

SARAH BLUE &
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Heat Haven

Heat Haven

Heat Haven Omegaverse #1

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Content Warning:

This book is intended for those over the age of legal adulthood. All characters depicted are of legal age. This book contains graphic sexual scenes including group sex, spanking, and oral sex.

This book is strictly a work of fiction, Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. This work is a bi-product of our author's imaginations. Any resemblance to actual events or places or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

What is an Omegaverse?

An Omegaverse is an alternate universe where humans have a specific designation in a hierarchy based on their biology- **in our series they are not shifters**. You are either an Alpha, Beta, or Omega. Your designation determines specific traits of your physiology and personality.

Alphas tend to be aggressive, they're generally more dominant and hold positions of authority. Many Alphas form packs which increase their wealth and dominance. Alphas have a history of taking advantage of and abusing Omegas. Alphas who are assigned male at birth have a fleshy ring near the base of their penis that swells during intercourse. It allows them to "lock" into place with an Omega. While Omegas are the most physiologically compatible when it comes to taking an Alphas knot, Betas (or even Alphas) can take a knot with practice.

Betas are the closest to every day humans. Their scent and sense of smell are not as strong as an Alpha or Omegas. They tend to be the most level headed out of the designations.

Omegas tend to be the softest and most gentle of the designations. Generally, they do not hold positions of power, are homemakers, or have positions in lower standing. Their scents are extremely arousing to Alphas. Out of all the designations, Omegas are the most likely to be abused or treated poorly. Alphas have the most opportunity to reproduce with Omegas.

Omegas go through heat cycles during which they are the most fertile. At this time they're sensitive to light, noise, and require the comfort of a nest full of soft fabrics and textures. Their body requires a large amount of sexual stimulation during a heat cycle, and it can last for several days. If the Omega is with an Alpha, their Alpha or Alphas will do everything in their power to make sure they are cared for and comfortable during their heat. Going through a heat cycle as an unbonded Omega can be unsafe for their physical health and sometimes their safety.

Heat Haven Spotify

Go To Town - Doja Cat
Cherry Pie - Warrant
Neon Lights - Demi Lovato
Positions - Ariana Grande
Cherry - Lana Del Ray
Boston - Augustana
Love In An Elevator - Aerosmith
Reflecting Light - Sam Phillips
Often - The Weekend
Thats What I Want - Lil Nas X
F.N.T - Semisonic
My Neck, My Back (Lick It) - Khia
Peaches - The Presidents of the United States of America
Tell It To My Heart - MEDUZA, Hozier
Skin - Rihanna
A Sky Full of Stars - Coldplay

Addiction - Doja Cat

Conversations in the Dark - John Legend, David Guetta

All Of The Lights - Kanye West

Watermelon Sugar - Harry Styles

Work It - Missy Elliot

I Wanna See Some Ass - Jack Harlow, jetsonmade

*To anyone who has had their battery-operated
boyfriend die at the most inopportune moment.*



Chapter One

I still can't believe I'm here, standing outside of the Heat Haven building in downtown Boston. It's a cold, windy, and all-around dreary fucking day in the middle of January. The weather has done nothing to improve my mood or tip the scales in favor of this being a great idea. It took me months to wrap my mind around paying for a membership to basically fuck Omegas during their heat. The more I learned about the program, though, the more I learned it's truly not that simple. I know two different packs that met at Heat Haven and have since found an Omega to bond with.

I'm thirty-two and while that's not old by any standard, it is pretty late in the game to be an Alpha of my status and

still be packless and unbonded. I made partner at my law firm this year, and now that I have achieved that, I'm ready to finally settle down in my personal life. I still don't know if Heat Haven is the answer to my problems. It's a start at least. If anything, this experience should teach me how to treat any future Omega I possibly bond with. Or maybe it will help teach me the art of sharing.

Taking a deep breath, I open the front door and walk to reception. The interior is nice, with white walls, white marble floors with black veins, and modern abstract paintings covering every wall. It's kinda funny how the decor reflects one of purity when we all know that what happens behind the walls here is straight up debauchery. Walking over to the concierge with its large marble desk sits three professionally-dressed women waiting to assist. A cute red-headed Beta with a huge smile on her face directs my attention.

"Welcome to Heat Haven. How can I help you today?" Her voice is a bit too high-pitched for my liking. It's clearly not her natural voice.

I clear my throat, "I'm here for orientation."

She smiles at me. "Of course, can I please see a form of ID? We will also need to store your phone at the front desk for confidentiality purposes." I grumble internally about having to hand over my phone but I do it anyway. I dig out my wallet and gather my license, pass it to the receptionist, and shift my weight. Why am I so fucking nervous? It's not

like I haven't fucked plenty of women. *You have never fucked an Omega though, asshole.*

Her hand lingers a little longer than it should when returning my license. Her nails are an obscenely long length and covered in jewels. How does she wipe her ass or type? She interrupts my rude thoughts. "Alright, Mr. Miller, you're going to want to take the elevator to level three. Orientation will be in the first room on the right." She places her arm out to the left, directing me which way to go.

I nod at her and make my way to the elevator. Pushing the up button, I take a deep breath. The cleanliness of the building puts me at ease. There are no lingering scents, which is pretty impressive. I had it in my head that the building would smell like a smorgasbord of Alpha and Omega scents, with an underlying stench of sex. They must have a top-notch filtration system and a meticulous cleaning crew. The elevator takes forever to open, but when it does, I get on board and head to the room for orientation.

The room for orientation is sterile and formal; a few tables lined with chairs. Everything is some shade of beige and boring. Reminds me of every meeting I've sat through, wondering how long until I got to leave for lunch. Hopefully, this doesn't drone on forever. There are five other Alpha males, and surprisingly, an Alpha female, waiting for instruction.

All the Alphas look to be around my age, give or take, and are all wearing nice, tailored clothes. It's not surprising; you

have to be borderline affluent to afford the membership here.

I take a seat next to a man in a grey suit similar to mine as a Beta male walks in and steps behind the podium at the front of the room.

“Welcome to orientation, Alphas. My name is Ken and I will be walking you through orientation today. We are excited to welcome you to the program and explain exactly how the process works here at Heat Haven. We’ll also go over the policies put in place to protect both you and our Beta and Omega members.”

A PowerPoint presentation starts at the front of the room; showing the different tiers of the membership and unsurprisingly, not showing the dollar amount associated with them. I suppose it’s a little uncouth to let your members know exactly how much you are gouging their pockets.

“As you know, there are multiple membership levels here at Heat Haven. For Alphas, there is Bronze, which allows you to take part in one heat per quarter. Silver, which is one heat per month. Gold, which allows two heats per month. Lastly, Platinum, which has no restrictions on how many heats you can participate in. While these memberships dictate how many heats you may engage in, it truly depends on how many Omegas you are ultimately matched with.” I went with Silver because I thought anything beyond

that was a little too desperate on my end. Besides, there's no way I could get that much time off work.

The screen flashes with the questionnaire that I filled out last night. To say the questions were beyond personal would be an understatement. The questions range from your general sexual preferences to any and every kink you can possibly think of.

"When you signed up for your membership, you were given a questionnaire. These are used to suggest matches between our Alpha, Beta and Omega members. Ultimately, though, the decision lies in the Omega's hands. Omegas choose who they would like to be involved in their heat, as well as how many individuals they would like to participate. As an Alpha, you also decide what your comfort level is when it comes to what you are willing to participate in."

I put my comfort level at two other Alphas and maybe a Beta or two. Even that amount sounds daunting, but I think I can handle it. Also checked no to having anything put in my ass. Checked yes to putting myself in other people's ass.

"While most of our Omega members are completely unbonded, that is not always the case. We do have Omegas who come to Heat Haven because they do not have the necessary amount of partners needed for their heat. In this case, most Omegas choose to bring their bonded partners. If you are uncomfortable being with an already bonded pair, you would have needed to fill that out on our questionnaire.

You can change anything on your file when it comes to your personal preferences at any time.”

The screen shows a two-way mirror and what looks to be one of the nests in the facility. This part about the process probably bothers me the least, which is having a moderator watching you fuck. If anything, the thought of being watched has always turned me on.

“During your heat session, there will be a moderator, whom you will not be able to see. This is to ensure everyone's safety. This includes making sure everyone is following their hard limits, as well as making sure no bonding happens during the heat. Other aspects of safety include STD screening as well as check-ins during the heat to make sure everyone is comfortable.”

The next image is of a couple cuddling in a large comfy bed. It shockingly leaves me longing. The need for companionship has been overwhelming as of late. *God, I feel like such a loser.* I quickly compartmentalize my emotions and focus back on the presentation.

The moderator continues speaking. “Besides the sexual acts during the heat, there are other expectations of you as an Alpha during an Omega’s heat. While Omegas need a relatively large amount of sexual gratification, aftercare is also extremely important. Your Omega may ask you to cuddle or hold them in moments of lucidity during their heat. Not all Omegas need or ask this of all members taking part in the heat, but it is something to be aware of.”

The slide changes again to a beautiful couple on a date at a fancy restaurant eating dinner. The tables are lined with white table cloths, and they are drinking champagne and eating lobster. The man is smiling adoringly across the table at his date while she blushes.

“Here at Heat Haven we are more than just a business, our main goal is to provide a safe place for Omegas during their heat. In saying that we encourage engagement beyond the facility, as long as it is a mutual agreement between all parties. Before engaging in an Omega’s heat, you will meet with the Omega to see if it is a match. The initial meeting will take place within the facility. However, if you decide to take any arrangements outside of the facility, that is at your discretion. I will note that we do not cancel memberships for this reason, you are contractually obligated to pay your membership fees until the time on your contract has lapsed.”

The moderator clears his throat. “We are grateful to have you as a member, but there are some rules that you need to know that would immediately terminate your membership or put your membership on hold. First and foremost is completely disobeying hard limits set by the Omega you are matched with. We take pride in making Omegas feel safe here at Heat Haven, and ignoring their preferences could lead to your membership being revoked. Bonding is not permitted within this facility. Failing an STD panel will make you ineligible for participating in a heat. Lastly, violence is

not tolerated and any acts of violence against members or faculty will lead to automatic dismissal. Now that we have all the basics covered, let's take a tour!" he claps his hands and gestures for us to leave the room and head out to the hallway. I think this guy is on uppers, cause no one is this happy at six P.M. on a Tuesday.

The big Alpha next to me bumps my shoulder. "That's a lot of rules for fuckin', don't ya think?" looking over at him, he sounds and looks like a WAL-MART brand Mark Wahlberg. Dark hair and dark eyes. I'm sure most women would find him attractive, but he radiates skeevy energy.

Shrugging my shoulders. "Yeah, I guess."

We all start getting out of our seats and heading towards the hallway. The moderator quickly draws our attention by clearing his throat.

"This floor is for pairing meetings and orientations only. The first floor and second floors are used by faculty members. The fourth floor has lounges and bedrooms used for overnight stays during heats, and all nests are on the fifth and sixth floors."

I stand behind everyone in the hallway, waiting for the elevator. Mark Wahlberg over here takes a sip of his Dunkies and does me a once over. *Fucking typical.* "So what membership did ya sign up fah?"

I wish I could rewind time and get out of this situation. What if I get stuck in a heat session with someone like him?

Sounds miserable. In an attempt not to be a total judgemental dick, I answer. “Silver, you?”

“Hmm, you look like you could have been a platinum man. That’s what I signed up for. I don’t want to have to limit myself, ya know?”

I try wicked fucking hard to not roll my eyes into the back of my head. Instead, I decide to pretend to be completely immersed in the hideous painting hanging on the wall by the elevator. It looks like they gave a toddler a paintbrush with three different colors and are now trying to peddle it as abstract art. *Where the fuck is the elevator?*

Finally, the upwards arrow illuminates and the elevator dings. We all go to shove ourselves in this small capsule of doom, but there isn’t enough room. Too many Alphas in one small box. *No pun intended.* I take a step back. “I’ll catch the next one,” I announce to the group.

The Beta moderator, whose name I can’t recall, gives me a head nod and smile. “Sure thing, Mr. Miller. We’ll meet you on level five.”

I wait for the door to close and in a moment of reflection, I almost consider hitting the down button and going home. At the same time, going home and sitting with my cat Binx sounds a little depressing. Not that I don’t love that little prick, it’s just that he’s the only thing I have waiting for me at home. Sighing, I begrudgingly hit the up button.

The building is very nice, but incompetent minions must run the elevators in the basement or something. What

seems like five minutes passes and the elevator finally dings. I enter and I'm instantly overwhelmed by the scent of cherries and vanilla.

Looking over, there's a small woman near the operating panel. She's fucking gorgeous, with wavy dirty blonde hair that reaches her shoulders, and light brown eyes that look like pools of honey. She's wearing a simple black dress that's cinched at the waist, expertly showing off the curves she has. The door takes longer than it should to close.

She clears her throat and asks, "Which floor?"

Her voice is fucking cute, like the voice of an elementary school teacher or something.

I smile at her. Hopefully, it doesn't look demented. "Five, please."

Her lithe fingers push the button. Her fingernails are short and painted light pink. Remember when I said I thought about leaving? Thank god I didn't. I forgot how delicious an Omega can smell. I'm going to need to readjust my dick once we get out of here.

She seems nervous. Hopefully, I'm not making her uncomfortable. I should probably stop staring at her, but she's so fucking beautiful.

Suddenly, the elevator jerks and there's a nasty, grinding, metal-on-metal noise. The floor bounces up and down slightly. She gasps and a small hand grabs my bicep tightly.

"I knew I should have taken the flipping stairs," she says in a whisper. To be honest, I'm not a huge fan of this shaky

floor thing the elevator is doing either, but no way am I going to look like a huge wuss in front of her. There's a very loud groan and the floor stops shaking, but the elevator stops moving completely.

She doesn't let go of my bicep, but I move over and push the open door button, which doesn't work. Neither does pushing a different floor. I hit the call button instead.

A feminine voice answers, "Everything alright?"

I push the button and respond, "No, it looks like the elevator is stuck."

"Oh dear, I'm calling maintenance right away. We'll get you out of there as soon as possible."

I look over to my Omega companion and she appears to be on the verge of tears. I grab her hand and stare into her eyes. They aren't just light brown as I thought, now up close I see some speckles of green. "Hey, hey, it's gonna be okay. They're going to get us out of here soon."

Sheer panic is written all over her face. "I don't like the feeling of being stuck somewhere. I knew I should have taken the friggin' stairs. But I was supposed to choose my nest today, and I was in a rush."

Comforting people is not one of my best skills. I'm an intellectual property attorney. My face is usually deep in paperwork, not in front of people. Her Omega perfume and her all-around demeanor make me want to take care of her. Growing up, I was taught that Omegas are precious. *She certainly fits that bill.*

"It's my first day here, not a great sign, is it?" I smirk to try to lighten the mood. "Do you want to sit?"

She nods her head in agreement. We both sit on the cool carpeted floor, me with my long legs straight in front of me, and her crossing her legs with her thigh touching mine. She still hasn't released my hand. Her hand is soft and small, it feels nice.



Chapter Two

I'm trying not to freak the freak-out, but small enclosed spaces are not my thing at all. Of course, of stinkin' course, I would not only get trapped in an elevator when I'm supposed to be selecting the nest where I will be having my heat with strangers. But here I am, trapped with one of the most delicious Alphas I've ever seen. He towers over me, so definitely over six feet tall and probably around two hundred something pounds with the muscle he has on him. His hair is a deep rich brown; it looks soft and I want to run my fingers through it. His eyebrows match his hair and his eyes are a light sea-foam green. His sharp jaw is peppered with late evening stubble.

Even beyond how handsome he is, his scent is driving me up the gosh darn wall! Like eucalyptus and amber, it's rich and woodsy. Shoot, just smelling him is putting me a bit more at ease.

The elevator is a little chilly, but I suppose it's better than getting stuck in an elevator in the dead heat of summer. I'm thoroughly regretting not wearing stockings as I glance down at my thighs. Goosebumps cover my skin, but I can't tell if it's from being cold or this Alpha's presence and scent.

To calm my nerves, I decide I should chat with him. "So, it's your first time here?" I'm still holding his huge hand. He doesn't have any calluses, and he's dressed in a very nice suit, so I'm guessing he has a corporate job.

He shifts his weight to get more comfortable on the floor. "Here for orientation. Honestly, before I got on the elevator I considered turning around and going home." His voice is deep and so sexy, it has a gritty tone to it and makes me shiver.

"I almost did the same thing," his eyes widen at me and then he looks at me like he wants more details. "I've been on heat suppressants for a while now. After some unpleasant side effects, I can't take them anymore. Medical insurance finally agreed to pay for Heat Haven, so here I am," I say, giving him a small smile. A semi-fake smile, since I'm still on edge from being trapped in such a small space.

His thumb rubs circles on my palm. “Sorry to hear that. This is probably really fucking rude, so forgive me. How do you not have a pack?”

Hmm, he is right, not the best manners in the world, but he is clearly local with his slight accent. I’ve started to get used to the bluntness of people in Boston. *Almost.*

Clearing my throat, I reply, “I almost bonded with a pack back home, but then I learned some things...and well, I moved to Boston. How about you? Why are you at Heat Haven?”

He smirks. “I guess I deserve that, huh? You probably think I’m some pervert who just wants to come here and pay to fuck Omegas. Honestly, truly, I don’t know. I think I want Heat Haven to help me find direction. Maybe I meet someone I connect with, maybe I find other Alphas looking for a pack. I don’t know.”

“I don’t think you’re a pervert. Sure, the whole idea of Heat Haven felt gross to me at first. But... the more I talked to other Omegas, the more I learned how wonderful it can be. I’ve had friends meet Alphas that they’re now dating. I also know a few bonded pairs who just need help with getting through their heat cycle. Shoot, look at me, I’m here for medical reasons and to be safe. Better than hooking up with Alphas I don’t know and putting myself in a dangerous situation. Without willing Alphas, this wouldn’t be possible and many Omegas would suffer through their heat alone,

unsafely, or bonding with the first Alpha they meet, and that's no good either."

He looks at me carefully, like he's trying to figure me out. "I'm Griffin," Of course, that's his name. *He looks like a Griffin.*

"I'm Emily," I smile at him, and I would shake his hand, but we've been holding hands this entire time.

A voice chimes through the elevator, "Sir, our technician is on his way over. There are some issues with the current storm in the city. We apologize profusely. We'll get you out of there as soon as possible."

I groan, "This is so friggin' bogus!"

Griffin laughs at me, "You don't curse?"

"No, I was raised by my grandma in rural Georgia. One time I stubbed my toe and used the lord's name in vain and she washed my mouth out with soap. I think it traumatized me."

"I was wondering where that sweet little accent came from." He quirks a brow at me. Is he flirting with me? I've never been great at knowing who is being friendly versus who's actually interested in me.

"I'm guessing you're from here?"

"Mmm, what gave me away?"

"Probably the way you say elevay-tah," I giggle at him. Some tension rolls off of me. He's making me feel at ease in this terrible situation.

"Well, we can't all have cute little southern accents, now can we?" Oh, he is definitely flirting with me.

"I suppose not. I'm glad you didn't decide to leave Heat Haven, or I would have been stuck on this elevator all by myself."

Still rubbing his thumb on my hand reassuringly, he smiles at me. "Me too."

I kinda want to lean my head on his shoulder, but I think that would be too forward. I haven't had such an easy conversation with an Alpha in so long. After I broke up with Dale and his pack mates, I've primarily just been focused on myself.

He plants our hands on his giant thigh and the fabric feels like butter. "I like your suit." *Smooth Emily, really smooth.*

He smiles at me. Griffin has a pleasant smile, his teeth are straight and white. His sharp canine teeth catch my eye and I have to mentally taper down my emotions. I'm getting so close to my heat that his teeth are turning me on.

The aromatic scent of my arousal catches me off guard, and I know in this small space he can smell it too. *This is so embarrassing.* Heat creeps up my cheeks and a sense of panic runs up my spine. Will he mention my perfume? Or maybe he'll act like a gentleman and just ignore my overbearing scent.

He pats my thigh, hopefully not in a condescending way. "Don't worry, Emily, I've been hard as a rock ever since I smelled your scent. Don't be embarrassed."

Looking at him wide-eyed, I then, of course, look down at his crotch. Sure enough, he was telling the truth. The imprint he has against his slacks is pretty impressive, if I might add. *Emily, stop looking at this hot man's erection, or else they won't be able to get your scent out of here for weeks.*

I'm still a little embarrassed, even if he is just as turned on as me. His Alpha pheromones are seriously turning me into a pile of Omega goo. I kinda wanna straddle him and kiss his hot, stubbly face.

Griffin shifts again, trying to get in a comfortable position. "Honey, your scent is fucking killing me."

Fiddling with the hem of my dress to keep me centered. I don't know what to say other than, "I'm sorry." I'm also low-key freaking out about this huge hot Alpha calling me honey. I'm no stranger to how needy an Alpha can make me feel, but dang, he is doing it for me at warp speed.

"Don't be sorry. It's just my dick is harder than steel and all I want to do is rip that dress off of you and see what you taste like."

If I thought I had a blush before, I think my entire face might look like a tomato right now. I like this man's dirty words. I kinda want him to taste me, too. Maybe it would be good practice, ya know? Get me ready for my heat with Alphas I don't know. Just as I'm feeling bold and ready to make the first move, the elevator shakes again and then all the lights flicker off. *Mothersmucker!*



Chapter Three

Emily's eyes go wide when I tell her how badly I want her at this moment. I'm honestly concerned about how hard my dick has been and for how long, with no release. She leaned into me like she wanted me to kiss her. Then the elevator started shaking again. The lights started flickering before they completely shut off.

Emily's breathing is heavy, almost like she's on the verge of a panic attack. I blindly try to find her back so I can start soothing her when the elevator shakes again.

She lets out a high-pitched yelp and I feel her trembling. Folding my legs, I grab her by the waist and place her on my lap. She lets out a contented sigh.

“You’re okay, honey.”

Her small fists are holding on to my suit jacket with a death grip. I rub her back with my knuckles in small strokes. I know the poor woman is terrified, but I’m sickly and keenly aware of how perfectly she fits in my lap.

“What can I do to help, Emily?”

Still trembling a bit, but at least breathing evenly, she replies, “Do you have any embarrassing stories?”

“Hmm, in college my pants ripped while playing drunk twister, everyone saw my whole bare ass.” She laughs lightly.

“Why weren’t you wearing any underwear?”

“It was college. Unless I came home to see my Ma, I rarely had clean clothes.”

“I’m sure no one minded seeing your butt. It’s probably really nice.”

Something about her innocent dirty talk does it for me. She nuzzles herself against my chest and takes a deep inhale of my scent.

“Emily, are you saying you want to see my ass?”

I still can’t see much. There’s a little emergency light in the elevator, but it’s still dark as fuck in here. My strokes against her back are getting closer and closer to her peachy ass, but she doesn’t seem to complain.

“I’m just saying I wouldn’t mind.”

“Well, just so you know, I marked no on the check box for having anything put in my ass on the questionnaire.” She

laughs, no longer trembling from fear, but from enjoying herself. When she turns around and straddles my lap, my hands immediately go to her thighs. I give them a gentle squeeze and she leans in to whisper something to me.

“Well, just so you know, Griffin, I checked yes for that box,” she says.

That's it, I'm done. A man can only have so much restraint before he loses it. The scent of her arousal has made its way up my nose and embedded itself in my hippocampus forever. My cock is so hard it has its own pulse at this point.

I want to make sure this is what she wants, though. I don't want to just initiate something and have her regret it later. I know the pull works both ways between Omegas and Alphas, but I don't want to take advantage.

“Honey, can I kiss you?”

Her face is so close to mine that I can sense her smile. “Yes, please,” she whispers in that barely there southern accent. I don't need to be told twice.

I slide Emily firmly against me so she can feel how hard I am for her, and so I can rub against her hot little cunt. She's wearing a dress, so it's just her panties acting as a barrier between us. Keeping one hand on her thigh, I bring the other to her jaw. She leans a little closer into me and I groan before our lips touch.

Tasting her cherry lip gloss on her full lips makes me wonder how she tastes *everywhere else*. I trace her jaw with my hand before tangling my fingers in her shoulder-length

hair. Emily's hands shift up and she cups my face. *I've never been happier to be stuck in an elevator in my entire life.*

Emily grinds on me. I feel how wet her panties are getting. If I leave this elevator without a wet spot on my slacks, I permit someone to strip me of my membership here. I can't remember the last time I did anything with a woman while still keeping our clothes on, but fuck, I don't think I've ever been this turned on in my life. Emily makes a breathy moan that surges right to my dick.

Our tongues intertwine and I think I'm addicted to anything cherry flavored from this day forward. I hope the maintenance man just forgets about us and we can live in this elevator forever, just making Emily feel good and smelling her scent all day long.

One of her hands has made its way into my hair and she pulls my head back slightly. I didn't think this sweet Omega had it in her to take control, but here she is.

"What do you need, sweetheart?" She moans at the term of endearment, but she is, she's fucking sweet. One taste won't be enough. *Is it improper to eat pussy in an elevator?* Not that I've ever cared about being proper, but I only want to take this as far as Emily is willing.

"Will you make me come, Griff?"

Oh, my sweet girl has already given me a nickname. It sends a jolt of excitement to my already sensitive cock and right to my grinchy little heart.

"I'll give you whatever you want, honey. You want me to fuck this tight pussy with my fingers, or do you want to get eaten in this tiny elevator?" I can't see her face clearly, but I know her cheeks are flushed. She looks so cute when she's flustered, but as sweet as she is, I know cute little Emily has a dirty side, too.

"Um, I really want your mouth...but I don't want to ruin your suit." She grabs a hold of my suit jacket and kisses me again.

Fuck my suit, I'm totally a-okay leaving this elevator looking like I just won the Super Bowl and had Gatorade poured all over me.

The more I think about it, the more I want to ensure I have enough time to give Emily the experience she deserves. I need to make sure that the maintenance man isn't going to use the jaws of life on the elevator door the second I get her sweet little bud on my tongue.

Picking Emily up off of my lap, I place her cute little butt on the floor. She lets out a little whine of protest that makes me chuckle. "Just give me a second. I want to make sure I can take care of you properly."

I finagle my way over to the control panel and start pushing buttons until I reach the call button.

"Excuse me, how much longer?"

The voice on the other end sounds a little panicked. I don't think the poor girl has to deal with complaints often. "I'm so sorry, sir, there seems to be a delay. I can't imagine

it would be more than thirty minutes. I promise Heat Haven will compensate you for this inconvenience. Again we are so sorry."

Oh, if only she knew that I was in absolutely no rush. If Heat Haven wants to give me something for being stuck in an elevator with the most delectable Omega I've ever met, I won't refuse.

"No problem, we're fine in here. Can you do me a favor? Just give us a heads up on when we can expect someone."

"Absolutely sir, again I apologize," the voice over the elevator responds.

I get down on the ground so that I don't trip over Emily. I would kill for some light right about now. I want to see how flushed and ready she is for me. Her voice guides me over to where she's sitting.

"A half-hour?" she rasps out.

"Mm, I needed to make sure I had plenty of time to do all the things I plan on doing to you." Getting on my knees next to where her legs are crossed together, I remove my suit jacket and start unbuttoning my dress shirt.

"What are you doing?" She's whispering at this point.

"You said you were worried about my suit jacket, so I'm removing that problem."

Once my shirt is off, I throw it over to the corner of the elevator and start rubbing her left thigh.

"You gonna lay back for me?" I ask her.

She obeys and lays back on the floor. I realize at that moment how uncomfortable this position is for her. Patting around the floor until I find my shirt and jacket, balling it up, I place it under her head.

“Is that better, sweetheart?”

I feel her nodding her head up and down. “Honey, you’re gonna have to use your words. I’m not going to be able to read your face in the dark, only your body language. Can you do that for me?”

I’m laying down next to her, supporting myself on one elbow. Kissing her gently, my hand slides from her hip to her chest. Gently, I pull the top of her dress down and free one of her breasts. Thank god her dress is made of some sort of jersey knit material, making it easy to move.

“Yes. Yeah. I can do that,” her voice is breathy and seductive. Her scent was already overwhelming the small space, but it seems to have gotten thicker.

Once I have one of her breasts free, I start kissing and sucking on her nipple. I wish I could see what color they are. I bet they’re like her cherry red lips.

Cupping her other breast with my other hand, I give it a tight squeeze. “Do you like when I touch these beautiful tits, Emily?

“Mmm, yes. Don’t stop.”

Wasn’t planning on it. I want her squirming and begging me to stop by the end of this. I listen to her request and continue sucking, kissing, and licking each of her breasts.

They fit perfectly in my palm, fuck I can't wait to see them in the light of day. Emily rubs her thighs together, no doubt looking for the relief that I promised her.

I bunch up the skirt of her dress, pushing the hem over her hips. Slipping my hand between her thighs, I rub the seam of her silk panties. Fuck, I wish I knew what color they were. I'm going to guess that Emily likes to match and they're black like the dress she's wearing today. She is soaking wet. I've of course known how wet Omegas get but witnessing it in person, *goddamn*. I slide one side of her underwear to the left so I can have full access to her slick cunt. Lightly tracing my knuckle down her wet folds, I take a deep breath to center myself. The inner Alpha in me just wants to rip off my pants and rut the shit out of her. I need to savor this, and I want to see how many times I can make Emily come before we're released from this tiny box of pleasure.

"All this for me, honey?" Her hips tilt, but don't hear her say anything. I slide one digit inside of her warm pussy.

"Remember Emily, I need your words. Okay?"

She whimpers as she responds, "I'll try."

"Good girl," I praise her. If she isn't the vocal type, I don't want to ask for more than she's comfortable with. I slide another finger inside of her, the squelching sound of her slick against my fingers has me letting out a low moan. *Fuck, why haven't I ever been with an Omega before now?*

Using my thumb, I draw slow circles against her clit while my other two fingers are inside of her, making a come hither motion. I coast down the side of her body, placing kisses on each of her breasts and her dress-clad stomach. Positioning my body so that I'm kneeling on the floor with my face right next to her pussy.

The overwhelming desire to stroke myself while I eat her delectable cunt is strong. But this is about her, so I grab my cock and give it a tight squeeze to tell it to chill the fuck out.

I remove my fingers and Emily lets out a sound of protest, in between a whine and whimper. A light chuckle leaves my lips. I like that she doesn't want me to stop touching her.

“Don’t worry, just need to get these panties out of the way. What color are they anyway?” Sliding them down her thighs and calves, I’m leaving little kisses on the way down. *Fuck, I really want to bite her thigh.* Getting them over her black boots proves to be difficult. I almost decide to say fuck it and rip them in half, but my patience pays off and I eventually relieve Emily of the soaked silk.

“Black.” *I knew it.* Now that her panties are out of my way, I put my fingers back inside of her. Fuck, she is completely dripping. They are going to need to clean and sanitize this elevator thoroughly after I’m done with her.

Leaning down so my face is near her pussy, I take a deep inhale of her scent. *Mother fuck,* nothing has ever smelled so sweet. I think I’m going to be ruined after my first taste. Bringing my tongue down to her entrance and doing a

thorough swipe up her folds. Yeah, I was right. I'm ruined. Her cunt tastes similar to her scent, a hint of sweet cherries.

"Fuck...you taste so good."

I continue fucking her with my fingers while my tongue and mouth join in to bring her pleasure. Nipping and sucking on that bundle of nerves. I lightly graze my teeth against her small little bud and she whimpers. She moans rather loudly when I take her clit between my lips and suck firmly. Not exactly sure where the elevator got stuck, but if we are by a hallway, no doubt they know what we're up to. The idea of people hearing the noises of pleasure that I'm bringing her makes my arousal increase, which I didn't even think was possible.

Emily's thighs start to tremble and I have to forcibly keep them open so she doesn't clamp them around my head. Her sounds of ecstasy take a turn to overstimulation and a gush of slick hits my chin. *Good call on the shirt removal.*

"Thank you, thank you, uhhh...thank you, Griff."

I thought a woman telling me she is about to come was sexy as fuck, but thanking me for her orgasm is next level. I dive back in and lick up all the release she has given me. She whimpers, "I don't think I can take anymore."

"Mmm, I think you can give me one more."

I circle her pussy with my tongue, flicking her already over-stimulated clit. Emily snaps my head in between her thighs as she trembles. I take out my fingers and re-insert

them with some force before scissoring them in her wet hot channel.

“Oh, oh, you make me feel so good. Thank you.” Her voice is breathy, and I can tell that she is close. I know a lot of women have a praise kink, but the way she gives me gratitude when I make her come does something for me. Another gush of fluid releases in my mouth and Emily shakes from head to toe from her second orgasm. She tries to shimmy away from my face. Part of me wants to keep feasting on her pussy, but she seems out of breath, so I’ll give her some reprieve.

I extend my hand to where hers is resting on the floor and I help her sit up, both of us blindly trying to avoid the puddle she left on the floor. *Pretty fucking proud of that puddle.*

We both sit down and lean our backs against the wall. She tilts her head on my shoulder and I take a deep inhale of her hair. She is intoxicating. I daydream about what she would be like during her heat and how she would beg me and then thank me after. *I’m fucked.*

I kiss the top of her head, “No need to thank me, sweetness, that was definitely my pleasure.”

She sighs, “I want to touch you, Griff.”

A huge grin spreads across my face. I wish she could see it. I don’t normally hand out smiles freely.

“You don’t have to, Emily. Pleasure doesn’t have to be an exchange. Everything we just did I wanted desperately.”

“I want to please you, too. So freaking bad.”

I kiss the top of her head again. She's just so cute.

Before I can answer, a voice chimes over the elevator intercom. "Sorry, sir. This is Ivy from the front desk. Maintenance is opening the door right now. He said to please sit back at the end of the elevator, and the noise may be loud for a bit." I let out a groan of frustration.

That did not feel like a half hour. If my cock could talk, he would probably start crying in frustration right now.

Emily sighs and squeezes my hand. Just as she does, the lights flicker on and I get a good look at her. Her hair has taken on that delicious, just fucked look. Her dress is still bunched up at the top and the bottom.

The whirling of the elevator starts, and I quickly rearrange her so that her breasts are fully covered. I pull the hem of the material to cover her thighs. *Still, really want to bite those thighs.* Emily gives me a shy smile, which I return.

I take my thumbs and rub off some lip gloss from her chin and pat down her hair to the best of my ability. I look around and spot her soaked panties, which I perversely place in my pocket. I grab my rumpled suit jacket and dress shirt from where Emily was lying on it before. The shirt is a wrinkled mess, but that's fine. At least I'm not going back to the office today. I don't bother putting the jacket on and take my place sitting next to Emily.



Chapter Four

I truly and desperately wanted to touch Griffin the same way he touched me. My body felt like it was on fire the entire time his hands and mouth were on me. He made me feel like the rest of the world didn't exist, and the only thing that mattered was my pleasure. I know immediately I have to muster up the courage to ask for what I want. He asked me to use my words, didn't he?

I place my hand on his thigh. It's a very nice thigh. I think it might be the size of my head. It's firm. I bet he could crush a watermelon with those bad boys.

"Griff?" I like calling him that little nickname.

"Yes, Em?" Oh lord, now he's gone and shortened my name too.

"Um... I know what happened just now was like a matter of circumstance and pheromones. But you made me feel comfortable. Would you...um... possibly like to be a part of my heat?" My cheeks are flaming and I know I sounded so unconfident in asking him that, but I need to get the rest out.

"I mean, I have already picked since ya know my heat should be in the next couple of days. I'm sure if I asked, though, they could make a modification. I don't want to pressure you or anything. You don't have to say yes just because this happened." Biting my nails to hide my nervousness, Griffin takes my hand away from my mouth and gives me a huge, beaming grin.

"Honey, if you thought I could leave you alone after tasting you..." he shakes his head back and forth. "I would be honored," he squeezes my thigh. "Thank you."

I steel my spine, and a sense of accomplishment rolls through me. I'm not one to be assertive.

To be frank, I'm terrified of going through my heat with strangers and not in a space that is truly mine. I know it's what I have to do, so I'm not in an immense amount of pain, but that doesn't make it any less difficult. I'm relieved that Griffin will be there. I mean, I just met the man, but he brings me a sense of comfort. The idea of spending my heat at Heat Haven just got a lot less daunting.

"So, after we get off the elevator, can you come with me to Omega services to get you signed up for my heat?" I ask him nervously.

The elevator slowly starts moving at a turtle-like pace. It startles both of us.

"Of course," He replies without an ounce of doubt.

I let out a shaky breath. I don't think I realized just how nervous I was about my upcoming heat. "You okay, Emily?"

"Yeah, I just...I guess I didn't realize just how nervous I was about having my heat here till now. You know, having strange Alphas care for me when I'm not truly in my right mind."

He lets out a chuckle, "Well, I was a strange Alpha about forty-five minutes ago."

"That's different."

I should have kept those words bottled up in my throat, but I stupidly did not. Griffin doesn't feel like a stranger. He comforted me instantly when the elevator shut down. He knew what I needed before I even did. I'm certainly no prude, but I'm not usually one to dive headfirst into a sexual encounter either. What I did with Griffin, though, it felt natural; it felt right.

Griffin doesn't push me on what I just said, thank goodness. The elevator door creaks open inch by inch. The face of a weathered old man appears. He's wearing greyish-blue coveralls peeking through the crack of the door.

"Thanks for your patience, you guys. Got stuck on the pike. Friggin' assholes don't know how to drive in bad weatha'."

The old man opens the door wide enough that I know I could fit, but looking at Griff, there's no way his wide shoulders are going through that.

"Sir, I think we're going to need to open the door a little wider for my friend here."

"Yeah, just gimme a sec," the old man grumbles.

I look over at Griffin, and he is slightly rolling his eyes. The maintenance man opens the door by another six inches or so. I'm kinda suspicious that the elevator is only partially on level five. What if I'm halfway through the doors and the thing starts moving again?

"So, do I have to climb up, or is there any way to have the elevator be level with the floor?"

"Sorry kid, gonna have to climb up here," he tells me.

I'm never getting on an elevator ever again.

Griffin looks over at me, and his eyes are full of compassion. "It's okay. I'll toss you through so fast you won't even have to think about it."

He's been so patient with me through this entire ordeal while I've acted like a frightened child. I swear I need to prove to him that I'm not some incompetent, scared of her shadow type girl. I feel like I offered nothing to Griffin, while he has given me confidence, respect. Oh, and let's not forget two orgasms.

I just nod my head as he grabs me by the hips and pushes me through the doors. It's like I'm being shot out from the pits of hell. Like Griffin said, it went by super fast. Fortunately, I wasn't cut in half like those girls at the magic shows. I let out a sigh of relief and quickly get to my feet. I fully intend to help Griffin get out of the elevator, but the man just pulls himself up like he weighs nothing.

Once he crawls out of the shaft, he rises to his full height and brushes off his slacks. Standing next to him, I barely reach his sternum. Bringing one of his large, very talented hands to the nape of my neck, he looks at me. "You okay?"

I smile at him. I probably look like a psychopath, looking at this man I just met like he hung the moon. I've only known him for under an hour for Christmas's sake. It must be my heat riding me, it must. This kind of instant connection is for fairy tales and reality dating shows. Surely this type of thing doesn't happen to little country girl Emily, who has next to nothing to show for herself. *Crap, stop putting yourself down.* I stop my negative train of thinking and nod my head at Griffin. At this point, I realize that we have a bit of an audience waiting outside the elevator for us.

This stocky man clasps Griffin on the shoulder, Griffin grimaces. I get the impression he wants this man's grimy hands off of him.

"Looks like you got a freebie, my guy. Should have let you take my spot on the elevator," the man directs his gross comment to Griffin.

Griffin looks down at the man with pure heat in his eyes. Not the good kind of heat. “Fuck off, and don’t touch me.”

I never really thought I’d be into a possessive or assertive Alpha, but if his tone didn’t just send electricity right to my clit. Griffin senses it immediately and looks over at me. Omega perfume really is some bull. Can’t a girl get turned on without the entire world knowing?

Griffin grabs my hand and starts ushering me down the hallway. “Where is Omega services?”

“Down on level two.”

“Let’s take the stairs, yeah?”

I nod my head. Elevators and I are on a certified break. Not that I didn’t love everything that went down on that elevator, *literally*. A girl can only take so much trauma in a day, so stairs it is.

Griffin holds my hand in his the whole time as we make our way to Omega services. I try to mentally prepare for when he eventually lets go. Once we have made our way down to level two, Griffin opens the door for me and we walk down the hallway to Omega Services. This floor is a lot more office building looking than the luxurious feel of the other floors at Heat Haven.

A woman with pale blonde hair greets us at the service desk, “Welcome, how can I assist you today?”

Griffin looks at me, placing his hand on my back, encouraging me to speak to the lady at the desk.

"Hi, I'm Emily Collins. I have my heat scheduled for later this week. I have already selected my Alphas, but I just met Griffin here and I need to make some adjustments."

She gives me a gentle smile and starts typing away on her computer. "No problem at all. It happens more than you think. With the flexibility of our fraternization policy, a lot of Omegas and Alphas meet at the last minute," she scrolls through something on the monitor.

"Okay Ms. Collins, were you looking to adjust your heat to have four Alphas, or would you like to remove one that you currently have listed and replace them with Mr.—" she glances over to Griffin, and a spark twinkles in her eye. *Back off, lady, he's spoken for.*

"Miller," Griffin replies matter-of-factly.

"I don't want to disappoint one of the current Alphas, but I think it would be best to just stick with three for now."

Griffin lets out a sigh of relief. Hmm, he didn't pressure me, but it seems I chose his comfort level as well.

"Absolutely, Ms. Collins, no worries at all. Do you have a preference for which Alpha you would like to be removed?"

I shuffle my feet in embarrassment. I already wasn't sold on this guy for my heat, so I don't really feel guilty taking him off.

"Can we remove Jenson, please?"

"Of course," she states, clicking the keys manically as she updates my file. "Okay, great. I have Mr. Miller here replacing the previous Alpha. I will put him on standby in

case something happens with any of your selected Alphas. Can you sign this form consenting for Jenson to be one of your back up Alphas in case one of your selected options is unable to attend. Mr. Miller can you sign this consent form to participate in Ms. Collin's heat." She slides over the documents, which we both quickly sign." You are all set for your next heat, Ms. Collins. Is there anything else I can assist you with today?"

"No, thank you for your help."

She gives us both a huge smile, "My pleasure, if you need anything prior to your heat, please let us know."

I nod my head in agreement, and Griffin extends his hand for me to take.

"Well, that was a whole heck of a lot easier than I thought it would be." I let out a huge exhale. I thought it was going to be a huge ordeal. I have to give Heat Haven credit; they have been nothing but warm and accommodating about my requests.

"I'm glad," he replies as he gives my hand a tight squeeze. "So, when exactly do you think your heat will start?"

"Probably Friday, give or take a few days."

"Is there anything I can do to help before your heat, honey?" When he calls me honey, my little Omega heart squeals. I know what I want, but I'm not sure I have the right to ask. Bringing my fingers to my mouth again, Griffin gives me a stern look, and I quickly drop my hands. "Emily,

whatever you need or want, I gotta say, I'm pretty liable to give it to you."

I pull on the hem of my dress. I almost forgot my panties were in his pocket. The thought turns me on. "Well, I was kinda thinking maybe we could continue more of what we were going to do in the elevator. I think doing more of that before my heat would help me with feeling more comfortable about having my heat here."

Griffin leans in, pushing a strand of my hair away to whisper in my ear. "Where would you like me to continue eating that delicious pussy, Emily? Your place or mine?" A chill runs up my spine. I've never been with a dirty talker before, and I find myself enjoying it exponentially.

"Maybe yours? Maybe getting used to places outside of my comfort zone will help?" He leans in and places a feather-light kiss below my ear.

"Let's get your coat and our phones from the front desk. Do you have a car here?"

"No, I took the T."

He grunts and ushers me to the concierge, where he collects my purse and his phone as well as my jacket. He holds out the black peacoat for me, and I gingerly place each arm in. The girl at the front desk hands him a parking voucher and we head out the front door. One thing I will never get used to in New England is just how cold it gets during the winters. *Not my favorite.* However, I enjoy a nice

comfy day by the fire with hot cocoa wrapped in a warm blanket.

I shiver as the cold air hits my skin, and Griffin puts a protective arm around my shoulder for warmth. We walk around the corner and he stops in front of a rather swanky car. I know next to nothing about cars, but it looks expensive. It's matte black with a sleek tan interior. He opens up the passenger door for me and I take a seat as graciously as possible. Once Griffin takes his seat, he starts the ignition and a warm burst of air hits my cheeks.

"Do you want the seat warmer on?" he asks me.

"Oh, yes!" What can I say? I like warm, cozy things. He chuckles and turns the seat on for me.

"Are you hungry?" My stomach grumbles at exactly that point.

"Er, yeah," I reply. It's like he is finely tuned into my needs...

"Do you want to sit down and eat, or get take out?" If we sit down and eat, the more time between when I get to sit on top of him, so with that logic...

"Takeout sounds great."

He smirks at me like he knows my exact thought process.

Before we go anywhere, he pulls something up on his phone and starts clicking away. "I ordered the sweet potato ravioli as an appetizer and Bolognese for myself. Pick anything you want."

I look over the menu, and this is not my typical takeout food. Most of these entrees cost next to forty freaking bucks! The gnocchi with the short ribs, mushrooms, and gorgonzola is calling my name. I quickly add that to the cart. Unable to help myself, I click over to the dessert menu.

“Oh, they have a special dessert! cherry-misu...like tiramisu, but with cherries. Do you like cherries?”

He lets out a little laugh. “Emily, I fucking love cherries. Add it to the cart, sweetheart.”

I quickly add the dessert to the cart and click the checkout button. He must order from here a lot because his credit card information is already saved.

“Thank you for dinner.” I smile over at him, and he pulls out of the Heat Haven parking lot.

I look out the window and fidget with the hem of my dress throughout the ride. Thankful for the seat warmers at this very moment, my behind is extra cold with no panties on. Not that I would have wanted to put those soaking wet things back on. I wonder if he intends to keep them.

He drives down Somerville Avenue and I’m starting to get nervous about where Griffin lives. While this is the direction to get back to my place, I highly doubt Griff rents a condo near Logan Airport.

I like Boston a lot, I truly do, but during January it’s pretty depressing. Sad little mountains of dirty snow riddle the sidewalks and everyone is in a perpetually despondent mood. There is truly only a small sliver of time where the

snow looks pretty in Boston and that's between when it falls and rush hour traffic. Once Griffin takes a right instead of a left when we pass by Mass Gen, I know exactly where he lives. Does he live in freaking Beacon Hill?

My curiosity is piqued. I don't know anyone who can afford Beacon Hill unless they're a part of a pack with multiple incomes.

I clear my throat, "So, what do you do for a living?"

"I'm an intellectual property attorney. I'm also extremely good at investing my money. My house, though, if that's what you're wondering about, was purchased by my grandfather in 1978. So, don't give me too much credit for living here."

I wince, "Sorry, I didn't mean to judge or pry."

"Don't worry about it. I want you to feel comfortable asking me anything. How about you? What do you do for work?"

"Right now, I'm a nanny for an Alpha couple. They don't live too far from here."

"Do you enjoy being a nanny?" he asks, eyes still on the road, looking for a place to park so he can grab our food. With the mounds of snow piling up on the road, street parking is a nightmare.

"I love it, I love kids. He is so stinking cute, his name is Ozzy. They adopted him four months ago. They both have high-profile jobs, so they aren't around much." I shrug my shoulders. "I'm glad that I get to be a constant for him. It's

me and one other nanny, so I only work three or four days a week. The pay is very gracious. It isn't what I plan on doing forever though."

A slight smile pans across his face. It's hard to see, but the streetlights show just enough. *He is so handsome.*

A black Volvo pulls out of a spot and Griffin turns on his blinker. The tapping noise of the turn signal clicks away as we wait for the driver to leave, which is taking a considerable amount of time. Once the car is out of our way, Griffin masterfully squeezes into the tight parking space like some kind of parallel parking master. This is a huge reason I have not risked driving in Boston in the few months I've been here. I would probably try to get into the spot twenty times, then cry or beg a stranger on the street to park my car for me.

"Stay warm in the car, okay, and I'll go grab the food real quick." He pats my thigh and places a quick kiss on my temple.

I take this time to catch my breath, and it hits me that I'm planning on going to a man's house, who I just met. I need to alert someone to my whereabouts. Pulling out my phone and finding the contact name of my roommate Kelsey, I open a new text chat.

Me: Met a guy at Heat Haven. Going back to his place. I turned my location on. Talk tomorrow!

Kelsey: Emily! You're in fucking Beacon Hill???

How did you meet a guy at Heat Haven? I thought you were just going to pick the nest suite you wanted.

Me: It's a long story. I promise to catch you up tomorrow, okay?

Kelsey: This is like telling someone you know a huge secret and then not telling them said secret.

Me: He's coming back with dinner right now. I promise I'll tell you everything tomorrow!
BYEEEEEE.

I'm surprised Kelsey didn't immediately call me after I broke the news to her. I haven't dated since I moved to the area and she has not been quiet about telling me that I need an Alpha or a pack immediately. While I didn't think I was being that cranky, with my heat around the corner, I know I haven't been the easiest person to live with. What Griffin and I did in the elevator was the most action I've seen in months, and that release was needed desperately. Though your heat is the big finale, the days and weeks

leading up to your heat can have Omegas feeling just as needy.

Griffin opens the back door and places the takeout on the floor. He grabbed a bottle of wine while he was out as well. *Hopefully, it isn't the nasty dry kind.* He shuts the back door and plops into the front seat.

"It's wicked fucking cold tonight, Jesus." He blows warm air into his hands before he grabs the steering wheel. "You warm enough, sweetheart?"

I lean my head against the headrest and smile at him. "Yeah, I'm good."

He returns my smile and heads down Charles Street. In under three minutes, we turn on Revere Street, where Griffin parks in a permitted spot. Exiting the vehicle, Griffin grabs the food and wine in the backseat before meeting me on the cobblestone sidewalk.

With expert hands, he holds the takeout and wine in one hand so he can hold mine in the other. We walk a few doors down until we're in front of a beautiful brick Federal-style row home. The exterior is a reddish brown brick with black shutters. The two lower windows have flower boxes sitting outside of them, which are currently filled with murky snow. The front door is forest green with a large gold knob in the center. Griffin enters a code, making the lock open. He releases my hand and opens the door, ushering me to walk in first.

His home is beautifully decorated and clean. The first thing I notice is how much his home smells like him. It feels like I'm walking into a warm hug as I step through the front door. To my left there is a study. The walls are painted black and covered by bookshelves that are filled with hundreds of books. An emerald green chaise sits next to a beautifully mantled fireplace, it looks like the perfect place to snuggle up with a book. To my right, there's a black staircase that spirals both upstairs and downstairs.

Further down the hall, there's a large seating area with a big leather sofa and massive T.V. The ceilings are coffered in this room, giving the room an illusion of being larger than it actually is. A beautiful crystal chandelier hangs in the middle of the room. The chandelier is easily over a hundred years old. It doesn't go with most of his decor, but I can see why he kept it.

Griffin motions for me to keep walking until I reach the kitchen. It's modern with white cabinets and marble countertops. Not a single thing out of place or an ounce of clutter sits on the counters. A massive island takes up most of the kitchen, where Griffin places the food. There is yet another fireplace in the kitchen itself, with a large TV hanging over it. I don't think I've ever seen that in a person's house before. Must be a guy thing.

Just as I'm about to speak, a cute little ball of black fur plops onto the kitchen island and starts rubbing against my shoulder. It's a little black Halloween kitty with mossy green

eyes. The cat purrs instantly and I go to give them chin scratches.

“Oh, and who might you be?” I fondly say to the extremely friendly cat.

“This is Binx, he’s an attention whore.”

Griffin scoops the cat up and kisses his little tiny head. *Swoon*. He grabs some wet food from a drawer and places it on the floor for Binx to enjoy.

“Hmm, I wouldn’t have pegged you for a cat guy.”

“Well, you won’t be pegging me at all, remember? The no check mark next to ass play, well for me anyway,” he jests, and winks at me.

I giggle and smack his shoulder lightly. *Maybe one day I could convince him to uncheck that box.*



Chapter Five

G riffin pours us each a glass of red wine and thankfully it's sweet and fruity tasting. It reminds me almost of a sangria with its citrus and apple notes. I hum as I take a sip and Griffin gives me a knowing look, like he knew I would want something sweet. He pulls plates out of the cupboard to dish out our meals. We split the ravioli appetizer, which was fantastic, it tasted unreal. Whoever thought to mix ricotta cheese and sweet potato deserves a culinary award.

As he pulls out our entrées, I look at his meal and man, his Bolognese looks so good. I have to stop myself from drooling as I smell the onion and tomato scent of his dish. The noodles are tagliatelle, which means they most likely

make all their pasta from scratch, as they should with how much they charge for an entrée. Maybe he'll share? When I was with Dale and his pack, sharing food was an absolute no-go. I should have known then that it wouldn't work out.

"Emily, are you eyeing up my Bolognese?"

"Kinda," I admit to him.

He swirls his fork in the pasta and brings the bite-size portion to my mouth. I open my lips and take a bite, and dang, that is delicious. It's so good I moan in approval.

"None of those noises, or else we won't finish our meal before I'm all over you."

"No promises. This is super delicious. Thank you."

I inhale my gnocchi in a completely unladylike fashion. Griffin is immersed enough in his meal that he doesn't comment. The buttery potato pasta melts on my tongue and I savor every bite. I have to stop myself from licking up the extra sauce on my plate.

Griffin grabs a small white box and two spoons from the drawer. "Let's try this cherry-misu, shall we?" He hands me the spoon and I take a nice dollop of each of the layers and pop it into my mouth. *Ohmygosh*. The mascarpone melts on my tongue. The bitterness of the espresso-soaked ladyfingers and the sweetness of the cherry jam contrast perfectly. It elicits another moan from me.

"Oh. We should have gotten two. I don't think I feel like sharing anymore." I take my spoon and grab another bite while he stares at me with tenderness in his eyes.

He boops my nose. “If I need to learn to share, so do you, Ms. Collins.” His admission makes me blush.

For Alphas and Omegas, sharing is almost the standard, with the ratio of Alphas to Omegas around 10:1. While not every Alpha needs an Omega to be happy, most Omegas find comfort in having more than one Alpha or partner. It goes beyond just sexual gratification. Omegas are biologically drawn to Alphas like a moth to flame. We physically need them for our heats and emotionally tend to need more affection. Pack life isn’t just for Alphas and Omegas anymore either. There are so many combinations of designations in packs and it’s beautiful to see. I’ve always known I would need a pack. I need a lot of affection and reassurance; having just one partner wouldn’t be enough.

I clear my throat. “Are you okay with sharing? I noticed you aren’t in a pack yet.”

“I haven’t done it before, but I’m open. I want a pack. That’s part of the reason I joined Heat Haven. I’ve been so focused on making partner at my firm, I kinda let my personal life fall to the wayside.”

“Mmm, I know what you mean. I thought I was going to bond with a pack in Georgia, but it just didn’t work out.”

He arches an eyebrow, “Well, they’re idiots for messing things up with you.”

“Yeah, they missed the whole monogamous polyamory memo, apparently. It was not the best of breakups.”

Spinning myself around the bar stool, I try to figure out what direction to take this conversation. Now is not the time to talk about Dale putting his hands around my throat when I told him I was leaving his pack. I've never feared for my life more than I did in that moment. Immediately after the altercation, I packed all of my stuff and stayed at a hotel until I figured out what to do next. There's no way I could have stayed with someone who cheats and puts their hands on me. We'll just glance over this part of the story and get to the good parts.

"Anyway, I signed up for a nanny position, willing to move anywhere and well, now I'm here."

"The situation sounds grim, but I'm glad you're here," he says. It makes my cheeks heat and I smile at him.

"I'm glad I'm here, too. As in, not just living in Boston but here at your house." I motion my hands around his beautiful kitchen.

Griffin gets off his stool and swivels me so he can stand between my legs. Grabbing my jaw gently, he forces my chin up so that I'm looking at him. I stare into his light green eyes and he gives me a smile that shows off those sharp canines of his. I've never wanted an Alpha to bite me before. Being bonded is a major commitment, but I would be lying if I wasn't thinking about it right now. *Maybe just a nibble, not a bond mark.*

Griffin leans in and grazes his teeth against my neck, and I shiver. He chuckles deviously at me, "You cold,

sweetheart?"

"Mmm, a little bit."

He removes his teeth and lips from my neck and takes a step back. I let out a noise of complaint and he just shakes his head and continues moving over to the fireplace. He flicks two switches on the right-hand side and the fireplace roars to life, sending a blast of heat into the room.

"That should help. Can't have my girl getting cold, can we?" *His girl?* It must just be a phrase that he uses with women he sees, right? Maybe not. He said he was joining Heat Haven for direction, not just the sexual aspects.

He walks back over to where I'm sitting and peels my jacket off, one arm at a time. Once it's gone, he folds it in half and places it on an empty stool. Next, he looks down at my boots. Giving me a questioning look, I nod my head. Griffin gets down to his knees and unzips the side of each boot, tugging the left one off first. He kisses my instep and then does the same process with the other foot. Having this insanely sexy Alpha on their knees in front of me is definitely a tantalizing image I plan on storing in my mental spank bank.

Rising back to his full height once my boots are gone, he looks at my feet and so do I. *I need to paint my toenails before my heat. They are looking busted.* Griffin doesn't seem to notice as he leans closer to me. One of Griffin's large hands lands on my thigh, while the other takes hold of my hair. Bringing his mouth to mine, he kisses me tenderly. I

taste the red wine on his lips, *yum*. His tongue begs for entry and I open for him. The pressure of the kiss increases. His hand tightens on my thigh, kneading the muscle thoroughly.

Griffin slowly starts pushing the hem of my dress higher and higher towards the junction of my thighs. My arousal wafts through the kitchen. Griffin's pupils are blown wide as he flares his nostrils, inhaling the sweet scent.

He lets out a moan, a deep seductive noise that has me rubbing my thighs together for friction.

"Fuck, I forgot you weren't wearing panties. I need to taste you again."

With hurried hands, he grips the bottom of my dress and pulls it over my body. Once my dress is gone, he nuzzles my black lace covered breasts. Grabbing me by the hips, he places me on the island counter. The stark contrast of the cool countertop against my warm bottom makes me gasp.

With deft fingers, Griffin unclasps my bra and throws the garment on the floor next to my dress. Palming each breast with one of his hands, he takes a deep inhale of the skin by my collar bone before his skillful tongue reaches my nipple. He swirls the small bud with the tip of his tongue before sucking the entirety of my nipple in his mouth. A moan escapes my lips and I feel myself getting wetter. *His island is going to be a mess.*

Griffin removes his mouth from my breast and looks behind me, giving me a devious smile before grabbing

something. He brings the object next to me. I quickly notice it's the rest of the cherry-misu cake. Placing his index finger in the box, he swipes a glob of the cream and cherry mixture and places it directly on my right nipple. Digging back into the cake, he adds another dollop on the other nipple and a line of cream down my stomach.

"Since I wasn't able to taste any dessert yet, figured I could eat it off of you and then get to my real treat, yeah?"

He doesn't let me respond. He just leans forward and takes my nipple into his mouth, sucking off the sweet cherry goodness, happily following suit with my other nipple. Once my breasts are clean, his wide tongue does one long sweep down my stomach, rolling his tongue seductively along my belly button. *This is totally the best dessert ever.*

Thankfully, he doesn't make me lie down on the cold counter. Grabbing my hips, he slides me to the absolute edge of the counter and falls to his knees.

"You can use my head and shoulders to stay up," he says, before he promptly places his face right at my hot center.

My thighs rest on each side of his face, and my legs dangle across his back. His strong arms and hands wrap around each one of my thighs, holding me in place. The pressure of his fingers against my thigh makes me tingle. I place one hand behind me to support myself on the counter and the other in Griff's soft chestnut hair.

With a quick brush of his tongue, he licks me from my entrance to my clit and I'm already writhing for him. His

large hands are keeping me steady so he can't use his fingers inside me. I have the overwhelming desire to have Griffin fully inside of me. I moan at the thought of Griffin filling me and making me beg for his knot. The precise movements of his tongue on my clit are bringing me so close to orgasm, but I need more.

He continues sucking and tapping on the bundle of nerves with his tongue. I'm so close to oblivion I can't hold myself up anymore. No longer caring about the cold counter, I lay down while he continues his attention on my most sensitive parts.

Now that his hands are free without needing to hold me up, Griffin inserts two fingers inside of me and it's almost too much to handle. I detonate immediately, my body no longer in my control. The chanting of Griffin's name echoes throughout the kitchen. It takes a moment to realize the possessed sounds are escaping from my lips. My thighs shake and my breathing is labored. The orgasm feels like it could go on forever. Eventually, I come down from the high, Griffin ceasing his ministrations on my clit.

He has been nothing but completely giving today. I want to return the favor. No, need to, I'm craving him.

He swipes his face against my thigh, wiping a good amount of slick off his face and giving my thigh a little nibble on his way up. I'm so ready to ride this man.

"Fuck, you taste good," he praises.

Grabbing my hand to help me sit up on the counter, he kisses my jaw and cheek before putting his lips on mine. I taste my release on his tongue and it just amplifies how aroused I am for him.

“Should we go up to your room?” I ask, looking up at him through my eyelashes.

He kisses my forehead and grabs my hips to help me stand on the ground. I’m keenly aware that I’m fully naked and he is still completely clothed. *Why is that so hot?* There’s a wet patch around the collar of his dress shirt and it makes me blush. He follows my line of sight.

“Well, good call on taking my shirt off in the elevator. Let’s get you into my bed.”

He swats my left butt cheek and leads me to the staircase I saw when we first walked in. I climb up the stairs feeling self conscious, knowing full well he’s watching me. My whole naked body is on display for him as we make our way to his bedroom. Another smack to the same cheek startles me when we get to the top of the stairs. Placing my hand in his, he leads me to one of the three doors on this floor.

His bedroom is tidy and large, Griffin’s scent is throughout his house, but in his bedroom it’s like taking a direct sniff from his neck. He has a California king-size bed in the center with a dark blue comforter. It looks like it’s stuffed with feathers. *Perfect for nesting.*

A simple black dresser sits in the corner. On top of it rests his cufflinks and two fancy looking watches. There are a few

black and white photographs of Boston architecture hanging on the walls. My eyes are immediately drawn to the Art Deco Dunkin' Donuts photograph, and it makes me smile.

Two black nightstands adorn each side of the bed. One of them has a cat bed on the top of it, the other hosts a low lit touch lamp. With my hand still in Griffin's, he leads me over to the edge of the bed. I don't sit down and instead place my hand on his chest and release my hand from his.

"Can I undress you?"

He cups the back of my head. "Honey, you can do whatever the fuck you want to me."

Taking that as an absolute green light, I slowly unbutton his shirt. He helps me by pulling each of his arms out of the sleeves and throwing the shirt to the corner of the room. I slide the palms of my hands against his chest. He isn't overly ripped or anything, but you can tell he takes care of his body. He's solid, large, and so deliciously masculine. There's a nice splatter of short dark chest hair along the top of his chest that trails down to his waistband.

He said I could do whatever I want, so I undo his belt and unzip his slacks. I have to pull a little bit to get over his athletic thighs, but they eventually fall to his ankles. He kicks them off in some unknown direction in the room.

He's left with just a pair of grey cotton boxer briefs. There's a small little circle of wetness from pre-cum and his package looks impressive. Like unwrapping a present on Christmas morning, I get to my knees and slowly peel the

material down his thighs. His erection springs free and it's a perfect size. It's hard and long and has just the right amount of girth to stretch me without it being painful.

I wrap my hand around his knot and give it a tight squeeze. Griffin moans and puts his hand through his hair.

"Sweetheart, you're fucking killing me. Looking sweet and fucking innocent on your knees for me. I know the truth, though, you like to be a bad girl. Don't you, Emily?"

Eagerly stroking his length, I reply, "Only for you."

"Fuck."

Placing a hand in my hair, he tangles his fingers in my thin strands and directs my mouth towards his length. I drag my tongue from base to tip before parting my lips to take him into my mouth. He doesn't push my head down, he's letting me control the speed and pressure. *For now.*

With one hand still at the base, I continue an up and down motion of taking him deep into my throat. The salty yet slightly sweet taste of him on my tongue makes me hum in approval.

Griffin bucks into my mouth. Removing my hand from his length, I instead hold on to his sturdy thighs. I want him to use me to his content. With a hand on the back of my head, he continues thrusting in and out of my parted lips. My tongue tastes all of him while he glides vigorously down my throat. The noises he makes while reaching his climax are making me obscenely wet.

"I'm gonna come down that sweet throat, Emily," he rasps.

With my mouth fully preoccupied, I slightly nod my head to let him know that it's okay. He thrusts deeper, and I almost gag at the intrusion.

"Good girl, Emily. Look at you deep throating my cock."

The praise spurs me on and I hollow out my cheeks, creating more suction. My nails dig into his thighs, leaving crescent moon indentations behind them. He thrusts into me a few more times before he tightens. Grunting loudly, his cum trickles down my throat. Greedily, I swallow each drop. As he removes himself from my mouth, there's a long stream of spit and cum that connects us from the head of his shaft to my bottom lip.

He groans as he watches the rivulet break in half, landing on my chin. Using his thumb, he rubs it off my face. He places his large hands on each of my cheeks, urging me off my knees. Once I'm standing, he kisses me deeply, the taste of him still on my tongue. Griffin has to bend down to kiss me when we're both standing, but he doesn't seem to mind. *I love how much larger than me he is.*

With his hands on my waist, he lifts me off the ground. My legs instantly wrap around his waist and he shows his strength by easily carrying me to his bed. Peppering my neck and collarbone with kisses, he plops me down on the mattress. I land with a slight bounce, which makes me giggle.

Leaning over me, Griffin places one knee in between my thighs and uses his forearms to frame my face. Burrowing into my neck, his stubble slightly tickles me.

"I think you're trying to make me addicted to you," he mumbles, his face still pressed against my throat.

"I want you inside of me, how long do I have to wait?" I ask him.

"How do you not curse, and yet everything you say makes me so fucking hot for you?" he shakes his head. "Can I play with your pussy for a little?"

I chuckle. It's quite funny how crass he can be. I like it when he talks dirty and he seems to like my brand of good girl.

"Um, do you want to put a towel down or something?" I ask him sheepishly.

"I can just change the sheets after unless a towel would make you more comfortable?"

"I just don't want to ruin your sheets."

"Fuck my sheets."

He leans down and kisses me. Biting my bottom lip, tugging at it slightly before licking the sting better.

I moan softly. "You know they sell waterproof blankets on Amazon?"

He laughs at me, "I'll buy five tomorrow, you little minx."

Griffin continues kissing my neck and slides his hand down my stomach. Once his fingers reach my wet folds, he groans.

"Feeling how wet your cunt gets for me is never going to get old." He spears two fingers into me while his palm rubs against my clit. My hips involuntarily start thrusting into his movements.

"That's right, sweetheart. Fuck yourself against my fingers. I know you wanna come for me, drench my sheets with your slick. Make my room smell like fucking cherries for weeks."

He continues, quickly inserting his fingers in and out of me. Applying more pressure to my clit, I feel close but it's not happening just yet.

"You need my mouth on that sweet pussy, Em?"

"Yes, please," I respond with a little whine.

"How can I say no when you ask so nicely?"

His mouth meets my clit and I'm not lost on the fact that this man will have gone down on me four times today. Forget winning the mega millions, I've hit the cunnilingus jackpot.

As soon as he sucks on my clit, it's like all the nerve endings in my body fire off at the same time. It almost makes me want to shout the F-word with how good his touch feels right now. Instead, I shout Griffin's name. I've been so overstimulated and spoiled with the orgasms he's given me today, it's one of the strongest climaxes I've ever had. An airy feeling takes over my body, like there's static electricity going through every nerve. The only thing that

matters at this moment is Griffin and how he just played my body like I'm an instrument he's been playing his whole life.

"You look so beautiful when you come," he tells me as he kisses my forehead. "Refractory period is complete." He gives me a big grin, like he is super proud of his penis powers.

"I want to ride you," I tell him with as much confidence as possible. I want to bring him the same immense pleasure he has brought me today.

Griffin moves himself to the head of the bed so he is on his back, his head supported by a few pillows. Crooking his finger at me as encouragement to follow up on my demand, I crawl to him as seductively as I can manage. Once I'm kneeling by his side, I raise my left leg to straddle him.

"So I know at Heat Haven we got tested so we don't have to use condoms during your heat. It's up to you completely, I will absolutely put one on." He's so sweet. He might be gruff and crass sometimes, but he has been nothing but a gentleman to me.

"No, I don't want any barriers. I have an IUD, as required by Heat Haven."

"Thank fuck."

His large hands grab my hips tightly, and his eyes roam every inch of my body.

I take that as an okay to grind my slick against his length. I slide firmly against his shaft, and he groans. Once I have fully covered him in my wetness, I put my hand between us

to insert him inside of me. Playfully, I rub the tip against my clit and folds before putting him at my entrance.

His palm comes down quickly on my butt and the smack echoes in the room. “Are you teasing me, Emily?”

“Of course not,” I chide back.

“Mmm, sure, looks like you’re rubbing my hard cock against that glistening cunt and not riding me.”

Another ripple of sound rings throughout the room when he smacks my other cheek.

“Let me in that pretty pussy, sweetheart.” Okay, he called it pretty, so I guess I’ll oblige.

I line him up to my entrance and slowly descend his hard length. A shuddered breath escapes my lips and Griffin’s hold on my hips tightens, likely leaving bruises where his fingertips touch my skin.

I lean forward slightly and start grinding against him as I ride him. The friction between his pelvis and my clit is delicious.

“You’re such a fucking good girl. Look at you riding my cock. You grinding that cute little clit on me so you can come again, Emily?”

“Yes, you feel so fu-freaking good Griffin.”

“Good girl, were you about to curse?”

“Surely not.”

My cheeks flush and I pick up my pace, riding Griffin faster. My clit grinding against him is going to make me come again, *and soon*. Griffin’s grip moves to my waist as

he thrusts into me harder and harder. His length reaches into the warm depths of me and hits that sweet spot that's going to send me over the edge.

"That's right, milk my cock. I want to feel you come all over me."

I completely and utterly shatter on top of Griffin. The release is so strong my vision goes hazy for a few seconds. He's made me come so many times, my body is completely over stimulated. My walls tighten firmly against him and my clit throbs from the amount of attention it received today.

Griffin flips us so that he's on top of me in a missionary position. His hands fist my hair as his strokes increase in intensity.

"You want my knot, sweet girl?" he whispers into my ear.

"Yes, give it to me, please."

He grunts and places his head in the crook of my neck before relentlessly rutting into me. I let out a scream of ecstasy when his knot swells inside of me, raking my nails against his strong back that will undoubtedly leave marks. He leaves kisses all over my chest and neck as he comes inside of me. His release is warm and I've never felt so content and full. Coming down from my orgasm feels cathartic. Like any worries I had have just been solved by copious amounts of orgasms. I kiss Griffin's temple as he pants into my neck, waiting for his knot to reduce in size. Rubbing small circles on his back, I listen to his quick

breaths. Sighing when he kisses me on the spot under my ear.

We lay like that for about ten minutes, just touching each other, not talking, just basking in the afterglow of having amazing sex. Once Griffin's knot is completely down, he sits up and looks at me tenderly.

"Shower?" he rasps.

As badly as I just want to pass out right here and right now, a shower is desperately needed. I nod my head in agreement and he takes my hand to lead me to his ensuite.



Chapter Six

After we showered, I changed the sheets on the bed. They were soaked in Emily's slick, definitely planning to invest in those waterproof blankets Emily suggested. That is, if she wants this to be more than just a one time thing. I'd like it to be more, to get to know her better and court her as she deserves.

We've been lying in bed for about twenty minutes now. Both of us trying yet failing to fall asleep. I wish I didn't have to work tomorrow. I want to spend all day playing hooky with the little seductress laying next to me. I'm fading into a state of blissful sleep when I notice Emily on her side in the fetal position, whimpering.

“Honey, what's wrong?”

Her voice sounds small and unsure, “I'm fine, it will be fine.”

“Tell me what you need. Do you need me to take you home?”

“I don't want to go home...It's just, well, my heat is really close and the need to nest is kinda overwhelming me.” I turn her so she's looking at me. Fuck, her face is red and her eyes are puffy and watery.

“What are some things I can get for you to make it better?”

“It's fine Griff, I don't want to be a bother.”

My eyebrows skyrocket. I want to smack her perky little ass for thinking I don't want to take care of her.

“Emily, I'm going to take care of you now and during your heat, so I'm gonna need you to tell me what you need.” I try to not let the exasperation show in my voice.

“Oh—okay. If you only have a few of these things, it's fine. I don't need them all. Like a heating pad, more pillows, softer blankets, and warm socks.”

I kiss her cheek and start collecting all the things on her list. She acted like she wanted me to acquire her an exotic animal, not ordinary household items. Heading into the guest room, I gather all the pillows off the bed as well as the sherpa blanket from the hall closet. I walk back to my room and hand them to Emily. Opening the nightstand next to me, I grab a pair of my thermal socks.

"Feet, please," I say, as I motion for her to give me her foot.

She blushes over me sheathing her feet with socks, even though I went down on her four times today. *Cute.*

"I have a heating pad downstairs. I'll be right back."

She nods and I walk downstairs to grab the heating pad. Binx stops me in the hallway and threads his body between my ankles. He usually sleeps in my room, so I'm sure he's pissed and confused as to why he's been locked out. He looks up at me with pleading green eyes and lets out a little chirp.

"Don't look at me like that," I tell him and he bites on the leg of my sweatpants. "Listen, man, you've gotta take one for the team tonight, alright? I'll hook you up with some catnip tomorrow."

I'm sure my cat has no fucking clue what I'm saying, but he senses the vibe as he struts away to go sit on his window perch.

I find the heating pad in the office and bring it back up to Emily. Plugging it into the wall by the nightstand, I hand it to her.

"Is there anything else that would make you feel more comfortable, honey?"

She nibbles on her full bottom lip before finally releasing it to speak. "Do you...do you have a sweatshirt that you've worn and haven't washed?"

An ache hits me right in the fucking solar plexus. I hand her my Harvard sweatshirt from the clothes bin. Quickly, she puts it on her small body, before grabbing the collar and taking a deep inhale. I've never had someone want to drown in my scent before. The feeling is heady.

She placed the heating pad at the bottom of her stomach and put the pillows on the right-hand side of her, leaving me a little pocket of space to cuddle her.

"Can I hold you?" I've never been one for late-night snuggles, unless you count Binx.

"Please," she says in her sweet little voice.

Getting back on the bed, I snuggle her tightly, one arm under her neck and the other draped around her waist. Her perfect ass is pressed against me as she holds my forearm close to her chest. *I think I could get used to this.*



My phone alarm blaring wakes me up. I untangle myself from Emily, who hasn't even stirred from the noise. *Fuck 6:30 A.M., why?* I decide to let Emily sleep a little longer as I get ready for work. I wish I could take her to a proper sit-down breakfast and get a tour of her place, but it's going to need to be a quick goodbye this morning. I'm

part of her heat, but I don't even have her number. We need to rectify that ASAP.

After I have on my favorite navy suit, I go to grab a tie from the closet. Two small hands wrap around my waist and give me a tight squeeze. She inhales my scent from my back and sighs. I turn and cup her cheeks in my hands, planting a quick kiss on her pouty lips. Emily gives me a sleepy smile and leans into my chest. I squeeze her tightly, like I can't get her close enough to me.

"You look handsome," she says as she rubs the material of my suit jacket between her two fingers.

"You want to pick out my tie?" Her eyes light up with excitement. I open the cabinet to my ties and her mouth drops open.

"Wow, that's a lot of ties."

"That's what happens when no one knows what to get you for Christmas, they just give you ties."

She taps her chin in deliberation. Picking up a maroon tie with a nondescript floral pattern, she holds it up against my suit. Her little tongue pokes out, and she squints an eye to make sure it's the right choice. Normally I just go with whatever color my suit is, so this will be new.

"Yeah, this one. Gives you a nice contrast of color."

I take the tie from her and loop it around my neck. Her eyes follow every motion I make, and I swear I can see a glimmer of desire in her eyes.

"Want to get some breakfast to go? Then I'll drop you off at home?"

She grabs the sweatshirt collar with both hands and takes a deep inhale. "Sure, can I borrow this?"

"Of course." I look down at her in my hoodie that reaches her thighs and my dick instantly gets hard. Seeing her sporting my clothes and scent awakens a possessive side of me I wasn't sure I had.

"My pants are probably too big, but maybe just borrow a pair to get you home?"

She looks down at her bare legs and my massive socks on her feet. "Yeah, I don't want to wear my dress home. If you don't mind?"

"Of course not, sweetheart."

I kiss her head before handing her a pair of joggers that I haven't worn in a while. Hopefully, they're on the smaller side.

She slides them up to her legs, and the look is very homeless chic. Her hair is an interesting mess. It dried in a weird array of angles last night. Everything she's wearing is mine, which are all multiple sizes too big. Yet, I think she looks more beautiful than ever.

"Don't worry, we'll go through a drive-thru," I assure her.

"Phew, I'm pretty sure that people would think you're my criminal defense lawyer or something, seeing us together like this," she says and then laughs at her own joke.

"Luckily, I don't give a fuck what anybody thinks. Go grab your things, and we'll head out in a few minutes."

She smirks at me but starts collecting all her belongings so I can take her home. I wonder if she wants to see me again tonight. Is that too forward?

Emily waits for me in the foyer. Hunched over, petting Binx's chin and speaking softly to him, she tells him what a pretty boy he is. *Lucky bastard.*

"Ready?"

"Yeah. Bye, Mr. Binx."

She gives him one last little head pat. The cat meows back at her and she practically fucking beams. Like he is a ghost child stuck in a cat's body, just like his namesake from *Hocus Pocus* suggests.

We stop at the first Dunkin' we see on the way to her place. She orders a vanilla chai and I get my standard red eye. Neither of us are big breakfast people apparently, so we just stick to our warm caffeinated drinks. She directs me over to the Jeffries Point area. Not a bad area, but being right next to the airport sucks. Her condo is right off of Everett Street and I park out front of the building. Leaning her face against the headrest of the seat, she looks at me expectantly.

"I want to see you again. I mean, more than just your heat. I'd like to get to know you better," I tell her, hoping she understands how genuine I'm being.

She blushes and smiles. “I’d like that too... There is something I want to mention.”

“Okay?” Is this where she tells me she has some sort of demented fetish?

“I’m a little bit different during my heat. I just want to give you a heads up. I hope that you still want to see me after, so let’s see how the heat goes, and then you can decide.”

I furrow my brow in confusion. I don’t press her on exactly how she’s different. I mean, I know Omegas aren’t very lucid during their heats, and that’s why they need generous amounts of care.

“Emily, I don’t think anything is going to change my mind. Your heat should start in the next couple of days, yeah?”

“Yeah, definitely by Friday. Honestly, the nesting urge hit me pretty hard last night, so it might be sooner. Will you be able to get off work?”

“I’ll be there no matter what.” I smile at her and lean over the center console to give her a quick kiss.

“I do still need your number though.”

She gasps, “Oh, of course.”

I hand her my phone, and she puts her information in. She shrugs her shoulders. “Maybe you could call me or text me tonight?”

“Honestly, it’s taking every ounce of effort to drag myself to work. I want to throw you over my shoulder, drag you into your apartment and fuck you all day.”

She bites her lip. “That does sound pretty pleasant.”

"Emily, please get out before I come in my pants. Your scent is hot boxing the hell out of my car."

She giggles and leans over one more time to give me a deeper kiss. My cock is rock fucking hard and I consider the idea of jerking off in the company car park before work.

Moving back into her seat, she kisses me one more time on the cheek. "Bye, Griff."

I watch her leave my car and head to the front door of her building, where she enters a code and heads up a set of stairs. I squeeze my cock hard while the smell of cherries and vanilla swirls around me. Taking a few steady breaths, I mentally prepare myself to get through the day.



I've been writing this patent application all fucking day for a new lube. That's right, a patent for fucking lube infused with pheromones. I told the client it was hard to get proprietary rights on something that is so over-saturated in the commercial market...but no, let's not listen to our attorney. So I've spent the entire day writing something that I know will get declined. At the end of the day, I get paid if a patent gets approved or not. So, I should probably stop complaining. It's just hard to focus when my mind

constantly wanders, thinking about how sweet a certain Omega tastes.

I look down at my phone, and it's almost seven in the evening. I haven't had a chance to catch up with Emily and guilt starts consuming me. I don't want her to feel like I'm flaking out on her.

Me: How's my girl?

Emily: Not so great, actually.

Me: Why not?

Emily: I have a fever -_-

Me: Do you think your heat is starting early? Do you need me to take you to Heat Haven?

Emily: Do you mind? I'd rather stay in one of their overnight suites just to be safe.

Me: Of course. I'll be there in an hour and a half.

Before I leave the office, I walk over to Mitch's desk. He is one of the top partners at the firm.

"Hey Mitch, I'm going to have to take some PTO days."

"Really, in the middle of the Phero-Lube patent?" He grimaces after saying the name.

"Yeah, I met someone, and it's important."

I don't want Mitch in my personal shit. Luckily, he just grumbles and nods his head. Mitch has been with his pack for over two decades and is still very much obsessed with his Omega. He's taken off for more heats than I can count, so he can fuck right off if he tries to give me shit.

"Fair enough. Just let us know if you won't be back on Monday, yeah?"

"Sure thing." I pack up my laptop and head home to feed Binx.

Once I'm home, I pack a quick bag for myself and text my neighbor Beth Anne asking her to feed and check on Binx for the next few days, which she happily agrees to. The only thing left to do is pick up my sweet girl.

I park on the street of Emily's condo building and call her cell phone. She doesn't answer; I text her twice and she still doesn't answer. *Fuck*.

I get out of my car and walk over to the front door of the complex. Hitting every button on the buzzer, hoping someone will just let me in, which they do. It bothers me that she lives in a building where just anyone can gain access. The problem now is I have no fucking clue which

door is hers. Thinking back to when I dropped her off, I'm pretty sure she went up the stairs. Thankfully, there are only three levels. Now narrowed it down to twelve options. *Great.*

I know Emily has a female roommate named Kelsey, so I'm going to start with any of the doors that have girly adornments on them. On this level, there are only two, one that has a doormat that says 'It's not a crack house, it's a crack home', the other has a Christmas door wreath with a cat holding a sign that says 'Meowy Christmas.' I take my chances with the door that still has a Christmas wreath up in mid-January. Banging on the door firmly, hoping I choose correctly.

A small beta woman with brown skin and braids that reach her lower back answers the door. "Can I help you?"

"Sorry to bother you. Does Emily live here?"

"Who wants to know?" She raises a pierced eyebrow at me and looks me up and down to suss me out.

"I'm Griffin, I'm supposed to be picking her up and taking her to Heat Haven."

I look over her shoulder into the apartment and don't see anyone else inside.

She loses her facade and looks down the hallway. "Shit, I didn't check on her when I got home from work. Follow me."

I follow the petite woman down the hallway, where she knocks on Emily's door. "Emily, are you in there?" We don't get a response and Kelsey opens the door. Emily isn't in her room, which happens to be a disorganized mess. She has an

unmade queen bed with a mountain of pillows on it and a floral quilt that looks handmade. The nightstand next to the bed has at a minimum six half full water bottles, a stack of romance novels and a small silver jewelry box. Clothes are thrown half haphazardly throughout the room, and there are multiple laundry baskets. She must have a system of what is clean and what isn't.

Kelsey knocks on the ensuite bathroom door and we still get crickets. I'm usually not one to jump into worst-case scenarios, but about fifty are running through my head right now. I go to open the door and her roommate stops me.

"Hey man, I don't know you. You can't just be walking up here opening girl's bathroom doors and shit."

I would be lying if I said I didn't consider using my Alpha voice on this tiny little thing, but I decide against it. Instead, I just don't respond and fling open the bathroom door. Steam plumes out of the door as soon as it's open.

The bathroom is small and feminine and thankfully cleaner than her bedroom. It's a basic renters bathroom with a single sink in the vanity, a toilet, and a bathroom shower combo. The shower is still running, and the steam is overtaking the small space.

I call out her name, and she doesn't respond. Walking over to the shower, I move the floral print curtain to the side. Emily is sitting on the tub floor and has her knees to her chest with her head resting on her folded arms. Her hair is sopping wet. Thankfully, the water is still warm, and she

isn't sitting here freezing. I touch her shoulder and she startles. Lifting her head, she looks up at me with wide eyes.

"Oh my gosh, I must have fallen asleep." She blinks multiple times to shake off her confusion.

I take in a deep breath, just glad that she is still lucid and not fully into her heat.

"You scared the fuck out of us, sweetheart." I rub my hand down her back as she takes deep breaths.

"I wanted to shower before you took me to Heat Haven. I was having some cramps. We also didn't get much sleep last night, so I must have just dozed off. I'm sorry Griffin, I didn't mean to worry you."

I continue rubbing circles up and down her back. Even though I was terrified for all of twenty minutes, my dick is now rock hard being in this confined space. Despite being in the shower, her scent is still potent as fuck.

"As long as you're okay, that's all that matters. Let's get you ready to go, yeah?"

She nods her head, and I grab a towel and wrap her up. Her roommate just stares at me while leaning against the door frame. Her eyes are narrowed and filled with suspicion. Emily finally notices her friend watching this all go down.

"Kelsey, this is Griffin. He is going to be taking me to Heat Haven. I'll text you once my heat is over, okay?" Emily gives Kelsey soft eyes while I finish drying her off with the pink towel.

"Are you sure you can trust this guy, Emily?" A low growl vibrates through my chest, and I immediately regret it. I get it. She is trying to be a good friend, but I'm not the bad guy here. I should be grateful that Emily has someone looking after her and stop being such a possessive caveman.

"Yes, I promise," Emily says as she walks over and gives Kelsey a hug, which her bestie returns.

Kelsey glares at me while she rests her head on Emily's shoulder. I want to flick this girl off so badly, but that would probably make things worse.

Once her roommate has enough peace of mind that I don't have intentions to kidnap Emily and chain her in my basement, she retreats into the apartment. Emily starts busying herself around the room, packing an away bag and getting dressed. I still have no clue how she knows what's clean and what's not. I sit at the edge of her bed and keep my eyes glued to her movements. She definitely seems more jittery than when I dropped her off this morning.

Standing in just her underwear and bra, she starts drying off her hair. She takes a deep breath and shifts her weight on the carpet floor. She keeps letting out intermittent sighs, but has said nothing.

"Emily, is something wrong?" I ask her and she whines at me, *she fucking whines*.

Walking over to me, she situates herself right between my legs. I grab both of her hips and look into those beautiful honey-colored orbs.

"Can you...can you help me relax a little bit before we go?" Her small fingers fiddle with the collar of my suit jacket.

"I want to. I just don't want to put you in the position where you have to be rushed to Heat Haven, sweetheart. You should be coherent when you get there so you can be prepared."

She whines again, and I swear in any other circumstance I would give her anything her little heart desired. Nuzzling her head in the crook of my neck, she takes a deep inhale of my scent. I support her weight as she leans against me and I lightly scratch her back.

"You're probably right, I'll finish getting ready." Emily places a quick peck on my cheek and finishes getting all her things together.



Chapter Seven

G riffin drives me to Heat Haven quickly, a reassuring hand on my thigh the entire ride over. Was I disappointed that he wouldn't give me a quickie before coming over here? Yes. However, he's right, I don't know what would happen with me this close to my heat. Having sex could have easily forced my heat to start. Shoot, I'm almost positive everything we did yesterday caused my heat to come sooner.

It's like at any moment I'll go into that dizzy state. I'm starting to lose control, and I hate this feeling. While physically I'm here moving my body, my actions aren't truly my own. Once I'm in heat, the only thing I care about is

relief and pleasure. I worry what Griff will think of me after he sees me in my disoriented state.

The hours that lead up to an Omega's heat, at least for me, are the worst. I hate the uncertainty and the waves of pain that ripple through my body. I wasn't kidding when I said why I got in the shower earlier. The cramps were seriously getting to me, and being in the warm, cozy shower made me feel safe. Griffin also makes me feel safe. It's odd. I was with the Georgia pack for four months and I couldn't commit. They helped me during my heat one time, but I just couldn't bond with them. I've known this man for two days, and I already feel safer with him than I ever did with Dale.

The street lights illuminate Griffin's face, showcasing his perfect jawline and Roman nose. He's a little worse for wear this afternoon, his hair is a little messy and his stubble looks darker with how much of it he has on his face. *He's so sexy*, I just want to hop over the center console and ride him until I can't anymore. I shake my head back and forth in an attempt to clear my head. *Frick, it's starting.*

"You okay, Em?" he asks as he squeezes my thigh tightly. I want him to squeeze me in other places. I want those enormous hands all over my body. *I want him to devour me.*

"Honey, your scent is like a fucking atomic bomb in my car. You alright?"

Rubbing my thighs together, I search for some relief. I don't feel dizzy or completely out of control yet.

“Mmm, yeah. Fine,” I tell him as I continue rubbing my jean-clad thighs for more friction.

Griffin tugs at the tips of his hair. “Fuck. We’re three minutes away. If you can keep yourself under control, so can I.”

I grab his hand and move it to the apex of my thighs, where I truly want him.

“No promises,” I say, which makes him squeeze my thigh even tighter and I moan.

“Fuck, fucking, fuck,” he chants in frustration.

He removes his hand from my thigh and grips the steering wheel like it owes him money. I let out a frustrated sigh, and Griffin keeps his eyes open for a parking space.

After we are fully parked, Griffin helps me get out of the car and grabs both of our bags. Holding my hand, he walks me through reception. It’s the same red-headed girl from last time. She looks at Griffin with stars in her eyes and it makes me want to bite her head off. I decide to slither in against Griff as tightly as possible, placing my head against his chest and gripping his waist.

Griffin keeps a firm grip on me as he talks to the receptionist. “Checking in for Emily Collins and Griffin Miller.”

“Yes, of course. Ms. Collins, you booked the neon suite, correct?” The receptionist looks at Griffin and not at me when she asks her question.

I don't answer her. As far as I'm concerned, she is a red-headed devil trying to take my man away, and we do not like that. Griffin must notice that I'm not going to answer.

"If that's what's on her account, then yes, the neon suite," he says.

The little seductress looks at me and then at Griffin, giving him a big smile. "You're going to want to take the elevator up to level five. That's where you will meet your moderator. They will also contact the other Alphas that you have selected for your heat and let them know when they should come in. If you need anything before your heat, please let the moderator know and they will be happy to assist."

Griffin thanks her and grabs my hand. I give her a little glare before we head upstairs. *Not my proudest moment.* I guess it's better than licking his face to mark him as mine.

"We are not taking the fucking elevator. Can you walk, sweetheart, or do you want a piggyback ride?"

I secretly want him to give me a piggyback ride, but that's a lot of steps.

"I can walk."

"Okay, well, if you change your mind..." he trails off.

He kisses the top of my head and takes my hand as we enter the stairwell. We take the stairs slowly and cautiously. The excitement in me builds the closer we get to the fifth floor. I know what's about to happen and I want it so badly. I want Griffin. I want to climb him like a tree and kiss his whole face off.

"You better be ready for me to fuck the shit out of you soon, Emily, cause you're driving me crazy."

"Yes, please."

I grab a handful of his perfect ass, and he lets out a surprised yelp.

"How much longer do you think?"

"Before I go completely sex hungry Omega? Probably within the next few hours. I already feel it starting."

He cups my chin. "Are you in any pain?"

"Not yet," I tell him.

That would be a lie. My uterus feels like a feral cat is living inside of it and it just wants to claw its way out, but he doesn't need to know that.

We find our moderator waiting outside of the neon suite. It's a man in his late forties, definitely a Beta. He kinda looks like Ned Flanders, but with a cooler mustache. It's an eerie feeling that this man who looks like he goes to church every Sunday and probably has a perfect credit score watches orgies for a living.

"Hello, my name is Tom. I'm going to be your first moderator. You will not be notified when there is a shift change. Just know that someone will always be supervising and we are always on standby if there is anything you need. Mr. Miller, you can head down to the waiting area for now. I need to go over a few protocols with Ms. Collins while she is still coherent and able to ask questions."

I grab Griffin's arm tightly. He looks down at me with a reassuring smile. "I can stay if you want me to," he looks over to the moderator, "Is that allowed?"

"I'm sorry, if you were bonded, it would be another story, but this is a matter of Ms. Collins' safety and Heat Haven policy. I wouldn't want her judgment altered because she's looking to you for guidance," Tom the moderator replies.

Griffin grabs both of my cheeks and gives me a kiss. "Tom is going to come and get me as soon as he's done talking to you, okay?"

I nod, but I'm not pleased. I might pout a little bit. "Okay."

I cross my arms and hug myself. He kisses my hair one more time before he goes to take a seat in the waiting area.

"Ms. Collins, please follow me."

Tom the moderator leads me down to my selected nest. I knew when I was in heat, I would love this room. I only looked at pictures online, because well, I got stuck in the elevator with Griffin the day I was supposed to pick it out.

It's primarily pinks and purples. The only lights in the room are the pink neon stars on the walls and the purple LED lights that illuminate around the edges of the ceiling. The glow from the lights gives me a warm fuzzy feeling.

A massive padded mattress takes up most of the room. It's only about six inches off the floor. The bed is covered in a waterproof violet colored duvet. The amount of pillows in here makes me want to jump in them like a leaf pile and never get out. The pillows range from functional for

sleeping, positioning pillows, to cute little decorative throws. There is one table in the room, as well as a mini-fridge. The table has lube, fuzzy socks, multiple heated blankets, and handcuffs on it. *All of my requested items.* You're not allowed to bring your own handcuffs for safety reasons. You are allowed to bring in sex toys, however; I decided not to bring any with me this time.

I open the mini-fridge to see it's filled with everything I requested: Gatorade, Pedialyte, strawberries, and a cheese plate. It makes me smile. I know I was so nervous about coming here, but the room is perfect. There are no lingering scents, and everything I asked for is here waiting.

There is one more door left to explore in the room. I open it and it leads to a beautiful all-white bathroom. There is a massive free-standing tub and a large glass shower. The vanity has two sinks. I open the bottom cabinet and it's full of personal hygiene products and cleaning supplies. Turning around, I head out of the room to talk to Tom.

"Does the room have everything you need? Is the temperature okay?"

I look over at Tom and smile, "It's perfect, thank you."

Tom leads me to the mirrored wall. He hits a button, and a door appears. He leads me into the small room.

"This is the moderator's room. It's a two-way mirror, so you can't see me, but I can watch everything that is happening. There is an exit over here." He points to the door in the back of the room. "That way, no one is

interrupting you during your heat. We are here to make sure that everyone obeys your hard limits, to make sure no bonding happens, and that you stay happy and healthy. If at any time you feel unsafe or uncomfortable, we want you to say the word ‘red’ and someone will intervene and handle the situation. Do you understand?”

I nod my head, “Red, yes, I understand.”

“I saw how close you were becoming to one of the Alphas involved in your heat. While bonding has to be consensual, we will need to heavily monitor that and make sure that it does not happen here at the facility.”

“I understand.”

“Great, just know that you are in control here. If you would like time to yourself, or for an Alpha to leave, please let us know and we will handle the situation. This is all about you being safe and comfortable. Would you like to stay here in the neon suite, or would you like to get some rest in one of the overnight rooms?”

“I think I would like to stay here, please. Can Griffin come?” My voice almost sounds pleading.

“Yes, I will meet with your Alphas shortly. After I meet with them, I will send him in. Would you like your other Alphas here as well?”

I bite my lip. “No, I don’t think I want them here until my heat starts.”

“No problem, Ms. Collins. You get some rest and let us take care of everything else, okay?”

“Okay, thank you.”

I grab a heated blanket and some fuzzy socks, quickly covering my feet, and moan in relief. They are the lavender-infused kind. I find an outlet close to the bed and plug in the blanket. Wrapping myself up like a little burrito, I plop into the pile of pillows. I’m going to try and get as much sleep as possible before my heat completely takes over.



Chapter Eight

I sit in the lobby, bouncing my knee vigorously. I hope they don't keep me from Emily long. She seemed like she was on the verge of starting her heat. It took everything in me not to fuck her in the car, on the receptionist's desk, or even in the fucking stairwell with how good she smelled. I honestly deserve a sticker with the amount of restraint I used today.

Another man joins me in the lobby. He has deep brown skin and is probably in his mid-twenties. His hair is shaved on the sides and slightly longer on the top. He looks just right around my height but with more of a runner's build.

Sitting in the seat across from me, I catch a whiff of his citrusy scent. He is all Alpha.

It's almost midnight at this point, so I highly doubt he is here for anyone else's heat but Emily's. When I picture myself having to share, I'm not sure how I feel about it. I'm possessive of her, but I'm not egotistical enough to think that I alone can fulfill her needs during her heat.

The man sitting across from me extends his hand and I clasp it in mine, giving it a firm shake.

"Hey, I'm Dion."

"Griffin."

What the fuck else do you say in this situation. '*Hey, I'm Griffin, did we both get memberships to this facility to fuck the same Omega, who I'm starting to have feelings for and don't know how to cope with this situation.*' That doesn't seem like a normal thing to say.

"Are you here for Emily's heat?" he asks me.

"Yes." Why am I such a dick?

"She seems like a nice girl. Have you participated in a few heats before?"

"No, this is actually my first time. You?"

"Yeah, a few. It's a good time, but I wish I vibed with one of the Omegas on a more personal level."

"What do you mean?"

"It's fun. I enjoy myself, but it isn't the same without the emotional connection. I know some Alphas couldn't care

either way, but I've found it's something that I need. Emily seems sweet though."

"You've met?" He gives me a puzzled look. I guess I didn't pay well enough attention at orientation.

"Yeah...you always have a face-to-face meeting with the Omega to see if you are a good fit. You didn't meet with her before agreeing to be in her heat?"

"Uh, I did...it's a long story."

Dion looks like he wants to ask me a million questions, but Tom the moderator comes into the waiting room greeting us.

"Gentlemen, if you can follow me."

Tom leads us down a corridor and opens a door. The room reminds me of being sent to the principal's office in high school. Dion and I both take seats next to each other in the copper leather chairs.

"The final Alpha couldn't make it on such short notice, but I'm sure he will come by at some point tomorrow. I just wanted to reiterate some rules and go over Emily's hard limits so there is no confusion." He taps away on his keyboard until he pulls up Emily's file.

"First and foremost, there is to be no bonding at our facility. If it appears that is going to happen, we will remove you from the facility." He looks at me pointedly. "We will ensure Ms. Collins' safety as well as your own throughout the heat. If you feel uncomfortable, you are free to leave at any time, or you can reach out to your moderator. We also

ask that you take care of your Omega, and if there is anything she needs to let us know.”

I clear my throat, “What about meals and hydration?”

“There is a fridge in the room with snacks she has specifically requested. We also have a cafeteria on level three. You can leave the nest or let your moderator know what you need, and we will provide it.”

“Great, thanks.”

I shift in my seat, slightly uncomfortable. I glance over at Dion, and he looks cool as a cucumber with not a care in the world.

“Onto Ms. Collins’ hard limits. If you do any of these things during her heat, you will be removed immediately and possibly lose your membership at Heat Haven.” He looks up at both of us like he is talking to a classroom of third graders. *Yeah, asshole, we understand what hard limits are.*

Tom clears his throat. “The following are not permitted during Ms. Collins’ heat: choking, water play, double vaginal or anal penetration. She does, however, permit double penetration of one penis inside of her vaginally and one rectally. Things that are on the table with limitations are impact play. The only areas you may strike are her thighs and behind and not hard enough to leave serious bruising. Things that she has listed as encouraged are bondage, degradation, and hair-pulling.” Part of me wants to laugh at this straight-laced dude explaining these things to me, but I somehow bottle it in.

I can't imagine my sweet Emily wanting to be degraded, but the thought of calling her my little slut and then praising her for what a good job she is doing makes my cock stir.

"Do you gentlemen have any questions?" he asks.

Yeah, what the fuck is water play? I keep that to myself and just nod my head that I do not have any questions.

"Great. Mr. Davis, please head down to the overnight suites. We will wake you when Emily is fully in heat. Mr. Miller, Ms. Collins has requested you in the neon suite."

Dion gives me a little head nod and makes his way down to the lower levels, while I walk over to the neon suite.

Once I walk into the nest, I take in the room before me, definitely an interesting choice by Emily. I guess she was going for the pretty princess, underground rave, fuckfest aesthetic. Emily's cherry scent envelopes the room. I don't immediately see her until I look over at the pile of pillows. She's burrowed herself into a nest of pillows and blankets like a little chipmunk. Her chest rises and falls with her breathing and I place my hand on her forehead, maybe a mild fever, but nothing that indicates she's fully in heat. The purple neon lights highlight her feminine face, and I'm in awe of how beautiful and peaceful she looks.

Taking off my shoes and suit, I fold them neatly, and place them on the table provided. With just my boxers on, I crawl on the bed and curl up next to Emily. My cock is painfully hard, but I'm tired enough that I drift off to sleep with the sweetest Omega tucked into my arms.



I'm woken up by a low moan and slight pressure on my chest. I open my eyes to see Emily straddling me, her pink silk panties and bra still on. Her head tilted back, with her dark blonde locks falling behind her. Both of her hands are pressed firmly against my chest. My hands snake over her thighs tentatively and I'm immediately taken aback by how warm her skin is. Her scent has amplified from earlier. It's like we're inside a bakery that only makes cherry pies.

She lifts her head and finally looks at me, smiling as she leans into my neck. Her tongue makes a wet trail from my collarbone to the back of my ear. Breathing heavily, she leans in and inhales my scent.

"I need you to fuck me," she whispers confidently in my ear. It takes me a minute to realize that it's the first time I've heard her curse.

I pat down her hair that is partially in my face from her licking my throat.

"You okay, honey?"

She continues nuzzling my neck as she grinds her silken-clad pussy over my cock, which makes me groan.

"Touch me," she says, and I quickly move my hands to grab her perfect peachy ass, moving her to grind harder on

my dick. I know I can only physically knot her so many times, so I'm going to need to use everything in my arsenal to get my girl off as many times as she needs. She sighs as my knot rubs against her clit.

"You like that, Emily? You getting wet thinking about your greedy cunt taking my knot over and over?" She doesn't answer with words, she just moans and keeps sliding her pussy up and down along my length.

I remember the moderator said she was into some spanking, not that I didn't already know that from our previous time together. I swat her right ass cheek and watch it bounce in the aftermath of the strike. It makes her increase the pressure on my cock to an almost painful amount. She grabs onto my hair as she comes, panting and shaking. She's so fucking wet that my boxers are completely drenched in her slick.

Her eyes are closed as she just continues hugging me and not letting go. I need to get us out of these wet clothes.

"Honey, I'm gonna take our clothes off, okay?"

She grabs onto me tighter, like if she lets go, I might disappear. Stroking her hair, I surprise myself when I purr for her. I've never purred for anyone in my whole fucking life. The vibrations of my chest shake her slightly, but she sighs and continues rubbing her face into my chest. I'm so fucking gone for this girl, and it's clear my inner Alpha is as well.

I don't know when they'll ask Dion to join the heat, or whenever the other fucking guy will get here. I need to

treasure this alone time for as long as we have it.

I'm still purring underneath her as I shimmy my boxers off. It proves to be extremely difficult with how wet they are. Once they're off, I use my foot to fling them to some undisclosed location in the room. Using both of my thumbs, I roll Emily's panties to her calves, where I have to use my foot to swipe them down.

"You want me to play with this pretty pussy?" I say as I put my hand between us to feel her wet folds.

"Fuck, yes," she moans. I don't think I'll get used to her swearing.

Rolling her so that her back is on the mattress, I use my left elbow to hold myself up. I kiss her forehead and her cheeks before kissing her sweet, pouty mouth. Before I even have the chance to deepen the kiss, Emily takes control and grabs a handful of my hair, forcing our lips together. It's a clash of tongues and teeth, *but fuck, she makes me hungry.*

She removes her hand from my hair and grabs my hand. With her hand on top of mine, she directs me. We start at her breast, where she has me give it a tight squeeze. Then we slowly caress the valley of her chest to her navel. Once we reach her pussy, she swirls our fingers around her clit. I look down and watch as our two hands together start bringing her pleasure. She is so fucking wet that each movement makes an almost suction-like sound.

She whimpers as she draws both of our fingers into her tight pussy. Two of her fingers and two of mine doing an

upward movement against her G-spot. I use my thumb to continue circling her clit. Her moans fuel my desire as we both fuck her with our hands.

Her cunt squeezes both of us and more slick coats my hand. We both remove our fingers as she comes down from her release, her thighs shaking and her skin prickled with goosebumps. I kiss her collarbone and look into her eyes. They're lust-filled and hazy and the neon stars from the ceiling reflect in her eyes. I still see my girl there, though, my sweet Emily. She brings her hand above her head and spreads her fingers. Her release glistens and sticks the two digits together. Bringing them to my mouth, I voraciously wrap my tongue around her fingers and taste them. She groans as she watches the action with eager eyes.

"You want me to fuck you now, sweet girl?"

"Please, I need it. I really fucking need it," she begs.

"You want it dirty, sweetheart?"

She lets out the cutest little whimper, and I take that as a yes. I saw the handcuffs on the table when I put my clothes there. As I'm getting up, Emily quickly grabs my wrist. I kiss her hand and then her forehead.

"I'll be right back. I'm just going to get something, okay?"

She gives me puppy dog eyes but eventually nods her head. I grab the handcuffs and the wedge-shaped positioning pillow and place it in the center of the nest next to Emily. Covering the wedge with a heated blanket so she will be nice and cozy as I fuck her from behind.

Once I have everything set, I get to my knees and grab Emily by the waist. With the top of the wedge facing me, I bend her over so her ass is at the highest peak and the front of her slides down to the bottom. She nestles her face against the heated blanket and wiggles her ass impatiently at me. I quickly give it a little smack.

“Hands behind your back.” She obliges immediately. That’s one thing that hasn’t changed between her normal personality versus her in heat. She is such a good listener.

I bend over and kiss both of her wrists before placing the cuffs. They are leather and lined with soft faux fur, so I don’t have to worry about them hurting her skin. Once she is positioned exactly how I want with her hands secured behind her back, I take a moment to look at her.

Her perfect thick ass is waiting for me, perked up on the pillow. Her cunt is sopping wet and dripping with anticipation. The slight curve of her spine as her head reaches the bed. All of her hair is fanned out the left side of her as she takes short little breaths.

I brace myself behind her on my knees. The angle is perfect with the wedge. Bringing the tip of my cock to her entrance, I glide the head up and down her folds, covering myself in her slick.

“You ready for my cock, Emily?

She frantically nods and squirms in her position. I slowly enter her tight cunt and take a shuddering breath. She feels so warm, so tight, *so mine*. I sheath myself into her fully.

Once my knot passes her entrance, she lets out a contented sigh.

“Been thinking about this pussy all day. Just fantasizing about all the ways I’m going to fuck you and make you scream.”

My left hand comes down hard on her ass and she whimpers. I slowly rub circles on the red spot before I grab her hip to thrust into her.

It’s like my body isn’t my own anymore and I’ve been taken over by a beast. Even if I wanted to take this slow and cherish it, there’s no way my body would let me. My Alpha pheromones are in control and the only thing I know how to do is fuck Emily fast and hard. My only goal is filling her up with my cum.

I grab the chain between her tied wrists. Using it as leverage, I start rutting her hard. I watch as her tight cunt swallows my dick greedily with each thrust. A low growl leaves my throat and all sane thoughts leave my mind. Her slick drips down both of our thighs as she continues to moan and pant. The need to consume her and make her mine is riding me so fucking hard, but I know now is not the time. I can’t let heat fog take over.

“Fuck, you take my cock so well. Look at you being so fucking greedy. You want me to fill this pussy up?”

She makes a choked sobbing noise, as I fuck her faster, the tip of my dick bottoming out. My knot swells at the same

moment as she comes, crying out her pleasure as it locks us into place.

I move as much as my body will allow as I fill her with my seed, groaning as my orgasm peaks. The feeling of being inside Emily like this makes me feel complete. I can't imagine anything ruining this perfect moment with her.



Chapter Nine

I spoke too fucking soon.

My knot is still locked in Emily's tight cunt when the door to the suite opens and Dion walks in. He takes in the surroundings and looks at me and Emily. With a smirk on his face, he takes a deep inhale and walks further into the room.

"Looks like you guys started the party without me. Never been in the neon suite before." Dion smiles at Emily as he looks around the room, taking it all in. I don't feel the jealousy I thought I would as he smiles down at Emily. His smile is genuine and friendly, and as long as he treats her with respect, we won't have any problems.

I clear my throat, "Yeah, once my uh...knot goes down, you can join in."

He takes his clothes off until he is just in his boxers. "No rush, man."

He sits down next to Emily and starts affectionately stroking her hair, the same way I was earlier.

"Hey pretty girl, are you feeling okay?" Dion asks Emily in a sweet voice.

Unbuckling her restraints, I rub her wrists to make sure they are fine. She slowly brings her hands down to rest by her face. I give her lower back a massage as we wait for my knot to release us.

"Mmm, much better now," she says.

It's the first time she has sounded like herself since we got here. Dion is still stroking her hair as I continue to massage her and she sighs dreamily.

"You let us know what you need. We're here to take care of you and make you feel good. Okay, baby?" Emily makes a moaning noise in response to Dion's question.

She's content and enjoying the touches we're both giving her. This is what she deserves and needs, to be doted on and adored. This Dion guy doesn't seem that bad. I think I'll be able to do this whole sharing thing.

My knot has gone down enough, and I slowly pull out, removing myself. I watch in awe as my cum spills out of her perfect little cunt. Seeing the pink handprint on Emily's ass, I give it a tender rub.

"Honey, you want to lie down on your back?"

"Please." Still has manners during her heat. *So fucking cute.*

I look over at Dion. He grabs her so that I can remove the positioning wedge. I throw the heated blanket we just used into the laundry bin and grab another from the table. Plugging it in and bringing it to Emily. It's not lost on me that I'm completely naked, walking around like a neanderthal while Dion watches and tends to my girl, but it doesn't feel wrong. Surprisingly, it feels more right than I could have ever imagined.

Dion is snuggled to her front, while I place the blanket on top of her and cuddle into her back. We all just lay there for a bit. It's clear that Emily has fallen asleep, and Dion and I are both still awake.

"I've never been a part of a heat before. When should I expect her to need more?" I admit to Dion.

He smiles up at the ceiling. "She'll probably take a little nap and wake up horny as hell."

I curl Emily closer to me.

"So, I've never shared before. I don't know how I'm going to handle that. I just wanted you to know,"

"I figured, just know all I want to do is make Emily feel good. It's clear you guys have a connection. If you need me to back off, just let me know man, no worries."

This guy is chill as fuck. If I got stuck here with dollar store brand Mark Wahlberg, I probably would have beat the shit

out of him and gotten kicked out of Heat Haven for life.

“Thanks, man,” I reply, genuinely.

I try to go to sleep after our little heart-to-heart, but I’m too worried about when Emily is going to wake up. Also slightly anxious about my first threesome ever, but I keep pushing that to the back of my mind.



I must have fallen asleep at some point because I’m woken up to the sound of Emily moaning and the clapping of skin. I sit up and watch as Emily rides up and down Dion’s length. Her hands are in her hair and she’s in complete ecstasy. Dion doesn’t even look over at me, his eyes are fully focused on Emily as he takes in her cues for pleasure.

I watch her perfect tits bounce up and down as she takes his cock over and over. Dion grunts as Emily changes positions so that her clit is grinding against his pelvis.

I’m taken aback by just how fucking hot the image of my girl reaching euphoria is. I don’t even care that it’s not my dick. I just want her to be completely overtaken with pleasure. I don’t know when it happened, but my hand is now on my cock, slowly stroking back and forth as I watch Emily come hard while riding another man. As far as I can

tell, Dion still hasn't finished, but Emily sure has. His abdomen and her thighs are covered in her sweet tasting slick. I just want to spread her open and lick up every last drop.

Emily turns to me, her eyes immediately go to where I'm fucking my fist. Her face lights up with hunger and curiosity.

I can't stop thinking about her scent and how fucking sweet she tastes.

"I want to eat your pussy," I tell her with no class whatsoever. "You want me to lap up that wet cunt, while you taste Dion?" I ask her, and she nods her head eagerly in approval.

Dion immediately starts to grab pillows, and I shake my head at him. I have other thoughts in mind. I fucking love all the positioning pillows they have in this place. We are definitely going to need to order some of these when we get home. I grab the half-moon pillow. It allows Emily to be on all fours without having to truly support herself. Giving me the perfect angle to eat her out from behind while she sucks Dion's dick.

Placing the pillow towards the end of the bed, I motion for Dion to go to one side. While I snatch Emily by the hips to place her on the pillow. I have her on her knees, about to bend her over. Before I do, I kiss her tenderly on the side of her neck and whisper in her ear.

"Are you doing okay, honey?"

She nods her head and grinds her ass on my dick. It makes both Dion and I smile.

"She's a needy sweet girl, isn't she?" I tease, and Dion nods his head in agreement.

"Mmhmm, let's take care of her. Is that what you want, baby? You want Griffin's tongue in your pussy while I fill your mouth up with cum?" Dion says as he grabs her under her armpits gently. He lays her in the right position before he grabs his cock and outlines her lips with the tip.

"I think you want to be our little slut, don't you, Emily?" Dion asks her, removing his dick from her mouth so she can answer his question.

"Yes, fucking give it to me," she pleads.

Dion laughs and smiles down at Emily, "Greedy little thing, aren't we? Well, suck my cock then, baby."

Emily licks his tip and strokes his shaft. I'm so in awe of everything happening in front of me, I completely forgot my task at hand.

I crouch down behind Emily, a perfect view of her dripping wet pussy and tight little asshole. Her thighs are covered in a sheen of slick, and she's shaking with anticipation. I lower my knees to the floor. With the added height of the mattress and the positioning pillow, her pussy is right at face level. Using my knuckle, I slide my fingers in between her folds. She makes a muffled moan around Dion's cock, which he seems to enjoy.

No longer wanting to tease, I grab each of her ass cheeks firmly with my hands and spread her ass wide. I take a deep inhale of her scent before feasting sloppily on her cunt. Taking no time to go slow, I bring my mouth down on her hastily and start sucking and nibbling on her clit. Sensing that she is already close, I slow down my movements. Swiping the pad of my tongue in and out of her entrance, spearing her repeatedly.

I hear Dion grunting and Emily humming around his cock. All three of our scents tangled in a haze of pleasure. I want Emily squirming for me, and I know just what to do. I make my tongue as wide as possible and lick her from her clit to her tight little asshole

As soon as I lick her taut ring of muscle, she gags on Dion's dick. Both of them sound close to their release. I continue spearing and rimming her as Dion works his dick in and out of her mouth. I move one of my hands off her ass cheeks and insert two of my fingers inside of her pussy. Scissoring my digits inside of her while I continue tonguing her ass.

Emily lets out a garbled scream as Dion grunts. I lift my head just in time to see his cum leaking out of her mouth while she pants. I gather as much of her slick on my thumb as I can and start rubbing it around her little hole.

"You want this tight little ass fucked, honey?" I ask, hoping to fuck she says yes.

"I want you in my ass and Dion in my pussy," she says, with no hesitation whatsoever.

"You good to go again, Dion?"

"You get our girl ready. By then I'll be good to go." He's found a towel and is cleaning off Emily's face. Wiping his cum off her chin and the tears from her eyes.

I leave Emily on the positioning pillow *for now*. Dion walks over to the table and tosses the lube to me, which I readily catch.

Teamwork makes the dream work.

I lather lube around her tight ring, preparing her to take me. With her lack of hesitation and earlier comments, I'm guessing that this is something she has done before, but I want to make sure she's prepped.

Once both my fingers and her hole are covered in lube, I slowly insert my index finger. She moans and pushes her ass further back on the positioning pillow.

"You need more, sweetheart?"

She continues rocking her hips into my hand, so I add a second finger. She groans and Dion sits down next to Emily's face and starts rubbing her back.

"Look at you being such a naughty little slut for us, Emily. You're going to let us both take you at the same time?" Dion says as he pushes her hair out of her face.

She lets out the neediest whimper.

I'm not going to let her rush me with her cute little needy noises, though. I continue fucking her with two fingers. Once

she's ready, I add another. She continues thrusting back into me, asking for more.

Dion picks her up so I don't get lube all over her, and places her on her side on the center of the mattress. He lays down in front of her and I lay behind her. Dion fingers her pussy while I graciously lube up my cock. I've never done double penetration before, so I look over to Dion for guidance.

"Alright baby, Griffin's gonna start fucking your ass first and then I'm going to squeeze up into this tight little cunt. We're gonna make you feel so good." He kisses her neck and collarbone. His hand glides down her thigh, grabbing her right leg and hooks it into the crook of his arm. He looks over at me and nods.

I use my finger to make sure her asshole is ready, then I grab my cock and start nudging it into the tight entrance. She gasps as the head pushes past the tight, puckered hole. I firmly grab her thigh as I push deeper and deeper inside of her. Emily lets out a few whimpers, but they sound like pleasure and not pain.

"Good girl, Emily," I say softly to her. "Fuck, your ass is so tight. You ready for Dion, honey?"

At this point, I'm fully seated in her ass, not moving. Mostly out of fear of coming too soon, like a teenager, and I need to be still so Dion can get in there.

Dion starts playing with Emily's clit. She's grinding against me, her leg still propped in Dion's arm. Fisting his cock, he

teases her entrance. As soon as he pushes into her, everything gets so much tighter. I feel Dion's cock moving back and forth, just a thin layer between us. Emily writhes between us, panting and moaning.

"Fuck yes. Fuck yes. Fuck yes," she chants.

She grabs a fist full of my hair and angles her neck so we can kiss. It's a messy, sloppy kiss and I find myself not even giving a single fuck that Dion came in her mouth not that long ago. I can't imagine ever not wanting to kiss Emily, no matter the circumstance.

Dion and I work in tandem, timing our thrusts and bringing our girl pleasure. I wrap my arm under Emily so that I'm cupping her breast and use my other hand to play with her clit. Between the amount of slick she's releasing and the lube in her ass, the sounds ricocheting through the room are nothing but obscene.

Dion leans over and starts kissing Emily. He's completely inside of her, but not moving. I continue flicking her clit while I fuck her ass. The sensation of the pressure of being in her so fucking tightly is about to make me blow.

I'm grunting as I rut her until I can't take it anymore. Making sure that my knot isn't inside her, I come, spilling my release inside of her. My heart rate is through the fucking roof, and shivers are trembling down my spine. I roll over onto my back and start rubbing Emily's shoulders.

"You want this knot, dirty girl?" Dion asks her as he continues thrusting into her pussy.

My arm is over my eyes since I'm fucking exhausted and I only hear the sounds of their fucking. The squelching of her slick, her soft pants and moans. Dion picks up speed and Emily ruptures, screaming out her release. Dion follows not far behind, knotting her and locking them into place.

I want to hold her, but I can't get my limbs to fucking move. Against my will, exhaustion takes over.



Chapter Ten

My eyes flicker open and I find myself surrounded by bubbles and flower petals. I look to my left and see Dion lathering me with a loofah. I shake my head slightly. I still feel so fuzzy. It must just be a moment of lucidity. No way is my heat over this quickly.

"Hey, pretty girl," Dion says as he smiles at me.

His smile reminds me exactly why I chose Dion for my heat. Besides the fact that he is insanely handsome, he has such a calming aura about him.

My cheeks flush and I smile back at him. "Hey, where's Griff?"

"He's passed out. I think you wore him out a bit." He gives me a little smirk and continues to clean me.

"You don't have to do that."

"I sure as hell do. It's my job to take care of you during your heat. I want to," he says confidently.

"You do?"

"Alphas are supposed to take care of their Omegas, and this,"—he motions his hands to me in the tub—" is a privilege, and I'm honored you chose me."

"I can't believe I was so nervous. You and Griffin are like the sexiest, hottest, cutest Alphas I've ever seen. Oh, and you're both so sweet...I'm so lucky." There's a staticky and light-headed feeling still lingering. It's like my tongue and brain aren't on the same page.

"Fuck, you're cute."

I pick up a dollop of bubbles and boop his nose.

"No, you're cute."

"Hmm, that's probably just the heat talking."

"No fucking...I mean no freaking way. Just look at you. You're like the poster man for tall, dark, and handsome and you're giving me a fucking...I mean freaking bubble bath."

"Well, it needed to happen. You were covered in sweat and cum, sweet girl."

"Mmm, perhaps." I don't like being clean, though. I want their scents and markings all over me.

He laughs at me but keeps cleaning my body. My body, which now feels like it's on fuc—freaking fire. He brings the

loofah near my center, and I'm done.



Chapter Eleven

What they don't tell you about orgies and an Omega's heat? It's fucking exhausting. Dion and I have solely been tending to Emily on our own for the last forty-eight hours and we are both fucking drained. I need a solid five hours of sleep and a red eye so I can continue to function. At her next heat, Emily needs to have four Alphas.

Dion and I just both fucked Emily at the same time again. This time in reverse cowgirl with Dion in her ass and me in her needy pussy. We're both covered in a layer of sweat and slick. Emily finally looks content after being fucked for what felt like the millionth time. She's nestled up against some

pillows, sleeping. Dion pulls over one of the heated blankets and covers her.

"Where the ever-loving fuck is the third dude?" I ask Dion.

He wipes his brow with the back of his hand. "I don't know, man. If they don't get here soon, we might die. I'm like 95% sure I'm shooting blanks at this point." I feel the same way. It's like my balls are sad little birthday balloons that have deflated.

"Once she's lucid after her heat, I'm telling her she needs to have four Alphas next time. Even if we had a third guy, I think we would still be exhausted."

Dion nods his head in agreement and clears his throat.
"So do you think you guys are going to start a pack?"

"I'd like to. I know it sounds fucking crazy. I only met her a few days ago, but I can't imagine just walking away from this. Are you interested in her?"

"I'd like to spend some time with her when she's coherent, if she's interested."

"Well, it sounds like we both have things to discuss with her in a day or two. Let's both get some sleep while we can," I say as I go to cuddle Emily.

Dion settles into Emily's left side, while I cuddle her right. I send up a little prayer to anyone who will listen, to please let this woman sleep for more than three hours. As an atheist, I'm pretty sure it will go unanswered, but it's worth a shot.



Dion nudges me awake with his elbow. Apparently, Emily moved at some point and we wound up semi-snuggled together. His massive hand over my hip and my leg in between his. We both shift and untangle ourselves.

“New guy is here,” he whispers.

I look over and sure enough, Emily is being fucked doggy style by a man I haven’t yet met. He has pale white skin, a closely shaved head, his hair would be dark if he fully let it grow out. He’s a brick shit house of a man, just pure muscle. With how tired I am, and how dim it is in the room, I can’t get a good range for his height or age, but I’m guessing around my age. His left arm is covered in a sleeve of tattoos that I can’t decipher. I overhear him speaking to Emily, and I immediately don’t like what I’m hearing.

“Take my dick you worthless cunt.”

Now, I’m new to the whole degradation thing, but I don’t think that’s what Emily meant when she put that on her list.

I look over at Emily and she doesn’t make a face or say anything, so I decide not to intervene. Watching this guy fuck my girl does not give me the same feeling as when it’s Dion. I’m on high alert and I just want to get him the fuck off of her. I take some deep breaths to calm myself down and

remember that this is what I signed up for, and this is what Emily needs.

Dion and I head over to the corner to drink some water and eat some breakfast. He looks just as skeeved out as I do.

“Listen, if things get out of control, we will take care of it,” Dion says.

He doesn’t look at me, his gaze is on this strange man fucking Emily from behind in brutal thrusts. He has a flat Hank Hill looking ass and watching it clench while he fucks Emily almost makes me lose my appetite. Dude needs to stop skipping out on leg and squat days.

“He seems like a real fucking asshole,” I cough out.

Dion chuckles, “Well, that’s probably because you don’t know him and he’s fucking the girl you like. Let’s give him a chance. We both need a break. I was going to go sleep in one of the overnight rooms once he got here, but I think I’ll stay instead.”

A tremendous wave of relief ripples through me, and I’m so thankful for Dion. He might be younger than me, but he has been my mentor throughout this entire process. There was no way I was leaving Emily with this guy, so I’m glad I have backup.

The big ass dude finally comes and knots Emily. He doesn’t stroke her hair or massage her as he waits for his knot to go down, he just fucking lays there. I muster all the

patience in the world not to throat punch this fucker as I lay down next to Emily.

I stroke her face and pat her hair down. “How are you doing, sweetheart?”

“Thirsty,” she answers.

I look over her shoulder and the guy is just chilling there fucking daydreaming, probably about plain white rice and unseasoned chicken. Before I can even get up to get her anything, Dion walks over with a Gatorade and a straw. He hands it to me and I put it level so Emily can drink. She takes one small sip.

“A few more sips,” I tell her. She rolls her eyes at me, but she takes a few more sips.

I hand the bottle back to Dion and he sets it on the table. The man's knot goes down and it releases him from Emily. She sighs and starts to fall asleep again.

The man gets up and looks at Dion and me.

“Hey, I’m Jenson. You guys can go to the overnight suites, I got this.”

The name Jenson rings a bell. This isn’t the guy that was supposed to be here. It was the guy put on standby because I took his place. I’m guessing her original third couldn’t make it and that’s why Dion and I have been on our own for so long, they needed to contact her back up option. Dion and I share a knowing look that there is no fucking way that is going to happen. At this point, I’ve completely forgotten

about the moderator watching. I know they are there, but there is no way we're leaving Emily.

Dion gives the man a half-smile, "I'm Dion, and this is Griffin. We're fine where we are, thanks."

Jenson rolls his eyes, but opens the mini-fridge and takes out a handful of strawberries.

"Suit yourselves," he says as he takes another bite of the strawberry and I watch him eat it. The way he eats makes me want to wire his jaw closed. He's like a demented cow chewing hay. How the fuck was this guy even on Emily's original roster. I mean, I guess he is attractive and smells fine, but he's a real fucking cunt.

"When do you think she'll wake up again? I want her to suck my cock," Jenson jokes with no decorum.

Do not punch this man. Do not punch this man. If you hurt him, you'll be kicked out of Heat Haven and Emily will be alone with him. I lock my jaw as tightly closed as possible. Dion squeezes my bicep with a firm grip, likely knowing I need to be centered.

Dion leans in and whispers just low enough so Jenson can't hear. "It's going to be okay, man. Let's both get some sleep so that one of us can be up while he is doing anything with her." We both have Emily's best interest at heart and I'm grateful I didn't get stuck with two guys like Jenson because I would be spending the night in jail and not in this neon fuck den.

Jenson has already plopped down in the corner, not making any attempt to cuddle Emily. *Fine by me.* Dion and I go back to our respective spots cuddling the sweet little Omega.



After a few hours of sleep, *thank god*, Emily seems slightly with it and we decide we need to get her to drink and eat a few snacks. She gives me a little pouty face when I bring one of the strawberries to her lips.

“Sweetheart, you specifically wanted strawberries. You haven’t eaten much today. I need you to eat.”

“I don’t wanna,” she huffs at me like a petulant child. If she wasn’t so fucking cute, I probably would have lost my patience.

Dion walks over with an energy bar and a plate of cheese.

“Alright, baby, you have to choose either the energy bar or the cheese and strawberries. No dick for you until you eat.” We both laugh at his ultimatum.

Mr. Douchebag in the corner just rolls his eyes and picks at his nails.

“God, this experience would be so much better if the Omegas weren’t so fucking needy.” Jenson scoffs as he continues being a steaming pile of shit in the corner.

Dion stares at the man and deadpans, “That’s kinda the whole fucking point.”

I don’t chime in, because I do not want to get into an altercation with this guy. Why would anyone sign up for a membership here if they didn’t want to take on the full role of helping an Omega during their heat?

Emily reluctantly chooses the strawberries and cheese, and Dion and I take turns feeding her like she’s a baby bird. We get her to drink some water and electrolytes. I wish she would have eaten more, but at least we got something in her besides dick. Once she has a full stomach, though, she is ready to go.

As I stand up to take the food back to the fridge, she grabs me by the elastic of my boxer briefs and glides them down my thighs. While normally I would be thrilled for a blow job, I know she needs me to knot her, and I can’t do that if I’m in her mouth.

“How about you let me taste that pretty pussy instead, honey?” She moans in agreement and crawls to the center nest.

I lay the food and drink down on the floor and look over to Emily where she lies on her back, giving me unadulterated access. Of course, she is already wet and ready. Her pussy lips are slightly swollen from how much she’s been fucked, but she’s still eager. Dion fell asleep in the corner right after we fed her.

Jenson comes to the side of Emily's head and releases his cock from his boxers.

"Who the fuck turns down a blow job?" he brings the tip of his penis to her lips. "It's not going to suck itself."

Do not punch him. Do not punch him.

I do my best to ignore Jenson as I lean down and start lapping at Emily's cunt. I've never eaten so much pussy in my life, but I'm certainly not complaining. Emily's mouth is full of Jensen's cock. Her muffled moans of approval as I circle her clit inspire me to make her come quickly.

Inserting two fingers inside of her, I thrust them upwards and continue my tongue's attention on her clit. Her slick is running down my chin and her thighs are starting to tremble.

I suddenly notice I don't hear her moaning anymore. Continuing to sucking on her clit, I tilt my head to look up at her face. That's when I see Jensen's hand tightly wrapped around her throat as he jams his cock into her mouth. Choking was Emily's hard limit. At this point, I don't care what happens to me. This motherfucker is about to die.

I immediately stand up, completely fucking naked, with Emily's cum on my chin and throat. I push him hard against his chest, so hard that he's pushed out of Emily's mouth and his hand leaves her throat.

"She said no choking, you fucking piece of shit," I bellow at him

He shoves my shoulder. “Mind your own fucking business. Who the fuck do you think you are?”

Our raised voices wake up Dion. He looks up at me, confused, blinking multiple times.

“Dion, go knock on the moderator’s door and have them escort this motherfucker out of here before I beat the ever-living fuck out of him,” I bark at Dion, who gets up quickly and knocks on the glass.

Jenson scoffs, “I’d like to see you try, you uppity fucking prick.”

Jenson goes to lunge for me, and I punch him square in the nose. The crack my fist makes against his smug fucking face gives me an overwhelming sense of pleasure. My strike sends him sprawling to the floor. Just as his flat ass hits the ground, the moderator walks in with a horrified look on his face.

I point at him, not a care in the world that I’m butt ass naked. “Get this asshole out of here right now, he was choking her.”

I swear, if people don’t start moving to get him out of here, I’m going to choke him out and give him a taste of his own medicine.

Jenson scoffs and looks at the moderator, his hands against his bleeding nose. “He’s full of shit. He fucking punched me! He should be the one that gets kicked out.”

I look over at the moderator again. This isn’t Tom. This guy can only be about twenty-one and he looks mortified.

He's the size of a horse jockey.

It happens and I can't control it. I use my alpha voice on the frightened little Beta male. "GO GET FUCKING SECURITY RIGHT NOW!"

He turns on his heel, and he calls for security right away. Jenson stays on the floor, I guess in an attempt to not get himself in any further trouble.

I look over to Emily, who Dion is currently consoling. She has tears streaming down her face and her small hands rubbing at her neck. Clearly, having someone's hands around her throat is a trigger for her, and this selfish cunt made my girl cry. It takes every ounce of me not to punch him again.

Security arrives quickly, a pair of two Alphas, one of them is a large man who must be six foot four and close to three hundred pounds. The other guy is pale with blonde hair, nowhere near as big as the other guy, but he still has some bulk on him. Together, they seem more than capable of handling the situation

I point them toward Jenson. "This stupid fuck completely disregarded our Omega's hard limits. Then attempted to attack me, which obviously didn't go so well for him. He needs to be thrown the fuck out, and I need to know why the moderator didn't intervene sooner."

The small male moderator's face is super red, and he looks ashamed. "Sir, I'm so sorry. I wasn't supposed to work at this nest. I was just reading her hard limits file when this

all happened. As soon as the other Alpha knocked on the door, I understood what was going on.” He looks over at the security guys. “Please take him away and make sure he’s added to the no heat list.”

The moderator looks over at Emily and he looks like he’s about to cry.

“Listen, kid, it will all be okay. Sorry I used my Alpha voice on you. You can go now.” I shoo him away with my hand. I don’t want to give the kid a complex, but fuck. What if I had been sleeping? It makes my stomach churn and bile fills my throat.

The moderator goes back behind the two-way mirror and I walk over to where Emily and Dion are sitting.

Dion is rubbing reassuring circles down her back, while Emily is silently sobbing into the crook of Dion’s neck. I use my thumbs to wipe the tear streaks off her face.

“You’re gonna be okay, sweetheart. He’s gone. Dion and I are going to take care of you, okay? Do you want to take a shower? Would that help?” she nods her head in agreement.

Dion scoops Emily up in his arms and carries her to the bathroom. I turn on the water and add a eucalyptus bundle to the spray. I know Emily would enjoy that shit. Dion holds Emily up until the water is at the right temperature. I enter first and Dion passes Emily to me. I hold her tightly against my chest as I let the hot spray hit her back. Without warning, I purr for her again. The vibrations seem to calm her as she nestles as close to me as physically possible.

She's stopped crying and seems content for the moment. I place her hair under the water. Once it's completely wet, Dion lathers it with shampoo and is giving her a head massage, which makes her moan.

"I love head scratchies," she says. Dion keeps scratching her scalp until it's time to wash out all the bubbles.

Once her hair is completely clean, Dion's hand washes her body with soap while I continue holding her upright. Her skin feels hot, not just from the water, but still having a slight fever from her heat.

"Em, honey, what do you need?" I ask her.

She looks up at me, her caramel eyes with green speckles wide and glossy.

"Mmm, knots...more knots."

I'm not sure how Dion and I are going to maneuver this in the shower, but when there's a will, there's a way. Emily is easy to pick up, so I decide that's probably the easiest way to go.

I bend down and grab her by the crooks of her knees, each leg hanging over my elbows. Placing her back against the shower wall so I can gain some leverage.

"Go get the lube," I tell Dion.

He jumps out of the shower, wet and naked, to retrieve the item.

"We're gonna fuck you so good, sweetheart. You want to take both of our cocks at the same time again?"

"Yes...hell yes," she responds, her eyes locked on mine. I kiss her fiercely until Dion returns with the lube.

In any other circumstance, I would say shower sex is for the birds, but the amount of slick that Emily produces makes it possible. Still holding her in my arms, I try to insert my dick into her, but it just isn't working.

"You need a hand, man?" Dion asks, I've never had a guy touch my dick before, but this seems like a fair circumstance. I shrug my shoulders and then nod. Dion makes quick work of just grabbing my dick and putting it directly into Emily's pussy.

Once I'm fully inside of her, I lift her body rapidly, making her impale herself on my cock. Dion is standing in a spot of the shower where no water is raining down as he lubes himself up. I move Emily so her back is no longer against the wall, but directed towards Dion. He slathers her asshole with lube and slowly inserts himself. Firmly gripping her ass, he maneuvers himself and Emily to find the right angle.

He glides in, inch by inch, just a small wall of skin separating us. I could come from him just moving inside of her and me being completely still. The way she tightens each time he thrusts makes me groan.

I look at Emily's beautiful face and smile at her. She throws her head back onto Dion's shoulder and I lean in to kiss and suck on her throat, kissing away any harm left on her precious skin. Emily is moaning loudly, the sounds echo against the glass of the shower. It's like a porn video on

mass volume. Dion is grunting behind her and I can tell that he's close. I want him to finish first so that I'm able to knot her.

Seated in her wet pussy, I stay still while Dion continues, fucking her from behind. Emily brings one arm up to each of our necks and grabs our hair as she absolutely shatters. Her moans ricochet off the glass shower and her thighs tremble weakly in my hands.

Her cunt milks me, and it sends Dion over the edge as he comes inside of her.

Once Dion pulls out, I continue rutting into her, just fucking her relentlessly. The sound of her slick squelching and my balls smacking against her skin are probably my new favorite sound. Leaning in, she bites my earlobe and I detonate. My knot swelling frantically inside of her and my cum settling inside of her warm channel. We're both panting and holding each other tightly.

I didn't think about the repercussions of knotting someone in the shower. My only option is to sit on the stool in the corner and hold Emily in my lap. I stroke her back as the spray hits her pale skin, and she sighs, all the fear that Jenson instilled in her firmly fucked out of her.

"You okay, Emily?" I ask her.

She mumbles something incoherent and we just sit there contently, waiting for my knot to go down.

After we're released from being knotted, we clean Emily up quickly and take her out of the shower to dry her off. We

dress her in some pajamas she packed, as well as her highly coveted fuzzy socks. I love taking care of her. I never thought of myself as the caregiving type, but I was wrong. The immense amount of pleasure I receive in making sure she is comfortable and happy is insurmountable.

Dion gathers a shit ton of pillows and heated blankets as I lay our girl down in the middle of the nest. We quickly take our usual sides around Emily and she drifts off fast. She probably only has another twelve hours or so of her heat left. We can get through this. *I hope.*



Chapter Twelve

I'm so freaking sore, everything hurts. My head is pounding, but not with the fuzziness of my heat, more like a major lack of sleep and when you don't drink enough water. Opening my eyes, it's clear that I'm back in the tub again. How many days have passed?

There's a tug at my hair and I notice that Griffin's sitting behind me, brushing my wet strands.

"You okay, honey?" he asks. He looks so tired, he has a full-fledged beard at this point. To be honest, part of me wants him to never shave it off. His eyes have light purple bags under them like he hasn't slept in a few days.

"A little sore. What day is it?"

“Sunday morning. Do you want some Tylenol?”

I nod my head in agreement, and he stops brushing my hair. As he goes to get up, Dion walks in with a glass of water and two capsules. I swear Dion has spidey senses.

“Here you go, sweet girl. Glad to see you back with us. I thought Griffin and I were going to have to beg the moderator for sex toys soon.”

My cheeks heat and I have a flashback to Dion taking care of me in the tub a few days ago. I remember it being just as nice.

“Sorry if I was too needy.”

Griffin grunts and resumes brushing my hair. I know I should probably take the brush from him and do it myself, but it feels so good. He places a quick kiss on the top of my head.

“We like you needy. We’re just tired and hungry. Once you’re done with your bath, I’m pretty sure they’re kicking us out of here.”

“Oh, okay.”

I look over to Dion and I note a look of loss in his brown eyes and it makes me feel guilty. Shoving the thought out of my head, I keep washing my body. Dion goes into the main nest and collects my things for me, while Griffin helps me get out of the tub and dry off. My whole body feels like a limp, wet noodle.

Griffin kisses where my throat and collarbone meet. “You sure you’re okay?”

"Yeah, I'm okay. I remember bits and pieces." I furrow my eyebrows and look at him.

"Do you remember Jenson joining your heat?"

I give him a sheepish look. "Yes, I remember him choking me. I also remember you and Dion taking care of me. Thank you for being there." I grab his hand and kiss the knuckles that are starting to scab over. The last time someone put their hands on me all I felt was complete terror. Though I had a moment of fear when Jenson's hands wrapped around my throat I knew I was going to be safe and that Griffin would take care of me.

"We're just lucky I didn't end up in jail for kicking his ass. I'm also going to need to have a word with Heat Haven management about how everything went down."

I pat his arm. "Having you here made everything better. The last time that happened I was scared and alone."

Griffin has a murderous look on his face. "Who touched you before?"

"The last Alpha I dated, Dale. That was the whole reason choking was on my hard limits list."

He strokes a hand through my hair. "When you're with me, sweetheart, I promise I will always protect you and I will never put my hands on you like that."

"I know, I trust you Griff." I nuzzle up against him, he makes me feel so safe.

"Next time I hope I'll be there to help you select anyone else for your heat so we can avoid the douchebags. We also

need a fourth Alpha. I've never been so fucking tired in my whole life." Did he just insinuate he wants to be in my next heat? I'm overcome with relief that he still wants to see me.

I give him a tight hug. I know if I apologize, he will tell me I have nothing to apologize for, so I go the easier route. "Thank you for being here with me."

"Nowhere else I would rather have been."

He kisses my wet hair one more time before taking a towel to dry it. "Dion was pretty cool too, I don't think I could have done it without him."

"You like him?" I ask with surprise. Griffin doesn't seem the type to welcome new people easily.

"Not in the same way that I think you might like him." He arches a brow at me. I barely know Dion, but that one little glimpse I have of him bathing me gives me butterflies.

"Maybe we could invite him to get breakfast with us?" I suggest.

"I think that's a great idea, sweetheart."

His hands haven't left me in one way or another as he gives me a quick kiss on the lips.

Dion strides in, putting my bag on the vanity as I put on a clean outfit to wear. Past Emily was looking out for future Emily as I put on stretchy yoga pants, a soft black cotton top, and Griffin's Harvard hoodie.

Dion smiles down at me, and I smile back.

"Dion, would you like to come and get breakfast with us?"

"I would love nothing more," he replies and I can tell he wants to kiss me, but he holds back. It's kinda funny all the different things we did over the last couple of days, and now a kiss seems like crossing the line.

"Alright, well let's get the fuck out of here," Griffin says as the two guys get dressed.

I take in the neon suite one last time and think about how lucky I am that I could have this experience with two fantastic Alphas.



Epilogue
7 Months Later

I look over at my girl. Her head is nestled into a bunch of pillows, her dirty blonde hair fanned around her face. She's grown it out since we first met and I love how it looks on her. Looking down at her collarbone where my bond mark sits, my heart swells. Every time I see it, it makes me smile.

Griffin and Emily bonded three months after her heat at Heat Haven, while Emily and I just bonded a little over a month ago. It shocked me when Griffin put his bond mark on her thigh. I thought he would want it somewhere where more people could see it. When I asked him why he chose

her thigh, he said it was because he spends so much time in between her legs.

I always thought joining a pack would be difficult, and even though Griffin can be a grumpy bastard, I love him. Not in the same way I love Emily, but he is pack and I would do anything for that man, and we would do anything for our girl.

I don't think we're done growing our pack, but right now, we're pretty fucking happy. We all moved into Griffin's place in Beacon Hill a little over four months ago. We all usually sleep in the master together, but we each have separate spaces we can go to when we need alone time.

We've been preparing for our second heat with Emily, and since we already know we are not enough during her heat, we'll be going back to Heat Haven. Our memberships are covered and Emily was offered a suite upgrade by Heat Haven. They wanted to make everything right after the incident with Jenson. Today is the big day where we go in to decide the other Alphas that will join us. Since Emily has two bonds, we're allowed to be a part of the process. Which entails a lot of pheromone sniffing and file reading. *Kill me now.*

I snuggle up closer to Emily, knowing that Griffin is already up. He is the early riser of the bunch, while Em and I like to sleep in.

She rubs her butt up against my already erect cock, and I groan. I go to slide my hand down her sleep shorts as a big

black poof ball jumps right on top of us.

Emily giggles, “Binx, do you need attention?”

He meows at her. Emily swears Binx is the smartest cat to have ever lived. I think he is probably the most manipulative. He thinks he is one of Emily's Alphas and deserves his own time with her, *well get in fucking line buddy.*

I pet the little attention seeker's head. “It's probably for the best, anyway. We need to be at Heat Haven soon.” Emily groans. She's not too keen on the idea. She wants to have her heat at home. “Baby, I know you don't want to go, but unless you want your Alphas to die from fucking too much, we need to go.”

She sighs and turns to face me. “I know. I just wish I wasn't so needy and we could do it here at home. Not that Heat Haven sucks or anything. I just wish it could only be my bonded, and I didn't have to worry about any outsiders.”

I kiss her cheek. “I know baby, someday...I promise.” She starts to cozy up into my neck and gives me a deep inhale.

“I don't think I'll ever get tired of your scent. Makes me want to lick you.” She gives me a devious smile, knowing exactly what those words do to me.

I want to throw caution to the wind and give her a quick little fuck before we have to go to Heat Haven, but Griffin quickly shuts down that idea.

“Alright, I let you two sleep long enough. We have to get going,” Griffin says, walking into the bedroom already

dressed in a suit.

He gives Emily a quick kiss on the lips and helps her get out of the bed. Landing a quick smack on her ass before she giggles and struts over to the ensuite.

Griffin picks up Binx and kisses him on the head. "Who's my good little cock blocker cat?" he boops the cat's nose. "You are. You understood we had shit to do today, didn't you, Mr. Binx?"

I roll my eyes. "Griff, I'm starting to get concerned by the amount of one-sided conversations you have with the cat."

"Don't get butt hurt that he doesn't like you as much as me and Emily," he jests at me.

I scoff, "Yeah, that's totally what it is."

Griffin glances back at the ensuite, where we both hear the sink running. "Does she seem nervous?"

"She just wants to be able to have heats with bonded partners only."

He puts Binx back down on the bed and runs a hand through his hair. "I know...fuck, I wish we could give her everything she wants. What we have now is nearly perfect, but I know she needs more."

"Don't stress yourself out over it, Griffin, we'll manage. Maybe we could just get her pregnant. That way she skips a few heats and it won't be a problem."

He points at me, "Now that...that's a solid fucking idea, D."

Emily chooses that moment to walk back into the bedroom. She gives us both a pointed look. "Remember when we agreed on no babies until we're sure our pack is complete?"

Griffin grumbles, "I mean, I don't remember agreeing. I remember you being the one who has to carry said baby and caving to your demands."

"Same difference," she replies as she walks over to the closet and gets dressed. She puts on some black jersey knit dress and Griffin beams ear to ear. She grins back at him.

Griffin looks back at me in frustration and disapproval. "Well, are you going to get the fuck ready or what?" I jump out of the bed and start quickly getting dressed.



Griffin drove us to Heat Haven. He usually drives when we all go somewhere together. Once things got serious for us as a pack, he purchased a spacious SUV. Emily always insists on sitting in the back, so I have plenty of legroom. She's so kind and considerate. I can't imagine my life without her.

I have my own Boston sightseeing company and while at twenty-five that's impressive, Emily has helped me completely overhaul the program. After she and Griffin

bonded, she quit her nannying position to help me full time. I, of course, agreed because it meant more time with my girl. Not to mention, she's great with people and marketing and I love having her on board. She does a great job of coming up with ideas to keep the kids entertained, while the parents take in the history and sights Boston has to offer.

Griffin takes the first parking spot he sees, and we all start getting out of the car. I open Emily's door and take her hand in mine. We walk through the mirrored front doors of Heat Haven and go straight to reception. Fortunately, the woman that Emily hates isn't working today. She said that she was hitting on Griffin and will never forgive her. Griffin doesn't agree, but we let Emily keep her rivalry.

"Hello, checking in for the Miller pack," Griffin says proudly.

That's fucking right. We are the Miller pack. I'm not close with my family and I felt totally fine taking on Griffin's last name. Every time we hear our pack name, I swear we all smile like a bunch of morons.

"Of course, welcome. You'll meet your moderator on level three to discuss potential Alphas for Mrs. Miller's heat. They are currently painting our stairwell, so you will need to take the elevator."

"Son of a bitch," Griffin mutters.

Oh, I know all too well about the elevator story.

Emily looks at the receptionist. "We can make sure that we don't touch anything in the stairwell. Are you sure we

need to take the elevator?"

"Sorry, yes, they have blocked the entrances," the receptionist replies, and I think Emily has a new least favorite receptionist at Heat Haven.

Emily huffs but grabs Griffin's hand, her left hand in mine and her right one in Griffin's as we walk over to the elevator. I hit the call button to go up.

Griffin grabs her chin. "Honey, it's going to be fine. Shit like that can't happen twice. It's like being struck by lightning or attacked by a shark twice."

"I don't like sharks or lightning either," she mumbles back.

The elevator door slides open and all three of us enter. Just as the door begins to shut, a large foot in very expensive shoes stops it from closing all the way.

It's a tall man, late twenties, with dark blonde hair, blue eyes, and apparently a British accent.

"Sorry, mind if we hop in the lift with you?" he asks.

"Of course not," I respond, since Emily is freaking the hell out and Griffin is silently consoling her.

Another man, probably around Griffin's age in a deep tan suit enters, he has inky black hair and looks to be of Asian descent.

"Freddie, I still think this is a bad fucking idea. We can find an Omega another way," he says to his British companion.

"Just give it a shot, Kenji," the blonde man named Freddie sighs as he rakes a hand through his hair. He finally takes a

good look at the three of us and smiles. “What floor, darlings?”

“Three, please,” I reply and he pushes the button and the doors finally close.

The elevator slowly starts rising at a snail's pace. Emily's hand still has a firm grip on mine, her other fisting Griffin's jacket. Just as the elevator illuminates that we're passing level two, the entire floor bounces and there's a groaning noise.

Griffin sighs, “You have got to be mother fucking kidding me.”

Emily yelps and the two new gentlemen look down at my sweet bonded.

Freddie, the blonde man, looks concerned for her. “Darling, are you alright?”

She glances at both of them and tries to give her best smile, but she looks a little hysterical. Just when I think it can't get any worse, the lights flicker off and Emily lets out a little scream.

I rub her back and Griffin tells her words of encouragement, “Sweetheart, you're going to be fine. I love you so much. You're being so brave. Just remember what happened last time.”

As soon as the words leave his mouth, the entire elevator is engulfed in Emily's scent. Emily must be having very vivid memories of what happened in the elevator last time.

Cherry and vanilla infiltrate the small space and I'm sure every Alpha on this elevator is now sporting an erection.

My thoughts are confirmed a moment later when Kenji speaks, "Jesus, you smell fucking good."

"Fuck me," Freddie utters.

Emily starts to laugh. I'm not sure if it's a manic laugh or if she's actually finding humor in this fucked up situation.

She stops laughing for a moment and says, "So, do you guys want to help me practice for my heat?"

THE END

[Want to know what happened in the Elevator?](#)

[Download the extended epilogue here!](#)

Sarah Blue

Sarah loves reading romance and decided to try her hand at writing it herself. During the day she has a corporate job (hence the lovely pen name). She lives in Maryland with her husband, two sons, and two annoying cats. She's an amateur comedian and a huge crafting enthusiast. Her favorite genres of romance books are reverse harems, sports, mafia and the occasional dark romance.

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Vera Hastings resents her designation as an Omega and has spent most of her life fighting against the things that come along with it. After multiple encounters with Alphas that just want to take advantage of her, she's almost given up on her biological need to bond.

That is, until fate steps in and Vera is traded to the Vegas Mystics female soccer team. After meeting the team's PR manager and their pack, Vera's interest is piqued. Can Vera work past her loathing of her designation, her mistrust of Alphas and consider joining a pack?

Although this pack is unique and unlike any other Vera has ever met, they have their own issues when it comes to claiming an Omega. Will they be able to come together and is Vera the Omega they need in order to thrive?

This book is an omegaverse reverse harem that contains explicit content including MM content, non-binary

representation and group activities.

**Vera and the Vegas V (Part Two) Coming March
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