



YOU HAVE 1 NEW LUV NOTE

KN<sup>🍏</sup>T MY  
MATCH

JAY BLACK

# **KNOT MY MATCH**

PREQUEL NOVELLA IN

KNOT FREAKED OUT

JAY BLACK

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First Edition

Author's Note: This book is a work of fiction, the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to actual events, locals, and real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older, and all sexual acts are consensual.

This is a paranormal romance that features explicit sexual situations and is not suited for those under the age of 18.

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# BLURB

Why has life come to meeting people on the internet?

My dream was always to meet someone organically. Yes, I'm aware real life isn't some RomCom with a meet cute with some amazing person. This is why, after finally admitting just how lonely I am, I've decided to do what it takes to actually meet someone.

The actual process of downloading the dating app feels— well doesn't matter because I'm doing it anyway.

I keep my options fairly open as I set up my profile and am happily surprised when I'm matched to Joey the first night. So thrilled and excited in fact, that like teenagers, we stay up far too late talking. When he asks me out I say yes without hesitation.

Out of an abundance for safety, we agree to make use of the LuvNotes building, you never really know with people on the internet right?

When I'm led into the private dining room, the man waiting for me is most definitely Knot My Match.

**Knot My Match is a MF omegaverse romance with dark themes some may find triggering with many other surprises in store. HEA and spice guaranteed.**

**THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO:**

*Martin, because without a dating app I wouldn't have met you.*

# CONTENT WARNINGS

As I would never want someone to be triggered by my writing here is a comprehensive list, if you feel like you read something that isn't listed here and should be please let me know by emailing [jayblackauthor@gmail.com](mailto:jayblackauthor@gmail.com)

This book series contains sexual situations and explicit sex intended for adults only.

- General theme of crime.

- Specific mentions and situations containing human trafficking.

- Heat along with an associated mental confusion/fog and “high”, bonds, alpha ruts, and special “peens”. This means there is a degree of dub-con with heats.

- Non-painful cervix penetration (a very special peen involved.)

- Some degree of breeding and pregnancy.



# CONTENT ERRORS

A great number of eyes have reviewed this book and done their best to ensure there are no errors, typos, etc.

If you happen to find one or have any other content issues, please do not report it to Amazon.

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# CHAPTER ONE

## RACHELLE

Why am I downloading this dating app right now? Oh, right, because Bethany wouldn't shut up about the alpha she met on it during work today, reminding me just how lonely I've been lately. I've not had any luck meeting someone organically, which I guess might have been a romantic notion in this day and age, but I've always loved those romantic comedies where a girl and guy run into each other in some adorable meeting, and even when they hate each other at first, they end up falling in love. My only issue with it is that it's always a guy and a girl, where are the woman loving woman romantic comedies? Stupid thought really. Sitting on my couch, I curl up and turn on the tv for some background noise while I wait.

When the app finishes loading, I click it open and start to work through all the opening prompts. What's my gender, name, location, search radius, interested in, etc. When it asks me what people should know, I pause. What do I say about myself? Thinking on it for several minutes before I come up with anything, I finally type out a bio. I decide to be a little blunt to hopefully weed out some people immediately.

I type out:

I know I'm not the youngest, hottest person on this app but I'm

seeking out a genuine connection, not something based on looks anyway.

I believe in building a friendship and not diving straight into anything too intense immediately.

I'm absolutely not interested in a ONS or FWB, if that's what you're looking for please look elsewhere.

Employed full-time in a successful career I enjoy.

I love animals and don't currently have any of my own so instant bonus points if you do.

Physical touch is my love language.

Bisexual and open to anyone and any dynamic.

I read it back over and decide to roll with it. After hitting save, it asks me if I want to pay for premium that will allow me unlimited swipes and access to members-only events. I look through the pros and cons of the free and premium versions, as well as the cost, and decide to go with the premium version. As soon as that's paid, it takes me to an info screen that shows me how to swipe, and I get going.

The app starts off promising; the first person it shows me is a pansexual woman who looks like she lives within twenty miles of me. Looking through her profile, I see that we have some similar interests in animals but she's looking for short-term, friends with benefits or one night stands, so I swipe left for no.

I go through several more before I pause, taking a really close look at the profile of a man named Joey. He's thirty-eight, a beta, dark hair and eyes, and has similar interests, but it's his bio that really pulls me in.

I'm honestly a person who wishes dating apps didn't seem like a necessity to meet people in this day and age but here I am. I'm looking for a relationship, one built on friendship and mutual understanding. I like to take things slow and I'm not into the hookup culture.

I have a successful job, am stable financially, own a car and a house, as well as two dogs who are pictured in my profile.

Instantly, I swipe right. I'm told "it's a match" and am given the opportunity to message him. Deciding to do just that, I type out my first message and hope that it shows I actually read his profile.

Rachelle: Hello, Joey. What are your dogs' names?

I get a notification that my message has been read, and when I open it I see he is typing away, so I sit on the message screen to see what comes through.

Joey: Hi, Rachelle, nice to meet you. Max is the rottweiler mix and Molly is the golden lab.

Rachelle: Aww, Max and Molly suits them. They are so cute.

Joey: I'll tell them you think so. I really liked your profile. Can I ask what you do?

Rachelle: I work as a telehealth radiologist. You?

Joey: I'm an engineer. Radiologist... doesn't that make you a doctor?

Rachelle: It does indeed mean that. What kind of engineer are you?

Joey: Civil engineer, I work largely with infrastructure.

Rachelle: I bet that keeps you busy.

Joey: Probably not busier than you as a doctor.

Rachelle: Fair enough. What do you like to do for fun?

Our conversation goes on for hours with an easy back and forth as we get to know one another. I'm feeling amazing about the match but am exhausted. Right before I message him that I need to head to bed, I receive another message.

Joey: Listen, I know it might be fast, or maybe it's not considering how much of the night we've been talking... I do need to head to bed soon, but I would love to take you out and get to know you better.

Rachelle: I was just about to say I needed to head to bed myself. Yes,

I would like that. When would you like to meet?

Joey: Friday? I know of a great place I could take you for dinner.

Rachelle: Friday works for me, but would you mind if we met at the Luv Notes building. Not saying I don't trust you, but it's supposed to be safer to meet people on the internet and all that.

Joey: No, I completely approve of you being cautious. We can certainly make Luv Notes work. I'll book it now. What time would you like to meet?

Rachelle: Does eight work for you? I tend to work late.

Joey: Friday at eight sounds perfect.

Rachelle: Awesome! For now, I'll say goodnight because I do need to get some sleep. Talk to you later.

Joey: Looking forward to it.



Friday rolls around before I know it and I'm currently pulling into the parking lot of the Luv Notes building. It's a newly constructed building on the outskirts of the city and far larger than I'd been expecting. Parking my car, I head to the entrance, and the moment I walk in I realize the building is set up sort of like a hotel. There is a lobby with a front desk and further back from the reception I see the entrance to a large ballroom. The whole place looks like it's filled with opulence. Making my way to the front desk, I wait for the attendant to be available and continue to look at the various fixtures and furnishings I can, wondering how much money they put into the building.

"Can I help you?" the front desk attendant calls my attention back to them in their sharply dressed suit.

"Yes, there should be a reservation under Joey Miller," I say.

They type onto the computer for a second, and then say, “Ah yes, I see that reservation. One moment and I will have someone come take you back.”

I stand there, thinking it’s insane that they have someone to personally escort people to reservations. Then again, maybe this place is bigger than I think. I see a pamphlet on the counter and ask, “Can I take one of these?”

“Certainly,” the attendant replies. Stepping off to the side, I open it up and see that there are five restaurants, three different large gathering rooms, offices, individual meeting rooms that are designed to be waited on by personal staff, and hotel rooms for a safe place for those involved in the hookup culture. I assumed I would be going to eat, but I didn’t consider that we’d be in our own individual room, having a much more intimate dinner than I’d planned. Then it strikes me, I could be taken to a hotel room. Not wanting to bug the attendant who is helping another person, I open the app and send a message to Joey.

Rachelle: Just wanted to confirm that we’re meeting for a meal to get to know each other?

No reply pops up when I hear my name. Looking up I see another sharply dressed person. “I’m sorry,” I say, making sure I heard what I thought I did.

“Rachelle Smith?” they say again.

“Yes, that’s me,” I reply.

“Follow me please,” they say and turn.

Following them, I get more and more nervous as we head down a hallway off to the side. They stop in front of a room marked *private dining* and I take a deep breath. They knock and open the door, gesturing me to go in.

Smoothing down the front of my skirt, I take another deep breath and walk around the door and into the room.

As I assess the room, the door shuts behind me, and my senses immediately tell me something is off. The guy in the room is definitely not the same guy who is pictured in the profile on Luv Notes, who definitely said he was a beta—this man is clearly an alpha, though I can't place his scent immediately. Trying to stay cordial in case this isn't as bad as my brain thinks it is, I say, "I'm sorry, I must be in the wrong room."

Turning, I try the door and find it doesn't open, and a degree of panic sets in.

# CHAPTER TWO

## RYAN

This is only the second time they've had me on watch duty for the omegas, but I in a lot of ways, I wish I wasn't the one doing this. Don't get me wrong, I'm definitely no saint and I'm not against crime, there is just apparently a limit to the crimes I'm willing to commit. I'll run drugs all day, deal them even if that's what I had to do. I'd commit robbery, or any number of other things, but taking human omegas just makes me uncomfortable. I suppose I've known that the organization has been doing it a while, but it wasn't until the last month that they've required I be a part of it. Very sternly required, in fact. There was a gun and a strong suggestion that I wouldn't be doing *anything* if I wasn't where I was told, when I was told.

The omega I'm babysitting until all the girls arrive and the truck comes is shown into the room. All I've been told is that her name is Rachelle.

The door shuts, and she stills, looking around the room. She takes a step back and says, "I'm sorry, I must be in the wrong room."

She turns and tries to open the door which predictably doesn't open. After all we are both locked into this room until they are ready for the procession to the truck.

Her panic rises and tinges her scent, but even so, her scent is fucking intoxicating. Strawberries and cream, like my favorite treat. The alpha instinct to take her, mate her, and protect her with my life if necessary, rises.

Trying to push it down, I tell her, "Sorry, that's not going to work, Rachelle."



“How do you know my name? What’s going on?” she bravely asks but is clearly still panicking as she is nearly hyperventilating.

Taking a deep breath, my thoughts start to race. The first thought that takes purchase, however, is that she’s going to hurt herself if she passes out standing where she is. “How about you take a deep breath. Sit down and try to calm down a bit. I promise to explain when you’re calm,” I command her, putting some alpha bark behind my voice.

Doing as I say, even if it’s not all that willingly, she sits on the couch closest to the front of the room.

I allow my thoughts to wander. I could tell her the truth and probably should even if it means she panics again. She’s amazingly beautiful with full brown curls, deep skin and eyes to match, curves in all the right places, and dressed more expensively than most of the omegas we take. The idea of her being taken and sold by my bosses is making me more and more uncomfortable by the second. What the fuck am I going to do? How can I let them take her? I know the omegas taken here are sold to the highest bidder and some of the scummiest alphas around. I’ve heard the guys who enjoy this work basically bragging about all the shit that happens to these omegas once they are sold; rape, abuse, torture, and slavery are all options for them.

“You said if I calmed down you would explain.” Rachelle interrupts my thought a moment later, breathing much calmer.

Making a split-second decision, I decide I absolutely cannot let this omega get taken tonight. But how the fuck do I get her to trust that I want to help her? How the fuck am I going to get us out?

“I know your name because I was told by my bosses. You’ve unfortunately fallen into a trap set for omegas that allow my bosses to sell them to the highest bidder,” I explain as calmly as possible.

“I’m being trafficked, that’s what you’re telling me?” she asks, eyes wide and beginning to tear as her breathing hitches again.

“Calm down, I’m not done.” I command, using more alpha bark.

So how do I convince her I want to get her out and make her trust me enough to go with my plan? Well, when I *do* have a plan.

“Here’s the thing, I don’t want to be here either. The concept of human trafficking is pretty abhorrent to me, honestly,” I tell her, pausing to gauge her reaction.

She nods, slightly trembling, tears running down her face. “Why are you here if you don’t want to be? Who even are you?”

Walking over to her, I grab a blanket off the back of a chair and wrap it around her. She cringes a little at my closeness and I take a step back so I can sit near, but not directly next to, her on the couch. “I don’t want to keep barking at you, okay, so please do your best to stay calm,” I tell her without the bark. “I promise not to bark at you again, and hopefully that’ll help you trust me a bit. My name is Ryan, and I was told that if I wanted to do anything I would report to where I was ordered.”

“I don’t understand what that means,” she tells me.

“They threatened to kill me if I didn’t do my job,” I answer more plainly.

“Oh! Oh god,” she says, immediately panicking again and hyperventilating.

“Please, Rachelle, breathe,” I tell her earnestly, without the bark, not wanting to break any trust I might have built up with her by breaking a promise right away.

When she doesn’t calm down, I know she’s not far from passing out, and I catch her torso when she does. Adjusting her, I lay her out on the couch to make her more comfortable. Pulling a chair over, I sit and wait for her to come to.

# CHAPTER THREE

## RACHELLE

Waking up, I'm a bit disoriented. I was having the worst dream that I'd gone to my date to find out it wasn't *actually* my date and that the plan was to traffic me. Blinking my eyes a couple times, I realize the ceiling above me is not my own. Sitting upright, I see Ryan and realize none of it was a dream.

"Oh, what the fuck," I yell before I think better of it.

Ryan shifts. "Can you please try to avoid passing out again? I'm not sure when they'll be back because I wasn't clued into the full schedule. Also, please don't yell, it's not really going to help anything right now."

"Not going to help anything?! What is going to help things?" I shout back at him.

"Well, listening to me might help," he says calmly.

I close my eyes and take a couple of deep breaths, trying to calm down and not yell at him that listening to the person trying to steal me seems stupid. When I take the third breath in, his scent fully envelopes me and it's like my brain slams into a brick wall. Fuck, his scent is all petrichor, reminding me of warm summer rain back home.

"I know you don't have a reason to trust me," Ryan starts. I feel him get closer and then his arms on my legs which he scoots to the side to sit next to me on the couch. Opening my eyes, I see he is right there with his blue eyes, deep and brooding. His whole demeanor gives off *don't fuck with me* vibes. Ryan's blondish-brown hair falls into his eyes as he looks at me. His reddish-brown beard looks soft enough that I want to run my fingers through it. With

my next inhale, I feel slick leak from me and my whole body screams at me to mate with this man.

“But can we at least agree that if we are both going to get out of here alive and free, we need to work together?” Ryan finishes, but I no longer remember what he was saying.

“What?” I question, trying to remember.

“I don’t know of a way out, but if you give me some time to think it through, I’ll get us out alive and free,” Ryan insists.

I stare sort of blankly at him, still thinking about how hot he looks and how amazing his scent is, and I realize I’m slowly leaning into him—also openly staring at his mouth.

“Rachelle, are you okay?” Ryan asks after another minute.

Blinking hard, I try to gather myself but I’m failing with every breath in. “No,” is my answer.

“Listen, I understand you are struggling—”

Cutting him off, I say, “You fucking understand? Oh my god. You are a human trafficker and you’re, what, trying to sympathize with me? Promising to rescue me? How in the fuck would I know you’re not just saying these things to make me compliant? How do I know you haven’t done this with a dozen other women this month?”

“I realize that—”

I cut him off again. “Why should I trust you?” Hell, I don’t know how much time has passed or how much closer I am to being pulled out of this room and sold.

# CHAPTER FOUR

**RYAN**

**W**hy should she trust me is a great fucking question. The only answer I have at the moment is that I want to breed her into next week—hell, next month. Well, that and the insane desire I have to protect her as well. How can I articulate that without scaring her any more than she already is?

Why do I have the desire to protect her? What makes her special from any of the other omegas I've ever interacted with? All I know is I couldn't keep my distance from her, so I sat as close as possible to her on the couch. She didn't flinch away from the contact or my nearness either. In fact, I could have sworn she leaned toward me instead of away. Could she be as affected by me as I am of her?

The only thought that comes to mind is one that horrifies me. Are we meant to be mates? I've heard of fated mates. Someone the Fates made specifically for you, and when you meet them you can't resist them. Did I fucking try to help traffic my mate? A degree of panic rises in me. How long can I continue to resist her pull? Can I get us out of this?

I reach out for her hand closest to me and take it in both of mine, causing her to look into my eyes. "Rachelle, I don't have an answer to that question. Here is what I can tell you, and I hope you believe me. My name is Ryan Hannigan. I'm 41 years old, and I grew up around here. My childhood was okay for a while. I was raised by a single mom who was amazing from what I remember, but she died when I was still young. My dad was never around, and when my mom died I got bounced around a lot. No one seemed to want

me. I was hanging out with some people who weren't the best, and when it came down to it, opened up possibilities for me. Or maybe I saw them as possibilities, and they weren't really anything good."

Pausing for a second to think, I continue. "Either way, they were bad people. I started out as a petty thief and drug runner when I was still a child. Things seemed to escalate every year. I was doing bigger and bigger things for them all the time and never really questioned it. I have been living a life of crime for a long time. It almost feels normal. I can tell you all the things I've done; there are some worse than others. I have felt lucky to never have to personally take a life, but I've been in the room when someone else has. I'm not a good person, not by a long shot. However, when they started trafficking, well I don't think I knew for a while, they're not very forthcoming about things. But when I learned about it, I was immediately uncomfortable with it.

"I tried to voice a choice not to work this particular assignment, and like I said earlier, it was do it or lose my life. That's really not a good excuse at the end of the day. I just didn't feel like I had another option at the time. When you are looking at the barrel of a gun, your mind does a lot to justify survival by any means necessary." I finish my little speech and watch her.

When she doesn't say anything immediately, I grasp for something else to say. "I want to get us out of here, for myself as much as for you. I know my words might not mean shit to you right now, but they mean something to me. I never make a promise if I don't mean it, and I promise you I will try to get us the fuck out of this mess."

Rachelle nods but doesn't say anything. Giving her the time to think, I sit there, still holding her hand, and leave her to it. I'm anxious about every second that ticks by, having no clue how much time we have.

# CHAPTER FIVE

## RACHELLE

I'm trying to use my rational brain but it's not really cooperating. Although I'm aware he didn't exactly answer whether I can trust him, there's something so earnest about him, and something in me wants to trust him—wants to do a hell of a lot more with him really. As I try to weigh my options, I notice that Ryan gets more fidgety by the moment, so eventually I break the silence.

“Okay, so say I do trust you to get us out of here, how the fuck are we actually going to do it?” I ask him.

The huge breath he releases makes me think he's relieved I've at least conceded enough to conceptualize an escape, but then he surprises me by dropping the hand I forgot he was holding, grabbing my face, and kissing me deeply. The kiss lasts for a long time, and I start to lose myself to him before he pulls back, both of us breathing hard.

“Thank you, Rachelle. Just, thank you,” he says. “Well, there is only one way in and out of the room, and that is the door you came through, which is obviously now locked from the outside. Not even I can get out on my own.”

“So we're fucked? All that talk just to tell me we're fucked? What sort of game are you playing?” I question his logic.

“No. I'm just saying we can't get out of this room, not that we can't get out of this place in general,” Ryan immediately points out. “I was sort of thinking out loud a bit.”

“Okay, so what *do* we do?” I ask, emphasizing so he knows not to say

what we can't do again.

“Well, I'm supposed to be escorting you to a van or truck out back once everyone is ready and in position. We've spent a lot of time here the last couple weeks, and no, I wasn't always in the room with someone being trafficked. We just do a lot of business here. There is a long hallway that leads to the back and there is an emergency exit at the end of it. I know it's not locked because staff members use it all the time. If we time it right, we can dip into the exit, and leave that way. Honestly though, we'll have to book it from the moment we are out of the door until we get cover, and even then, we will still have to make a good rush to get as far away as possible. Can you do that, Rachelle?” he asks, looking down at my feet again.

“How are we going to dip out of a long hallway without getting noticed if there are a bunch of others here doing the same?” I ask, not intentionally trying to poke holes in the only plan we have to get out of here. Then I realize I'm an idiot and pull out my phone. “I can just call for help now.”

Ryan watches me dial 9-1-1, shakes his head slightly, but doesn't say anything more. A *call failed* message comes up a moment later. Trying again, I receive the same message. I stand up and walk to the other side of the room and try again. Failed. What the fuck? I had bars before I walked into the building, and I think I had bars in the lobby. “Ryan, why isn't my phone working?”

“They block the signal inside the building past the lobby,” he answers calmly like it isn't devastating news. Well, for him I guess it isn't.

“How the fuck?” I curse, shoving my phone back into my pocket.

“I'm not real clear on those details,” Ryan answers my rhetorical question.

I go sit next to him on the couch again. “So I guess, how are we getting out of this long hallway without being immediately noticed?”

He doesn't immediately answer. I give him a moment, and just when I am ready to give up hope that he'll respond, he finally says, “I think it'll work. When we get to the hallway, can you act like you're hyperventilating and pass out? Then I'll pick you up and walk slowly with you down the hallway so that we take the back. When everyone else is still walking forward, we'll slip out the door. They might not notice until they get to the van themselves.”

“Are you sure they aren't going to be using that exit?” I ask, still hopeful that the plan will work but really wanting to make sure it's somewhat well-reasoned. I don't want to die just as much as I don't want to be trafficked.



“No, there is a specific exit they use to avoid being seen by other patrons,” Ryan explains.

Looking down at my shoes, I thank whatever god made me choose fancy sneakers today instead of heels. I then tell Ryan, “Okay, well, I will do my best to run with you.”

“You will. I know you can do this,” Ryan answers back. “And I’m sorry for everything I have to say and do until we get out.”

Not sure how to take that, I simply nod. I don’t want details of what that might be. Maybe it would be smarter to ask, but I need to have faith in him right now and I don’t think it’ll help to know.

# CHAPTER SIX

## RYAN

We're sitting on the couch together, and I'm holding her hand. I hear movement in the hallway and listen closely, until I hear the sound of keys. Letting go of Rachelle's hand, I whisper, "Are you ready?"

"I guess I have to be," she whispers back, looking at me. I can tell she's scared.

"You can do this. *We can do this,*" I whisper as I stand right before they enter the room.

Jory is the one to open the door, looking first to me, then to Rachelle and back to me. "Ready to move?"

"Of course," I respond with a nod. Taking a step towards Rachelle, I lean down, grip her arm, and pull her up roughly.

She looks at me with such a look of concern that I worry I've actually hurt her, and I immediately loosen my grip as much as I can while still keeping up pretenses. I'm hoping she'll remember to look scared and resistant to what is happening. Pulling her out of the room, we start to walk down the corridor, heading towards the hallway. I make sure to walk behind Jory.

As we near the hallway, I squeeze her arm, both for reassurance and to let her know we are near the hallway.

We luck out when we get there, meeting another handler and omega, and I pause to let them go first. Looking down at Rachelle briefly, I see a look of concern on her face. As I start walking her forward again, I realize leaving

with her keeps her safe but does nothing to help any of the other omegas who have been taken. She clearly has a big heart and is feeling the pain of leaving them behind. I don't know what I could possibly do to fix it though. Getting us out is going to be hard enough, and we'll likely be running for a long time.

We're about five steps down the hallway when Rachelle starts to hyperventilate and I'm not sure whether it's an act or not, because tears track down her face. I squeeze her arm again, hoping she'll drop as planned and pretend to pass out, before she *actually* does. When she doesn't act right away, I pull on her arm lightly to see if that will get her attention. Trying not to move my mouth, I murmur quietly but firmly, "Drop."

Right as I'm about to improvise so we can get out, she drops. I'm close enough to hear her breathing so I know she's just pretending to have passed out. As others turn to see what happened, I announce, "She's been an overdramatic bitch all night. Don't worry about it, I've got her."

They nod and turn to leave me to it, as I hoist her up over my shoulder. Walking forward slowly, I allow the gap between us and the other men to widen as much as possible. As we near the door, I pause, adjust my grip on her, and confirm no one is paying attention to us. "Ready to run, Rachelle?" I whisper.

"Yes," she whispers back.

Taking the two steps, I gently set her down, making sure she is stable on her feet before letting go of her. Opening the door, Rachelle leads the way, running away from the building, and I follow hot on her heels until we reach a wooded area on the other side of the parking lot.

"Ditch your phone," I tell her, before dropping and destroying mine as well.

"I have to get rid of my phone?" she asks, pulling it out of her pocket.

"Yeah, they'll track us with them if we let them, and we *cannot* let them," I tell her, grabbing it from her hand and smashing it alongside my own. "Come on, let's head this way. It will take us out to the edge of town, and we can pick up a car along the way."

"Pick up a car?" Rachelle questions.

"Yes, pick up a car—as in *steal*. We don't exactly have a lot of other options at the moment."

We make our way as quickly as we can in the dark, until we are on backroads that don't have a lot of light, posing less of a risk. As we near the edge of town, I find a little Ford Focus and decide it'll do for now.

Regardless of if Rachelle likes it, we'll probably end up swapping vehicles several times over the coming days.

I quickly hotwire the car before telling Rachelle, "Get in."

Once she's in the car and we are several miles out of town, I start to talk out a plan with her. "Listen, I know we didn't really get a chance to talk much about this before we left, and honestly part of me just needed to focus on getting us out of there first. The reality is, you can't go back home. They know everything about your life. Where you live, any family you might have, who would come looking for you if you disappeared, work colleagues, and they're prepared to use that information. Since I disappeared with you, I also will be starting completely over."

"I don't have any family and, outside of work, I don't know anyone who would be concerned if I disappeared. I'm sure that is why they chose me for this," Rachelle murmurs. "Never going home though? What about my place and things?"

"They'll have someone watching it. It would be too risky to ever go back there," I tell her.

"Start completely over?" Rachelle asks quietly, seeming choked up.

"Yes, we need to start over. Now we need to decide where to run to," I finish.

# CHAPTER SEVEN

## RACHELLE

“**W**hat exactly do you mean by they know everything about me? Like what do you really mean? Surely, they can’t know every single little thing about me since infancy?” I ask him, trying to get more details so I can wrack my brain around a plan.

Ryan sighs. “Um, no. Probably reasonable to think the last ten years or so.”

Instead of continuing down the previous path, I ask, “Why can’t we just go to the police? I mean, you did the right thing, they would have to be grateful to you for—”

Ryan cuts me off before I finish my train of thought. “No, Rachelle. Believe me when I say the police aren’t going to do anything about this and may even go so far as to turn us both back over to them.”

“Why would the police do that? We could go and I could leave you out of it. I’ll just tell them I got away. I don’t see why you couldn’t tell the police who your bosses are and get the whole thing taken down?”

I see him glance at me in an assessing way and I raise my eyebrow, waiting for a response. I’m feeling much braver now that we aren’t locked in a room in a building with an unknown number of men surrounding me.

“This goes deeper than you’re thinking. I don’t know that taking out my bosses would do any good. They are just a pawn of someone larger, like I am to them. I only know this because I know they work with someone at Luv Notes, fairly high up in the management structure, who is an employee for

someone above them,” Ryan tells me.

“Someone at Luv Notes knows people are brought in and taken out of there without their consent?” I clarify, making sure I understand what he just said.

“Exactly, Rachelle. That’s why going to the police won’t work. If a company as big and as powerful as Luv Notes is in on it, well, what can we do?” Ryan asks.

“Absolutely nothing, apparently,” I sigh.

“They have the resources and power to know where you live, work, your banking info, your friends, family, and likely can connect you to anyone you have saved in your cell phone. This isn’t a small operation. I wish I could do more. I do. I know you didn’t want to leave those other omegas behind, but just getting you out seems like a small miracle,” Ryan tells me.

“You’d think such a big operation would have better security,” I observe.

“Well, one alpha per omega probably did seem like good security,” Ryan counters. “One bark and you’d do whatever I say.”

“Which is annoying in every single instance it’s ever been used on me,” I comment.

Ryan coughs. “Does that mean you can think of an instance where it wouldn’t be annoying?”

“I definitely walked into that question, but that doesn’t mean I’ll answer it,” I reply, not about to tell him my fantasies of a consensual use of barking in bed.

“That lack of answer says more than you think it does.”

“Anyway, you said that anyone in my phone could be connected to me, but what about people from my past that aren’t in my phone?” I ask him. “If I called up a friend who I haven’t talked to in fifteen years, would it be okay for them to take us in?”

“Why would a friend you haven’t talked to in fifteen years take us in? More importantly, are you sure you trust them?”

“Yeah, they would never do anything to hurt me, and I am also sure that they’ll take us in.”

# CHAPTER EIGHT

## RYAN

I'm wracking my brain for literally any other option that doesn't involve me trusting some stranger with Rachelle's life. I suppose I would also be trusting my own to this friend as well. I'm coming up blank though.

"Fine, who is this friend and where are they?" I ask her for more details.

"Well, quite honestly, he's my first boyfriend. We stayed friends after we broke up and he would do anything for me. As for where he is, I know he lives pretty far away but I'm not exactly sure where. What I do know is that if we can get to a phone, I can definitely contact him," Rachelle tells me.

Frustrated a bit that this *friend* is an ex-boyfriend, I nod but don't say anything. I've already basically agreed and can't tell her that it won't work now. I'm also not willing to tell her it would make me jealous because that would mean admitting I feel something for her. That would likely only backfire. I grip the steering wheel a little harder and continue down the highway we're on. I figure we'll get near the state line, swap cars, and then stop to call her *friend* when we are on the other side.

Predictably, Rachelle is a little mad when I pull over in a small town on this side of the state boarder. "Come on, we have to leave this car and pick up another. I wouldn't put it past them to track down stolen vehicles. We just need to be as cautious as possible."

"The fact that stealing another car is as cautious as possible doesn't seem backwards to you?" she asks.

"No actually," I quip back, irritated that she is upset with me over this.

“Fine,” she says, getting out of the car and slamming the door behind her.

I get out and gently shut my door, leaving the car unlocked. “Let’s head this way,” I point back the way we came. Just two blocks back, I scoped out an older Rav 4 that should be easy enough to take. We quickly make the walk with me leading the way until I stop by the car. Looking in, I see it’s unlocked and open the door. When I sit in the driver’s seat, I’m shocked to find the keys in the ignition. No one would have left their keys openly in the car like this... Deciding it doesn’t matter—the vehicle is just a means to an end anyway—I motion for Rachele to get in. Once she’s situated with her seatbelt on, I start the car and take off down the road.

We passed the state line about an hour ago, but I don’t want to stop yet. Rachele changes that plan when she says, “Ryan, can we please pull over? I have to go to the bathroom, and if I don’t get some water and maybe a snack soon, I might pass out again.”

“Do you think you can wait until the next town? I’ll find somewhere to stop there and then we can also use the phone?”

“Sure,” she agrees, crossing her legs firmly. I wonder how long she’s needed to go to the bathroom and I hadn’t noticed. I mean, I’m not a mind reader but aren’t alphas supposed to anticipate their omegas needs? Not that she’s my omega. Fuck, she has me tied up in knots already.

We drive for another half hour and Rachele gets squirmier in her seat, until we make it to the next town. I stop outside of an all-night diner just on the other side of town. We walk in and she immediately takes off in the direction of the bathrooms, where I see a payphone. Only in a small town would we have lucked out this much. but we can’t stay here long. I walk up to the counter before going anywhere else.

“Good evening. How can I help you?” the overly friendly waitress that must be in her sixties asks.

“Evening. Can I please get two orders of cheeseburger and fries to go?” I ask her politely. No need to raise any alarms by being rude.

“Absolutely. Anything else?”

“Can I also get some quarters for the payphone?” I ask her.

“Not a problem. Give me one sec and I’ll get ya ringed up.” She smiles. I wait while she punches in some numbers and then says, “Eighteen thirty-three is your total.”

I hand her a twenty and a five. “Can I please just get a dollar fifty in quarters back.”



“Of course, thank you.” She hands me my change with another smile. “I’ll have that right up for you.”

I walk toward the bathroom in time to meet Rachelle as she walks out of the ladies’ room. “Here, I ordered food and got change for the payphone,” I tell her, passing her the change and heading toward the restroom myself.

I quickly take care of business then wash my hands before exiting the restroom to find Rachelle hanging up the phone.

“That was quick. Did he say no?” I ask her, a little relieved but trying not to show it.

“He said he’ll be here in two hours,” she informs me.

My brain literally catapults into all the questions I have all at once, and it takes me a second to organize them enough to get the first one out. “What do you mean he’ll be here in two hours? Why aren’t we driving to him? How far away does he live?”

“I mean he said not to worry, he’d be here in two hours. He’s picking us up because of how far he lives. He said we’d need his transportation, but I don’t know exactly how far,” she tells me.

“This is not a lot of information to go on, and a little bit disconcerting,” I tell her. I’m now doubly concerned that her ex is coming because now it might also be some kind of trap. Maybe he knows something. Two hours is how long it’ll take the people searching for us to catch up with us. I know we drove nearly three and a half hours, but they could already have had a lead on us.

“He made it sound like he’d be bringing a plane or something. He’ll be here. I trust him. Please trust that I wouldn’t risk my life, or yours, at this point,” Rachelle basically pleads with me.

I take a deep breath and consider the options for a moment, but really, we don’t have any others. “Okay, I trust you with our lives because you trusted me with ours earlier. We will not be staying in the restaurant though. Let’s get our food, grab the car, and get out of sight. We’ll come back right before he is supposed to be here to meet him.”

# CHAPTER NINE

## RACHELLE

Ryan ended up circling around and then parking in a wooded area off to the side of the diner that left us completely out of sight and in the pitch black. Too hungry to argue about the necessity of this action, and honestly too tired, I down my food once we are parked.

“Are you still hungry,” Ryan asks with some concern, as I close the lid to the take-out container, setting it on the dashboard.

“No. I think I probably overate as is. I was way hungrier than I thought I was,” I reply. “After all, I was supposed to have been going for dinner.”

“Right,” he says. I feel him moving but it’s far too dark to discern. “I’m really sorry that you’re in this situation and that you had to go through this.”

“I know you are, otherwise you wouldn’t have gotten me out. I mean, I do wonder what about tonight made you decide to change...”

“I don’t know how to articulate it right now. When I figure it out, I’ll let you know,” he responds vaguely.

We fall into a silence as he finishes his meal, and I allow the silence to continue well after that. After more than a half hour, I start to struggle.

Being stuck in a small, enclosed space with the alpha again is getting harder by the minute. The room at Luv Notes was hard enough, and also much bigger than this car. I’ve noticed my breathing get deeper but haven’t been able to do a damn thing to stop it. I’m starting to feel like I’m drunk on him, or maybe his pheromones.

I watch him, not able to discern features, though my eyes have done some

adjusting in the time spent in the dark. If I didn't know better, I would say he is just as high on me as I am on him right now.

I'm surprised a moment later when his arms appear, reaching over to me and lifting me from my seat to pull me over to him.

"What," I gasp breathlessly.

"Tell me you don't feel this," Ryan breathes as he runs his hands up and down my back, eliciting a small moan from me. The feel of his hands on my body, his petrichor scent filling all my senses. He drops the seat back, and I follow him down with his arms around me.

"I can't," I whisper back, dipping down and burrowing my face into his neck, drinking his scent straight from the source. Turning my face in, I start kissing his neck, wanting—needing—more of him.

"Thank fuck," Ryan whispers. He runs his hands down my back again, gripping my ass for a second before continuing the path down my legs, until he reaches the end of my skirt, pulling it up. I lift his shirt as much as I can and go for the buttons on his pants, as his hand connects with my bare ass.

"Please," I beg, pausing my actions as he nears where I want to be touched and filled. I'm rational enough to understand I am out of my head with desire for this alpha, but I'm past the point of caring. I continue with the zipper, and he lifts his hips with me as I pull them down enough to release a very generous cock. "Oh, fuck," I murmur out of surprise.

"I know it's a little different, but I promise it won't hurt," Ryan explains quickly, teasing me.

"I mean you're definitely well-endowed, but I don't know about different," I tell him as I take it in my hand. As I stroke him, my fingertips can't touch due to his girth. I can feel his knot as it swells at the base, but when I get to the tip again, I notice it comes to more of a point than any other man I've been with, far narrower than the rest of his long length. The desire to feel him within me outweighs any further curiosity, as Ryan's fingers slide under my thong.

Reaching down, I push my thong to the side, adjust my knees, and seat myself upon him without further delay. The teasing, his scent, and the knowledge that I can have him, are too much to overcome.

"Oh fuck, Rachelle," Ryan groans and moves his hips in time with mine as I ride him. My hands drop onto his shoulders as I continue to take him. All care for the world around me is gone, as I focus only on the pleasure of his cock inside me. My forehead drops to his chest as he takes over the bulk of

the movement, working his hips up into me from below.

“Ugh, fuck, please don’t stop,” I plead with him as he hits a spot that feels amazing.

I lift myself enough to wrap my hands around his neck before bringing his face to mine in a deep kiss, as he continues to rut into me from below. I break off breathlessly, an orgasm crashing over me, but he doesn’t stop his relentless rhythm, pushing me through the first orgasm with another one building immediately after.

I lean back, meeting his thrusts again. “Fuck, Rachelle, I need to knot you. You’ll feel me, but it won’t hurt,” he warns a moment before his knot pops, causing me to come again. I bask in the ecstasy for a brief moment before I feel a pressure against my cervix. Ryan feels impossibly deep within me.

“Oh my god,” I gasp as the full feeling intensifies somehow.

“So hot,” Ryan says between hard breaths, stroking his thumb over my lower stomach. One of my hands instinctively goes to my stomach, which now feels fuller than it did earlier. I dismiss it, thinking it’s not possible that anything we just did could alter my body in that way.

He pulls me down to him, wrapping his arms around me and purring gently, as I feel something move within me and the pressure on my cervix dissipates. I lean into his neck, content to sit here, knotted and sated.

# CHAPTER TEN

## RYAN

I run my hand down Rachelle's back, rousing her slightly. I don't think she actually fell asleep, and instead is in a blissful state of relaxation. "Hmmm," she acknowledges.

"I don't ever want to leave this glorious cunt of yours, but your friend should be here any minute," I tell her in warning, as I shift her down my hip a little to pull out of her.

"Shit," she says, quickly scrambling over to her own seat. "I need to clean up."

I shake my head. "No need, nothing to clean up. It's all definitely staying inside you."

She gives me a weird look, but I start the car and pull out of our spot. As we arrive to the front of the restaurant, there is a guy that looks familiar about to walk in and I look closer at him, trying to place him.

"Oh! There he is, good timing," Rachelle tells me, quickly hopping out of the car.

Then as I follow her to him, I realize exactly why he looks familiar. My fucking brother, who I haven't seen in years, is Rachelle's ex.

"Hey," he directs at Rachelle, hugging her briefly before looking up at me. "Well shit, little brother, didn't know it was you I'd be meeting here."

"Brother?" Rachelle squeaks.

"Yeah, Ryan here is my little brother. Haven't seen him in a hot minute," Tristan confirms. "No time to waste, let me take you home. I will warn you,

it's pretty far away, but I have a device that'll get us there quick." He puts Rachelle's arm in the crook of his and one hand on my shoulder.

"Device?" I ask.

"Yeah, you might call it a teleporter," he replies, and before I can ask what the fuck that means, I feel like my insides are literally turning outside, and we land—rather hard—on a wooden floor. Looking up, Tristan is still standing.

"What the fuck?" I ask, getting myself and Rachelle up, who keeps a firm grip on me that I don't mind for one second.

"Welcome to Exavyera," Tristan says, raising his arms which makes me look outside. The inside of the house looked like any other house, but the outside...

"Ex-hav-year-ah?" Rachelle sounds out the word Tristan just said, which I'm convinced isn't a normal language.

"Yeah. I'm guessing neither of you realized this yet, but we're no longer on Earth," Tristan says. I'm listening to the conversation but stuck on the view out the massive windows.

The houses from the outside definitely don't look the same, all built with some kind of metal that seems to take on a bluish hue. The vegetation though... I've never seen anything like it. The trees are various shades, some green but more are purples and blues. Then there's the lack of real roads. There are pathways, which some people walk on, but no cars or vehicles driving by.

"Exavyera, is where exactly?" I ask him.

"On a planet called Rexalla," Tristan tells us. We've all known there are other species besides humans on Earth for some time, but they tend to look like us, with maybe some added features. There are creatures and other things as well. I just never considered the possibility of ending up somewhere other than Earth myself.

"How did you end up here?" I ask Tristan. Wrapping my arm around Rachelle, I walk us over and sit on the couch while he walks to an armchair in the living room and takes a seat.

"Well, Dad, of course. He lives here," Tristan answers as if this isn't new knowledge to me.

"What do you mean dad lives here?"

"Did mom never tell you?"

I sigh, rolling my eyes. "Tell me what? Also when would she have done

that, before or after she died?”

“When did she die?” he asks, not answering the first question.

“Forever ago, but tell me what?” I ask more insistently. Rachelle strokes my arm and I get distracted briefly, looking over at her to see her watching me. She smiles when she notices me looking at her.

“Well dad is from here,” he tells me. “In fact, he’s around. If you want to see him that is totally an option, no pressure though if you don’t. It’s why you haven’t seen me much either. When dad got custody of me in the divorce, we came back here. He’s been pretty busy here ever since.”

My brain speeds off at this information before sticking on one point. “Wait, if dad is from here, does that mean he’s not human?”

“Indeed it does,” Tristan answers, a little smugly in fact.

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

## RACHELLE

I've been sitting back and letting Ryan handle Tristan considering they're brothers. I was content to just be near Ryan and touching him, but that came crashing down the moment Tristan said their dad was from here and therefore not human.

"Wait, so you both... you're not human?" I ask. I know what the answer will be, but I need to hear it.

"I had no idea," Ryan says, sounding like he just got punched in the gut.

Tristan picks up, "Nope, we are not human."

"Is that why your cock is different?" I ask Ryan as if his brother is no longer in the room.

He seems to think for a second. "Well I knew it was a bit extra. I know you didn't really get to see it earlier but, um, yeah, the anatomy is a bit different but other than that..." He finishes with a shrug.

"Ah, yeah. I take it you have a point at the tip, one that penetrates?" Tristan asks Ryan who nods in return. "That would be one of those alien things," he laughs. "We can thank dear old dad for that."

"But wait, we had sex," I say, motioning between Ryan and me so he knows I'm not including Tristan in this. We never had sex, and I'm suddenly incredibly thankful for that. "What does that mean for that?"

"Well, our anatomy has evolved to ensure that the seed takes by penetrating a mate's cervix, so likely you'll end up pregnant," Tristan informs us both.



“What?” I nearly shout. Don’t get me wrong, I still feel an intense pull to Ryan—and honestly want to have him again—but we also just met tonight. Not to mention how we met. Do I want to be tied to him forever with a child?

“I know for a fact I haven’t gotten any women pregnant before. What would be different now?” Ryan asks.

“She’s an omega. Have you slept with many omegas in your time?” Tristan asks.

“Well, no,” Ryan admits.

“Okay, and I think you both might be missing the other component, but that’s not for me to say without proof. Here, I have a scanner. I can tell you right now. One sec...” He gets up and walks away.

“I’m sorry, Rachelle. I feel like I somehow fucked up something again, but really, I had no idea,” Ryan whispers to me.

“No, I know. You have nothing to apologize for.” I reach out for his face and soothe my thumb over his cheek. Then I lean in and kiss him, unable to stop myself, my desire for him still high and taking away more and more rational thoughts by the minute.

A throat clears and we break apart to find Tristan has returned. Smiling smugly at us, he points what looks like a tablet at me. It makes a little noise and then Tristan looks down at it. “Okay, I see that you are not pregnant yet, but that his seed is still there, so it might still happen. I didn’t realize when you said you had sex you meant literally right before I got there.” He shakes his head as if trying to dismiss a bad thought. “Um, but as I thought, you have mated. There is an initial bond the scanner can pick up.”

“Mated and a bond?” I ask, feeling stupid. I know, as an omega, I will bond with someone one day and I know how that process typically works, but Tristan seems to be suggesting that we could bond without a bite.

“Yeah, in our father’s race, when you meet your true mate, a bond forms through proximity alone and solidifies with a bite. Whereas for a human, the bite is all that is necessary,” Tristan explains.

“Okay, is the bond why I still want to be all over him?” I ask Tristan.

“Yes. So how about I go and you guys can stay in my place? I’ll give you some alone time,” he suggests.

“Where are you going to go? Also why?” Ryan asks as if he isn’t stroking his thumb over my rib cage and distracting me.

“Well, you’ll need alone time to solidify the bond and, of course, Rachelle will go into heat as part of that,” Tristan stands. “I’ll head to Dad’s

place. I'll be back to check in on you in," he pauses looking us over, "a day or so."

"Heat?" I ask him. "I'm not due for another one for another two months."

"The bond will trigger one. Have fun and stay out of my room please," Tristan replies, quickly fleeing the house.

# CHAPTER TWELVE

**RYAN**

**L**iterally as soon as Tristan is out the door, Rachelle moves, groping me through my pants. She is certainly bold when she wants something, and I can get behind that. Equally unable to keep my hands off her, I tighten my grip, moving her slightly closer as I reach up to her neck and pull her face to me. The kiss drowns me in her strawberry-and-vanilla-ice-cream scent and the need to have her rises by the second.

“Can I take a closer look at this special cock of yours?” Rachelle asks me, breaking off the kiss and rubbing my hard cock, still trapped in my pants.

“Mmm,” I nearly say yes, but pause. “Are you sure you want this, Rachelle? I know Tristan made it sound like it’s already an inevitability, bonding and getting pregnant, but are you sure?” I ask, stopping her hand from continuing her movements. It might kill me to leave her, but unless she consents, I would find a way to do so.

She pulls her hand out from mine, and my heart immediately drops. She’s going to say no, and I’ll have to find a way to walk away. I hold my breath, but stare into her eyes as she lifts her hands and takes my face.

“I need you. I want you. I’m good with this. With everything that has happened tonight, I can’t begin to process everything right now, but I know the thought of being without you feels like it would kill me. You saved me, and we will learn and grow together here. I’m past using my rational brain to tell me all the reasons I shouldn’t be with you, because when it comes down to it, is love ever fully rational?” Instead of waiting for an answer, she leans

in and kisses me again.

I kiss her back as if her lips are the only thing that will keep me alive. I pull her over me, holding her tightly to me as if even the small amount of space between us is too much. I feel like I'm obsessed. No matter how close I am to her, or how much I touch her, feel her, fuck her, it'll never be enough. Rachelle rocks over my lap, moaning into my mouth.

"Still want to see you," she tells me between kisses.

I help her up, gripping her hips and lifting her until she has her feet fully under her.

"Pillow."

Confused but willing to follow whatever desire she has, I give her a pillow from the side of the couch. Taking it, she promptly drops it onto the floor and then kneels down on it, surprising the shit out of me. Letting her direct where this is going, I lean back and allow her to undo the button and zipper on my pants, lifting my hips when she goes to pull them down.

When she pulls them past my knees, I toe off my shoes, and she continues stripping my pants down until I am nude from the waist down. She runs her hands from my knees, all the way up my thighs, until she reaches my cock.

Stroking me, she leans further into my lap and starts examining me. If it was more clinical, I might care about the inspection, but she continues to teasingly stroke me as she looks at it from every angle. "Hmm," she murmurs, before licking from the base to the pointed tip, making me shudder in pleasure. "How does the rest of the tip come out?"

"It does when I'm about to cum," I answer her question, hoping that doing so will make her continue. "Not usually too much."

"Well I suppose I'll have to make you cum then," she announces an inch from my cock before taking it into her mouth.

Both of my hands immediately go into her hair, not trying to control the movements but to hold her as she worships my cock. The sight of her on her knees, sucking my cock, is already making it hard to hold off my orgasm. When she lifts up slightly, I assume she's about to take her own pleasure with me instead of being so selfless. I'm instead very surprised when she bobs down and takes me all the way into her throat. I feel her swallow around my cock. "Fuck, baby, ugh, wait, wait," I beg her.

Popping off my cock, saliva drips down her chin and she asks, "What?"

"I know you're curious and want to see but I want you so bad," I tell her. Leaning forward, I put my hands under her arms and hoist her off the floor.

“Let’s find a bedroom so we have more room.”

Standing up with her, I take her hand and walk to the first door down the hallway and luck out. It’s a room that doesn’t look particularly lived in with a queen size bed against one wall. Leading her over to the bed, I pull her blouse up over her head and lean in to kiss her, as I toss it to the side.

Reaching around her, still kissing her, I find the clasp on her bra, undoing it and carelessly tossing it behind me. Breaking off the kiss, I mouth my way down her neck to her breast which are full and round, palming one to lift her nipple to my mouth and suck lightly.

“Ugh,” she moans.

As much as I want to take hours appreciating the tits in front of me, I kneel onto one knee and use my mouth to trail down her stomach until I reach the line of her skirt. I take her hips and burry my face into her center and breathe in her scent. I can tell this arouses her when my next breath in brings an even more potent hit of her desire. Unable to be soft with her any longer, I grip the waistband of her skirt and pull hard. Something tears before the skirt and thong underneath rip, and they drop to her feet. Standing, I pull her in for a demanding kiss, gripping her ass and pulling her into my cock.

“Fuck, baby girl, need you,” I tell her, breathing heavy, my forehead against hers.

“Yes,” she breathes.

That one word breaks the last of my control. I pick her up and toss her onto the bed. I pull my own shirt off without a care for the buttons. Climbing onto the bed, I situate myself between her legs and pull her thighs up to spread her further for me. Deciding I can’t resist tasting her another moment, I dive into her curls and sweep my tongue over her clit. Her sweet flavor coats my tongue in seconds, and like a starving man, I feast.

“Oh,” Rachelle moans, her hand going to the back of my head and holding me to her, completely unashamed and grinding her pelvis harder into my face. “Fuck, oh, fuck,” she starts to chant.

Shifting one hand, I slowly push one finger inside her, crooking my finger to find her g-spot without altering the movements of my tongue on her clit.

“Oh, more, please, mmmhmm,” she moans between gasping breaths.

Giving in to her easily, I add another finger and work her cunt harder.

“Fuck. Gonna come, don’t stop. Fuck. Oh fuck!” Rachelle calls. Fluid gushes out of her while she clamps down on my fingers over and over again

as she orgasms. I ride it out with her, only removing my fingers and lifting my now-dripping face once she's done.

“Not done with you yet,” I tell her. “On your knees, baby.” Helping her get into the spot I want her—ass fully presented and chest against the bed—I swipe my cock through her center before notching the head of my cock at her entrance. Before I push into her, I take my hand, still covered in her juices, and use my thumb to find her asshole. Teasing it with my thumb, I slowly push my cock into her cunt. “Someday, baby girl, I’m going to take this hole as my own too.” That’s the only warning she gets as I push the tip of my thumb in at the same time I thrust the rest of the way, bottoming out in her.

“Oh!” she calls out but continues her breathy moans as I start to move in and out of her cunt, keeping my thumb in her.

“Like that, baby girl?” I tease.

“Yes! Fuck!” Rachelle calls as I pick up my pace again.

I’m already close from everything leading up to this moment and my intense desire for her—to have her, mark her, breed her. I’m going to make her mine and protect her forever. Pulling out of her suddenly, I flip her. Grabbing one of her legs, I put it over my shoulder, quickly entering her and leaning over her.

Watching her face, as she gets lost in the pleasure I’m giving her, is somehow hotter than anything else. As I continue to work my cock in and out of her, I lean in further and kiss her. When she moans into my mouth, I pull back to let her breathe and kiss down her neck.

Still close and determined that she will come with me, I find her clit with my hand and start to work it as well.

Rachelle’s breathing gets heavier and her moans get closer together, but she hasn’t come yet and I’m about to lose it. “Come!” I tell her as I start to go, working my hips as hard as I can and hoping she comes with me. I feel my tip as it starts to burrow its way in to breed her.

Proving that my efforts were not in vain, she comes with a shout, and I bite her neck, thrusting my knot into place, holding onto her in a primal way until her orgasm passes. As I lap at the bite on her neck, I shift slightly to allow her leg to drop to a more comfortable position. Shifting us so that we’re on our sides, I hold her closely and tend to my bite.

# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

## RACHELLE

We finally got a full night sleep last night after only a day of intense bonding and heat. Based on what Tristan had said, I figured I wouldn't have a full heat, but I also didn't expect it to only last a day. I know I'm pregnant and that has a whole slew of questions running through my head now. I don't think I really thought through just how little I knew about where we are and what that means for being pregnant and raising a child here.

Then there is also the thing with Ryan's cock. If it enters the uterus through the cervix—which, I mean, I guess; why would Tristan lie about that—then wouldn't it hurt the baby? Can we not have sex again the whole time I'm pregnant? All these questions flying through my head, and I'm still lying in bed next to Ryan who is still asleep and probably doesn't know the answers anyway, considering he just learned about his dad right before this.

As I start to realize neither of us have jobs, or a home, or anything at all to our names—not even a clean change of clothes—I start to panic a bit. What the fuck are we going to do? We got out of one situation that was horrifying and life changing and immediately hopped into another.

There is a noise outside the room that interrupts my train of thought, and at the same time, makes me panic more. Ryan pops up out of a dead sleep, clearly on alert. “What do you think that is?” I ask him.

“I don't know,” he says, shuffling off the bed, taking the sheet with him and holding it around his waist. “Stay here,” he barks.

A little miffed that he barked at me, but more than willing to follow the

command, I sit up, covering myself with the blanket. I strain my ears and listen to what is happening outside of the door which he shut behind him as he left.

I hear Ryan and then another voice that seems more muffled somehow. Then I hear Ryan get closer just before the door opens. He walks in, closing the door behind him with his foot. In his hand is a bag, which he sets on the end of the bed. “Tristan is here and brought us clean clothes.”

“Oh! That’s good. I was worrying about that earlier,” I tell him. I lean forward and look through the bag. There are clothes clearly for Ryan that I put to the side for him, as I find leggings, a tunic shirt, sports bra, and underwear for myself.

“When were you worried about clothes?” Ryan asks as he looks through his pile.

“Before you woke up. I was thinking about everything,” I tell him dismissively.

“Everything like?” Ryan persists.

“Well, I mean... everything. Where are we going to live? Neither of us of have jobs or anything to our name. And well, it didn’t escape me that I’m likely pregnant now and I don’t know what that means here,” I tell him, being as honest and open as possible, hoping I receive the same back in return.

Taking a seat on the edge of the bed, Ryan takes my hand. “Listen, we will figure it all out. Tristan said he wanted to talk but had clothes for us first. How about we go sit and talk with him. I’ll get you some food and we go from there.” He takes my face and kisses me tenderly for a moment before we part, and I nod my agreement.

We dress quickly and Ryan sits me on the couch, opposite the chair Tristan was occupying, before disappearing with him, fulfilling the promise of food.

I’ve been waiting on the couch for several minutes when Ryan returns and hands me a glass of juice. “Tristan is making food; it should be ready any minute. I made sure this was safe for you to drink.”

“Thank you,” I tell him. I take an immediate drink of the juice and realize just how thirsty I am, downing half the glass in one go.

“Drink as much as you want. I’ll go get you more if you’d like,” Ryan tells me. “I know you have to need some hydration and calories after everything.”

“True, but maybe some water after this,” I take another drink.



“I can do that,” he says, popping back up without taking the glass and leaving the room again.

I finish my glass of juice before he returns, and this time, he has a plate of food and a glass of something with him. Handing me the plate, he sets the glass on the table next to the couch and watches me expectantly. Looking at the plate, it appears to be a pretty regular looking breakfast. Sausage, potatoes, and eggs, or at least what looks like them. Before I let myself eat it though, I need to confirm it. “What is it?”

“Sausage, potatoes, and eggs,” Ryan answers, looking confused. “Are you vegetarian or something?”

“No, we had hamburgers the other night, you already knew that. While I thought that’s what it is, is that *actually* what it is? Like they have all the typical foods we’d expect here?” I clarify.

“We have animals that are very similar to earth, though they wouldn’t be called the same here. The sausage is what you might think of as pig, the eggs come from something not dissimilar to a chicken. Really, I would be surprised if you noticed any differences,” Tristan answers as he appears, handing Ryan food and a glass of juice. “You need to eat too, little brother.”

“Fine, but I know Rachelle has questions, and I have some too.”

“Okay, hit me. But eat while I answer,” Tristan agrees.

“First question, I can eat all the food here even though I’m human? It won’t hurt me?” I ask.

“Yeah, there are probably some foods you should avoid. I can get you a list of them if you’d like, but everything on your plate is safe for you,” Tristan tells me.

I cut up the sausage and eggs, mixing everything a bit, and load up a bite. Chewing and swallowing, I continue my questions. “Are we going to be staying here?”

“I don’t know if I can decide that for you,” Tristan answers vaguely.

Ryan pops in at this point, “Well we can’t exactly go home, so if we decide to stay in Exavyera, are we okay to stay here for a bit?”

“Of course,” Tristan answers. “You might decide you want to stay elsewhere though. You do have options.”

“Are we safe from my former employers here?” Ryan follows up.

“Who are your former employers?” Tristan clarifies.

“The Connolly family and whoever their associates are at Luv Notes.”

“Well, we don’t have anything like Luv Notes here and I don’t know any

Connolly's. We don't exactly have a lot of humans here," Tristan admits, glancing at me.

"Am I going to be okay here? Like are humans not welcome?" I ask him.

Tristan laughs. "Of course humans are welcome. It's just there hasn't been much in the way of a crossover of our species too much yet. Dad wouldn't stand for any prejudices against humans; you have nothing to worry about."

"Why would Dad's opinion on the matter make a difference? What does he even do?" Ryan asks.

Again, Tristan laughs. "Sorry, it's not exactly funny but I keep forgetting how little you know. Dad sort of runs Exavyera. I think the earth equivalent might be like a president or something."

"Oh!" I say out of surprise, not really meaning to say it out loud. I'm completely shocked, yet again. "So you're sure he would protect us if necessary?"

"Yes, like I said though, it won't be necessary," Tristan reassures me.

"You mentioned meeting Dad. Does he actually want to meet me?" Ryan asks.

Tristan nods. "He does. He also doesn't want to pressure you if you're not ready for that yet either."

"Do you know why he didn't come back for me? I assume he knew when Mom died," Ryan asks Tristan, a tear leaking from the corner of his eye.

"You'd have to ask him, but I think he didn't know, because I think he would have said something to me at the very least," Tristan tells him.

Ryan nods. The conversation has been heavy so I interrupt with another question of my own that I've sort of been putting off. "So, the scanner thing you had yesterday, it told you I wasn't pregnant, with a heavy emphasis on the yet. Can you check again?"

Tristan laughs but grabs it off the side table and holds it up in my direction. "You are definitely pregnant now. Congratulations."

Before I can ask any follow up questions of my own, Ryan asks one of his own. "So uh, how does that work? Are we going to have to abstain for the duration of the pregnancy or something?"

"Are you asking me if you can still have sex because she's pregnant?" Tristan clarifies the question, looking at him in disbelief.

"Yeah," Ryan says uncomfortably. "I mean, couldn't the point hurt the baby?"

“No, you guys can still get it on if you are so inclined, no risk to the baby. The worst that could happen is knocking her up again,” Tristan shrugs.

“How would I get pregnant again if I am already pregnant?” I’m confused by his answer.

Shrugging again, Tristan answers, “I mean it’s super rare, but occasionally a second pregnancy can happen when there already is one. Not likely to happen for you.”

“Uh, on a similar topic, can we have like all kinds of sex?” Ryan asks. I immediately flush with warmth, embarrassed as all get out.

Tristan laughs. “If you mean what I imagine you do, yes. There isn’t anything off the table.”

Trying to recover a degree of the mortification I feel at Tristan basically knowing that Ryan intends to fuck my ass, I clear my throat a couple times. “So what is prenatal care like here? I’m assuming you have doctors and that they can take care of me?”

“Yes, there are doctors who can see humans here. I see one of them myself due to only being half Rexallian,” Tristan starts to answer. “I am however unfamiliar with prenatal care considering I’ve never had that concern.”

“You’ve never slept with someone who thought they got pregnant?” Ryan asks him.

“We can only breed our mates,” Tristan rolls his eyes. “I haven’t found mine yet. If you’re concerned though, I do get laid.”

“Okay then,” I deflect. We’ve become way too comfortable sharing our sex lives. “Are there schools and such here? Would you say that life here is fairly typical to life on earth?”

“Sort of. There are differences, but yeah, there are schools and children attend. There are higher education options, too, down the road. People work and live life in fairly similar ways,” Tristan tells me.

I nod and eat more of my somewhat-neglected breakfast.

Ryan picks up the conversation. “Earlier you said we had options for where to stay. What did you mean by that? I don’t exactly have money, a job, or know if I will be able to get one yet.”

“Maybe it’s time you talk to Dad,” Tristan suggests.

“What does Dad have to do with it?” Ryan asks.

“Do you want to talk to your Dad?” I ask Ryan, grabbing his hand.

“I think I’ll have to,” Ryan answers, looking from me to Tristan.

“You don’t have to do anything, but he’d be able to explain things much better than I could, and I would prefer he be the one to do it,” Tristan tells him.

“Fine, let’s go see Dad then.”

# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

**RYAN**

***THREE MONTHS LATER***

**A**djusting to life here has been an adventure to say the least. When Tristan suggested I go talk to Dad, I had no idea that not only would he explain that he didn't know Mom died but he'd also inform me that I had money here. Apparently, he'd been saving for me my whole life. He used his resources to offer us a house and got it all set up so Rachelle and I could just worry about settling into life on a new planet and learning everything there is to know about it.

I walk through the front door of our house and call out, "Babe! You home?"

"Yeah, in the kitchen," Rachelle calls back.

Rounding the corner from the hallway, Rachelle is elbows deep in the sink, scrubbing something. "Hey, you. What are you up to?"

"I made us dinner. It's in the stove but I think I burned this pot. I can't get it clean," she tells me.

"I told you that you didn't have to worry about cooking or cleaning. I'm happy to take care of it," I tell her, rubbing her upper back.

"Just because I'm pregnant doesn't mean I can't do things. It's bad enough the doctor recommended I don't work," she huffs.

I roll my eyes and take a deep breath before answering. This is the newest

learning curve for our relationship. I'm trying to figure out how to support her in a way that she finds acceptable. At the same time, the doctor recommended what they did because she's not just a *little* pregnant. We were rather unable to stop touching one another for the first month we were here, and we don't know if it happened all at once or over that time period, but when we went in for the first appointment, we found we were having twins. There's also the fact that gestation periods for Rexallians are only six months compared to the ten that humans have, so they aren't exactly sure where she'll fall on that scale.

"Babe, you know they are considering your pregnancy high-risk, and that the recommendation isn't unfounded considering everything. Please stop. Look at me."

Turning around, she falls into my chest and lets out a sob. I rub her back for a minute before I recommend, "Why don't we go sit down. When you're ready, I'll get us dinner. I know this all has been a lot, but we will get through it."

"Okay," she agrees through tears.

When we are seated and cuddled on the couch, she looks up at me. "I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to apologize for," I tell her, holding her close.

"I do. We've been incredibly fortunate in starting our lives over here, and I complain a lot and that isn't fair. Not to you and not to myself. I know in reality, you getting me out of Luv Notes that night was the best possible solution, but I think of the other omegas there that night a lot. I feel guilty all the time about it all. I'm trying not to stress about everything and that is just making me stress more," she tells me, tears dried, but clearly still passionate and emotional.

"Our lives changed forever that night in so many ways. It's a lot of change all at once and you are absolutely allowed to complain. It is perfectly reasonable. As for the guilt, I feel it too. I've been talking about it with my dad and Tristan. I don't have a solution for it, but I do know it was leave or be killed, and choosing us over others... well, we had to choose us."

"Did you know, you're sort of the perfect mate," she tells me. Leaning as far as she can with her swollen belly, I meet her the rest of the way and she kisses me passionately. "Dinner will be fine, how about you take me to our bed and work up an appetite first?"

Smirking slightly, I respond, "Sounds like a good plan, my perfect mate."

Kissing her again, I get off the couch and help her up, taking her to our room.

Much like our first time in an actual bed, I strip off her shirt before reaching around her to unclip her bra. Gently gripping both breasts in each hand, I tease her nipples until she moans.

“Please, Ryan,” she begs after a few minutes of my fondling.

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me. I need you,” she gasps as I torture her nipples further, trying to find friction with her hips.

Dropping to my knees, I pull her leggings and panties off in one go. She rests her hands on my shoulders as she steps out of each leg. As I stand, I gently help her onto the bed. “Head here,” I point to the edge of the bed. Rachelle never specified what part of her she needed me to fuck, and right now I want her mouth, while I feast on her myself. When she’s in position, I caress her face. “Open this pretty mouth for me.”

As I gently work my way into her mouth, I kneel onto the edge of the bed on either side of her head. I’m allowing her time to get used to the intrusion, but I tell her, “Tap my leg if you need me to move.” I lean over her, and as I slip two fingers over her slit, I find her drenched already. “So wet and needy for me,” I praise her as I tease her clit and work myself in her mouth.

Making sure I’m not putting any pressure on her stomach, I adjust so that I can work my hand and mouth on her at the same time. Rolling my tongue around her clit, I work two fingers into her and start at a quick pace, hearing her gasp with each thrust of my hips. The tip of my cock hits the back of her throat and absolutely obscene noises come from both sides of her.

I lift my head as she clenches around my fingers over and over again. “Fuck, that’s it. Come for me.”

A moment later, she taps my leg three times and I immediately lift myself off her. “On your knees,” I tell her, helping her shift into the position I want her in while making sure she’s comfortable.

Notching my cock at her entrance, I take her hard, thrusting all the way up to my knot in one go, knowing she’s ready. I know her well enough to know she likes to be taken hard and fast when she’s in this particular mood. She moans her pleasure for me, as I start up a punishing rhythm within her.

I was already close from fucking her face, and I’m ready to give her my knot, tip, and load if she’s willing. As if she read my mind, she pleads out between moans, “Knot, please, knot me!”

“Fuck, you, are, so, fucking, perfect. Couldn’t, ask, for, a, better, fucking,

mate,” I praise her between thrust, pushing my knot into her on the last word. My tip extends and I cum within her in time to feel her pussy pulse around my knot.

In post orgasmic bliss, I still feel her arms shake and slowly roll us onto our sides. Pulling her closer to me, I kiss her neck and caress her. Not for the first time, I whisper, “I love you, Rachelle.”

“Mmm,” she murmurs. “I love you, Ryan. So glad you were there and not my match.”



# EXAVYERA

I s coming back with more in 2024's Knot Freaked Out!

*I hope you enjoyed this prequel novella, more from this is coming your way next year.*

- Jay

# WHAT'S NEXT

Books coming your way:

Knotty Holiday Nights, an omegaverse holiday anthology comes out November 13th [My Book](#)

Chat Omegas Christmas, you've learned a bit about them in the Williams-Torrance books, now spend Christmas with them and of course Cat will be there too. Coming December 5th [My Book](#)

Working Weekends, wonder what's up with Cheryl, or why Tylynn had to suddenly take a week off of work, well this book certainly fills in some gaps. Coming January 6th [My Book](#)

If you've read and enjoyed this book please consider leaving a review. They are so important to every author's success and I know I am not alone in appreciating you for it.

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# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This is the part where I can get a little sappy and thank all the wonderful people in my life that helped bring this project to fruition.

Firstly, to my alpha readers, Natalie, Julia and Kathrine. You ladies are the best and I appreciate every little bit of feedback, encouragement, and discussion that you have had with me throughout this journey. Without you I would still be struggling and the book would not be done.

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To Cassandra, thank you for quickly getting this copy edit turned around. I look forward to working with you again and again.

To my ARC Readers, thank you for enjoying my books and hyping me up, you are an invaluable part of my team I can't do without.

Finally, to you my reader, if you are reading this THANK YOU. Your support means more to me than words can say and doubly so because you've now read two of my books.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

On August 1st, 2022 I decided to write a book. After some encouraging notes from friends I continued to write it and on September 24th, 2022 I finished the bulk writing of my very first novel. I am excited to share all the stories that seem to fill my head. I will often be writing paranormal romance that is spicy, why choose, and LGBTQ+ friendly. Right now I have at least seven more planned and new ideas everyday.

When I am not writing, I work full-time as an accountant. When I do finally relax you can find me hanging out with my partners or friends, reading a good book, or crocheting something fun, or spending a lot of time fighting with swords, making garb, and just enjoying the culture of the SCA, and finally hanging out with my two kittens affectionately named Lola and Baby after Kathryn Moon's Sweetverse characters.

I've lived in Washington State my whole life, born and raised in a small town before moving near Seattle after finishing college where I have lived for the last nine years.

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