

# The Omega's Command

Anna Fury

Sleepwalk - Bonus Epilogue



# Jude

“Hey Judy, whatcha doing?” Orion asks as he settles onto the stool next to mine in the bar.

Smiling, I look up at my second-favorite alpha here. “Writing Griz a sexy letter. Wanna read it?”

“Oh hell no,” Orion chirps, shaking his head as he scoffs. “Have you talked to Connor today?”

“No, why?”

Orion smirks. “He’s on the warpath trying to find a practical joke to play on Stone, and the skeptical asshole side of my brain wonders if it’s all a diversion.”

I flare my nostrils as my head snaps toward Orion. “You think he’d hit Griz *again*?”

“Don’t know, but Connor’s sneaky as fuck, so I’d keep an eye out for him if I were you.”

“Noted,” I say thoughtfully as Orion tugs my ponytail lightly, nodding down at the love letter I was in the middle of penning.

“‘Come’ as a verb is spelled c-o-m-e traditionally. The actual jizz is c-u-m,” Orion offers with a snark as he tugs my hair again before turning to cross the lobby and head out the front door.

Laughing, I concentrate inward, looking for my sexy-as-hell mate. Sending him my love and excitement to see him later, I focus on a few specific things I want to do to him, starting with the suggestions in my letter.

Pen comes up next to me and guffaws when she glances down at the note. “Okay girlfriend, I see you. I like where this is going. Love letters both directions? You two are so sweet.”

My cheeks heat a little as I look up at her. “Will you read it? Is it sexy enough? I’m not going for sweet.”

“Yeah of course, if you want me to,” Pen quips happily. “If that doesn’t feel intrusive?”

“Nah,” I reply, biting my lip. “I just...he writes so beautifully. I want to make sure this is going to have the effect I want it to.”

“I gotchu. Let me take a look.” Pen’s green eyes scan the letter as her cheeks flush and she loosens a pretend collar around her neck. “Damn, Jude. Are you a switch?”

“I don’t know what that is,” I admit, biting at my lower lip. “Do you think Griz will like it?”

Pen scoffs. “Umm, hell yeah he’s gonna like it. A switch is someone who is sometimes dominant and sometimes submissive in the bedroom.”

My cheeks heat as her eyes land on me again. “Do you like to take charge sometimes? It sounds like it, from this letter.”

Suddenly I feel like I’m sharing far too much, so I grab the letter back and stuff it in my pocket, looking away as Pen smiles. “I think it’s great, Jude. Whatever the two of you have together in the bedroom is perfect, because it’s yours. You can be whoever and however you want with Griz, right?”

I nod, risking a glance back at my wildest friend.

“Then it’s perfect, and he’s going to have a freaking heart attack,” she offers, her voice kind.

I smile then, because all I want is to make my mate feel good, to enjoy every inch of him and make him come on every surface of our house.

Pen leaves to find her mate, and I smile when Griz walks into the lobby. He stalks almost soundlessly through the front door, smiling big when he sees me. It’s a bright, joyous smile, full of love and happiness. Griz’s ‘in love’ smile is the best thing on the planet. For the millionth time I thank God or whoever else lives up in the sky that Griz knows the very worst things about me and he still stayed.

He stops in front of me, reaching out to stroke dark fingers along my neck, tickling down my collarbone as goosebumps rise on my skin. “Jude,” he murmurs. “I missed you.”

Smiling, I hop up into his arms and attack his mouth, pouring all my love and need into our bond as his chest vibrates with the strength of an alpha purr. The sensation travels through my body, lighting up a strength of need that always shocks me with its intensity.

“Break it up you two,” barks Connor as I pull my lips from my mate’s. Connor strolls through the front door, holding Brady’s hand. I love seeing them like this, so open with their love. Brady looks...dubious however.

“Why does your face look like that?” I question with a grin.

Brady lets out a defeated sigh, glancing at Connor. “We’re about to see the results of Connor’s first practical joke here and I suspect it’s going to start a shitstorm.”

“I can’t fucking wait,” snorts Connor, pulling Brady’s back into his chest as he bites his way up his mate’s neck.

Griz is tense underneath me, scanning the room surreptitiously as Connor snorts.

“You are truly not my target this time, friend, I’ve moved on to the grumpiest grump on the planet.”

That one makes me laugh. “You realize if you pull a joke on Stone he might just beat you into a pulp?”

“It’ll be so worth it though. In fact, I suspect we are going to see him any minute...”

“What did you do?” Griz asks, his voice is cautious but curious. I know he’s wondering if there’s any possible way he’s still actually the target.

Connor chuckles and winks at us both. “I rubbed serrano peppers all along the inside of the omegamatic and he just headed up there about ten minutes ago. Oh, and I cut the water off, so it won’t work when he tries that...”

“Oh fuck,” snorts Griz.

Connor laughs again. “I suspect Stone is going to show up any moment. Shall we stand on the porch and wait for him?”

“I’ve got to see this,” I admit to Griz. Poor Stone, but ohmyGod that’s funny.

Connor and Brady turn and head outside, but I tap my fingers on Griz’s shoulder, still held close in his arms. “Wait a minute, mate. I’ve got something for you.”

Griz sets me down with another smile. “A gift?”

“Yeah,” I whisper, reaching into my back pocket and handing him the letter. “I know we’re both busy for the next few hours, but I have some ideas about how our night should go. I put them in a letter.”

When Griz goes to open it I close my hands over his. “Read it after I go back to the lab. I want it to be a tease.”

My mate’s eyes light up as he leans in and runs both hands up my back, into my hair as fangs scrape up my neck. It’s just a hint of the bite he wants to give me. I fucking love it.

“Later, then,” he murmurs, his voice a low rumble against my skin. “I suppose we should go outside and watch another alpha fall victim to Connor. Thank fuck it’s not me.”

“Let’s do it,” I giggle.

# Griz

While I'm thankful as hell that I'm not the target of this most recent joke, I've got to admit that chili oil to the dick sounds terrible. I once had a chili incident with a girlfriend where she cut peppers and then we fooled around. Needless to say we were both on fire and it took some fast googling to figure out a fix. It was highly uncomfortable and then my dick was tender for a day. Stone will be just fine, but he's gonna be mad as hell.

When I lead Jude outside, I laugh at the fact that most of our joined packs are out on the porch, waiting for Stone to show up. My thoughts stray to the letter Jude gave me. I wonder what she has in store for tonight?

Samson cocks his head to the side, listening. "He is coming now."

Connor roars gleefully as sniggers echo on the porch. "Well he probably *was* coming when the chili oil hit." Samson snickers as we all turn toward the treeline.

Thirty seconds later, we can all hear Stone crashing through the woods, a string of expletives preceding him as he sprints for the lodge. When he flies through the treeline, absolutely naked with his hand over his junk, the porch erupts into laughter.

Stone slides to a halt when he sees us, then bellows as he runs across the driveway and up the front steps. His chest heaves, the whole thing is flushed red all the way to his face and hairline. He grimaces as he shoves a finger in Connor's chest. "You did this? What the fuck is it and how do I stop it?"

Connor roars with laughter as Stone hops from one foot to the next. "Chili peppers." Connor pauses between the words, wiping tears from his eye. He can barely speak he's laughing so hard, and the rest of us aren't much better.

"I'm going to fucking kill you, you asshole," Stone snaps. But that shit must sting because he hisses in a pained breath and pants, whining as he steps back from Connor and sprints into the lodge. We watch him go, the porch still ringing with laughter as cuss words ring out from inside.

Connor is doubled over with laughter. "Oh God, that was fucking priceless. No idea what he might do to get me back, but whatever it is, it's worth it. God, so worth it."

Brady sighs next to Connor, Carmen tucked deep into his arms. Brady leans into Carmen's ear and nips at her playfully. "And here we go. Maybe you and I should take off for a week and let Connor deal with the aftermath."

Carmen snorts as she leans back into Brady's chest, smiling.

In my arms, Jude turns and kisses my chest. "I'm glad as hell it wasn't you."

Damn. "You and me both, mate," I agree, scowling at Connor. "Because I would kill Connor dead if he pulled that shit with me."

"I've moved on, Griz. I've gotten you good enough times. It's Stone's turn."

"That's a good call, Connor," chirps Jude from my chest. "Because you never know when I might just decide to defend my mate against your bullshit."

Hoots ring out on the porch as everyone catcalls Jude, Connor wagging his brows.

Leaning down, I capture her mouth with mine, kissing her soundly before I let her go.

"I've got you," she whispers. "I've got your back, now and always. I'm going back to work, but I'll see you tonight."

Something about the way she hints at the pleasure ahead of us shoots sparks along my back. They pool between my thighs as I growl in anticipation. "Can't wait, omega. I'll be home soon."

Jude rubs a hand up my stomach and leans in to kiss me, then turns to go back to her RV to work.

I watch her go, admiring the view as the crowd on the porch dissipates. Once everyone is gone, I pull the letter out of my pocket to read it, leaning up against the side of the lodge.

*Griz-*

*You asked me once what my kinks are, and I didn't know, at the time. But the longer we explore, the more I realize I like taking charge in the bedroom occasionally. I like commanding you and demanding what I want. It turns me on to watch you obey me.*

*That's what we're going to do tonight, mate. I want you home at 5. When you get home, I've got a plan for our evening that involves you coming in every room of our house. But not until I say so, because your ecstasy is mine, Griz. Tonight, it's mine to command, mine to control.*

*Don't be late or there will be...repercussions. Wink.*

*Yours,*

*Jude*

Oh fuuuuck. Oh fuck, I pant as my chest heaves. That very first time I got on my knees for her and told her to tell me what she wanted, she commanded me then. And it was so damn hot I exploded all over her in less than a minute. My mate's a switch. A growl leaves my chest as I close my eyes and allow my thoughts to wander to our last few nights together. She loves to get manhandled, chased, dominated. But she has a hellcat side she's unleashed on me a few times.

Coming in every room of the house? Why isn't it five yet? I've never been so ready to get home. Knowing she's in the lab—alone—right this minute amps up the tease. But I know she doesn't mean for me to come there. She told me to be home at five or there'd be repercussions. Hmm. There's a part of me that wonders what those might be, but I'll test that another day. Because right now, all I want is for my mate to tell me exactly what she needs.

Growling, I push off the wall to go find Stone and see what he needs help with this afternoon. Apart from his dick, I can't help with that. But I've got to find something to keep myself occupied for a few more hours.

# Jude

At 4:30, I lock up the lab and ATV back to the house to get ready for tonight. My entire body is alive with anticipation, knowing my mate has read the letter and he can't wait to get home. All afternoon our bond has been tense and tight with need. I know he's occupying himself doing some work for Stone, but the knowledge that he's counting the minutes until five is a huge turn on for me.

When I get home, I go to our room and pull a box out from under the bed. It's something Betty helped me procure specifically for tonight—a black lace-up corset with matching panties. I've never really dressed up in the bedroom, but the idea of Griz undoing the laces makes my thighs quiver.

Hopping into the corset, I lace it, hefting my boobs up in the front. When I pull on the panties and take a look in the mirror, I'm shocked to hell. I look...I look pretty damn good, if I do say so myself. There's one more piece of this ensemble, a thigh strap knife holder. I want to look like a damn super hero when my mate shows up.

While I wait for Griz, I set out my other tools for this evening. A length of soft rope and some fabric to cover his eyes. Lube. Oil. I've had a few fantasies about this and I'm going to play them out tonight.

At two minutes of five, I sense he's home, standing just outside the door. Buzzing with anticipation, I step into the middle of the living room with my hands on my hips, waiting for him to come in.

My mate is excellent at following orders, and doesn't open the door until the clock strikes five on the dot. *Ever the military man, I suppose.* When he enters, his scent washes over me, hardening my nipples as my pussy clenches and throbs. He's so incredible, it never fails to hit me when I see him after a little time away.

Griz steps through the door and halts, his eyes dragging from mine down to my tits, spilling out of the corset. His gaze drops further to the panties and the knife strapped to my thigh as his chest rises and falls steadily. Dark eyes meet mine again, full of dominant longing and need.

"What do you think, alpha?" I drop my hands and sway across the room toward him, not breaking his eye contact. When I'm standing right in front of him, so close I have to look up into his gaze, he grins. It's not the usual huge smile I love to see—the one where all his teeth show. Instead, it's a devious smirk where only the corners of his lips turn up. It's the look he gives me when he's ready to destroy me in our bedroom. I love that look.

Griz purrs, the deep sound of it caressing my skin as he reaches out to pull a lock of my hair between his fingers. He walks around the side of me, the hair tickling across my throat and shoulder before he drops it. Closing my eyes, I let my body feel his perusal, the way his natural dominance is as strong as a tangible caress. Tonight, I want to experience that dominance myself.

My mate strokes long, dark fingers along my lower back, up and along my ribs as he purrs and comes to stand in front of me, leaning down to brush his lips and fangs along my collarbone. I shudder, ready to throw my head back and beg for his bite. But then I remind myself that I'm in charge tonight, and a giggle burbles out of my throat.

Griz matches it, the deeper tone of his laugh caressing my skin as he kisses my neck, the touch so feather-light I can barely take it. My body presses to him like a magnet as he laughs again. "Mate. You told me you wanted to be in charge, but your body is saying something else."

"You're just so damn good at this," I grumble as he stands up and takes two steps back, letting his eyes wander as he puts both hands behind his back. The purr that rolls up out of his chest lights my body up as dark eyes find mine once more. "How do you want me, omega?"

Here, there, every-fucking-where. I want him all over every surface of our cabin. "Shirt off, follow me," I say with a wink, smiling when I hear his shirt hit the floor, and feel him stalk behind me, quiet and obedient.

When I get into our room, Griz purrs louder as he takes in the candles I've set up—dozens line our window frame and the top of our dresser. I turn to my handsome mate. "Turn around, alpha."

Griz smiles but turns, hands still behind his back. It's practically an invitation for what I want to do. Unraveling the rope, I tie it tightly around his wrists. Tightly enough to hold him while I pleasure him, but not tight enough to chafe his gorgeous skin. "Turn back around," I command, infusing as much authority as I can into my voice. Griz grins, a big sloppy grin like he can't believe me, but he turns. It's a little funny when I think about commanding my mate—he's got almost two hundred pounds on me. But he's encouraged every fantasy I've ever had, no matter what.

"Sit on the edge of the bed." I raise a brow as I gesture to the mattress. Griz slides down gracefully, stepping his thighs open wide as if he knows where I'm going next. Stepping between his legs, I let my breasts tickle his chest, a soft groan leaving his throat. He clears it, looking up at me as I pull the fabric from my belt. "Close your eyes, alpha," I whisper as he sucks in a breath. He does it, gritting his jaw when I place the fabric over his eyes and tie it gently in the back.

And then I take a step back and look at him, admiring my handiwork. Enormous muscles bulge, but he remains still, waiting for my direction.

Taking the small knife from my thigh holder, I walk back to my mate and slide the tip gently along Griz's collarbone—enough for him to feel the blade, not enough to cut him. He sucks in a breath, all the muscles in his core clenching. I drag the tip of the blade down between his pectoral muscles, his chest rising and falling a little faster as the steel glints against his powerful muscles.

“On your back.” Griz folds slowly down, every muscle in his core clenching as I follow him, licking a path up his abs as he pants softly, big arms moving as he works at the rope binding his wrists. “Leave it alone,” I growl as his hips roll, pushing me forward up his body. I slide myself back down and hover above his zipper, sliding it down and humming as his cock springs free.

I'm always shocked at how huge it is, long and curved and thickly veined. It's fucking beautiful, and I can't resist licking a path along the deepest vein, following it up his length before nibbling at the crown. It's thick too, everything about Griz is thick.

Fucking perfect.

Sliding forward, I pin that perfect cock between my thighs and begin to ride it, groaning at the way it runs against the soft underwear, reading my clit as my mate bites his lower lip, another deep growl coming out of his mouth. I use the blade to trace a path down Griz's abs as he moans, flinching away from the steel as his breath comes faster.

Riding above my handsome mate, pressure builds in my core as I watch him struggle lightly against the restraints. His lips are parted, teeth coming out to nip at his lower lip as if he can't take it any longer. That he allows this domination, even for a minute, is a testament to his astounding confidence in himself, and in us.

Thinking about that sends a wild rush of need through me. I can't take the tease any more, so I slide the fabric to the side and sheath him inside myself with one swift move.

Griz bellows in surprise, punching his hips up with a dominant snarl.

“Tell me what you need,” I command my mate. “Are you comfortable? How are your wrists?” I slide up off my mate and back down as Griz's chest heaves.

“More,” he gasps out. “Fuck me harder. Please omega.”

And that ‘please omega’ wrecks me, the desperate tone of his voice.

“Is that what I sound like when you fuck me,” I question as I flip myself so I'm facing his feet.

Griz let's out a desperate mewl when I swivel on his cock.

“Yes. Fucking desperate for my cock. I love it when you sound like you can’t have me fast enough.”

I chuckle as I slide up and down him rhythmically. “Spread your legs, alpha, spread them wide.”

Underneath me, Griz tenses but lets his thighs fall open.

Leaning forward, I open a bottle of lube and coat my fingers in it. Griz’s body is needy and tense under mine as I pump my hips slowly against his. Reaching back behind his heavy balls, I slide my fingers along his skin, circling his back hole, dipping in gently two, then three times.

My alpha grunts but opens his thighs wider, hips rocking up to meet me as I slide off him and crouch over his lap, taking his cockhead into my mouth. I suck and lick him as I slide a finger gently into his ass, feeling for a rough patch and circling it.

He pants, but when I press the spot instead of rub, his back arches in ecstasy. “Oh God, fuck, Jude. Don’t stop. Right there, please omega.”

Griz bucks up into my mouth as the heady knowledge that I’m driving him wild amps up the pressure in my chest. Taking charge of his pleasure is an incredible experience, having this big man at my mercy, begging and pleading for what only I can give him.

“Say you’re mine,” I snap, dragging my nails down his stomach as he groans.

“Yours, only yours,” he pants as I rub harder, the sloppy sounds of me fucking him so obscene in the candlelit room.

I nip at the tip of Griz’s cock and he erupts with a scream that shakes the cabin’s walls, coming all over my neck and chest. It’s far too much for me to swallow, but I pleasure him through it until he falls limp into the sheets, chest heaving, lips parted as he rasps in deep breaths.

“Roll onto your side, alpha.”

When he does I cut the rope around his wrists as he groans, shaking his shoulders to loosen them.

“Now, onto your stomach.” I’m having way too much fun being bossy.

Griz still pants from the orgasm but complies, rolling over to give me a view of his incredibly muscled back and shoulders.

I grab a bottle of oil from the bedside table and seat myself on my mate's lower back. And then I rub my hands around his wrists, up his forearms, up his biceps and shoulders. I slide back down the center of his back, kneading and pulling at the muscles as he groans with pleasure.

“I want to make you feel good, mate,” I whisper into his ear with a nip along his shoulders. Griz shudders, hips rolling into the sheets. His hands fist the white cotton as I sit on his back, coating him with slick. Through our bond I sense he’s struggling to hold back at this point, that he wants to take over and dominate, but that he’s attempting to stay in submissive mode.

A rush of slick leaves me as I gaze at his incredible body. My mate whines deep in his throat, a frustrated grunt muffling into the sheets as I rock my hips against him.

Laughing, I lean into his ear again. “Do you need to take control, alpha?”

In a flash, he flips us so that I’m seated on his stomach, his hands coming to my hips. “Now. You’ve pushed me to the edge, Jude. I need to possess you. Right the fuck now.”

I chuckle as Griz brings both my hands behind my back. “Keep them there, omega.” It’s a command, and my nipples pebble at the strength of it. He grabs the bottle of lube and empties it all over his cock and hands, tossing it aside as he coats his thick length. “Come here and sit down.”

My body tightens as Griz pulls me forward, lining his cock up with my back hole as I gasp. We’ve never done it in this position, but I’m skeptical. Griz teases me with his fingers first until I’m a slick-coated mess, and then slides me down onto him as I throw my head back.

He waits for me to adjust, and then in a flash he flips us so I’m on my back, his dick still buried in my ass. He nearly unseats me on the first thrust as he snarls. “Hands on the fucking headboard Jude, and don’t move them until I say so.”

I comply as he thrusts again, and my body locks up at the incredible pleasure of his dominance.

One of Griz’s hands comes to my throat, squeezing hard, and the other comes to my hip for leverage. He pounds into me until we both erupt again. And when that’s over, he takes me over the edge of the bed. And again in our hot tub. And again in our shower. He takes me until the wild, possessive need bleeds away into tender worship.

When he falls asleep in our bed hours later, I stroke my fingers along his neck and back and shoulders while he rests. I can’t stop looking at him, and being so fucking thankful for who he is.

Mine, all mine.

# Griz

I never would have pegged myself for a knife-play man. But my omega teasing me with a blade while I couldn't see or move? That was hot. Really damn hot. Her fingers in my ass while she sucked me off? Hot too. There's probably nothing she can think up that I don't want to do. All of it was hot.

There's nothing harder to do for an alpha than give up control in the bedroom. It's not our natural way, and that's what makes it perfect.

Now that I've claimed Jude fully, she's blooming. She's lighter, more at ease, laughing more often. There's a silly, goofy side to her that I never got to see when she was so stressed about her father and her big secret. I fucking love it. Even now, at breakfast, she's squirming in the seat next to mine, giggling about something.

"What's going on, mate?" I nip at her ear as she lips but leans into my touch.

I get to touch her all the damn time now, whenever I want.

"Oh you'll see in a sec," she chuckles.

The dining hall is full this morning, Stone waving as he comes over to sit with us, winking at Jude. "Judy, how you doing this morning?"

I love that he's adopted Orion's nickname for her. They've gotten close in the last weeks, and seeing it warms my heart.

"What if I told you I'm feeling a little blue?" Jude snickers and winks at Stone as he snorts in response.

"What the hell are you two on about?" I question my mate as she erupts into fitful laughter. "You two are up to something."

She turns to me with a grin. "Remember when I told you I was working on a sneaky little side project, and you said you didn't want to know?"

I throw my head back to laugh as the front door opens and Connor stalks in, followed by Carmen and Brady. They look like they threw clothes on hastily, and all their skin is...well...blue. Bright blue like a bunch of smurfs just rolled into the lobby.

Jude and Stone howl next to me as the room dissolves into laughter.

Connor growls as he approaches our table, leaning over it with a glint in his eye. "What did you do to the fucking hot spring, Jude?"

I roar as Jude dissolves into hilarious tears next to me, pointing at Connor's skin. When she can finally compose herself she wipes the tears away. "Don't be a baby, it'll fade in a week or two."

Stone cackles as Connor rounds on him next. “A week or two?! You don’t know what you’re getting started, little man.”

Stone smirks and gestures at Jude. “I know exactly what *you* started, asshole. You just didn’t think to get the researcher on your side. You shouldn’t have messed with the pack alpha. Am I right, Jude?”

Jude reaches her hand out to high five Stone before falling into a fit of laughter again. All around us there are laughs, even as Carmen steps forward next, a devious smirk on her face. “Didn’t think you’d include Brady and I in this, Jude. I see how it is. Game on sister.” Carmen turns and leaves the room, followed by Brady and a glaring, smirking Connor as laughs follow them out.

My bond with Jude is bright with joy as she winks at Stone and turns to me. “I told you, Griz. I will always have your back.”

Leaning in for a kiss, I smile back. “Mine, Jude. You are all mine.”

“That I am,” she whispers. “Forever and ever.”