

Sweet Thing

Kassandra

for ME

Chapters

EVIE 6

LUCA 12

EVIE 13

EVIE

The snow pounds the New Haven night like an orchestra. Overture to some unnamable symphony. Snow makes me sleepy. Dusk colors seep through the frosty pane. Inside is toasty warm, the kotatsu steamy. Everything aesthetic in its coziness: dim lighting, sweet candles, pale wallpaper, clean hardwood floor, tea cups. Luca.

He sits at the other end of the blanket, reading, nonchalant in green sweat-shirt and sweatpants. For six months now, we've shared an apartment since his transfer from Manhattan. Living together for the first time since childhood, our conversations awkward but earnest. Our daily encounters tentative and polite, new and tender. Evenings where the tension lingers.

Luca, nine years my senior, a mystery all my life. Conversations stilted by social divide, by a warped and toxic childhood. An underlying suspicion and defensiveness in our reunion that we're both ashamed of. An alpha who left home young to receive a life's worth of grooming for dominance. And I - stayed home with a broken spirit, confused by why I was othered by an early onset of heats and hormones. If alphas are expected to lead and intimidate, omegas are expected to submit.

Despite attending college, my fate tends towards breedability. While he learned to lead, I learned to be controlled, to home-make, to build myself around an alpha's purpose. To wait on a husband, take his orders. And above all to stay in my place - to be happy in it - to focus on finding a worthy alpha, and settling down.

A shame, the lowest rung - female omegas. While alphas and betas navigate the world in relative neutrality, we omegas have standards of obedience that must be met. Despite intelligence, looks, or power, our fate is to find an alpha and to bear children. Even if rare, a complete disgrace to have one as a daughter.

While my brother ascended quickly into a position of power, I was consigned for failure, marked in the social realm a problem for others to deal with. Mother, who stayed at home until the day she died, always told me my only real value was between my legs, and the sooner I made that clear to alphas, the better. Father refused to even look at me by the end. My sole escape from this destiny in academics, despite the overwhelming expectations I should resign myself to homemaking, and the required classes I had to take, I was able to get into college.

Now, from the distant brother I remember faintly from my early childhood, to a roommate, sharing this kotatsu. I still wonder why he reached out, offered

to house me. It's normal, siblings living together - but, an omega and an alpha sharing housing? I wish he seemed closer. Sometimes - his aura just overwhelms me. He's so beautiful, and everything's so effortless. Maybe I'm self conscious, but everything I do seems frail and pales in comparison. I don't feel like his sister, more like a speck of dust orbiting him.

At times, the way he looks at me fills me with anxiety. From stoic silence, a glance from those deep forest green eyes like a sub zero draft. Moments when I doubt the integrity of his motives. These past six months, a dejected back and forth, his actions both gilded and guarded. A conflicting openness and reticence, simultaneously. I am not oblivious, of the awkward long pauses, the tension he displays. Of the desire and curiosity, the way he lingers sometimes. The way he sometimes studies me so hard, and I become mute.

Nor can I resist glancing at him. Shame floods my face the moment I do, and yet, unable to resist, sneaking little peeks at his statuesque features, the tousled auburn hair and lean body. The collected eyes and the freckles beneath them like constellations. His cool, poise, the intimidating power of his form, something enticing, so different from everyone else.

Something about it draws me to him, how little, unassuming gestures seem so genuine. The rare occasions where he smiles, bright. His features come across the blank slate of his face like sunrays piercing through the clouds, vivid and true. Almost addictive, the sudden warmth and the moment you catch sight of them, you can't stop wishing you could see them again.

"Evie? Everything okay?"

I freeze, holding a steaming cup of tea.

"Y...Yes, sorry. Spaced out for a bit," I squeak, taking a sip. His brows lower, and he begins to speak and pauses. He sighs and turns back to his book. For half a minute, his words drift like smoke in a frozen sky. Something inside me snaps, a tightrope about to collapse. A flood of panic at the unsaid things, the murky depths that are unspoken. Fear of regret and resentment. I give in to an uncanny sensation of fragility, the fear one of us will wake up one day and wonder why, and we'll realize our proximity and it will be too late, we'll find a wall erected.

"Evie, your phone is ringing." Luca, closing his book, brow furrowing. "Who's Leon, anyway?"

Shocked, I snatch my phone off the kotatsu. I hardly realized the sound, distracted and clouded by a swarm of unshakeable thoughts. I quickly swipe it, glancing briefly at the screen before muting it, sending Leon's call to voicemail.

"One of my classmates," I lie. "I can call him back later."

Luca's gaze lingers, a skeptical hum as he begins reading again. Just the name of my Alpha classmate sets me off-kilter. Outwardly I've built a decent facade, but that man who wants to own me calls, and my chest cramps, my stomach sinks. Of course, even getting to college I can't escape my secondary gender.

Still, I'm forced to take the obligatory omega training classes that have absolutely nothing to do with my major. It's awful. Things like domestic training, marital training, breeding, mate-acquisition, behavior control, and etiquette. Domestication. Everything a proper omega needs to know. We're reminded that despite attending college - little more than an additional accessory for picky alphas, those who want a little smarter wife. Keeping us prim and proper, and ensuring we're worthy of marriage.

I return my gaze to the window, to the frigid air blustering through the panes of glass. But soon my vision unfocuses, blurry and dull. Tears. Crying over this again. In front of my big brother. Does he even notice, the occasional damp eyelashes, the downturn mouth? Or does his heart have the same complexion as the cold glass, looking through me and seeing nothing.

The rhythmic motions of snow hitting and bouncing off the window, white specks into the night, are hypnotic, evoking a dull trance. Cold, distant, yet undeniably intimate - not unlike the inside. The tears come freely, like raindrops, trickling down my face. Even now, my mind can't escape this topic.

"Evie? Your face..." His voice wavers.

Oh no. I meet his face, his eyes filled with concern, his lips tense.

"I'm fine," I insist, holding it together. "Just some cold. Must have been the heat..."

Another wave overtakes me. My heart shatters before him, little pieces of myself floating away like the drifting snow. I curl inward, hiding my crying into my knees.

"Your scent, Evie." His voice is closer, tight with sympathy. "It screams that you're not."

Awkwardly, I try to quash the sobs, muffled and hidden from his worried look. Of course... pheromones - I'm an open book. How much of what I feel is now out for him to see? Will he insist? The pain is unbearable, now, and I just let the dam break.

Suspense breaks with a flick of a wrist. His hand rests on the top of my head, calmly and confident, and slides down, petting my curls. In a flash, his arms

surround me, hands now squeezing gently at my sides. The action surprises me, warm and attentive, and I startle a bit, releasing a quiet gasp.

"What's the matter?"

My arms tightly enclose him, so warm and inviting. A safe presence, and everything inside breaks loose. I allow my face to twist from its mask, letting the ugly cries and sniffs. I purr and he rumbles. But the action is short-lived. Shocked, I catch myself and draw back.

"It's nothing." I sniff, staring at the floor in embarrassment. He sighs.

"You don't really believe that. Come on, tell me." Again, I deflect. "No, it's ok. Honestly, I was--"

His fingers touch the wet trails on my cheeks. Flabbergasted, the gentle, teasing wipes and how his features twitch, as if perplexed, staring, almost testing the water. Stomach flipping at his ministrations, and at his attempt at consolation, that smile quirking but never breaking.

"I, um." I've caught his attention, eyes searching mine and I finally mumble quietly, "he's just a bit....forward. I got sad, I'm sorry, I was dumb. I'll be better next--"

My sentence is broken with an almost agitated growl, low and rumbling. His hands cup the sides of my face.

"It must be hard, Evie. Being an omega," he says, smiling sadly. His tone low, genuine, with that gentle pressure of comfort. The words aren't hollow, but I avert my eyes at the inoffensive compliment. "Try not to push yourself too hard."

I push him off and suddenly wake my way to my room. Alone, I crash onto my bed, arms pressing the comforter to my face. My secure nest. Soft fabrics and reassuring smells. Though, not this time. I bury myself in it, trying to shut myself out. Yet the shame from running away doesn't subside, despite knowing that I can't bear another minute sitting with that beautiful man. Or thinking of that horrible 'boyfriend' of mine.

As I dig myself further into my nest, my muscles relax. Until my entire body feels as if it is melting into the bed. My throat can't help releasing little whimpers and mewls. Hormones flood me with an urge for his touch, to kiss and indulge in the weight of him against me, the promise of submission. Oh, Evie, you little idiot.

"Hey... are you okay?" His knocks resound on my door, a sleepy and calm tone, while I desperately battle the sudden urge to masturbate at the thought of my brother. He walks in and my face almost bursts into flames, pulling the comforter up to my nose. A warmth spreads through my body, slowly making

its way below the hips. His smell envelopes me, and every part of him exudes safety. His scent is like hot cinnamon cider, like autumn mornings, like-

"You're in pre-heat, aren't you?" His calm yet resolute look, is paired with a look like he's seeing through me. Though his frame is tall, his shoulders are sturdy. A posture exuding confidence and security.

"N-n-no," I stutter. He sighs, a patient expression on his face. A full body wave rushes through me at the sight, nearly releasing my secret. I squeak.

A tiny smile quirks to reveal the tip of a dimple, like he's endeared by my half-hearted argument.

"Sometimes I forget, since you're so different." My breath catches. I continue my feigned ignorance, all the while sinking with the thought his scent is beginning to drive me mad, the pheromones suffocating the walls of my room. "But you really are still an omega."

"Don't remind me," I grumble. He shrugs. "Should be on suppressants, then," He remarks.

"I am... Usually, they work."

"Hmm."

"I think..." my voice becomes small, wondering, "maybe it's because I live with an alpha. It feels like your...scent, I don't know, cancels the pills or something. You can't do anything about it, so I can go back and-"

"So you're..." His expression changes. A flush forms from his chin, staining the creamy skin with a faint dusting of rose. In response, the throbbing intensifies, and the room becomes so hot my shirt clings like a second layer of skin. He's flushed, right?

"What?" His breathing grows quieter.

"For two days... is it?" A smile forms, a strange crooked and pained look. His stare is intense, a flickering something deep behind his pupils. Heat burns in me, too, and his nostrils flare, "breathtaking" barely escaping his lips. My inner wolf shimmers. Oh no...

He suddenly closes the gap. I inhale, taking in the spicy, hot cinnamon aroma, so warm and enticing. My fingers clench, pulling at sheets like claws. So good, oh god, so, good. His knees part my legs, and soon his form is above me, our breath mingling. I can smell his desire, strong and sharp, his pupils, blown. I feel a dizzying, sensational ache throughout, a pulsating heat running through my limbs.

Our lips hover, no longer an inch apart. Our faces close, breathing is shallow and heavy. I buck against him, wrapping my legs around his waist, eliciting a quiet purr from his throat.

Until he pulls away, a small grunt of dismay hissing through. The deep exhale and slow lilt of an upturn lip, a dark look covering his face. I realize then I've locked my legs around him, clinging and moaning like some stupid, wanton creature.

Quickly I release him.

His expression has changed to be almost fearful, an irritable look. His lips contorted, pensive. He leaves as quickly as he came, rushing out and closing my bedroom door. The door clicks in place with a loud click. My legs wrap a pillow, back arching as his delicious smell permeates the soft silk.

Minutes later, he opens the door and throws an oversized hoodie and some pills, startling me.

"Here, just..." he trails off, sighing and shaking his head, "wear this. Drink lots of water, ok?"

He looks away, frowning like he's ashamed at himself.

Luca shuts the door, locking it from the outside. The click rings throughout my bedroom. A gentle, tentative knock resounds. He intends to keep us separated. Somehow, I can't help being a little irked.

Even here, the landlord required my door had some kind of locking mechanism to keep omegas from doing whatever it is omegas supposedly did.

As soon as the lock falls into place, my fist wraps the hoodie he threw, burying my face into it, suffocating the burgeoning, unmet need. His scent drives me insane, the soft cotton enveloping me. I bury my thighs, imagining his form above me, strong, composed, his piercing stare, taking. I cry with a hopelessness, grinding furiously at the edge of release. Keening, mewling, I bury my face into the hoodie.

His musk fills my senses, clouding everything to a pure white state. It's futile. For hours, all my efforts amount to frustration and unanswered heat. I pass out of exhaustion.

In the morning, I'm shocked. To my relief, there's a heat wave cancellation patch at my door, along with a small cup of noodles and some gatorade. The lock to my room remains fixed in place. I put on the patch and return to my sorry state, too tired, too embarrassed to try again.

The thought of his hand around me sends shivers through my spine. Imagining his lips, our bodies intertwined, filling the gap until neither one of us is

empty. Until he's just on the cusp inside. I can almost feel how he would take me, unravel me, and make me melt.

LUCA

From the corner of her eyelashes, the morning light catches. Glimmer, like pearl.

I remain here, silently, observing this precious thing. In sleep, she seems an artful portrayal of innocence. An array of dark lashes fringe her peaceful eyes. I watch her mouth, her upper lip, slightly over her teeth, round and trembling with dreams. Each muscle twitches, graceful and fleeting.

The curve of her soft body, dipping into a pleasing curve. Her breath comes through her mouth, low and slight. Innocent sleep. I've spent a lifetime sleeping alone, and yet, its these quiet, uninterrupted moments I envy. How I desire this peace.

Instinctively, a purr rises, and soon her own purring mingles. An instinctual sound, an exchange of safety and reassurance. It pains me, that I'll leave this untouched, perfect being asleep in her bed forever. Too painful, I can't stop, even though I know, with cruel awareness, this will shatter our fragile equilibrium.

My arm slides up her torso, tilting her head, and I lean forward to catch her lips, opening her. My kiss is deep, languid and relaxed, stealing all the oxygen from her body. Why am I doing this? A few, fleeting seconds before our inevitable decline. Like a condemned prisoner, I taste sweetly the moments I've lost.

My hands brush her thighs. Firm, gently grope and squeeze the delicate flesh. I grow impatient and the fabric slides quickly upward, finding my fingers meeting soft, porcelain-colored skin. And my little goddess stirs. Her eyes meet mine. There's something almost curious, a dazed intrigue. Her eyes hazy, heavy, meet mine and they're glossy. They twinkle like dewy amethyst.

Her scent is intense. Sweet and saline. Tantalizingly tangy. Pheromones. Her full and delicate lips part, the tip of her pink tongue meeting a gleaming row of pearls. Flawless. Silken threads of her hair frame her face, twisting in the morning light. She becomes lucid, and latches onto my neck. Arms circling, I pull her tighter against my body. My leg slowly coasts her figure.

She purrs, and our lips meet, sliding together at an urgent pace. Soaked and silky, like wine, the way we share tongues, swirl in that deep, wet taste. A song of passion and longing. This is the taste of an omega in heat, and damn near the end of my self-restraint.

This should not be happening. This is my beloved sister, practically a daughter - but my guilt fades. I need this, I need to feel her pulse beneath my fingertips,

her taste spilling on my lips, her breaths quickening to be the only reason in this world she exists. Evie.

My little sister, I'm going to make her feel ecstatic today. I'm going to ruin her and take away that primordial innocence that hides the fact she was made for an alpha's touch, his seed, and his dominance. The more I tease her, the more insistent her grip is. So needy. Such sweet fingers, locking like a vine. Clinging, the faint whisper of her moan. Such pure, chaste, virginal sounds, pleading.

Her mewls, her keening, her rising pitch as she repeats "Luca," the litany of which sounds like a prayer. A song. Softly sung. A choir, this gorgeous harmony, repeating as she climaxes, each ripple going through her core in undulating, waves, rolling waves of orgasm.

She's mine.

Our mouths collide, a frenzied motion. Mine. Mine. Mine. I whisper those words against her lips. Fevered, her grip on me firm. Impatient, rough fingers part her swollen pussy, a blooming flower. I lose the time as I discover her taste, savor her first coppery tears.

Pounding her like an animal. Pressing every single inch of my cock into her. Crushing, pounding, coaxing her, whispering, promising, holding her neck so that her wet lips and her tongue press against mine. Her hands claw and grasp my shoulders.

A literal bitch in heat, begging for my cum. Deep, slow thrusts. Her hips grind against mine, little gasping sounds. Fucking slowly, making love with every slow, deep press. Releasing soft, dulcet mewls. I'll never get tired of her voice. Of my name being sung over and over, a broken, euphoric, beautiful sonata of music.

EVIE

Brother brushes my thighs, firm, and his touch is electric. Heat and hunger coil in me, so intense I wake at his touch. Shimmering, flushing with arousal, I can't see his face clearly and yet I crave him. Even a second after waking, I already lose myself.

I latch onto his neck with wanton hunger. Strong, with an overwhelming power that draws me deeper into his embrace. Like a current, a need coursing through me. As he whispers those rough praises, his knee parts my legs, and it grows.

I desperately keen for his lips to join mine, tasting sweet cinnamon and pepper. I crave his mouth. Our tongues find each other, a wild and wet swirl, as his

deep penetrative kiss suffocates. I'm completely engrossed and consumed in lust. Luca. Luca. Luca.

I want every drop. I need it.

Somehow, between the sleepy haze, I know that this is wrong. That I should not crave my brother's affection like this. Even so, something dark and unforgiving within us yearns. Desire grips us with an airtight squeeze.

Yet, I grip his shoulders, the outline of every muscle apparent through his sweatshirt, pressing every part of my body against him. Grinding, panting and longing. I need him. I need him so bad.

And he accepts, so readily, responding without hesitation.

Luca.

Big brother.

Alpha.

His touch is electric, lighting up my nerves. Every other thought, every last fleeting hope disintegrates. The intensity of his focus is making me shiver, melting until he's all that's left, and yet he gives no clear indication that he's even feeling a fraction of what's coursing through me. Like water on scorching steel.

He's rough, primal, pushing me beyond every limit. Hot and fast. Luca. Luca. A litany escapes, calling his name, tapering into a long, sultry plea. I keen as something powerful rushes through, and I uncoil, unable to help vocalizing the sudden orgasm.

"Big... brother..."

"Little girl."

He kisses me deeply.

"You're so pure and cute," he coos. Gasping, shuddering, the edges of my vision tinged like shoujo manga. And then everything goes bright, searing hot and brilliant. My soul shreds to ribbons, and for a moment, I have to pray I'm not dreaming. That somehow, this beautiful alpha is entering me. Claiming me. God... I want you to mark me. To bite my neck. So rough and powerful, stretching the boundaries of my body. So intense and it's impossible not to scream.

Over and over, I call out his name like a gospel song. My brother is rutting me, his voice low and fervent, over and over calling my name as if lost and frantic, as if calling me to save him. Over and over, I slam my hips against him, dragging his hips as he continues to ravage my body. I lose track of time at the blissful feeling, each one seemingly a little more intense, more drawn out than the last. A sweet, heavenly agony. Luca. Luca. Luca. Brother...

We go at it, I can't keep track, I become lost, drenched in pleasure, aching for something, needing his cum. I beg, I plead, gripping his hands and interlacing fingers, staring at the line of his brow as his eyes are fixated, staring as intently as a predator. And my brother finds my eyes, his stare terrifying, so primal and powerful like an avenging angel. Oh no, oh no.

His nails pierce my skin, pushing me closer, gripping harder until I'm out of breath, my muscles screaming to stop, and I beg him through panted breath and our frenzied fucking. A familiar heat rises, a cacophony of scents, filling my head with white static. Gagging, moaning, writhing and the pain is welcome. It all becomes too much, and suddenly he makes his teeth meet my mouth, gripping my tongue in his, kissing deeper, then my lips. Deeper still. So I'm lost in a field, a misty, light-soaked wonderland, and all is as white and clean as a dream. Everything's washed, bright, so vivid and white I'm sure I will disappear. There's just so much, as hot, fresh wet streaks burn my back, and a black, boiling pressure explodes from my body. There's just the two of us, and there's no shame anymore, no reservations as our lips meet once more. Devouring each other, biting, bruising, exploring. Until everything's blurry, a mingling mess of hot, wet and light.