



the
HOT COP

A NORTHERN REJECTS EPILOGUE

ANNA FURY

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May not be reproduced by anybody for any reason. Ya hear?

Stone

“Your package arrived today.” Titan’s deep grumble echoes through the empty bar as I restock it with our most recent shipment. I look up at my best friend with a devious smile as he slaps the package down on the countertop and gestures for a glass of Jack Daniels.

Uh oh. When I look down at the package, it’s incredibly clear what’s inside it.

Titan grunts. “Discreet packaging my ass. Although now I can’t get images of you dressed up like Jim Dangle from Reno 911. Please tell me you’re not going to cut the pants into booty shorts.”

I let out a huffy snort and shove the package under the bar in case Erin happens to show up. Searching our bond, I find her upstairs with the other omegas having girl time. I send her my intense love and need, distracting her momentarily. Our bond is new and beautiful, but familiar too. She’s been mine forever, and now she’s mine officially.

Turning back to Titan, I lean over the bar with a conspiratorial wink. “E wants to role play. I’m thinking sexy cop is a good place to start.” I pour a glass of Jack for him and set it down on the bar.

Titan laughs. “This is gonna turn into you taking it up the ass again when she gets dominant.”

“If that’s what she wants, that’s what she gets,” I concur with a sage nod, my smile turning devious as I glance at my oldest friend. “It feels so fucking good, T. Never thought I’d be into it, but I am very into it. I can’t wait to see what else she’s thought up to try. My girl is full of surprises.”

Titan’s eyes widen as he takes a sip of the Jack. “I can’t decide if I want you to tell me because I’m curious, or if I never ever want to hear about it.”

River breezes into the bar then, throwing herself on Titan’s back and squeezing him tight before pecking him on the cheek. “Good news is I can hear it all, so we can make it into a drinking game again if you want!”

“No!” I bark at the same time Titan shouts out a resounding ‘yes!’

Settling my gaze on the chirpy teen omega, I put on my most serious pack alpha face. “River, Asher can probably hear everything as well, but he’s not shouting about everyone’s business all the time.”

Her snarky smile falls a little. “He’s too wrapped up in his own mind, alpha. Otherwise I suspect he would be.”

My alpha intuition pings hard at that. It's uncharacteristically wise coming from River. She's typically full of bluster and jokes; that's how she handles the world. But I nod, glancing at my enforcer before looking at her again.

"He's got a long road to recovery, little one. But it'll work out for Asher in the end, I promise. We've got his back, right?"

"Yeah," she mutters. "I just...We need to do more for him. I don't know if it's because I might be a seer too, or whatever. But I can sense he needs help. He's not going to get around this without a lot of assistance. He's too lost in self-loathing to even see a positive future. It's not right."

Titan and I both stare at her in shock. I've never had a conversation with her so singularly focused on someone else.

My God, she's growing up already.

"Thank you Riv," I murmur, reaching out to rub her shoulder. "As a maybe-seer, if you can think of anything specific that would help, I'd appreciate knowing. I'm working on my intuition, which is really fucking good, but any insider advice is great."

She nods and cocks her head to the side with a wink. "Erin's headed down here to find you. I'm going to go find Rogue and Sal and see if Clay will take us up to the meadow."

"Be careful," I bark as she gives me that same fucking fake curtsy she loves before scurrying out of the room.

"That was new," Titan offers as we hear Erin chat with River just outside the door.

"Mhm," I agree, smiling when my woman sails through the open doorway to the bar with a huge grin on her face. There's a lot of that these days. Big, gorgeous, breathtaking smiles that are all for me.

"Hey T!" Erin wraps her arms around Titan's neck and hugs him, and I'm suddenly jealous of how much physical attention he's getting this afternoon. He smirks up at me from within her embrace, giving me a mischievous wink as she slaps him on the back.

"Don't tease my mate," she whispers into his ear. "You don't know what I have in store for him later."

Titan stands with the glass of whiskey in his hand. "And I'm out. Best of luck with your evening, buddy."

"Don't need it," I murmur, reaching over the bar to tuck a long strand of dark hair behind Erin's ear. "I've never been luckier."

Erin

To say I'm excited for tonight is an understatement. Stone and I have talked about a few things we'd like to experiment with in the bedroom, but my supplies arrived this morning. I can't wait to try them on.

He and I have always had an incredible push and pull in the bedroom. But now? Twenty years later? We're both older and wiser and far more creative than when we dated as teens. We were pretty vanilla back in the day, but that is no longer the case. I love that my alpha is up to try anything I want.

"Come here," Stone's gravelly baritone is full of command, and I obey because I'm wired to be drawn to him. I hop up onto the bar, splitting my thighs so he can step between them, pressing his body to mine. An immediate bloom of heat rushes over my body, my head falling back as he leans into my space, one big arm on either side of me.

Being close to him always overwhelms me in the best way. I'm so aware of the heat of his skin, the soft tickle of his beard stubble, the warmth of his breath. Rough lips bite at my chin, my throat, along my collarbone as he grumbles his pleasure at touching me.

"Missed you all day," he whispers into my ear as I smile.

"Sending me all those sexy ideas while I was in a council meeting was less than helpful," I counter. "I could barely sit still and Rue Jenkins kept asking me if I was okay."

Stone laughs, but it's deeply satisfied as he grips the back of my neck and hovers his lips just over mine. "I want to enjoy dinner with our pack, and then I want to go right to bed. I have plans for you this evening, omega."

My hips rock against him, his arms wrapping around my waist as he buries his face in my neck and breathes deeply.

Satisfaction. That's the emotion that wraps itself around our bond as my alpha holds me. And I understand, truly I do. We've missed twenty years of love and connection because we were young and foolish when we first dated.

Well, I don't intend to ever miss another moment. And neither does he.

"Come on, alpha," I purr, rubbing my hands up his broad chest. "I can hear Clay putting on a show in the kitchen, but he's covered for you four times now, and tonight's your night for kitchen duty."

My alpha groans but nods. "Guess it worked out pretty well to ask him to stay then, huh?"

I snigger a little at that. “Yeah, I guess it’s a good thing Clay forced himself into the job and you were smart enough to realize he’s perfect.”

Stone’s brows travel upward as he scowls at me. “Perfect, huh?”

“Yep,” I chirp, sliding off the bar and heading for the rowdy noise coming from the lodge’s kitchen. “Perfect.”

Stone’s big hand grabs the back of my neck and drags me back into his chest, hard enough to force the air from my lungs on a gasp. The scratchy roughness of his stubble drags along my collarbone as he rubs his cheek along my skin, pulling a soft moan from my lips.

“You’re not getting ideas about Clay are you, mate? Me telling you what I did with Mitchell and Alice makes you hot. You sure you’re not wanting a little bit of that for yourself?”

Slick floods my panties as I groan aloud and relax back into Stone’s heat. I’d be lying if I didn’t say the mental image of him fucking them didn’t turn me on. “I don’t want to share,” I growl as he grips my neck tighter.

“You sure? Are you telling me you haven’t thought about it, not at all?”

“Oh I’ve thought about it,” I gasp out. “But I won’t share you. Not now, not ever.”

“Well, if you ever change your mind,” he growls. “Let me know.”

With that pronouncement, he drops his grip on my neck and stalks around me out of the bar, disappearing into the hallway that leads to the lodge’s kitchen.

Gripping the edge of the bar, I suck in a deep breath and fight to steady my rampant thoughts. Images of my mate with Mitchell and Alice play like a film in my mind. Through our bond he shoots me teasing visions of him and Clay fucking me in our bed.

Good God. If I hadn’t really considered that before, I can’t stop thinking about it now.

Stone

I leave my omega in the bar to gather her thoughts, teasing her with visions of Clay and I dominating her between us. When I enter the kitchen, my strategist looks up at me with a knowing grin. *Seriously, alpha?*

I'm just playing, I message back. *Maybe give Erin a little bit of shit about it though.*

My bond with Clay is clear as day now, just as tight as mine with Erin, albeit in a different way. He senses my emotions and thoughts about as well as she does, which is truly saying something. She and I have twenty years of history together. Clay and I have just a few months. But once we opened up the door to our connection, it grew fast.

He shakes his head, but smiles and turns back to the kitchen where he's directing Sal and the twins to food prep. I hop in next to Sal, bumping her with my hip as she leans her head in to rest on my arm, taking comfort from my presence. That's how it should be for a pack alpha and the pack's omegas. I should be a homeland of sorts for her, a safe shelter, a strong leader. It's clear that Sal feels it now that she's been here for a while.

Erin comes into the kitchen, breaking up a tiff between the twins by inserting herself between them. For the next half hour, Clay organizes us as we prepare the meal. I'm proud as fuck, even when the twins bicker nonstop and Rogue flirts like crazy with Sal. I read everyone as happy and comfortable. They feel safe here. Erin and I created that space for them.

Sal leans into my side, laying her head on my arm when Rogue and River get into another spat and start slapping each other.

"Simmer down, you two," Erin barks. "If this turns into another food fight you're on cleanup duty, and I'm not delivering more food for three more days. No more Swedish Fish for you."

"Aww," River whines. "You wouldn't deny me my fave would you?"

Sal sniggers as Erin puts both hands on her hips. "Like hell I won't, missy." There's a little visual standoff between Erin and the twins before Rogue grabs Sal's hand with a wink.

"Let's get out of here, omega," he murmurs to her. "We can take a walk and let Riv cool off a bit."

They both smile up at me as River snorts indignantly and tosses a can of beans across the kitchen. Rogue ducks and the beans hit the wall with a thunk. He sticks his tongue out at his twin and sails out of the kitchen with Sal's hand gripped in his.

"Ugh," River complains. "Now I'm just the third wheel all day long."

Snickering, I nod. “You didn’t see that one coming, little one? I’m surprised you couldn’t hear Rogue’s thoughts about Sal from day one.”

“I mean obviously,” she whines. “He tells me pretty much everything. I am welllll aware of how he feels about Sal. It’s kinda cute.” Her voice turns low and wistful as she looks out the door they disappeared through. “I hope I have that one day.”

I’m not sure if River’s even aware she said that out loud, but Erin grabs one of her hands and I grab the other. We spin her back and forth between us in a line dance as Clay belts out a Toby Keith classic, ‘Who’s Your Daddy’.

Eventually we get dinner sorted under Clay’s expert direction. River helps us move all the food from the kitchen to the dining hall, placing it along the big table Titan built for me when I first transitioned. It’s beautiful and strong, just like this pack.

To my surprise, everyone is here tonight. Erin sits next to me, our bond tight with anticipation despite my attempts at focusing on our people. Even Titan shows up, which is saying something considering how much he tries to avoid Luna. She’s the star of the show at the other end of the table, keeping James and all the omegas in stitches. Betty and Arnaud show up as well, which puts a little damper on my sexy thoughts. There’s nothing like sitting next to your mother and her very suave boyfriend to cool you down a little.

Erin’s hand slides up my thigh as we watch our packmates eat and chatter together. When she looks up at me with a smile, I know she’s thinking about all the shit we’ve been through in a short amount of time. “We’re lucky, alpha,” she whispers, leaning in to rub her cheek along mine.

“We are,” I confirm, wrapping an arm around her shoulder so I can hold her tight. Through our bond, I send images of what I’d like to do to her tonight. She shudders in my arms, our bond snapping tight with tension and need.

I stroke and tease her through that burning connection until my mate squirms in her seat.

By the time we get to dessert, Erin is a mess of slick, her unique perfume slamming my senses. It’s practically a physical touch, the way I experience her. Every smell, every look, every movement—it’s all designed to drive me wild.

Cocking my head to the side, I whisper in her ear. “Give me ten minutes, mate, and then come find me in our bedroom.”

Her dark eyes crackle with mischief as she nods and pecks my cheek. Down the table from us, River looks up and rolls her eyes, but smirks at Arnaud. “Arnaud, are you ready for another drinking game?”

Clay, James and Asher look from River to Arnaud to me and then all burst out laughing together.

I don't bother to say shit as I stand and give them the middle finger. I've got sexy plans for this evening, and I can't wait to get started.

Passing through the kitchen, I head down the hall toward our bedroom. Once I'm there, I go straight into my closet, digging into the back to find the cop uniform I hid earlier. I tried it on and it's a tight fucking fit, but I suppose that's the point. My omega has fantasies of a little cop action, and I'm going to make those come true.

I dress quickly, taking a look in the mirror. I don't look half bad, if I say so myself. The collared shirt accentuates my big arms, and the pants are tight as fuck. I want my mate to lose her mind when she sees me. Grabbing a set of handcuffs, I loop them onto my belt and leave the closet.

My muscles are tight with anticipation as I stand next to our bedroom door. I focus on listening for her until the telltale pad of soft footsteps echoes up the hall. When she's just outside our room, I hear her heart thrum steadily in her chest.

Erin opens the door, looking first toward our bed.

I swing the door shut, causing her to whip around, dark eyes wide with shock. Her look of shock turns into a sexy as fuck smile when she takes in my outfit.

"Someone called in a disturbance." I take two steps toward her as she crosses her arms.

"Is that so? And what did they say, exactly?" The corners of her mouth curl up as I take another step, my eyes locked onto hers.

"Music's too loud," I bark. "But now that I'm here, things look a little suspicious to me." I let my eyes travel down her neck and chest, before shooting her a heated look. "I'm going to need to pat you down."

Erin lets out a huffy laugh, dropping her arms to both hips. "Is that so, Officer...?"

"Legs wide, Miss. Hands behind your head"

"Or what?" Erin takes a step forward and gets in my face. Oh she is truly fucking enjoying this playfulness. I thought it might feel ridiculous, and I suppose it does in a way. But it's also hot to pretend we're other people for a while.

"I'll be forced to consider it an act of aggression, and my response will be harsher than it might have been otherwise." I croon the words at her, watching goosebumps cover the surface of her skin.

Erin curls one brow up, but steps her legs wide and places both hands behind her head. Somehow, seeing her like that makes me want to throw her down on the bed and just have my

way. But I don't want to ruin our fun. Stepping forward, I run my hands along her arms and down her sides, then back up the middle of her chest, barely teasing her breasts with my fingers.

My mate bites her lip but stays silent as I peek inside the front of her shirt. "Not hiding anything in here, are you?"

"No," she bites out, barely restraining a little chuckle.

"Should I check for myself?" I'm having too much fun with this. Reaching both hands up, I grip the front of her flannel button up and rip it down the front. Buttons fly off and bounce to the ground as Erin sucks in a gasp.

"I'm going to report you for that!" she taunts as I slide my hands over her breasts, pinching both nipples as her head falls to one side.

"Are you?" Delicious need curls its way around our bond as Erin's chest rises and falls a little faster.

"I am," she mutters when I bring my fist to her throat and grip it hard. In one swift move, I spin and push her back with my body, shoving her up against the wall. I'm certain she hasn't noticed that I installed a bar in the wall earlier. But she's gonna notice now. Pulling the cuffs from my belt, I encircle one wrist and clip the other side to the bar.

Erin squawks as she looks up, her surprise fading into a sneer as she yanks at the cuff. "You think these little things can hold me back if I want out?"

"If you don't shut that pretty little mouth," I growl, "I'm going to fill it so you can't talk." Immediately, the scent of my mate's slick fills the air. She loves dirty talk, and this pretend cop dynamic is absolutely doing it for her.

"And don't try to tempt me," I whisper into her ear, leaning in to brush my lips along her neck. "You smell so fucking delicious, but I'm immune to you."

Erin arches her back, her breasts brushing up against the front of my shirt. Despite the thin fabric and the lace of her bra, I can feel the heat of her warm skin. I ache to end this play now and fuck her, but that would be giving in too easily.

Dropping to a knee in front of her, I rip her jeans open and slide them down her legs, pooling them around her ankles. She kicks one foot out so she can spread her legs wide again. But like this? With her sweet pussy right in my face? I'm near to losing my fucking mind. I'm fully out of character as I lean in and suck in a deep, gasping breath of her. I ache to slide my tongue between her pretty thighs and take and take.

"Stone!" Erin gasps out. "Please, mate."

That last word snaps me back into officer mode as I let out a teasing laugh and hop to a stand, pulling a bandana out of my back pocket. Erin's eyes fly to it before flicking up to meet

mine. She can see what I'm going to do before I even do it, and she opens her mouth to protest. But the moment she does, I slide the bandana between her lips and tie it behind her head.

"Told you I was going to fill that pretty mouth," I laugh. "Bet you thought it would be something more fun than a gag, hmm? Am I right?" I tip her chin up to mine as she grumbles around the fabric. Pressing my chest against hers, I run one hand around her side and up her back. My lips hover just above hers, my eyes not leaving her angry gaze. "Bet you hoped I meant I'd give you my big, thick cock to suck on. Is that what you wanted?"

She doesn't nod, but our bond is tight with need as slick drips from her onto her jeans. I suck in a breath and smile, dropping her chin. "Let's try this again, miss. I need to make sure you're not hiding any weapons, and then we'll talk about what's next."

Erin scowls at me as I drop to one knee again and run my hands up the backs of both her thighs. I squeeze the perfect globes of her ass, letting my fingertips play along all her curves. Moving to the front, I feel my way up her shins, up the fronts of her thighs, all the way to her shaved pussy. She's so fucking wet for me already, those beautiful folds swollen and glistening with slick.

Growling, I bring one hand between her thighs and look up. "Spread yourself wider." I let my alpha tone hit her as she gasps and steps her legs out, opening for me. Slipping one hand between her legs, I stroke two fingers from her clit down to that sweet pussy, making sure I give her enough to make her hot, but not enough to get her off. She's on the edge though, between the teasing and dirty talk.

I could make her come so fast like this.

But I won't.

I'm having far too much fun.

Erin

I knew seeing Stone in a cop outfit would do me in. He's hot as hell on a given day, but in uniform? And crouched down in front of me as he strokes my clit? I'm going to come so hard when he lets me.

Which reminds me that he's in complete control. I can't do anything other than beg or try to rock my hips, but the moment I move, he pauses and stands.

I shoot him a dirty look as he steps back, unbuttoning his shirt and tossing it to the ground. The pants go next, thank fuck. As he shoves them down his huge thighs, his cock springs free, swinging wildly as I hold back a needy whine. And then my mate is fully naked in front of me, hard and ready to fuck, and I'm handcuffed to my goddamn wall unable to move.

"Please," I beg around the bandana in my mouth.

"I don't fuck criminals," Stone spits, gripping my throat again, pressing his warm body against mine. The feel of his big chest rubbing on the lace of my bra makes me crazy. Our bond is a live wire of anticipation as I rock my hips. I just need to be closer.

Fuck me, please, I beg through our bond.

Stone groans aloud and leans in to kiss just below my ear. "I'm not going to last much longer like this, mate."

Good, I retort. *Let's be done playing. I need you.*

"At your service," he snarls, reaching down to pull me up into his arms. I wrap my thighs around his broad waist, reveling in the way he feels connected so closely to me. Stone presses my back into the wall and looks down between us, rubbing his thick cock through my heat as I coat him in slick. I whine when he groans, because there's nothing sexier in the world than the noises a man makes in the bedroom.

"Fuuuuck, mate," Stone gasps out. In one swift move, he pulls away from me and bucks his hips once, sliding deep inside as my head falls back and hits the wall. So full, I'm so fucking full of him, clenching around the intrusion of his enormous size. My mate pauses for a moment, waiting for me to adjust, and then he picks up a punishing pace that sends me hard into the wall with every thrust.

Heat builds and builds between us as I beg for more around the damn bandana in my mouth. Stone must sense my frustration with it, because he reaches out and yanks it down my chin. The moment it's free, I blurt out enough curse words to make a sailor blush. Nothing has ever been hotter than being taken like this. I've got zero control.

Stone growls and bites along my neck. He's close, so close already. Our bond is ready to shatter with bliss as he cries out and sinks his fangs where my neck and shoulder meet. The moment they pierce my skin, a shockwave of pleasure bowls me over. I come so hard around him that all sound muffles, and all I see are black stars as I squeeze my eyes shut.

My mate roars into the bite, his knot swelling and shoving us both deeper into release. I'm fucking lost to him, to a depth of connection I never could have imagined.

I love you, I push into our bond. With everything I am, I love you.

Our bond shimmers with strength and power as Stone's knot locks us together. He releases the bite and captures my lips in a tender, soulful kiss. "I love you too, mate. Even when you're a naughty criminal."

That last bit makes me laugh out loud, despite still being locked around his amazing knot. Stone laughs with me as the heat fades into a soul-deep warmth. He is everything to me.

Pins and needles in my arm cause me to shudder, Stone's dark eyes traveling up. He unclips the handcuffs and tucks my arm up around his neck, rubbing his way along my sore muscles.

"Might be a little sore," he murmurs, probing harder with his fingers as the pins and needles intensify momentarily.

"I'm not done with you," I croon, nipping at his lower lip.

One perfect brow arches up. "That so? I just dominated the shit out of you, so let me guess. You want to take some of that dominance for yourself?"

"You've got that right, alpha," I admit. "I bought a strap on."

Stone chokes out a breath as he carries me to the bed and falls into it with me in his arms. "Strap on, huh? How big are we talking, Erin?"

"Nothing crazy," I reassure him. "But I want to throw you face down on the bed and have my way with you."

"That's...extremely dominant," he deadpans. "You sure you're not an alpha?"

"We don't have to if you don't want to," I murmur, wondering if he's second guessed our ass play since the last time I pegged him. I found it really damn hot, and he got off hard, but maybe—

"Don't question it, Erin," he purrs. "Anything you want to try, I'm down. I don't care how dominant it is. Never hold back what you want from me. Now get your toys and fuck me."

Heat floods my system at his dirty words, but I shove up off him and cross the room to our closet. Deep in the back, I hid the package with my strap on and a toy I bought for this occasion. Crossing the room, I step between his thighs and drop to both knees.

“You look good down there,” he murmurs, a cocky grin on his handsome face as I run both hands up his muscular thighs. I toss my toys on the bed, but he doesn’t look over at them, because he can sense my focus. He’s still hard, and that gorgeous cock swinging in my face calls for my attention.

Leaning forward, I suck gently at the tip as Stone lets out a grunt and arches his back, rolling his hips up to meet my mouth. I nip my way along the edge of his cock head next, reveling in the way teeth bring an edge to his pleasure. Precum leaks in a steady dribble down his length as I kiss my way down the underside of him and back up.

I suck him deep into my mouth several times before reaching for the toy. Stone’s focus moves from my actions to the new item, a curious expression taking over. “What the hell is that? And why are there three holes?”

Laughing, I sit back but show him, sliding his dick through one of the toy’s rings. I nestle it just behind his thick head, two additional rings positioned underneath. Grabbing two metal bullets, I slide one inside each ring.

“Looks like turbo jets,” Stone laughs. I wink and grab the cords from each bullet, plugging them into a controller.

“I’m going to turn this on, and the bullets will vibrate the whole toy, okay? Tell me what feels good.”

Stone gives me a sexy smirk and shifts back, propping himself up with his arms. I press the power button, trying just one bullet on the lowest setting. The effect is instantaneous, Stone’s hips thrusting high into the air as he lets out a surprised grunt.

“Oh fuuuuck, E. That’s nice. I could keep that up for a while and get a nice build.”

“Let’s try the other settings then,” I encourage, cycling through all the buttons. Once I click both bullets on, Stone’s can’t stop his hips from rocking to meet the pulsing vibrations of the toy.

“Not that one,” he gasps out. “I’m going to come too fucking fast. Goddamn, turn it off E.”

Chuckling, I cycle back down to the first setting we tried. Stone releases a huffy breath.

“That was fucking intense, mate.”

I shrug. “Sometimes intense is nice.”

“Sometimes,” he agrees. “But for a strap on kinda night, I think we need the slow build. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“I do agree. Flip over, alpha,” I command as he sits up and then turns, lying back down on the bed. The vibrations of the toy continue as I grab the strap on and adjust it. I tried it on

earlier to be sure I could figure it out. It's a little awkward to get into, and it feels kind of abnormal to suddenly have a dick poking out in front of me, but I'm anxious to try this.

Leaning over my mate, I kiss my way along his back, the strap on nestled between his ass cheeks. Stone props himself up on his elbows, his head falling to one side as I crawl further on top of him and bite my way along his neck.

"Wish I was tall enough to fuck you and bite you at the same time," I growl into his ear.

His only response is a needy purr as his hips begin rocking against the edge of the bed.

I focus on our bond to get a sense of how he's feeling, but anticipation is evident in our connection. Opening a bottle of lube, I coat the purple strap on and step back to admire my view. My mate is folded over the bed, his gorgeous cock pointed down toward the floor. Heavy balls frame his thick length, which jumps along with the vibration of the bullets.

"I bet you could come like this," I murmur as Stone shudders. "Maybe naughty girls like to ruin good cops. What do you think?"

My mate humps the edge of the bed in slow, rocking movements as I watch his body tense and tighten. When I step between his thighs and slide the strap on between his cheeks, he freezes. We haven't done this since the first time I pegged him, so I need to be careful and take him slowly.

I grip the strap on and guide the first inch inside him, Stone letting out a groan of pleasure as I slide back out.

"More, E," he demands as his back arches, his ass pushing toward me.

"You need more, greedy alpha?"

"Yes," he snarls. "I need you hard and fast, mate."

"What you need is a proper warm up," I bark back, sliding the strap on inside, just a little further than before.

Stone hisses and presses his big hips back, taking the dildo further inside himself. My big alpha wasn't kidding when he said hard and fast. I press another inch in as he pauses and pants, tightening around the toy.

I sense he needs a moment, so I reach down and stroke his heavy balls, rolling them in my hand as my mate gasps. When he unclenches, I slide slowly out, and back in. Then I pick up a steady pace, pushing a little further each time. If he tenses, I give him a minute, then continue. By the time I'm fully seated in his ass, he's gasping for air and ready to come, and I've coated him with so much slick I can scarcely believe it.

"Still want hard and fast?" I growl as I lean over his back, nipping my way along his muscular shoulder blades.

“Yes,” he admits, panting into the sheets. “Between you and this toy, I’m losing my mind, Erin.”

“Good,” I snap, rocking out and back in with one quick thrust. Stone bellows and tears at the sheets, but I sense only pleasure in our bond. I roll my hips rhythmically, fucking him with one hand on his ass and the other on his lower back.

Our bond sparks with tension as his pleasure rises and builds, so hot and heavy I’m overwhelmed by the dominance of it. Reaching for the bullet toy, I click it one notch higher as my mate freezes and arches his back, pushing his upper body off the bed and closer to me. My breasts brush along his back as I wrap one arm around his abs and fuck him hard.

The slap of our bodies together is nearly enough to make me come, but this is for him. To make him feel good, to bring him joy.

Stone sucks in a stuttered breath, his pants growing more frenzied and desperate until he explodes with an ear-shattering roar. His body is locked up tight against mine, my sensitive breasts brushing along his back as he shatters around me. Pleasure transfers from him to me through our bond, a wash of hot need that draws a deep groan from my throat.

Long moments pass as Stone roars my name over and over, until finally that pleasure begins to recede, and he slumps back against my chest, his head on my shoulder. The bullet vibe still pings in the sudden quiet of the room.

“Goddamn, E,” he whispers. “I have no words for that.”

I kiss my way along his neck and jawline before biting a line down his shoulder. He sighs happily, but reaches for the bullet vibe and clicks it off.

Leaning around him, I gently remove the vibe from his thick cock and toss it aside as he groans and flops facedown on the bed.

Looking down, I have to laugh. Our sheets are covered in ropes of thick cum, and he’s boneless and panting in the middle of the bed.

Unbuckling the strap on, I toss it aside and head for the bathroom. I turn the water on to fill the tub, filling it with soap and heading back into our bedroom.

“Join me, alpha,” I murmur when he looks up at me with a lazy, sated smile.

Stone rolls back off the bed and helps me remove all the sheets, tossing them in our closet. He follows me into the steamy bathroom, our bond full of so much beautiful love.

Stone

I sink into the hot water with a happy sigh, Erin tucked between my thighs. My body feels limber and loose as I pull her tight to my chest. My mate throws her head back on my shoulder as I stroke my way along her thighs, teasing her clit with light touches. I move my way up her chest to cup both breasts, kissing her neck as I do.

For long minutes, we say nothing. We bask in the afterglow of the hottest sex we've had. "How'd you like my cop routine?" I ask finally, kissing my mate's shoulder.

Erin turns in my lap, wrapping her arms around my neck. Beautiful breasts push up against my chest as I let out a deep purr for her.

"So hot," she murmurs into my lips, brushing them softly with her own. "I had no control, no power, and I loved it."

"And taking the control back? Did you enjoy that?" I nip at her lower lip as Erin moans softly.

"God, I really did. How are you feeling?"

"Gonna be a little sore," I admit. "But I want it again, and anything else you can dream up. If you want it, I want it with you."

"Such a romantic," she sighs wistfully, bringing her forehead to mine. "Who do you think won the drinking game?"

Laughing, I stand up out of the tub with my mate in my arms, setting her gently down on both feet. "Probably Arnaud. He fits in well around here, don't you think?"

"I do," Erin agrees. "I don't know how we went from such a small pack to twins and your mom's awesome French boyfriend, but I love it."

Grabbing a towel, I wrap it around her. "I want to run tonight, E. What do you say? Just you, me and the wild?"

"I say it's cold as shit outside but if you give me a minute to bundle up, I'm down for a ride." She heads for the closet as I look at myself in our bathroom mirror. I never thought this would work out, that the stars would align for Erin to become mine. But she is, in every way an omega can belong to an alpha. Still, I want something more. One last thing to show everyone how completely she belongs to me.

Opening a cabinet drawer, I reach into the back and pull out a ring box, setting it on the counter. Then I shift and grab the box gently between my teeth so she won't see it. Stalking out of our bathroom, I pace to the closet and peer in.

Goddamn she's so beautiful. Dark hair cascades down her burnished skin as she shimmies into a pair of tight jeans.

Erin laughs when she looks up to see my wolf staring at her. "Couldn't wait to get outside, huh?"

I shake my head and sit to enjoy the view. As my wolf, I experience her on a stronger level. Her incredible woodsy scent, the steady thrum of her blood, the comforting drumbeat of her heart. My mate buttons up a flannel and then pulls a sweater over that. When she reaches for her coat I nudge her hand toward mine instead.

"Feeling a little possessive, alpha?" Erin reaches out to stroke one of my ears as I push her toward my coat once more. When she puts it on, zipping it up the front, I tuck my head over her shoulder and pull her close to my chest. I just want to feel her like this for a minute before we head out.

I could be coerced back into bed, you know...she teases me through our bond.

After, I murmur. Let's go.

We leave the closet and close the room to our back balcony, Erin opening the door. I crouch down so she can climb up onto me, looking back to see if she's ready. She gives me a quick nod and leans over onto my neck, gripping my fur tight.

In one swift move, I leap over the railing and land gently on the ground. I pause for a moment to make sure Erin's settled, but when she gives me a playful giddy up swat on the ass, I take off toward the back of the valley.

My mate leans low over my neck, holding tight as I run with her under the moon. We run for a solid quarter of an hour, heading up into the hills and an outcropping that overlooks the valley. When we get there, I drop down so she can shimmy off me, and I shift back into my human form.

"It's so fucking beautiful," she murmurs, gazing at the faint lights of the lodge with her arms crossed.

"Beautiful," I agree, staring at my gorgeous mate as she turns with a big grin. "I'm captivated by you," I remind her. "Wrapped around your finger for the last twenty years. I've got something to ask you, mate."

"Here it comes," she laughs. "This is the moment when you tell me you want a foursome with Mitchell and Alice, isn't it?" Her smile falls as I drop to one knee and bring the ring box out from behind my back.

“Never,” I reiterate. “No sharing. In fact, I want to make it abundantly clear to the entire fucking world that you belong only to me.” I flip the box open, revealing the huge princess cut diamond ring I designed for her myself.

Erin’s eyes fill with tears as her hands fly up to swipe at the tears.

I thought I’d be nervous as shit for this all-important moment, but all I feel is love. So much fucking love.

“Say you’ll wear my ring, mate,” I purr. “Say you’ll be mine in every possible way you can be. Marry me, Erin.” I breathe out the last words, anxious for the moment when she—

“Yes,” she whispers, cutting off my thoughts. “I will, yes. Of course it’s a yes!” She laughs as I stand and pull the ring from the box, sliding it onto her left hand. Erin hops up into my arms and attacks my mouth with hers, our kiss a desperate tangle of lips and teeth and tongues.

“I can’t wait to marry you,” she says when we part. “Can we get married here at the lodge?”

“Anything you want, honey,” I remind her. “I exist only to make you happy. So if a lodge wedding is what you want, I’ll make it happen for you.”

My omega leans in to kiss me again, bringing her soft lips to the curve of my ear. “I’ve got another fantasy alpha. Maybe it’s something you can help me with?”

“Tell me,” I command, gripping her hair in my fist as I brush my nose along hers, our lips barely touching.

“I want you to chase me,” she requests. “As your wolf.”

Heat floods my system as I take in her meaning, setting her down. Handing her the now-empty ring box, I shoot her a devilish grin. “We’ll fulfill that fantasy right now, E.” I glance toward the dark forest behind her, and the trail leading back toward our home. Already her muscles are tensing, readying her to flee from me.

“Run,” I bark as she turns and flies up the path into the darkness. Shifting into wolf form, I give her a thirty second start before sprinting through the trees with her scent filling my nose.

Mine, I press into our bond. *You’re all mine*.

You’ve got to catch me first, she snarks, all bright joy as she runs from me through the night.

Laughing inside, I push my muscles harder as she comes into view up ahead. Her long dark hair whips in the cool night air, muscular arms pumping as she runs.

Catch her I do, shifting and taking her wildly on the ground under the beautiful moon. Eventually we make our way back to the lodge, basking in the afterglow of a perfect evening.

I want to spend the rest of my life like this. Loving, enjoying, protecting, cherishing.

Erin tucks her head into my chest once we make it back up to our bedroom. Holding her left hand out, she eyes the beautiful ring that signifies a new promise. My mate lets out a little chuckle as she flips over in bed. “Who’d have thought in high school that this would work out,” she murmurs.

“I knew,” I remind her. “Titan knew. You’ve always been destined for me.”

“Always,” she confirms. “I can’t wait to marry you, mate.”

I smile, because this is everything I ever wanted for my life. And every moment of hardship, every rejection, every loss, it all led me to her, to this. She’s mine, and I’m never letting her go.

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