shower,” I told him, gesturing to the open door at the other side of the room.

The bedroom was large, a king size bed, cream sheets and a red silk cover over my duvet.

There was something special about the way he walked over to the bathroom, glancing back to me. People usually headed straight in and explored, but he seemed to wait, as if I was joining him. That wasn’t the case. I’d get myself all over him once he was clean, and not a moment before.

He might’ve thought I’d been someone who slept with everyone, but that wasn’t the case. I just had a routine, and I knew how to make my routine work. Plus, given my wealth and my pulsating Alpha energy, I could ask for anything, and it would be delivered.

I undressed, slowly, seeing myself in the ceiling mirror. I laid and watched myself, my muscles flexed, and my hard cock throbbed, tapping precum just below my belly button. Tonight, I hadn’t intended on fucking, especially nobody from the club, but since Rocco was standing at the door of my house, he tempted me, and temptation was never easy.

“Don’t put your clothes on,” I called out as I heard the shower cut out. “Use the towel. And get out here.” I placed my hands behind my head and continued to look at my physique in the mirror.

Rocco’s wet feet tapped against the tile from the bathroom. “Oh,” he let out. “I—”

I watched him as he looked up at the ceiling and then back at me. “I’ll be gentle,” I told him.

He smiled, nervously and shrugged. “You’re my—my mate, you can do whatever you want with me.”

Usually, someone saying that to me would have my cock twitching harder, but instead, I made me wonder more about what spell he’d cast. And I tried not to question him, not while he was stood with a towel wrapped around his body, hiding himself from me. “I already told you I’d fuck you; you don’t have to keep saying that.” I knew already I wasn’t meant for a mate; I was sold on my single life.

“Ok.” He dropped his towel, revealing his body to me. There was a little hair just above his hard cock.

“How do you feel?” I wondered how the soap had worked, it was supposed to neutralize his scent and stop him from spreading his omega heat pheromones everywhere. So far, I hadn’t been hit by another scent bashing me.

Playfully, he pushed on his cock, and it came back, whacking his belly. “Like I’m gonna be horny forever.”

I patted the bed. “How does that work?” I asked. “You’re a virgin. What do you do when you’re in heat?”

Slowly, Rocco sat on the side of the bed. “I take suppressants, but then I also masturbate a lot, and I have some toys that help too,” he said. “Big toys. They have this—” the wetness in his mouth made a gulp. “Pump that you can use to swell the toy like it’s—” he glanced at my cock. “Like it’s knotting.”

“Oh.” I chewed my bottom lip. “And that’s what you can handle?”

“Toys are toys,” he whispered, laying his head down on the pillow beside me and staring up at the ceiling mirror. “I’ve never—” he gulped, reaching a hand he grabbed my torso, his finger making small circles around my nipple. “Never been with an Alpha before.”

I turned my head to look him in the eye. “Let’s just say for a second that we are supposed to be together,” I mused. “Were you saving yourself?”

A slow nod of his head told me everything I needed to know. And it woke the beast in me. Not quite the panther shifter, but the other beast, the one with insatiable sexual hunger. To dine on an untouched omega, one who’d saved himself for me, it did something to me. “Then tonight, I’ll make it a night for you to remember.”

## 4. ROCCO

There was something nice about his acceptance of me.

“Of all my friends, I’m the only virgin,” I said. “I know I can be a good mate, I’ve practiced a lot.” I felt the need to preface and tell him that. But he didn’t seem to care.

There was lust in his eyes.

And from everything I knew, that was exactly where you needed to have them. Lusting after you, trying to control the way their body reacted to your omega scent. It was a little scary to see his eyes flash yellow. I’d been worried about the type of Alpha I would attract. Some of them were very dangerous, and yet, that had my cock throbbing a little harder. I was almost begging for the sensation of him to tear me open with his bulbous cock and stretch me with the way I was leaking slick.

His hand slipped between my legs, touching the light wetness. The guys in the coven said it was like a natural lubricant, and it would drive any Alpha insane to get a taste.

Ignacio was swift. He moved like he’d done this hundreds of times before. It was comforting to feel his experience on my skin. He went down on me, first with the hand, and then with his head, he pushed my legs so my knees were against my chest. They buckled for a moment as a tickling traveled down my body. It was his tongue that played me like an instrument. I didn’t know what gifts he had, but the

gift of giving good tongue wasn't something I'd been warned about.

I moaned, my back arching out as I held onto my legs. I saw what was happening from the ceiling mirror. His hands pulled my ass cheeks as he buried his head between them, his tongue touching spots inside me that I'd never felt before, even with a finger or toy in there.

Each moan had him burying his tongue in my ass a little deeper. I didn't know how it was possible for him to do that, but it must've been his gift.

He stopped as the tingling sensation continued through me. Vibrating up both my legs.

“You taste—” he licked his lips, pulling my hands away from holding my knees. “So untouched. So clean.”

It made sense, he'd just made me shower. “Th—thank you.” I was struggling for breath. “Is that what it'll feel like?”

He shrugged. “I don't know what it feels like for you.” He spread my legs out and paused with both hands resting on my inner thighs. He looked at my body. “All I know is, you're in heat, it's going to be intense, and you might even scream a little.” He climbed to his knees, placing a knee on each of my inner thighs. “And I won't be able to stop myself once I start.”

These were all the stories I'd been told. The rest of the coven had all lost their virginities, they'd told me stories about how Alphas became feral around sex, and their need to fuck until they were done and not the omega, was the first thing they warned me about. I was right to be nervous.

“You want my consent?” I whispered in a shallow breath.

“I thought I already had it,” he said, teasing a nipple between a finger and thumb. “You came to my house, you came looking for me, you gave me your consent. I’m just making you aware that you’re a virgin, and I’m—” he screwed his eyes as he squeezed my nipple. “I’m someone who tries not to fuck an omega in heat.”

I wanted to reach out and grab him. “Is that bad?”

“I don’t want to impregnate you,” he whispered, shaking his head slowly.

“I’ve already taken a blocker,” I told him. “Because then if there’s—”

He smiled. “That’s all you had to say from the beginning.”

I suppose if I’d finished my thought, he might have been weirded out. I took the blocker to keep from anyone sniffing me out as an omega in heat and taking me away to their shack in the forest to repopulate their kind. I’d heard stories about it. Never anyone close to me, but in places around the world, it happened. I was sure of it. Plus, I wasn’t ready for the responsibility of having a baby, especially not with someone I wasn’t fated to.

“Where did you go?” he whispered, his face in front of mine. His body was on top of mine. “You looked like you were staring at the ceiling, thinking.”

“I was—thinking.”

“This is just sex,” he said, leaning in and kissing my neck. “Let’s have fun. And savor it. I’ve never taken a virginity before.” He kissed the other side of my neck. “You’re untouched, untasted, and I need you to be in the moment, so stop thinking.”

He was right. I was distracting myself with thoughts. From all the stories, I was scared about sex. I was worried for all the bad things that could happen, when I knew that Ignacio was my fated mate, he was my one, and he just saw this as sex right now, but this type of magic was never wrong.

I kissed him back, my heart racing. His lips touched mine. His tongue parting my lips to explore. His tongue seemed to grow in my mouth, playing with my tongue. His body continued to spread and stretch my body out across the bed. He was in total control, and that’s exactly what my cute little omega ass liked.

He pulled himself away from my mouth. “I wish I could open you up and taste,” he whispered. “My tongue isn’t long enough.” He stuck it out and made shapes with it, a curl, like he could’ve used it as a spoon.

“You can,” I told him, compelled to please. “Open me up. Taste me.”

On his knees between my legs, he placed two fingers inside me. “I should’ve put a towel down,” he said with a smirk. “Oh.” He grabbed the towel from the side of the bed. “In case we make a mess.” He slipped the moist towel under my back and ass.

All the times I’d played with my ass, I’d never once felt a sensation like this. It was like butterflies throughout my



entire nervous system swimming around. Pure adrenaline. “Fuck me,” I whispered. “Fuck me,” I continued, repeating myself louder.

Ignacio’s eyes flashed yellow as he let out a growl. “I thought you wanted slow.”

If I had, I’d changed my mind now. I wanted to be fucked hard like I’d seen one of those videos of big cocks going deep inside with jackhammer force. But I didn’t know how to accurately describe that. “Fuck me,” I said again, like all forms of communication were now lost. Two words were all I had. “Fuck. Me.” It became a beg, seeing him smirk and collect spit on his hand to wet his hard shaft with.

“You omegas are all the same,” he said, rubbing his cock with spit. “I guess all Alphas are too.” He squeezed a hand around the base of his cock and positioned the tip against my hole, pretending to push it in, he was teasing me. “I told you; I’ll savor it. Even if you just don’t.” His head was thick, getting thicker by the moment. He teased me. “So slick.”

“Please,” I begged. “Just—” The tip was inside. My mouth opened wide, no words coming out. I stared at the ceiling mirror, watching as he let go of his cock and used his hips to thrust a little. The head of his cock swelling inside my hole.

He grabbed my cock, rubbing a finger over the tip, taking precum and licking it. “You should taste it,” he said, and with his wet finger, he rubbed the tip of my cock, collecting more precum before inserting it inside my mouth. “You’re sweet. I wonder if you taste all the way sweet.” He placed a hand over my chest, feeling the insane beat of my

heart as I grew worried about his cock tearing my asshole open.

“Can I—feel yours?” I asked, gulping my hole clenched around his head, the pain was replaced with pleasure. I sucked in a breath and let out an intense moan.

“You’re a well-trained omega,” he whispered, taking my hand and lowering his body for me to feel his heartbeat. His cock digging itself deeper inside me. “I don’t think I’m ever going to be able to leave your hole.”

His heart was going just as fast as mine. I knew the drill. An Alpha’s cock would swell inside once it was time to cum and only leave once it had filled an omega or beta up. That seemed scary now to me. He was slowly fucking me, filling me with a sensation I’d only felt when I got too close to an open flame.

“You can stay inside me for as long as you want,” I let out through bated breath. The longer he stayed, the more I hoped he’d realize the spell that brought us together was real, and we were fated.

He nuzzled his mouth into my neck and kissed me again and again. “Don’t make a promise you can’t keep,” he said, his mouth against my skin. He licked my skin and sucked. I’d seen what those did before. And the idea of a love bite made me insanely happy. It was a mark of being claimed. And that was one step closer to me having a mate.

Each moan I made he would thrust his cock deeper inside me, harder, with heavy force and an impact that smacked my skin, sending that sizzle throughout my entire body. I moaned louder, and heavy each and every time just to

feel his swelling cock head go deeper inside me. The feeling I'd only ever had control over when I was using a toy. There was zero comparison now. Warm body, the pulsating flesh of his horny impulse was unparallel to the cool silicone. I could never go back to that again.

He pulled away and pushed my knees against my chest, he watched his cock as it fucked me, beads of sweat falling down his body. It was a contact high from him having been on me, I grabbed at the silk sheets around my body and tried to force some movement of my own to have him fuck me harder, like the feral beast I'd been promised from my sex dreams.

“You wanna get on top?” he asked, wiping sweat from his forehead with the back of his arm. “But I promise, if you tried to pull it out, I'll force it back in five times as hard.”

Seemed like a threat or a promise of intense pleasure.

He wrapped the towel up around me, keeping me attached to his cock and rolled over onto the bed. He was on his back, and I was sitting on his cock with the towel stuck to me.

It was an awkward moment. I didn't know what I was supposed to do. There wasn't anything in the manual about riding dick, it was just about keeping a dick inside while there was a knot, nothing to do with sex positions. “I—”

“Gently lift from your knees, and then back, like you're riding a horse,” he said, controlling my limbs, he pulled my legs and positioned it for my knees at either side of his body. “Go on.”

More like a rocking horse, but I had some form, and some technique. Both of his hands were on my ass, pulling my cheeks apart as I lifted a little, feeling his impending swollen cock try and stay put then sitting, and repeating the process, lift, sit, rock on your hips.

“Is that good?” I asked, a hand on my cock as I rode his. “I like this.”

“I bet you do,” he said, smirking. “I never like being on my back.”

“Me either,” I whispered.

“Fine,” he said, picking me up. He wrapped both arms around me. “I’ll fuck you against the wall.” He whispered in my ear, gently biting the bottom lobe.

He started pinning my back against a wall and fucking me from that position, then spinning me on his cock like I was some type of rotisserie chicken and pinning my front up against the wall. Doing everything within his power for his cock never to leave my hole, not even to take a breath. It was becoming raw to the point I was unable to touch myself or I’d splatter his wall with cum.

“I told you, I never want to leave your ass,” he said, biting my ear from behind. He wrapped both arms around my chest and fucked me fast. His hip bones cushioned by the cushioning of my ass. “Once I leave it, it’s no longer virgin.”

I wondered why he was set on not coming out, and now I knew why. But it was also probably because it would’ve been harder to push his cock back inside my newly devirginized hole. “I wanna cum,” I whispered.

He pulled my head back, his fingers at my throat, sliding down my neck. “I never said you couldn’t,” he said, licking my ear. “Cum.” His hands went to my chest, squeezing both my nipples. It was the tease to push me over the edge.

Hands free, I came. He pushed my cock against the wall with his hip thrusts. It led to a direct upthrust of cum, covering the wall and my torso. My entire body tightened, my hole squeezed around his cock like my throat muscles when I’d occasionally choke on drinking too much water. The muscles in my hole were choking around his cock, a sign for him to fill me with his seed already.

“Fuck,” he growled. He was rough, grabbing me and holding me tight. Both of his hands wrapped around my stomach. “Ohh.” He started to cum. His cock, his cum, it was expanding my stomach right against his hands. I was a balloon slowly inflating. “Your—your—” his throat clenched in my ear as he stopped and started what he was trying to say. “You’re no longer a virgin,” he whispered.

All my senses were overloaded. My cock still hard and twitching, my stomach expanding from his cock, and the newly awakened sense of being ravaged. His scent was on me. I was ready to be devoured again, and again.

We stayed in that position against the wall for fifteen minutes. He kissed me on the cheek and slowly pulled his cock out, giving my ass a gentle spank with the tip. “You should go shower again,” he said. “And it helps if you squat.”

I knew what he was talking about, and it still freaked me out. I knew it would happen, but I wasn’t prepared for the

feeling. My belly was sticking out and my entire body was sticky. "Ok," I whispered, walking with a limp.

"I'll help you clean," he said, taking my hand.

## 5. IGNACIO

He was unlike anyone else I'd ever fucked before.

Maybe it was his taste, so unique to anything I'd tasted before.

Perhaps the way he'd approached me, telling me we were fated to be together, or that he'd cast a spell, and it led him to me. I was secretly a romantic, without giving myself permission for it. And Rocco worked for me, the idea that someone would say something so out of leftfield that it worked *on* me.

Usually, I'd leave whoever I'd just fucked to shower and get dressed, but something took over me when I'd given him the same instructions. I'd volunteered to help him. He was a virgin. A clean slate, ready to be taught. How to clean the mess or the way he should make sure he properly cleaned his hole afterwards, assessing for damage. It wasn't a secret that tears and rips could happen, or that blood would appear.

He was a little freaked out at first, seeing blood in the shower appear down the side of his leg.

"It's all normal," I told him afterwards, wrapping him in a warm towel. "How do you feel now?"

He couldn't keep his hands off his stomach. "Weird."

"You're from a coven, right?" I asked. "Didn't they teach you?" It was strange. Covens were the witch equivalent to a pack.

His eyes focused on my cock for a moment and then up to me. “I kinda just forgot everything when it all started,” he said. “I’m originally from somewhere omega witches are used for—other things, so I—I left home. I found other people like me, and we’re basically all learning everything for ourselves.”

“Oh. I—” compelled to tell him about myself, that never happened before. “I’ve never had a pack, or much of a family, beside my mother. I’ve always avoided other shifters, especially panthers. But you don’t really get that many of them here in LA.” I shared the towel with him to dry myself.

“So, you’re some big famous person then?” he asked, rubbing his eyes. “I’m sorry. I—I don’t watch TV or anything, so I probably don’t know who you are.”

“I created a line of colognes that use my pheromones, bottled up sweat. Humans wear it. They go wild for it. And it sells out so fast that it’s priced so high. I just, make money.”

He stared, brows furrowed. “So, you’re just rich then.”

“Rich, sure,” I said. “Which is why I was wondering why and how you’d got here.”

“It was magic. I live in a small rural town in Georgia. That’s where my coven is. We’re each using magic to find our mates, so, I—I came here, because the spell brought me.” He walked out of the bathroom into the bedroom again.

Following after him, he sat on the bed, and I sat beside him. “I’m inclined to believe you, but it feels like if I believe you, then I lose some free will to decide and choose whether we’re mated,” I said, staring deep into his big eyes. I knew



there was something in him that couldn't lie. Or at least didn't want to.

"It's not like I came here and put a spell on you to sleep with me," he said. "I was never desperate to lose my virginity. But—"

I'd taken it now, not a possession to be taken, but mine regardless. "How do you feel?"

"Different," he whispered, looking up at the ceiling. "It's a weird feeling. I know you don't believe me about the magic, but I would really like it if you'd think about it. We only get one fated mate in life, and I don't want to miss out on that opportunity because of my poor timing."

Of all the stories I'd heard about fate and mates, I knew that there was no such thing as poor timing. I laid beside him on the bed, looking at us both from the mirror. "My mom told me that fate comes at you when you least expect it. It's like an uppercut that stuns you for a moment, and before you can get back up, your life flashes before your eyes and you see two paths." He was grinning from ear to ear as I told him. "I guess my two paths right now are to see what this is with you, or to send you back." His smile faded as the second idea was put out there.

"You should probably know beforehand, I'm not a materialistic person. I don't have a lot of space. I work with my hands a lot and most of my time is spend in the garden. My main source of magic is the Earth, and I like to spend as much time in nature as possible."

I wondered if he thought that was going to put me off. It was the direct opposite of my current life. I had all the

materialistic possessions, and I lived in the hills of Los Angeles, it was dry up here, the only Earth and nature he would find were rocky. Although I did have a yard, it wasn't kept as well as some of the other places in the area.

“What about you?” he asked, turning his head to mine on the bed. “What type of person are you?”

“I'm someone who enjoys being alone, but also likes spending time with people,” I said.

“No,” he chuckled. “That doesn't make sense.”

“Sure, it does. I love being alone but I also love being around people.”

“Ok, I guess that makes a little more sense,” he grumbled. He placed his hand on my chest, over my heart. It was beating faster. “Tell me more about you. I mean, if you want, you don't have to.”

Weirdly, I wanted to tell him everything. Almost like he'd kicked a stone over and on the underside of it, my emotions were revealed. “I've never had a pack, and I've never felt the need to have one either,” I continued. “I do as much as I can to support omegas who are left by their packs to raise their children alone. But I do it privately. I don't want anyone to think I'm trying to create a pack. I feel lucky for my success, because it was pure luck that it took off. And I also —” I turned to look at him, clinging to every word. “I also don't think I'm capable of falling in love, I hold myself back, because nothing is forever, and I'd rather never have a taste than to be teased by it.”

“That's beautiful,” he said, getting choked up. “I—I—”

I wiped the tear falling from his eyelash to his cheek. “You don’t have to cry,” I whispered. “I’ve known it for as long as I could remember. It’s easier not to fall in love.” I knew what he must’ve been thinking. He’d wasted a perfectly good spell on finding me.

“That’s sad though,” he sniffled. “But I accept it. And it’s not like I need a mate. It’s just one thing I wanted. Something to check off my bucket list. I had sex, I found you, and I can be happy knowing I did that.”

I felt awful telling him those truths about myself. “We’ve had a busy night.”

Rocco yawned. “I don’t want to take up any more of it. I can grab the teleportation potion and go.”

“No, no, no.” I took his hand in mine. “You can stay the night. It’s the least I can do. Will you share my bed with me?” He’d opened up some raw emotions. I didn’t know if I could sleep alone. He was an emotional Band-Aid, and I was waiting ready to have those inner wounds sealed over again.

“Ok,” he said. “You know, you might change your mind. I heard that love can make people do crazy things. And Alphas even more crazy.” He giggled.

He wasn’t wrong about that. I had been known to do crazy things. Recalling the fist I’d punched into the fridge door. That wasn’t my fault. His smell had made that happen. I didn’t want anyone else to smell him. “Let me get you something to wear to bed.” If he was in my clothes, he’d be covered in my scent, and that was a comforting thought.

In a pair a silk pajamas, Rocco couldn't stop gushing about how soft and comfortable they were. I had a matching pair. With my night vision, I watched us both laid on the bed in the darkness, something opened in my soul, a special type of warmth. I thought there was internal bleeding, spewing from my heart.

Rocco fell asleep fairly fast. It took me an extra thirty minutes or so until I was out to the rhythm of Rocco's lullaby heartbeat.

When I woke, I was naked, cuddling a pillow against my chest. I inhaled the scent Rocco had left on it. But he wasn't in the room anymore. As I tugged the pillow to my body, it rubbed against my erection, sending a tickle from the tip throughout me.

I had to find him.

Climbing out of bed, I almost slipped on the silk pajamas I'd thrown on the floor in the middle of the night. I grabbed my bathrobe and tried my best to hide my bouncing erection from slipping between the opening.

Rocco's scent had grown stronger in my nose. I pulled on my shifter side to track him better. It was an art form; I used his mostly when I was seeking someone in a crowd. It worked even better when it wasn't combating so many other scents.

I spotted him from a window on the second floor. He was out in the yard, in the pajamas with a pair of my large slides on his feet. There was a watering can beside him, he poured it out, little by little onto the freshly dug soil, sprouting flowers almost instantly. The green stems grew, weaving up

between his fingers and blooming colorful petals onto his palm.

He flinched and looked at me staring at him from the window.

I waved. Heat grew in my face and as I placed a hand to my cheek, I caught a tear.

This couldn't be happening. But it was clear as day. This was happening, and there didn't seem to be any way of stopping it.

Rocco moved and stood, revealing a basket filled with flowers at his feet. He waved back, saying *good morning*. It was muffled, even with my hearing.

"I thought you'd left," I said, meeting him at the door onto the yard. "I was—"

"You know your dick is out, right?" he whispered, shying his eyes away and biting his lips together.

There was no shame in it. I opened my bathrobe to put it on full display. "Your dick doesn't get hard in the morning?" I asked.

"Yeah, it does, but it usually goes away," he said.

"So does mine, but I can't stop the way your smell has intoxicated me," I told him. "You're like walking Viagra in heat."

He giggled. "I feel amazing. I made flowers!" He held the basket up, covering my cock from his sight. "You know, I don't mind going now it's the morning. I don't want you to be tempted."

I'd told him that he was temptation, the idea of love, it was said in a moment of weakness. I didn't know if I believed what I told him anymore. There had to be some other explanation for how we'd end up together, because I refused to think that the only way we would've found each other was through magic. "Do you want to fuck again?"

"Yeah, but—"

"No, but, unless it's your butt," I said. "And I don't want you to leave."

He pouted. "Then what do you want?"

"I want you on the kitchen counter so I can make a scramble inside those guts." My jaw tickled as my panther teeth dropped down, excited by talk of fucking.

Lowering the basket, he made eye contact with my cock as it bounced. "Then what are you waiting for?" He dropped the basket. "Take me."

## 6. ROCCO

Something I'd read from the handbook mentioned, once you found your mate, you'd know, it might manifest itself in being completely honest with that person to the point you feel like they could never love you. That was called a purge. You throw all your things out at them, they accept and love you regardless, it's impossible for them not to.

Ignacio carried me into the kitchen. He placed me on the cold marble counter and tore the silk pajamas right off my body.

“Are you not—”

He placed a finger over his mouth to quiet me. I obeyed. But I wanted to know if he was going to make me shower again first beforehand.

“I didn't want you to get out of bed before me,” he said, spreading my legs, his hands grabbing at both of my inner thighs. “I never have people stay over, but you're different, and I thought you'd left without saying goodbye.” He dipped his head and kissed at my thighs, working his way up. “You've made me feel things, and you're not going anywhere until you feel them as well.”

I gulped hard. “What did I—I make you feel?”

He licked me. “When you feel it, you'll know.” He sucked on my skin, waking up special little zones on my body that filled me with pleasure. My cock was already hard and my

balls grew tight up by my shaft. They usually only did that before I was about to cum.

He kept sucking and sucking at my skin and then it happened. I shot ribbons of cum up my torso. Without even once touching my cock, it was the most I'd ever come. The orgasm lasted longer, my skin sizzled to the touch.

“Now I'm gonna fuck you,” he said, lifting his head and wiping blood from his mouth. He'd bitten me. “And you're gonna cum again, and again, and again.”

The most I'd ever come was three times in twelve hours, and that was between naps and hydration breaks. “You're not gonna hurt me, are you?”

He stripped the bathrobe from his shoulders. “I'd never hurt you, I just want to be in you.” He wiped a finger in the cum on my stomach. “I know that's what you want.” He sniffed the air. “That's all you want.” He used the cum on his finger as lube, wiping it against my ass and down his cock. “In case you're not slick enough.”

That was all I wanted. It's all I ever thought about whenever my heat cycle came. A constant cock inside my ass, filling me up with cum, and stretched out. “Does that mean you've given the idea of being mates a second thought?” I reached down at my side, pulling my ass cheeks to give him easier access.

Ignacio turned, pressing his lips together. There was a little blood on his facial hair still. “You said it yourself, it was bound to happen.”



Before his cock was even inside me, I let out a wild moan, relaxed now against the cool tile, finding comfort in it from the heat pulsating inside me. I moaned harder as his finger spread the cum against my hole, collecting more from my abdomen and once more applying it like lube.

“You tightened back up,” he whispered, pushing his fingers inside me.

“It’s called magic,” I said, holding back a chuckle. I stuck the tip of my tongue between my teeth. “You can do anything with magic.” I didn’t know if my ass getting tight again was magic, but witches had some form of accelerated healing ability.

“Oh, yeah,” he said, pulling his fingers out. “How about something magic that can stop me from cumming?”

I’d watched a lot of porn, so my suggestion wasn’t going to be magic. “Have you thought about a cock ring?” I asked. “Something around the base of your cock that presses against that muscle under your balls.”

“You don’t think I can control myself?” he asked, making a cone of three fingers and pushing them inside me. “Because you’d be right, I can’t control myself. Not around you anyway. I’ve had a taste. I want all of you.”

“Have all of me,” I let out through baited breath. “You can have me.”

He smiled. “I know. But I needed you to say it.”

When he said he wanted to make a scramble inside me, I didn’t know what that was going to mean, but now, I was beginning to feel exactly what he was talking about. His

fingers pressed on my freshly expressed prostate. My cock hadn't gone soft for even a second, and the more he continued to play around with his fingers in me, the more I could feel myself holding back on cumming again.

“You're so sensitive in here,” he said, softly.

“You're the—the first one whose ever been in there,” I told him. It was a whole new experience. Not counting my own fingers or toys.

He slapped his cock against my cock, sliding the wet tip down my balls and inserting it slowly inside me. I wished there was a mirror on the kitchen ceiling or something on the counter for me to grab. I held myself steady with as much grip as my fingers on marble had.

“Just as tight,” he whispered, lifting my legs and placing them over his shoulders. “Are you flexing?” he asked as he fucked against the tension I was placing on my hole, flexing the muscle around my ass. “I guess you've got some skills, huh. And you told me you were a virgin.”

“I'm not one anymore,” I said.

As he let out a chuckle, he fucked me harder. His cock feeling like it was shooting up into my ribcage. I placed my hands over my stomach, wondering if I'd be able to feel it happen. There was motion in there, but might've just been my organs rather than something he was pushing in me.

He didn't stop until I came again and with total control, he came inside me, grabbing both my hands, he placed them back over my stomach for me to feel as he filled me up.

“I could—” I gasped, “I could pass out.” I chuckled into a yawn. “I’m worn out.”

“That’s right,” he whispered, squeezing his hips against my ass. “But your ass will recover again, and then I’ll wear it out, again and again until your heat is over.”

“You’re gonna fuck the heat right out of me,” I whispered, holding back the smile. “Can you—at least clean me off?”

He shrugged. “I can’t do anything while my cock is rock solid inside you.” He wrapped me in his arms and picked me up from the marble counter. The cum on my torso pressed against his, collecting in his hairy chest. “How about that?”

It was better, but now, wrapping my legs around his waist, my ass was open further, and his hard cock went a little deeper, like I was sitting on it. And my protruding belly was snug against his skin.

He kissed me on the lips. “You want something to eat?”

“I don’t really get hungry in heat,” I said. “But I’ll take a drink of herbal tea if you have it.”

“Well, I’m starving.” He kissed my forehead. “I don’t think my cock wants to leave you.” It twitched inside me. Somehow, I was ok with it never leaving me, as long as he didn’t jostle me around too much, my insides felt like they’d all come out of place, and there was a whole lot of cum in me that made it feel like I had a jelly belly.

“What does this mean then?” I asked him. “Because last night—”

“Last night was last night, today, I want to know more about magic,” he said. “I’ve actually never met a witch.” He cradled a hand on the back of my head. “I saw you growing flowers outside, that was impressive.”

“I’ve never met a panther shifter either,” I said. “Honestly, I was—scared. Alphas scare me. In an exciting way, but also in a way that makes me wonder what will happen.”

With a little pressure, he pushed my head to his shoulder. “Don’t be scared of me, be scared of other Alphas,” he kissed. “But also, be scared of what I’ll do to them if they come looking for you. Your taste and smell.” He inhaled my scent by my neck. “I should bottle this up, send Alphas in a frenzy over it. It’ll give the twinks something to wear, make the Doms of LA go wild for them.”

His cock softened, falling out of my hole and leaving me with a void like sensation inside. “I can’t stay in LA,” I whispered. “My coven is in Georgia.”

“I know they are,” he said. “Last night, this would’ve been an easy decision, but I’ve—”

“Slept on it,” I finished for him. I knew that might’ve been the case. I’d been told that this process could take a day or two to really allow the shock to settle in for Alpha and realize it was really fate. “I know. I didn’t want to spring it on you. You know. Fate works in weird ways, and I never thought—” I sucked in a breath, trying to contain the feeling in my stomach. “It would come across like I’d just cast a spell on you or something.”

“It’s ok,” he said, kissing my neck again. “I can’t really explain it, but it feels like everything has settled. My brain just isn’t crazy with thoughts.”

“I know that feeling. I’ve had such anxiety ever since the day came closer and I—I had some nightmares about—” I wiggled a little in his hold. “Nightmares about who I might end up finding at the other side of that spell.”

He kissed me again. “I’m addicted to you,” he whispered in my ear. “Isn’t that strange?” He stared deep into my eyes. “Last night, I would’ve paid anyone a million dollars on a bet that I’d ever feel this way.”

“I promise I didn’t put a spell on you,” I mumbled, my heart thumping. I leaned in closer to his chest, pressing against his. “I—I don’t really know how the spell works. I guess—”

His lips on my neck, following by his nose pressed to my skin as he inhaled. “I know exactly what it was,” he said. “You put yourself in my path, you took fate in your hands, and you—” he inhaled a little deeper, his mouth opening and his tongue licking at the length of my neck. “You didn’t want to wait.”

I didn’t want to put out that we might never have met. People went their entire life without finding their one true love, and I should’ve just been grateful I had something I could use to find mine. Even though it wasn’t traditional, in the sense of meeting through chance, but according to Kyro’s grandma, witches had been using this form of witchcraft for years to find their mate.

“You should go clean yourself,” he whispered in my ear. “I’ll pick some clothes out for you. My clothes. You are

staying longer, right?”

There wasn't any plan on leaving until we'd fully committed ourselves to each other, and after fucking twice, we'd definitely mated enough to consider some type of commitment. But that might've been my optimistic omega outlook.

## 7. IGNACIO

I shouldn't have been thinking of what the rest of my life looked like with Rocco. It had been a surprise encounter in the middle of the night. I hadn't wanted to do anything with him, and then I did. I wanted him so completely, to fuck, to squeeze, to completely devour.

While Rocco took a long, hot shower, I prepared him some clothes. A T-shirt and a pair of shorts. I needed him to smell just like me. His omega scent was overwhelming me to the point that my cock wanted to be inside him once again. So, I left the clothes on the side of the bed and headed out to the yard.

It brought a smile to my face. I didn't take care of my property like most of my neighbors. I didn't have a gardener, or a maid, or anything else that usually came as standard in a place like this. Seeing the flowers he'd planted in bloom, it reminded me of the world around me that I'd tried to stay away from.

Everyone in my close circle was human. There was no need for Alpha, beta, or omega types when I was around humans. They didn't know the difference, all they knew was I had a certain power to me. It was what went into the bottles of cologne they pawed at before leaving their homes and sprayed on themselves just before they climbed out of their cars. They didn't know what was in the cologne, or what made people crazy for it, which is the same with Alphas, there was no saying who or how someone became one. It just happened.

Like Rocco. He just happened. On my doorstep. Standing with that single rose.

As I turned around, I saw him from the spot I'd been watching him earlier. He smiled down at me. His body drowning in that oversized T-shirt of mine he wore. He placed a flat palm against the glass and nodded.

I turned back to the flowers, a bush grew and red roses appeared to slowly bloom on it. It was magic. I'd never witnessed it in front of my own eyes before. I knew my bottled cologne was in the same realm as what he did, but I'd grown so used to people turning their heads at the slightest smell of cologne that it didn't even register that it wasn't normal anymore.

"You should see the greenhouse back in Georgia," he said, rolling the top of the shorts. "I grow vegetables, fruits, flowers, and it's magic. I wanted to get bees, but I'm not sure I'm ready for the beekeeper lifestyle just yet. And I heard if they sting you, it hurts."

"It does," I said, unable to shake the smile aching on my face. "And I'd love to see it. You live with other omegas, right?"

"Relax, they're not gonna hit on you," he giggled.

"I was just making conversation."

"Yes, my coven is all omega witches, we're doing our own thing. It's nice. But—but you know when you feel like something is missing. That's what we've all been feeling. We don't want any Alphas or anything coming into the coven, but



we would like to find our mates. And it's pretty impossible to do that living out in the middle of nowhere."

I was beginning to build a picture of where he lived. A cabin with several other witches, each of them arguing about what the other was going to do. That was my idea of omegas doing anything in a group because there wasn't a hierarchy. "How many of you are there?"

"Oh, ok! So, there's me," he said, raising a hand. "Then there's Evander, Nero, Lazlo, and Kyro." He listed on his fingers. "That's five. Evander is our leader, and he's really good at taking charge."

Was he a mind reader too? He said that like he knew what I was thinking. "Oh. Nice."

"I think you're the first Alpha I've been around in years," he said, a shudder travelling through his back. "We all left our families because of—well, that doesn't matter. We found each other, and that's really all that counts."

We shared more in common than I thought, other than our sexual compatibility, we'd both left or been abandoned by our families. That exception didn't stretch to my mother, she had been left behind too. "I was thinking of making some food, are you hungry?"

He placed a hand over his stomach and shook his head. "I'm still not ready for food, but I will take a water. Anything cold."

"You got it. So, tell me more about your coven."

"I wanna know more about you," he said, slipping his hand in mine. "You live in this big house alone, there's gotta

be a story there. Like, do you have a secret family somewhere?”

I held his hand tight. “My mom was left when she was pregnant. I was raised by her and other abandoned omegas out on the streets. It wasn’t until I started to come into myself as an Alpha that I found this natural sway over people. And other people found it combative, so it’s a blessing and a curse, but it meant I learned how to fight and defend myself from a young age.”

“That’s awful,” he said in a whisper. “Did you ever go looking for the people who left you and your mom?”

Recalling it brought the grin aching against my cheeks once more. “Of course,” I said. “And now, they see my cologne on shelves, far too expensive for any of them to afford. I got my closure from them. And—I’d never leave an omega who was having my child.”

We walked from the yard into the kitchen. I could tell Rocco had something he wanted to ask. He had an impatience sweat slick against the palms of his hands. “Do you want children?” he asked.

“Eventually. Do you?”

He shrugged. “Eventually,” he repeated. “It’s not something I want right now. I just—I don’t think having a child right now is anything I could handle. I mean, I’ve only just lost my virginity, I don’t think I’m ready for the next part of that yet.”

His sweetness was melting away layers of me faster than any corrosive acid ever could. “Ok,” I said, pulling the

back of his hand to my lips and kissing it gently. “I want to explore more of this.”

Rocco was quick to mention in a mumble about how I lived here and he lived several states away. It wasn’t ideal.

“You could move here,” I suggested. “I mean, there’s a lot of bedrooms. You can bring your entire coven. Everyone can have their own space. You can—”

He let go of my hand, breaking some of the connection we’d been sharing through touch. He turned and let out a deep sigh.

“What is it?”

“This feel like it was a bad idea now. Maybe we should’ve just waited and seen if our paths would cross,” he whispered, a gentle sob in the back of his throat. “Your—your —”

Wrapping myself around him from behind, I hugged him tight. “My what?”

“Your house isn’t on a magical spot. The land would not produce good food. It’s just—it’s just not possible for us to practice here. The energy is all—” he sighed, deflating in my arms like a softening balloon. “Bad.”

“It was just an idea,” I said. “I can—I can leave this place. I’m not exactly attached to anything.” And he probably knew that as well. It was barely decorated, and it wasn’t being kept up well. The only time there was any life in here was when I had friends over and a delivery of expensive champagne for them.

He settled into my embrace. “I don’t think we should be rushing moving anywhere,” he whispered. “As much as I’d want you like this all the time. I don’t want you to come back with me and leave everything behind here, just like I wouldn’t want to come here and leave everything there.”

There were a couple things he had right, we shouldn’t drop everything, but he didn’t know I wasn’t dropping anything. I had nothing here. I was just existing here, every single day and night was the same, except when my mom came back from her travels, but she was quick to jet off again.

“You know, I have enough money to charter a private jet to visit you whenever I want,” I told him. “And I wouldn’t be leaving anything, but I know I’m just being intense right now because I don’t want you out of my grasp.”

He let out a gentle giggle. “I’ve dreamed of something like this for as long as I can remember, someone who has protective energy.”

I kissed the inside of his neck. “I can’t say I’ve dreamed of the same thing.” At least, I hadn’t dreamed of ever having anyone I felt overprotective of in the same way I felt about him. My mom had warned me about how strong a mating bond was, I just never thought I’d feel it. “But I guess we’re bonded now.”

“You bit me,” he whispered. “I think it’s only fair I get some of you too.”

“I don’t think this was a biting bond,” I said, nibbling at his earlobe. My cock already chubbing up. It was weak chub, but it would get hard again with a little encouragement. “It was deeper.”

His ass rubbed against my cock. “I don’t know how much deeper you could’ve got.”

“But if you want, you can draw blood, and I’ll be forced to fuck you again.” I caressed his neck with my tongue, my pointed panther teeth coming out. All this talk about bonds was getting more than just my cock hard.

His heart pounded, gushing and thudding in the sensitive part of my panther hearing. “Maybe,” he whispered. “I’m gonna go upstairs and talk to my coven first, just to see what they think, is that ok?”

I let go of him. It was painful to feel his body leave mine. “I need to regain my strength with a little food first anyway,” I said. And I was starving. I had steaks in the fridge and they were calling out my name.

## 8. ROCCO

In my things upstairs, I had a phone. It wasn't anything fancy. We didn't need them back at the cottage. There was never any use for them. We were all always together anyway, except when Evander went into town to flirt with the bookseller and see if there were any new books on magic.

I punched in the contact for the only other number on the phone.

Evander answered. *"We've been waiting! What's happened? Did you find him? How is he? Nero and Lazlo are so stressed. None of them are even near going into heat, so it looks like it'll just be you for now."*

*"It's not fair!"* they called out in the background.

"It's going really well," I said. "Well, he was a bit weirded out at first because I showed up inside of this gated neighborhood and he was about to call the cops. Then we—you know, did it."

Evander gasped. *"You did! I'm happy for you, Rocco. That's actually really nice to hear. And he's good, right? You know, like he's not some big pack leader who is ruining lives like the people and places we all left behind."*

"Yeah, he's nice. But that's not what I'm calling about. I need some clarification on some things."

*"Oh. I've got you on speaker. What do you need to know?"*

“Is Grams there?” I asked. Not my grams, but affectionately known to the coven by that title. She was an honorary grandmother to all of us, and an actual one to Kyro. “She will probably know better?”

*“Hi, sweets,” her voice sang out. “If this is about using protection, you don’t have to worry about it, the blockers are still in your system. You won’t get pregnant for at least another two weeks. But after two weeks, retake those blockers if you want.”*

That was nice to know, but it wasn’t what I was going to ask. “Bonding,” I said. “How will I know if we’re bonded? And he mentioned biting. Well, maybe I mentioned biting, but he did bite me first, so I just have a lot of questions about it.”

*“A mating bite might happen, it’s just one way to strengthen a bond, but since you’re fated together, once you’ve done the deed, you should already be bonded,” she said. “Is he a witch? Well, maybe he isn’t since he bit you. Is he a vampire? Oh, actually, I’ll let it be a surprise when you bring him back with you.”*

And that was another thing, it probably wasn’t going to be as easy as inviting him back and having him stay with us. He seemed used to the luxury and lavish life. That was the exact opposite of the cottage in the forest we had. “He’s a panther shifter,” I said. “And he’s intense, but the type of intense that my body craved.”

*“Seems like the two of you have already bonded,” she said.*

*“We can’t wait to meet him,” Evander added.*

*“I can wait,” Nero called out. “I don’t want you throwing your happiness or joy in my face.”*

*“Now, now,” Grams said. “Your time will come. Your delayed heat is probably just fate telling you to wait. If it was meant to be right now, it would happen.”*

“That’s right,” I mumbled back to myself. If it was meant to be, it would happen, regardless of circumstance. “So, do you think I need to bite him just a little like he did with me?”

*“Well, sweetheart, if the feeling strikes, then yes, but if it doesn’t, I wouldn’t try and force it,” she said. “Remember, you’ve just found your mate, feelings are going to be more intense now than they would if the two of you come together organically. And don’t rush. None of us are expecting you home until you’re ready. Except for Kyro, he wants to know everything already. It’s only been one evening.”*

I cut the call with a renewed sense of what I wanted. I wanted him, in all the forms. And I was a witch, it wasn’t like I had fangs or anything to bite people with. My form of a mating bite was probably an act of service, like growing that rose bush for him in the garden. And when he came to visit me in Georgia, he’d finally see the full capabilities of my talents when I was surrounded by the Earth’s natural line of power that ran right through the cottage and our greenhouse.

His house was a maze. I’d never been in anything this big before, even the largest houses on the complex I grew up in were smaller than this. Although Earth witches were known for being conservative with their space, everything was neat



and tidy, the unruly mess was what usually happened outside with the gardens and our love of an overgrowth.

Finding the stairs down into the foyer was harder than I remembered. It might've been the first turn I took out of the room, but in my defense, I was curious.

The foyer had an echo with the sound of my bare feet on the cold black and white tile. I popped my tongue and listened as it echoed. It amused me for a moment, until I caught a shadow of someone at the front door.

“Ignacio,” I called out.

And now I'd forgotten which way the kitchen was. There were at least four directions I could go, and each hallway looked like it went in a direction I'd been before.

The figure pressed against the glass. “Open up.”

Maybe that was him. Maybe he'd locked himself out getting milk or a newspaper. I didn't know what happened in these parts of the country.

As I placed my hand on the handle, I got a flash of cold, icy energy through me. I should've taken the sign, but instead, I opened the door.

A man, dressed in a suit that looked like it had been slept in leaned against the door frame. He stared at me, squinting. “Wait. Who are you?”

He smelled just like Ignacio. It was weird. “I—I—I—”

“Where's Nacho?”

“I—I—I—”

“Jeez, he needs to get better help.” He planted a hand on my shoulder, almost using me to prop him up as he walked inside. “Which room is he in?”

I cleared my throat. “The kitchen. Who are you?”

“I’m Peter. Now, could you grab me a glass of water and a couple pain killers, my head is about to explode,” he said.

I didn’t want to say no because he smelled so powerful, but I knew that smell belonged to Ignacio. And he was *not* Ignacio.

His voice boomed throughout the house. “Peter!”

I grabbed hold of the door to close it. His voice rippled through me to the point I was sure it was about to knock me on my ass. I stayed still but Peter walked forward, laughing to himself.

“What are you doing here?” Ignacio’s voice travelled.

Letting go of the door, my knees were weak. I stepped closer, following the direction of where Peter had headed and where Ignacio’s voice was coming from. They were talking loudly. I pressed myself against the wall to listen, trying not to hyperventilate from the way his aggression had me on edge.

“What are you doing here?” he asked.

“Relax, Nacho, I told you last night I’d swing by tomorrow. Today is tomorrow.”

“No,” he said. “No. You didn’t.”

“It’s fine. I spent the night out and got locked out of my apartment so I figured I’d swing by. What’s the big deal?”

You didn't want me to see you've been fucking your boy maid out there."

A crack echoed followed by the crunch of stone.

"Damn."

I peered inside the kitchen to see Ignacio's foot in a pile of broken tile on the floor. "Hi," I spoke against the tightness in my throat. "I'm sorry."

"I asked you to get me some water," Peter turned to me and said. As he turned back to Ignacio, he received a punch square on the jaw.

"Don't talk to him," Ignacio said, rubbing his knuckles and pulling his foot from the rubble. "What else did you say to him?"

Peter held the side of his face, letting out a painful moan. "Fuck."

"I'll go back upstairs," I said, ready to put my legs to work and run away from this scene.

"No," he called out, stopping me in my tracks. "Tell me what else he said to you."

Ignacio walked toward me as Peter was collecting ice cubes from the fancy refrigerator dispenser in a cloth.

"He just asked where you were, and then he mentioned needing water and pain killers," I told him.

He placed a hand on my shoulder. "And he touched you here," he said, dusting his hand across my shoulder. "I can smell it."

“Jeez, Nacho, why are you acting crazy?” Peter grumbled, almost falling over the small pile of broken tile.

I knew what this was. It was a sign of being bonded. He was protecting me, from both what his friend had said, and because he’d laid a hand on me. I found it sweet to sink into his touch on my shoulder.

He placed his head to mine, our foreheads touching. “I never usually rut like this,” he said. “Because I never usually rut. I just fuck it out of my system.”

“Maybe you should tell your friend to leave,” I suggested. “You’re gonna get even more territorial if we don’t fuck again.”

Kissing the bridge of my nose, he nodded. “And I’ve had a little food, so I’m more than ready to tear your ass up again.”

“I should go,” Peter said.

In a swift motion, Ignacio pulled away from me and pinned Peter against the wall as he passed by. “You call me before you come here,” he said. “And don’t talk to him again. Your spare key is in the bowl by the door. Fix your face.” He nodded like an obedient dog, walking off with his head low.

It turned me on. I gently pinched on the hardness of my nipples beneath my T-shirt. “I thought you didn’t have a pack,” I said.

Ignacio swooped an arm under my legs and picked me up. “I don’t,” he said. “He’s just a human. He’ll get over it.” He walked me out into the foyer as we both watched Peter

leave. “Now, I want to see what my little Earth witch can do when we’re outside together.”

## 9. IGNACIO

I was prone to an outburst here and there, but on the scale I burst in front of Peter, now that was something completely different. I thought about the smashed tile on the floor of the kitchen and the whack I'd delivered to his face, but only briefly. I knew why I did it. I was quick to anger when I heard the way he spoke to Rocco, and to smell him having touched him too. It drove me to wanting to do worse things, but Peter had the excuse of being only human, if it had been anyone else, they might not have gotten away so easily.

Carrying Rocco out into the yard, I pressed my face into his neck, trying to rub away the human stench that had been put on him. He was once more covered in me, so completely, I laid him on the ground, dipping to my knees in front of him.

“This is why I've never tried to find myself an omega before,” I whispered to him. “It changes you, everything about you just—it changes.”

He cupped a hand under my face and pulled at my bottom lip with his thumb. “What like?”

“You're on my mind now, like a thought that's always been there.”

He continued to toy with my bottom lip. “I feel the same way. Like I can't even allow myself to think of what it might've been like if we never met now. And any time apart might actually drive me crazy.”

A gentle growl purred off my tongue. “Nobody is gonna want to see me for a while after what I did to Peter,” I said, smirking. “So, it looks like I might be able to come back to Georgia with you.”

“We can—” he pulled his thumb away and looked around. “I was gonna say we could stay here for a while, but this garden is so sad to be in. I want it to bloom and—and there’s just no way it’ll happen with my little omega magic.”

I placed a hand behind the back of his head and encouraged him to lower it, down against the grass. Everything his body touched turned a little greener beneath him and the grass around him grew, like soft cushion against his body.

“I think you’ve got more power in you than you might think,” I said, getting between his legs. “And when I think something, I’m usually right about it.” I placed a hand on his inner thigh, feeling the softness of his skin where I’d bitten into him earlier. It was only a nibble, but that nibble of his blood pulled something from me. It connected us together, and I knew when I was doing it the consequence, but I lapped up his sweet, sticky blood and let it linger on my tongue.

He placed a hand over mine, giggling. “I think that’s a tickle spot,” he said, lifting his head to look.

“Ticklish, huh?” I brushed my fingers up and down, encouraging him to let out the giggles. “You’re gonna make me horny.”

I leapt into action between his legs, spreading them with my knees ever-so slightly in a position similar to the splits. “Make you?” I said, leaning across him and planting a

kiss on his chin. “I’m not making you do anything.” I kissed his lips. “I’m just doing what your body is asking me to do.” Having a conversation with his skin. The pheromones he put out into the air had my eyes rolling and my tongue squeezed between teeth. “You’re the one making me horny.”

“Then what are you gonna do about?” he asked, his voice breaking. “Because I think I heard somewhere that three times seals the deal.”

“Three times.” I didn’t know where he’d heard that, but I wasn’t going to push him on details. “I thought the figure was closer to a hundred. And at this rate, we’ll get there within a month, maybe less if you can keep up.” Or better yet, if I could keep up. His body wore me out, not for anything he did, but from the reaction I had to his scent as I fucked him. It was a secret language only bodies knew, and his was making mine work overtime.

“Whoa,” he giggled. “I don’t know how much you think I can keep up with you, but that’s a lot.”

“I know,” I said, stroking his head before embracing it and giving his forehead a kiss. “I’m sure things will slow down when you come out of heat. But I would like to keep exploring you until that happens.”

He nodded. “It’s all new for me.”

“Me too,” I told him.

“You were a virgin as well?”

“No,” I chuckled, sitting on my knees to look him in the eye. “I mean, I’ve never fucked an omega before. I’ve only ever—well, that’s really nothing for us to talk about. I don’t



want to think about any of them while we're in this position." I pushed on his legs, stretching him further into a split position.

"So, technically, I'm your first."

If he wanted to be technical about it, then he was right. He was my first, but only because I feared the consequences of mating with an omega. A fear which I'd had last night until I was deep inside him, and then something took over me, an intense feeling like I wouldn't mind if those consequences were to happen. I wouldn't make the same mistakes of past Alphas. I'd heard plenty of horror stories and knew that's not the path I wanted to go down.

"And if you keep it up, my last," I said, unable to hold the smirk back. I grabbed at the oversized T-shirt he was in and tore it away from his body. I threw it across the fully bloomed rose bush. "Now I get a better view." My fingers were immediately at his nipples, gently caressing and pinching the hard nubs. "You know, this isn't fucking."

He looked confused. "Then—"

"Mating," I said, dipping my head to lick at his nipple. "It's called making love."

A ripple of energy waved through him, it jolted in his hips, gently pushing me. "Oh."

"Yeah," my voice muffled as my mouth was pressed against his skin. "You want me to say it again?"

"Yeah," he said, his voice cracking.

I stared in his eyes, my tongue hanging out of my mouth. I slowly dipped and licked his lips. "Making love," I said. "It's more than sex. It's deeper. It's like a whole body

orgasm.” Rocco’s body continued to quake under mine, shivering and shaking. “Oh, you really like that.”

“Please,” he whispered. “You’re gonna make me cum again.”

“You make that sound like a bad thing.” I licked his cheek, and down his neck. “There’s no backing out. You’re the one who came to find me. I’m just showing you how true and intense I am.”

His eyes were blank, like he was open and waiting, ready for me to fill him with things and feelings. I wondered if this was what I’d been missing out on all those years I’d found myself screwing humans. And then a second glance into his eyes and I didn’t have another thought about them.

“And I don’t regret it,” he said, reaching out a hand, he placed it against my chest. Feeling the warm thump of my heart, beating. “I think I’m ready to go again.”

“You’re ready when I say you’re ready,” I told him, slipping my finger into the shorts. He wasn’t wearing any underwear. His erection was tucked to the side, across his upper thigh. “You’d do anything I told you, right?”

“Anything,” he repeated.

“I want you to use your witch magic while we fuck.”

I knew my Alpha energy and powers came out intensely whenever I was fucking. I needed to know if they had the same effect on him too. I’d seen him create flowers, but I wanted more of it. We were a fated pair, his power had to match mine on some level.

“I’ll try,” he said, gulping. The sound of it in his throat, like he was gagging on my cock.

Wasting no time, I ripped my clothes off in a show of force. I gave his legs a break from the way I’d been pinning them into the splits. I positioned myself to kneel at either side of his chest. My hard cock bouncing above his face. My balls right above his mouth, just in reach of his tongue when he extended it.

He took both hands and wrapped it around my shaft, squeezing and masturbating me as he played with my balls in his mouth. I kept a hand on his head, keeping the encouragement. I needed to hear that gag of a gulp on my cock, and I wasn’t known for my patience.

Rocco’s intuition was magic, lifting his head to take the head of my cock in his mouth. His lips around the tip, his tongue lapping away the weak precum leaking out of me. I wasn’t sure how much of it was going to be coming out since I’d never been this sexually active before.

The gulping gags as he dared to take my cock deeper. I resisted the urge to push his head down and fuck his face right there on the spot. He continued to go deeper on me without prompt and then as he pulled away, he gasped. Looking up at me, he smiled from ear to ear. “How’d you like that?” he asked, looking at me with pride.

“Baby,” I said, licking my lips. “I could get used to this.”

Going down his body, my cock on his lips and down his chest. I placed our cocks together, his was smaller than mine, but thicker. He grabbed his cock and pushed it against

mine, almost like he was trying to start a sword fight with me. I was bound to win because there was no way I was going to let his little omega cock compare to the meaty Alpha cock I was wielding.

Rubbing my cock against his, letting some of his saliva transfer over. “Remember what I asked,” I said, pulling the shorts off him completely. “I want to see you do magic.” I didn’t really know what I meant by it, but I assumed he would have more power when my cock was inside him.

I ate his ass, opening him with a couple fingers and listening to the pleasing moans. I even tasted a little bit of his precum, but his blood was tastier.

There was nothing that could stop me from taking him. He surrendered completely to me. I spread his legs out once more, complimenting him on his flexibility before I teased his hole with my cock, and then went in full force. His legs wavered, coming down around me like he was trapping me in a vice grip. It was cute to feel how much power he had. It was next to nothing.

Kneeling with my cock inside him, I closed my eyes and brushed my hands down my body, pausing to play with my nipples and feel the beating heart of my cock throb inside and against his hole. His moans were a symphony in my ears, and his scent like a smell my body had been chasing for years.

“Louder,” I said, leaning across him and pressing my mouth to his neck. “Go on.”

He wrapped his hands around my back. His fingers digging into my skin. I moaned, thrusting into him fast and hard. He continued to drag his fingers across my back,

moaning louder as the tickle of him breaking my skin brought blood dribbling around us.

The grass grew, taller and taller until it encompassed both of us. From all sides, we were between the cool touch of grass, giving relief to the heat our bodies generated together.

I palmed the grass by his head, pulling out chunks of it between my grasp. There was no stopping myself. I exploded inside him, feeling his hole pucker hard around my cock, matching the throb pulsating from me.

Rocco made a sticky mess between the both of us.

I hadn't noticed it until I pulled away for a second to look at his chest.

He was tuckered out, sighing and barely able to keep his eyes open.

"Bless," I whispered. It was adorable to see, but he'd have to stay awake for a little bit longer to see what he'd done in the yard.

The grass around us was several feet tall and yellowing by the second. Possibly because he wasn't pushing any of his magic into it. I wondered just how much of my Alpha seed he was using to power himself on.

"I think when you come to my house, we're gonna need our own place," he giggled, his body moving, making my knotted cock vibrate and almost solidify inside him. I wish I could've told my cock it was useless, he wasn't going to get pregnant, it shouldn't have stayed this hard for this long.

"I can sort that out," I told him, planting a kiss on his cheek. "I can have one sent over, made, and ready before we

get there.” I could do anything, and I wondered just how much of what I was saying impressed him. The way he was still wrapped around me, I figured he was open... in more ways than one.

## 10. ROCCO

I'd been prepared to fall for him, for anyone who was at the receiving end of the spell. I just didn't expect to fall this hard, or be this hard, constantly. My cock was always on the edge of being at full mast, and my hole would twitch with newly acquired muscle memory of the way Ignacio felt pulsing inside me.

After cleaning myself and dressing in more of his clothes, I was safeguarding my thoughts from asking for another ride like this was an amusement park, and I only had tickets for his body. It wasn't like I was complaining, I was just a little motion sick from another go.

Ignacio was in the kitchen, searing beef in a cast iron skillet. He was doing it shirtless too. The sizzle of the meat and the pop of oil as he turned it over by hand. He lived dangerously, and allowed the oil to spit against his skin, giving him a glow, and also a potentially delicious body lubricant.

"How are you feeling?" he asked, catching my gaze as it wasn't yet done with scanning how delicious his body was, and it was all mine. Just like my body was all his. It was fated, there was nothing wrong with looking now that I had that outlet, and since it was destined, it wasn't wrong.

"I'm—I'm—" I smacked my tongue.

"Hungry?" he asked. "I can make you some proper food, if you need. You need vitamins too. I've got some. They're just generic, I'll have to get your body mapped out to

make sure I have everything you need. It's important your body gets all the vitamins it needs, especially when you're in heat."

I knew that. I had a blend of herbs I took back at the cottage, but he was right, I didn't have that here. "Sure," I said. "Do you have any OJ? I'm craving something citrusy."

"I think so," he said, grabbing the steak from the pan with his fingers and laying it on a plate. "Fresh oranges. I've got a juicer too."

"Wow. You have everything," I mumbled to myself. I was still taking in this place. There was a lot going on in it, and yet nothing at the same time.

"I was being serious," he continued. "Earlier. I want to come back with you. Maybe for a week, maybe a month. My friends have already been blowing up my phone asking what's going on and I really don't have it in me to explain my life to them."

Him coming back with me was definitely what I wanted to hear. I hadn't counted on it. The goal wasn't to force people to move into the cottage. We didn't have much space left, and to think Nero and Lazlo were still needing to meet their mates. At this rate, there were going to be so many Alphas or betas, depending on who they were fated to just roaming around.

Ignacio pulled out a juicer that had been tucked in the corner of a counter. "You wanna watch this juice while I go grab the vitamins?" he asked.

"Ok. How does it work?"



Inside a large netted bag, there were several oranges. “Put these in there, no cutting necessary,” he said. “They just squeeze the life out of them and fill up a glass.”

“Wow.”

“You’ve never seen one before?”

I shook my head. “I grew up in a village that feels like it was set back hundreds of years because my—the place I came from didn’t like technology, and we were all witches, Earth witches, we farmed, we made potions, and it was pretty—awful, actually.”

He chuckled. “I feel you. I didn’t have one of those fancy smart phones until I was nineteen or something.”

“Anything we needed, like pressing fruit, could be done by an Alpha, squeezing the juice from one with their bare hands.”

He clicked his tongue at me, smirking. “Fine, I’ll squeeze them into a glass for you myself.” He tore the netting. The oranges spilled out over the counter and fell to the floor. With one in his hand, he held it above a glass, and squeezed. His arm veins appeared more prominent as he flexed. I was transfixed on them, hoping it didn’t awaken—too late. My cock was hard again. “I can smell you,” he whispered, squeezing a little harder to get the last drop of pure concentrated orange juice into the glass.

I pushed my cock between my thighs and squeezed. “It’s your fault.”

“How does your beautiful little mind figure that?”

“You’re not wearing a T-shirt, and—”

“You’ve got a point,” he said, taking another orange. “But you mentioned another Alpha, so I had to flex a little. That’s really on you. You should know better.”

I did know better. Alphas were competitive as hell. It’s part of why I was worried about all of us finding mates back at the cottage. At least Kyro’s mate, a former Arch Demon of Hell had his own cabin.

“You know,” I started, pouting my bottom lip out. “I’ve not really been around many guys like you in a while. So, I might not know what I’m doing.”

“You’re lying,” he said, squeezing the juice from an orange, and once more showing me that his arms could do more than just cuddle me to sleep. “I think two is enough. Let me get you something to take. I need you to keep your strength up.”

I’d exerted myself a lot out in the yard. I’d never done anything like that before. The most I’d done when I was cumming had been making the flowers in my room bloom, and even then, that was nothing. I could make flowers bloom all day. But forcing the grass to grow to that length, that was new.

Part of me wondered what it would be like if he just did the deed and knocked me up. That was always on my plan. Step one was to find a mate, step two was to have a baby, and step three was to create a coven. I know, I’ve done it a little weird, but those steps were made when I was still in that small village, and I assumed the coven would’ve been created by my Alpha mate. Although it turns out my mate wasn’t a witch at all.

When Ignacio came back, I stared into his eyes with all my unspoken thoughts.

He placed two tablets on the counter. “One of them is a multi-vitamin, the other one is an oil, apparently it’s good for you,” he said. “What—what are you staring at me for?”

“You ever shift?” I asked, having only seen his eyes flash color and the teeth. “I’ve—I’ve never seen a panther before.”

“I’ve been stopping myself all day,” he whispered. “Take these, drink your orange juice, and then come out into the yard. Find me.”

“Serious?” I asked, scooping the tablets into my palm. “Is it scary?”

He shook his head. “Not around you, don’t be scared,” he said, walked back to his steak, he swiped the plate, taking it out of the kitchen with him.

The only wild animals I’d seen were squirrels, or the occasional raccoon. I’d never seen any actual wild animal that I was slightly scared of. Ignacio wasn’t a wild animal, but I didn’t quite know if that was true or not. He was a shifter, he might’ve changed when he was shifted. And that idea was both exciting and scary.

I took the tablets and my juice. It was delicious, probably more so because it had been squeezed directly from his hands. It was nice of him to do that, even though I hadn’t asked. I probably liked it more because he had.

Nerves tickled in my belly. It was a strange feeling every time it happened. I tried not doing things that made me

nervous. The two biggest things in my life so far had given me nerves, but each one of them had led to me having the best time ever. The first time when I left the village, and the second time when I met Ignacio.

I finished the orange juice and hoped he was ready for me.

The yard was overgrown with dry yellow grass.

From the window, I watched as it moved around. There was something in there, moving in a side-to-side motion. I wanted to see it so bad, but maybe from behind the glass first. I'd felt his bite on my thigh, and his nails graze my chest. I didn't know I'd be able to manage the full beast he was.

I did it anyway.

"Don't jump out," I said, flinching as my eyeline caught the empty plate at the side. "Do you—ever go out like this?" I wondered what those headlines would've been if he was caught. *Panther escaped from zoo.*

A gentle purr touched my ears. It was comforting. I followed it.

There was more movement inside the grass, it swayed like a gentle wind rolling over.

I spotted him, completely black, those piercing yellow eyes looking at me through the grass. He purred again.

"Hi," I whispered, dipping to a squat.

Without a sound of him pushing through the grass, he moved forward until he was fully in view. He complete black

panther coat. If it was the evening and he closed those large yellow eyes, I might've missed him completely.

He purred again, deeper than any cat purr with a trill to the tip of his tongue, almost like a snake. He lowered his head and placed it under my hand for me to stroke his nose and between his eyes.

It was strange to think this was the same person who'd been fucking me in the grass only an hour ago.

"I smell you more like this," he let out. "Delicious." He moved his head away and licked my hand.

It tickled. "How big are you?"

He nuzzled his head against my hand once more. "I hope you're not talking about what I think."

"What?" I choked back laughter. "I hadn't thought about it, but now—"

"I don't do that," he said, his head getting closer to my crotch. "I rarely shift. It's overwhelming, smelling all these things. And you. In heat. It's dangerous." He pawed at my knee, pushing my balance off. I fell from my squatted position to my ass.

"It's not my fault," I whispered back. "Maybe it is." I stared at him from my position, propped up on my elbows. I was the one who came all the way out here without a second thought other than finding someone to complete me. He could've been dangerous. Or more dangerous. I knew Alphas were already strong and often quick to anger if they were triggered to rut.

“No,” he said, nuzzling his head against my chest. “I think you were right. This was meant to be. Eventually.”

I liked his optimism, but I didn’t want to mention how most of us never find our true fated mates.

As his panther form continued to lay on my chest, a tingle traveled through me. “I don’t want to leave this moment.” My eyes blinking as I turned my head to take mental snapshots of the moment. The grass. The smells. The warmth of him on me.

Slowly, Ignacio’s body shrank into human form. Naked. He continued to lay on my chest and look up at me. “You don’t have to,” he said. “If you don’t want to leave it, then you can stay here for as long as you want. Forever.”

“I have my coven,” I whispered. “They need me back in a couple of days.”

He took my hand and kissed the back of it. “Then I’ll come with you. I have nothing here that brings me joy.”

“You have friends.”

“No,” he said, kissing the back of my hand once more. “Those are people who cling to me and I let them because it fills a void where friendship should be.”

“And your family,” I continued. I didn’t want either of us to be blinded into making choices because of this new bond.

“My mom will come to me wherever I am,” he said. “You don’t have to worry about that. I don’t want to leave your side.”

I knew he was only saying that because we'd just fucked a whole bunch, and I was very much still in heat. Maybe it was best if we stayed here a couple more days to get it out of my system.

Ignacio kissed my hand again, pulling on my arm to pull me toward his face. "Tell me your thoughts," he said, staring into my eyes. "Don't keep them secret from me. I want to know every beautiful detail that goes on behind those eyes."

"I love you," I let out in a compulsion. His body on mine, his eyes on mine, he was mine, and I was his.

## 11. IGNACIO

“I love you too, so much so it’s crushing,” I told him as I laid on his chest. I stretched my arms around his body and held him deep inside my grasp. I’d never felt this way about anyone before. I liked to think I’d forced myself not to feel this way about anyone before. It was close to the truth. I’d never allowed myself to get close enough to anyone to have the option of these feelings.

Rocco had once more assured me that it wasn’t the spell. The spell had just put him in my path. I believed that, there wasn’t a doubt in my mind questioning him about it anymore. But I knew that I’d questioned him on it once before. That was as the dust settled on the feelings that grew in me.

I was an intense person to be around when it came to feelings, but I also shut them off. The moment those feelings came out, there was no stopping them or putting them away.

My phone had continued to blow up with calls and texts from my friends. They’d all heard about what had happened to Peter. I was the center of their universe, and if I told them I was no longer friends with Peter, they wouldn’t be friends with him either. It was weird they did that, but I knew it was a curse of the wealth I’d amassed, and the fact I was welcomed into VIP areas all over town.

I took Rocco on a real tour of the house. I wore only a bathrobe as I walked around, behind him, taking in every wide-eyed glance and gasp that fell from his mouth. I’d never felt like anything belonged to me, mostly because half of it



went unused, and the other half hadn't been changed from the moment I moved in.

“So, do you have parties and stuff here?” he asked, turning to me. “I just wanna know what a day in your life is like.”

“A lot of parties,” I said. “Everyone wants to come here. I'd be surprised if there wasn't people hiding in spare rooms I hadn't touched before.” Of course, I would've been surprised since I heard everything that happened in this house.

“You should do one tonight, I wanna see what your life is like.” His adorable lips pursed as he smiled.

I shook my head. “That's not really my life,” I told him. “My life is—” It wasn't anything I could really sum up for him. “Wild. Hectic almost. It's me, in the basement gym sweating. It's collecting sweat. It's—sending it off to the lab. It's—it's fielding calls from people who want me to go to their clubs, and offering me champagne.”

“Sounds busy,” he said. “But it doesn't sound bad.”

“I rarely drink,” I added. “I do it because I don't have anything else to do. I can't imagine anything worse than living in this big house all alone.”

Rocco's expressions changed multiple times as I spoke, almost trying to figure out what expression I wanted him to show from what I was saying. He was so eager to please.

“It's why I go out, it's why I invite people over, and it's why I fill the void with working out and—” I didn't want to finish the thought. It brought a bile bubbling inside me to think of all the people I'd been intimate with previously. He didn't

need to know any of that, and I wasn't so willing to have it come between us.

“I don't want you to think that I'm trying to take you away from any of this,” he said before nibbling on his bottom lip. “My coven, we've all been following this handbook, which is basically on how to date because we're just omegas and in this—world around us, we're usually at the mercy of whoever has more social standing. And as an Alpha, that's you.”

I cocked my head. “Then as an Alpha, your Alpha, I'm telling you there's nothing I want more than to see where this is going,” I told him. “And I'm not like a typical Alpha. I'm not bringing a pack with me. And I promise to never hurt you, ever.” I knew that he'd been hurt before. I'd felt it in the way his body reacted to me before embracing me.

“From my calculations, we probably have another couple of days before my heat gives out,” he said. “And I'd like to take advantage of it all.”

“Unless I fuck the heat right out of you,” I said, bridging the gap between us. I placed a finger beneath his chin, lifting it to make the perfect angle for our lips to touch.

“That might only happen if you impregnate me,” he giggled. “And I'm on some pretty strong witchy stuff. So, that won't happen.”

“Didn't you hear what I said. I'm an Alpha. If I want something to happen, it will.”

“You can try, but I do want more than just a mating bond before I'm knocked up,” he said, placing a hand on his

stomach. “So, are you ready to make that kind of commitment?”

I clicked my tongue, tutting at him. “We’ve only just met, but in a heartbeat, I’m ready to make that kind of commitment. You just let me name the date, place, and time.”

He blushed. “Actually, I think you’re supposed to plan all of that.”

“Is that so?” I rubbed my thumb across his cheek, feeling how warm he’d worked himself up. “Then I guess I’ll have to make a plan. But only if you’ll take me as your Alpha.”

“Are you asking me to tie the knot?” he giggled, blushing a deeper beet red.

“I think I’ve already knotted inside you,” I said, pressing my cool lips against his skin. “How many more knots can you take?”

He gulped, looking at me wide eyed. “I know that’s kinda rhetorical, because there is no answer, but like, a lot. I could take a lot. And—and I had saved myself for you. So I deserve them all.”

The detail of him having been a virgin wasn’t lost on me. It made the connection that little more special. Like he’d prepared himself for years and all for the promise of giving it like a gift to his one true fated mate. It added to the skipping beat of my heart, and told me this bond was unbreakable.

“Then let me get you a ring and I can really propose.”

“What?” he jumped, almost slipping back. “I was only—you don’t have to.”

I got down on one knee. “Rocco, my sweet, delicious Earth witch,” I said, taking his hand. “I might not seem like someone who was open to finding love, but there is no denying that you found it inside me, and now, I can’t imagine a world where you’re not in it with me. Will you commit yourself to me and me to you?”

“Yes,” he let out, almost choking on the word. “But you have to say the M-word?”

“Will you m—mate with me?”

“No, the other one.”

I was teasing. “Marry me. Not today or tomorrow, but once we’re settled.”

“Yes, yes!”

I lifted him up into my arms and spun around. It was in his touch. A pleasant aura that had me never wanting to leave him. I wanted him forever, and maybe he’d bitten off more than he could chew when he came to me, but we were perfect together. And I wasn’t going to let anything come between us.

“Can I tell my coven?” he asked as I pinned him against the wall and kissed on his neck.

I didn’t want him to break away from me, but it was important to him, so it was important to me. “Of course,” I let him find his footing on the floor. He grabbed my hand. “I want you to tell them with me.”

It was a strange type of acceptance. He was so excited and ready for me to get to know his coven. They didn’t know anything other than I was here, and a shifter, maybe.

We were back in the main bedroom. Both of us laid on the bed with the phone between us.

It was an old flip phone, I heard all their voices clamoring over each other to talk. They filled the room with their congratulations and cheer. It added to the strangeness happening inside my chest. I'd felt that type of energy before, from people in nightclubs, but never quite like this.

I barely knew all of their names. Nero, Lazlo, Evander, Kyro, Grams, and a former Arch Demon I was very excited to meet. Rocco made me aware of each person and their role within the coven. It truly felt like family. I recalled my own family experience, it was just my mom and me, but we had our found family too. Unique and special bonds with those people.

*"Rocco said you're like a billionaire,"* a voice called out. *"We don't live like that here."*

"Guys!" Rocco called out, hushing them. "He's not like that."

I chuckled at the comment. I didn't grow up with money, or live like a billionaire, even now, with money in my bank, the lifestyle people like me had never fit in with me. "As long as you have a room big enough for me, I think it'll be fine."

"We'll get a room extension, and I think we need to take the ceiling mirror with us," Rocco said. "I really like that."

*"Kinky,"* another person on the call shouted.

It was kinky, they weren't wrong about that. In fact, I was more than willing to have every surface in a room

mirrored if it meant seeing Rocco from every single angle while we fucked. I was excited by that. Ready for it.

“Guys, come on,” Rocco said, unable to contain his rosy, red blushed cheeks. “Also, I think we’re gonna have a spring wedding. I want all the flowers to be in bloom.”

I didn’t really get all the seasons here, so I didn’t quite know how long Spring was. I calculated on a hand with fingers from the months. “Oh,” I whispered. “In four months?”

“That’s plenty of time,” he said. “So, it’ll just be our coven on our side, and then—”

“My mom will be there,” I told him. “And her friends, I suppose.” His excitement filled me with excitement. “I have something for you. Let’s say goodbye to your friends.”

He was quick to shout his goodbye, and then flipped the phone shut. “What do you have?”

I’d grabbed at a ring box inside my bathrobe pocket. “While you were distracted, I found this.” I hadn’t found it accidentally. I knew exactly where the ring box had been. It wasn’t meant for anyone. It was a ring I’d bought myself many years ago. A plain platinum band. Even after making sure the ring size was correct, when I got it home, it wasn’t. Now, I realized I’d bought it for someone else. It was never meant for my hand at all. “It’s been sitting in my drawer for years. I think it was meant for you.”

Rocco couldn’t take his eyes away from it. Staring unblinking. “Are you serious?”

I told him the brief story of how I bought it, and then slipped it on his finger to confirm my suspicions. It was a

perfect fit.

Everything about us was perfect together.

We slot inside each other's lives with ease.

He came to me in a time where I was almost losing sanity.

I came to him when he was ready to find his mate.

Together, we found our biological purposes had aligned.

Rocco cried. "But I don't have anything for you."

"You're all I need," I told him. "Just be you. Ok?" I wiped his cheek then wiped it against my face. Feeling his essence on me was all I needed to feel happiness now.

And I never wanted that to change.

# EPILOGUE

ROCCO

*Four Months Later*

The first bloom of spring arrived. The smell in the air had my eyes snapping open. I'd been waiting for this month for months. And so had Ignacio.

He didn't immediately come with me to the cottage in Oak Ridge. He had things to finish up in Los Angeles, and that included buying one of those small pre-fabricated buildings to be set up on the edge of the land so that we would have somewhere to call ours once he came.

And I wasn't moving in with him until today.

The wedding ceremony day.

Since we were bonded together, a bond much stronger than any ring or vow. But this ceremony had been carefully planned around the first day of spring. It was my dream to walk down the dirt path to an alter of blooming flowers where Evander, the coven leader would hold a ceremony and say a couple of words and a spell for blessing. He'd changed a little since finding love, while Nero and Lazlo still hadn't been able to find their mates yet. It wasn't my fault I was younger and faster to heat.

I did a little dance as I got out of bed and raced into the kitchen.



Evander, Nero, Lazlo, Kyro, and Grams were all there. The smell of bacon and sausage sizzling in the pan hit me, accompanied by the sweet smell of coffee.

A banner dropped to hooks on the ceiling.  
*Congratulations!*

“Ahh!” I squealed. “Today’s the day!”

“Was Ignacio up there with you?” Grams asked. She palmed a hand on the thick tome on the counter. That was the dating handbook. “You know you’re supposed to spend the night before the ceremony in separate rooms.”

I gave myself applause. “We did,” I told them. “He spent the night at our cabin, where I will officially be moving to after the ceremony. I’m nervous.”

“Don’t be,” Evander said, slipping me a large mug of coffee. “It’s gonna be fun. I already swept the aisle in the woods and made sure there was plenty of natural seating for his guests.”

Kyro smiled. “I got Mordeziel to do most of the heavy lifting,” he said. “I think you’re gonna have so much fun, and then you can be like me.” He placed a hand on his belly. He was a couple of months pregnant and he was really starting to show.

“That’s also what I’m nervous about,” I mumbled, pulling the mug to my mouth and sipping. It was super sugary, just what I needed to drink at a time like this. It was a buzz of energy. “Your feet are swelling, you’re getting stretchmarks, and your entire body is changing.”

“My feet might be swelling, but that’s more reason to get foot massages,” he said.

“Kyro’s right,” Grams said. “Once you’re pregnant, you’re mate might drive themselves crazy trying to make you happy. Well, at least, mine did. And from what I’ve seen, Mordeziel is too.”

Kyro nodded.

Nero and Lazlo were stood beside each other, forcing smiles on their faces. “Your time will come soon,” I said.

“I’ve already told them,” Grams said, tapping the book. “You must be in a natural heat, otherwise I’d have whisked up a tincture or something to push you into one. I want you all to find your mates. Or if you’re impatient, you could just go out into the world like Evander to find one.”

“But it’s my special day,” I said, cutting everyone off. I guzzled the coffee. “Now, where is my suit? I wanna get dressed.”

“You need to bathe first,” Grams reminded me. “Moon water and rose petals. Make sure it goes over all your body.”

Before Kyro and Grams joined us, we were doing our best as a coven, and we weren’t ever really that strong in witchcraft, but our bond as a coven had always been strong. We’d all found each other in our time of need, each one of us joined the fold and we’d never looked back.

I wish I could’ve felt like I’d been dreaming of this moment all my life, but I didn’t really know I could dream about it until I joined the coven and my life changed.

After cleansing myself in the water, I found myself renewed and energised more than I did after my coffee. Everyone had nice words of affirmation, like small spells they were casting for blessings on my big day.

My mother and father, who I'd left a long time ago were on the fringes of my thoughts. But then my found family were there, right by my side.

Everyone else had gone to the clearing in the forest where the ceremony was to take place. I was behind with Evander, preparing myself to make an entrance.

“Ok, so don't sit on anything or get too close to anything,” Evander said as he wiped the shoulder of my suit. It was a cream-colored suit, fresh from the dry cleaners. Evander was in a dark blue robe. It was the one we used when we were doing magic outdoors. “And make sure to speak up. I want to make sure everyone can hear you when you commit yourself to him.”

“His family is gonna be there, well, his mom, and like her friends,” I said, puffing out air through a small gap in my lips. “I don't know how I feel about it. They're like, so nice, and lovely. They asked where my family was.”

Evander hugged me. “We're you're family. Don't forget that. You can't forget it. You're gonna be living right next door.”

“When Nero and Lazlo find mates, there will be two more houses,” he said. “Before long, we'll have a small village, or hamlet. We might even have to get a proper road connection.”

We both shuddered. “Nope. I’m happy with being in our own world.” It sort of satisfied the hole in me that was left from growing up sheltered from the world, but at least with our coven, I had the choice to explore.

From the moment Ignacio proposed, I knew where I wanted to get married.

There was a small clearing in the forest with well-worn footpath from all the time I’d walked through it, collecting flowers, mushrooms, and more of Earth’s bounty. It felt like a place where energies came together to convene, and where I felt the most at one with nature.

Standing at the entrance way, I saw Ignacio standing at a moss covered stone altar. He wore a suit with a rose in the buttonhole. There were no sides of the ceremony, each side was mixed with my family and his. His mother was already crying, as she did when I first met her. She’d told me I’d done the impossible when it came to her son, and thanked me for it.

Evander walked me down the aisle to Ignacio.

“Hi,” he said, taking my hand. His warmth filled me up, spilling over me, flowers around us bloomed brighter, some of them shedding their leaves and petals on us from above. “I take it you’re excited.”

“So excited,” I whispered.

Evander cleared his throat then giggled as all eyes turned to him. “Wow,” he let out. “So, when Rocco came to the coven, I wasn’t sure what to do, because we were, or at least I was still finding my footing. I’m an omega, and I’m proud of that. I never thought I’d ever have a coven of witches

just like me. And I'm glad I have. But I'm also glad that one of my witches found their mate, and while I don't want him to leave the cottage, I am looking forward to using his room as a spare closet."

I was already teary eyed, but unable to look away from Ignacio.

"And fate needed a little encouragement, a little magic to get Rocco in front of Ignacio," he continued. "And I'm glad it did. As most of us know, fate is fickle, and it's wild. It took over a year and then some for Rocco to summon the magic inside. A powerful spell that omegas dream of casting."

Tears formed in Ignacio's waterline. "And—" he said, clearing his throat. "I dreamed of a day I'd find a mate. I never thought it would happen like this. But I suppose I needed fate's intervention, because I look back on my life and I see that I wasn't doing anything to change it."

Not a single dry eye, except for Mordeziel, but I don't think he had tear ducts. Kyro sobbed into his arms, not helped by the pregnancy hormones.

"Hold hands," Evander instructed us. "Time for the blessing."

It was a blessing taken from Grams' spell book. We repeated it to each other and our words made the air around us sparkle with glitter. It rained on all of us.

"Now kiss me," I said.

He didn't need more encouragement. He scooped me up inside his arms. His eyes flashed yellow and I was given

the biggest kiss of my life. His lips pressed against mine as his hand applied pressure to the back of my head.

We were connected.

Bonded in more ways than one.

It was magic.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

Hello reader,

Thank you for reading the first in my Omegaverse novella series. While in this series there won't be any MPREG, there will be mentions of it. I will be writing an MPREG series eventually, featuring some of the same characters from this series. I fell in love with the coven of witches when I was writing Kyro's story in My Demon Daddy. I just hope I can do my version of Omegaverse justice.

*And thank you for reading!*

*Please consider leaving a rating or review on Amazon.*

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Heart. Heat. HEAs.

Joe Satoria is an MM author writing both contemporary and paranormal romances.

As the eldest of seven siblings and a Gemini, he read a lot of fantasy romances and learned how to spin his own tale... and lie, which he did for many years before coming out.

You're guaranteed a good time in the Satoriaverse... whether that's in the world around us, or in the world you don't see.

Satoria produces sticky sweet steam throughout his titles, so put your hand in the honeypot and get stuck into the Satoriaverse.

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