

# Mal's First Heat

The Alpha Awakens - Bonus Epilogue

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# Mal

I grimace as I settle myself onto a barstool in the kitchen. My stomach is killing me, and I can't stop hugging a pillow to my chest. It smells like Orion—deep and woodsy—and like honey, all at the same time. Shooting pains have had me doubled over most of the morning.

God, I hope I didn't eat something weird. Through our mental bond, I can feel Orion checking in, but I'll bet with his incredible senses he can tell I'm distressed and anxious. He's already on his way from the Shed, caressing me emotionally as he gets closer.

Connor breezes in through the open kitchen door, humming "Bohemian Rhapsody", looking way too damn happy to be alive. He flops down next to me and leans forward, his gaze assessing and a little judgy, if I'm being honest. He may be the pack's jokester, but he's always seen my true feelings, always been there for me when I needed a friend. Do I need a friend right now? I'm not sure. Is he judging me right now? Definitely.

His blue eyes crinkle as he leans in and inhales deeply. It's not sexual with Connor, not like it would be with my mate. But I still feel like a scientific specimen, so I purse my lips and push him back with an irritated huff. Smiling, he settles back into his chair with a smirk.

"You smell really fucking nice today," he grumbles. "Still not my type, so Orion has nothing to worry about. But your scent is stronger than usual."

"Gee thanks Connor, glad I'm getting all ripe and the whole pack can tell. What a joy you are to share that news with me."

The air in the kitchen heats up then, just as my mate steps quietly through the door and his smoldering gaze finds mine.

"Connor, why are you smelling Mal?" he growls, pacing quickly across the room and wrapping his big arms around me, looking over my shoulder at Connor. I presume he's glaring, although I can't see him. He feels tense and tight behind me as I sink into his warm chest. Even through both of our tees, I can practically feel his skin caressing mine, and I need more. Stat.

"Does she smell different to you today?" Connor asks thoughtfully, still looking at me like I'm the weirdo here.

Orion leans into my neck as a helpless mewl escapes me. His skin touching mine is lighting me on fire—which it does all the time. But right now, I just want Connor to leave so my mate can have his way with me on the countertop.

“Hmmm, she does. She smells deeper, more primal...” his voice trails off as he starts planting kisses up my neck.

Connor rolls his eyes and shifts to a stand, gliding past us in faux irritation. “If you’re about to make a mess in the kitchen, please just go to your room and spare the rest of us the scent of an omega in heat.”

*An omega in heat.*

Holy shit. He meant it as a joke, I’m sure, because I’m rubbing all up on Orion while he nuzzles me distractingly. But...I wonder if that’s a thing? I’ll have to ask Alice. Although, her omega experience and mine haven’t followed the same course.

“Ri, could that be a thing? A heat? I hate to say we’ve turned into a damn romance novel, but honestly there are umm...signs.”

Orion unwraps himself from me and comes around to sit in the chair opposite mine, smirking at me with a twinkle in his beautiful gray eyes. They’re like a storm cloud I want to dance up into and just twirl around until I’m lost in his thunder.

What the hell is happening to me?

“Talk to me, baby girl,” he coos, using his alpha tones to lay me bare. He knows I can’t resist it when his voice gets all deep and he looks at me like I’m a piece of chocolate. “Also though, why are you clutching a pillow to your chest?” Orion looks like he’s half a second away from laughing at me, and I have to strongly resist the urge to slap him and get violent.

My emotions are a rollercoaster today.

“It smelled like you, and I just wanted to take it with me. I brought a throw from the bed too,” I finish, indicating the chair next to mine where I’ve piled an extra blanket. For warmth, obviously. To wrap myself up when the pain hits my belly again.

Orion cocks his head to look around me at the blanket and then laughs out loud; the sound echoing through the kitchen, even as my cheeks heat in anger.

“You’re nesting, Mal. We’ve officially turned into a romance novel. I bet that’s why you were so damn slick for me this morning when I ate you...” Orion’s voice is a deep rumble as he leans in and pecks me on the lips. “Get up to our room. Pack a bag for a couple of days. Grab all the blankets you want and just pile ‘em up on the bed. We’ll get out of here and go find someplace private while we figure this out. I’ll pull some food together and we can get on the road in fifteen. Sound good?”

Lightning-sharp pain stabs me right in the ovaries when he says that, and I double over with a hiss.

Orion—bastard— chuckles again and straightens me up, slipping one beautiful hand between my legs to stroke my clit.

“I’m gonna take care of you *good*, omega. Fifteen minutes and I’ll come get you in our room. Maybe even tease you a little before we get on the road, if you need it.”

If I need it? *If I need it?* Asshole.

Haughtily, I pull myself to a stand and grab my blanket, throwing it around my neck.

“Being an omega sucks, just so you know.” And then I turn to leave as my handsome mate chuckles.

“Oh there’s gonna be some sucking, that part is a certainty, mate.”

I don’t bother to acknowledge the slick that’s dripping down my legs in response to his promise.

# Orion

I've read enough romance novels to understand a heat, although I find it a little humorous that my real life now mimics what I once read in my mother's smutty library. Thank God she gave me all those old Fabio-covered books to read when I turned sixteen. I learned more about women between the pages of those books than anywhere else, if I'm honest.

After Mal leaves, her scent remains wrapped around my entire body like a caress. I may have poked a little fun at her, because that's our dynamic. Now, though, my dick is hard as a rock, pressing uncomfortably up against my zipper. I fucked her deep into the sheets this morning, but it wasn't enough. It was raw and desperate and she came three times, but it felt like we were just opening the floodgates.

My need for her is always simmering below the surface, but right now, as her scent blooms? I feel practically feral. Grabbing a cold bag from the pantry, I throw a variety of foods into it. Enough to last us a couple of days. I'm not sure what's going on, but I'll need to take care of my girl. My alpha senses tell me something's coming with her, that I need to hover and protect and be available. I need privacy.

It's not great timing with everything happening around us right now, but she will always be my priority.

Once I've packed up enough food, I head into Mitchell's office. When I knock on the door, Alice pipes up with a sweet little, "Come on in, 'Ri."

I push my way through the black ash door and smile at my pack alpha and his mate.

"What's up?" Mitchell asks, not looking up from his lap, where Alice sits, her back pressed up against his broad chest. I know it's been hard for Alice to understand why I can shift after claiming Mal, but Mitchell can't. I'm a little worried how she'll take this news of another omega experience that she hasn't gone through.

"I think Mal is about to go through a heat, and I'd like to take her away for a couple of days. I'm worried it'll be...distracting if we stay here."

Just as I worried would happen, Alice's face falls, although she plasters a fake smile on it the second our eyes meet. *Shit*. Mitchell gives her a kiss on the neck, reminding her how much he loves her, before looking up at me.

"Why don't y'all head to our place upstate? I kept it off the books enough that you should be safe there, and it's equipped for anything you might need. There's a great comms system in my office for you to keep in touch, if something comes up."

Nodding, I look at Alice again. I don't know what to say to make her feel any better.

“Love you, Al’, you need anything?” I ask. Because at the very least I can remind her that she’s my best friend, and I’m there for whatever she needs.

She shakes her head no, miserably, although she tries to keep up a brave face before sinking into Mitchell’s neck with a teeny snuffle. He shoots daggers from his eyes at me, as he wraps big arms around his mate to comfort her. I’ve already dug a hole I can’t get out of, but I can’t fix the struggle Alice is going through. If anything, it’s likely to get worse now, the more we learn about omegas.

Jude is already fascinated by the whole concept, and omega-chatter is coming up way more often than it used to. Especially now that she’s venturing out of the Shed and into the house more often.

I mouth a quick, “Sorry” to Mitchell as I take my leave. Even now, I can hear him whispering to Alice how much he loves her; how it’s always been her and always will be. A pitiful sob in response yanks my heart right out of my chest, so I leave quickly.

Mal’s scent hits me like a sledgehammer at the bottom of the stairs. It’s beautiful, like dripping honey and Kentucky bourbon all stuffing right into my nose. I pause in my tracks at the sheer strength of it. My senses are fantastic, but I don’t usually get hit like this. Connor was right,—she smells fucking fantastic.

*We’ve got to get out of this damn house to somewhere private.*

My feet move me fast as hell up the stairs, where I fly down the hallway and into our room, throwing the door open with a bang.

Mal looks up at me from the middle of the bed, covered head to toe in pillows and blankets.

“I...guess I did ask you to grab what you need. You okay, baby girl?” My voice feels deeper, hinting at what’s to come for her. I can’t even control it at this point—her scent is like a damn fist wrapped around my cock, and I’m aching all over for her.

My beautiful mate whimpers from the middle of the bed as she pulls a blanket tight around herself. Only her beautiful eyes and the tip of her nose are showing. Every day I learn something new about omegas, but today I’m overwhelmed with the need emanating from her. Her aura is a brilliant scarlet red this afternoon, so full of need and longing that it’s almost tangible.

I notice her bag is packed on the floor, so I grab it and pace to the bed, leaning in to view my miserable omega. “You ready to go? I’ve got your things.”

Mal sniffs and glances down at the blankets. “I need these too.” Her voice is a slight whisper as one fat tear rolls down her cheek.

*She needs the blankets?*

“Honey, are you nesting like in a romance novel? Is that what’s happening here?” I try to keep my voice even, but joyous laughter is bubbling up so fast that I’m worried I won’t keep a straight face.

“It’s not funny, asshole!” she shouts at me, as she throws a teeny pillow from somewhere in the middle of the bed. It bounces off my face, and when it hits the floor, she lets out a piteous wail and throws herself face down in the sheets, sobbing.

*Oh boy.* Dropping Mal’s bag, I head to the closet and get a larger one to begin stuffing all her blankets and pillows inside. They don’t all fit, but I do what I can before throwing my omega over my shoulder and stalking out of our room. I don’t bother to kick the door shut behind me, but when we run into Samson in the hallway, he quirks a brow up, even as he covers his nose with the back of his forearm.

I don’t need to ask my packmate anything, because without a word from me, he reaches into our room and pulls the door shut behind me. Nodding my thanks, I pace quickly down the hall, downstairs, and out the front door. Tucking Mal into the front seat of my favorite Mustang, I throw our bags in the back.

When I tuck myself into the front, I’m beat over the head with her scent, the way it’s blooming and filling the car. I tell myself not to turn and look at Mal, but I can’t help it, and when I do, her eyes are blown wide with lust. Her chest heaves slightly, her nipples peaked and pressing against the fabric of her tight shirt.

Without meaning to, I lick my lips, watching as her skin flushes pink and she leans toward me across the console. I can’t help the whine that leaves my mouth when she grabs my shirt and pulls herself into my lap, wrapping her fingers into my hair. She yanks my head back violently and starts nipping hard up my neck—something she knows revs me up like crazy. It’s impossible not to wrap my arms around her and crush her to me.

Fisting her hair in my hand, I let out a deep growl as I yank her head back—hard. She needs a little reminder of who’s in charge when we’re like this. My eyes rove over her, held tight in my grip. To her heaving breasts, big enough they spill out of my hands. To her flushed pink skin; skin I wanna cover with my lips. Her thin waist, where even now she tries desperately to press herself even closer to me.

Leaning in, I nip the edge of her neck, just under her ear, reveling in the yip that bite elicits out of her pretty pink mouth. “Settle down, omega,” I command. “We need to get outta here and do this somewhere private.”

Mal whines, her dark brows crooking into an angry vee, as she tugs her hair out of my hand and huffs over to the other side of the car.

I want her, God, do I want her—All over me, right here in front of the damn house. But I can also sense a deeper need, a deeper desperation simmering under her surface right now. We need a place to hole up for a few days. I'm working on pure instinct here. And romance novel knowledge.

Somehow, I rip my gaze from my tortured mate as she crosses her arms angrily over her chest. She crosses her ankles too, as if she's double-telling me how mad she is. I'd like to chuckle, but I don't think it would go over well. Turning the key in the ignition, I smile when the Mustang's throaty engine rattles the car.

Mal whines in her seat at the vibration, and I can't help but laugh a little then. She turns in her seat and glares daggers at me before looking out the window again. I revel in this shit, to be honest. She was so afraid of me that first day, and now she's the opposite of that frightened, timid woman I first met. She's fire and lightning and sizzle, and I'm ready to get scorched.



# Mal

Honestly? I'm beginning to think I should throw this alpha out of the car and take my own damn self to Mitchell's fancy sex-getaway house. Screw this bullshit. Although, I can't throw him because he's too damn big and strong, and if he left me alone right now, I'd cry.

There's a deep need burrowing its way through my core, and I'm nearly to the point of begging Orion to pull the car over and take care of that need. But I won't because I'm stubborn. And I need space, and my stuff—my blankets, specifically.

I refuse to be the first to look over, even when Orion reaches across the car and wraps his beautiful hand around my upper thigh. I'd love nothing more than to drag it up higher between my legs, but I will not give in.

The silence filling the car is almost deafening, but when I cast a cautious glance my mate's way, his lips are curled upward as if he's trying not to laugh. *Bastard*. I don't look at him again the whole rest of the way there, as the darkness of the forest gives way to brighter sunlight, and the trees thin out slightly as we head upwards in elevation.

Orion pulls the Mustang off the main road onto dirt, and I reach up for the oh-shit bar even while I leave one arm crossed over my chest. My mate slides his hand upward between my thighs, brushing his fingertips against my sensitive skin. Even though I'm wearing jeans and I can't totally feel him, I feel enough that my body starts begging for more, wet slick streaming steadily out and wetting my jeans.

I wish I could fight this desperate, needy feeling that's suffocating me, but it's not possible to escape it. If I can just make it to the house, we can get inside and I can climb my mate like a tree for three straight days. That's all I want to do, even if I'm feeling miffed at the moment.

We drive a long, windy road that creeps up the side of a mountain, curving around the back of craggy peaks and back down into the more dense forest. Light fades as the upstate ash and pine trees tower over the car, hiding us from the sun's rays. Despite myself, curiosity has me leaning forward in the car as we wind through beautiful shaded groves, in and around gigantic boulders.

Orion pulls the car around a bend in the road and down a long driveway, which ends in an absolutely enormous, super modern house. It's....well, it's a lot. It's very "Mitchell" though, if I had to guess what Mitchell was into. However, it's a stark contrast to the ornate features of the Compound. It's beautiful, if a little modern for my tastes.

Beggars can't be choosers, I guess. Does it have a bedroom? Is it away from the prying eyes and noses of our packmates? Then I am *down*.

I don't even realize I'm humming in anticipation until Orion's deep chuckle fills the car. "We're gonna get you taken care of in just a minute, omega. Let's get inside this enormous house and see what we're working with."

We pull to a stop in front of sharply angled stairs that lead to black glass and metal double doors. You can see all the way through the house from the front of it, which I'm not sure I love. But then again, who's around to see? Absolutely nobody. We are in the middle of God's-green-nowhere out here.

I scowl up at the front steps as I get out of the car. Orion hops out of his side and starts rustling around in the trunk as I cross my arms and look up toward the starkly modern home.

"Nest not to your liking, Mallory?" he jokes as he comes to stand next to me. I turn toward him to sass back, but the sight of my handsome mate manhandling my bag, his, and the big-ass bag of blankets causes slick to pour from between my thighs, making my jeans an absolute disaster.

"Just get your ass inside," is all I can manage as Orion guffaws and heads up the stairs. At the top, he punches in a code and throws the bags in. I'm only halfway surprised when he paces quickly down the stairs and scoops me up, bridal-style, taking the stairs back up two at a time. When we get to the top, Orion slams the door shut and drops to his knees on the floor, laying me gently down in front of him.

Before I can even say a word, big hands grip my tee and rip it right down the front. I can't pull my eyes from his, as my back arches upward, my body begging to be closer to his beautiful mouth. Orion purrs with deep satisfaction as he leans down over me, dwarfing me with his huge figure. I'd swear he's getting bigger, stronger, but I'm drowning in a haze of hormones that threaten to drag me completely under.

Then my alpha's lips are on my chest, one hand plucking and teasing my nipple as he drags his tongue up between them. Slick flows out of me like a river, pooling beneath us on the floor. Gray eyes find mine, intense and full of the same longing I've felt all day, the same pull that always draws me to him.

"Omega," he whispers, running one hand behind my back to haul me up into his arms. Orion's mouth crashes onto mine the second I'm close enough for our lips to touch, his tongue demanding entry as he devours me. He's barely restrained, one hand fisted in my hair and the other wrapped tightly around my waist. I couldn't escape this alpha, even if I wanted to.

Nipping at the tip of Orion's tongue, I squirm in his lap, pressing my hips up against his warm stomach. The clothing between us is adding an uncomfortable friction that I don't want at all. I need to be naked. On top of him. Or underneath him. Yesterday.

Growling, Orion hops to a stand with me in his arms and paces past our bags and into a bright, sun-drenched kitchen. He sets me down on the counter, still wrapped around him, and unzips his jeans, kicking them down to the floor. I'm not even ashamed of the desperate whine that comes out of my mouth when he steps back in closer, and his thick length brushes up against my thighs, pressing into my heat.

"That's right, omega," he purrs, tipping my chin up so our eyes meet. "I'm hard for you, all the damn time. But if you don't get on my dick right now, I'm gonna lose my mind. Let's get you taken care of before we settle in, hm?"

*Settle in.* For some reason that phrase sticks in my brain, and I scrunch my nose up as I think about it.

Orion pulls me to the edge of the counter, chuckling as slick drips off the countertop and coats him. I do look down at that, because it's so hot to watch myself drip onto him. He moans deeply as he uses one hand to rub the slick over his entire, thick length. I want it, and I want it now. Or in a minute.

Because that phrase of settling in is still jumping around in my mind, trying to vie for attention. Then I catch a glimpse of our bags over Orion's shoulder and the lightbulb goes off over my head. We haven't settled in at all. My blankets are in a heap on the floor and this place smells...musty? "We've gotta get this place cleaned up Ri," I demand, turning my full attention to my alpha.

"I'm hard as iron between your thighs right now, covered in your sweet slick and you want to...clean? You want to clean, *right now?*"

"Yup," I chirp, pushing him away as I hop off the counter. My jeans are a mess, so I rip them off and head to my bag, hunting around for something comfy. When I find my black booty shorts, I let out a cheer of triumph. *Perfect.* I'm gonna get this place shipped right into shape.

And then hop on my mate's dick.

I slip the shorts on with a happy purr and turn around, where Orion is leaning up against the kitchen counter, buttoned back up with his arms folded over his gorgeous, thick chest. Damn he looks fine in the kitchen. Slick leaks through my new shorts in a heartbeat, but I'm focused.

"You're gonna clean this big-ass house with those teeny shorts on?" Orion's voice has a teasing kilt to it, and it turns me on, but I won't be deterred.

“This place smells, dude. I can’t concentrate on your D when the whole house smells like mold and my blankets are still packed up.”

Orion’s brows pinch into a deep, angry vee. “Dude? No, I don't think so.” With that pronouncement, Orion steps across the distance between us, wrapping one big hand around my throat and squeezing. Elongated canines snap at my neck and sink in two, three times as he marks me.

The pain bites, but the familiar beautiful, lusty haze takes over until I’m panting and whining and scratching at his right grip.

Orion doesn’t let go, but presses me down to the floor in front of him, on my knees as he leans in close again. “You can call me alpha, or mate, but those are the only two appropriate terms for what I am to you. Do you understand me?”

I should stay silent when he’s in possessive alpha mode like this, but I can never help myself. “Or what?” slips, snarking from between my lips.

Orion barks out a rough laugh of surprise and draws me up by the neck, throwing me up over his shoulder as he stalks around the kitchen island.

I whine as my bag of blankets disappears from view, and I get the backwards view of a bedroom door instead.

“Ri, I...,” but I don’t get another moment to answer as my mate throws me bodily into the deepest set of sheets I’ve ever seen.

“One of these days, Mal, you’ll learn that talking back to me gets you in trouble. But then again, you like my brand of trouble, don’t you?”

I don’t have time to nod as he yanks his jeans down and hops onto the bed, pulling us both right against the headboard. Orion straightens up and scoots in closer, his hard length in his hand and so close to my lips.

“You may not ever learn, but I’m gonna teach you this lesson anyway, omega,” he promises darkly. “Open up.”

I shake my head and try to lean forward. I cannot get this started without arranging my damn blankets.

Orion’s grip goes to my chin where he squeezes, hard enough that my jaw pops open as I whine. And when he thrusts in hard—hard enough to hit the back of my throat— I moan. “Suck me off, mate,” he demands. “Give me this, and I’ll clean the whole damn house for you while you watch. Give me those pretty white teeth.”

I can't stop the barrage of desire that's bottling up inside me as he pumps harder and harder, his grip commanding. He's all alpha, all pure, unbridled need and desire. It's incredibly hot.

I haven't forgotten my blankets, but they're fading into the recesses of my mind as Orion takes his pleasure from me. Reaching down, I move to put my hands between my thighs, but Orion gives me a little *tsk* and throws my hands above my head, as he continues fucking my mouth, hard and fast.

I whine at the unfairness of it all when he flips us suddenly, leaving my hands on the headboard.

"Don't move those hands, mate," he snaps into my ear as he nudges my thighs open from behind me.

There's no time to think or respond as Orion slams home in one quick burst, rocking my whole body forward into the headboard with the force of his hips. Long gone are the days where we didn't fit, where it hurt to do this with him. My body has changed, adapted, molded me to fit this perfect male. He pauses, stroking long fingers down my spine as he waits for me to encourage him.

Slick flows down my legs and into the sheets, coating us both as I groan. I need this, I need it all. I need it now. "Please, alpha. I'm...sorry," I pant when he doesn't move.

Orion slides out slowly, tortuously, and back in with another hard thrust, squeezing my throat tight in his hand. "Say it again, omega," he commands. "Remind yourself who I am to you." Out, in, out, in, pause.

"Mine," I snarl. "I need more 'Ri, I need it now."

"Say it..." he growls, using his hand to tug my neck to the side as he teases me with beautiful long teeth. Teeth that have brought me so much pleasure, so many times.

"I'm yours, alpha," I admit softly as his teeth sink gently into my shoulder, a white stab of pleasure traveling straight down my core.

Orion bucks behind me, moaning as I clench around him.

Every touch, every breath, every little tease. They're driving me wild. My skin is on fire everywhere his body touches mine. "Fuck me now, alpha," I snap, unable to stop myself.

Orion chuckles as he pulls gently out of me, laying one loud slap on my ass as he backs away from me and off the bed.

Whipping around, I stare at him incredulously. "You're getting out of bed now? Are you fucking kidding me?"

My mate chuckles as he wraps one hand around his gorgeous dick and strokes it a few times, groaning into the quiet room. “Not gonna give you this right now, naughty omega. I told you you needed a lesson, and you just got it. Impertinent omegas don’t get dicked down until they say they’re sorry, and mean it.” He fists himself a few more times before letting go and turning from the room, presenting me with a mouthwatering view of broad, muscular shoulders and the most perfect ass I’ve ever seen.

Sinking down to the sheets, I barely suppress white-hot indignation. Oh he thinks I need a lesson, does he? Two can play this game.

# Orion

I smirk as I leave my beautiful, wild mate behind me in the bedroom. She'll be in there planning and scheming as we speak. Maybe I'll find a spider in my shoe when we leave, or she'll surprise me by shoving something up my ass next time we're in bed. Who knows...

*I can't wait to find out.*

It's hard to leave her like that, when her body calls so desperately for mine, when every part of my intuition screams that she needs to be serviced. But this is part of the dance she and I do, and it's one of my favorite things about our relationship.

My mate is a quiet introvert, except when we're alone. When it's just her and I, she's a snarky, impudent hellcat. Two days before we came here, she left me tied to our headboard and footboard and went downstairs to have breakfast with Connor. It took me half an hour to realize she wasn't coming back, rip the ropes and go find her in the kitchen. She and Connor laughed and laughed when I showed up at the door, still naked, so mad and horny I forgot to put my damn clothes back on.

She'll never stop this impudence, and I'll never stop rising to the occasion, literally. Striding into the kitchen, I hunt around for cleaning supplies and start wiping down the cabinets, countertops, every surface I can. It doesn't smell musty to me in here, but she mentioned it, and I want this time away to be perfect.

When we give in to each other and go into the bedroom in earnest, we won't be coming out for a few days. I want her mind occupied on one thing only—me.

Mal breezes out of the bedroom then, her arms crossed angrily. When she sees me with cleaning supplies in my hand, a smile tugs her beautiful lips upward. She forces it back down by pursing them together, dropping her arms as she stomps over to our bags.

I resist the urge to tease her as I unpack the groceries I bought. I don't know if she'll eat when she's in the throes of her heat, but I'm gonna try to feed her. Need is building up in my core though, a deep, violent need for her that feels like it might spill out of me and tear this house down. I always want her with every fiber of my soul, but today I'm extra-attuned to her. It's a matter of time before she drops what she's pretending to focus on and climbs me like a tree.

I can't fucking wait. But in the meantime, I'll get the house cleaned up and dinner started.

Mal unpacks our bags in the other room. She's gone long enough she must have unpacked mine too, but for all I know she shredded all my shirts or threw them off the balcony instead. Suppose I'll see when I get in there...

"I'm sorry," floats her voice softly in the room, wrapping itself around my damn cock and tugging.

Growling, I shut the refrigerator door and look around at my mate, cocking my head to the side. "Do you mean it though?" I ask her, letting my voice drop real deep as slick flows down her thighs.

A tear slides down her delicate cheek. *Oh fuck*, she's crying. I fly across the room, dragging her up into my arms and sitting her on the end of the island. Tipping her face up, I kiss the tear away as another falls. "Talk to me, mate," I whisper softly. "What's wrong?"

Mal reaches up to brush the tears away as more spill down her cheeks. "I don't know," she wails. "I'm an emotional disaster. I just...I just need you, so much," she admits, burying her face in my chest to sob.

I smile softly as I rub her back. My poor, overwrought mate. Hormones are a bitch, that's clear to see. "Baby girl," I whisper into her ear. "I cleaned, and I was gonna fix you up a nice meal, but I don't know if you can wait for that."

"I can't..." she sobs, muffled, into my shirt.

My whole body stands to attention at that admission. It's time to see my omega through her first heat. *I can't fucking wait.*



# Orion

“Go get in bed, omega,” I command her softly as I pull her gently off the counter, letting her slide down the front of my body, letting her feel how ready I am for her.

Mal moans and bites her lip, but turns obediently and paces back to the darkening room. My God, I never thought I’d call her obedient, but desperate need is riding my woman hard.

I let out a groan as I breathe in and her scent unfurls. She always smells incredible, but something about this heat changes it. Breathing her in shoots sparks down my spine, heat pooling at my lower back and down my thighs. Stalking to the bedroom, I put one hand on either side of the door and lean in to look for her.

She’s in the bed, curled into a ball on her side with a hand pressed to her stomach.

I growl, a rumbling purr that pulls from deep inside me and fills the room.

Mal’s head lifts, green eyes meeting mine as she pulls to a stand on the bed. Except her eyes are no longer green, they’re all black, pupils blown wide. Her chest rises and falls quickly, breasts swaying slightly as my gaze travels down her body.

She shaved between her thighs this morning, which is...new. I can see every beautiful dip and fold, every drop of slick as it streams down her legs and drips onto the sheets.

“Alpha,” she whispers, her voice all reverential desire, zero snark.

This is a version of Mal I’ve never seen, an omega so wrapped up in need and lust that she can’t even bother to verbally slap me. I’ll admit...I could get used to this on occasion.

I stalk across the room slowly, letting her look her fill as she balls both fists by her side. She trembles slightly when I pause beside the bed, letting my eyes drop all the way down her body and back up. Mal’s lips part, the tip of her pink tongue coming out to wet them.

Every bit of my focus goes to her mouth, to the way she licks her lip softly, the way her tongue disappears back behind pretty white teeth. And then I reach out and pull her to me slowly, moaning when her beautifully hard nipples brush against my chest. Standing on the bed like she is, she’s nearly as tall as me.

Slowly, my mate leans forward and slips her tongue along my bottom lip, before biting it gently and tugging it between her teeth. Fireworks skate across my shoulders and back when she does it again, more forcefully.

Time slows as I pick her up, wrapping legs around my waist as I pace to the nearest plate window and press her up against it. The winter sun is down, the moon shining brightly. It feels right to do this under its light.

With one arm under my mate to support her, I run the other hand up her back and into her hair. Without encouragement she lets her head fall back slightly, baring the slim expanse of her delicate neck for me. It's submission and trust and everything that stokes burning desire in me. And it's the perfect move for her to make, because I can't resist her like this. Her submission is the final straw that breaks me, every damn time we're together.

Mal quivers slightly in my arms, hers limp by her side as I draw the tip of my nose up her neck. My lips taste her on the way back down, nibbling and nuzzling as she moans over and over.

I'm so hard my dick feels like it'll break in two if I don't get inside her. I want to tease and torture and taste, but every breathy moan from my mate feels like she's rubbing me with both hands. She smells so damn good like this, wrapping me in a stronger, more primal scent.

With a groan, I press her hard against the window for leverage, and angle the head of my cock at her entrance, sliding it through her folds to wet myself. She's soaked, and slick flows easily over me as Mal hisses with need.

"Please, Orion..." *Orion?* I don't think she's called me by my full first name since we met. There's something so formal, so unusual about it. I fucking love it. Bucking my hips forward, I slip deep inside her as she throws her head back, hitting the glass as she screams.

"Mallory," I purr into her ear. I use her full first name *often*, every time she's in trouble, but she pants anyway at the command in my voice. "Take every inch of me, omega," I direct her.

My mate writhes on my cock, her pussy clenching over and over again as I slip out and back in slowly.. I'm trying to maintain some sense of control, but that control starts to elude me as she goes feral in my arms. Scratching, biting, *begging*.

I can't take it anymore, can't take the slow tease I'm attempting. Not with the raging need welling up inside me, spilling out between us. Throwing Mal's arms around my neck, I shift both hands to the backs of her thighs, pressing them back and open so she's spread impossibly wide around my shaft. And then I pound her once, hard, my balls slapping up against her ass cheeks.

Mal screams out her pleasure as I roar. I could die from this, from how good she feels.

Slamming home again, I pick up a steady pace, making sure to rub up against her clit every time I rock my hips into her. I can't hold back as she erupts around me, a string of colorful curses leaving her mouth. The moment she clenches and flutters around my cock, I come with a bellow, shaking the window she's pressed up against. My eyes squeeze tightly shut as I ram into her over and over, wringing every last ounce of orgasm from us both until we're drained of it.

And then I pick my limp mate up higher and turn, stalking to the bed and tossing her in. Any semblance of control I had is gone. I'm unhinged for the first time in a long time, every

pinpoint of focus narrowed on the omega in front of me as her tits bounce once, twice when she lands in the sheets.

Growling, I hop onto the bed and drop to my knees on top of her, reaching a hand around to pull her ass up. I stroke her back hole softly as she moans, and then I slide gently between her thighs again.

Mal hisses and bucks when I slide a finger, then two, into her from behind. I work her back hole gently as my dick fills her up from the front. Looking down, I growl at the vision between her thighs. I'm so damn big, but somehow she takes me, slick coating my cock and dripping down my balls. It's hot and it smells fucking fantastic, and I need so much more.

My mate groans as I pick up the pace, and then she comes twice more before I let myself go again.

After that's done, I flip her, pulling her ass up in the air. She's flushed, her tan skin painted ever-so-slightly pink, thighs quivering from the release. When I tease her back hole with my cock she whines, pressing herself to me as she pleads breathlessly. Oh yes, I like this begging, needy omega a lot. *A whole lot.*

# Mal

I'm dying. I'm going to die of pleasure in this big-ass house. Orion hovers behind me, sliding the tip of his rock-hard dick into my ass, slowly, out and in and out again. My brain is a tangled pile of incoherent thoughts; I can barely focus on anything except getting him to fuck me.

Whining, I press myself back, sheathing him completely. He hisses as I moan, and then my alpha unleashes himself on me, wrapping one thick arm around my body so his fingers can stroke my clit.

I start to lose track of time, of how many times I come, as Orion mounts me from behind over and over again.

When we're boneless and exhausted, he picks me up and paces to the shower, washing my body worshipfully.

But then we fuck three times in there too, because my hormones are a hurricane, riling us both up until we can't keep our hands off one another.

Time passes, and Orion gets me to drink a little water here and there, but he fucks me on every surface of the house. We sex up the entire kitchen, living room, the rug in front of the fireplace. He takes me in the hot tub, on the porch, up against a tree in the yard. We even go out front and screw on the Mustang's hood. We barely speak the entire time, all clashing teeth and pent up fury and wild need. I'm out of my mind for...days, I think?

But, finally, a sense of awareness creeps slowly back to the forefront of my mind.

Orion kisses me hard, his mouth desperate on mine as we chase release together. We're in the bed this time, his big body over me as he groans out his pleasure. He pounds relentlessly into me, hissing with need as I consciously clench and unclench around him, nipping at his chest. He loves that, coming hard and fast. Watching his beautiful mouth drop open, elongated canines peeking out, is enough to send me over the edge with him as I scream into his broad chest.

Orion hovers over me for a moment before groaning and slipping himself gently out from between my thighs. He sags over onto the bed and moans, then chuckles.

"We all done, baby girl?" he asks softly, throwing one arm behind his head as grey eyes flick to mine. Damn his eyes are so fucking beautiful. A summer storm I could get lost in forever.

"Why?" I quip. "You too old and used-up to get hard again?"

Orion's belly laugh ricochets around the room. "Alright mate, we're back to business as usual I can see." Flipping on his side, chin in his palm, he strokes fingers softly between my

breasts, down my stomach. “That was fucking amazing, Mal,” he admits. “So fucking beautiful, but I am so damn sore...”

We both chuckle at that as Orion pulls me into his arms, kissing me slowly, deeply. It’s so beautiful, this bone-deep connection we share.

“We did it, ‘Ri,” I whisper into his beautiful, soft lips. “My first heat. You’re amazing...”

“You were such a good girl, Mal,” he whispers darkly into my ear. “Such a good girl for me.”

My God. I don’t think I realized I had a kink about being called a ‘good girl’ until this very moment. “‘Ri, we’re gonna need to explore you calling me a ‘good girl’ a little bit more...”

My mate laughs and laughs as he pulls me to his chest, stroking long fingers gently down my back. “I love you Mal. Can’t wait to do this next month...”

Oh fuck. Monthly?

“If you can get it up again, old man,” I chirp as Orion rolls over, pulling me on top of him.

“I’m hard again, mate,” he growls. “And not too sore to teach you a lesson right now...”

I laugh as Orion rocks me back, his cock slipping up the crease of my ass slowly, teasing.

He’s everything, he’s all mine. And I can’t wait to do this again.

“By the way,” I admit, thinking back to my original need to one-up my mate for being such a shitty tease. “When you left me hanging the day we got here, horny in the bed? I stuck your toothbrush up my butt.”

Orion’s eyes go wide as his mouth drops open in surprise. “You little shit, you did not. I’ve *used* that toothbrush every day Mallory!”

“Oh well, sucks for you,...” I trail off, shrugging my shoulders as Orion flips us, throwing my hands above my head again.

“You did not, did you?” he asks softly, truly concerned.

I’ll never admit that I didn’t do that, it would ruin our game. Smiling devilishly, I wink at my handsome mate as he roars in indignation.

