

she wasn't looking for a man.  
especially three.

**KNOTTING  
BEFORE  
*them***

an omegaverse why  
choose novella

international best selling author

**AMY OLIVEIRA**

KNOTTING  
BEFORE  
*them*

international best selling author

AMY OLIVEIRA

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*Edited by Alexa Thomas at The Fiction Fix*

*[www.amyoliveira.com](http://www.amyoliveira.com)*

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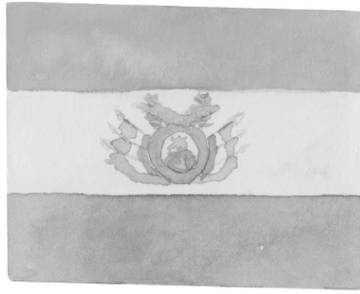
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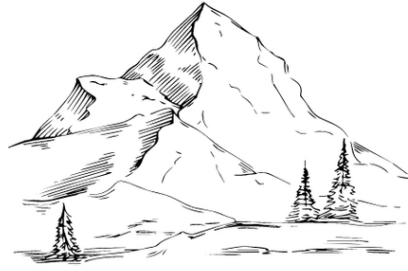


## DEDICATION

*To Gia, who wanted a Bolivian FMC.*

*And to all my South American girls who always wanted to  
travel far and be railed in the woods.*

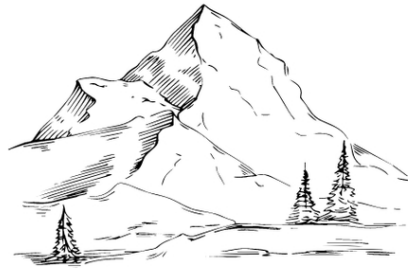
*This is for us.*



# CONTENT WARNINGS

*Double penetration, primal kink, multiple partners.*

**You've been warned.**



## I, JULIA

“SO YOU WANT SOMEPLACE else to stay?”

“Yes.”

“But it needs to be facing the mountain,” I explained in a hushed voice. “In the right way,” I added, in case there were any misunderstandings.

The barkeep smirked, an eyebrow quirking up, finding my request funny, no doubt.

I brushed my hair out of my face, not caring if I looked a little too crazy. I knew how I sounded; I just didn’t care. I had to believe there were odder requests out there than wanting a room with a view, right?

The *right* view.

I hiked up my orange jacket, my grand attempt to add some color to the white snow of Switzerland, and smiled sweetly at the man in front of me. Like most men in this town, he was tall, burly, and in the majority.

I arrived in this small town two days ago, and since then, I could count on one hand the amount of women I’ve seen. What’s worse, the overwhelming number of *men* were are unbelievably tall, with bushy beards and strong arms.

“I’m an artist, you see,” I tried to explain. “I came all the way to Switzerland for those mountains, but the B&B doesn’t



really have a good view, and it's definitely too cold to stand outside."

The man scratched his chin, watching me in all my five-foot-zero glory.

"You want to paint the mountains, huh?" he asked in a thick accent.

"No." I shook my head, but I thought better of it. "Well, I draw them first, and then I'll make sculptures."

"Sculptures?"

I nod. "Yes. That's my job."

"You go around making sculptures of mountains? How's that a job?"

I opened my mouth only to close it again. I didn't know. I wasn't raised in the most conventional way, never considered a regular office job. My parents were the Apazas, the famous Bolivian painters. They traveled across the globe making breathtaking art and selling it to the most notorious galleries on the planet.

I was their little shadow, absorbing their teachings. I was homeschooled, even though I never had a place to call home. I grew up everywhere.

I knew it sounded odd to the barkeep, but it was the only way I knew how to live. I was the last Apaza, and I had a big name to carry.

"Okay, you see that cabin?" I slid along the bar, pointing straight to the massive three-floor wooden cabin close to the foot of the mountain. "Can I stay there?"

The house was perfectly located, and it looked big enough to receive guests. I was only staying for two weeks, after all.

"There? You want to stay there?" the barkeep chuckled.

"I'd pay anything. It's the perfect spot. It's practically inside the mountain."

Maybe he couldn't see it. I wasn't good at expressing myself, wasn't good around people. I never had friends my

age. The closest I had to friends were my parents, and since they died, I'd been floating around, alone and having trouble connecting with other people.

I let out a slow breath when the barkeep chuckled.

“Hey, Carol, are you hearing this?” He threw a rag over his shoulder and called his co-worker, one of the few women I'd seen around. “She wants to stay there.”

Carol's eyes followed his pointed finger and locked onto the cabin through the window. She smirked as her eyes bounced back to me. “Don't we all?”

I shrugged, not sure how to reply. Sure, it was a beautiful house with a gorgeous view. I could only assume many people would die for the privilege.

“It's privately owned, sweetheart.”

“I see, but—” I turned my head to the barkeep. “I'm sorry, I never asked your name.”

“Owen.”

I nodded. “Owen. Maybe the owners are open to renting a room for a couple of weeks? Do you know them? How can I get in touch with them?”

Owen looked at me for a long minute, his eyes narrowed, as if deciding whether I was insane. I didn't blame him. I knew how I looked to most people, and I was okay with that, as long as I got the job done.

There was a fire in me screaming that the mountain was THE mountain, that the house was THE house. I was just the vehicle. I just needed to get my hands working. I didn't need anyone to understand.

Owen opened his mouth, probably to tell me off and ask me not to disturb his peaceful neighbors when the bar door opened, bringing snow inside along with the fierce wind.

“It's your lucky day, lady.” Owen nodded to the man who had just joined us. “That's Theo. He lives up there.”

I perked up, and before I could think better of it, I was marching towards the new stranger.

He had an easy smile, with wrinkles on the side of his eyes as he said hello to every single patron. This was excellent news. A nice, good-natured man was bound to be married to a lovely, good-natured woman who would love to help a stranger.

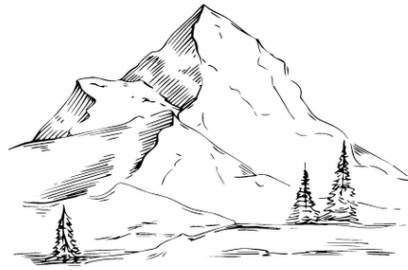
People liked to be helpful, I was sure.

As I approached him, I couldn't help but notice how big he was. Sure, most people were taller than me, but this Theo guy easily had a foot and a half over my head. It wasn't just his height—he was big everywhere. His defined jaw, his tree trunks of legs, and his expensive chest; I could bet my arms and legs his jeans were custom-made.

“Hello there,” I tried with a smile, craning my neck up to look at him.

He looked down at me, his eyebrows closing together in question.

“I'm Julia, and I'd like to rent a room.”



## 2. THEO

I LOOKED AT HER up and down, and it didn't take long. The girl was a wisp of something, wrapped in a loud orange coat.

She had brown skin, long dark hair, freckles over the bridge of her nose, and an eager smile.

“Who are you again?”

“I'm Julia, but if you're going to be my landlord, you can call me Jules.”

She pushed her tiny hand toward me, her smile shining. I chuckled, baffled by her as I took her hand. “Theo.”

“Oh yes, I know.”

Something must be wrong with me, because suddenly, all I wanted was to hear this girl speak for hours.

She wasn't just gorgeous—she had a nice accent too, a blend that soothed my soul. I looked at the bar where Owen stood, watching me like a hawk. When our eyes met, he lifted one eyebrow, and I tried to ignore it, hating being observed that closely.

“A beer, Owen,” I sighed, taking my cap off and scratching my scalp. “Let's grab a seat,” I told the girl.

I headed to my usual place, and she followed along, bringing an intoxicating scent of flowers with her.

What was happening to me? I never noticed how tiny someone's hands were before, or their perfume, though I knew instinctively Julia's scent wasn't the bottled type. She naturally smelled like that, like wild flowers and so much warmth that it felt like someone bottled the sun.

"I came all the way here for that mountain," she pointed at the window behind the bar, "and your house is the best spot for me right now."

I shook my strange feeling off and tried to concentrate on what she was saying. "You want to stay in my house?"

She nodded. "Yes."

I breathed deeply but regretted it right away. The longer I was in her presence, the more powerful her wild perfume became. I leaned back in the chair, trying to put space between us. "Let me see if I got this right: you want to be close to the mountain, and you think staying in a stranger's house is the best solution?"

"I'm an artist." She straightened her spine. "I want..." She worked something down her throat. "I need a good view of that mountain, and something is telling me I need to be in that house. Your house."

Her jaw was set as she watched my house through the window, determination like I had never seen before etched into her face. My lips twitched in a smile, knowing already that I was going to bring this girl home, what Wylder and Noah thought be damned.

"You must think I'm crazy." She chuckled, making a mess of her hair as she brushed it away from her face. "Can I be honest with you?"

She leaned over the table just as Owen dropped a pint of beer in front of me and another in front of her.

Her mouth opened in surprise, but she recovered quickly, mouthing a thank you before taking a big sip. I followed her lead.

"My parents were geniuses. They were so talented that the whole world is watching me now."

“The whole world?” I repeated.

“The art world.” She waved it off like nothing else mattered. “They want to see what Julia Apaza is going to do next and... I’m... I’m stuck, Theo. Maybe I’m not good enough.”

Her big brown eyes swam with tears, and that shit broke me. A curse almost flew from my lips, a knot growing right in the middle of my chest.

Now her scent was everywhere. It didn’t matter if I tried to put distance between us. My head was dizzy with it, urging me to sniff her soft hair or the delicate skin of her neck.

It was the call.

It had to be the mating call.

What else would make me drunk on someone like this? My mouth hung open with the realization, but the girl kept going on and on about her parents and her new path in life.

She didn’t seem to know what was happening here.

She wasn’t from here, I was sure. We were a small community, dying out slowly. She seemed unaware of what we were, and while that was expected from tourists, none ever evoked the call on me.

Maybe it wasn’t the call.

I was almost forty years old, and I never felt it before, so maybe I just felt sorry for her. She was small, cute, and lost. She was still mourning her parents and clearly carried too much on her small shoulders.

“I know your cabin is going to help me,” she continued. “It’s where I need to be. I can’t explain, but I knew the moment I saw it.”

I took a sip to control my shaking hands, but my eyes never left her.

I wasn’t dumb enough to ask the other men. Owen was already suspicious, ready to tell everyone I was too soft, and let the beautiful stranger rope me into helping her.

They all pitted us, Wylder, Noah, and I. We were barely twenty when the last omega found her mates, and we've spent twenty years knowing we were doomed.

Our cabin was a sign of our solitude, right at the foot of the mountain, away from everything.

I came down to town regularly. I liked being around our people, but Noah couldn't bear it. The loneliness ate him up the most, and he hid it all under a layer of grumpiness. He liked to growl and act like an uncivilized bear, but I knew him well enough to know it was all an act.

He always wanted a mate. He wanted to dote on someone, to be the big protector he was born to be, but when Marion settled down, he sunk into a depression that still gripped him to this day.

I wondered how would he react to Julia. Would he recognize the call?

Even as my heart started to beat out of my chest, I still had my doubts. She had no sign of recognizing us.

If wasn't for her clear obsession with our house, I'd assume nothing called at her.

It was impossible, I knew. Our community was formed by the last alphas in Switzerland. We knew other countries still had them, but they usually kept to themselves, just like we did.

Kent, our leader, tried to build bridges with different communities across Europe before, maybe out of pity for us, but nothing ever came out of it.

“Where were you born?” I suddenly asked.

She didn't seem too put off by my question. Rolling her shoulders, she replied, “America. My parents are from Bolivia. I just happened to be born when they were spending time in New York. I barely lived there.”

“You went back to Bolivia?”

Kent never contacted anyone outside of Europe. Maybe other communities around the globe were dying out too and

wanted to set their omegas up with alphas. Maybe she was part of an outreach program or something.

But why wouldn't she say so? Why come up with this mountain view nonsense?

No. Julia didn't know.

"After New York, I think we lived in Paris for six months. I have some baby pictures there. And then Croatia and Poland. I know I was around three when we were in Russia. I think I was seven when we lived in Buenos Aires..."

"So you lived everywhere?" I cut her off.

She nodded. "Nowhere is home."

Again, breaking my goddamn heart. She was hope, sadness, and relentless energy at the same time. She was a lot just to look at, her intensity overwhelming me.

I felt like I knew her, like I was meant to help her.

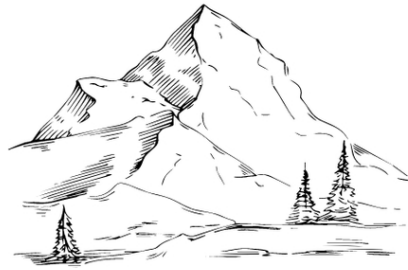
I had to close my hand in a fist so as not to reach for her silky hair, to keep my mouth shut and not ask personal questions.

I was friendly, sure, way more so than Wylder or Noah, but I wasn't *that* friendly. The B&B had plenty of people coming and going over the years. Plenty of girls threw themselves at me, but I never wanted anyone, not when I knew they weren't my mates.

Julia, though? I wanted to bring her home, even at the risk of being wrong.

That settled the madness. My heart couldn't take it anymore; I couldn't stand a second longer without touching her. It was too much. So I finished my beer at once, stood, and nodded. "Okay, Julia Apaza. You can stay at my home."





### 3. JULIA

“WAIT HERE UNTIL I get my stuff?” I asked, but he was already opening his door, circling the truck to open mine.

Goddamn.

The stranger-danger alarm should be blasting in my ears right now, but I was nothing but giddy at the possibility of getting into that cabin.

Theo accepted my offer. He didn’t even blink when I proposed payment. Suddenly, we were out of the bar and jumping into his truck to grab my stuff at the B&B.

Apparently, I was moving in today.

I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop, but Theo seemed solid, and I meant that in every sense of the world.

I held my tongue from asking if his truck was custom-made. The thing was as big and tall as him, and he had to lift me up by the waist into the passenger seat.

That should’ve made me feel like a child, but instead, I blushed hard and hid behind my hair so he wouldn’t notice.

Now, here we were again. “You don’t need to—” I started, but he was again at my door.

This was embarrassing.

I just asked the guy to be my landlord—I couldn’t be developing a crush.

If I thought really about it, it would be my very first crush. I was never at school to see a boy across the class and wish for seven minutes in heaven during a party. When it was time for college, I was too invested in my studies. I always had too much to prove. Partying all night long was the last thing on my mind.

I finished college and started taking sculpting seriously. Mom and Dad were huge supporters, showing me off to their friends, but I always thought they were just being nice.

Then, when I was about to turn twenty-five, they died and left me alone in this world. Rich, sure, with more connections than anyone would ever need, but still utterly alone.

Connections don't build a family. Business transactions don't guarantee loyalty. I had no one, and caring for the big man seemed too easy.

Before my feet reached the snow-covered ground, my whole body slid against his, and I could swear my panties went damp. I looked up at him, blushing like crazy while Theo looked tortured. His mouth dropped open, his eyes wild.

"Go gather your things," he said roughly, taking a step back. "I'll let Lana know."

Lana and her husband were the owners of the B&B. When I said husband, I meant I was sure one of them was her husband. Lana and four men ran the place. I gathered they were all family, but I wasn't quite sure what the relationship was yet.

Part of me was very curious.

Okay, I was very, *very* curious.

I nodded dumbly, following his instructions without arguing. Only when I reached my room, when his form wasn't so overwhelmingly against mine, did I take a big gulp of air and start to rethink the whole thing.

I was going to someone's house, someone who I knew nothing about it, who accepted my offer too quickly. Someone so controlling, he wanted to check out for me?

I shook my head, stepping away from my suitcase and running downstairs yet again.

“Are you sure?”

“Lana...” the big man said in a warning.

Lana raised her hands up. “I worry, Theo, especially for Noah.”

“She’s just staying in the spare bedroom.”

Lana sighed, wincing as she took in Theo’s face. “I just don’t want you boys getting your hopes up.”

“We’re forty, Lana.” He smiled, wrinkles taking over the sides of his green eyes. “You can stop mothering us.”

“Never,” the older woman replied warmly.

I was ready to listen in more, but Lana’s eyes found me, and she straightened her spine, taking on a professional air.

“I’m sorry you have to leave us, Julia.”

I cleared my throat. “Yeah. Um, thank you for everything.”

“Where are your things?” Theo asked, his eyebrows furrowing.

I looked down at my empty hands, sighed, and tracked back upstairs.

What had Lana meant by not getting their hopes up? Who were they?

I packed my things in record time, taking only extra care of my art supplies. Once everything was stuffed into my suitcase, I dragged it behind me, making Theo jump into action when he saw me coming down the stairs.

“Thank you,” I murmured when he took my suitcase.

I went to the front desk, offering Lana my credit card, but she shook her head, “Oh no, dear, it’s all taken care of.”

I whipped my head around to find Theo, but he was already outside.

“I—I... Thank you for everything,” I said before bolting out the door. “You paid my stay?” I practically screamed as I ran toward him.

He grunted, opening the back door of his truck and throwing my suitcase in.

“Theo?” I called after him, baffled. “Theo?”

He closed the door and turned to face me. The bang of the door startled me, but he remained unmoved, looking down at me with his arms across his chest.

“You wanted to stay at my house.”

“Yes.”

“You paid for two weeks at Lana’s.”

“Yes.”

I was prepared to pay for my double booking. It wasn’t Lana’s fault she didn’t have the right view, after all.

“Lana is family. We agreed on something between us.”

“I should pay for it, regardless of your agreement.”

“It’s taken care of,” he said with finality before he headed to the passenger seat, opening the door and waiting for me.

“Also, you can’t be lifting me up like this,” I sighed but went to him anyway.

I let his arm circle around my waist again, feeling his warm breath on my neck, making my toes curl inside my snow boots.

This wasn’t the time for a crush.

It was time to prove myself, to get started on my career. It was time to be an Apaza, because I deserved to be. But instead of laser focused intent, my insides were turning into mush every time the big man touched me.

He shouldn’t be touching me this much.

“This isn’t right,” I huffed as he buckled me up like a child. “Who are the others, by the way?”

“Others?”

“I heard Lana talking.”

He turned pink. He couldn't hide. Even his ears turned bright pink as he quickly left my side and banged the door closed.

Not that easy, mister.

The second he took the driver's seat, I was on him again.

“So?”

“Wylder and Noah. They live in the house, too.”

I nodded. Three men and me? This was getting unsafe by the minute, but I never asked him to stop the car.

“Are they okay with me moving in?”

“They will be.”

I didn't like that at all, so I tried to smooth things over. “It'll be only for a couple of weeks. I can definitely get a good sketch by then.”

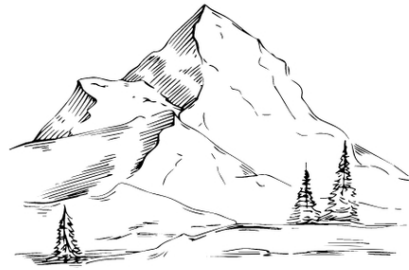
“Just that, huh?” he asked, looking away from the road for a second.

“Yeah, definitely just a couple of weeks.”

It was going to be easy for them. I wasn't a permanent guest. I wasn't anything to anyone, and that was the truth. I never stayed too long in one place, even during college, when I went through a couple of transfers.

I said to myself it was because I wanted to be closer to my parents wherever they went, but maybe I was just as relentless as them.

Nowhere was home. Nothing was worth the stay, and here wasn't any different.



## 4. THEO

### A COUPLE OF WEEKS.

I had a couple of weeks to convince her to stay, a couple of weeks to convince Wylder and Noah that she was our mate. It was bullshit to pretend otherwise.

I never reacted to anyone the way I reacted to her. Every time I had to help her into my truck, my blood ran hot. My knot swelled with want, and she wasn't fairing much better. While at first, I wasn't sure she felt anything at all, after taking her in my arms, I knew better. I could smell her arousal as if she was naked and spread out in front of me.

Her scent was intoxicating, her smile impossible to ignore. She was it for me, and I bet anything that she was it for the other two. They just had to see reason.

They just needed to believe.

I approached the house with my heart hammering inside my chest. Noah was outside, collecting logs, when he saw my truck ambling down the road. He glanced over his shoulder, staying away from the spot I usually parked, and I cursed, wishing I met Wylder first.

Wylder was easier. He would see Julia was ours. It wasn't hard to see.

But Noah? He was stubborn, set in his ways after years of suffering. I couldn't blame him. People grieved in different

ways, and Noah coped the only way he knew how.

I took a breath and looked over at Julia, her eyes on Noah, looking interested. I wanted to ask her if she felt something when she looked at him, when she looked at me. I wanted to know if it was as obvious to her as it was to me.

“Stay here, okay?”

Julia furrowed her eyebrows in the cutest way possible, and I groaned, trying to keep my feelings at bay.

“What’s up?” Noah called, still not seeing I had someone in the car with me.

I moved closer, so close that he dropped the logs, sensing something was wrong.

“I need you to keep your mind open.”

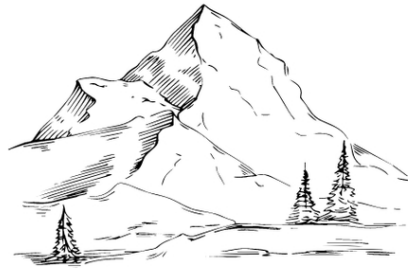
“What are you—”

I didn’t have time to prepare him. In that moment, like I never said a word, she opened the passenger door and dropped into the snow, almost falling as she did.

Noah’s eyes followed the noise and locked on. Tiny frame, big curtain of black hair. Freckles, high cheekbones, and a loud orange coat.

“No.” That was all that he said.

Great.



## 5. NOAH

THE GIRL WINCED AT the bluntness of my words, but I didn't spare her a second glance as I headed inside.

Theo shook his head, turning to her. "I'll talk to him."

There was nothing to talk about. He knew I hated visitors. Whoever she was, she wasn't welcome.

I was removing my thick coat when I heard Theo on my heels, closing the front door and coming after me.

"Noah, hear me out."

I grunted a reply as he followed me into the kitchen.

"Noah, she just wants to rent a room. She's an artist and—"

"Since when do we rent rooms?"

I meant to grab a bottle of water in the fridge, but my fingers closed around the beer bottle instead. I hated people. I hated their pitiful looks, hated their happiness around their mates.

I hated everything here, and if I didn't hate the outside world too, I'd leave this community behind.

But I was born here, right here at the bottom of this mountain. This land belonged to my family since the beginning of time, the land my dads offered to my mother. It was the land I was supposed to offer to our mate.

Now, it was a sign of our failure.



We lived this shallow existence, just surviving day by day. The furniture was dated from when it belonged to my parents. We were supposed to redecorate for our omega, but that never happened.

The house was the salt in a wound that would never heal, and I preferred to suffer alone. In silence. With a beer in my hand.

“Send her away,” I told Theo.

“You’re not listening to me...”

“As usual! What’s going on?” Wylder ran down the stairs, already taking Theo’s side before even hearing mine.

I blew through my nose and took a swing from my beer. Not even them ganging up on me was going to change my mind.

“We don’t need the money,” I suddenly argued.

It didn’t even make sense. We never even talked about renting a room. Couldn’t the stranger go to Lana’s place like all the other tourists?

Wylder grabbed an apple and leaned over the counter. “Do we need money?”

“No,” I cut him off. “That’s the point. Theo wants to rent a room to someone. Are you in debt?” I asked Theo.

“He does like to play cards with good old Rhett,” Wylder added helpfully.

“It’s not about the money,” Theo breathed out. “She... She’s an artist, and she wants to paint the mountain—or sculpt the mountain.” He shook his head. “She needs to be around the mountain.”

“Not my problem.” I shrugged.

Wylder took a bite of his apple. “I hate being on Noah’s side, but I don’t get why would we want a tourist in our house.”

“She’s...” Theo started but stopped himself. “She’s different,” he finally finished.

I scoffed, but it seemed to grab Wylder's attention. He straightened his spine, forgetting his apple for a second.

"Different how?"

Silence descended on the kitchen in a way that made my skin too tight for my bones. I licked my lips, watching before responding negatively for the first time in my life.

"I think she's an omega," Theo finally spit out.

Wylder whistled, his eyes going straight to me, like he expected some kind of reaction.

What reaction could I possibly have?

"I don't think she knows it," Theo kept going. "She didn't act like she knew it, anyway."

I couldn't form words. We hadn't seen a single omega for twenty years. Both of them were already part of my pack, but I was the oldest. Wylder was only sixteen when Marion mated, Theo eighteen.

Maybe being young helped them in some weird way. I was twenty-one at the time, and I understood more than the others about loneliness.

I only had one parent left. My mother lost her mates in an accident when I was ten, and I saw what being alone could do to someone.

I could taste her loneliness in the air. It grew thicker over the holidays, unbearable when she was around other people. When Marion mated, I was the only one who truly understood what our future looked like.

Hope never suited me.

"How can you be sure she's an omega?" Wylder asked.

"I'm not sure." He swallowed. "I just feel something, something I can't explain..."

"So you're saying she's *our* omega," Wylder completed.

"No." I couldn't let him do it. I couldn't let Theo tell that much of a lie to Wylder.

“Noah...” Theo started, but I was already marching to the door, ready to chase the girl away.

“We don’t have an omega, Theo. We’re meant to be alone!”

I roared, surprising even myself. My throat was raw, my soul hurting even at the possibility. Theo was being irresponsible by saying something like this after twenty years of pain.

Wylder’s eyes were bright with hope, and I hated that for him. It helped with nothing, brought nothing but pain.

We were meant to be alone.

Alone in this house.

On this mountain.

Before they could say another word, the front door opened once again, bringing the icy wind with it. The girl in the orange puffy coat stepped in, her thick black hair wet with snow.

“It was cold, even inside the car,” she said, looking accusingly at Theo.

“Julia...” Theo breathed out, going to her, but she ignored him.

“Theo told you I can pay?” she said directly to me. “I can. I can pay whatever you want.”

“I don’t want your money,” I barked.

She was small, but her chin rose in challenge. The freckles across the bridge of her nose were like stardust, her cheeks high and rosy from the cold. I recoiled from the brightness.

She was too much.

Too interesting, too intense, even though she only said a few things.

My gut twisted as I sensed her perfume invading our home. I bet it was torture for Theo to keep her in the car.

But no.

No to Theo.

No to her.

No to everything.

“I need this,” she pleaded, looking me in the eye. “I know I need to be close to the mountain. I know it’s what’s going to make the difference.”

My lips parted to refuse her, but Wylder was faster. “Why?”

Her eyes left me to focus on him, and suddenly, inexplicably, I missed her terribly. It was like when the sun disappeared on the horizon, leaving nothing but cold and night.

“My parents were famous painters. Everyone knew them. Now that they’ve passed, people expect something from me. I had no idea what I wanted to create until this mountain. I just saw it, and I knew.”

“You knew?” Wylder asked with wonder in his voice.

I growled with a warning, grabbing the attention of the newcomer.

“I won’t be on your way. I’m just here for a couple of weeks, and then you’ll never see me again. I promise.”

“Jules...” Theo started.

Nicknames already?

It wasn’t unreasonable to want her out of the house. In all the years we’d lived in this house together, not once had we invited someone to stay, and definitely not a stranger. A tourist. A woman.

This soil was sacred, our home filled with the energy of what never was. We all knew the reality was too sad to invite people in.

“You can stay in the room upstairs.” That came from Wylder.

I whipped my head in his direction, a curse dislodging itself from my throat. We all looked at him, the girl more surprised than any of us, but Wylder never took his eyes off her, avoiding me completely.

Theo looked from Wylder to me, an apology in his gaze, as if he wasn't happy that they'd won.

I felt her relief in my bones. She sighed, bringing a delicate hand over her chest and blinking away tears. Why was she crying?

It distressed me that I cared.

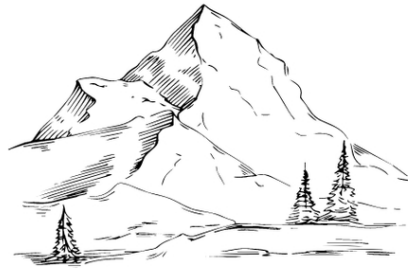
Her eyes found mine again. "I promise I won't be in your way."

She was already in my way. I couldn't think straight anymore. Without any explanation, I left the room. There was no point in my presence if they were so set on ignoring my wishes.

The girl should thank me for not dragging her to our mausoleum. She was an artist, huh? This house was going to eat her creativity away. If anything, my refusal was a sign of kindness.

No one cared in that moment, though. Not Wylder or Theo. Not the girl. So, I left.

I hiked upstairs and closed my bedroom door, sulking like a teenager.



## 6. JULIA

THEO SHOWED ME TO a small room upstairs, and I smiled gratefully. It didn't have the view I wanted, but I'd find the perfect window somewhere.

"Don't worry about Noah," he offered as he held open the door. His eyes were downcast, his tone almost too apologetic.

"I don't want to stay if he truly doesn't want me here."

Lies. I needed to stay. The second I stepped foot into this house, my hands itched to create. I bounced with energy, and that was why I couldn't stay in the car when Theo asked.

But I also didn't want the Noah guy to hate me this much. It bothered me.

If Theo fit the lumberjack bill, Noah was written for lumberjack porn. He was clean-shaved, with a square jaw and piercing brown eyes. His dirty brown hair was kept close to the scalp, and he was big, his arms like tree trunks. While he was the shortest of the three, he vibrated with dominant energy.

Wylder looked perfect for his name: leaner than the other two, with blonde boyish hair that reached the nape of his neck. He had a sparkle in his blue eyes, a game I was dying to play.

It felt like I was on the edge of reality inside this house. The land was magnificent. The men were jumping out of a

romance novel. My heart danced inside my chest, like it knew we were in the right place at the right time.

Even though the room was small and nothing like I imagined. Even though Noah looked like he hated me and wanted me out. Still, nothing stopped the huge smile that covered my lips.

Once Theo let me be, I sat in front of the window, trying to find the perfect angle. It wasn't great. The bedroom had a perfect view of a courtyard, complete with a small shed, but the mountain was more to the right.

I was ready to move to the other window when I saw him.

Noah.

He was bringing the logs in, and even in a jacket, his muscles bulged. He looked too serious, angry with the world, and instead of being annoyed, I felt sad.

He was carrying a lot on his shoulders. I just didn't know what.

At that moment, he chose to look up at me, our gazes meeting. He put all his hatred into a look, a huge frown furrowing his thick eyebrows. Even with that, I felt slick, stupidly wet, like I needed a hate fuck.

Groaning, I stepped away from the window and ran downstairs, meeting him just as he got inside.

"Can we talk?" I called out before he could ignore me completely.

"I have nothing to say."

"Look." I brushed the hair out of my face. "I'm so sorry I'm intruding. I won't be in your way. I'll be out before you even notice."

He laughed sarcastically and came closer, so close that I had to crank my neck up to keep eye contact. "You have no idea what is going on here, little girl."

Little girl? I could tell they were all older than me but calling me a little girl was a bit much. I opened my mouth to

complain, but he stepped up once again.

I swallowed a lump in my throat, my lips parting at the heat irradiating off his skin.

“If I were you, I’d run,” he whispered between my lips.

And before I could react, he was gone.



I TRIED MY BEST not to think about Noah when I returned to my room. Turns out, I had a small view of the mountain from the bathroom window. It wasn’t ideal, but I didn’t care. It was the closest I’ve ever been. Without an ounce of shame, I set up everything in the bathroom, sat on the toilet lid, opened my notebook, and started to draw.

When I was little, I wanted to be a painter like my parents. It was when I went to a showing with them around my thirteenth birthday that I saw my first real sculpture.

Of course, I saw plenty before, but I never connected with a piece like I connected with that one. My world stopped, my eyes feasted, and my mind raced with possibilities.

I never looked back.

It wasn’t until my parents died that I felt this deep need to be more. To do more. It was like a cord that snapped; they left me, and the hole of my existence became bigger and bigger until, like them, I was moving around the globe, trying to find purpose.

I saw this mountain by accident. A friend of mine visited Switzerland and came to this village for a day trip. I saw the pictures on her social media, and I couldn’t think about anything else but the mountain.

It called to me—I couldn’t explain it any other way.

I looked at pictures and watched videos, but nothing was enough. I spent days locked in my studio trying to create something, but nothing came.

Its call was so strong, I packed my bags.



It was so strong, being in that the B&B wasn't enough. It was so strong that only when I was inside the house, at the foot of the mountain, could I breathe.

Funny; now that I was so close, the view wasn't as spectacular. Still, I was in the mountain, and suddenly, that was all that mattered.

I was dressed in shorts and a large T-shirt when I looked at the clock and saw it had just passed three in the morning. I put my hair up in a ponytail and blew a raspberry.

It wasn't enough.

My sketches weren't better than before, even as I breathed in the mountain and saw its colors so closely.

Defeated, I left the room to a dark and silent house. I needed a glass of water and a rest. Maybe in the morning, things would be different.

I dragged my feet down the corridor, and my eyes found the only small source of light coming from the gap of an opened door.

The room was beside mine, and I couldn't resist. Something was tugging me to it. I tiptoed until my hands reached the door and, with a fortifying breath, I opened it.

The gasp flew off my mouth. Just beside my room was the most beautiful place I'd ever seen.

Wall-to-wall windows displayed the mountain in the most perfect view. My feet led me to it, and I slid the glass open to a balcony in beautiful dark wood, illuminated by perfectly positioned fairy lights.

Hissing when my bare feet hit the icy ground, I pushed forward as I took it all in.

It was perfect, like the entrance to a magical place.

I knew they barely wanted me here, but I couldn't understand why, knowing I wanted to see the mountain, they were keeping this to themselves.

This room was an artist's paradise. It was everything I'd ever wanted, even when I didn't know what I wanted. It was breathtaking.

"Noah is going to kill you if he sees you here."

I gasped and turned, finding Wylder watching me as he leaned against the glass double doors.

"I'm sorry. I—"

I shook my head because I had no excuse. I was snooping. I shouldn't be here without permission, and yet, I wasn't really sorry.

"It's so .... I..." Words failed me.

"Did it call to you?" he asked, tipping his head to the side.

He was making fun of me, the silly girl who moves mountains for... well, for a mountain.

I knew I was odd. I wasn't afraid to be, though.

"It's beautiful," I said instead.

He just nodded, taking in the view. Pushing off the door, he walked to me, his eyes everywhere and nowhere.

"Noah usually leaves it locked. It's a miracle you found it open..."

He let his words hang, but still, I said nothing. I was glad that Noah, in his anger at my presence, had forgotten to lock it. Even as the cold bit my toes, I didn't want to leave. I didn't want to go for a glass of water or go back to the room for a rest. I wanted to swallow the mountain whole. I never wanted to leave it.

"How's the drawing going?"

I sighed, showing my disappointment. "I keep moving closer and closer, thinking an idea will strike, that something will make sense to my eye and I'll start to create, but now I'm here, and still..."

"Seeing it's not enough. Maybe you need to be part of it."

I chuckled at his joke, but when I looked at him, his eyes were dead serious.

“Part of the mountain?” I asked, arching a brow.

I was silly, but not that much.

“Do you wanna race?”

I’d laugh again, but his eyes sparkled, and I wanted to say yes. He was gorgeous in the moonlight, his blonde hair collecting little snowflakes in the wind. He was wearing dark blue pajama pants with a thin, white long-sleeve shirt and no shoes like me.

We were supposed to be shivering, but I was trembling with warmth.

“Come on, race me,” he pushed, nodding to the side of the balcony.

I followed his eyes and found a small gate leading straight into the woods, a path winding through the frosted trees. I bit down on my bottom lip and thought about a million reasons why I should say no.

Instead, I screamed, “Now!”

I ran before he could have a chance—I was little, and his legs were double mine. If I wanted to win, I needed to cheat.

I heard him laughing as I raced down the path, my feet feeling the cold, but only for a second. I ran so fast, it was like flying.

Wylder was closing on me. I heard his breathing, his laugh, felt his warmth and breathed in his woody scent.

I was drunk on a high I had never felt before. The path was only illuminated until a certain point, and soon, we were running into the cold, dark woods, my bare feet leaving tracks in the snow.

Instead of cursing in pain, I laughed with freedom. Instead of asking myself what was happening, I let myself do what felt right.

I breathed in the cold air, letting my legs take me into the dark. Just when I thought I was the freest, I felt his arms closing around my waist, lifting me from the ground. I yelped and tipped my head back on his shoulders, and his shaved beard tickled the delicate skin of my neck—I never felt better.

Wylder twisted me in his arms as I let him move me like a little doll. Front to front, he held my legs up and around his waist, his nose just a breath from mine.

“You never answered me,” he whispered, as if the souls in the woods could hear us.

“What?” I breathed out hot air.

“If you heard a call to the mountain.”

It was too dark. I couldn’t see him, but I felt him everywhere—his strong hands digging into my thighs, his shoulders under my fingertips.

“I thought you were making fun of me.”

“Never.”

I swallowed, not ready to think about how inappropriate this was.

“I hear it calling me. From the second I landed here, I knew I needed to be in your house. I couldn’t sleep thinking about it, and that bedroom, Wylder...” I refused to continue talking, because I was starting to sound crazy.

That bedroom felt like mine. It belonged to me in a way I couldn’t rationally explain. The word home kept thumping in my chest, and I did my best to ignore it. I never had a home. I wasn’t made for roots, so why now?

Why here?

Wylder’s forehead brushed against mine as he breathed me in and let me do the same quietly in the woods.

“It was calling to you,” he whispered.

“You don’t think I’m crazy?”

“I think you’re perfect.”

The words made his lips brush against mine, and a zip of electricity ran down my spine until, suddenly, I was too aware I had him between my legs. I closed them around his waist, bringing us even closer as Wylder let out a low groan.

“Noah definitely doesn’t think I’m perfect,” I joked.

That was all that was needed to destroy the mood. Wylder’s hands loosened on my body as he put space between our mouths.

“It’s getting too cold,” he rasped.

I wanted to say it was always cold, but instead, I found myself nodding. I slid down his body, trying to ignore the erection I felt on the way down.

He was ignoring it, so so should I.

Feeling a little humiliated, I turned around, looked down at my feet, and headed back home.

It was over before it even began.

It was just a crush, a crush on him and his carefree way. A crush on Theo and the way he took control today.

Even stupid, perfect face Noah. They were gorgeous older men, and I was just a silly girl who was always ignored.

I should concentrate on the mountain, on my task.

Two weeks, I told myself as I raced upstairs and locked myself in my room.

Two weeks.



SHE WAS OUR OMEGA.

I watched in silence as she closed the door of the tiny room we gave her and breathed out when I heard the lock click.

Good. I couldn't be trusted to stay away if she left it unlocked.

I had her in my arms. Our mate, in my arms, *finally*. I breathed in her scent, heard her musical accent.

She was perfect in every way.

It wasn't just the call screaming inside me when I looked at her, or her scent that made me impossibly hard. The way she was called here?

It was obvious she was ours, even as she ran into that bedroom. I wasn't lying—Noah always kept it locked. It was supposed to be the room we decorated for our mate, but once we realized it was never going to happen, he locked it, hoping it was enough to keep the pain at bay.

It wasn't.

Locked, unlocked, it didn't matter. The whole house bled for us. We were alphas without an omega, men without a purpose.

The house was to give to our mate, the bedrooms to be decorated to her taste. Our lives were to be fulfilled by her

presence, but instead, we walked through these halls for twenty years, knowing no one was ever going to come.

But she was finally here.

I couldn't explain how. No one had ever mated outside the community before, but Julia was ours, I knew it right in my veins.

How could Noah ignore it? It was too obvious, too painfully clear.

I watched her door for far too long, wanting to bring her to the room that was rightfully hers, but I couldn't do it without Noah on board.

I marched straight to his door, not wanting to waste a second longer. When he answered my knock, resignation was written all over his face.

So he knew it. He was just too chicken to say it. Thankfully, I wasn't.

"It's her."

He was already growling, shaking his head, but I didn't let him speak.

"It's her. I can feel it. Theo feels it, and I know you do too. Her fucking scent is everywhere. I can't barely think straight, and I know it must be killing you too. Get your shit together, Noah, 'cause I won't stay quiet and watch you ignore this miracle."

He banged the door in my face, and the next morning, he was gone.



"WHERE'S NOAH?" JULIA ASKED, munching on a piece of toast.

She looked adorable today in loose, hot pink pants, a faded t-shirt all covered in paint, her hair in pigtails.

“He went out for a job, don’t worry.” Theo brushed it off. “How’s the drawing going?”

“Better.” She nodded, pouring more coffee from the coffeemaker. It was her third cup, I noticed.

“After last night?” I asked.

She blushed and nodded, avoiding my gaze.

“What happened last night?”

Julia opened her mouth, but I was faster. “We went for a run. It opened her mind.”

Theo wasn’t convinced by my explanation. We hadn’t had time to talk yet. When he came down for breakfast, he was quickly followed by Julia, but I bet he could see it on my face.

I was hers, utterly gone. I wasn’t ashamed—not even a little.

“Tell us if you need anything,” Theo told her.

She smiled and shrugged. “I think you did enough. I’ll be around the house, finding the perfect window.”

I watched her as she said it, her cheeks going red when she mentioned the perfect window. She found it already. She was looking all this time for something, and it was here, waiting for her for twenty years.

“How old are you, Julia?” I asked.

“Twenty-six.”

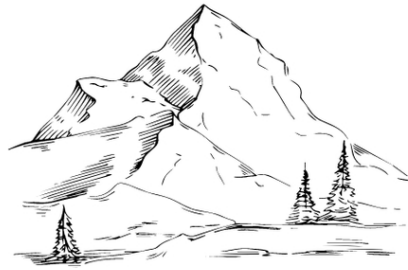
I chuckled. That was why we waited so long. Theo groaned and brought his palms into his eyes.

“What’s wrong?” she chuckled at Theo’s reaction.

“Nothing wrong, sweetheart. Actually, everything is going great, don’t you think?”

She smiled brightly, and fuck me, I was never letting her go.





## 8. JULIA

I DECIDED TO WORK from the kitchen, the second-best view in the house.

Theo and Wylder traded looks when talking about Noah's absence, but I tried not to worry too much. It wasn't my business he wasn't here. No, my business was to draw inspiration, get something done, and present it to a gallery.

My business wasn't noticing how good Wylder looked after his morning run, or to feel butterflies when Theo came closer and praised my efforts, even though I knew it was shit.

My business wasn't feeling a bit hollow inside because I drove Noah out of his own house.

I couldn't understand why he hated me so much. People never hated me.

No one ever felt strongly about me, but hate was definitely a strong emotion.

I knew my parents loved me, but for a long time, I was an accessory to their lives. My mom was praised for being a mother and still working, while my dad was commended for carrying me around the world and exposing me to all cultures.

They never asked me if I wanted to know about all cultures. All I wanted to know one: ours.

I'd only been to Bolivia three times growing up. I met a few family members, but no one who really stood out. I knew

Spanish the same way I knew French and Italian. My Spanish had no flavor, no heavy Bolivian accent.

I had only one thing I held dear: Diablada.

It was my third time in Bolivia when I first saw it. I was just twelve years old, and my dad's old friend brought us to watch.

I never forgot it.

The colors, the music, the masks. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen, and I couldn't stop asking myself why my parents traveled so far when all this was in their backyard.

Maybe I was just like them, looking at a mountain in Switzerland, wishing I connected to it.

A girl without a home, without culture, without history.

Art grounded me. Art never asked if I knew who I was or where I came from. Art never made me feel less Latina because I was denied so much of what made us. I poured my frustrations and inadequacies into art, and it always accepted me.

But now, I felt like I wasn't enough. I was stuck looking at the walls of my studio for months until I saw the mountain for the first time. I thought it was grief, but maybe, it was something more.

"You're very talented."

I looked over my shoulder, and it was Theo again, a cup of coffee in his hands and a smile on his lips. He was so handsome.

I brushed it off with a wave of my hand, but he insisted, "It's true."

Ugh, the man was everything.

"How come you three are single?" I asked, not thinking before the words flew out of my mouth.

Theo winced, and I knew I made a mistake. Shit, I didn't even know if they were single. Maybe they all had girlfriends. Worse—maybe they were widowers.

I tucked my chin down, bringing my hands to cover my face. “God, Theo, I’m so sorry. I don’t even know—”

He cleared his throat, obviously embarrassed by my question, but he was a good man, so he answered anyway.

“It just never happened for us.”

I removed my hand from my face and grimaced at my lack of tact. “I’m sorry. It’s just, you are so nice and gorgeous and \_\_\_”

I wanted the soil to swallow me whole. After what happened with Wylder last night, I needed to keep myself in check, to make sure I don’t fall for them. I was failing miserably.

His mouth curved in a smirk. “You think I’m gorgeous?”

I groaned. “You know I was homeschooled my whole life? Random tutors across the globe. I blame my parents for my awkwardness.”

“You’re not awkward—you’re cute.”

I rolled my eyes, because cute was a puppy. Cute was your niece. Nah, I didn’t want to be cute.

I kept working a little longer, trying to ignore the flutters of butterflies anytime Theo or Wylder came around.

By the end of the day, I was exhausted and yet, I had nothing to show for it.

“Maybe you need a better view.”

I turned around to find Wylder there, smiling of course, like we shared a secret. And we did.

“I won’t risk upsetting Noah,” I said, avoiding looking directly at him.

Last night, I had my legs around him. Our noses brushed, and the cold didn’t bother me. Cold always bothered me, but it was like this whole damn thing was magical.

“Noah isn’t here.”

I crossed my arms over my chest, looking his way for the first time. “Do you always try to challenge him?”

He lifted a shoulder, “Whenever I can.”

“I don’t challenge anything. You said he always keeps it locked. Chances are... it’s locked.”

“You should try it.”

I opened my mouth to argue, but Theo waltzed into the kitchen. “Pizza everyone?” My stomach growled, and Theo smiled. “I guess it’s a yes.”

I gathered my supplies as I nodded. “I forgot to eat.”

“You can’t do that.” Theo frowned.

“I just...” I blew a raspberry. “All I could think about is the mountain, and now that it’s here...”

“You don’t know what to do with it?” Theo nodded.

“Yeah. Something like that.”

He chuckled. “You and Noah have more in common than you know.”

He acted like I was avoiding Noah too, but I shrugged and offered nothing. Theo ordered the pizza after I said I’d eat anything, and I ran upstairs for a shower.

It was only my first official day here. I had time, but all I could feel was dread.

What if nothing came from this? What if I came all the way to Switzerland, and I was still as uninspired as I was before?

I threw a t-shirt on, not worrying about a bra—perks of small boobs— and leggings. My hair was still damp, and I didn’t care enough to blow dry it, so I just gathered it away from my face in a bun on top of my head.

By the time I made it downstairs, the pizza had arrived, and the boys were grabbing a couple of beers from the fridge.

“One for me too,” I requested.

Wylder handled our drinks, bringing everything into the living room as Theo grabbed the pizza boxes, and I followed them.

“Just cheese? Pepperoni?” Wylder asked.

“One each. I’m starving.”

He served me on a plate, and I grabbed a beer, folding my legs under me on the couch. Theo turned the TV on a game, and we ate in silence. I never understood sports, but I kept quiet, since this was their house, and I was trying to fit in.

Four slices and a bulging stomach later, I rested my back on the couch and took a huge breath.

“Thank you so much for this. Let me know how much I owe you.”

Theo chuckled but never took his eyes off the TV.

“What?” I asked, poking him with my toe.

“I’m not charging you for pizza, Jules.”

I poked him again. “You should. I’m a tenant here.”

“No, thanks. I can afford pizza.”

“It’s not about affording.” I shook my head. “It’s about—”

Theo immediately turned, grabbing my foot with his warm hand and placing it on his lap. “I’m not going to take your money, Julia.”

He caught me off guard, and I felt the warmth of his skin going all the way to the nape of my neck.

It was a surprise that had me biting my lip, losing my breath as my nipples stiffened to a point. His eyes landed just there, and a groan escaped his lips.

In a second, everything changed. The air felt electric, his eyes on me everything I’d ever wanted.

“Noah,” Wylder said somewhere beside us.

Sure, Noah. Yes, Noah hated me. That was why they didn’t want to...

To what?

Have sex?

Oh God, I wanted that.

But last night, I wanted Wylder, and now, I wanted Theo. I was a mess, a hormonal mess. I spent my whole life not interested in sex at all, just to become undone by them.

Theo didn't react to Noah's name. Instead of putting distance between us, he pulled my foot toward him, and I slid further down the couch, letting him take me. His big hand covered my knee as he positioned himself between my legs.

"Just a taste," he told Wylder without taking his eyes off me.

Wylder growled, making me turn in his direction. He was sitting on the floor, watching us both with lust in his eyes.

My toes curled, and I let out a whimper.

"Can he taste you, sweetheart?" Wylder asked with a smirk.

I opened my mouth and closed it shut again. Shit, I had no idea. Did he mean going down on me?

That was probably it.

I had only one boyfriend to do that, and it wasn't that good, but something told me Theo wasn't going to be anything like that.

If I said yes, was Wylder going to watch?

"If you want him to watch," Theo replied.

So I guessed I said that out loud.

"Or we can take turns," Theo offered.

I gasped, lifting up onto my elbows and looking from one man to the other. "Take turns?"

Wylder chuckled, and from that moment on, I knew I was going to let them share me.

Shit, just the thought made me hot. My back arched like they were already at it, and Theo pressed his hand between my breasts to push me down. "Relax."

I nodded dumbly, watching him closely, because I knew that at any minute, he was going to change his mind. There was no way in hell the hottest men on the planet wanted to take turns eating me out.

I probably hit my head somewhere and was hallucinating. Or maybe I was still sleeping in the B&B, dreaming of the perfect house, the perfect mountain, the perfect—

Theo's hand closed over the band of my leggings and pushed them down. Before I had a chance to say a word, his mouth moved down with a lavish lick.

He was hot, and I wasn't ready. I groaned, my legs trying to kick out in desperation as he did it again, groaning into my pussy like he was the one in pleasure.

"Theo..." I moaned as he licked me again, this time taking his time, savoring his meal.

"You taste so good."

My leggings were still holding my ankles together, and I twisted and turned every time he sucked my clit. Finally, he ended the torture, throwing my pants somewhere in the corner. Quickly, I wrapped my legs around his shoulders, ankles behind his head, gripping his hair with my hand, burying my nails into his scalp.

Theo groaned loudly into me, and Wylder laughed, "You're going to kill him, sweetheart."

We locked eyes, his on fire and full of lust as he watched his friend me eat out. The bulge in his pajama pants told me he liked what he saw, and my hips bucked in pleasure.

"Here," Theo said.

He held my ass up, holding me to Wylder like I was fruit to be shared. Wylder stood up and came to us, kneeling between my legs and taking me off Theo's hands.

I whimpered at the image. They really were going to share me. My head fell back when Wylder nibbled on my thigh.

"Wylder, please..." I cried out.

I quickly realized Wylder liked to play. He teased me mercilessly, letting me build up my orgasm, just to dial back and watch me struggle. When I couldn't take anymore, he passed me off to Theo. They played like that, never really

letting me get off, keeping the game between them like I was just a toy.

“Please, please, please,” I pleaded with them.

I was soaking the couch, my hair down from my bun, my muscles groaning from the stimulation. They were trying to kill me, and it was the best thing that had ever happened to me.

Theo was between my legs as I looked at Wylder, licking my lips. “Let me suck your cock.”

He hissed, but surprisingly, he shook his head.

“Let me suck your cock, Wylder.”

“No.” He shook his head.

Fuck. I couldn't believe he was going to make me beg for his cock.

“Wylder, please. I need it.”

He groaned in despair, but he didn't move in my direction.

“Keep her mouth occupied in a different way,” Theo barked as my pleading got to him as well.

Wylder shook his head, and I watched as he squeezed his cock over his clothes, like he was trying to get it under control, but I didn't understand why.

I wanted him out of control. I wanted them right there with me.

Wylder kissed me before I could ask why they were holding off. His lips were soft, his tongue hungry, and his palm covered my breasts as he worked my nipple through my shirt so slowly, like his goal was to end me.

Theo's tongue was hot and unforgiving, his hunger for me unmatched. I moaned into Wylder's mouth as his hand found itself under my shirt, his warm palm teasing me more and more.

Theo, Wylder, they were too much. Theo's tongue worked quickly, little licks in just the right place, building me up as Wylder flicked my nipple and kissed me silly.



“Oh, damn, right there,” I groaned and soon, my orgasm flew over me in one powerful wave. I felt it everywhere, down my curling toes to my arching back.

Wylder kissed me slowly as I rode out my climax, Theo kissing the inside of my leg.

My hips bucked, looking for yet more friction, and Theo smiled, holding me to the couch.

“We can go all night, don’t worry.”

I wasn’t worried. I wasn’t sure if *I* could go all night, but I knew this was perfect. It was like the missing piece had just fallen into place.

I sat up, took my t-shirt off, and jumped into Theo’s lap before he could say anything. I caught him by surprise with a kiss as I reached for Wylder, who quickly sat down behind me, his warm chest to my back.

I turned my head and kissed him too as I felt Theo taking my nipple into his mouth.

Too much, too perfect.

When Theo kissed me again, Wylder took my nipple between his fingers as they shared me, promising that we were made for this. Theo held my breast to Wylder’s mouth and bit my earlobe slowly as he watched. I used Theo’s leg for friction, riding it slowly, leaving wet patches on his jeans.

“I’m going to come again...” I cried out.

“Come for me one more time,” Wylder whispered in my ear. “Soak his leg, sweetheart. Use him for your pleasure. Show me how you do it. I want to watch.”

I whimpered at the impossible request, and in a second, I was coming again.

I felt feverish, unhinged. I’d barely finished riding out an orgasm, and I wanted another. My nipples felt sensitive, and my clit ached.

“I—I...” I couldn’t put my needs into words. I just needed more.

“Here, Jules. Stop for a second.” Theo slowed me down, brushing the hair off my face before taking my temperature.

I was burning up from my orgasm. Was that even possible? I felt sick and healthy at the same time, all feelings clashing at once.

“She’s starting her heat,” Theo said, looking at Wylder and not me.

His words meant nothing to me, so I reached for him and bit his earlobe, moaning for him to fuck me.

I’d never done that before, never felt such raw need.

Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.

I needed them inside me now.

“Go down on her again,” Wylder ordered. “I’ll call Noah.”

I didn’t care to ask why Noah needed to be called. He hated me. I bet he wouldn’t like to know his friends were taking turns pleasuring me.

“Eating her out won’t be enough,” Theo argued.

I moved his head so he looked at me. “I can sit on your face. Can I sit on your face?”

“Shit,” Theo cursed, already nodding, bringing me over to him. He let me go when he was lying on his back, and I scooted over his chest until my pussy was hovering over his mouth.

He was so warm. I sat down and took my shirt off, turning to Wylder, who was already on his phone.

“Come here.”

“One second,” he promised with the phone between his ear and his shoulder, his eyes burning for me.

I rode Theo’s face as I screamed for more, needing Wylder there too. And maybe even Noah...

Shit, Noah was so hot, so *impossibly* hot. He was mean and difficult, and for some reason, that made him hotter.

I wanted him too, but I felt bad for the boys. I was having the time of my life, and yet, I didn't feel enough.

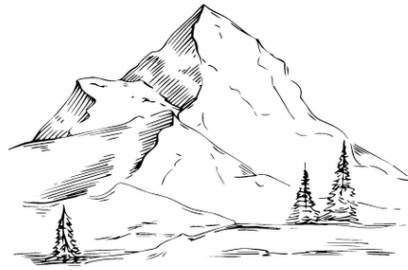
I needed more.

“Dumbass, she's in heat. Come back home.”

He ended the call without another word and came to us, moving his finger to lift my chin up.

“Do you want to ride mine now?”

I nodded. I was too hungry.



## 9. NOAH

“SHE’S IN HEAT. COME back home.”

Those words sliced right through me as I gripped the wheel and raced home.

Wylder’s family left this cabin for him years ago, and we used it occasionally if one of us needed to be away from everything. When I left that morning, I wasn’t trying to run away. If I was, I wouldn’t go to a place we all knew so well.

I just needed... space.

From the second she stepped into the house, her scent took over. I couldn’t think anymore. My skin stretched over my bones, making me uncomfortable with my own decisions.

I couldn’t hold any hope in my heart anymore. It hurt to try, and that sunshine of a girl was all hope. So, I didn’t follow my instincts. Instead, I let fear get the best of me.

She was gorgeous, bright, and the definition of happiness. All that was denied to us twenty years ago was standing in my kitchen, and instead of grabbing it, I ran.

Like a coward, I left her there. I showed how much I didn’t want her in my house, when in reality, she owned every single thing to my name. She owned me completely.

And now, she was in heat, and I wasn’t there.

“Fuck!” I cursed when I realized it would take me at least an hour to reach home. To reach her.

I never considered myself dumb, and yet when it mattered, I was the dumbest of them all. I left my omega thinking I disliked her. I left before her first heat.

I fucking left, and now, I had major groveling to do.

It was almost two in the morning when I reached home, my hands shaking with pent-up energy. I barely parked, hopping out of my truck and beelining for the front door.

The scene waiting for me was something out of my dreams.

Julia was spread out, naked, golden thick thighs, damp hair sticking to her forehead, perky tits out. Theo was beside her, helping her drink from a bottle of water while Wylder, the lucky bastard, was eating her out in the middle of our living room.

I swallowed dryly and tried to reach them quietly, but her eyes found me after just one step.

She moved her head away from the bottle and, with a raspy voice, said, “I’m sorry.”

Why was she sorry? I squeezed my eyes shut and went to her, hoping she wouldn’t freak out if I touched her.

Theo got out of the way, and I kneeled close, bringing her back to my chest. “Why are you sorry, sunshine?”

“You hate me, don’t you? You shouldn’t see me like this.” She turned completely to me, watching me with those big brown eyes. She was so perfect, so small and gorgeous.

I brought her closer, and Wylder stepped away from between her legs. She came willingly when I held her under her knees and hauled her completely onto my lap.

“I don’t hate you,” I told her.

“You don’t like me.”

“I like you,” I insisted.

She chuckled, not believing me for a second. “This feels odd, doesn’t it?” Julia whispered. “This whole situation. I don’t understand what’s happening. I’m so confused, I’m so warm...”

I brought my hand up to her forehead to find she was burning up. I focused my gaze on Theo and Wylder.

“You haven’t knotted her.”

They both shook their heads, but I needed no confirmation. Julia was parched, burning up, and restless in my arms. Most of all, she looked confused.

“She doesn’t know,” Theo said. “We couldn’t—”

I looked down at the girl on my lap, and I understood what he meant.

Our whole lives, we knew we were going to find our omega. We were waiting to mate, to meet the one, but we never thought it was going to be someone who had no idea she was an omega.

Julia looked genuinely confused by her body’s reaction, and I could bet she knew nothing about knotting. While I was annoyed, they left her suffering, but I could understand their hesitation.

“Can I wash you, sunshine?” I asked softly while I kissed her temple.

Her reply was a whimper while she looped her hands around my neck, a sweet sign of submission and trust.

Why did I ever doubt she was ours when we fit like this?

I kept her close to my chest as I marched up the stairs.

“Clean up a room,” I told the other two.

A room. Not her rightful room, because I let my demons speak louder.

There was no point in dwelling on my mistakes, so I brought her to my private bathroom and sat her on the edge of the bath. While I gathered a clean towel and soap, I turned on the faucet and let warm water trickle down.

“Why did you leave, Noah?” she asked.

“Because I’m stupid.” I set the towel on the rack and the soap to the side, avoiding her gaze.

“You hate me that much? You couldn’t stay in the same house as me for one day?”

I sighed and kneeled in front of her, taking her beautiful face between my palms. “I don’t hate you. Don’t say that, sunshine.”

She licked her lips, watching me with suspicion. “I missed you, you know? Even if you hated me, I missed you.”

“I missed you the second I left, and I’m going to earn your forgiveness.”

She said nothing to that but let me put her in the bath once it was ready. She didn’t fuss when I brought her a luffa and the soap and helped her clean, nor did she argue when I started washing her hair with my shampoo.

I knew she had better products than mine, but I was scared of going for them and giving her time to change her mind.

If she asked for Theo or Wylder to wash her instead, it was going to break me.

“Can I rinse it?” I whispered after applying the shampoo.

She gave me a shy nod, cheeks rosy. The bath must be working, cooling off the heat, because she was shy once again.

I took a glass I kept beside the sink and dunked in the water as I brought it up to rinse up the suds.

“Noah...” Her voice was small.

“Yes.”

“What is happening? Why do I feel like this?”

It wasn’t an easy question, and I wasn’t ready to explain it alone. So, I kept rinsing her hair as I said, “I’ll tell you in a minute.”

“Do you know why I feel like this?”

“Like what, sunshine?”

“Like I’m going to explode if you don’t get into this bath with me. My whole body needs you. I start and end with you three.”

I kissed the crown of her head, hiding a smile. I’d waited my whole life to be wanted like this.

“I know why.”

“It is normal? Is this what a crush feels like?”

I chuckled. “You think this is a crush?”

“I don’t know. I never liked someone before.”

“No one?” I asked, just to be sure.

“No one ever,” she confirmed.

“You never had a boyfriend?”

“I didn’t say that.” She blushed. “I just... It wasn’t like this.”

I fought the urge to ask more about this boyfriend and instead concentrated on the confession that she felt strongly about us, too.

Once she was clean, I helped her out of the bath and put my t-shirt over her head. She piled her hair in a messy bun and followed me to my bedroom, where we found the other two waiting.

“Sit here.” I brought her to the middle of the bed. “Water?”

She nodded, and Theo handed her a glass. We looked at each other as she drank, not sure how to start. She might feel okay for a few minutes after the bath, but that wasn’t going to last.

She needed to be knotted, and soon.

“Jules, have your parents ever talked about...” Theo started “Omegas and alphas?”

“Alphas?” she smiled over the rim of the cup. “Like wolves?”

“Yes.” Wylder nodded at the same time that I said, “No.”



“Were they only... them? A couple?” I asked.

She snorted, clearly finding the whole line of questioning funny.

“Yeah, my mom and dad were a couple. Just them. What’s going on?”

She looked at us three, from Theo to Wylder and, finally, to me. She was waiting for us, for the truth, for an explanation of why everything was suddenly so intense.

“Some people are born an alpha, other betas, and some omegas,” Wylder started.

“Like a personality trait?” she asked.

I made a throaty sound as Wylder shrugged. “Sure, that too.”

“That too?”

“It’s biological, Jules,” Theo intervened.

“We’re alphas,” Wylder told her. “And you’re our omega.”

She furrowed her brows. “Again, like a personality thing?”

“It’s not like a test you take online,” Theo replied, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I told you, it’s biological. Every alpha knows they will find their omega one day. We’re made to mate her. But we thought she was here, in the town.”

“That’s why you’re in heat right now,” I interrupted. “You found us, and your body is reacting.”

“Oh my God.” She laughed, standing up and crossing her arms over her chest. “You are insane. I’m not in heat!”

“How you explain this whole thing, then?” Wylder challenged.

“I don’t know. I’m in lust or whatever. You guys are hot. Jesus, Theo and Wylder took turns going down on me. Of course I got a little crazy, but I’m okay now. I’m not in heat. I’m not an omega.”

“You’re *our* omega,” I corrected.

“You’re insane.”

“Explain it then, sweetheart,” Wylder mocked. “And don’t tell me it’s just lust.” He cut her off before she opened her mouth. “I can smell your pussy from here, even after the bath. I’m pretty sure if I reach under that t-shirt, I’m going to find you dripping wet.”

Julia swallowed a lump in her throat, and if it wasn’t for her scent all over my room, just her eyes would be enough to tell the tale.

“Jules, sit down,” Theo commanded, rubbing a hand over his beard. “It’s difficult for us too. We never imagined we would have to explain what being an omega means.”

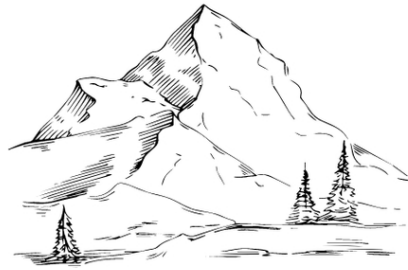
“Oh, I’m sorry if this is an inconvenience to you,” she mocked.

“If you just listen...”

“No.” She shook her head. “No.”

“The mountain was calling you,” Wylder pushed. “You said so yourself—the mountain called you. You knew you had to be here. You found us against all odds, and now, your body is burning up. You are soaking wet for us three. You need to be knotted.”

Her face closed in a tortured expression, and I knew we lost her. Her eyebrows furrowed as her luscious mouth closed in a thin line. Whatever Wylder said was too much for her, and before I could repair his mistakes, she turned on her heels and left.



## 10. JULIA

I WASN'T AN OMEGA.

I said it to myself as I opened my suitcase with rage and started to pack.

They were probably in a cult, that was it. Still, I wasn't hanging around to figure it out.

Wylder might be right: my body was betraying me. Even when I was angry at them, I was slick. My nipples were hard, and my mouth was still parched.

It was just lust.

A crush.

Something.

I was throwing my toiletries over my clothes in the suitcase when someone knocked and let himself in before I could deny company.

"Julia..." Noah sighed.

"You're all crazy."

"Tell me why you're so upset." He came to me, hugging my back to his chest until I stopped moving.

"I just think you three are crazy," I huffed.

He moved me in his arms until we were front to front. "If it was just that, you'd be laughing. You're upset. Tell me why,

sunshine.”

I sighed. “Because I already don’t know who I am, Noah. My parents were from Bolivia, but I barely spent any time there. I don’t belong anywhere. I never had real friends, a place to go for Christmas. I don’t want to—”

“You don’t want to be another thing you don’t understand?”

I nodded. “And you’re also crazy.”

He placed his forehead on mine, breathing me in. “Reach down and touch my knot, Julia. If you think this is all make-believe, I’m not supposed to have a knot, right?”

“Maybe that’s just a game to make me touch your dick.”

He chuckled. “I bet the boys wouldn’t let you touch theirs tonight, right?”

I licked my lips. “I even begged.”

Noah traced my bottom lip with the pad of his thumb. “Such a good girl. I want to see you begging for me.”

Fuck, there I was, drenched again. I didn’t want to believe they could smell it, but the slow smile on Noah’s lips was a heck of suspicious.

“Reach down, Julia. See it for yourself.”

Slowly, my heart hammering against my ribcage, I reached down, undid his button, and slid my hand inside this underwear.

He was hard and ready, thick, with moisture leaking from the tip. I whimpered when he hissed from my touch, his eyes closing like he had to hold back.

I traced my fingers along the head, gathering moisture with my thumb, going slowly down the velvet shaft before I finally reached the base, squeezing as I went.

The much larger base. I looked up, and he opened his eyes.

“When I finish fucking you, it’s going to lock it inside you to keep all the cum in. That’s why you’re so hot right now.

You need me to knot you, sunshine. You won't be okay until I do."

I explored his member, and he let me. The human shaft was thick, but the bulbous head at the base? That was overkill. How was *that* going to fit?

"I'll make it fit." He kissed my temple, reading my mind.

"And you all have it?"

"Every alpha," he whispered, "and you're going to take all three of us, alright? Tell me you can do it, Julia."

I was pretty sure I couldn't, but I was nothing but a trier.

I nodded in confirmation while I squeezed his knot. Noah groaned and brushed a strand of hair out of my face.

"Get on your knees, sunshine. Let me see your mouth."

I didn't think twice. I lowered down immediately, forgetting about packing, forgetting why I was so upset.

His command was my wish—my delicious, perverted wish.

"Open all the way," he ordered, nodding to his pants, and I was quick to obey, dragging the fly down.

I looked up once it was done, waiting for more instructions.

"Take it out."

I reached for this underwear and took his cock out. While I had it in my hand, seeing was so different from feeling. He was huge, bobbing in front of me. His knot should have looked a little alien to me, but it didn't. It was perfect, just like the rest of him, velvet to the touch, and I couldn't wait to have it in my mouth.

"Kiss the tip, sunshine."

I did what he asked.

"And look at me." I looked up and kissed it again as he nodded, happy with me. His thumb came to my bottom lip and opened my mouth. "Take as much as you can."

Finally. I'd been begging for cock for hours now. With enthusiasm, I swallowed him as far as I could go, testing my

gag reflex.

“Jesus,” Noah hissed.

I couldn't be detained. I took him into my mouth until I reached his knot and slowly moved back up. Noah grabbed my hair and helped me with the rhythm, showing me what he liked the best.

“Can you swallow my knot too?”

I shook my head no. My mouth barely closed around his shaft, and I couldn't possibly open wider. Noah tsked, showing me my answer wasn't the one he was looking for.

“You can go really slow, but you're going to swallow, sunshine.” His thumb traced my chin. “Open up that pretty mouth for me, huh? I've been dying to fuck it since you said hi.”

Funny how I thought he hated me at first sight, and now, here I was, stuffed with him. I didn't want to disappoint him, so I did my best to open my mouth wide, relaxing my jaw and taking as much as I could. Noah held me in place and slowly slid in, testing my limits.

Tears ran down my cheeks, spit dribbling down my chin as he fucked my face, first slowly, and then without mercy.

I dripped between my legs, his grunts the most erotic thing I'd ever heard. I needed more. I needed them all.

I couldn't wrap my head around the whole omega thing. I wasn't sure what it meant just yet, but I knew I needed them desperately.

Noah played the line between rough and sweet. He fucked my mouth like it was his, not caring when his knot got even bigger. At the same time, he gently brushed his thumb across my cheek and fixed a strand of hair behind my ear.

Sweet, rough, everything.

Abruptly, he left my mouth, his hand circling his dick as he sprayed cum all over my face. My mouth hanging open, I licked some of it off my lips.

“I couldn’t knot your mouth,” he explained, using his cum to paint my cheeks. “The others are waiting.”

I tried to stand, but he was quick to bend over, taking me into his lap and lifting me up. Noah turned on his heels and left my room to find his at the end of the hall. Wylder and Theo were still there waiting, their brows furrowed with worry that disappeared when we arrived.

“Thank God,” Theo sighed.

“I like your makeup, sweetheart,” Wylder mocked, referring to the cum still dripping off my face.

“Fuck off.” I raised a hand to clean it, but Noah shook his head.

“Leave it.” With a lot of care, he lowered me to the bed, scooping a little cum off with his thumb and brushing it across my lips. “How are you feeling?” he asked.

“Hungry.” I was honest.

His eyes shone with my answer. He knew I wasn’t hungry for food.

Noah took my t-shirt off and cleaned my face with it before throwing to the side. I was once again naked when everyone else was dressed.

“Open your legs and show us,” he asked quietly, expecting to be heard over anyone and anything.

First the right and then the left, I spread my legs for the room, showing them my pussy. I was still wet, still feeling feverish.

“I said show us,” he demanded again.

I gulped and looked at them. Wylder was closer to the door, still dressed, his hands closed in a fist as he licked his lips.

Theo was to my right, and his eyes didn’t leave me. He worked a lump down his throat when we made eye contact.

And Noah, right in the middle, his expansive chest heaving, like he was holding himself back not to attack.

With my forefinger and middle, I opened my lower lips, my head down, still self-conscious.

“Your face, beautiful,” Wylder said. “We need to see it.”

Chin up, I looked at him, looked at them all as my forefinger traced my clit, making my leg jump a little.

“Shit,” Theo hissed.

“Theo, feed her,” Noah commanded. “Wylder, hold her in place.”

They all started to undress at the same time, and I wasn’t sure where to look anymore. Shirts gone, jeans lowered—the three of them looked gorgeous, and I couldn’t choose. Why would I?

Wylder came closer in his mission to hold me in place, and I gasped in shock when I saw the piercings down his dick.

Jacob’s ladder.

I salivated, and he chuckled, kneeling on the bed in front of me. “I’ll let you play with them soon.”

“I—” I was overwhelmed. Between three knots and a Jacob’s ladder, I was clearly in over my head.

“For now, take care of Theo,” he growled, making me turn my head to the other side where Theo was waiting, his cock brushing my lips.

*Feed her.*

I swallowed his cock, trying my best to satisfy him, to go all the way. Wylder played with my nipples while I sucked Theo. His warm hand pushed down my body to my pussy, where he gently and maddeningly played with my clit ever so slowly.

I bucked my hips, needing more, but he removed his hand, and I cried out around Theo’s cock.

Wylder laughed at my despair as he positioned himself behind me, my body between his open legs, his cock carving into my back.

“Are you ready, sweetheart?” Wylder whispered in my ear.



Shit, I wasn't. Was anyone ever ready for something like this?

Theo kept driving into my mouth as Wylder held my body and lowered it down to his, and then I felt something in my core.

I couldn't turn my head to check, but I was sure it was Noah's cock filling me up, bit by bit.

I thrashed, wanting more, suddenly on fire, and Wylder quickly held my hips with one hand and my face with the other so I wouldn't let Theo's cock go.

I whimpered, drooling down my chin, as Noah slowly started to thrust into me.

"Concentrate," Wylder told me in my ear, his hand on my chin, keeping me in place for Theo. "We need you so much. You need to take us three."

I nodded. I needed them too. I wasn't sure how or when it happened, but they were printed on my skin.

The mountain called for me, but it was its men who made me whole. The feelings were overwhelming, so much so that I felt lost in the sensations.

Noah fit snug inside me, Wylder whispering filthy things into my ear as Theo drove his cock into my mouth, grunting over my head.

I felt unprepared for all of this—it was overwhelming, impossible. My toes curled into the soft sheets as sweat ran down my spine. My jaw hurt, and my clit begged for release.

Noah pushed all the way to the hilt, his knot popping inside me, and I moaned so loudly, Theo immediately came down my throat.

I tried to swallow it all, but it dribbled down my chin, which Wylder cleaned with his thumb. When I looked up at Theo, I found him dazed from his orgasm, and then I turned to Noah, driving into me mercilessly.

My mouth opened in a silent scream when Wylder reached between Noah and me for my clit. I didn't need much—one

touch, and I was gone.

Flying.

I wasn't lonely Julia Apaza anymore. I wasn't a sad artist, an orphan.

I was theirs, and they were mine.

The certainty ran from my heart to my veins, poisoning everything.

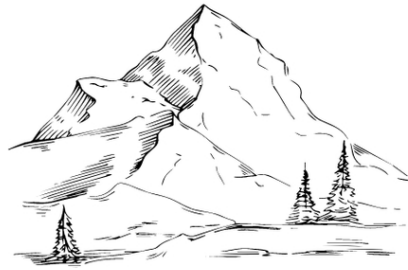
I belonged to someone. I belonged somewhere.

Tears ran down my cheeks, and Noah captured my chin between his fingers, tipping my head up to meet him. No words came from my lips, but he spoke for me.

“I've got you.”

Together, we exploded as he locked inside me

His knot swelled, my whimper turning into a wail, and I was gone.



## 11. THEO

SHE LOOKED OVERWHELMED, AND I fought through a smile.

She was ours. She was here.

Noah had her knotted, so I moved quickly to the bedside table and grabbed her water bottle. Julia smiled up at me as I tipped the bottle to her waiting mouth. I'd gladly feed her every day of her life.

"Relax now." I brushed her hair out of her face. "It won't be long."

Noah grunted. "I can't make promises. She's tight."

I swallowed dryly, trying not to be too jealous that he was the first to knot her, though we never had anything planned. When we started to talk about finding our omega, our hopes went down in flames. After that, no one really entertained the what-ifs.

Things with Julia moved organically. From the moment she approached me and asked to live in my house, I didn't need to really put an effort into things.

We fit.

The four of us, we just fit.

Wylder started a conversation, distracting her from the knotting. She laughed a throaty laugh, shaking her whole body

and making Noah grunt.

She flashed me a smile after a while, noticing I was fading into the background. I bent over to kiss her, hoping she wasn't too worried by my silence.

I was happy. I was watching us at our best for the first time in my life, and I didn't want to blink.

When Noah's knot finally waned, we were all over her, checking arms, legs, heartbeat, temperature.

"Guys, guys..." Julia laughed. "I'm okay! Noah's dick didn't kill me."

"Let me try one more time, then," he grunted.

She laughed, looking at peace. I wanted to ask if she was accepting us as her mates, but I knew it wasn't the right time. Before I could have the chance, anyway, Wylder was between her legs, "cleaning her up for the next," he claimed.

I stifled a laugh as he moved her like a rag doll, positioning her in the bed like he wanted: her on top, his head to her pussy, cock to her face. Julia took him into her mouth quickly, sucking him deep.

Shit, she looked gorgeous with a mouth full of cock, her eyes closed in ecstasy as he devoured her like dinner.

"Go," Noah said to me, taking a seat over the armchair.

"She needs to rest." I shook my head.

"She needs your knot. She's fine."

It was irresistible seeing her like that: moaning around Wylder's cock, her feet carving into the mattress as she chased yet another orgasm.

"Why are you hesitating?"

I opened my mouth to say I wasn't, but I closed it when I saw Noah's face. I couldn't lie to him. We didn't do things like that.

"She's finally here."

He crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Yes."

I couldn't put the right words into my mouth. She was finally here, and I didn't know what to do. *I* found her. not Noah or Wylder. I looked her at, took in her scent, and I knew. I trusted our connection, even when she was an omega who didn't know who she was.

She lived in the outside world without alphas, perfuming, heats, and knots. She was sunshine, art, and an open laugh.

She was a fucking miracle.

It took twenty years of dying inside, knowing your biggest wish would never come true, to finally see her in person.

To have her in our arms.

Maybe I was hesitating, but it was a lot.

"Go take what's yours, brother," Noah said, watching Wylder and Julia like it was a performance just for him.

I rubbed a palm against my face and went to them, watching her spectacular ass move as she rode Wylder's face.

Wylder looked up, spotting me, smirking even with a mouth full as he nodded at me to take her as he concentrated on her clit.

My cock throbbed, the call to mate impossible to ignore.

*She* was impossible to ignore.

Noah was right. She was the sunshine that took over our darkness.

I pressed my tip against her entrance, holding my breath when I heard her gasp.

She looked in my direction, letting Wylder's cock bob free for the first time before she gave me the wickedest smile.

I was done for.

I pushed the rest of the way in, sliding easily into her heat. She was velvet perfection, so tight and made for us. Wylder kept going with her clit, licking without pause. She moaned around his cock, and I took her legs into my hands, trying to

gain control of the situation, driving home with punishing thrusts.

As I moved, sweat dripped down my temple, my knot swelling too fast. Julia moaned, squirmed, and begged, but we held her back, ignoring her pleas.

I drove into her even harder this time as Wylder licked her in what looked like a torturous rhythm. Julia sucked his cock, but when the pleasure was so overwhelming, she let go, and it slapped against her cheek as she whimpered for help.

She was breathtaking. Unique. She was everything.

Without warning, I forced my knot inside her and cried out. Shit, I'd never knotted anyone. She was impossibly tight, and I saw stars as my jaw set. I kept going, knowing I could never stop.

This was every day for the rest of our lives.

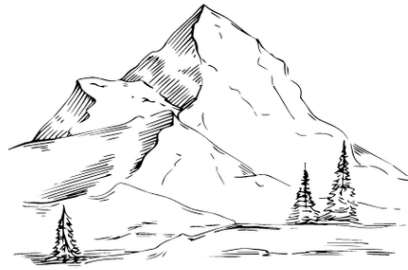
Her toes curled, and I cursed. My knot locked inside her, and Wylder let her be, rolling away. Heaving, I lowered down, my chest to her back.

“Hey, there.” She smiled over her shoulder.

I was a goner, and I knew the others weren't far behind.

I kissed her slowly, pouring all my devotion into one kiss. My tongue tangling with hers before I bit down on her bottom lip, and she sighed happily into me.

Heaven. She was heaven.



12. JULIA

“BUT WHAT ABOUT WYLDER?” I asked as Noah gently picked me up and brought me downstairs.

“I’ll get my turn,” Wylder assured me, a glint in his eye.

I was a little worried, yes. I just had his cock in my mouth, but inside me was a different thing. I wondered how the piercings would feel, if I would feel one by one going in.

I clenched, and Noah growled in my ear, “Patience.”

True, the fever has lessened, but I still needed more. I’ve never been sexual like this before. I liked kissing. I liked sex just fine, but I never trembled for someone. I never got so slick between my legs that I had to remove my underwear.

All my senses were heightened around them. My skin felt different, tuned to their touches, and my mouth craved for their kisses.

Noah sat me on the table, naked still. But they all were, and no one seemed to care. Theo went for the fridge and looked me over his shoulder. “A sandwich okay?”

I nodded. Now he said that, I was starving, pizza seeming like two lifetimes ago.

“What time is it?”

“Just past six in the morning,” Noah replied, bringing me a glass of water and checking my temperature once again.

“You guys fuss too much over me.”

“You’re our omega. That’s our job.”

Their omega. I couldn’t help but furrow my brows. I went to sleep in the normal world, and I woke up in need of being knotted. It was a lot to take in, but it was more than alphas and omegas. I was having trouble with the notion that they actually wanted me.

No one else.

Me.

“You can ask questions,” Wylder said, watching me.

I gulped the last of the water down and put aside the glass, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand.

“Explain it to me. Everything. Why do you guys have knots?”

“How come others don’t?” Wylder shrugged.

Theo tsked from the counter as he prepared four sandwiches. “Alpha communities are everywhere, Julia. We don’t know for certain why we were born differently, but we were. We keep to ourselves, our costumes, and our way of life. People come and go, and we just never announce to them what we are.”

“And it’s not just here?”

It was Noah who shook his head. “All over the world. Small communities of alphas, omegas, and betas. But we’re dying out. There aren’t many of us out there anymore—not enough omegas, not enough children being born.”

I wanted to ask, but I couldn’t. I felt like a bitch when I asked Theo why he was single, and I wasn’t going to repeat it.

But he smiled, the wrinkles in the corner of his eyes showing. “The last omega of this community mated twenty years ago. We never thought we were going to find anyone.”

“Not even in other places?” I asked.



“They tried to reach out to other villages,” Noah said. “But our people really like to keep to ourselves. No one volunteered.”

“I don’t think it’s sustainable,” Wylder said. “Other places have alphas just like us, alone. Maybe no one mated outside the community yet, but once they found out about Julia...”

“Yes.” I nodded. “How... How am I an omega and I never knew?”

The idea that my parents lied to me was still heavy in my heart. I loved them fiercely, but it was hard not to carry some resentment. I knew they did what they thought was best for me. I knew I was raised with privileges many only ever dreamed of, but throughout my whole life, I carried this weight in my heart, and only now did I understand why.

I was grateful for the art, for the opportunities. I was grateful for the travels and the memories we made together, but I craved a home. I wanted to settle. I wanted the truth that they never gave me.

“Do you know where your parents were born, Julia?” Theo asked as he put a sandwich in front of each of us.

I nodded, taking a bite, “But I never visited. I only met one of my dad’s brothers.” It was the time he brought us to see the diablada. “My dad never let anyone get too close. He said he didn’t like the place he came from, so we never visited.” The boys exchanged a look, and I asked, “What are you thinking?”

“It’s impossible to know,” Theo started.

“She needs to be from a community,” Wylder pointed out. “It’s the only way.”

“We can investigate that later,” Noah ended the argument. “The most important thing is that Julia is not only a miracle to us.”

Theo nodded. “I know when Kent reached out to other communities, the leaders didn’t want to confirm it, but it seemed like they were dying out too. You are a miracle, Julia. It could mean hope for a lot of packs.”

“It doesn’t mean anything.” I shook my head. “We don’t even know where I’m from. It doesn’t mean more omegas will be out there.”

“But maybe,” Wylder said. “If anyone said to us twenty years ago that there was the smallest chance an omega was out there for us? That could have changed everything.”

“Like what?”

“Like this house,” Noah said, his cheeks turning red.

“What’s wrong with this house?” I snorted.

The house was perfect—every single window, every single room. It was the most amazing thing I’d ever seen.

“It’s ...” Noah couldn’t even say the words.

Wylder tsked. “Noah’s parents passed the land to him. He was supposed to bring his pack and his omega here. We were going to decorate, to get it ready, but then...”

Silence fell.

These poor men. They thought they were going to be alone forever. Everyone was mated in the village, and they were left behind like toys no one wanted to play with. My heart broke for them.

“To be fair, I was just a child twenty years ago. You had to wait,” I joked.

Noah nodded, kissing me on the temple in a way that made me feel he was going through a lot of emotions. “And it was worth the wait.”

I blushed, Theo laughed, and Wylder threw a small piece of bread at me that got stuck in my hair.

It was so normal with them, so seamless. My rational side knew I should resist more. It wasn’t every day someone told you that you’re an omega, that you had to mate a pack.

I was feeling defeated, and then suddenly, I was part of an us. I should be feeling overwhelmed, and in a way, I was a bit, but the good kind of overwhelmed.

It was the kind with butterflies in your stomach, the kind that makes you with giddy with possibilities.

I didn't want them to be wrong. I didn't want to poke the bear and find out that I actually wasn't an omega, that I was just plain old Julia, destined to be alone.

A hand gripped my hair, tipping my head back to meet Wylder's ferocious eyes.

"Break time is over."

"What?" I chuckled.

He wasn't joking. His eyes were full of hunger when he whispered against my lips. "Run, little omega."

My body was quicker than my head once again, because I jumped into action, running from the kitchen. I heard him laughing loudly, knowing that with the short legs I had, they would catch me pretty soon.

I ran to the living room and into the small room behind it. When I heard his steps approaching, I pivoted to the other side, reaching the staircase.

"Little omega, running from your mate? You can't."

Shit.

It was so hot, running naked through the house, my feet flapping against the wooden floors. When I reached upstairs, *that* room called to me.

I tested the door, and bingo. It was unlocked.

I closed the door and found the balcony, my eyes on the small gate leading me to the woods.

Like the first time I ran through these woods with Wylder, my heart hammered in anticipation. The only difference is that the first time, I had no idea what was waiting for me.

I knew better now.

I heard their steps behind me—not only Wylder, but Noah and Theo too, the pack chasing me like wolves.

I was their prey.

I salivated, wanting to be caught but never daring to slow down. As I arrived at the same clearance in the woods as before, I pushed to go faster. These woods held unimaginable power. I knew it now. I believed it.

I heard them approaching, warmth spreading over me.

“Little omega...” Wylder called, and I felt slick gush between my thighs.

*Catch me. Please, catch me.*

Suddenly, I felt strong arms close around my waist. I was brought to a hard chest, and my legs danced in the air as he lifted me.

“Caught ya,” Wylder chuckled in my ear.

I felt his cock hard digging into my back, his piercings cold in comparison with the warmth of our skin. I whimpered and wiggled my backside, needing the friction.

“You’re such a tease, sweetheart. I’m going to devour you.”

I believed him.

He let me go, and my feet met the ground once again, crushing snow. Theo and Noah were there too, watching a few steps behind.

I gulped, my eyes not moving from Wylder’s cock. He had that boyish smirk of his, his muscles tight like he needed to be held back, but holding back was the last thing I needed.

It was my third knot, and I wanted it like I wanted the first. The fever was still present, burning me up from the inside out. It knew they were three, that I needed three.

“The way you perfume these woods, Julia,” he growled, prowling to me. “It drives me crazy.”

“So easy to follow your scent,” Noah added.

They breathed hard, moved precisely like predators closing on their prey. I jumped back and tripped on a stick, falling into the ground. Wylder was fast, grabbing my ankle and dragging me until I was under him.

“Stay,” he ordered.

I never wanted to go anywhere. I couldn't. This is where I belonged. I swallowed dryly, my eyes on him as he moved slowly, bringing me closer. Noah positioned himself behind me, his hands on my shoulders and then palming my breasts, teasing my nipples as Wylder took the lead.

“I have these crazy ideas about what to do with you, sweetheart. I don't know if you'll survive them.”

“I will,” I said quickly. “You know I will.”

My eagerness made him smile, and something sweet twisted inside me. I'd tried to prove myself my whole life, but everywhere else, I came out lacking.

Not here.

From the second we came together, all my doubts flew out of the window. The boys talked about my body like they knew it before me. They said I perfumed the room, that I went into heat because of them.

It was crazy to imagine my biology knew more than my brain, but it must be right, because I never felt so comfortable in my own skin.

I felt alive. I wanted to show myself to the world for the first time. Talk to people I feared talking to. Laugh too loudly, dance, be unapologetically happy.

I was ready to be me, to accept myself fully.

I didn't even know I couldn't until this moment. It was like seeing every color.

Wylder tugged my leg until I slid down to him, leaving Noah's lap, and his mouth closed on my clit the second it was in range. He was so aggressive, I screamed in surprise.

Hot mouth, icy ground.

“I'm going to fuck you while Theo fucks your ass.” His voice was muffled between my legs.

I rose on my elbows. “What?”

Wylder lifted his head with a wolfish smile. "I'm going to fuck your pussy, and Theo will take your ass. Noah can have your mouth if he likes."

I had no idea what to say to that, but he didn't let me dwell on it too much. His mouth descended on me once again, his vicious tongue working an unforgivable rhythm.

"Wylder!" I moaned, grabbing his blonde hair between my fingers.

I couldn't explain my feelings, wasn't ready for everything that was happening. Wylder ate me out like he would never get tired of doing so. I relished in his warm body, the sensations overtaking me, and my orgasm building so hot in my core that I could melt snow.

I jumped when I felt something slick and warm at my back entrance. I looked behind me to find Theo licking his fingers and preparing me as Wylder kept licking my clit.

This was really happening.

I must look panicked, because then, all I could see was Noah's face as he brushed a strand of hair behind my ear.

"They will go slow. You just need to breathe through it."

I nodded, almost taking notes.

"You're going to be fine."

"She won't," Wylder laughed.

Noah pierced him with a look, but the other man just laughed. A blink later, Wylder settled in the ground and pulled my body on top of his.

"First, you're going to take my pierced cock," he told me, holding my face between his fingers. "And then, Theo will fuck you from behind. That's all the warming up you're getting."

I looked over my shoulder at Theo, his eyes never leaving mine as I nodded.

Wylder's hands carved into my legs, turning my attention to him once again. He positioned me better, his cock bobbing in

front of me, the piercings grazing my clit while he moved me where he wanted me.

“Up, sweetheart,” he urged me, and I did as I was told.

I rose on my knees and positioned his cock right at my entrance before I slowly moved down onto him. My toes curled as the head breached me, and my head tipped back when I found the first piercing. His cock was almost too big, his piercings completing the tight fit.

“Work it,” he commanded, his hand on my hips, urging me to drop lower.

And I did. I dropped and enveloped the second and third piercings, feeling them snug inside me. I howled, and Wylder chuckled, flicking my nipple as I went a little lower.

“Work for my cock, omega.”

Jesus fucking Christ, I’d never worked so hard. I was tired, still horny, and way too out of it. He was big and a little too crazy, another piece of the perfect puzzle.

“Here,” someone said as they reached for my clit and massaged it slowly.

I looked down at the hand snaking across my stomach from behind, and over my shoulder, I found Theo. His cock was ready, pressing against my ass, and when he bit down on my shoulder, I went down the rest of the way.

Five piercings deep, the madman inside Wylder took control, and he started an unforgivable pace, his fingers gripping my waist, not letting me rest for a second. My knees found purchase on the cold ground, and I found the right pace.

He thrust hard into me, making me whimper when he rose and took a nipple into his mouth. When he bit down, I called his name so loud, the whole country must have heard it.

Right when I thought I couldn’t take any longer, Theo kissed me, swallowing my moans. He never stopped working my clit, and I was beyond gone.

How could I be this close so fast? Theo took his hand off my clit and bit my lip before he asked, “Ready?”

“No warnings, I said,” Wylder reprimanded him.

“Fuck off.”

My throaty laugh spurred Wylder on as his thrusts picked up pace, impaling me and taking my voice away.

I felt Theo’s finger on my ass, pressing against my hole as I leaned forward, holding onto Wylder’s chest.

“Breathe,” Noah whispered.

I looked in the direction of his voice, losing my mind when I saw him sitting closer, his watchful eyes on me as he slowly stroked his dick.

“Noah...” I moaned, and he smirked.

“Oh no, sweetheart.” Wylder took my chin into his hand and moved my face to his. “I’m nine inches deep here. You call *my* name.”

“Make me,” I taunted.

“Shit.” He shook his head. “Fucking brat.”

He twisted my nipple and took charge of my hips once again. We were frantic, impossible, marvelous.

Theo’s hand pushed down on my back, and I went with it. I felt his warm tip teasing my back entrance, just the thought of having them both inside me making me tremble with need.

“Relax for me, Julia. I need to be inside you,” Theo asked in the sweetest voice.

He was the heart, kind and attentive. Wylder was, well... the wild side. He was unpredictable and impossible. He was fun, a run in the woods, and a laugh so loud, you couldn’t ignore it.

Noah was the protector. Even from afar, I could feel his eyes on me, could hear his patient voice asking me to breathe, guiding me through this.

And they were mine. Theo made space inside me, and all I could think about was that they were mine and I was theirs.

I opened my mouth in a needy, silent scream, stretched beyond belief. I could feel each one of Wylder’s piercings on



every thrust, rubbing against me deliciously.

Theo never let me breathe. He went all in and followed Wylder's lead, filling me up and making me whole. His hand caressed my back, and even as his cock tore me apart, I felt the love in his touch.

*Love. Shit.*

It was too early to say something like that. Clearly, I was feeling overwhelmed. As the fever of the heat subsided, my heart caught all the feelings I promised myself I wouldn't.

By taking me, they were literally *taking* me for themselves.

*Their mate.* It fluttered in my head as Theo grunted his need in my ear and Wylder smiled wickedly, twisting my nipple almost like he wanted to make it hurt as well.

They stretched me more than I ever thought possible, and when I was full, I still wanted more.

*I wanted them all.*

I looked at the corner where Noah was, his eyes on fire when we looked at each other. With an extended hand, I called for him.

"I need you," I whispered, but he heard me fine.

I needed them all inside me. I wanted us to be one, needed that more than anything.

Wylder grunted but slowed down as Noah came to us, cock in his hand, grazing his thumb over his moist tip.

"Please," I begged.

I begged for him, for them, for home. I was begging to do this every single day, to have them with me like this, like our bodies were made for this forever.

Noah knelt on the ground in front of me, that smirk of his shining when he took his tip and traced my lips. Hungry, my mouth fell open trying to catch it, and he chuckled.

"You want us all?"

"Please."

Coil heat curled inside me, and I was about to explode when Noah fed me his cock.

Wylder, Theo, and Noah.

I had them all. They used me like they needed me in their life, and I took them as if my life only started when I arrived at that bar and begged Theo to take me home.

Damp skin slapped against each other, their grunts and growls filling the woods. I was louder though, my whimpers powerful as they remade me.

“You’re so tight, sweetheart. So fucking tight,” Wylder gritted between his teeth.

I squeezed him further, feeling those delicious piercings one by one.

We were together in this, their pleasure echoing into mine. My mouth opened for Noah, my pussy tight for Wylder, my ass ready for Theo.

Noah was the first to come. He took his cock from my mouth and painted my breasts, murmuring filth as he did.

“I love when you’re drenched in my cum. Look at you. Those perfect tits look beautiful like that.”

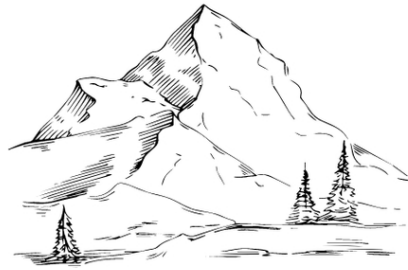
Then, it was Wylder. He pushed his knot so far into me, Theo had to step back. Wylder wasn’t here for pleasantries, and he wanted to knot me good. I knew the moment we were locked together. He looked into my eyes and called my name, his knot so impossibly big, I couldn’t breathe for a second.

Theo was the last one, painting my back with a growl and holding my hair into his fist.

Knotted, painted, and satisfied. Then, it was my turn.

I came like a hurricane, my hands grasping at Wylder’s chest, trying to find purchase. My throat was raw, my life forever changed.

Wylder played with Noah’s cum all over my chest, making patterns as I rode out my orgasm, his smile calm for the first time.



## 13. NOAH

I WOKE UP WITH Wylder's feet in my face, which I slapped away before sitting up and cracking my neck. We made do in my bedroom, sleeping all together, even in the small space.

We needed a proper bed for us all, and she needed her space too, not that small bedroom she was given.

I could even say I was excited to get into that part. We prepared to nest our whole lives, and it was finally happening. I wondered what colour Julia wanted for the walls, what her ideas were for the rest of the room.

Nervous energy took over, eager to start the day, but when I looked to the middle of the bed where our omega should be resting, I realized I was sleeping just with the two idiots.

I jumped out of the bed without waking them both. "Julia?" I called out into the hall.

When no one replied, my heart took a dive. Maybe she left.

Maybe we were too much for her.

"Julia?"

"Here."

The relief I felt hearing her beautiful voice was something else. The woman held my whole heart in her hand. If she ever left, she would leave three broken men in her wake.

I found her in her omega room, standing right in the middle, watching the walls with something reminiscent of sorrow in her brown eyes.

“Everything okay?”

She hugged herself tight and turned to me with a sad smile. “Everything is fine.”

I shook my head. “Tell me what it is, and I’ll fix it for you, sunshine.”

“Nothing is wrong.” She turned to the wall again, and I followed her eyes.

That was when first saw it.

Sketched directly to the wall was her take of the mountain. It was something I had never seen before—not a realistic drawing, but she captured the mountain’s soul. It was pure moving art, breathtaking, with no explanation. It was all feeling and heart.

“You... Julia, this is amazing.”

“This is a start.” She shrugged.

“What do you need to keep going? Paint? I can get paint, just tell me which. I don’t—” I shook my head, a little embarrassed. “I don’t know much about this kind of stuff.”

“Ugh.” She chuckled and came to me, falling into my open arms.

I held her close and kissed her hair. She finally created something, and yet, she looked so sad. “Tell me what’s wrong. Is it something about the house? I know it’s not much now. We planned to redecorate and get it ready for our omega, but—”

“I love the house, Noah.” She breathed me in, her nose right in the middle of my chest. “It’s... home.”

My chest swelled with pride, and I grabbed her chin between my fingers. “So what’s wrong?”

“I’m just mourning the woman I used to be.” My confusion must have shown on my face, because she laughed. “Sorry, I’m being stupid.”

“No, please, talk to me.” I was starved for her thoughts, for her. It was so early in our mating, and there was so much about Julia I didn’t know. I wanted to learn it all.

“There’s the person who I used to be, and I’m not just saying before I knew I was an omega. I mean the Apaza girl, the promising sculptor, lonely and misunderstood. I feel different now that I’m home. I chased this feeling my whole life, but I didn’t know how it would feel.”

“Doesn’t it feel good?” I asked, worried.

“It feels amazing.” She smiled and kissed my lips.

I was probably a bigger idiot than I thought, because I couldn’t understand her sadness.

“It’s like a marathon,” she explained. “I’ve been running for so long, and I’m finally here. But I’m tired, a little confused. Thirsty.”

I chuckled, and she did too.

“There was the person I thought I was, the one I thought I was growing to be, and she’s not the woman standing here. I always thought I’d find a home back in Bolivia, but here I am.”

“We can go to Bolivia if you want. We can leave everything and move. We probably need to go over anyway to check on your parents’ village.” She nodded, and I kissed her button nose, making her smile. “Who we are is a collection of things, Julia. You have the Bolivian heritage you’re so proud of, but you’re also part of your parents. You’re a homeschooled kid, the same way you’re someone who wished for a stable home. You are still everything. We aren’t just one thing. We grow old and we collect different parts of ourselves, evolving and growing into what we’re meant to be.”

“And who am I meant to be?” She blinked some tears away, but I caught them with my thumb.

“You’re the sun melting the snow. You are sanity to Wylder, warmth to Theo, and everything to me.”

“I like that.” She smiled.

I kissed her then, calmly, different than before, trying to show her our love could be gentle too. I wanted to build it all with her. I was excited for the moments yet to come, to see her face every day while she fell in love with us.

I dropped my forehead to hers. “You’re going to be so many things in life. Sometimes, people will assume you’re something that you’re not, but it doesn’t matter, sunshine. What you truly are is right here.” I touched the middle of her chest. “It’s only for you and the ones who love you. They’ll always know the truth. They will always come to stand behind you. Whatever you are, it will always be enough.”

“And the three of you will love me? Will you always know my truth, even when I don’t?”

Her tears broke my heart. She had no idea what she was for us. I couldn’t wait to spend the rest of my life showing her.

“You’re all I see, Julia. I’ll always know who you are, even when you forget.”

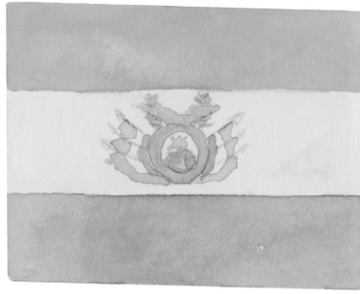
She lets out a slow sigh of relief, and I was happy to provide her with that. I wasn’t as good at words and feelings like Theo was, but I would protect my mate for the rest of her life.

Julia hugged me tight, bringing her hands around my neck and making me bend over for her to reach. I rested into the hug, waiting patiently in her arms until she was ready to step into her new life.

A life she wouldn’t walk alone anymore.

She was part of a pack. She was loved. She was cared for.

She was our omega.



## EPILOGUE

JULIA, BOLIVIA

I SHOOK MY UNCLE’S hand, a man I’d only seen once, before he sat down on the other side of the table. It took months to track him down, and even longer to make him accept my invitation, but once I hinted that I had mates, he quickly agreed to a meeting.

Tio Luis looked a lot like my dad, something I didn’t particularly notice the first time we met. They had the same brown eyes—like mine—and the same tired expression.

He looked like that right now, his eyes tired and untrusting as he watched over Wylder, Theo, and mostly Noah.

“Julia,” his eyes returned to me, “you were just a little girl when I saw you last.”

He spoke in Spanish, and I swallowed, trying not to feel self-conscious when I replied in the same language.

“It’s been too long, tio.”

“Tell me who is with you today.”

Directly to business, it was. Not that we had anything else to talk about.

“These are my mates, tio. Wylder, Theo, and Noah. I met them in Switzerland.”

I said that in English so the guys could understand. It was the cutest thing, the guys beaming with pride each time I

called them *my mates*. In the week after our mating, they went around the whole village, telling anyone who cared to listen that they found a miracle omega.

A miracle. Me.

After we truly got over my heat—and that took about a week—we went to see the village leader, Kent, and told him our story.

In their village, the three of them were the last unmated, but Kent knew other communities had the same problem. It was all over Europe.

Maybe the world.

Too many alphas going around without a mate, alone in the world like my guys thought they were. I couldn't stand the idea, and since then, I'd been trying to reach out to Tio Luis.

“When you say mates...” Tio leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Meaning it was a surprise to find our omega and discover she knows nothing about our world,” Noah growled.

“Lower your voice, boy,” Tio cut in. He sighed, shaking his head before his eyes locked on me, pointing a finger. “I told Carlo that was going to happen when he escaped with that girl.”

“You mean my dad was an alpha, but my mother wasn't an omega?” I asked, lowering my voice as he asked.

“Your father had a pack and responsibilities. Our father was the leader, and your father was the oldest son. He fell in love with a girl outside the village and left.”

Theo whistled, and Noah winced. I'd learned a lot about their way of life in the last months, and leaving a pack isn't something that was done. I couldn't imagine any of them abandoning the others. They were extremely loyal to each other. Thinking that my dad broke that trust was a hard pill to swallow.

“He was in love, though,” Wylder said, looking directly at me.



I nodded, concentrating back on my uncle. “I had no idea about, well... anything until I met the guys.”

“There was a chance that you’d be a beta.” My uncle shrugged. “Maybe your dad was betting on that. The last we spoke, I warned him. You were young, before puberty, so I couldn’t be sure, but there was something about you.”

“Even if I wasn’t an omega,” I breathed out, “I deserved to know where I came from.”

Tio watched me for a moment too long, his eyes narrowing, making the boys uneasy beside me. I touched Noah’s leg, trying to calm him down. They were protective, and I usually loved it, but my uncle was all the family I had left.

I wanted this meeting to go well.

Finally, he nodded and let out a slow breath. “I’ll bring you to the village. You’ll meet everyone in the morning.”

Nothing could spoil my smile. “Thank you.”



IT WAS OUR LAST night at the hotel before we met the village and spent time with my family. I was giddy, excited, nervous. I was so self-conscious, even with all the months of my three mates reminding me I was enough. I sang it to myself all the time, getting my nerves to relax. I didn’t want to ruin the moment with anxiety.

Warm arms closed around my waist from behind, and I inhaled deeply, a smile coming to my lips.

Theo.

“Are you excited?” he murmured in my ear.

“Yes. Nervous too.”

Theo kissed my shoulder. “They are going to love you, Jules. No one can meet you and not love you.”

I chuckled. “You’re biased.”

He nodded, his hands going up to my breasts as he took one in each hand. “I am. I think you’re the most perfect woman in the world.”

I sighed and didn’t argue. I was slowly learning to take their compliments with a smile instead of arguing. It was great. It was okay to feel great, too.

Theo kissed my neck slowly, playing with my nipples over my summer dress. I rarely wore a bra. It drove them nuts, so it was another reason for me to go without.

Soon, Theo slid the straps down my shoulders, exposing my breasts to the warm room. One hand slid down and found me without panties, too.

“Jules,” he growled in my ear. “The whole day without panties? Are you planning on killing us?”

“They get soaked anyway.” I smirked as he started playing with my clit. “What is the point?”

“You’re delicious, my mate.”

Theo brought me to the window, placing my hands over the glass and pushing my legs apart so I felt his thick cock between my cheeks.

“Hold on,” he instructed.

I whimpered as he lowered to the ground, spread my ass, and licked me so well, my knees went soft.

“Shit, Theo!”

“Her whimpers make me so hard.” I hear Wylder’s voice.

I looked over my shoulder to find Wylder and Noah had joined us. They just went downstairs to grab a couple of sodas for us and arrived in the middle of this whole thing.

“Theo can’t stay away from her pussy for five minutes,” Noah chuckled. “Every time I look, he’s between her legs.”

“You just want a turn,” Theo mumbled, the vibration of his voice making it even better.

“She goes crazy when we take turns,” Wylder mused.

Noah walked to my side, and I turned to look at him, moaning when Theo swirled his tongue just the way I liked and slowly pumped two fingers into me.

“You like when we can’t wait to have you, sunshine? When we need to take turns because everyone wants to drink from you?”

I nodded frantically. I loved when they passed me around like dessert, fighting over who got to stay longer with their tongue in my pussy. It drove me insane when the two waiting for their turns reached for their cocks, pumping until their knots were so big, they couldn’t take it anymore and sprayed cum all over me.

It never got old.

Noah chuckled and grabbed me, throwing me over his shoulder. I heard Theo protesting, but it was short-lived when Noah threw me onto the bed and ripped the dress from my body.

“Noah!”

It was part annoyance. I really loved that dress, but part of me also loved it when they went full alpha.

Noah swiped up a long lick between my folds, and I released a moan, grabbing his hair as he circled my clit and pushed three fingers inside, testing my limits.

“God!” I closed my eyes and threw my head back.

“She’s so responsive,” Wylder grunted.

I opened my eyes to find Theo at the edge of the bed, his cock in his hand as he watched me with so much lust, it undid me.

Wylder wasn’t far, ditching his last bit of clothing and kneeling in bed right beside my head. I thought he was going to feed me his cock, but instead, he pumped into my breasts, playing with my nipples with his tip. I whimpered every time I felt the cold twinge of the piercings.

They were my everything. Every time we came together was incredible. They knew exactly how to draw an orgasm out of

me, playing with my fantasies in a way I'd never imagined.

Wylder took Noah's place, and Theo took the opportunity to close his mouth around my nipple, biting ever so gently until my back was arching off the bed.

I was complete now. Like Noah said, inside of me lived all the versions of myself, and when I could finally see that, my creativity unlocked.

I finished the mountain, a piece still showing in a gallery in New York. After that, I just kept going. The boys turned one of our many bedrooms into a studio, and I continued to create at a speed I never thought possible.

I could say they were the last piece of my puzzle. I could say it was love, but the truth was bigger than that.

Their acceptance triggered mine. I looked in the mirror every day satisfied with the person looking back. I didn't feel like I needed to prove anything to anyone, and I was truly free to be the artist I was meant to be.

Freedom was a funny thing. To me, it didn't mean traveling around the world without roots, but waking up in our house, in our huge bed, with the three of them.

Freedom was to paint, sculpt, and create what I wanted, what my heart felt it was time to create.

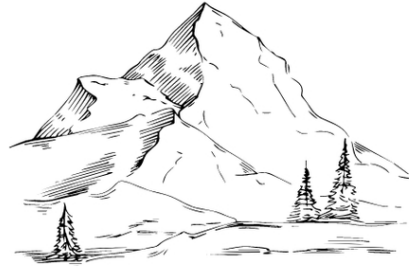
Freedom was not being self-conscious of my accent, of who I was, of the way I grew up.

Freedom was us. It was experiencing life in the most intense way and laying my head every night on a warm chest.

They passed me around until I came three times, and eventually, they all did too, painting me with cum.

Home.

I was finally home.



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

ANND WE ARE HERE once again.

Tell me, you enjoyed Noah, Wylder, and Theo? Because I'm obsessed with them. I knew exactly what I wanted from my first why choose and I'm so happy with the final result.

I like soft, light, slow burn, and cultural references and it was very important to me to pack all of that in a novella.

Julia felt like the perfect FMC for this. She was happy only on the surface, scared that she didn't belong to anywhere (or anyone) but the guys were just there to catch her.

Honestly, once I had them on the page, the words poured out of me. These characters wanted to be together.

Now... do I imagine this as a full-length novel? Yes.

But there's no plot here. Literally, that's it.

I have a couple of more scenes of Noah being his little grumpy self before he accepts Julia, but that's not enough for a novel. I think it's perfect as it is. Their story wasn't supposed to be complicated. They were supposed to see each other and fall in love (and in bed).

Julia deserved something easy and pure like that.

I do have plans for a second book. I like the idea of lost omegas in a world of betas. I said I was coming to Omegaverse in a completely different way. I like to imagine

all these little gorgeous villages where the locals keep to themselves, but everyone wants to visit because it's gorgeous... Yeah, I like to think they all have secrets of their own.

I won't confirm that a second one will happen. I do have a small baby at home! But if it's happening... It's happening in Ireland.

I'm feral for proper Irish smut, and I've been thinking about a story placed around in Dingle every time we go visit.

And guess what? A small little village, full of secrets... Sounds perfect.

Maybe a Brazilian FMC since I'm Brazilian and married to an Irishman...

Listen, I won't make promises but it might happen.

In other news, Keepsake audiobook is coming out soon. And I may or may not start writing a Dash book.

To keep up with me, sign up for my newsletter and join my reader's group on Facebook, **Amy & Scarlett's Coven**.

Thank you so much to my editor, Alexa, who fit me in when I suddenly decided to write this Valentine's Day story.

My husband, who stayed with our newborn every night so I could write.

And thank you, who keeps reading my stories even when I hop across genres.

See you soon.