

The Alphas' Taking

Book Five - Epilogue

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Alice

“Alice, your order arrived today, just in time,” Betty whispers as she sets a box down on the bar next to me. Chuckling, I look up at Stone’s mother to find her winking at me.

“There’s no need to be hush-hush, Betty,” my mate says with a smile from behind the bar. “Ri took Mal in town for lunch at the bar.”

“Oh good!” Betty claps her hands together and winks at Mitchell. “Make me a gin martini? I cannot wait for this baby shower tomorrow. You really think Mal doesn’t know yet?”

Smirking at Mitchell, I nod in affirmation. “She’s such an introvert, and I think how she told us all like, in a very lowkey way, means that’s probably all she envisioned doing.”

Betty sucks her lips inward as if she’s zipping the secret inside before reaching for the drink Mitchell slides across the countertop.

She’s practically humming with excitement. We all are. It’s been three weeks since shit hit the fan with the Task Force. Three weeks of blissful peace and love and togetherness. Mal announced her pregnancy not long after we all recovered from the attack.

Stone comes through the front door with a conspiratorial wink in my direction, then wraps Betty up in a big hug before taking her drink and sipping it loudly.

“Stone Alistair,” she chides, but there’s no bark in her tone at all.

“Did they arrive?” he whispers, nodding at the box.

Mitchell laughs again, shaking his head as he prepares another martini for Betty.

“They did,” I confirm, patting the box lovingly with my fingertips. I can’t wait to give Mal my gift. “Can you come help me with something later? I have one last surprise I want to finalize.”

“Hell yeah,” Stone agrees, taking Betty’s martini as she grabs the new one.

“Anything I can do to help?” Clay’s deep baritone rolls through the bar as Stone clenches his jaw. He and Clay still aren’t seeing eye to eye, but it’s beyond me why they wouldn’t. Clay is the freaking greatest. He’s almost single-handedly rebuilt Betty’s store, even adding some things she never had before, like real dressing rooms with doors and an optimized checkout station.

I waggle my brows at Stone as Clay stalks behind the bar, standing next to Mitchell. His green eyes flick over to Stone, but cloud over as he schools his face into neutral shape.

I smile big at my newest friend. I fucking like him. A *lot* lot. There’s soul-deep gratitude in my heart for Clay, because without his intervention, I wouldn’t be loving my mate right now. I’d be mourning him. Nothing will ever convince me Clay’s not a good guy. “I’d love your help in the morning. We need to get the decorations up really fast after breakfast, so it’s all hands on deck.”

“Great, I’ll be there,” Clay agrees with a big smile. Dimples pop on either side of his lips, and I swear I can practically feel Stone’s simmering disdain at the alpha’s presence.

Clay looks over at Stone and rolls his eyes, then grabs a beer from behind the bar and heads out the other end of it.

Betty harrumphs after he leaves, pinching Stone on the side as Mitchell and I chuckle. “Why can’t you get over your dislike of that young man?” Betty’s voice is deeply disappointed as Stone knocks her to the side with a hip.

“Can’t get over what he sat back and watched happen. Maybe he’ll prove me wrong, but I’m waiting for the moment he makes a poor choice here and it hurts someone.”

Betty smiles but it’s a little sad as she looks at her son, and what she says next makes me wish I wasn’t right there overhearing their conversation. “Stone, don’t let the rejections of your past keep you from living your future. Clay is good and kind, but if you only look for the bad in him, that’s all you’ll see. And your people might suffer for that.”

Stone growls but looks over Betty’s shoulder at me. “What time do you need help?”

Looking over at Mitchell, I smile. “After dinner? Mal peters out pretty fast in the evenings, so we should be safe.”

Mitchell nods as Stone sets his martini glass back down. “Sounds good, I’ll find you then.”

When I look over at Mitchell, his face is a careful neutral, but our bond is tight with anticipation and excitement.

Mitchell

I'm rock hard all afternoon thinking about Alice's plan for this evening. It's got nothing at all to do with Mal's shower, and a lot to do with Stone joining us in the bedroom. I haven't discussed it with him in weeks, but for Alice, there seems to be something about the idea of taking him by surprise that turns her on.

So surprise him we will.

Dinner drags on at the speed of molasses, but I do my best to focus on my pack. To be honest, everyone feels good to me—connected, strong. The next full moon is happening in about a week, and already I can feel the tension that simmers in our shifts. We're ready to run again. I still can't shift, but shit, maybe this time I'll ride Alice.

Even the idea of that makes me hard, daydreaming about her big, powerful body between my thighs. God, is dinner done yet?

When it finally ends, I drag Alice upstairs for a quick shower. I want a few minutes to tease her before Stone comes up here. I shove my mate into the warm water and drop to my knees, teasing her with mouth and teeth until she's on the edge multiple times, but not thrown over.

Alice snarls into the steam of the shower, whining when I pull away from her and leave her behind. "I've got to prep a few things, mate," I growl as her whine increases, but she nods, a devious spark glinting in her eyes.

I towel dry fast, throwing on jeans and dragging a chair to the middle of the room. There's already a rope slung over the back of it.

A knock rings out, my body steeling itself as anticipation curls in my core. I don't know exactly how much deviance we'll get into tonight, but Alice and I talked about limits, and she has very, very few.

"Come on in," I growl, my voice husky even in my own ears.

Stone comes in, scowling at the same time. "Damn, Mitchell. I can come back late—" His voice cuts off as he takes in the chair and rope, and the devious grin on my face. "The fuck is going on here?"

Fast as a whip, I dart out and collar Stone around the neck, flinging him into the chair as he barks angrily. Before he can put up too much of a fight, I slip the rope around his chest and yank it tight behind the back of the chair.

"What the fuck is this, asshole?" he snaps, turning slowly to snarl at me, fangs elongated.

Leaning in close, I smile. "Just a little fun, Stone. Enjoy..." I leave it at that as I grab the

back of the chair and spin him to face the bathroom.

The door opens soundlessly, and Alice appears in the opening, completely naked.

Stone's chest heaves as his attention turns to the omega pheromones heating up the room. Alice smells like sex, even from here, and omega arousal. We started something that night in the truck with Stone, and she's been anxious to take it further.

"Alice," Stone moans, his voice a husky, broken rasp as her name falls off his lips.

She's highlighted by the light inside the bathroom, every gorgeous, saturated tattoo visible on her petite frame.

"You need me?" Stone doesn't bother to struggle against the ropes. They wouldn't hold him if he tried to escape, but Alice wanted him bound for the beginning of this.

My dick starts leaking as Alice stalks out of the bathroom, wet hair dripping down onto her breasts as she runs both hands up to cup them, tugging at her nipples.

Stone sucks in a deep breath as he watches her.

"Open." It's a one-word command from Alice as she gestures to his thighs, which he parts for her to step between. "I do need you, Stone. How do you feel about that?"

Stone's big chest is heaving at this point, Alice's body almost touching him. The needy noise that leaves his mouth is something between a growl and a plea as Alice drops to her knees in front of him, reaching for his zipper. "I want it, omega. Give it to me."

"I'm hungry," she growls, looking over Stone's shoulder at me. We've been playing the emotions-naming game ever since Brady recommended it during our first therapy session. To be honest, I find it incredibly hot. Her dark eyes flick back to Stone's as she smiles, a wicked smile that hints at the pleasure she wants to wring from him.

Alice unzips Stone's pants, his dick swinging free immediately, brushing across Alice's lips. He grunts in pleasure as he rolls his hips, trying to get enough friction to get her closer to him.

Walking around them both, I close the bedroom door and lock it, before leaning up against it to watch my mate and another alpha.

A different sort of man might feel jealousy, watching his mate grip another man's hard cock and guide it between her parted lips. But me? All I can concentrate on is the way slick drips down Alice's thighs, coating her beautiful skin as she licks around the top of Stone's dick. I step forward, behind her, staying far enough back that I can watch the show.

Because this isn't just about their pleasure, it's about mine too. As evidenced by the way Alice leans forward to deep throat Stone, her ass swaying for me, every inch of her on display to my greedy eyes.

Stone's trying to hold back a roar, I can tell, and it's almost humorous to watch him try. His arms are still tied behind the chair, but he's rocking his hips up to meet Alice with desperate, needy grunts. His jaw is clenched so hard I'd worry he might break something, but finally he issues a series of curse words that cut off on a deep groan.

Alice chuckles with a mouth full of him, letting him slide off with a pop as she looks back at me, one dark brow cocked. It's an invitation, a request.

Smiling, I drop to my knees behind her and run my hands up her back as she arches into my touch like a happy cat. Her hair brushes along Stone's legs as he pants and struggles against the ropes. They split under the pressure of his movements as I slide one hand between Alice's thighs, stroking her clit while she moans out his name.

Stone grunts as he tosses the rope aside and fists Alice's hair, guiding her mouth back to his cock. "Don't you dare stop what you started, little omega," he growls. "You've been wanting this for a while, admit it."

Slick flows freely from my mate onto my hands as I chuckle, kissing my way up as I cover her from behind. My hand is coated in her honey as she bucks up into my heat, sucking on Stone like a lollipop.

"She's close," I growl out as I slide two fingers inside her and stroke. Alice pants around Stone, humming her pleasure as he snarls.

"That's it, Alice. You feel the way I'm about to come for you. I wanna fill that pretty throat of yours with my seed. Do you want it?"

Alice gasps as I lean back and down and lick my way between her thighs. She shatters around Stone's cock as he arches up into her, his hand fisted tightly in her hair as sparks rain around the room. My mate rocks her hips against my face as slick spurts out of her, coating my neck and chest as I growl, lapping it up.

Stone pants, chest heaving as he tucks Alice's hair carefully to the side, stroking his fingers down the back of her neck as she swallows him down and keeps sucking gently at the tip of his cock. "What a good girl, taking all of that. Do you want more, Alice? Do you want Mitchell and I both filling you up? Is that what you started, that day in my truck?"

Alice sits back, her hair tickling my chest as she throws her head back, baring her neck to me. Stone stands and drops his pants the rest of the way to the ground, then reaches his hand out for my mate. I nip at her shoulder once as she reaches up for him. When she does he uses his strength to tug her up and over his shoulder, stalking to the bed and throwing her in.

I come to stand next to him, both of us watching Alice in the bed as she spreads her legs wide, showing us how wet she is, how turned on this makes her. Her folds are swollen and wet,

and every inch of me longs to sink into her heat. But not yet.

“Please,” she purrs in a throaty tone that means she’s lost to need.

“How does she taste, Mitchell?” Stone asks as he fists his cock and squeezes, cum dripping on the floor as Alice props herself up on her elbows and sighs, watching him stroke and touch.

“Why don’t you find out for yourself.”

He leans in and drags his nose through Alice’s folds, groaning. She watches him in rapt fascination as his lips close on her clit and tug. Through our mate bond, I sense her pleasure, the way this is hot and dirty and forbidden to her, because it’s not my mouth on her.

She looks up at me as he travels lower, nipping and licking as her hips rock against his mouth. *I love you*, she whispers through our bond. *I need you*.

Smiling, I walk around the bed, sitting up against the headboard as I pull Alice back into my chest. Stone snarls at her loss, stalking across the bed and pressing her thighs open and flat against the sheets before bringing his tongue to her clit again.

She groans deeply in my arms as Stone takes her. When my hands find her nipples and tug, she hisses in a breath. I’m rock hard behind her, watching another man give my mate pleasure. She’s overwhelmed by the two of us, on the verge of coming again.

“Let’s not make this so easy for her, Stone,” I suggest with a wry chuckle. “Let’s tease her a little more.”

Alice snarls at me but Stone just laughs, gripping her ankle and dragging her down the bed toward him. He manhandles her up into his arms, hands fisted in her hair as his mouth hovers over hers for half a second. I watch Alice’s body relax into his before he crashes down on her, devouring her like she’s the last water on earth and he’ll die without her.

He works Alice over like a damn expert, dominating her until she’s a squirmy mess in his arms. Then in one swift move, he flips her and shoves her toward me. “Get on your mate, Alice. Wrap that pussy nice and tight around his cock.”

Alice’s lower lip is puffy from Stone’s teeth, and I lean in to tug at it with my own. She tastes like another man, and something about that turns me the fuck on as I roll my hips, my dick poking into her belly. “Seat yourself on me, mate. Let me make you feel good.”

My beautiful omega grips my cock, stroking it twice as Stone growls. “Now, sweet girl. I’m not a patient man.”

When she doesn’t immediately obey, Stone grips her hips and yanks her down onto my cock, leaning into her ear. “I said now, Alice. When I give you a command, I expect you’ll obey it. Do you understand?”

Alice squirms, clenching around me as I resist the urge to flip her and fuck her up against Stone's chest. She wants to come so badly, I can read it in our bond, but I want to torture her until she lights this room up with her power. I want us to all come together, to experience what that might be like.

I want her completely wild.

Stone

My entire body is a livewire, touching an omega for the first time since Vanessa rejected me. I've always been attracted to Alice, it's true. She's the only woman I've been attracted to in a long, long time. Being a pack omega means she could have been mine. If she and I were single at the same time, we'd be a foregone conclusion.

But she's not single, and that makes this whole experience a helluva lot hotter for me. I'm fucking another alpha's mate. I press my chest against Alice's back as she slides off Mitchell's cock and throws her head back against me, baring her neck.

Mitchell groans as she sinks back down onto him, slick coating him and her and the fronts of my legs as she gets more and more riled up. I reach around the front of her, pinching her nipples, causing her to arch her back and cry out. She must clench around Mitchell, because he hisses in a needy gasp and whips his hand out, gripping Alice's throat.

I gather her long dark hair, tucking it over one shoulder so I can watch him handle her.

Mitchell looks up at me. "Get inside her Stone. I want to see if my mate can take two alphas at once."

Growling, I grip Alice's hips and slide my cock between her ass cheeks, snarling when Mitchell barks at me.

"Not there, alpha."

My eyes fly up to his, realization hitting me as his fangs descend, lips splitting into a wicked smile before he looks back at Alice. "Join me."

Alice bucks in my arms, sliding off Mitchell's cock as he yanks her back down onto it.

"Easy, my wild mate," Mitchell croons, the sound dark and devious.

Alice sputters indignantly, scratching at Mitchell's hand still wrapped around her throat. "You can't mean both of your freaking dicks in one hole. You must be out of your fucking mi—," Her voice cuts off as Mitchell squeezes her airway tight.

I'm so hard I'm leaking cum all over Alice's back watching them. This is how it should be between a pack alpha and omega. Brutal, violent, seductive, playful. It was never like this with Vanessa and me. Our bedroom play was vicious and angry, like we knew we were both stuck but horny. We were settling with one another. This is what it looks like to *not* settle.

"Now, Stone..." Mitchell purrs as he pulls Alice forward, raking his teeth along her collarbone, blood welling along the surface cuts as she moans and shudders.

Leaning over her back, I lap at the sticky sweetness, her sultry flavor bursting across my tongue. I'm struggling not to rip her from Mitchell's arms and just fuck her on top of him. But

I'm desperate to know how far we can push this little omega.

Mitchell reaches down, stroking between Alice's thighs as I part her from behind. I can see everything, and goddamn it's a beautiful fucking sight. Alice's folds are swollen and soaked, Mitchell's dick buried halfway inside her as she leans over him, her body clenching over and over.

"Not a lotta room for my thick cock, Mitchell," I growl as I line the head up between Alice's thighs.

"It'll fit," he growls, not taking his eyes from his mate.

I grunt when the tip of my dick touches her folds, slick spurting from her to coat me. Holy fucking Christ she's a squirter, and something about that makes me want to bury my face between her thighs and get covered until all I can smell is sex.

Growling, I use my fingers to open Alice up as I slide the tip of my cock inside, right next to her mate's. It's...god it's a new sensation I never could have imagined.

Shockwaves skate down my spine as I slip in further, Alice's heat enveloping me as my shaft slides along Mitchell's. The other alpha grunts and throws his head back as his breath starts to come in pants, his grip tightening on Alice's neck.

She's gasping for air by the time I'm halfway in, but I read distress and pause. There's fun distress and there's true distress in the bedroom, and as an alpha I can sense the difference. She needs teasing to take the rest of us.

Mitchell rocks his hips so his dick slides almost out of her, then pushes himself back in slowly as I bark out a string of expletives in the room. My entire body clenches and shudders at the feel of his thick head sliding along the length of my shaft. I'm so fucking hot I'm ready to explode. But I need this pretty omega in my arms to lose her mind first. Always her first.

Alice's distress and worry fades and returns to burning lust as Mitchell purrs at her to relax. Slick coats us both as the tension leaves her body, and we both slide in further.

Gripping a fistful of Alice's hair, I yank her head back and out of Mitchell's fist, exposing her neck to us both. Leaning in, I drag my mouth along the slim column, chuckling as my lips hover over the scratches on her collarbone. When my lips find a rough patch, I groan as cum starts to leak from me inside her.

Her claiming bite. The skin is slightly rougher here, and there's something about knowing this is another man's stake in the ground that gets me unspeakably hot. Opening my mouth, I suck at the skin, pulling it into my mouth hard as I bruise Alice's neck. She bucks in my arms, slick flooding Mitchell and I as he grips her hands and holds them like cuffs on his muscular stomach.

My eyes find his, daring him to try and order me not to touch her here. This is hallowed ground, his connection to her.

But his fucking eyes spark with deviance and possession. “Bite her.” It’s an alpha command that washes over me, sending every bit of my own alpha nature into angry overdrive. Alpha commands don’t work on me because I *am* the pack alpha. They bring out my need to fight and dominate, and he fucking knows it. He wants her caught in the middle of aggressive dominance.

Rocking my hips, I slide out of her just as Mitchell does, and then we slide back in together, cum coating both our shafts as Alice grunts and pleads in my arms. “Stone, more, I need more.” Her voice is a desperate gasp as her body clenches hard.

We pick up a slow, tortuous pace as Alice loses her mind, gasping and crying out with my hand still in her hair.

Mitchell grunts as he moves faster, fucking up into Alice with smooth punches. But it’s hard to keep up that rhythm spaced like we are, so I remain buried deep inside her and let him do the work. Every time he slides out and back in, his thickness brushes along mine and drives me wild. I never thought of myself as attracted to men, but this is the hottest thing I’ve ever done, and I’m barely restraining an earth-shattering orgasm.

“Mitchell,” I groan out. “Goddamn, take her harder. She needs it.”

Alice moans as her body issues more slick, the sheets soaked beneath us as desperation claws its way into my chest.

“I need to fucking come,” I bark out as Mitchell smiles up at me.

“Bite her mark.” It’s a simple command, but one I’m desperate to obey. Opening my mouth wide, I sink my teeth into Alice’s mating bite and suck hard, pulling blood into my mouth as Alice screams. Orgasm hits her as sparks explode from the ceiling down onto us, surprising the shit out of me. Electric energy shoots down my spine, zapping the backs of my legs.

My body has no idea what’s happening, but I sense this as a display of Alice’s power, and that knowledge pushes me over the edge until I’m screaming hoarsely into the bite, pouring all of my need and lust into their connection, Mitchell’s cock still stroking mine as white hot heat takes over any semblance of thought in my brain.

Orgasm rides me until I can’t tell if I’m screaming aloud or in my mind, my dick spurting enough cum to fill Alice and leak all down both our cocks, coating Mitchell’s balls. Knowing we’re both coming inside her sends me into a renewed frenzy of need as I release the bite and then take her shoulder again.

Alice bucks and comes again as Mitchell leans in and bites her shoulder next to me,

screaming as orgasm overtakes him for a second time.

We come and fucking come for so long I think my body is drained, and when that pleasure finally begins to recede, Mitchell flops back into the pillows, big chest heaving as he stares at his mate in wonder.

I release my hold on her neck and hair and push her forward onto her mate's chest, grunting when my cock pops out of her pussy, cum and slick dripping all over the place. Shoving forward onto all fours, I cover Alice from behind so she's sandwiched between Mitchell and I. "Good girl, Alice. We'll let you rest, and then we'll do more."

Mitchell laughs as Alice grunts and gives me a tired thumbs up, mumbling into his chest.

A fucking thumbs up. Joyous laughter rumbles out of my throat as I flop down next to Mitchell. I said we'd do this again but my body is sated, deeply sated—for the first time in a long time. Next to me, they snuggle, and I wonder if I should leave. But Alice slides off Mitchell's chest and curls her legs through mine. "Stay, I'm nowhere near done with you, Stone."

Hot fucking damn. It's going to be a long night. I find I am definitely up for that job.

Alice

I knew Stone would be wild in the bedroom, but having him here sparked a dark deviance in my mate. I never would have thought Mitchell would be okay with their dicks touching, but good God. That was some of the hottest sex of my life.

They're both sated but resting, and I give them ten before I climb on top of Stone and start shit again.

And then they dominate and possess me for hours before we finally fall asleep in our room. I make a point to hang onto Stone, to let him know we want him to stay with us. I don't want him to think he needs to slip out, like we've used him for our purposes and then he can go. The idea of him feeling that way bothers me.

In the morning, I wake to the feel of him rolling quietly out of the bed. I watch from Mitchell's arms as Stone stretches and groans under his breath, grumbling about his sore muscles.

Sitting up, I slide away from my mate, parting my thighs and reaching for Stone's hip. I pull him back between my legs and press my forehead to the middle of his back, breathing him in. He smells like cum and slick and his own unique scent. I drag my nose up his back letting my lips tickle him as he reaches down, covering my hand with his, his fingers sliding between mine as he sinks into the touch.

I find myself wondering if he was ever touched like this by his stupid fucking mate, Vanessa. If she ever gave herself to him and made sure he felt good. He's not my mate, of course, but I can sense that he's surprised by what we shared last night. Surprised and comfortable, like he could get used to someone holding his needs as a priority.

And I pray, as I press my lips to his back, his side, his hip. I pray that he'll find the right omega who puts him above everything the way I do Mitchell. I want that for him, that peace and happiness. In the meantime, I want us to screw his brains out.

"I need a shower, Alice," he grumbles finally, even though I sense he's reluctant to go.

Sliding off the bed behind him, I take his hand and tug on it, looking up up up into his beautiful dark eyes. His hair is sticking straight up, mussed from all the action last night. "You look good enough to eat, Stone. I need a shower too, come on."

He sucks in a deep breath, glancing over his shoulder at Mitchell. "I don't want to second guess you, omega, but I don't want to step on his toes."

Looking at my mate, I read how he's awake and listening, and getting hard imagining me taking Stone in the shower.

I smile up at Stone, more of a smirk, really. "Come on."

He follows silently, his big body a constant source of heat behind me as we enter the bathroom. Stone flips the water on and turns to face me. We're both still naked, and it would be awkward if he wasn't looking at my body like a delicacy he needs more of.

When his gaze comes up to my eyes again, there's a darkness there I'm not sure I like. He wants me, but wanting me makes him...sad? Not sad, exactly. Remorseful maybe?

"What's wrong?" I slip closer and run both hands up the ridges of his abs, over his beautiful tattoos, and land them over his heart.

One of his covers both of mine as he looks down to where I'm touching him, running his thumb along the back of my hand. "Last night was a gift, Alice. Even with Vanessa, I was never so...connected. I haven't had that much fun in a long time."

Smiling, I step closer, one hand snaking between muscular thighs to feel his hard length. "Vanessa was an idiot to lose you." I infuse every bit of my intention in my voice, meeting his gaze as his lips part, his breath coming quick.

Stone smiles, and it's breathtaking, as he leans down and grips my ass, squeezing hard. He uses his incredible strength to pull me up into his arms, wrapping my legs around his torso as he stalks into the shower, standing us both right underneath the water.

The heat hits us as we groan. My entire body is sore, but already ready for more of what we did last night. Mitchell tugs at me through our bond, fully awake and ready to join in the fun.

Squirring out of Stone's arms, I drop to the warm tiles and take him into my mouth, my hands running up his thick thighs as he backs up against the wall, groaning his pleasure. "God, Alice, your fucking mouth is..." he stops speaking when his cock slides down the back of my throat.

I sense Mitchell in the doorway, sense his dark need as he watches our fun.

Come, I want you, I urge him through our bond, sending a zing of electricity down the back of his spine. Through our bond, my mate shudders and sends his lust back, stalking across the bathroom and stepping inside with us. I don't move from my place in front of Stone, sucking and nipping at him as his hips start to move, abs clenching as I drag my nails down his impressive thighs.

"It's a fucking turn on that you're having fun without me," Mitchell growls, gripping the back of my neck as I hollow my cheeks, taking as much of Stone as I can. Slick slips down my thighs as Mitchell's cock pokes at my cheek, needing attention. He grunts when my lips pop off Stone and envelop him instead.

And all I can think is what a lucky girl I am to have both of them in front of me, so

intensely focused on our joint pleasure. I nip my way down Mitchell's length as he grunts, water sluicing down his muscular frame and coating my back.

Stone strokes my cheek as I look up at him, but his gaze is intense on Mitchell. "How far do you push her, when it's just the two of you?"

Mitchell laughs as I pause and hop to a stand, Mitchell planting a kiss on my shoulder before looking up at Stone. "You wanna know how dark we are? Alice loves violence, dominance. And I push her as far as I want to, Stone. I take and take until I'm sated, and she gives and gives until she's done."

Stone shudders, dark lashes fluttering against his cheeks as he reaches down to stroke his cock. "Show me." His voice has never been so deep, so commanding.

Mitchell growls and stiffens at the alpha command, pulling me to him before spinning me in his arms. "Let's put on a show, Alice. Try not to bring the lodge down." Without another word, Mitchell turns and stalks out of the bathroom as anticipation swirls in my stomach.

"He went...where?" Stone sounds confused as I turn and wink at him.

"Toys are teammates, Stone. We're big fans around here."

"Christ," he grumbles, running his hands through his hair before reaching down to cup his sack, stroking his length while I watch. "I can't wait to watch him destroy you, Alice."

Mitchell appears back in the bathroom, hands full of a shocking amount of sex toys. He tosses Stone a vibrating cock ring with a quick glance. "Put it on." Smiling, Stone follows direction well, sliding the ring down his length, his dick standing proud and long, accentuated by the toy.

Mitchell snarls at me, but surprises Stone and me both by darting across the shower and shoving Stone hard up against the tiles. The other alpha grunts in shock as his head snaps back and hits the wall. He slides to the ground, slipping on the tiles as Mitchell grabs me and tosses me across the shower stall. I crash into the wall with a thud, landing on top of Stone, who catches me with a deep growl.

Before either of us can do anything, Mitchell lays a hard slap across my ass, pulling an angry yowl from my throat. The moment my mouth opens, he slips a ball gag inside it, clipping it closed at the back of my head. I buck against it as Stone grunts, still surprised from the hit.

Mitchell leans in, warm tongue sliding along the crack of my ass as he deposits spit there,

his fingers slipping in and out of my pussy in slow, measured strokes.

I choke around the ball gag as I struggle to moan loud enough. Leaning back into Mitchell's warm heat, I cry out when something cold enters my pussy, stretching my walls as they flutter and clench around the toy.

"Hold it there," Mitchell commands Stone. "I need to get off."

Stone reaches down, eyes hooded with lust as he looks at me, perched atop his lap with a damn ball gag in my mouth. If he's shocked by Mitchell's violence, he says nothing, but reaches down and holds the dildo in place. Dark eyes lock onto mine.

The first slide of Mitchell's cock between my ass cheeks has me reeling, sparks streaking along the ceiling of the shower at his intrusion. With a heady grunt, he thrusts partway inside, heat skating along my skin as he fills me so damn full.

Once he's fully seated, Mitchell backs out fast and punches back inside faster, until he's taken up a punishing, brutal pace, his thighs slapping against the back of my legs as he fucks me with wild abandon. Concentrating on my power, I call the electricity in the air, and it dances around the water, tickling my mate as he groans and welcomes it. Stone grunts, beginning to move the dildo in and out of me as I hear the vibration of his cock ring speed up.

I need more, I want more. I want someone in my mouth while my mate is buried in my ass. I need more than this to get off. A needy whine leaves my throat as Mitchell wraps one arm around me and pushes harder, deeper, his orgasm building already. And then he comes, railing into me as he shatters, filling my ass with cum until it drips all over my thighs. And still he moves, fucking as he roars, Stone's chest heaving in front of me, and the dildo moving ever faster.

I'm on the knife's edge of release, but I'm not there yet. Mitchell slips out of me and flips me, pulling the dildo carefully out and tossing it aside. And then he grips Stone's cock and directs it into my ass while the other alpha grunts out a long string of expletives. Stone slips down flat onto the ground with me riding his cock, my pussy now available to Mitchell as he looms over us both.

Behind me, the vibration of Stone's cock ring picks up until it's a constant pulse in my ass, pushing me closer and closer as he grunts, rolling his hips to get movement around his dick.

“Goddamn, Alice. You’re fucking perfection,” he grunts, big hips rocking steadily as Mitchell eye fucks me.

“Lean backward, mate,” Mitchell commands, his natural alpha dominance washing over me as my nipples pebble harder. But I do what I’m told, because Mitchell like this is pure dark deviance. I fucking love it.

When I lean backward, Stone cries out and arches his back. “Gonna fucking come, holy Christ. Alice...” my name breaks off on a groan as Mitchell lines his cock up with my entrance and slides in, one thick inch at a time. Stone and I are on the brink of ecstasy as I grip my ankles and feel Mitchell slide out, then in again.

“Fuck me, please,” I beg him as he slides out slowly once more.

“I am fucking you, Alice,” is his only response as he shifts slowly, steadily, driving me mad.

“So help me God,” I growl as Stone’s cries grow wilder and wilder. He’s about to explode inside me, thrusting his hips harder and harder.

“You wanna come, Alice?” Mitchell growls, reaching forward to place one hand on my hip and one on my neck.

I gasp as he squeezes, dark stars bursting behind my eyelids as my breath comes in cracked, heavy rasps. Mitchell thrusts fast, picking up a brutal pace as Stone continues the punch of his hips. The elements call me as two alphas take their pleasure from my body. And knowing how good they feel because of me tosses me over the edge of ecstasy into bliss, release rocking my body as I scream around the gag.

Stone comes first, bellowing his ecstasy as his steady movements turn choppy and hard, my ass clapping against his lap as my back brushes against his chest. Every touch, every inch where our bodies connect is on fire as we chase release together.

And then Mitchell joins us, gnashing his teeth as his eyes roll back in his head. He pulls out, shooting jets of cum that coat my neck and chest and face as he roars. I watch in awe as my mate’s orgasm lasts and lasts, until every drop is drained from him, my body on fire as our bond burns bright with need.

His chest heaves as he comes down, reaching out to pull me up into his arms. He falls back against the wall with me cradled to his chest, undoing the ball gag and tossing it aside. Across from us, Stone is a limp noodle, the cock ring still vibrating as his muscles twitch, his chest rising and falling as water hits him.

A little giggle leaves my mouth as I call the electricity and send it sparking up Stone's leg and stomach.

"Oh fuck, oh goddamn what the hell," he cries out, yanking the cock ring off and tossing it out of the shower.

"Just a little fun," I chuckle as I lean back and let the water cascade over my hair.

"Not a little fun when you're shocking ten inches of alpha dick, Alice," Stone growls. But there's no bark to the growl. His voice is all sated, happy pleasure.

Mmm. Not a little at all.

Mitchell

For the next half hour, Stone and I lavish affection on Alice. We wash her hair and her entire body, and then she sucks me off while he takes her from behind. Finally, our bond is sated and lazy, and Stone leaves us to get ready for today's events.

"I love you so fucking much," I whisper in her ear as I wrap a towel around her, pulling her back to my chest.

Through our bond, Alice pushes her unending love for me, her excitement at our plans for today, for everything.

We dress quietly, still basking in what we did last night. It's some of the hottest sex we've ever had, and I surprised even myself with my preferences during our connection with Stone.

It'll always be Alice and I. She's mine and I'm hers. But I'm a thousand fucking percent down with bringing extra fun into our bedroom. In fact, now that we've opened this door, I can't stop thinking of other ways we could get creative.

"Mitchell, focus," Alice jokes, slapping my chest with a knowing grin. "We need to get downstairs and get the bar ready before Orion and Mal come out of their room. He's promised to keep her in there until ten."

"Wonder what they're doing..." I say with a waggle of my brows.

Alice laughs. "Hmm, lemme guess. She's gorgeous and pregnant and he's an alpha, so hot as fuck pregnancy sex?"

Pregnancy sex. Goddamn, a new kink I didn't know I had. The idea of fucking a heavily pregnant Alice does things to me that feel dirty and naughty and delicious.

"Oh boy, we can unpack that later," Alice jokes as she tugs my fingertips. "Let's go, big boy."

Half an hour later, the bar looks like someone exploded a pink glitter bomb in here, and everyone from both packs mills around. Griz rubs Jude's stomach as he nips at her neck. I know he's got a pregnancy kink, so I suspect this entire day is going to turn him on.

Looking around at my pack, I smile. We're safe, we're thriving. We're growing. Samson and Pen laugh with James and Julia as Clay hovers on the edge of the crowd with Betty, Cherry and Asher. Connor and Brady arrive carrying dozens of pink boxes as Carmen directs them where to put everything. Mal is gonna lose her mind. Looking at my watch, I give Alice the look. The look that says it's time to get this show on the road. She nods, and everyone takes their places as I grab my walkie.

Pinging my pack enforcer's channel, I hold back a laugh. "Ri, I need you urgently downstairs please."

"Not now, Mitchell," snaps Mal into the walkie. "I don't bother you when you're having wild monkey sex or whatever the hell was going on in your room last night. Gimme ten minutes."

Snorting out a laugh, I try my best not to give everything away as I put my stern alpha voice on. "Mallory, I wouldn't ask Ri to come down if it wasn't important."

She issues a colorful series of expletives as Orion comes on. "Heard, alpha. I'm headed your way." There are sounds of a scuffle as Orion clicks off and the bar erupts into quiet laughter.

"This is so freaking great," roars Pen as Samson claps his hand over her mouth. "Quiet, mate. We do not want Mallory to hear you."

Pen snuggles into her mate's chest, stroking the back of his hand as he kisses the top of her head. Next to him, his mother in law and beautiful daughter sit on the edge of the bar, holding Samson's other hand. They arrived last week, and I've never seen him so blissfully happy.

Child. Our pack has its first child. And another on the way with Ri and Mal. It's...incredible. My heart is so fucking full. Alice and I built this pack together, and we're finally safe and free.

The sounds of angry stomping reach my ears and I gesture for everyone to be quiet. Mal's angry words ring through the lobby, something about bugging pregnant ladies and how damn uncomfortable she is. Orion comes through the bar door first, holding Mal just behind him. But when he pulls her around and we all yell surprise, Mal's mouth drops open.

She looks around from me to Alice to Pen and Samson, every one of our pack mates who spent time putting this together for her.

The room devolves into total insanity at that point, all the omegas crowding around Mal. And then there's an hour's worth of games and opening presents as we lavish our love on our pack enforcer and his growing family.

For another hour I watch my beautiful mate flit around the party, checking on everyone, helping Mal with her presents, being the incredible pack omega she's meant to be. Eventually my eyes find Stone's, and he gives me a wink before pouring a whiskey and sending it across the bar to me.

I don't think I've ever been this happy. And then my phone rings. It's Ansel, who I haven't spoken to in months, not since my big secret came out. I don't think there's any lingering animosity to him by anyone here, but I know all the alphas can hear him as Samson leaves Pen's side and comes over. "What does Ansel want, Mitchell?"

I listen to Ansel's request before laughing out loud. "Yeah, Ansel, patch him through, please." *My brother*, I mouth at Alice and Samson. Alice laughs as Samson's brows travel upward. "A brother?"

"Yeah," Alice chuckles. "Mitchell has three brothers. Which one is this, mate?"

"Nathaniel." I roll my eyes at Alice. My youngest brother is a reclusive genius. When his voice barrels through the phone, I hold in a laugh.

"I fucked Evangeline in the garage, Mitchell!" Nathaniel sounds horrified by this revelation, but I can only chuckle. I interviewed his assistant Evangeline and she's fucking perfect for him, just like I knew she would be. He goes on to explain about how he feels out of control, how this isn't normal, and I'd roll my eyes louder if I could, except that he sounds truly distressed. Looking over at Samson, I grin. "What do you think, seer? He says he's out of control around his omega..."

Samson grins, cocking his head to the side. I assume he's chatting with Rolf. "Sounds like a rut, alpha."

Well shit, there's a new one on me. But a rut sounds like a lot of fun. Stone laughs from behind the bar, shaking his head as he takes a sip of his whiskey. "It's a fuckload of fun." He

winks at me as Alice laughs and tucks herself into my arms.

We make small talk for another minute, Nathaniel asking about Alice at the end. But just as I open my mouth to say she's fine, he clicks off. He was never great at reading or understanding people...it's just who he is. I make a mental note to follow up with both him and Evangeline to make sure they're handling their new connection alright. They're very isolated where they are, especially not being part of a pack.

Alice and I snuggle as we watch Mal gush over our present—a beautifully handcrafted blanket with her daughter's name on it—West. They video call with both Mal's parents and Orion's, the Senator clearly thrilled to see his son so happy.

My mate tugs at our bond so I spin her in my arms, bringing my fingertip under her chin to tilt her face up to mine. "What is it, Alice?" I murmur, brushing the tip of her nose with mine.

"We did this, alpha," she whispers back. "Samson's daughter is sitting on his knee because of you. Orion is gushing over Mal's gorgeous belly because of you. Every person in here is safe and whole because of you. I am so completely, madly, wildly in love with you."

My face splits into a huge smile at that as I brush my lips across hers. "Because of us, Alice. There is no me without you. You carry half of my soul in your heart, so *we* did this."

"Yes, alpha," she says, fluttering her dark lashes.

Brat.

And this brat is all mine.