

The Alpha's Attraction

Book Three - Epilogue

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This novel is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or localities is entirely coincidental. However, if I get the chance to be in the middle of an alpha sammie, I'll say a quick prayer of thanks.

Connor

Underneath me, Carmen hisses in a breath as I slide out of her, my cock coated with her release. Her body is covered in bite marks and Brady's spend—she is thoroughly, freshly fucked and sated. My beautiful omega chuckles as she props herself up on her elbows and glances to her left. Brady lies there, one big arm thrown over his head as his chest heaves from the exertion of fucking our woman.

“I want to hear about how you met,” she demands, mirthful eyes sliding up to mine with a mischievous smile, deep enough for her singular dimple to show.

Thinking about finding Brady three years ago brings an immediate smile to my face. Leaning in, I pull my omega up into my arms and stalk to the head of the bed, where I flop with her tucked into my chest. I love the way it feels after we connect, when our hearts are thump-thumping wildly together. The steady beat of them is a tattoo on my soul, binding me irrevocably to her and Brady.

Brady sighs as he drags himself up to the pillows with us, wrapping himself around us both with his forehead pressed to Carmen's. “You want the quick and dirty version, omega? Or do you want every sordid detail?” He leans forward, pressing a tender kiss to her full lower lip. It's still slightly bloody from his teeth.

Watching them makes my dick go hard again as Carmen laughs into Brady's mouth. “Don't distract me; I want to hear all about it, I really do. Sordid version, please.”

“Alright, mate,” Brady purrs, reaching out to stroke his fingers down her back, trailing them off of her body and onto mine as I shift underneath her. “Let's do this. I'll talk about how I arrived here, and then Connor can take over.”

“I love it when Connor takes over,” she whispers with a wink up at me, drawing an actual laugh from deep in my chest.

“Everybody likes it when I take over,” I respond with a big wink back at her.

“Except Griz,” Carmen deadpans. “He doesn't like it at all.”

Brady snorts at that, no doubt thinking about the glitter prank I just pulled on our pack strategist. “It's been almost three years at this point; can you believe that?” he asks, locking eyes with me, “but here's what happened.”

three years ago...

BRADY

I'm screwed. Clenching my teeth hard, I push my shirt harder into the stab wound along my ribs, pushing myself as fast as I can through the dense underbrush. Mentally, I bark at myself for not being more aware of my surroundings this afternoon; I was so thankful to finally catch a fish that I didn't fucking pay attention. I'm about to pay the price now though—a trio of asshole alphas is hot on my tail.

Desperately, I search around for somewhere to get the higher ground. Ahead of me in the forest, there's a huge house I know is full of alphas. I've passed through here enough to sense them, but I've never taken the chance to introduce myself. Alpha packs are inherently wary of outsiders, and I'm not looking to die today.

Except that not looking and paying attention might mean that's exactly what does happen to me. *Fuck.*

I close my eyes and listen hard for the alphas; they're closing in on me fast and there's not shit I can do about it except run. Running all the way to Parrish and hiding somewhere close to the normals isn't a great option either, for obvious reasons.

Grunting as pain streaks down one side of my body, I tense. Black stars burst behind my eyelids, making me realize I'm going to pass out from blood loss soon. And if I do and those alphas find me? I'm as good as dead.

My only option is to head into the big house pack's territory. There's a chance they won't kill me on sight, and that's better than my current odds. Maybe I'll get extraordinarily lucky and they'll be nice.

Probably not a chance in hell, I think wryly.

Squinting against the pain, I take off again in the direction of the compound, praying I can get onto their property and natural alpha instinct will take over. At the very least, they're not likely to let the trio chase me onto their land. Alphas are territorial that way.

I'm half a mile out when I sense the presence of other alphas, both ahead of and behind me. A lot of alphas. The ones who live on the big estate must all be outside. *Fuck, fuck, fuck.*

Veering to the right, I head for the side of their property, sprinting through the forest as the trio behind me pulls closer, close enough that I can hear their pounding feet as the forest stills to watch predators in action.

Up ahead, there's a small cottage in the woods. I've heard the alphas fixing it up when I pass through this area, so it must be part of the larger property. Not that I've ever gotten close enough to take a good look at it. Pumping my one arm hard, I gasp as pain blooms in my side, my legs starting to turn to lead.

In front of me, the cottage comes into view, and there are three alphas carrying lumber around the side of it, a fourth up on a ladder messing with the roofline. They're already focused in my direction, the blond on the ladder hopping down off it with a look of sheer concern on his face.

When something barrels into me from the back, knocking me forward, the new alphas spring into a flurry of action. My side hurts so bad, I'm about to black out from the pain, but I attempt to struggle upright to protect myself.

Between the stars dancing in my vision, I see the new alphas attack as a unified front, and in less than a minute, the trio chasing me has turned tail and fled. Momentary relief floods my system as my head flops back on the ground, pain radiating from my core outward. It's so sharp and biting that I can barely suck in a breath to fill my lungs.

Voices come through, muffled, but when I blink my eyes open, I'm staring into brilliant blue ones. They're set in the handsome face of the alpha who was up on the ladder, and he still looks...worried. Blinking several times, I swipe at the blood that's dripping into my eyes, struggling to pull myself upright. The other alphas come forward, forming a half-circle around me as I manage to get up onto my elbows and glance up at them.

"I'm sorry," I choke out around the pain in my face from my fall. "They chased me, and I didn't know where to go. I'll get out of here..."

An enormous black alpha, bigger than any I've ever seen, glances over at a slightly older male with piercing blue eyes. But I'm drawn back to the blue eyes of the male still perched on one knee by my side. He glances up at the others and then back down at me, stretching a hand out to help me up.

I'm so stunned that for a moment I just look at his hand like it's a snake waiting to strike. I transitioned six months ago, and in that time, I've never known a single moment of kindness from anyone. Certainly not from the patient who pulled a gun on me when I started turning during his therapy session. Not from my office manager or co-workers, people I'd worked with for years. And not from another alpha since.

"It's okay, man. We've got you; this is a safe place," reassures the blond with the shocking deep blue eyes. He smiles, and it splits his face so wide that I feel a tentative smile of my own begin. He's...he's so fucking handsome, I don't even know where to look. But I do

know I need to stop staring, so I mumble my thanks and grip his hand, roaring in pain when he hauls me up off the ground and slings my arm over his shoulder.

This should be interesting.

Connor

Dimples. This fucking alpha who just stumbled out of the woods has deep, incredible dimples on either side of lush, thick lips. Lips I should stop staring at as I half-drag him away from the cottage and back up to the main house. Orion and Alice should be able to patch him up in no time.

I'm a damn sucker for dimples. Dimples on men, dimples on women. I just love them. Glancing to my left, his face is scrunched up in pain, so it must be bad. Transitioned alphas are tough as nails. The tangy scent of blood coats him from head to toe, souring an otherwise delicious smell.

And...I'm going to stop fantasizing about how good-looking he is. He's injured and doesn't need me ogling. It's hard not to, though, with my arm around his muscular back, holding him up by the jeans straps. His energy flags the closer we get to the house, his head lolling to the side as he takes two steps and stumbles through the Great Hall doors.

Alice is there, eyes wide as she takes him in, glancing to where Mitchell, Griz, and Orion follow along behind me. "Upstairs," she says quietly as she runs for the kitchen where all the medical supplies are. We haven't moved them down to the Shed yet, but soon it'll be a fully functioning hospital and research lab for Jude and her asshole of a father.

The new alpha lets out a deep, terrible groan and falls to both knees. When he does, Griz jogs forward and gently grips his lower legs, and I throw my arms under his shoulders. We make it upstairs as fast as we can, depositing him in my room—it's the first one at the top of the stairs.

When Alice takes the bloodied, drying shirt off his side, I see a deep, jagged stab wound. He's bleeding profusely, hence the passing out. He shouldn't need surgery, not being an alpha, but we need to clean him up and let his body rest and heal.

"What happened?" she questions me gently, swiping at his wound with a clean rag.

"Some assholes were chasing him, looks like they got him pretty good before he managed to get clear. He ran here..." I finish as Alice frowns. "He seemed afraid to come here."

"Yeah, well so many alphas are just assholes to one another, that's not a surprise," she bites back bitterly. We've definitely all learned that lesson in the last six months.

An hour later, Alice and I have cleaned as much of him as we can, and I've offered to sit with him until he wakes. It's hard being a solo alpha these days. He's likely to be on edge

when he wakes up, and I want my friendly face to be the first one he sees. I can't imagine what he'd think if he Mitchell's steely gaze was the first one he saw.

"God, everything hurts..." The alpha's ragged voice breaks through my thoughts, causing me to look up from the book I'm reading.

"You're awake, how ya feelin'?" I flash him my best smile. I've never met a stranger, it's just how I am. Even as an alpha.

"I feel like I got run over by a truck," he admits, dark eyes flashing to mine. The hint of a smile graces his cheeks, the dimples showing up in full force again. He grunts as the pain hits him, both hands flying to his wound.

"You'll be fine," I reassure him, gesturing to the bandage Alice wrapped around his entire torso. "We got you cleaned up while you were out, but your alpha genetics will heal you fast."

He looks over. "I don't know how to even thank you for your help. I thought I was finally done for, to be honest."

The idea of those rogue alphas trying to kill him makes me inexplicably fucking furious, my hands clenching together at his bedside. When I look at him, I just want to know...everything. His whole story, everything he cares about and wants from life. I want to know every part of him.

"Good thing you stumbled across us then," I offer quietly as his eyes meet mine. "You need some rest, but the house is safe. It's early afternoon. I'll leave you to it, but I'll come back up to get you for dinner. You'll be better enough then to come down and meet everyone, if you want."

"I'd like that," he says kindly. "Again, I apprecia—"

"The world is hard enough, brother. There's no need for alphas to rip each other to shreds."

"Brady," he replies. "My name is Brady."

Brady, what a perfect name for him. Dusky eyes flick to mine again, and I sense a hint of interest. *He's interested in me*. The realization hits me like a truck, a smile breaking out on my face.

Reaching my hand out to shake his, I smile even bigger. "Hey Brady, I'm Connor." In that moment, I know with a certain clarity that this alpha is mine. I just need to get to know him well enough that telling him makes sense.

Brady

It takes me three days to recover fully, but during that time, Connor introduces me to the ten or so other alphas who live in this home; they call it the Compound. I learn about pack designations, something I didn't know about when I was on my own.

And I spend a lot of time with Connor, most of my time really. I've always known I was bisexual but preferred men. Still, it's been many years since I dated a man, and never openly. I get a distinct vibe from him that he's into me, but he hasn't made a move. Only one alpha here is in any sort of relationship—Mitchell, the pack alpha, another title I've picked up the last few days.

He and his mate Alice have a connection unlike anything I've ever seen, and learning about them has given me hope for the first time in six months.

“What are you thinking about?” Connor asks as we soak in the hot springs after a long day working on the cottage I first saw when I arrived. I've been helping out a little bit, and at this point, my wound is nearly healed.

“I was thinking about Mitchell and Alice, how nice it is they have each other. Do you want that for yourself?” I didn't mean to pry that deeply, but I'm out of therapist practice, unfortunately. Immediately I wonder if I've overstepped, but Connor curls one dark brow upwards and smiles at me.

“Fuck yeah, I want that for myself,” he says with surety. “To love, to be loved, someone to put up with all my bad practical jokes. Yes, I want that,” he tacks on, brilliant blue eyes locking onto mine.

The hot springs suddenly feel way hotter as a flush travels up my body, heating me until I think I might combust under the weight of his stare. My brain begins misfiring as I hunt for a simple response to him, but Connor just chuckles and crosses the hot spring quietly toward me. There's nobody else here, almost everyone is in bed at this point; dinner was hours ago.

Connor comes close enough that our chests are nearly touching, his gaze dropping to my mouth. “I've been giving you time to heal because I know that wound had to hurt like shit, but if I don't get my mouth on you, I'm gonna lose my fucking mind.” His voice is a deep alpha growl that travels straight between my thighs, my dick hardening at his rough words.

So, I didn't imagine his attraction for the last few days, despite attempting to remain friendly yet neutral.

Glancing up at him, I lean back on the edge of the pool as I smirk. “So you’ve been holding out, have you?”

Connor growls, stepping in further so my legs are pinned between his massive thighs under the water. His erection brushes up against my stomach and I feel...holy shit. Piercings? My eyes fly downward as he chuckles and tips my chin back so I’m looking at him.

“One thing at a time, alpha,” he growls, leaning in to hover over my lips, his eyes searching mine. “Do you want this, Brady? Do you want to feel how much you turn me on? We’ve been dancing around this attraction for three days.”

I do, I really fucking do.

A slow smile spreads across Connor’s face and he leans in the scant inch that separates us, nipping gently at my lower lip. His fangs are out, and I never realized I thought they were sexy until this moment. In the past six months, other alphas’ fangs have just been a source of concern, a weapon they could use to maim and injure, but Connor’s fangs are pure fucking bliss as he nips and sucks my lip between his teeth. The stinging bite sends sparks sliding down my neck and shoulders as a shudder wracks my frame.

Gasping, I reach one arm around his muscular waist, the other sliding around his neck to pull him closer to me. Soft skin stretches over miles of stacked, incredible muscle. Connor’s chest is coated in a dusting of fine pale hair, and I ache to bury my face in his neck and scent him. So, I do, threading my hands through his hair and tugging his neck back to bare him to me.

He hisses, and I worry I’ve overstepped. I don’t know much about how the dynamics of two men may have changed due to the virus. But when Connor lets his head fall back as the tip of my nose drags up the column of his throat, I realize nothing has changed. Nothing at all. Love is still love.

Two people wildly attracted to one another are just the same as before the virus hit us. When I breathe Connor in, he’s all peaceful fresh serenity. He may be the jokester around this place, but he’s a deeply confident, deeply settled person. He is who he is, and I admire that. I’ve hidden my sexuality from my family my whole life, but it’s clear to me over the last few days that Connor just doesn’t do that.

“Do something, Brady. Stop fucking around,” he barks as my lips hover over the skin at his throat.

Without further warning, I sink my teeth into his neck where it meets his massive shoulder, his bellow shocking me as his hips pump against mine. Connor gasps when I bite again at the base of his throat, tasting him, teasing. When I travel up and nip hard under his ear, he presses me hard up against the side of the pool.

“Your bite feels so damn good,” he growls as he leans in, his lips hovering just above mine. The tangy scent of blood fills my nose then, and I glance down to where blood trickles out of the bite wounds I made. My entire body is tense and primed for more of this, more of him, and when he leans in to kiss me, I open for him.

But this isn't like that first tender nip. This kiss is a maelstrom of intensity, Connor groaning into it as his hands roam all over my body. Like this, he overwhelms me with his need, and conscious thought evades me as our tongues clash. I need to get deeper with this kiss, I need more. I need to fuck him, to kiss him while I'm buried inside of him, or him inside of me. I don't even care which; I just need it now.

“I need more, Connor,” I snap, parting our lips for just a moment.

He chuckles as he hops up onto the pool. “I'm not giving it up that easily, Brady. I think you need to work for it a little harder first. Come here.”

And I do, because now that Connor's naked at the edge of the pool, I can see his entire body. My eyes go immediately to his long, thick cock. It's thicker than any I've ever seen, the fat head double-pierced in a crisscross through the tip. He reaches down and plays with it while I watch. “Imagine how good this'll feel inside you. I want to feel it at the back of your throat first, alpha,” he snaps, gesturing for me to come forward by flicking two fingers.

Connor pulls one muscular leg out of the water, propping his foot at the edge of the pool and spreading his legs wide so I've got an incredible view between them. He's hard as a rock, his dick swinging slightly, heavy balls underneath it pulled up tight to his body. I'm practically salivating as I glance lower, the barest view of the pucker of his back hole visible to me.

He chuckles as he leans back on his arms, muscular abs flexing under beautiful, smooth skin. “Like what you see?”

I don't know how to tell him that I love what I see, that from the moment he reached out his hand for me that day I arrived, I've been...besotted. No, it's more than that. Connor and I connected immediately, and in the days since then I've felt a draw to him that I can't explain. It's as if he's wrapped around my heart and soul, and I can always feel him there.

“*Love* what I see,” I growl back as I step forward, placing a hand on either side of him, leaning in to nuzzle the tip of his cock.

Connor snarls as he throws his head back, but snaps it forward when I suck the very tip of him between my lips. Precum coats my tongue as one of Connor's big hands comes to the back of my head. Thick, muscular hips start moving as he hisses his pleasure, taking slow, steady strokes as his cheeks flush pink.

I love this. Love the way he's unraveling under the slightest touch. I need to see him fall apart, so I surge forward, taking as much of him as I can into my mouth.

"Ahhh, yessss, Brady. Fuck, your mouth is perfection," he grunts out as he throws his head back again.

I suck and lick as one hand steals between his thighs, playing gently with his sack and everything behind it.

Connor's legs open wider, giving me better access as spit drips down, down, down, helping me to coat his ass.

Sliding the tip of my finger inside, I suck at him harder as he moans, hips pumping up more steadily to meet mine. I manage to get my entire finger inside him as he opens wider, snarling and snapping into the quiet night air.

And then I hear voices. Connor grunts again when his dick pops out of my mouth, and I hustle across the pool so whoever's coming doesn't realize what we've been up to.

Connor's still seated on the edge of the pool, his cock beautifully erect in the dark, fading moonlight.

"Get back in the water," I bark as he chuckles, reaching down to tug at the tip of his dick.

"Or what, the rest of these big bad alphas are gonna realize we want each other? That a big deal?"

"Yes," I snap. "Get back in."

Curious eyes find mine as he slips gracefully off the edge of the pool and into the water, looking at me thoughtfully.

Relief floods my system when Mitchell and Griz show up a minute later, carrying towels with them. They call out greetings as they slip into the large pool with us, and then they start up a conversation.

But all I can think about is if I fucked everything up by telling Connor to hide what we were doing.

Connor

I recognize Brady's reticence immediately for what it is—he's still more or less in the closet, he must be. Maybe not to his friends before the transition, but probably to his family or loved ones. Although, he likely hasn't seen them in six months at this point if he transitioned in the early days.

Still, I have to tread carefully here. I don't want to push him into something he's not ready for, but the truth is, he's mine. Mine in the way Alice is Mitchell's. Because that bright bond they share together? I've got that with Brady. He's wrapped around my soul like a perfect warm hug. He just doesn't fully realize it yet.

We exchange pleasantries with Mitchell and Griz for a solid ten minutes before I can't take it anymore. I want to get back and talk with Brady, but we need space from my brothers. Giving him a meaningful look, I hop up out of the springs. I'm still partially hard, and I know he's horrified when I glance over and his face has gone white. He looks at Mitchell and Griz, but nobody's looking.

I wish I could tell him that we aren't judgmental here, that we're a found family, that we've chosen one another. That's a private conversation though. One we need to have soon. He seems to catch the meaning of my head nod, telling my packmates bye as he hops out to follow me. I toss him a towel from the stack I brought and we head quietly back through the forest toward the main Compound.

I don't say a word, waiting for him to break the silence. Reading him through our connection, he feels like a cornered animal. But I'm a patient man. Patient and confident. So I'll lift him up and support him then tease the shit out of him as much as he wants and needs.

"Do they know?" he asks quietly when we're far away from the pool, but not in sight of the main Compound yet.

"About my sexual preferences?" I clarify. "We haven't discussed it, but I'm bisexual, Brady. I've been with men and women, although it's been a long time at this point since I've been with anyone at all."

He nods at that, running a hand through his dark hair. "Do you prefer men or women?"

I know what he's asking. Could I prefer him? So I stop and step into his space, tilting his head up so dark chocolate eyes find mine. "I'm attracted to people, Brady. I'm attracted to personalities, and dimples if I'm being honest. And I am wildly fucking attracted to you, to everything about you."

He smiles at that, gorgeous dimples breaking out on either side of thick lips.

When I lean in, capturing his mouth, he growls and presses his whole naked torso to mine. Between us, I feel the hard press of our cocks together.

“I need to fuck you,” I admit as he hisses in a breath.

“Where?” he asks, his voice deep with need and desire.

“There’s a cabin out in the woods. Nobody goes there,” I respond, turning him from me and shoving him forward—hard.

Brady growls deep from his chest as he picks up the pace, jogging away from the Compound. I pace steadily, quietly behind him. This is *almost* like a chase, something that I’m realizing I would very much like to do with him.

We make it there quickly with me directing him where to go, jogging up the decrepit structure’s front steps. He flings the door open and I stride through it right after him, yanking him to me as I devour his mouth.

We’re a needy clash of fangs and biting and blood as my hands roam over his entire incredible body.

“I want to try something,” he purrs as he leads me to the bed, gesturing for me to hop in. “Spread your legs for me, Connor.”

“Yes, alpha,” I chuckle as he steps between them. When I glance down, I notice he’s uncircumcised, and he’s playing with his foreskin, rubbing it up over the tip of his cock and back down. He grunts when I place a hand on his chest, feeling his heart thump steadily beneath my palm.

“Have you heard of docking, Connor?” he growls as he slides his hand up and down his cock.

“Fuck yes,” I pant out, unable to tear my eyes from him. He doesn’t wait for me to say anything else, instead stepping further forward so the tips of our dicks are kissing. I huff out a snarl as he gently grabs his foreskin, stretching it up over the tip of his dick, then over mine as well until two or three inches of my length is buried inside him. Between us, I can feel the precum dribble steadily inside the dock.

I groan, clenching my teeth as Brady grips my dick hard, holding his foreskin in place and pumping his hips slowly. The tight band of his skin around me, combined with his hand on me is enough to drive me insane. There’s a suction that’s building and building between us. God, like this it almost reminds me of the way pussy feels.

Gasping, I drag Brady closer to me, pumping my hips into his hand, not hard enough to break the connection, but enough to feel his glorious hot skin rubbing along mine, his cockhead sparring with mine as they get wetter and wetter.

I haven't done this in a long time, and it feels far better than I remembered. I suspect that's because it's him specifically.

Brady snarls as he leans in to kiss me, struggling to maintain control over the steadiness it takes to do this move well. But he hangs on, pumping his hips against mine as we both build and build, and then we explode together, sparks shattering across my chest and upper back as I come. There's so much that it breaks the connection between his skin and my cock, and we coat each other in thick ropes of release, roaring into the kiss as our hips thrust messily against one another.

Oh holy Christ, I think as I breathe hard into his mouth.

I've never come so hard in my entire life. Sliding off the bed, I grip Brady by the throat and manhandle him up onto the mattress. Crawling in behind him, I coat my fingers in our joint release and slide them slowly along his sack and around his asshole.

Brady flops onto the mattress, burying his face in the sheets as I lean in and kiss my way down his back, his hips pumping up to meet my mouth.

My dick is hard again, despite that epic orgasm, so I slide it through his ass cheeks, coating him to take me.

"You need me to go slow, alpha?" I grunt out as I reach around, pulling him up onto his knees enough for me to grip him from behind.

"No," he barks out. "Never."

"Good," I snarl, lining my cock up with his ass and sliding myself in purposefully as he moans, burying his face in the blankets.

Sweat breaks out along my back as I pause for a moment to just feel him, just experience him. The bond between us pulls taught and tight, and I send my overwhelming need along it. I haven't tried that yet, but when I do, he gasps and clenches around me.

And then I can't hold back any longer, sliding out and back in as Brady fists the sheets and pants. After that, time loses all meaning as I fuck him steadily, teasing and taunting until he's a roaring, snapping mess of need. And then I let him fall apart around me, taking me over the edge with him.

Carmen

My entire body is on fire listening to Connor and Brady describe their meeting and their first...encounters.

“I’m jealous I didn’t get to be an innocent bystander watching all of this happen,” I grumble as Brady leans in to nip Connor’s lip. “Maybe you two should recreate those events so I can watch now. Just a helpful suggestion.”

Connor chuckles as he pulls me into their embrace, covering my mouth with his. He’s an incredible kisser, and he does it masterfully, even as Brady continues to pepper his jawline with steady nips.

“You want to see us docking, little omega?” Brady kindly offers, shoving Connor back down into the pillows as he climbs over our mate.

“Hell yes,” I breathe, not able to tear my eyes from them.

“Only if you’ll come sit on my face while he does,” Connor snaps playfully, reaching for me.

Who am I to say no to that?

Gingerly, I crawl over Connor’s chest, letting him pull me back into place as Brady watches with a big grin. When Connor’s mouth closes around my clit, I fall forward, my forehead pressed to Brady’s chest as he reaches out, gripping my throat tight in one clawed hand.

“Stay upright, mate,” he snarls. “Enjoy him, and watch me enjoy him.”

Panting, I groan as Brady reaches down, stroking Connor’s hard shaft slowly, purposefully. He tugs at the piercings through the end, which sends a desperate grunt through my folds as Connor steadily loses his mind.

My entire body is tense and tight, ready to soar as Brady replays the docking scene, gently placing his foreskin over Connor’s cock as he jacks Connor off.

“Hands on me, omega,” Brady snaps, his eyes intense. “Rub my dick.”

And I do, God help me, I reach down and stroke his shaft with strong, steady moves—just like Connor recalled earlier—as he groans and strokes Connor. There’s so much dick in front of me, I don’t even know where to look, and coupled with Connor going wild between my thighs, I’m on the knife’s edge of exquisite release.

Connor’s big hips pump up to meet us as Brady and I pant together. He leans in and bites my neck hard, and it sends me over the edge into screaming release as he lets go of the

bite and does it again and again and again, his pain bringing a sharp cut to the indescribable pleasure barreling through my system.

Connor bellows as my slick coats his face and neck, his hips going wild as Brady snarls around the bite. And then there's a half-second of coiled tension before they explode together, cum dripping steadily out of the place they're connected, dripping all over Connor's muscular core as Brady claims my throat.

I'm so in love. And so, so, so thankful I found them. Sending my need and adoration through our bond, I revel in the way they send it back.

Half an hour later, we've fucked twice more and I'm absolutely spent. I need a shower and they need a shower, and I'm pondering getting sexy in that shower when Connor's voice breaks through my thoughts.

"Carmen?"

"Yeah?" I glance up at him, to find him and Brady sharing a look. "Oh no, you two have a secret, what is it?" I joke as Connor tugs me up into his big arms again, pressing my hair back away from my face.

"Brady and I have something to ask you, something we've been meaning to ask you for a little while now."

Tension coils and tightens under my skin as cold prickles travel down my spine.

"Easy, omega," Brady laughs as he leans in to press his lips to mine. "We want you to marry us."

Blinking my eyes rapidly, I glance from Connor to Brady. They're both smirking, but Brady reaches behind his pillow and draws out a tiny red box. My eyes fly from him back to Connor, but they're both smiling so big now.

Sitting up, Brady flips the box open, and inside there's an incredible ring. It's an enormous pear-shaped diamond on a thin, diamond-encrusted band. Light sparkles off every angle of it. I've never seen anything like it, but my eyes fill immediately with tears as I glance from one alpha to the other.

"You mean it?" My voice is breathless, incredulous.

Connor's the first to sit up and lean in, kissing me tenderly as he places one finger firmly under my chin. "I've never been more serious about anything in my entire life, omega."

Brady pulls me into his arms next, tossing the ring box to Connor with a meaningful glance. His lips are on mine, the hard dark edge to Connor's thorough decadence. "It's more

symbolic than anything; we can't get married in the eyes of the state. But we want everybody to know you belong to us, Carmen," he growls into our kiss. "I'm so deeply in love with you, I can never let you go. And we want this ring to remind you all day long, every day, how much we love you."

Tears stream down my face, salty brine mingling with Brady's deep alpha flavor. He growls into the kiss before we part, breathless.

"Is that a 'yes', omega?" he purrs, staring straight into my soul with a smirk.

"Yes," I whisper. "Of course, yes!"

Connor laughs, a blissful look taking over his face as he takes the ring out of the box and finds my hand, sliding it onto my finger with a pleased purr. "It gives me an inordinate amount of pride to see this rock on your hand, omega."

"We got rings for ourselves too," Brady says. "If we do a ceremony, we can exchange them then and give you your band."

"You've already got bands too?" I sob as the tears keep coming. Damn it, I just can't stop them.

"Yeah," Brady says softly. "We can't take you ring shopping, so Margie in town helped us pick them. We didn't think you'd mind. But we should plan a ceremony all together, if you want to." He says it in a rush, but I'm so grateful and overwhelmed, I can't even speak. I kiss my mates individually, and then I'm sandwiched between them as they kiss one another, all happy growls and purrs.

"When do you want to get married?" I ask once they part.

Connor chuckles. "I think the more important question is, should your new last name be Hale-Ramos or Ramos-Hale? I'm voting Hale-Ramos. I like to be first."

I snort at that as Brady laughs behind me. "If we're going strictly traditional, Con, she'd attach her new last name to her current one to hyphenate."

"I don't give a shit about my last name," I respond drily. "I want to belong completely to you two. Although, I think Ramos-Hale sounds kinda nice..."

"Nooooo," moans Connor playfully. "Don't let Brady win this." He's all jokes though, even as Brady smiles smugly and pulls me into his arms.

He claims my mouth masterfully, as always, fingers intertwined with mine as we make out tenderly. Tender isn't really his MO, so it surprises the hell out of me when he does it. When we part, breathless from our kiss, he glances at the ring on my finger before chocolate eyes meet mine once more.

"Perfection," he whispers into my lips, nipping at the lower one. "You are absolute perfection."

Brady

I'm nervous, *shit*.

Next to me, Connor stands in a dark jacket and tight jeans, his light hair pulled up into the perfect bun. Mitchell worked with the folks in Parrish to help us get Carmen's ring from the city, and Margie really bent over backward to get Con and I suit coats for today before we left New York.

The big day. *My wedding day*.

I don't give a fuck that it's not a "real" wedding in a church like my family would have wanted. This is as real as it gets. A very verbal, public acknowledgment of who Connor, Carmen, and I are to one another.

I know Margie worked to get Carmen a dress too, although I have no idea how traditional she went with it before we left the Compound—I haven't seen it yet. I do know the other omegas have been fluttering around Stone's lodge for days getting everything ready.

Today's the day. I'm standing in front of the fireplace of our temporary home in Canada. It's a beautiful property nestled in the Canadian cordillera region. God, I must be nervous if I'm thinking about geography. Reaching up, I pluck at the collar of my shirt, pulling it to get some breathing room.

"You nervous?" whispers Connor with a wry smirk in my direction.

"Of course," I snap. "Aren't you?"

"Hell no," he responds with a wry smile. "I can't wait to see what she did with the dress and take it off later with my teeth."

It's such a Connor response, I can't help but laugh, leaning back into him as he wraps one arm around me, nipping at my chin.

"I love you so much, Brady. I couldn't feel more grateful to have this life with you."

"It's not time for the kiss, brothers." Mitchell's voice breaks into our reverie. "Besides, your omega is just about ready. You two ready to do this?" My pack alpha is beaming from ear to ear. He's our officiant today, and I can't imagine anyone more suited for the job.

Connor shares a look with me before replying confidently, "We're ready."

Mitchell turns away from the crowd, pale eyes finding first Connor's then mine. "I'm so grateful you chose me to officiate your wedding, and I'm so fucking happy for you both. This is what we've worked for: these moments, these connections. It makes every hard choice we had to make in the past feel worth it, doesn't it?"

Thinking back to the last three years, I nod as I reach out to shake my pack alpha's hand. Looking out into the room, I see the faces of my found family. Alice stands next to Pen and Samson, tears in her eyes as she smiles happily at us. Mal and Orion are nestled together, his face buried in her neck as she smiles quietly, her head leaned up against him. Griz stands next to Stone.

Even Stone's pack is here, although they're hovering in the back and away from the main festivities. He's the only one standing up front with the rest of my crew, the few brothers who agreed to come with us when we fled the Compound.

A hush falls over the crowd as we all glance toward the tall, curling staircase that leads down from the second story. Carmen appears at the top of the stairs, a fucking vision in white with Jude right behind her, holding up the train to a beautiful gown. Even from down here, I can see her amethyst necklace glinting in the fading evening sunlight.

She pauses at the top, beaming brilliantly as she reaches down to twist the ring on her finger. She's nervous too, I can feel it through our bond. Sending her all the confidence I feel, I take a few steps away from Connor to wait for my omega at the bottom of the stairs.

She steps out, Jude following behind her to hold up the bottom of the dress. I can't tear my eyes from my mate's gown. It's a simple sheath, thin straps, and a tight bodice that accentuates her breasts. It falls to the floor in elegant waves, draping down behind her. I can't wait to see the fucking back. I know whatever she picked is going to knock me dead.

Any worry, any nerves I felt, dissipate as she makes her way carefully down the stairs. When she steps off the last one, I reach my hand out for hers, reveling in how she sets her palm in mine without hesitation. My omega gifts me a big, beautiful smile, and the urge to kiss her in front of everyone hits me hard. But I can't, it's not time for that. A helpful cough from Mitchell reminds me.

Turning, I guide my mate across the entryway, placing her next to Connor, who's smiling so big it splits his face in half. He leans in and whispers something in her ear as I take my place next to them and I gaze at the back of her dress.

Well, there is no back to the dress. The straps slide up over her shoulders and then dip down into a cut that exposes the whole of her shoulders and back. The dress starts again just over her hips, but the dimples above her ass are easily visible. A growl starts up in the back of my throat as I reach out and run my fingertips down her spine, reveling in the heat that move produces in our bond.

Jude steps around me then and places Carmen's dress along the floor, angling it out of my way. It's all so beautiful, I don't know where to look next.

I feel Mitchell's eyes on me and look up to catch him giving me a meaningful look, so I step up next to Carmen, placing my hand on the small of her naked, exposed back.

Mitchell begins his officiant duties, but all I can do is glance at my mates until it's time for us to say the vows we each crafted on our own. I haven't heard theirs yet, but I know they'll be perfect. We all agreed a surprise would be nice.

Connor goes first, something he insisted on since I won the last name debate. "Brady, the day we met I knew you were mine, the other piece of my soul. You fit me in a way nobody ever has, and I'll be thankful for that love the rest of my days. When we found Carmen, I didn't know if my heart could expand to fit two mates. But it can, and it did."

Glancing up, I'm surprised to see Connor's eyes filled with tears as he glances from me to our gorgeous omega. "I love you both," he whispers. "And I will love you, cherish you and protect you, every day. As long as I live." It's a promise, spoken from the heart, and I know it hits Carmen as hard as it hits me when she sniffles.

Mitchell turns to me next. "Brady. Your vows, if you please."

Stepping closer to my omega, I take her hand and place it on my heart, bumping my shoulder up against Connor's. I wrote my vows down, but I remember them anyway. "I never knew love and acceptance until I had you both. I never loved at all, not truly, until Connor showed me what it meant to belong to someone with your whole heart. And then you stumbled into our lives, Carmen."

Her tear-filled eyes lock onto mine as Connor clears his throat.

"You taught me the value of choice, mate," I continue, proud to get these words out in front of my mates and my whole pack. "I will choose you, both of you, every single day. I will honor you, and cherish you, through sickness and health. I am yours," I reiterate, glancing at them both. "In every possible way, with the whole of my heart and soul."

Tears stream down Carmen's face as Connor wraps his arm around my torso. I glance back at him to find tears streaming down his cheeks too.

Behind us, Mitchell chuckles. "Carmen, would you do us the honor of presenting your vows?"

My omega nods as she hisses in a breath and draws a folded paper out of a pocket in her dress. *Pockets*. I'm not even surprised my gorgeous mate would demand a wedding dress with pockets. I laugh blissfully as she unfolds the paper and looks up at me with a bright smile.

"My whole life has been hard," she begins, and I already feel my own eyes well up with tears. She's going to gut me with these fucking vows. "There was never a day I didn't struggle, never a day I didn't wish for something better, that I didn't look up at the night sky

and pray for happiness. And then I met you two.” Carmen glances over at Connor and smiles softly as he sucks in a sob behind me.

“Connor was all wild love from the beginning,” she admits. “So open, so free with his emotions and affection. You and I walked a different, path, Brady. A path just as beautiful, even though it took us longer to get to our happy ending. What I have with you two is the blessing I wished for my whole life. It’s the happiness I hoped I’d have for myself, that I didn’t believe existed in this world. I will be there for you every day, forever. To watch *your* love grow in strength and power. To nurture my love with each of you separately. To revel in the love we have all together. You are my greatest blessings, my deepest wishes for happiness. And I choose you both, always.”

Tears stream down my face then as Connor reaches around me and pulls Carmen close to our chests. We press our foreheads together as sniffles reach my ears. She gutted *everyone* with her beautiful vows. And she’s *mine*. They both are.

Satisfaction seeps through me then, bone-deep and perfect in its intensity. I’ve never been so certain of anything in my entire life.

A tap on my shoulder brings me out of my reverie. Mitchell hands me the wedding bands Con and I picked out. A black meteorite band for me, a white gold band for Con, and a diamond-encrusted band for Carmen that matches her ring.

The rest of the ceremony is a blur as Mitchell reminds us of what our promises mean. Then I slip the bands on my mates’ fingers, and we take turns kissing. My first kiss as a married man. *It’s fucking perfect.*

Everyone cheers when Mitchell officially presents us, but Carmen buries her face in my chest and sighs happily.

The next two hours are a blur of celebration with food, drinks, and dancing. We lose all sense of formality; there’s no presentation of the bride or cutting of the cake. But there’s a hell of a lot of catcalling and sexual innuendo until I need my mates so hard, I can barely see straight.

The band on my finger feels new and amazing and I can’t stop looking at it. I need to fuck Carmen with our hands intertwined, to watch the light hit the diamond Con and I picked out for her. And then I want him to take me, want to look at the wedding band on his long finger that marks him as irrevocably mine.

Jeers follow us up the stairs, and we barely make it to our room before Connor and I are a mess of need. Carmen’s wrapped around Connor’s waist, nipping at whatever she can reach of his neck as he growls. I hold her tight as he shuffles out of his coat, and then she

surprises us both by gripping both sides of his collared shirt and ripping it straight down the middle.

Connor groans as she peppers his neck and chest with teasing, biting nips.

Leaning in, I bite her hard on the neck, along her shoulders, then down her back, biting my way all the way down her exposed spine before dropping to my knees behind her. I hear the deep sounds of her and Connor making out as I lift her dress up. My God, she's wearing just a white lace thong underneath, and slick already drips down her thick thighs.

Shoving the lace to the side, I bury my tongue deep inside her as she jolts in Connor's arms. Their kiss deepens as I eat and eat, until she explodes on my tongue, writhing and panting as need shatters through our bond.

I lick and suck until she gets ticklish, then I extricate myself from the folds of her dress, hopping to a stand. Slipping both straps off her shoulders, I slide the silky fabric down over her thin waist, thick hips, and curvy thighs. She can't tear her gaze from Connor as I undress her, and the moment I do, he strips out of his torn shirt, kicking his pants off, his focus entirely on our omega.

Turning, she takes both of our hands and leads us to the bed. "I want you behind me, Connor," she growls as her heated gaze meets mine. "And I need you in front."

Lust flicks and spits down my spine as I rip my clothes off and hop into the bed, pulling her upright with me. Connor flops down behind us, and I help her onto his dick, smiling as she coats him with honey. He grunts as his thickness enters her from behind. Already, our bond tightens and pulls taut, stretched by the pleasure building up in their bodies.

When she's fully seated on him, I pull his legs close in together, straddling him with my own thick thighs. And then I spread my omega wide and tease her with the first half of my cock, in and out slowly as I stroke her clit. Shockingly, I'm not in a violent mood just now. I want the same scorching thoroughness she and Connor typically share.

But then she grunts and grabs the base of my cock, yanking hard on me. "Give me your fucking knot, husband," she demands, eyes blown wide with need.

Husband. Oh my God. I don't think I've ever heard anything sexier in my life. Surging forward, I thrust myself all the way up into her hard, so hard she slides off Connor's dick as he grunts in dismay.

"Get back on me, *wife*," he snaps to our omega as she groans. I'm almost too lost to the pleasure of her sweet omega pussy to worry about Connor getting his. *Almost.*

Manhandling her back down onto him, I hold her tightly there as I pound into her, her thighs bruising under my grip.

Sparks fly down the backs of my legs as I build and build, and she builds right along with me, until an explosion rocks us both, starting in our core and mushrooming outwards as she and I kiss and bite and fuck wildly.

When release fades, she chuckles, but Connor's all dismayed tension underneath us. He pulls Carmen off his dick and throws her down in the sheets, manhandling me on top of her. "Do it again, husband," he snaps in my ears as he presses my hips down towards our omega. "Damn it feels good to call you that."

Moaning, I slide back inside her with a hiss of pleasure. She's soaked from her release and my cum, and the sloppy noises of our lovemaking ring in the otherwise quiet room. Connor leans in and tugs gently at my balls as I fuck her, coating his hand in cum and slick as his fingers toy with my ass.

When his piercings press up against me, I squint my eyes shut tight and gasp out. His thickness begins to fill me just as I pull out of her, before he yanks his hips back to mine and I'm fully impaled on him.

And then we begin a steady drumbeat. I slide into her, then out as he fills me from behind. We pick up the pace until Connor claws at my back, ribbons of pain streaking down my skin as he digs black claws into me. We fuck hard until we all come again, together, and then we do it again, and again, and again.

When the blazing edge of lust finally recedes, I tuck myself into Connor's arms, Carmen tucked into mine.

My husband. My wife. I don't think anything has ever felt more perfect to me than this moment.

Hours later, I wake to the sensation of Connor's big fingers stroking my cock slowly, purposefully. "Wake up, mate," he growls into my ear, tugging me over so we're face to face in the bed.

One blue eye finds mine, filled with mirth. "I need you," Connor whispers, leaning into my lips.

My thoughts fly to our mate, snoring gently behind us as Connor chuckles. "We wore her out, let her sleep, alpha."

Nodding, I turn my full attention to him, smiling when he leans in to plant a tender, gentle kiss on my lips. "I can't stop thinking about when we met, how I knew you were mine immediately."

"Glad you didn't kill me," I murmur with a chuckle, biting his chin as he laughs and drags our bodies closer together.

“I was too distracted by your dimples,” he agrees as he reaches between us, stroking my cock gently.

For hours, my mate uses his mouth and teeth and hands to tease me. And then our joint need for our omega hits us so hard that we wake her to play with us.

My husband, my wife. They are perfection.

THE END