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Ménage Amour



JOYEE FLYNN

Resistant Omegas 2



Carson

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When Carson's old inner circle is challenged and overthrown, he knows that he will become the Omega for the new Alpha and his Betas. After all he barely survived the abuse dished out by his last circle and he knows that, as defective as he is, he can only hope to keep the punishments at bay for so long.

Declan, Ian, and Taylor have never wanted to run a pack, but after seeing Carson and realizing how he was being treated at the hands of certain members of the pack, they couldn't stand by and let him suffer. But while they may have won the Omega they've dreamed of, they quickly find it becoming a nightmare.

Genre: Alternative (M/M or F/F), Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Vampires/Werewolves

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DEDICATION

To Jinger: Thank you for making my visions and characters come to life. That and putting up with my pain-in-the-ass demands!!

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JOYEE FLYNN

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Chapter 1

It was the morning after the Omega claiming ceremony by my new Alpha and Betas. I lay in bed sending up prayers to whoever in the heavens might be listening to me that this inner circle treated me better than the last one. I was only twenty-two and already on my second set of Alpha and Betas.

This new Alpha, Declan, had petitioned the High Council for their consent to take over the pack when he witnessed my mistreatment. Supposedly. I wasn't sure I was buying that was the reason just yet. The old Alpha and Betas were gone and dead now, since a challenge for leadership was to the death. But that didn't mean everything that had happened to me was instantly washed away.

"Are you awake, my beautiful Omega?" Declan asked as he nuzzled his face in my neck and ran his hand over my hip. "If you're too sore from last night to play, I understand."

"No of course not, Alpha Declan," I immediately replied. Quickly, I got into position on my hands and knees, presenting myself to him. I'd learned early on with my last Alpha that a sore ass didn't stop the sex from happening and saying I was tender was a sign of weakness. One that came with a severe punishment.

“Carson, you can call me just Declan,” he said gently as he moved behind me.

“I’m sorry, Alpha Peter didn’t like that. He got mad if I did. He said it was disrespectful to leave off his title,” I replied softly as I heard the snap of the lid for the bottle of lube.

“Things are different now. I won’t hurt you like he did, baby.” He pushed two slicked up fingers in my ass.

We’ll just have to wait and see on that, now won’t we? I thought to myself. It sounded great in theory, and I wanted to believe him, but I’d been tricked before, and I wasn’t going to get my hopes up. Alpha Peter and his Betas hadn’t started off being mean to me, so time would only tell if Alpha Declan was any different.

There was a gentle knock from one of the connecting doors. Betas Ian Flannery and Taylor Hughes stuck their heads in and then entered the room when they saw we were awake.

“Is he okay to play?” Ian asked as they approached the bed.

“Yes, of course I am, Beta Ian,” I answered with a moan as Alpha Declan pushed in a third finger. There were a couple of big differences between my new inner circle and the old one. They seemed to like to prepare me, for one. Even after the ceremony last night when we’d all had sex again in Alpha Declan’s bed, they each took time to make sure I was properly slicked up and stretched.

Also, they were hot. Alpha Peter and his Betas weren’t ugly, but they were older and just creepy. Not this inner circle. Alpha Declan had to be at least six-five, with shorter brown hair that curled with enchanting light brown eyes that I wanted to get lost in when he looked at me. And his body. Hot damn! The man was maybe two-eighty and just muscle on muscle.

Beta Ian had red hair, deep green eyes, and was even bigger and more built than our Alpha. Beta Taylor was the largest of the three, coming in at about six-eight and over three hundred pounds. He had blond hair like me, but whereas I had platinum blond, he was more strawberry blond. And he had these deep blue eyes that not only were

amazing, but I swear saw everything. I bet nothing ever got past that man.

“You can just call us by our first names, baby,” Beta Taylor said softly as he knelt beside the bed in front of me. “We know what happened to you before, Carson. We’re not like them, okay?”

“Okay, Beta Taylor...I mean, Taylor,” I whispered. I didn’t know what else to do but agree since I’d been taught that disagreeing with the inner circle led to beatings and being whored out to others in the pack. Him saying he knew what happened to me was almost like a verbal slap, and I turned away because I couldn’t look at him. But I couldn’t help but wonder if they really knew, or they just thought they knew.

“Are you up for all of us joining in the fun?” Beta Ian asked as he yanked off his pajama pants. He looked at me with lust in his eyes as he started stroking his hard, nine-inch cock.

“Of course,” I answered and pushed my ass back against Declan’s hand as if showing him as well. I was scared they’d see the lie in my eyes, but I hoped if I got into the sex, they might not notice. It wasn’t like they weren’t showing me a good time. I was hard and horny. My heart just wasn’t into it. I was scared and reverted to answering yes to everything so they didn’t get mad at me.

“We’ll be gentle with you, Carson,” Declan said as he pulled his fingers out of my ass and replaced them with his cock. I fisted the sheets as he slowly thrust into me. Again, it wasn’t that it was bad, just painful after having sex six times the night before. I was incredibly tender and wanted a hot bath more than anything.

“Can I suck that gorgeous cock while he takes you?” Taylor hissed in my ear as he ran his fingers over my cock.

“What?” I gasped and raised my head lightning fast to glance at him. Unfortunately, Ian was looming over us, and I inadvertently head-butted him. “I’m so sorry, Beta Ian. I didn’t see you there. I swear, I didn’t mean to.”

“Fuck that hurt,” he yelled as he grabbed his nose. Instinct kicked in, and I pulled away from Alpha Declan before scrambling off the bed. I dove for the corner of the room to hide as much as possible and crawl into a smaller target.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to,” I chanted over and over again as I curled into a ball. I screamed when someone touched me. “Please don’t hit me! I didn’t mean to hurt him.”

“Carson, baby, it’s okay,” Taylor whispered as he pulled me onto his lap. “We’re not mad. It was an accident. No one’s going to hit you ever again.”

“You’re not mad?” I asked, turning towards him to see if he was kidding. But he wasn’t, his face held nothing but sadness. Not one traced of anger or rage. I felt my mouth open in shock. Then I looked over at Ian, who had frozen with his hand on his nose as he stared at me.

“What did they do to you?” Ian asked, pain and sorrow written all over his face. Of course he was upset. He was finally getting the fact that they’d gotten a broken Omega.

“I’m so sorry, Beta Ian,” I answered instead as I crawled off Taylor’s lap and knelt in front of Ian. “Please allow me to make amends for my disgrace.”

“You didn’t disgrace anyone, baby,” he said gently as he knelt down. “There’s nothing you have to make up for. It was an accident.”

“So you don’t want me to suck you off?” I asked, staring into his eyes. Again, I was completely confused. They weren’t going to beat me or make me pleasure them as punishment?

“Well, I didn’t say that.” Ian chuckled but gently kept me still as I went to take care of his cock. “But I only want it when you want to give me that pleasure. It’s not supposed to be a punishment, Carson.”

“It’s not?”

“Has anyone ever given you a blow job, baby?” Declan asked as he slid off the bed to join us on the floor. He exchanged a glance with his Betas, and I knew they thought I was an even bigger reject now.

“No,” I answered, shaking my head. “I wasn’t allowed to be pleased or come, ever. If I did on accident, they’d beat me.”

“Fuck,” one of them gasped. I wasn’t sure who because I was too busy staring at my hands in my lap as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

“Is that why you didn’t come last night, Carson?” Taylor asked as he lifted my head up to look at him. I gave a quick nod and darted my glance over to Declan to see if he was upset. “From now on you come whenever you want to, okay? We like knowing that you enjoy when we’re together.”

“I don’t know if I can anymore,” I shrugged, knowing full well it had been months since I’d had an orgasm.

“We’ll fix that,” Declan said with a smile as he leaned forward and lifted me into his arms. Ian’s nose had stopped bleeding, and he’d wiped the excess on his pants. I still kept bracing for the beating that hadn’t come yet.

Declan moved me back into position on the bed, while everyone else went back to their original places. Taylor shimmied under me and took my cock into his mouth. Instantly, I got hard and let out a loud moan.

“Oh, sweet mother, I didn’t know it felt like that,” I cried out. I tried to get into it fully, but I could help wondering what game they were playing with me. Was this a way to lure me into a false sense of security?

“We’re going to take good care of you now, Carson,” Ian whispered as he held his dick up to my mouth. Obediently, I swallowed him all the way down. “Fuck, he can deep throat like a dream.”

“I’m partial to his sweet ass.” Declan groaned as he pushed back into me. I was careful not to bite down on Ian as I felt the burn from his entry in my tender ass. Taylor started doing wonderful things with his mouth, and I forgot all about the pain. “Come for us, baby. We want to make you feel so good.”

“Okay,” I grunted around Ian’s cock as I came. It seemed after so long at having to listen to every order given, my body responded. Taylor moaned as he swallowed my cum, and Declan cried out as he came in my ass. He pulled out of me and fell over on the bed.

“How about you ride Ian while I take his ass?” Taylor asked as he moved out from under me. “You have to be sore after all of our attention.”

“No, I’m fine. I swear I am, Beta Taylor,” I rambled, desperate that they didn’t think I was denying them.

“You know that you can say no to us, right?” Ian asked as he glanced at Taylor as they moved me to straddle his lap. “We’re not demanding sex, Carson. We only want it if it’s okay with you.”

“Of course it is,” I replied and hurriedly impaled myself on his cock before he could say anything else. I glanced over my shoulder at Taylor as I started to ride Ian. “You don’t have to take Beta Ian. My ass is yours as soon as he’s finished with me.”

“I’m so fucking close already,” Ian moaned as he grabbed my hips and started moving me against him faster. I knew he’d been ready to come when I stopped sucking on his monstrous cock, so this wouldn’t take long. He stiffened up before roaring out his release and shooting his load in my hole.

“Come on, it’s time for a hot bath,” Taylor said gently as he lifted me off Ian. He set me on my feet next to the bed, but my legs weren’t working yet, and I started to fall. Taylor growled as he swept me up into my arms. “You lied to us, baby.”

“I–I didn’t, B–Beta Taylor,” I stuttered, not sure which lie he was busting me on. “I’m ready to service you.”

“I saw that your sweet hole was tearing when you were riding Ian,” he whispered in my ear as he walked us into the bathroom. “You were too sore for fun. You should have told us, Carson. I don’t want sex if it means hurting you. I’d rather go jack off.”

“Alpha Peter said my discomfort or pain was inconsequential to whether he needed sex,” I replied softly as he set me down on the

counter. Taylor shook his head as he drew a bath. Was he really going to let me soak in the tub instead of fucking me? I couldn't even remember someone wanting to take care of me like that. But then again, he was just taking care of his possession, like you'd wash a dirty car.

"From now on, you tell us the truth when we ask you something," he said after the bath was ready. Taylor gave me a quick kiss on the lips before lifting me up and carrying me to the tub. That was something else that was different with this inner circle...They liked to kiss me. I'd never been kissed before them, and I didn't know what to do.

I let out a deep groan and then hiss as the hot water hit my sore ass. Taylor saw everything since I hadn't schooled my reaction properly. Part of me wondered if he'd have seen my discomfort if I'd hidden though. He left me to wash up, leaving the bathroom and closing the door behind him. And then that's when the voices started again.

"He shouldn't be having sex until he's mentally healed."

"I swear I want to kill that rat bastard all over again."

"I wish he would sleep in my bed some nights. I love the way he feels in my arms."

"No, no, no," I cried out softly as I started pounding my fists against my head. I wouldn't be defective with this inner circle!

Alpha Peter had told me the voices in my head were a sign of my weakness and uselessness. He said I was a freak with schizophrenia. I'd looked it up, and it did explain the voices in my head and the depression. And given how much abuse I'd suffered, I read it was something that happened to people who suffered traumatic stress.

I tried to ignore the voices, humming to myself as I washed up and then just lay in the hot water. But all that did was give me a bigger headache. Suddenly, everything got quiet. I sighed at the blissful quiet as I sank lower into the tub.

Maybe this inner circle really was nice? I mean they hadn't hit me so far, and that was even better than my parents had treated me. Of course, they had stopped a few months before I was sold to Alpha Peter so no one ever knew they beat their son. They told me no one would buy damaged goods.

When the water started to get cold, I climbed out of the tub and let the drain out. I dried off and walked back into the bedroom to find it empty. Letting out a sigh of relief, I quickly got dressed and went to find my only real possession. My Kindle.

I reached the library and made sure no one was around before pulling it out of its hiding spot between some books. The housekeeper, Dorothy, had gotten it for me shortly after I'd moved into the Alpha house with Alpha Peter. She helped me set up a small studio in the back of the basement where I could paint. Dorothy sold those paintings and put the money in a PayPal account for me so I could use it to buy books.

Those were really the two things that kept me going in my horrid life, my painting and books. The rest of my time was filled with hurt and pain, and I'm not just talking physical. But I'd need to learn the new inner circle's routine before I ever dared go down to my small studio. Just as I was snuggling in with the new Stormy Glenn book I'd bought, the door to the library flew open so hard it banged off the wall.

I gasped as trouble with a capital *T* walked in, and I knew I was in deep shit. Guess Alpha Declan didn't need to beat me. He still had Alpha Peter's flunkies to do it.

"Hello, Omega whore." Sam sneered as he closed the door behind him and his friends. I cringed internally at what I knew was coming next. And more importantly, it was too late to hide my Kindle. Sam and Mike's gazes locked on it, and I wanted to cry.

"Oh, look, the toy has a toy." Mike purred as he walked toward me. "Who knew the whore could read?"

"It's Declan's. He lent it to me," I lied in a rush.

“So we’re not showing your Alpha the respect of his title anymore?” Adam sneered as he approached me. “You know the punishment for that, whore.”

I knew I could tell them that Declan had said it was okay to call him just Declan, but what was the point. Talking back to them would get me an even worse punishment. At this point I was fucked either way, so better to just get it over with quickly. I stood and put the Kindle on the seat I’d just vacated, hoping they would forget about it if I met my beating head on.

“You’re the reason Peter got killed,” Mike yelled as he punched me in the face. I did my best to stay standing because falling down would show weakness. “We’re going to fuck you until you bleed, whore.”

“And we know how much you like it rough.” Sam leered as he tore my shirt off of me. I closed my eyes and prayed for it to just be over so I could lick my wounds. So much for life taking a turn for the better. I’d just been kidding myself all along, and the proof was about to rape and beat me.

Chapter 2

“What’s going on in here?” Alpha Declan roared as he barged into the room. “I got a call that three men from the pack demanded entrance to my home when I wasn’t here.”

“We came for our weekly Omega treat.” Sam shrugged as he turned back to me. They’d hit me several more times and had torn off my clothes, but not gotten any further than that. Now I just waited to see if Declan allowed what they were doing or joined in.

“And when we got here the Omega whore started lying to us,” Adam said as he bitch slapped me again.

“You hit my Omega one more time and I will fucking end you,” Declan growled slowly, emphasizing every word.

“He likes it.” Adam snickered and slapped my ass. “The Omega is a complete whore. Even more, he’s a pain whore. He begs for it.”

“Even if that’s true, I don’t share.” Declan snarled as he stormed over to us. He yanked on my arm hard before pushing me back onto the couch. “There will be no more weekly Omega treats or touching him. In most packs if a member dares touch the Alpha’s Omega, it’s a death sentence.”

“T–That’s not the way Alpha Peter ran the pack,” Mike said, his eyes going wide.

“I’m not Alpha Peter,” Declan roared in his face. “You do not touch my Omega or come into my home when I am not here, or I will end you. Are we clear?”

“Yes, Alpha Declan,” they said in unison before scurrying out of the room. Declan didn’t move until the front door slammed shut, telling us that they had left.

“What did you lie to them about, Carson?” Declan growled as his chest heaved as he whipped around to face me. “That it was okay for you to have sex with others?”

“It’s not?” I asked, my own eyes going wide this time. “But I had sex with Beta Ian and Taylor last night and this morning.”

“Aren’t we enough for you?” he screamed, storming the few feet towards me. “Do you really need more sex than the three of us? How often do you want sex, Carson?”

“I don’t want sex ever,” I whispered as I covered my face with my hands. “I didn’t want them, I swear. I lied about my Kindle. Alpha Peter wouldn’t let me have anything of my own, so I had to hide it. When they barged in and saw me with it, I lied and said it was yours and you said I could use it. They blamed me for Alpha Peter’s death and started hitting me.”

“What?” He gasped as he grabbed my hands and slowly moved them away from my face. “They were going to rape you?”

“It wouldn’t be the first time,” I snorted and then closed my eyes, realizing what I’d admitted. “I didn’t want them. They tore my clothes off. You can see for yourself, they’re in tatters by the chair.”

“He wasn’t hard when we got here, Declan,” Taylor said softly, and it was only then I noticed he and Ian had slipped into the room. “Carson didn’t come to them. They barged in while we weren’t home.”

“I know,” Declan said as he ran his finger over my split lip. “How many others have there been, Carson? Who else has raped you?”

I tried to curl into a ball, shaking my head because I didn’t want them to know my worst secret. My entire body shook with fear. Fear they’d find out and fear they’d beat me if I didn’t tell them.

“Did you mean what you said about not wanting sex ever?” Ian whispered as he came towards us. I didn’t answer, still shaking my head and trying to get away from Declan.

"It's okay, baby," Declan said gently. "You don't have to answer us right now, okay? We're going to get you in a room of your own and cleaned up."

He pulled off his shirt and put it on me before lifting me up into his arms. As he started to walk us out of the library, I let out a whimper as I tried to get down. Taylor understood of course, going over to the chair and retrieving my Kindle. He handed it to me, and I clutched it to my chest, hopeful they wouldn't take it from me.

"Please don't take it away from me. It was a gift," I begged as we all walked up the stairs. "It's the only thing I have."

"Of course you can keep it, sweetheart," Declan replied as he stared down at me. There were tears in his eyes, and I realized they finally knew the truth. I was defective and useless. An Omega was supposed to be the best part of being in the inner circle of a pack, and they'd been handed a lemon. "Do you want some books on it? We can get you some."

"I have some, but they're paid for. I didn't illegally download them."

"We know that," Taylor said as he opened the room across from Alpha Declan's. As if they'd had some silent communication, they all bustled about. Ian went to the attached bathroom, got a wash cloth for my cuts, and started to clean me up. Declan started brining my few clothes into the room and put them away. Taylor had left after we'd gotten there but then came back with tray of food and a few cans of pop.

"You just rest, okay? We'll be back after we make sure the pack knows you're off-limits," Declan said as they all left. He closed the door behind them, and I heard the distinct sound of the door being locked. To make matters worse, the voices started again.

"Fuck! What haven't they done to him?"

"He never wanted us to have sex?"

"We're just going to have to keep him locked up until we know what threats there are against him."

It was the last one that scared me the worst. I mean, the room was nice, but it was bare for guests. And how long would they be locking me up? I laughed as I started eating my food. Who's they? The voices in my head? God, I really was cracking up.

I sat there, eating my lunch as I read from my Kindle. If nothing else, Declan had let me keep it, right? I mean, maybe things wouldn't be so bad. If they were disgusted with their reject Omega, maybe for once I'd just be ignored. It sounded like a plan, and after lunch I was suddenly tired. I knew things weren't as simple as I wanted them to be and this was really the beginning of the end. But what could I do?

* * * *

The first few days weren't so bad. Dorothy brought meals to my room, and I read and slept. But when my Kindle died, I started to go a little nuts. There wasn't a TV in the room, or computer, or any books, nothing. Hell, I didn't even have any paper to sketch on.

By day five I started to worry because not only hadn't anyone come to visit besides bringing me food, but the voices had even left me. Did they not even want to talk to me? That thought alone made me not even pretend to eat anymore. I just left the trays where Dorothy left them and didn't say anything when she came by my room. Declan, Ian, and Taylor never came back.

When the seventh day came, I realized what was really going on. They were going to trade me to another Alpha. I was being resold because I was defective. I spent the next three days panicking and trying to figure out how to escape. I couldn't get Dorothy involved. She was my only friend, and I didn't want to get her in trouble.

It was the morning of day ten that I completely snapped. They were going to sell me, and I couldn't go through that again. I'd rather die. There was no more reading or painting as they had me locked up like a prisoner. And there was no way to escape since the door was solid oak and I couldn't figure out how to pick the lock. I figured I

might have been able to overpower Dorothy and get out that way, but then they'd beat her.

No, the way I figured it, there was only one answer. It was time to give up and end my pathetic excuse for a life. I remembered seeing a razor in the bathroom that either a guest had left or Declan had brought in for me to use when I shaved.

I calmly undressed, no longer having enough energy to be scared or give a shit. It seemed logical to do it in the bathtub with the shower on so I didn't make too big of a mess for someone else to clean up. I turned on the water to warm and sat down.

It was harder to get the blades free than I would have thought, but after several minutes, I got them out. I hissed at the pain as I sliced down my forearms. Watching as the blood poured out of me and the water washed it away I realized I had another issue. Werewolves healed too fast for me to commit suicide. The wound closed up within a minute. My wolf who had been screaming to get out and run for the past few days was now trying to overtake me for survival.

Sighing at the effort this would take, I sliced up my forearms a few times each and then my legs. Maybe I'd get lucky and hit a major artery and bleed out before the cut could heal. No such luck, but at least after several times I no longer felt the pain of the cuts. Then after about ten minutes the cuts stopped healing, and I knew it would be over soon.

I was just starting to fade out when I heard Dorothy open the main door to the hallway. Fuck! I hadn't thought about how close it was to the time she delivered breakfast.

"Carson? I have your food sweet boy," she called out. I hadn't even bothered to close the bathroom door. She must have set the tray down because I heard her walk into the bathroom and scream. "What have you done?"

"Don't tell them," I whispered, feeling woozy from the blood loss. "They're going to sell me to another pack. Everyone's left me, even the voices. Please don't stop it, Dorothy."

I thought I'd gotten through to her because she raced from the room. But then I heard her screaming in the hallway, and I started to cry. I just hoped I'd lost enough blood where they couldn't save me. Just as I was trying to squeeze out the blood faster before I lost consciousness I heard loud footsteps.

"My god." Taylor gasped and raced to me. He pushed my hands away and started licking the wounds. Werewolf saliva could heal, and I knew he was trying to close up my gashes.

"Get him out of the tub so we can all help," Declan ordered, and I felt myself be lifted out of the tub.

"No! Let me die," I begged as he laid me on the bed. I tried to get away, but I was too weak to fight off three huge werewolves. "I won't be sold again."

"You will not die on us, Carson," Ian cried out as he licked my leg. Taylor and Declan were busy with my arms, and slowly I felt the cuts close. I sobbed in grief that I wouldn't die now. "He needs blood."

Declan bit into his wrist and put it to my lips. "Please, baby, you have to drink."

I shook my head, still trying to get away.

"*Please*, Carson," Taylor cried as he brushed away the hair on my forehead. "Baby, we love you. That's the reason we took over the pack. We couldn't see them hurt you. From the moment we saw you at the claiming ritual last year, we all fell for you. You're our sweet, innocent Omega, and we love you. You can't leave us before we can prove it to you. Please, baby?"

"But you—" I started to say, but Declan's blood flowed into my mouth. Had they tricked me? Did Taylor just say all of those things just so I'd open my mouth to ask questions? I was just about to spit back out the blood, but Taylor was too fast, plugging my nose so I'd either swallow or choke. Whatever I had left of self-preservation kicked in, and I swallowed.

“Don’t leave us, baby. We were never going to get rid of you,” Declan whispered as I drank from him. When his bite healed, he moved his wrist away.

“Then why lock me up and leave me?” I asked as I saw Taylor bite his wrist before he covered my mouth with it.

“We were trying to give you time to heal while we handled the pack and their fucked up beliefs of what an Omega is,” Declan explained as I drank from Taylor. “We knew if we were around, you’d keep lying that you were fine and get upset if we didn’t have sex with you. I locked you up and kept the only key, except to give it to Dorothy to bring you food. If you were safe and locked behind a solid oak door, no one else could get to you when we weren’t around.”

“You’re an idiot,” I said when Taylor’s wrist healed. “I thought you realized how defective I was and were trying to sell me. Even the voices left.”

“What voices?” Ian asked before biting into his wrist and giving me blood next.

“We never thought you’d think we were going to sell you,” Taylor said gently as he kissed my forehead. “We just wanted to give you time to heal physically and see that we weren’t going to force you to have sex like the old inner circle did.”

“What voices?” Ian asked again as I was done drinking. I figured it was time to lay my cards all on the table even if they were lying about loving me.

“I have schizophrenia,” I admitted as I licked their blood of my lips. “I hear voices in my head all the time.”

“Can werewolves even be schizophrenic?”

“Alpha Peter told me that we could,” I answered before I realized it was the voice in my head. I was still a little dizzy from the blood loss and emotional draining. “Sorry, I was talking to them, not you.”

“B–But I just thought that in my head,” Taylor said as he cupped my face with his hands and stared down at me.

“How do you pay for those books on your Kindle?”

“I paint,” I answered, starting to get confused. My own head would know that Dorothy sold my painting. “Dorothy set up a small studio for me in the back of the basement where Alpha Peter would never find it. She sells my paintings and puts the money in an account so I can buy books or more supplies.”

“Baby, you’re not hearing voices in your head,” he said and covered my mouth with his hand when I opened it to tell him he was wrong. “You’re hearing *our* voices in your head. I just thought the question you answered. You’re not crazy. You’re telepathic.”

“Is that why the voices left when you guys abandoned me?” I asked after a few moments, trying to work out this new information in my head.

“We didn’t mean to abandon you, Carson,” Declan whispered as he moved closer to the head of the bed so he could make room next to him for Ian. “We were trying to keep you safe, even if that meant from us. We want you, and we knew you needed time.”

“You’re really serious, aren’t you?” I asked, shocked that they cared for me. “You guys really won’t beat me or give me to other members of the pack to fuck me?”

“No, sweetheart. You’re all ours if you want us,” Ian answered as he took my hand in his. “All we’ve ever wanted was you and each other. Hell, we never wanted to lead a pack, but when we saw you that first night, we all wanted you. And then when Declan saw you a month later with bruises all over your body, we knew we couldn’t let them hurt you.”

“If you saw them a month after, why did it take you so long to take over the pack?” I asked Declan specifically.

“We didn’t know who to go to for help,” Declan said as a tear ran down his cheek. “I found your parents and your birth pack and called them. But they didn’t seem to care that you were being mistreated.”

“Because they used to beat me all the time before they sold me,” I snorted. All three of their mouths dropped open, and I closed my eyes

so I didn't have to see it. I just kept telling them more and more reasons why I was so screwed up.

"I'm sorry that happened to you, baby," Taylor said gently as he cupped my cheek. "It sucks you got a rotten deal for a family, but that doesn't make us love you any less."

"Really?" I whispered as my eyes popped open. They all nodded in agreement, and for the first time in my whole life, I felt as if someone truly cared for me besides Dorothy. "But how did you guys end up taking over if my parents didn't help you."

"We contacted the High Council," Declan sighed as he sat me up in the bed and moved behind me. I had to admit, it felt nice to sit between his legs and lean back against his strong chest. "They wouldn't let us move on it right away. We had to get them proof, which was a bitch to get. And then they had to *discuss* it while we sat on pins and needles waiting. As soon as they gave us the green light, we challenged him."

"But then he stalled for forty-five days, as is the Council's law, while he fought them on the decision to allow the challenge," Ian continued as he rubbed his hands over his face. "I wanted to just kidnap you, but they talked me out of it. Declan was right, of course. That would have just gotten us all labeled as rogue and probably would have gotten you killed."

"We're sorry we didn't tell you all of this already, but we thought you knew it," Declan said as he nuzzled my neck. "And then we were trying to keep our distance so you didn't feel pressured to offer yourself up to us. You've been conditioned to do as your inner circle wants, no matter the cost to yourself, and we don't want that for you."

I sat there several minutes, thinking over everything they'd just said to me as they watched me. "Okay, I won't lie anymore and be completely honest with you on one condition."

"Anything," they said together.

"An Alpha can release an Omega to the care of the High Council if he wants to." I moved out of Declan's legs so I could see all three

of them at once. "I want Dorothy to have those release papers she can send in to the High Council if she feels you're mistreating me in any way. I'm not going to lie and say it's fine, that I can get over all of this and trust you, because I know it won't be easy. But if I have a safety net in case I start being abused again, I'm willing to try."

"As long as if you promise never to try and take your own life again," Taylor said gently as he glanced at his friends. "And you have to talk to us if you don't like something we're doing before going to Dorothy to send the papers in."

"If it's not hitting me or letting others fuck me, then yes, I'll talk to you." I nodded my agreement. "And no more locking me up like that. My wolf was pissed, and I didn't have a damn thing to do. Anyone would go nuts locked in a room for ten days without anyone to talk to or distraction."

"Shit," Declan hissed and looked around the room. "I totally forgot this room didn't have an entertainment center. I thought this was the other guest room that had the TV, desktop, Wii, mini-fridge, and everything."

"Can I have that room?" I asked, my eyes going wide at the idea of having such lavish comforts like that.

"I think for now it's best you have your own room," Declan answered as he glanced at his Betas. "That way you're not pressured to be in any of our beds."

"Wanting you has never been the problem," I whispered and slipped off the bed. I realized then I was still naked and wanted to be clothed. They stared at me as I quickly pulled on some pajama pants. "I can leave this room now, right?"

"Yes, but we still think it's best you don't leave the grounds without one of us," Taylor answered as they all got off the bed.

"Okay, but there's something I want to show you," I said, feeling my cheeks heat up with embarrassment. I was about to take the biggest leap of faith in my entire life, and their reaction would tell me a lot about how honest they were being with me. But we had to start

somewhere, right? For me, the first step was letting them see what I'd hidden in my studio.

Chapter 3

I got about five steps down the hall before I felt ready to pass out. Leaning over to hang onto the wall, I didn't need to because Ian lifted me up into his arms. I smiled up at him as I threw my hands around his strong neck.

"Don't tell the others, but I love the way you feel in my arms," he said in a mock whisper.

"One of the voices said that before," I replied with a smile. "I think I know which voice is yours in my head now."

"Can you tell if we're being honest with you? Do you know when we're lying or not?"

"I don't think so," I answered as my brows scrunched together. "No, I can't tell if you're lying or not."

"Damn," Ian sighed as we walked down the stairs. I raised an eyebrow at him in question. "I figured if you could tell when we were telling you the truth, you'd know we were honest when we said we loved you."

"Yeah, that would be nice." We walked into the kitchen where Dorothy was sitting at the table sobbing. "I'm okay, Dorothy. Don't cry."

"Don't you ever do that to me again!" she yelled as she jumped up and raced to us. Kissing my cheek gently, she seemed to look me over for anymore cuts. "You can't ever give up like that, Carson. If things get that bad again, I'll sneak you out of here myself, okay? You should have told me you were so upset. I thought you just wanted to be left alone. I had no clue you were sad."

"I'm sorry," I whispered as I leaned forward to kiss her cheek. "I didn't want to put you in a difficult spot. I know Alpha Peter beat you when you tried to help me."

"I would take a hundred beatings to help you, my sweet boy," she replied as I wiped her tears away. "You promise never to hurt yourself again?"

"Yes, I swear it," I said with a soft smile. "I'm not crazy. I'm telepathic."

"You thought you were crazy? Oh hell, please tell me you didn't believe Alpha Peter when he said you were schizophrenic?"

"Yeah, I did." I shrugged. "But we all talked, and they're going to give you my release papers that you can send to the High Council if they ever beat me or let others use me."

"Good," she said, narrowing her eyes at Declan. "And I won't hesitate to do it if you ever lock him up like that again either."

"We were trying to protect him." Declan sighed. "I thought he had stuff to do in that room. We weren't trying to punish him."

"Okay, I believe you," Dorothy replied after a moment. Then she leaned into me and whispered so they couldn't hear. "Are you sure you want to show them the studio?"

"How did you know?" I whispered back.

"Because you only smile like that when you're going down to work," she smiled and gave me another quick kiss on the cheek. "You boys run along, and I'm going to make lasagna for dinner. If I make your favorite, you have to promise to eat and get some meat on those bones."

"Yes, ma'am." I giggled as we left the kitchen. Ian kissed my forehead gently before we went down into the basement. "I could get used to this kind of treatment."

"I'll carry you around always," Ian said, getting choked up. "Just don't ever scare me like that again and make it to where I have to carry you."

“I won’t, I swear. I am sorry,” I replied as I moved to kiss his lips softly. “I didn’t know anyone cared, but now that I do, I promise I’ll stick around.”

“Good, because there’s a lot more to life than you’ve ever been shown and we want to give it to you,” he whispered in my ear as we reached the basement. I pointed to the back corner. When we got there, I tapped his arm so he’d let me down. I moved around and pulled off the tarps that I had covering my work so it looked like storage instead of a hidden studio.

“Fuck, these are amazing, Carson.” Taylor gasped as he picked up my painting of the Alpha house. “Where did you learn to do this?”

“You mean did I have any training?” I asked, giggling when he nodded. “No one taught me how to paint. I just picked up a pencil one day and started drawing when I was a kid.”

“Who knew our gorgeous love was so talented,” Declan said as he stared at a landscape of the pack lands. “I can’t get over how gifted you are, baby.”

“Thank you, but that’s not what I wanted to show you,” I replied as my face heated up. I pulled a canvas out from behind a stack of blanks and handed it to him. It was a smaller one, about two feet by two feet. Declan gasped as he took it from me. “See, I saw you that day, too.”

“Shit! He could be looking in a mirror,” Ian whispered as he moved next to our Alpha. I’d painted a portrait of each of them, Declan was holding his. I wasn’t lying. I had seen them that first day at the Omega claiming ceremony with Alpha Peter. While they were staring at that one, I pulled out the paintings of Ian and Taylor.

“I thought you three were the most gorgeous men I’d ever seen,” I said softly as I handed them their portraits. “I was so sad that I couldn’t paint you right away. It was a couple of months until Dorothy helped me set this up in secret. But these were the first things I did when I moved in here.”

“Can I keep mine?” Ian sniffled as he glanced up at me. “This is coolest thing anyone’s ever done for me. I’d really like to hang mine in my room if that’s okay with you?”

“You really like it? You’re not creeped out that I’m some stalker or something?”

“We took over an entire pack to be with you and keep you safe. And you’re worried we think you’re a stalker from a gorgeous painting?” Ian said with a laugh as he gently put his painting down as if it was made of glass. Before I could even reply, he lifted me up and swung me around the room. “You can’t stalk the willing, baby. I love you, and I think you’re truly gifted.”

“Thank you,” I whispered as I started to get choked up with emotions. I wrapped myself around him, nuzzling his neck in a very wolf-like gesture as I memorized his scent. “I’m glad you like them.”

“I think we should move your studio to one of the sitting rooms that has a lot of light,” Declan said as he kissed my cheek. “If that’s what you want, I mean?”

“I want to see a movie,” I answered instead, taking another leap. “I’ve never been to a movie theater, and I really want to.”

“We’ll go as soon as you’re feeling better and healed,” he replied with a wide smile. “Anything else?”

“Can we go to a restaurant? I’ve never been to one of those either.” I was thrilled down to my toes that they were wanting to do things with me.

“We can go anywhere you want, baby,” Taylor said as he leaned over and kissed my other cheek. “I’m sure there are lots of restaurants in Chicago for you to try out.”

“We should do, like, a date night once a week.” Declan smiled widely at all of us as if he was proud of his idea. I was just happy that they were trying so hard.

“That sounds perfect,” I whispered. “And yes, I’d love to have a studio with actual light instead of a lone lamp.”

“Good,” Taylor said as we headed back upstairs. “But for right now, you need some fluids. That much blood loss will take you a while to feel better from, even with our blood now.”

“Okay,” I replied as everyone went quiet with the reminder of what I’d almost done. “I’ll really be good, I promise. I’ve never been so happy in my life. I won’t give up again, okay?”

“All right,” Declan answered as we got back to the kitchen. “But I think you should talk to someone. There’s a doctor in the pack that works with humans as a psychologist, and I think it might help you to talk to him. Would you do that for me?”

“Just talk, right?”

“Carson, no one is allowed to touch you without your permission, not even us,” Declan stated firmly as Taylor went to the fridge. “And I know we’d really like it if you didn’t want anyone but us. It would kill me to know you were ever with someone else.”

“You guys won’t be with anyone else either though, right?” I asked, scared I was pushing too hard but needing to know.

“No, none of us will ever touch anyone else, ever,” Ian answered and gave me a quick kiss.

“So we’re like a four-way couple, right?”

“If you’re okay with that,” Taylor said as Ian and Declan nodded. I took the sports drink from him to rehydrate as I nodded like a loon. “Good, then that’s settled.”

“See what happens when you all just talk instead of assuming things?” Dorothy clucked her tongue as she kept moving about the kitchen making dinner. “What did you think of Carson’s paintings?”

“We loved them,” Declan said with a smile as I downed the bottled drink under Taylor’s watchful eye. “He’s very talented. I couldn’t get over how accurate our portraits are.”

“Lots of the pack have family portraits done by Carson,” Dorothy said with a wink at me. “The pack just doesn’t know it was him who did them. I’d get requests for them, give Carson a photo of the family, and he’d come back with these gorgeous paintings. He makes good

money from them. I put it into his PayPal account, and he buys more books than most people buy in a lifetime.”

“That and painting’s been the only thing that’s been worth living for up until now.” I shrugged and chugged down the rest of the drink.

“Well we’re going to change that,” Declan said as he moved in between my legs and took the empty bottle. “Our job is to take care of the pack and make sure everyone’s safe and it runs smoothly. But our main goal is to make the man we love blissfully happy. We want you to be happy, Carson. Just tell us what you want and we’ll do anything in our power to get it for you.”

“Can we kiss more?” I asked, panting as I got hard from him being that close to me and saying the sweetest things. “They never kissed me, and it’s new to me, but I like it. I like the butterflies in my stomach when you guys kiss me.”

“Oh yeah, we can kiss all the time,” he groaned and brushed his lips over mine. “Anytime our baby wants a kiss, all he has to do is tell us and we’ll be fighting over who kisses you first.”

“Okay,” I moaned as he kissed me again. As I wrapped myself around my Alpha, I couldn’t get over the one-eighty my life was taking. Maybe I’d suffered this much so far in my life, so I could fully appreciate the three men who loved me? Or maybe my luck was just finally turning around and I could be happy?

* * * *

We decided to go out on Friday night, which was several days away. I spent most of the time having my men feed and tend to me like overbearing lovers. I adored every minute of it! Sunday they moved my studio up to one of the front rooms with a huge bay window and let me paint until my heart’s content.

Then they moved my few belongings into the guest room that was fully loaded. And the next night I went into the kitchen for dinner to a

plethora of presents. It was like every birthday and Christmas I'd ever had as a child growing up all rolled into one.

Declan, Ian, and Taylor had said they were making presents to celebrate me coming into their family. I was hesitant at first, not being able to forget how Alpha Peter said I couldn't have possessions of my own. But when I saw how excited they were, I knew there was no devious intent. I'd asked if we could wait until I could get them a chance to get them something, but they all swore the portraits I'd painted were the best presents ever.

And did I ever hit the mother lode! Though more importantly to me, I learned a lot about them through the gifts they gave. Declan gave me a lavish spa day so I could get pampered and whatever haircut I wanted. Which showed me how much he wanted to take care of me. They just all specified that they loved my blond curls and to please not chop them all off.

Ian had asked Dorothy which store she got my art supplies from and bought me the most gorgeous, expensive brushes and paint set. And that, of course, told me how much he supported my passion for painting.

Taylor bought me so many clothes after checking what size I was that I couldn't even guess how much he spent. He got me sneakers, jeans, shirts, pajamas, and a couple of hoodies. And they weren't just for around the house. Some were labeled especially for date nights, which told me how much he would be anything he thought I needed.

That Tuesday was my first appointment with the psychologist. My men had all agreed that starting at two days a week would probably be best given everything I'd been through. After an hour talking with the man, George, I felt raw. It was as if he ripped off the Band-Aids I'd put on some of my scars to help hold myself together. And while I understood the process, pulling them off so they could heal the right way, it was just hard.

We'd talked about how I'd felt when I found out I was an Omega and learned what that meant for my life. Then he asked me about the

training I received from my family and education about my role in the pack. When I was done, he gave me two things to think about before our session on Friday. How I felt about my parents and a name of an Omega to contact for the real rules of being an Omega.

I walked into the kitchen for lunch feeling exhausted. Dorothy gave me a knowing look as I sat down, and she said she'd make me a sandwich. I was just finishing up my latest crying jag and wiping my eyes when my men joined us.

"Carson, what happened?" Ian asked as he rushed to me. And honestly, he was the one I needed most. I'd already learned my big, bad Beta was a softy. He loved to cuddle and touched me as often as he thought I could handle. I stood up and threw myself into his arms, wrapping around him like a monkey.

"I had my first session with George," I answered with a snuffle. "Do you have plans the rest of the day?"

"Nothing that can't be put off for a while," he said softly as he rubbed my back in support. "What do you need, baby?"

"Can we just take a nap after lunch? I'd really just like you to hold me while I work through some of this stuff, if that's okay?"

"Of course it is," Ian answered as he sat down at the table with me on his lap. "Are you going to be okay? Did you not like George?"

"No, he was really nice. It's just we dealt with some things about how I found out I was an Omega and what my parents taught me that I thought I'd handled already. He wants to start with me seeing myself as more than a possession to be sold and as a man who deserves more."

"George is right, baby," Taylor said gently as he sat down next to us. "We never saw you as a possession, only a wonderful man."

"You're not upset I asked Ian to hold me, are you?" I asked hesitantly, worried I'd hurt their feelings.

"Do you care for all of us?" Declan answered as he sat on the other side of us.

“Yes, a lot.” I nodded, and it was true. I was falling hard and fast for my men. They were all so wonderful to me, taking our relationship as slowly as I wanted. It had been days since we all talked, and we were still in just the kissing stage.

“Then nothing else matters, baby,” he whispered as he leaned in and kissed me softly. “If Ian’s who you need right now, we understand that. We all know he’s just a big teddy bear.”

“Thank you for understanding,” I sighed as I snuggled back against Ian. Glancing over at Taylor I saw he was smiling as well. I gave him one back and a quick kiss before we sat down to eat. After lunch Ian demanded that he carry me up to my room, saying his baby had had enough stress that day and needed to be pampered.

“Everything’s going to be okay now, Carson,” Ian whispered against my temple as we snuggled in my bed. “I’m really proud of you for talking with George and dealing with all of this. I know it’s not easy, but we’re here for you every step of the way.”

“Why do you like me?” I asked after a few moment of thought.

“Well, I love you actually,” he answered as he moved over me. I spread my legs to accommodate his large body as I ran my hands up his arms. “I fell in lust with you when I first saw you. I won’t lie that I’ve always wanted you. But a few months after that, when I met you at the Alpha house, I started to fall for you. You were so sweet, even though I could tell you were being abused already. And I wanted nothing more than to protect you.”

“But now that we know each other better, why do you want me? I mean besides being attracted to me?”

“I still think you’re the sweetest person I’ve ever met,” he answered after a moment, giving me a quick kiss. “But there’s such spirit in you, even after all you’ve been through, and that shows me how strong you are. And you’re so smart. God, when you showed me all the books on your Kindle that you’ve read in just the past year, I was in awe.

“And you’re talented. Your paintings are like a window into your heart, and the passion you put into them is almost a living, breathing thing. I knew I wanted some of that passion and love directed at me. You’ve been through Hell, and still you fought to still paint and read, hiding them so you had a way to deal. You’re so special, Carson, and one day I hope you can see that.”

“I’m falling for you, and I’m so scared,” I admitted, closing my eyes at how stupid that sounded when blurted out.

“I know it’s scary, but it can be so wonderful, too.”

“Show me,” I whispered as I opened my eyes and stared up at him. “Can we try moving past kissing? I don’t want to with everyone around. Being in the group still scares me because I’m so much smaller than you guys, but I want to just touch you, Ian.”

“Are you sure? I’m not trying to pressure you,” he said with such concern in his eyes that I felt a little bit more in love with him.

“I’m sure,” I replied with a smile as I stroked his cheek. “I-I just want to touch you and have you touch me. Can we do that without sex yet?”

“Yeah, we can do that,” Ian whispered and kissed me. I shivered when he ran his tongue over my lips and parted them for him. He slowly explored my mouth as I did his. In the days since we’d all talked, I’d gotten much more comfortable with kissing. And I think I was doing a pretty good job of it, too.

We broke apart long enough to take our shirts off, and I groaned as I ran my hands over his hard muscles. “You are so fucking hot.”

“I was thinking the same thing about you, baby,” he growled and went to lick my nipple. But I jumped and started to move away. “What’s wrong?”

“The growling scares me,” I answered as I moved to sit up against the headboard.

“I don’t understand. We’re wolves, and wolves growl all the time,” Ian said, his eyebrows drawn together in confusion.

“I know, but for me it means something else.” I nodded and took a deep breath to try and calm down before dropping the bomb. “Alpha Peter, Sam, Mike, and Adam liked to fuck me really rough. I mean *really* rough. They’d bite me with their wolf teeth and dig their claws in my hips while they took me so hard I’d bleed sometimes. They seemed to get off when I was bleeding all over.”

“Oh, fuck, baby.” He gasped and pulled me into his arms. “I’ll talk to Declan and Taylor about the growling. We’ll do the best we can, but you have to know that it’s just instinct to growl when we’re turned on. I swear none of us would ever treat you like that.”

“I know that, but I couldn’t help jumping when I heard you growl.” I kissed his neck and ran my hands over his back. Moving so I could see his face, I pushed him onto his back and moved on top of him. I took one of his nipples in my mouth and sucked on it as my gaze never left his. “I still want to touch you, if that’s okay?”

“I’m all yours, baby,” he answered with a wink. I licked every inch of his hot chest, neck, and shoulders as I moved my hand lower and started to undo his jeans. Ian lifted his hips and helped me pull them down and then off.

“You don’t wear underwear.” I gasped as I stared at his huge cock. It was hard, thick, long, and perfect. Just seeing it gave me a shiver as I remembered how it felt in my ass. But we weren’t doing that right now. Now was for exploring and taking things slow.

“I don’t like them.” Ian chuckled. Then he looked at me with questioning eyes as his hands moved to my jeans. I nodded as I moved next to him so he could get them off of me. He rolled us over so that he was on top as he kissed down my chest and stomach. Then he undid the zipper and started to pull them off my hips as he kissed my hip bones. “I’d never do anything to mark this beautiful skin and hurt you, baby.”

“I don’t know how to help him or make him see how perfect he is to us.”

“You’re doing a good job of it already,” I moaned as he swirled his tongue around my belly button. I felt Ian freeze at my words. “Shit, you didn’t say that out loud.”

“No, but I’m okay that you heard it,” Ian said, giving me a wide smile. “I just can’t help but wonder why you only hear us sometimes.”

“I have a theory. I think it’s when you guys are feeling strong emotions and you’re projecting your thoughts at a higher feeling then,” I replied with a shrug.

“See? I said our baby was smart.” He purred as he went back to kissing down my legs as he pulled off my jeans. Then he moved over me and touched our lips together lightly. “Is this okay? Or would you rather be on top?”

“This is perfect,” I moaned as I thrust up and slid my cock against his. “I feel so safe with you. And loved, god, so loved. No one’s ever wanted to see my face while they’ve used me.”

“I’m not using you, Carson,” Ian said firmly as his face got red with anger.

“I know you’re not, Ian,” I replied softly, stroking his cheek. “I meant before you three. I know you’d never use me.”

“Good. I’m glad you see the difference.” Ian smiled at me as he moved my hand to his cock before wrapping his hand around my dick.

Suddenly, I didn’t want to talk anymore. My body felt like it was on fire as he stroked me slowly at first, but then faster as our kisses became needier. It didn’t take long until I started thrusting up into his hand, whimpering with the need to come.

“Come for me, baby,” Ian panted in my ear as if knowing what I needed to hear. “Paint me with your seed, my love.”

“Ian!” I screamed as I came so hard I was gasping for air. I stroked him harder and seconds later he roared out my name as he shot his load all over me.

After we came down from our orgasms, we stared into each other's eyes as we panted. We traded soft kisses as he rolled us over so that I was lying plastered to his side. My whole body felt relaxed and sated. It was the perfect step in the right direction for a loving, but still physical relationship with my men.

Chapter 4

“Hi, I’m looking for a Tristan Modeto?” I asked when a man answered the number George had given me earlier Tuesday. I probably shouldn’t have waited until right before our next session, but I’d been nervous to call someone outside of the pack. Declan had assured me that he was fine with me talking to another Omega, but old habits of fear die hard.

“You got him,” a deep voice said. This guy was a little Omega?

“Hi, I’m Carson Evans. I—I’m, umm, the Omega in Chicago,” I replied, trying to be vague since I knew phone calls could be listened in on. Packs were taught from birth to be very careful on hiding what we were from humans.

“Oh, hey, man. What can I do for you?”

“George Decker has been working with me and said I should call you. He thought you might be able to help me with some of my issues and get to a place where I could have a healthy relationship with my circle, Declan, Ian, and Taylor.”

“Wait, they’re in charge up there now?” Tristan asked, gasping in shock. “Whoa, that’s news. I knew them when they were up in Green Bay with me.”

“How well did you know them?” I growled, suddenly feeling very jealous of this Omega who obviously wasn’t as screwed up as I was.

“Not in the way you’re worried about, Carson.” He chuckled in a deep voice. “I’ll talk to my men and see if we can’t come visit for a few days. Do me a favor and let me surprise them, okay?”

“I don’t know about that, Tristan. I think unexpected visitors would make them mad.”

“I swear in this case it won’t,” Tristan said gently. “We go way back. And then if I’m there, we can talk freely, okay?”

“Yeah, I guess that could work. Thanks, Tristan, I could use the help.”

“No worries, it gets easier. I’ll text the details to this number when we know when we’re going to be there.”

We said our good-byes, and I felt better that help was coming. I was kind of confused as to why Tristan wanted it to be a surprise, but what did I know?

I got ready for my session, wearing just sweats since Taylor was taking me to the spa right afterwards. Again it was an hour of ripping open wounds and trying to treat them the right way, but I understood the process and learned a few things along the way. For one, I resented my parents, and not just for hitting me. It was the lack of love and care for my well-being after they sold me.

At the end of the session George helped me realize something huge. I’d never told someone that I loved them, and I now had four people in my life who I loved. I knew I wouldn’t hold that in for very long since it had been brought to my attention.

But right after my session wasn’t the right time. I was going to tell my men tonight on our date—and I couldn’t wait!

I still had red, puffy eyes when we were done, but I leapt into Taylor’s arms when I left the living room. For my protection, Declan had insisted that George come to the Alpha house for our talks.

“What did I do to deserve this treatment?” Taylor laughed as I peppered his face with kisses.

“Loving me, supporting me,” I answered as I nuzzled his neck. “George helped me realize that people could really just care for me and not want something in return.”

“That’s true,” he said slowly as he walked us out to the car. “But I know I’d really like your love in return one day, baby.”

“Yes, but that’s different than just wanting to use me.” I slid down his body and hopped in the car. We talked some more about my

session, going over what I'd realized about my parents. Taylor listened intently as he held my hand for support as I rattled on.

When we got to the day spa, I was led right into my massage. I'd been worried about Taylor sitting there waiting the whole time. But he'd assured me the chairs were comfortable and I'd loaned him my Kindle, so he was going to get some reading done.

The massage was heaven. There was no other word for it. The lady's hands knew exactly how hard to massage and where I needed it most. When it was over, I felt like a wet noodle with a wide smile. Then it was time for my mani-pedi. I'd told Declan I didn't think men got those, but he assured me that pampering was not gender specific.

I agreed with him after it was over. I'd even gone so far as to pick out a pretty purple for my toes. I wasn't sure if I liked it or would ever do it again, but I figured why not try it?

After all of that, I still had the facial, which was kind of weird and I didn't think I'd ever do again. It was an experience though. Lastly was the hair cut. The nice stylist showed me several options, and I really just shrugged. I told him my men didn't want me to cut off all my blond curls. That got me a high five, and he said I was a lucky stud to have more than one man after my attention. I laughed, wondering what the human would think if I told him the full story.

He ended up leaving it about shoulder length and just layering it so it wasn't just one lump of curls. I thought I looked pretty good. It would also be nice to be able to still pull it up when I painted.

"Well, hello there, hotness," Taylor purred as I walked up to him when I was all done. "I can't talk long. My man should be done soon."

"Ha ha, very funny." I snickered and stood on my toes to get a kiss from him. Damn, that man was tall. He had to lean way over still to meet my lips, but I always thought it was worth it.

"Oh, sorry, baby. I didn't recognize you." He chuckled against my lips.

“Are you saying I wasn’t hot before?” I gave him my best pout as we headed back out to the car.

“You were more wild, untamed hotness before. Now you’re perfectly groomed hotness.”

“Nice save, you dork.” I snickered. Taylor threw back his head and laughed as he pulled out of the parking lot and drove us home. And then it hit me, the Alpha house finally felt like home. I must have whispered the word because Taylor turned to me as we pulled in the drive.

“What was that, baby?”

“I realized that this place finally feels like home to me,” I answered as my face heated up with embarrassment. “Before it was like a torture house to me, but now I was looking forward to coming back to it.”

“I think that’s the best thing I’ve heard all day,” he said as we hopped out of the car. Within seconds I was up and in his arms as he buried his face in my hair. “God, I love you so much, Carson. You have no idea how happy it makes me to hear that you think of this as your home now, too.”

“You’re a big part of the reason it’s home to me, Taylor,” I whispered, swallowing loudly. “There’s something important I want to tell all three of you together tonight.”

“However you need to do it is fine with us, baby.” He smiled so widely at me, I figured he knew what I was going to tell them. “I’ll just be thrilled to hear it.”

“Thrilled to hear what?” Declan asked as we entered the kitchen. “Baby, I love the haircut!”

“He said the Alpha house finally feels like home to him,” Taylor answered for me.

“That’s awesome,” Ian said, grabbing me out of Taylor’s arms. “So the session went well today?”

We ate lunch, and I filled them in on everything. I even took off my sneakers to show them my toes. Ian seemed to *really* like them

painted. Before I even had time to react, he was kneeling down and kissing my toes, which tickled. He asked if he painted them, would I keep them pretty like that for him. We all got a good laugh at his antics, and part of me knew while he might have liked it, he was doing it so I felt special. Which made me love him even more.

"Can I get a minute alone with Dorothy before we all get ready to go out?" I asked as they headed to leave. We'd decided to go see an early show before it got too busy at the theater and then catch dinner.

"Of course, baby," Declan whispered as he gave me a quick kiss. I smiled as they left. They always put me first, and while it scared me, it felt wonderful as well. As soon as I figured out my own shit, I'd have to learn to do the same with them.

"Dorothy, I love you," I said, holding my breath waiting for her response.

"I love you, too, sweet boy," she replied with tears in her eyes. "George made you realized you've never said that, didn't he?"

"How did you know?"

"Because you look like a deer in headlights when anyone says it to you," Dorothy shrugged. "I figured you didn't hear it as a child and didn't know what to do with it. So I stopped saying it, but I never stopped loving you. You're like the son I never had, Carson."

"Thank you," I whispered as I hugged her fiercely. "You're the mom I wished I'd had instead of the abusive bitch who sold me."

"You've never said that about her before," she gasped and stepped back to look at me. "I guess George is helping you learn to express yourself."

"That and realize my childhood wasn't normal." I shrugged and gave her a peck on the cheek. "I gotta go get ready for my hot date. I'm going to tell them tonight how I feel about them, too."

"I'm glad. Those are good boys, not like those monsters you had to deal with before."

"We both lucked out there, didn't we?" I said gently before giving her a wave. Dorothy never talked about it, but I knew Alpha Peter

beat her, too. I didn't think the abuse was ever sexual in nature, but it was abuse all the same.

I raced up to my room, shedding my clothes as soon as I was through the door. It was then I saw the envelope on my desk. Picking it up, I read the attached note.

I ordered you a debit card through your PayPal account when I realized Declan wouldn't keep you from having things of your own. You use it like a credit card. The boys can help you do it if you want. I'm glad it got here in time since I thought you might want to pay for dinner on your date. Have fun, my sweet boy, you deserve it.

Kisses,

Dorothy

If I hadn't realized already that I loved the woman like a mother, I would have right then. How sweet was she? I quickly opened up the envelope and called the number on the card to activate it. Then I jumped in the shower and got ready. I did my hair like the stylist showed me, but just with a lot less product than he used.

About a half hour later we were all ready and driving over to the movie. They'd let me pick, and I went for silly. My men had laughed like loons when I told them I wanted to see *Gnomeo and Juliet*. But they let my choice stand. Declan paid for the tickets and everything was great until we went to sit down. How the hell did you have a date with three men and sit side by side without leaving someone out?

After staring at them for a minute I had an idea. I made Ian sit down with Taylor and Declan on either side of him. Then I promptly plopped down on Ian's lap.

"Is this okay with you? I kind of assumed you'd be okay with showing affection in public?" I asked, realizing he might not like to be all snuggly outside of home.

"I'll suffer through it." He snickered in my ear and ran his hands down my thighs. I took each of Taylor's and Declan's hands in mine, and it was perfect.

The movie itself was hysterical. Taylor shocked me the most by letting out these booming laughs at the funny parts. I swear he laughed so hard at times he had tears in his eyes. My heart swelled with love at the three very different men who had become my entire world. When the movie was over, we headed back out to the car to go to dinner, and I couldn't hold it in anymore.

"I love you, all of you," I said so loudly I almost yelled it in the parking lot. They all froze and turned as one to stare at me. And then of course I started to ramble. "Yeah, I couldn't hold it in anymore, and I wasn't sure how to tell you or what was the best way, so I kinda just said it, and I understand if you're upset for saying it like that in the middle of the parking lot after the movie, but I didn't want to pick who I told first because then someone's feelings would get hurt—"

Declan was the first to shut me up with a kiss so hot I moaned and melted against him. Before I could even get my bearings when we parted, I was lifted into Ian's arms as he pushed me up against the car and thrust his tongue in my mouth.

Holy hell, I was on sensation overload with the two of them kissing me like that. Ian let me go, and I got a chance to gasp in some air before Taylor took his place and locked his hands in my hair before mashing his mouth down to mine.

"So I take it I didn't fuck it up?" I panted when Taylor pulled back from my mouth. "I mean that was happy kissing, right?"

"Oh yeah, Carson," he purred and ran his tongue around the shell of my ear. "I love you, too, baby. And I think I might need to send George some flowers because I didn't think we'd ever be lucky enough to hear you say the words."

"He helped me realize I'd never said them to anyone my whole life," I whispered as my cheeks blushed. "I told Dorothy first earlier today because she's been like a mom to me, and I thought she should

know that. I love her, but I'm *in* love with you three. And I'm so scared that I'll get my heart trampled, but I couldn't not tell you anymore after I realized it this morning."

"We're so glad you did," Declan said with a huge smile. Taylor let me go and opened the car door for me like a gentleman. They let me pick the restaurant, laughing when I chose Portillo's. It might not have been the most romantic or expensive place for a date, but I'd heard so much about it since moving to the Chicago pack I'd been dying to try it.

Luckily for me, after we ordered, Ian and Taylor were arguing over who got to pay this time. I slipped in and handed the lady my new debit card with a smile. She laughed, rang it up, and I turned back to their shocked faces with a big smile.

"Dorothy ordered it for me," I said as way of explanation with a shrug. I thought at first they'd be pissed I'd paid, but I couldn't have been more wrong.

"You need to sign the slip with your name," Declan whispered in my ear as he hugged me, making it look like he wasn't helping me.

"Thank you," I replied just as quietly. I signed the slip, giving it to the lady, who gave me another one in turn. I'd seen a receipt before, so I didn't feel too dense at what was going on.

We sat down and stuffed our faces. It was awesome! I got two hot dogs with ketchup, cucumbers, pickles, and sliced tomatoes. Taylor and I also shared some cheesy fries, and Declan let me try his chocolate milkshake. It might not have been some fancy or snazzy place, but it was the perfect first date in the history of first dates, or at least in my book.

When the date was over and we were back home, that's when I started to freak out. Since I'd made out with Ian a few days ago, we'd all progressed to the next step. But I still wasn't at the spot where I could do it together with all of them. I mean, I wanted to take the next step, but that meant I had to choose one of them for tonight. And how did I do that without hurting someone's feelings?

“What’s wrong, Carson? Didn’t you have fun tonight?” Declan asked gently, pulling me into his arms as we reached the hallway with our rooms.

“It was the best night of my life,” I answered honestly. “I’m still freaked out by the idea of all three of you in bed with me at once. And I want to take that next step, but how do I pick with whom? I mean, I love you all the same.”

“Do you trust me, baby?” he asked after a moment. I nodded and scrunched my eyebrows together in confusion. Declan led me into his suite as Taylor and Ian followed. “I’m going to take care of Ian while you and Taylor watch. That way we’re all here to play together but it’s not three on one, okay?”

“You’re brilliant,” I sighed and kissed him. Declan gave me a wink and went over to Ian. I instantly got hard as I watched them make out, yanking each other’s clothes off as they kissed. When Declan dropped to his knees and started sucking Ian’s cock, Taylor wrapped his arms around me from behind.

“Aren’t they beautiful together?” he asked as he placed soft kisses on my neck.

“Yes, but no more than you are,” I panted as I lifted my arms and he pulled off my shirt. I turned around and started unbuttoning his shirt as he kissed me within an inch of my life. Taylor was such a talented kisser that when we had to come up for air finally, I realized we’d lost the rest of our clothes somehow. “I want to taste you.”

“I want to lick that sweet ass of yours,” Taylor said, stopping me when I went to drop to my knees. I looked at him, confused as what he meant through my lust-filled daze until the lightbulb went off. Nodding like a bobblehead doll, I climbed up onto the bed. Taylor laid down on his back, and I straddled his head.

“I’ve never gotten to do this when I’ve wanted to,” I whispered as I licked the head of his cock. Moaning at the slight salty taste of him, I twirled my tongue in the slit. I also had a front row view of Declan

blowing Ian, so I was in horny heaven. When Taylor's tongue licked my hole, I cried out in shock.

"Are you okay, Carson?" he asked, and I could hear the concern in his voice.

"Fuck yes! Do that again," I begged and swallowed him down.

"*God, I love this man.*" Taylor thought, and I heard him in my head. But I was also hearing Ian and Declan as well, which was distracting.

"*I forgot how good Ian tasted.*"

"*Fuck, can Declan suck cock like a champion!*"

"Baby, what's wrong?" Taylor asked, and it was then I realized that I wasn't sucking on him anymore, but just laying there with my head on his thigh.

"Sorry, everyone's thinking so loud it's hard to concentrate," I answered, feeling like an idiot.

"That's okay, you just feel what I'm doing to you," he said gently. I groaned as his tongue entered me, twirling in my ass. It was fucking awesome. As soon as I just gave myself over to the sensations he was creating in my body, everything else slipped away. I was able to start licking him again without everyone talking in my head.

I heard Ian cry out as Declan's throat muscles worked his dick, swallowing his cum. It was so erotic that it didn't take me long to reach my own orgasm. Taylor must have sensed it because he started stroking me as he ate my ass. I cried out around his cock and started sucking on him with renewed vigor.

My orgasm hit me like a speeding train, and I swallowed Taylor almost all the way down. I thought I was doing a good job considering he was about ten inches. I'd learned long ago to relax my throat and ignore my gag reflexes. But I refused to think about my past right now. I focused on Taylor as I rode out my orgasm.

Seconds later he went stiff under me and yelled out my name as he came. I swallowed as much as I could, as fast as I could. Some of his spunk leaked out of my mouth as I licked and sucked him. When

he was spent, I collapsed on the side of him, licking the rest of his cum off my lips.

“That was awesome,” I said, drawing out my words as I gasped for air.

“I was just thinking the same thing,” Taylor panted. He moved by me so he could hold me as we watched Ian and Declan change positions. It was the first time I’d been in the room with more than one naked man that I wasn’t afraid. And I thought that was great progress for me. Plus, it helped that I loved all of them. It also gave me hope that I wasn’t so badly screwed up that I couldn’t give them what they needed eventually.

* * * *

I was in my room, alone in my bed when they found me. Alpha Peter and his Betas had gotten to me finally. But how was that possible? They were all dead, weren’t they? I screamed as they hit me over and over again. It felt like hours that they beat me, and I knew the rape was coming next.

“No! You’re all dead, and my men will protect me,” I yelled as I tried to fight them off.

“Carson, baby, wake up,” someone said as they shook me. Hands were on me, holding me down as I tried to fight.

“No more!” I screamed as I awoke with a start, and the hands stopped moving. Scurrying away, I darted to the other side of the bed and glanced around frantically.

“Why can’t I move?” Declan asked, but it sounded funny as if he couldn’t use his lips.

“I can’t either,” Taylor replied.

“What the fuck is going on,” Ian said, sounding completely panicked. “Baby, are you doing this?”

“I-I don’t know,” I whispered as I started to register the sight before me as the haze of my nightmare drifted away. Declan was

kneeling on the bed, leaning over where I had been laying. Ian was bent over him as if he'd been trying to see me over Declan's shoulder. Taylor was half sitting next to Declan, his body turned as if he'd been holding my legs.

"Can you please undo it? We weren't hurting you, baby," Declan said, and I could hear the fear in his voice. "We heard you screaming and ran to your room."

"You were having a nightmare, Carson," Ian just about whimpered. If the situation had been reversed, I would have been flat-out crying. "Try taking some deep breaths."

"Okay, I can do that," I squeaked out.

"Don't look at us, baby," Taylor said as I shook. "We're not mad, and nothing's wrong, okay? I think you just need to calm down and it will stop. Think about the movie we saw tonight. Everything's just fine. You probably just came into a new power."

"Right, the movie tonight," I whispered, closing my eyes and thinking of the funny movie we'd all enjoyed. It worked because a few minutes later my heartbeat returned to normal and I wasn't hyperventilating any more.

"You can open your eyes now, baby. We can move again," Taylor said softly, and I felt the bed move. I popped my eyes open and saw concern over my men's faces. "What happened? Can you talk about it?"

"Alpha Peter and his Betas found me." I nodded as I stared at them. "They were beating me, and it hurt so badly. And then I heard someone say to wake up, and I was being held down. I got so scared, and I wasn't going to be hit anymore, so I freaked out. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to do it."

"We know," Declan whispered as he slowly approached me. "Can I hug you? I want nothing more than to hold you, baby."

"Yes," I cried out softly and lunged for him. We wrapped around each other as Taylor and Ian hugged both of us. "What's happening to me?"

“I think you’ve got one wicked strong brain there.” Ian snickered as he kissed my naked shoulder. “It seems you’re more than just telepathic. We’ll have to ask the High Council if there’s a list of possible Omega abilities so we can see if there’s someone you can talk to. I think you might need to learn how to control this.”

“Will they take me away from you guys if they know I can do this?” I asked, feeling panicked again.

“We don’t tell them,” Taylor assured me as he ran a hand down my back. “We’ll just ask for possible gifts. That way we admit to nothing.”

“You guys swear you’re not mad at me?”

“No, sweetheart,” Declan answered softly. “I think we’re a little freaked out like you are, but I think that’s to be expected. I’m sorta scared for you since I can’t imagine what’s going through your head. But we love you just as much as we did earlier tonight, okay? Whatever’s going on, we’ll figure it out as a family.”

“Thank you. I love you guys so much,” I whispered as we all held onto each other. I didn’t need the ability of a lie detector to know he was telling me the truth. They were just those kinds of men. And I loved them so damn much that the more I admitted that to myself, the less scary it became and the more I needed them in every way.

Chapter 5

Sunday morning during breakfast I was practically vibrating in my seat. Tristan and his men would be here soon, and I really hoped Declan wouldn't be pissed that I hadn't given him the heads-up. Everything had been going so well, and I didn't want to screw that up. And we'd progressed past kissing and hand jobs to blow jobs. Which I found I loved getting, and I had a feeling if I pissed them off, I wouldn't get anymore.

"Alpha Declan, you have guests," Dorothy said as she came in the kitchen. "They said they were invited by Carson."

"Oh?" Declan replied, giving me a raised eyebrow. I merely smiled and raced out of the kitchen before he could question me any further. Skidding to a halt in the foyer, my jaw just about hit the floor. Where was the Omega? All these guys were huge! Though one of them was blond, which in the werewolf world signified an Omega.

"Tristan!" Ian called out and went to hug the six-nine Adonis of a man. I backed away slowly towards the front living room when there were several low growls.

"No, no more growling," I whispered, starting to shake with fear. This wasn't some small Omega like me that could understand what I'd been through. And he had three huge men with him, and my men knew them. I wouldn't end up the toy that got passed around to guests. Then I started to panic, seven against one wasn't fair odds as I'd learned. "I will not be the entertainment!"

"Fuck me sideways," Ian groaned as I waited for him to turn and yell at me.

"Why can't I move?" one of the guests asked.

“What did you do to my mates?” The large man, who I was guessing was Tristan from Ian’s reaction, growled as he turned on me. “You invited us here, Carson.”

“But you’re not an Omega. You tricked me,” I sputtered. “I won’t be passed around to another visiting inner circle again.”

“Tristan, Tristan,” Declan said, shouting his name the second time. “Carson’s come into a new power. It happened the other night when he was scared. Just back off, okay? He didn’t mean any harm to your men.”

“Why aren’t you frozen?” I gasped when Tristan took a step toward me. The other six men were locked in place, but Tristan could move about just fine.

“Omegas are normally immune to each other’s gifts,” Tristan answered gently after taking a few deep breaths. “What did you mean that you wouldn’t be passed around to another inner circle?”

“Alpha Peter had friends visit,” I whispered, staring at my feet in shame. “I was their entertainment while they were here, and they were into pain.”

“Oh, Carson,” Taylor gasped. “Sweetheart, I’d love to come comfort you and hug you, but I can’t until you release us.”

“Doesn’t he know by now we’d never share him with others? What haven’t we been doing to prove that to him?”

“You have, Declan,” I answered him gently as I moved around Tristan with a wide berth. I cupped my hands on his cheeks and stared into his eyes. “This is not you guys, okay? You can’t undo years of abuse and living in fear after only a few weeks. And fear isn’t logical. Logically and in my heart, I know you’d never give me to others as a toy. I really do. But when I saw seven huge men in a room with me, I panicked.”

“We love you, Carson,” he replied.

“I love you, too. Now let me try and undo this again.”

"You can hear their thoughts in your head? Who else's can you hear?" someone asked in my head. I'd learn to distinguish the voices of my men when I heard them, and it wasn't any of them.

"You can do it, too?" I asked Tristan, my eyes going wide. "Wait, I can only hear Declan, Ian, and Taylor. You could hear others outside your inner circle?"

"Yeah, that's normally the way it works," Tristan said with a smile. "We can talk about that, too, as soon as you unfreeze everyone."

"I'd appreciate it," one of his men growled. "I've gotta pee, dude."

"Don't growl," Declan chastised. "Carson doesn't like the growling from strangers."

"Everyone just be quiet for a minute, okay?" I said loudly, cutting them all off. I closed my eyes, taking long deep breaths as I focused on something completely irrelevant. Breakfast seemed as good of topic as anything. I focused on the way the pancakes had tasted, how crispy the bacon was, and how much I liked the orange juice blend Dorothy had picked out.

"Good job, baby," Taylor said softly as he wrapped his arms around me while my eyes were still closed. "That went much faster this time."

"Sorry it happened at all," I whispered into his massive chest.

"It's okay, we know you don't do it to be mean or something," Ian said as he hugged me from behind.

"Okay, now that everyone can move again, let's start this greeting over." Tristan chuckled. He held out a hand to me. "I'm Tristan, the Omega of the Denver pack."

"I barely recognized you." Taylor snickered as I shook the man's hand. "Late growth spurt?"

"Something like that," another man snorted. "I'm Jared, Alpha of our pack."

We made introductions all around and led our guests into the kitchen for coffee. Tristan filled us in about how he was a huge Omega instead of a little twink like me. He also told us about how a couple of months ago he started being able to hear other people's thoughts. Though first it started out by feeling people's strong emotions and developed into thoughts. Declan filled them in on a very brief version of my past, skimming over all the abuse.

"Mates don't share their loved ones, Carson," Tristan said softly as he reached across the table and took my hand. "That's why everyone started growling when I hugged Ian. They don't like their mate touching another."

"But why were you guys growling then?" I asked Declan and Taylor.

"Well, we're mated to each other," Taylor answered slowly as he glanced at Declan and Ian. "I thought you knew that."

"No, no I didn't," I whispered, hurt they were all mated without me.

"Why hasn't Carson mated with you guys?" Tristan asked my men, narrowing his eyes at them.

"We didn't think he was ready or wanted to mate us yet," Taylor said as he went to put his arm around me. I moved out of the way so his arm dropped. "Baby, you've seen us all naked. We thought you saw the mating marks and understood."

When a werewolf mated, it left a permanent scar that became an erogenous zone. It was in the shape of a moon, instead of just teeth marks that would look suspicious. I had them from the claiming ceremonies. Though Alpha Peter's and his Beta's marks disappeared when they died, so when my men claimed me, they left marks of their own.

"How long have you all been mated?" I asked, staring at the table. It was too painful to look at them right then.

“Since we were twenty-one and were allowed to by pack law,” Declan answered from the chair on the other side of me. “So about seven years.”

“But I thought you loved me?”

“We do love you. We love you very much,” Taylor said as he lifted my chin with his hand. “We want you to be our mate, Carson, not just our Omega. We’re taking all of this slowly and as you’re ready. Would you have been okay with claiming us yet?”

“No I don’t think so.” I shook my head, letting all this news sink in. And not just about them being mated to each other, but about Tristan and his gifts. “So it’s not because I’m the pack whore that you didn’t offer to mate me?”

“You are not a whore,” Declan said firmly, accentuating every word. “You were forced by a madman. That’s not the same thing in the slightest. None of us think you’re a whore or even slutty.”

“Though maybe you’d like to be one day with your men,” Taylor whispered in my ear. I knew he was trying to make me smile, and it worked. The idea of being the hot slut for my gorgeous men was such a turn-on.

“Could I be like your Cabana Boy?” I giggled as I leaned against him. Taylor took the hint and wrapped his massive arms around me.

“Oh yeah. We even have a pool outside for when it’s nicer to play in.” He purred in my ear. Then suddenly, I was on his lap and I could feel his hard-on against my ass. Just to be a tease, I squirmed in his lap so he knew I felt his excitement at my idea. “Be nice, baby, or our guests will get a show.”

“We’ve been talking with the High Council to set up an Omega network,” Tristan said after clearing his throat to get our attention. “It’s our belief that if the Omegas all communicated on a regular basis, there wouldn’t be problem with unexplained issues. Omegas could know who to talk to about their new powers and learn how to control them. But even more it would help the Omegas unfortunate

enough who have an inner circle that doesn't really care for them more than property."

"Yeah, that would have been helpful when I was with Alpha Peter." I sighed and snuggled in against Taylor's chest. "I wouldn't have thought I was schizophrenic for so long."

When Tristan shot me a confused look, I filled him in on what my old Alpha had told me the voices in my head were. Even more, Alpha Peter had threatened to send me to a nut farm if I didn't behave and do as he ordered. Or whom he ordered at times.

"Well, at least you're in good hands now," Tristan replied with a soft smile. "I've known Declan, Ian, and Taylor since I was a kid. They're good guys with big hearts." He turned to Declan then. "I was shocked to find out you took over the Chicago pack when Carson called me. But now I get why you did it, and I think you guys are perfect to lead and heal this pack."

"Thanks, Tristan, that means a lot coming from the son of another Alpha," Declan said with a smile. "We're working on it. They have some fucked-up views of what a pack should be and what having an Omega means. Alpha Peter seemed to have taught them that the Omega of the pack was to be used in more ways than one."

"Would you talk to the High Council?" Jared asked me as he sat back in his chair and eyed me over. "I think your situation is a prime example of why we need to start a network. You wouldn't have had to suffer all of that if you'd had someone to talk to about it. These asshole inner circles can't be allowed to keep their Omegas hostage."

"If you think they would listen to me." I shrugged, glancing at each of my men. They all gave me a smile, letting me know they supported the idea.

Jared, Cameron, Rhyce, Declan, Ian, and Taylor ended up going off to Declan's office to talk more about the Omega network and what we could do as a pack to get involved. Then they said they'd handle lunch while Tristan and I got to talk some more. We ended up in my studio since it's where I felt most comfortable.

“You could paint while we talked if that helps, Carson,” Tristan said gently as he patted my shoulder. I turned and stared up at the bigger man.

“I wish I got big like you did,” I whispered as my eyes started to burn. Instead of focusing on the past, I wiped my eyes and led him over to one of the plush chairs. “Would it be cool if I did your portrait? I’m always looking for new subjects.”

“Umm, sure.” He chuckled and lounged in the chair with his coffee. “How long have you been painting?”

I filled him in as he glanced around the room. I knew that look...He wanted to see something I’d done. I never had my work on display in the studio. I didn’t want any of my old work to distract me or influence my new projects. Then I told him about how I’d finally showed my men my secret studio and gave them their portraits. While I rattled on, I got all my paints uncovered and brushes ready.

“Have you been able to block out the thoughts you hear at all?” he asked me as I stared at him to get a good base idea for his painting.

“Only once while Taylor was distracting me.” I snickered as my cheeks heated up, hoping he got my meaning. “But I don’t hear them all the time, only when they seem to be feeling strong emotions.”

“There are exercises I can walk you through on how to block the thoughts. But I also know how to help you strengthen your gift so it’s not just random.”

“So like teach me how to turn it on and off in my head,” I said after a minute of thought. I’d gotten into my painting already, and Tristan had been right. It did make this conversation easier. I might need to talk to George about that or suggest we have my sessions in here. My studio was like my sanctuary where nothing could hurt me, even my past memories, and I felt safe here.

“Yes, exactly like that,” he replied as I kept working. “Did you ever see the movie *Aliens*?”

“Yes, why?” I giggled, thinking it was a random question.

“Think of the scene after the plane crashes and they go back to the colony’s communication room,” Tristan explained as I scrolled through my movie in my head. “Remember when Ripley says to close the shields? That’s how you have to think of your gifts. When you don’t want to use them, it’s like you’re lowering shields around your brain. And you can lift them a little to hear your men if you want or all the way so you can hear everyone.”

“That’s a fantastic analogy!”

“I can’t take credit for it.” Tristan chuckled as he glanced around the room. “I’ve been working with another Omega who is a telepath as well. He’s the one who came up with it. But I can help you learn how to control it.”

“I’d appreciate that.” I sighed in relief as I worked on his eyes. “What about this freezing people thing?”

“That I’m going to have to ask around about.”

“They won’t take me from Declan, Ian, and Taylor, will they?” I asked, voicing my biggest fear of having to leave them now that I was happy.

“No, the High Council would have a shit fit if someone tried to break your contract.”

“What about the Council itself?”

“Nope, there’s hardcore laws in place,” Tristan answered gently. “The only time they can have an Omega in their care is for refuge. Say if you ran away from your old Alpha when he was abusing you. That’s the only way they have an Omega.”

“That would have been nice to know when I was a prisoner here,” I whispered and then cleared my throat. As much as I hated what happened to me, what was done was done. Focusing on it or living in the past wouldn’t help anyone, especially not my finding happiness now. But maybe what happened to me could help save others from the same fate. “I’ll do whatever I can to help with the Omega Network. No one should ever have to live how I did.”

"I agree." Tristan nodded, and then there was an awkward pause where I knew something was coming from him. "But you're happy with your inner circle now, right? I mean, they're good to you? You can tell me the truth."

"Yes, they're wonderful," I answered, giving him a wide smile. "They are more than I could ever have dreamed when I found out I was an Omega."

"I know the feeling. I love my men with all my heart."

"I just worry I'm not going to be what they need." I whispered one of my biggest concerns. "I mean, who wants a used and abused little twink who's scared of his shadow?"

"I can't answer that for you, Carson. But I can tell you that they look at you as if you're the sun that their world revolves around. That means a hell of a lot if there's that kind of love in a relationship. You've been through a lot. Give yourself some time to adapt to people loving you."

"Yeah, that's a good point," I sighed and got back to work. I just hoped Tristan was right, that time was what I needed. I was more than willing to work through my issues with George. But at some point in time my men would want a real partner who was whole. And what if I couldn't be that for them?

* * * *

After another hour or so talking with Tristan, I was done with his portrait. I could tell he was frustrated I wouldn't let him see it until it was dry. But also I wanted my men there when I unveiled it in case he didn't like it. Tristan had gone off to Declan's office to find his men while I cleaned up.

I had Ian's iPod that he lent me. It ended up my man was a total music whore. I swear he spent gobs of money at iTunes every month just keeping up with everything on the iPod. After I put the ear buds

in, I gathered up all of my used brushes to clean and headed to the laundry room.

When I got there, one of my favorite songs came on, and I couldn't help singing with it as I started cleaning the paint off my tools. As I danced and belted out Rihanna's "Only Girl in the World," I added a little extra ass shaking. Of course I changed the lyrics from only *girl* to only *boy*. The song wouldn't work for me otherwise.

I'm sure I was singing off-key, but I didn't care. Right then I felt as if all my worries were working out of my body as I swayed to the music. And I wanted to be everything to my men like she said in the song. The message of feeling important to your partner, or partners in my case, was seeping into my soul.

I'd just gotten all the paint off the mixing tools, palette, and brushes when she got to the main chorus. I rinsed off the tools and put the brushes to soak in solvent and then began singing louder as I spun around to the beat. My ass was shaking all over the place as I got my groove on. One of my last turns as I was singing my little heart out, I froze.

Ian and Taylor stood in the doorway with huge grins on their faces. Declan was in front of them with a completely different look on his. Lust. It was complete, demanding, soul-scorching lust in his expression. I pulled the buds out of my ears and stuffed the iPod in the pocket of my jeans.

Right as I was about to say something, Declan moved faster than I could even see. He had me up in his arms, sitting on the washing machine as his lips crushed against mine. Holy shit was it hot! I moaned and opened up for him, letting his tongue delve into my willing mouth.

"Fuck I want him so badly! I wish he knew how important he is to me and how I love him just as much as Taylor and Ian."

"I do now," I gasped as we broke apart for much needed air. I ran my fingers lightly over his cheek as he grabbed my ass and pulled me

against him as he stood between my legs. “And it means the world to me.”

“What does?” he asked as he stared at me in confusion with his eyebrows drawn together.

“That I’m just as important to you as Ian and Taylor. That you love me as much as you do them.”

“I didn’t realize that’s what I was thinking,” Declan whispered against my lips. He leaned back and searched my eyes, concern in his. “Is that okay with you? I mean, I don’t know what else you heard, but I don’t want to scare you.”

“I’m not scared.”

“Good, because watching you dance like that had to be one of the hottest things I’ve ever seen,” he said with a soft moan. “Watching you shake your firm little ass was making me drool.”

“And here I was totally embarrassed you saw that.” I chuckled.

“Do you need any other proof how much I liked it?” Declan pulled me closer and thrust his very hard cock against my groin. I shook my head as I sat there panting like an idiot as his gaze sent my body up in flames. “Please let me have you, baby. I know you wanted to go slow, but it can just be me and you, okay? I need to show you what you do to me.”

“God yes,” I moaned as he squeezed my ass harder. I wanted him inside of me so badly I thought I was going to die from need. “Take me, Declan. I don’t care where or who’s watching, just fuck me.”

“That’s all I needed to hear,” he purred, giving me another quick kiss before tossing me over his shoulder. I laughed like a loon as he raced out of the laundry room, waving to still smiling Ian and Taylor. They let out their own howls of laughter as Declan ran with me out of the kitchen. I honestly couldn’t have been more thrilled that this was how we were going to move onto the sex. And lots and lots of sex if I got my way.

Chapter 6

Minutes later I landed on Declan's bed after he tossed me onto it from his shoulder. I watched him strip as I got rock hard. My man was gorgeous. Every inch of him was toned muscle with amazing chest, abs, and thighs. Right then I swore to myself one day I would be bold enough to lick every inch of his body.

"When he looks at me like that, I feel like a twenty-foot-tall god."

"I wouldn't want you that tall, but you look like a Roman god," I said as I stared up at him.

"You might want to hurry and get undressed, baby," he replied softly as he shook. "I'm on the edge of control here, and I want to jump you and shred your clothes so I can get at your perfect body."

"Okay," I squeaked out as I yanked off my clothes in record time. As soon as I was naked, Declan was in between my legs pouring some slick on his fingers. "I love you, Declan."

"And I love you," Declan said with a smile so wide I thought it might split his face in half. I pulled my knees up to my chest, and he cleared his throat. But I wasn't fooled. He was trying to cover up the growl his Alpha wolf gave. He liked that I was presenting myself to him.

"Growl for me, my mate," I whispered. Declan's fingers froze against my hole as his head snapped up to look at me.

"What?" He gasped with wide eyes. "Mate?"

"If you still want me," I answered as my cheeks heated up.

"Oh yeah," Declan growled softly. He circled my hole as he leaned over me, his gaze never leaving mine. "I promise that your first time making love will be perfect, baby."

“Of course it will,” I moaned as he pushed in a finger. “You’d never hurt me or go somewhere I wasn’t ready for.”

“No, I wouldn’t.” I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him as he moved his finger slowly in and out of me. It felt so wonderful to finally give myself over to him completely. And the kicker was that I wasn’t scared anymore. Maybe it was my talk with Tristan or the fact that I knew he really wanted me as his mate. I didn’t know and right then, I didn’t care.

“I’m ready for more,” I whispered, wanting him to know I didn’t just mean a second finger.

“When it’s time, I want you to bite me over my heart,” he said softly in my ear as he pushed in another finger. “I’ve got Ian and Taylor’s bites on my neck. And I know the traditional place is the nape of my neck, but that’s not what I want. You’re the heart of the four of us, Carson, and I don’t want to ever forget that. I want to see your mating mark every day in the mirror just as I can see theirs.”

“Thank you,” I replied with a snuffle. I was so overwhelmed with emotion from his sweet gesture, but I refused to cry. Instead, I kissed him again as I rode his fingers. I cried out into his mouth as he started scissoring them back and forth. This is what I’d always wanted from sex. This emotional connection and need to be with me, not just the easiest available hole to fuck.

“Did I mention how much I liked your dance?” Declan nipped along my neck as he rubbed his hard cock against my thigh.

“Remind me to send a thank-you note to Rihanna.” I snickered as I tilted my neck to give him better access. “More, Declan. I need more.”

“As my little mate wishes,” he replied. Declan did as I asked and then shuddered against my body.

“What is it?”

“I—I never thought I’d get to call you my mate,” he admitted after a few deep breaths. “It feels even more amazing than I thought it would. I love Ian and Taylor, I do. They are my mates, too, and just as

important to me as you are. But something was always missing until we met you. We all knew it even if we didn't know what was missing. It was you, Carson. You make us a family."

"And you guys are the family I always dreamed of but never thought I could have." I let out a loud moan and knew it was time, I couldn't take anymore teasing. "Declan, please, my mate. I'm ready. God, I'm so ready for you."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't. I'm ready," I begged, needing him inside me. Declan searched my face for a second before giving me a quick nod and pulling out his fingers. I whimpered when he sat back up, and I got a good look at his perfect cock standing at attention for me. He used the excess lube to slick up his cock and then lined it up with my hole.

"Tell me if you need me to stop, okay? If it ends up being too much, we can stop at any time."

"I know that," I whispered as I cupped his cheek. "And that's one of the many reasons I love you. That's just who you are. If I asked you to stop right now, you would without a single grumble and just go jack off in the bathroom. You'd never do anything that I wasn't ready for."

"That's what it means to be in love." Declan shrugged as if to say anyone would do the same. But they wouldn't. And that made him even more special because he would never have thought it was a burden to stop right then. If it was what I needed, he'd do it, that simple.

"Make me your mate," I panted, tilting my hips up trying to take him inside of me. He chuckled at my impatience and slowly pushed in my stretched hole. "This is what I wanted, someone to take me with love."

"We can still have kinky sex sometimes though, right?" he asked as he stared at his cock moving in and out of me, working a little more in each thrust. *"Please let him say yes because I have some very dirty ideas about his studio and using his paints on him."*

“Oh yeah, especially that idea about my paints.” I groaned and moved my hips up again. “I love the way your mind works.”

“I’m sorry you keep hearing everything,” he said as he bottomed out inside of me. “I don’t know how to stop those thoughts, and I’m worried I’ll scare you.”

“I’d be scared if I thought you were hiding things from me,” I replied honestly, trying to show him the truth of my statement with my eyes. I think he got it because he smiled softly and kissed me. Then he began moving after a few moments when my body opened up for him. Yeah, sex had never been like this before.

For one, I’d never been taken in this position, on my back while my partner stared down into my eyes. And it had never been gentle like this with passionate kissing.

“Where did you go?” Declan whispered as he stopped thrusting, his face scrunched together in concern. “Are you okay?”

“I’m perfect,” I answered as I leaned up to kiss him. When I lay back down, I wrapped my legs around his hips so he could move closer to me. He took the hint and slid his forearms under my shoulders. “I was just thinking that this was what I’ve always wanted. How sex has never been like this for me before. That I’m so glad it’s with someone I love.”

“I’m sorry that you’ve not had sex with love before. But is it wrong that I’m happy I’m the one showing you what making love really is?”

“No, not at all,” I answered gently as I thrust my hips up. “Less talking, more loving.”

“Yes, my mate.” He snickered and thrust into me a little harder. I groaned as I raked my short nails down his back. “Yeah, baby, mark me. Fuck, you feel like heaven.”

“Faster,” I panted, needing just a little more to come. Declan growled and picked up the pace of his thrusts. Just the feeling of his sac slapping the cheeks of my ass was enough to almost having me

shooting my load. I wanted it to never end. We could spend the rest of our lives with his cock in my ass, right?

“Bite me, Carson,” Declan said firmly with a grunt a few minutes later. I knew I wasn’t the only one who was close. He leaned back enough where I had access to his chest. I didn’t even hesitate when my canines extended at the offer. I tilted my neck and bit into his left pec, right over his heart. Declan cried out loudly as my teeth sank deeper into his flesh.

The sweet flavor of his blood exploded over my tongue, and I growled fiercely. I didn’t even know I had it in me, but there I was growling like a true wolf as I claimed my mate. Declan roared out my name as he came inside of me, and seconds later I threw back my head and screamed as I filled the space between us with my cum.

“Holy fucking hell,” Declan gasped a few minutes later as he collapsed on me. I nodded, unable to form words just then. He started to move off of me, but I stopped him. “I don’t want to crush you.”

“I like when you surround me like this. It makes me feel safe and wanted.”

“How about if I roll us over so you’re just as close to me but laying on me instead?”

“Okay,” I squeaked as he did it. He was right. He was a little too heavy to be laying all over me. “I have a mate.”

“Yes, you do.” Declan chuckled as he hugged me tighter. We laughed together in pure happiness as we traded soft kisses and caresses. And I couldn’t wait to do it all over again. Not just with Declan either, with Ian and Taylor as well. Maybe I would become their own personal little slut. The idea made me smile.

* * * *

Tristan and his guys stayed for a few days, and he ended up being a huge help teaching me to control my telepathy. The Alphas and Betas worked on getting the council to seriously consider the Omega

Network as they wanted to call it. And we had a meeting with them at the beginning of April, which was a few weeks away.

A little while ago Taylor had found me in my studio and asked me to come help him in the garage. I wasn't sure what I could help with since he said he was going to check out the riding lawn mower before spring came. But I followed him out there anyways, curious about that twinkle in his eye.

I figured it out *real* fast when he attacked me and started yanking off my clothes. It seemed my mate had a fantasy that included me getting my ass pounded with his cock in the garage. I guess I could suffer through it.

"Harder, fuck me harder, Taylor," I begged as he thrust into me. I was lying over the riding lawn mower's seat with my jeans around my ankles and my ass in the air. My mate—yes, my mate since I'd also mated with Taylor and Ian—slammed his huge cock in me faster.

"I love you, baby," he grunted as he grabbed my hips tighter. "I can't believe you'd play with my fantasy without even pausing to think about it."

"You'd do any of mine if I asked," I replied with a gasp as he changed the angle and hit my sweet spot. "Besides, I think it's kinky, and I'm starting to realize I like kinky."

"That's why you're so perfect for us," Taylor moaned and leaned over me. He licked his mating mark on my neck, and I knew it wasn't long until I came. "I've got some more ideas about taking you in the bed of my truck."

"Fuck! I'm coming," I screamed seconds before my cock erupted and sprayed cum all over the mower. It seemed the idea of riding Taylor in the bed of his truck turned me on as well. Taylor roared out his release, thrusting harder as the muscles in my ass clamped down on him.

"Oh sweet hell, I'm next," Ian groaned. I was still panting as Taylor slumped over my back, aftershocks of my orgasm flowing

through me. Glancing up, I saw Declan and Ian standing a few feet away as they tried to adjust themselves in their pants.

“Okay, but then I get a fantasy of my own next time.” I giggled as Taylor pulled out of me. He lifted me up into his arms as Ian shucked his clothes. “That was awesome, Taylor.”

“I was thinking the same thing, baby,” he whispered as he nuzzled my neck. “I’m so glad we’ve moved into the sex stage of our relationship. I swear I’ve got over a year’s worth of sexual need of you built up.”

“Does this need involve me riding you in the bed of your truck?” I asked as innocently as possible and then wiggled my eyebrows at him.

“Oh, yeah.” Taylor chuckled as Ian let out a whimper. We looked over to him, and I almost burst out laughing. Ian was sitting in the seat I’d just vacated, stroking his hard dick and eyeing me over as if I was lunch. “Better give your mate what he needs.”

“I’ll suffer through it,” I sighed dramatically as Taylor moved me onto Ian’s lap. I squirmed against him as I leaned forward so our lips were almost touching. “Do you need me, too, my mate?”

“Yes, baby,” Ian whimpered again as he grabbed my ass with his big hands. “Please don’t tease me. It’s not nice after what I walked in on and how hot you guys looked.”

“Then take me,” I hissed in his ear as I stood up. Ian growled, and I felt his cock push against my hole as he held it in place for me. Letting go of my weight, I impaled myself in one thrust. “Perfect fit.”

“Oh yeah.” Ian lifted me back up and then pulled me down as he thrust hard into me. I quickly grabbed his shoulders to hold on before I ended up getting tossed off of him from the force.

“And what would you like next, my mate?” I asked Declan who was intently staring at us. “How can I fulfill your fantasy next?”

“I want you on the hood of my car,” he purred, gesturing over to Dodge Charger parked on the other side of the four car garage. “I’ve

always wanted to have sex on it, but Ian and Taylor would dent the hood.”

“Glad I could be of service.” I snickered and then gasped when Ian licked my neck. “Oh yeah, give it to me, Ian. I want to be carried around the rest of the day because I can’t walk from all my mates hard fucking me.”

“Dirty, dirty little mate,” Ian grunted and thrust up harder. I threw back my head and cried out each time he filled me. I was in fucking heaven, literally. As hard as it had been for me to get to this point and though I still couldn’t take their attentions all at once, it was worth it.

George and I had extended our sessions to twice a week for two hours. And while it was emotional and mental hell for me, my mates took such good care of me afterwards. After yesterday’s session, Declan had planned a picnic in the Alpha suite on his bed. It was romantic and so thoughtful. But after we ate, they insisted no sex since I was already worn out. Instead, we all napped together in a big puppy pile.

“Yes, but I’m your dirty little mate,” I groaned and leaned over to lick his ear. I whispered in it so only he could hear. “And just wait until tonight when I ask for my fantasy.”

“Anything our baby wants.” I nipped his earlobe as I pinched his nipples hard. Ian growled his approval and ran his teeth over his mating mark on my neck.

“Come for me now, Carson,” Ian ordered as he started stroking my cock. My mates had all figured out that, given the proper stimulus, I came on command. And damn did it turn them all on. I leaned back against the steering wheel and yelled as I let go. My orgasm slammed into me as I painted Ian’s stomach with my seed. Ian’s nostrils flared as the scent hit him.

“Fill my ass with your cum,” I begged, knowing how much he liked it. Ian’s eyes started to change to wolf amber and then he roared out his release. I’d never pushed him that far before where his wolf almost took over. I liked that I could make him lose control like that.

“Mine,” Ian snarled loudly as his canines extended. He never stopped his thrusts up into me, and I felt his cum filling me to the brink and running back out my ass. “I’ve marked you as mine!”

“As you are mine,” I panted, running my fingers over my mating mark on my chest.

“They can’t take you from me!” He roared out as his hands started to change into claw on my hips. That’s when I started to panic. “You are ours, Carson. No one else’s ever! Do you hear me?”

“Yes, Ian, of course it’s just you guys. I love you three. There’s no one else,” I whispered as my eyes started to burn. “Stop this, you’re scaring me.”

Ian lifted his head, and I knew he was scenting my fear, which his wolf would like. It’s why Alpha Peter and his Betas were so mean to me during sex. They liked that scent from what they saw as their prey.

“Ian, he doesn’t understand what’s going on,” Declan said softly as he ran his hand over our mate’s arm. He linked his fingers with Ian’s claws and moved them off my hips. As soon as I had enough freedom, I scrambled off Ian and practically threw myself at Taylor.

“You promised!” I screamed from Taylor’s arms as he lowered me to the ground and pushed me behind him. He was snarling at Ian, I guessed trying to get Ian’s attention, which was focused solely on me. “You swore to me that there’d never be claws during sex.” I moved from behind Taylor enough to show Ian and Declan the nice bleeding claw marks I had on my hips. “You’re a fucking liar, and I was stupid enough to trust you!”

“You’re mine,” Ian snarled and went to lunge for me. I let out a startled yelp as Taylor grabbed Ian before he could get to me.

“What has gotten into you, Ian?” Taylor wrapped his massive hand around Ian’s neck and shook him. That seemed to finally snap Ian out of whatever haze he’d been in.

“We got a call from the High Council,” Declan said softly as I started to cover myself up. I felt stupid standing there naked as something major was going on. “Sam, Mike, and Adam put in a bid

for your contract. They claim we're not using our Omega to his fullest potential and it's hurting the pack."

"What?" I gasped, fear racing through my body so fast I started hyperventilating.

"And even though you're mated to us, you're cheating and still fucking them," Ian whispered as his eyes filled up with tears.

"You can't believe that," I replied just as quietly as I collapsed on the ground. I let my head drop as I was on all fours, trying to keep the world from spinning out of control. "I hate them. But more importantly, I love you."

"We know that," Declan said as he knelt in front of me. "I'm just trying to explain why Ian's wolf started to come out and he got all possessive. His place as your mate has been threatened."

"Please don't let them take me from you," I begged as spots flashed in front of my eyes. I darted away from them in enough time so I didn't throw up on them. My stomach kept heaving even after I had nothing left in it. "I'll die before I let them touch me again."

"You're not going anywhere, baby," Taylor said with a sniffle as he pulled me into his lap. We both glanced up at Declan and Ian. "Right?"

"No, we told the Council that it's bullshit," Declan nodded. "When we meet with them in a few weeks they want to see the proof that Carson's mated with us and happy, just so they can officially deny the request. But they assured us that they knew Adam, Mike, and Sam are full of shit."

"You couldn't have started with that?" I asked, staring up at him like he was a moron. "You scared the shit out of me knowing it wouldn't happen?"

"Sorry, baby," Declan whispered as he cupped my cheek. "You started to freak out before I could explain."

"I'm sorry, too," Ian said as tears ran down his cheeks. He plopped his naked ass on the ground as he stared at his hands. "I broke my promise to you, and there's no excuse for that. I didn't

mean to. I swear I didn't. I guess I didn't even realize that I was upset by all of this until we were just having sex. And suddenly, I started thinking about them loving on you like that, and I wiggled."

"They never loved on me," I replied, desperately wanting to believe him. My mate sat there looking crushed, and I didn't know what to do.

"God, I'm such a fucking douche. He's never going to trust me again because I couldn't control myself. I just killed our perfect mating and set Carson back in his healing from his past."

That was all I needed to hear from Ian. I moved off Taylor's lap slowly and climbed onto Ian's. He gasped, his head swinging up to meet my gaze.

"You're not a douche. I believe you didn't do it on purpose."

"I didn't. I swear I'd never hurt you." He nodded as tears spilled over his eyes. "I was trying to control my wolf, and I didn't realize I was doing it. I'm so fucking sorry."

"I'll forgive you on one condition, Ian."

"Anything, baby. I'll do anything to fix this and make you love me again."

"I still love you, you goof," I said gently and leaned forward to lick his lower lip. It was a submissive gesture that wolves used to apologize or in this case, show trust. "I'll always love you, my mate."

"How can I make you forgive me then?"

"Take me upstairs, lick my cuts so they heal, and take care of your mate," I whispered against his lips. It was something I saw as simple. Ian screwed up and cut me with his claws. He could clean up his mess. "That's all I want. If you really didn't mean to, then you can tend to me. That shows me how you're different than the others who used their claws during sex. They liked to leave me bleeding and in pain. And it's not like I can lick my own wounds closed when they're on my hips."

"Yes, yes, I can do that." Ian nodded and stood with me in his arms. "I don't want you to hurt, baby. I swear. I know my wolf got

excited when we smelled your fear, but I don't want you to ever be scared of me. I want you to love me only."

"I know, Ian," I said gently as he carried me out of the garage. I saw Declan and Taylor start to follow, but I waved them off. Ian was hurting worse than how he accidentally hurt me. And right now he needed some alone time with me to make it okay. I wrapped my arms around his neck as he carried me up the stairs and then into his room.

"I love you, Carson. God, I love you so fucking much," he whispered as he sat me down on the counter of his bathroom and knelt down. I ran my fingers through his hair as he pulled off my jeans and then licked my hips. Ian stared up at me with tear-filled eyes, as if begging me to understand. And to a point, I did. There were times that our wolves conflicted with the man in us, and it could be a challenge.

"I love you, too, Ian," I replied firmly after a few moments. "And I forgive you, okay? Now you need to forgive yourself so we can move past this."

"How can you go so easy on me?" he asked in between licks. "I broke my promise to you!"

"Because I know you didn't do it on purpose," I whispered as the last of the cuts closed. I gently pushed him back enough so I could slide off the counter. Without saying a word, I took his hand and led him to the shower. He looked confused as I turned it on and moved us under the spray. Then I handed him the waterproof lube we kept in all of our bathrooms.

"What are you doing?" Ian asked as I leaned over and braced my hands on the wall, presenting my ass to him.

"Giving you the chance to show me how much you love me," I answered with a bright smile as I glanced at him over my shoulder. "I forgive you, and I'm not going to hide from your touch. Now make love to your mate because I need to feel you inside of me."

"But you were just throwing up in the garage, and I hurt you." His eyes went wide as he glanced from my ass to my face. I saw how his cock responded to my offer.

“Then make me feel all better.” I leaned my shoulders against the tile, reaching back with my hands to pull the cheeks of my ass apart. “Are you going to deny me when I’m begging you?”

“No, I’d never deny you anything, my mate,” Ian whispered as he slicked up his cock. He lined up with my hole and gently pushed in. “I love you, Carson. Thank you for forgiving me and giving me another chance.”

“It’s what mates do.” And then there were no more words. Ian made gentle love to me, kissing me constantly. It was exactly what we both needed.

Chapter 7

The next morning I was painting in my studio as I thought over the new development with the Council. Why couldn't Alpha Peter's lackeys just leave me alone? The man was dead, so why not just move on? I trusted my mates to keep me safe and with them, but I couldn't help having this feeling that we'd not heard the end of this.

"You're so beautiful when you're lost in your work," Declan said from the doorway. I glanced up, and my man was eyeing me over like dessert as he leaned against the door frame. I couldn't help but smile widely at the gorgeous picture he made just standing there.

"Well, thank you," I replied, my cheeks heating up with embarrassment at the compliment. "I didn't realize I had an audience."

"I came to remind you that I didn't get my fantasy yesterday," he said with a purr. I felt my mouth water at the idea as he stepped through the door, closing it and locking it behind him.

"Sex on the Charger, right?" I flipped the treated cloth down over my current painting so it didn't dry out and I could finish it later.

"We can do that one another time." Declan crossed the room to me, and I felt like his prey. If I didn't see the sparkle in his eye that told me he wanted me naked, I might have been nervous. "I was thinking about the other one I had with you in your studio, playing with your paints."

"Okay," I panted, putting my brush in the mug of solvent I kept ready so they didn't get ruined. "But I have water based paint we can use for that. Oil base would be too hard to get out later, and the stuff I use to remove it is not something we'd want on our skin."

“Hot and smart,” he whispered as he pulled me into his arms. Declan brushed his lips over mine in a soft but promise-filled kiss. “So where are these paints?”

“Right there,” I answered, pointing to the small box of them I had for crafts instead of canvases. Declan pulled me over to them, picked them up, and then led us over to the tarp I kept on the floor to protect the carpet.

“Get naked,” Declan growled softly as he put the box down. I nodded as I yanked off my shirt, at a complete loss for words. Moments later, I stood there completely naked as he eyed me over with such lust I shivered. “You really are your own work of art.”

“I’m so little, though,” I whispered as I glanced down at my body. I’d put on a little weight since they took over the pack, so I didn’t look quite so much of just skin and bones. But I was still short, thin, and not very muscular. “It’s hard for me to understand why you guys want me. I mean, you’re all so muscular and gorgeous and have each other.”

“Well, we like your nice slim, lithe body, too,” he drawled as he started to slowly undress. I was ready for my tongue to roll out of my mouth and start drooling as he uncovered more and more hot, toned flesh. When he was completely naked, Declan picked up the small tube of blue paint and squirted some on his fingers.

“W–What are you p–planning on doing with that?”

“Showing you exactly which parts of your body I love,” Declan said with a wink as he knelt in front of me. He ran his paint-covered fingers over my right nipple. “Like these perfect pink, little nipples that respond to our touch. So pretty and fun to play with.”

“I’m glad you like,” I groaned softly as he moved to the left one.

“And this firm, pert ass,” he whispered as he moved around me. The paint was warm on his fingers now as he ran them over each cheek of my ass. “Every time I see this dimpled ass, I just want to sink my teeth into it before fucking you until you scream my name.”

"I do love it when you do that." I let out a yelp as he gently bit my ass before palming each cheek.

"And this cleft right there makes my mouth water." Declan leaned forward and dipped his tongue in the slight indent at the top of my ass. My knees started to turn to mush as he licked my hole. "This tight little hole is another favorite of mine. It just quivers and begs to be filled whenever I see. Is that what you want, baby?"

"Yes please," I whimpered as he licked me. I gasped as Declan thrust his tongue into me. More than anything I wanted to grab onto something so I didn't melt and miss out on this, but nothing was within arm's reach. Then after a few moments, he stopped.

"And these legs. God, you have great legs, Carson." He ran his hands over the backs of my thighs. "They're so smooth and soft. We all love the way they feel when you wrap them around us."

"Really?"

"Oh yeah," he purred and ran his hands back up my thighs as he moved around front. I watched as my body vibrated with desire as he picked up the green paint and then squirted some on his fingers. He reached out to me and moved his hands over my hips. "And these hip bones. I love watching them move when you ride me. Just seeing them when your pants or shorts hang low gets me hard."

"Okay," I squeaked out as my cock practically hit him in the face as he leaned in.

"The rest of your perfect body I don't want to get paint on," Declan said as he moved to wipe his hands on the tarp. I nodded like an idiot as I watched him retrieve a small bottle of lube from his jeans. He sat down in front of me and slicked up his fingers. "Kneel on either side of my legs, baby."

I did as he asked instantly, already feeling as if my knees were going to give out. It put us at eye level with each other and it was incredibly intimate.

"Do I still need to tell you what else I love about your body?"

“Need? No,” I gasped as he rubbed his fingers over my hole before pushing two inside. “Do I want you to? Hell yes. I’ve never been so turned on in my life.”

“Fair enough.” Declan chuckled as he moved fast to stretch my out. He leaned forward and licked my lips. “We all love these plump lips. So perfect to kiss, lick, or nibble. And when you’ve got them wrapped around our cocks, I know it drives us all insane.”

“What else?” I groaned, loving not only his attention, but what he was saying.

“I personally love your bright green eyes,” he whispered and then kissed each one. “You can see so much about how you’re feeling from your eyes. And I love these high cheek bones and this nose. I’m pretty sure I’ve already told you lots of times how much I like your soft curls.”

“Yes, yes you have,” I panted as I braced my hands on his shoulders. “And how I shave my groin.”

“We all love that, baby.” Declan pushed in a third finger, and I was ready to explode. I moaned like a slut as I rode his fingers and spread my legs farther. “Oh, someone likes that. Do you want more than my fingers, Carson?”

“Yes, I want your big cock shoved in my ass,” I begged, sticking out my lower lip. Declan chuckled before nipping my lip and then licking away the sting. “Please, Declan? I’m begging you to fuck me, okay?”

“Okay, baby,” he whispered in my ear as he pulled his fingers free. “On your hands and knees since this is going to be hard and fast.”

“Oh god yes.” I quickly scrambled off of his lap and got into position, moaning when I felt him move behind me and the heat of his body against my ass.

“My perfect fantasy,” Declan purred as he pushed into me. I gasped as he thrust hard, shoving his cock into me like I wanted. He used his knees to spread my legs farther apart as he leaned over my

back. “And this neck. Fuck, Carson, you have no idea how much of a turn on your neck is with our mating marks.”

“I’ll never wear a turtleneck, I swear.” I whimpered again as he started to pull out of me. But then he thrust back in hard, and I couldn’t hold back the moan from the pleasure it caused.

“We love how sensitive your ears are, too.” He licked and nibbled my ear as he started to slowly fuck me as if to prove his point. I tilted my neck to give him better access while meeting his every thrust. “And you know how we love that you come when we demand it. When we need it from you.”

“Yes, yes, I do,” I panted again. He moved his arms against mine and intertwined our fingers, completely surrounding me with his larger body.

“And soon I want to feel this cock in my ass,” Declan said as he started to take me faster.

“What?” I gasped, freezing and almost falling over in shock.

“I want you to make love to me when you’re ready, Carson.”

“You can’t be serious?” I asked, glancing over my shoulder at him. “Omegas don’t ever fuck their Alphas.”

“Who says?” he replied with a raised eyebrow. “My Betas take me often. And I know Tristan tops with his men. I want to feel my mate’s cock inside of me. If you don’t want to, that’s one thing. But I’ll be damned if some unwritten rule about the relationship between Omegas and Alphas will stop me from having every experience with my mate.”

“I—I need time to think about that,” I answered finally. I’d never been on the giving end of sex, and I wasn’t sure how I felt about the idea. Hell, I’d never even considered it in all my life. “I’m not sure how I feel about not being on the bottom.”

“Whatever you need, baby,” he replied and then kissed the nape of my neck which was where his mating mark was. “I just wanted you to know that I wanted you inside of me, too. I know Ian and Taylor feel the same way.”

“Wow,” I whispered, feeling overwhelmed with this new knowledge. Instead of saying anything else, I pushed back to take more of Declan inside of me. He got the idea that I was done talking and started fucking me hard.

“So-perfect-your-ass-is-perfect,” he grunted out in between thrusts. I didn’t have enough air in my lungs to reply, so I squeezed the muscles in my ass hard around his cock instead. Declan growled his approval, and for the first time, I wasn’t scared of the growling. He reached down and started stroking my cock as fast as he pounded into my ass. “Come for me, my sweet mate.”

“Declan,” I screamed as my body responded. I shot my seed all over the tarp below us as lights flashed behind my eyes from the intensity of my orgasm. He roared out behind me as I felt my hole start to fill with his cum. I loved this feeling as if he was branding me from the inside out. A few more thrusts and we both started to shake from the exertion of our sex.

“I love you, Carson,” Declan panted as he pulled us onto our sides. I snuggled back against his chest, feeling the paint rub against him as our sweat kept it from drying on my body.

“I love you, too, Declan.”

“I want to ask you for something, but I don’t want you to get upset, okay?”

“You can ask. I can’t promise I won’t get upset though,” I answered slowly. He stopped me from turning around in his arms and instead nuzzled my neck. “What is it?”

“I want to throw you a showing,” Declan whispered and then licked my neck slowly. “I know a lot of pack members have your paintings and I want to have an official artist showing for you.”

“Why?” I asked, shocked that he’d thought of it. But also, what good could come from putting me and my work on display like that?

“Because your work is beloved, baby. And I think it would go a long way to changing the pack’s idea of their Omega if they realized the artist was you.”

“So you care what they think of me? Do you believe them?” I tried to pull away from him, but he wrapped his arms around me.

“Most of them don’t know you at all, Carson,” he said gently. “And a few say bad shit that no one goes against because they don’t know the truth. I want them to see you for who you really are so Mike, Adam, and Sam will shut the fuck up and leave you alone. I want the whole pack to know how amazing and wonderful my mate is like we do.”

“Okay,” I answered after a few minutes of thinking. His reasons were all sound, and it wasn’t like he was upset because what people thought of me reflected badly on him. Declan was trying to give me a real pack to be a family with. “We can do that as long as you guys promise not to leave me alone with any of them.”

“Of course not,” he replied immediately.

“I want something, too, but I’ll still do the showing no matter your answer.” I waited until I felt Declan nod before going on. “I want to see the three of you together in bed. I think if I see a good threesome together and not like I’ve experienced in the past, it will help me get over my fear.”

“Will you eventually join in?”

“I don’t know, but I think this is the first step,” I answered as I pulled away. This time he let me, and I turned to sit up and face him. “I want to see how you all are together.”

“Yeah, we can do that,” he replied while wiggling his eyebrows. I laughed at his antics because that was his goal. But I knew deep down he’d do it no matter what if he thought it would help me. And I loved him for it.

* * * *

Declan had agreed to give me a week to get some new pieces done before the showing. I didn’t have much in my private collection that wasn’t ordered from customers. So for the next week, I worked like

mad. I also wished Declan had brought this up before I'd *just* shipped out Tristan's portrait. I'd also done a group portrait of him and his men that turned out fantastic. But that, too, I'd already sent.

My men...they were just awesome. Without me even asking, the day after Declan had told them about the showing they came into my studio with a bunch of new canvases and supplies. And one of them stayed with me the whole time. Not in that annoying, hovering kind of way. Nothing like that. It was more in that *I'll hang out wherever you are because I want to spend time with you* way.

Ian did a bunch of pack business on his laptop and played DJ while he sat on the couch of my studio. A few times when my hand cramped up, he'd come over and give it a nice massage. And while I waited for it to be useable again to hold a brush, Ian gave me a very nice massage all over. Including, but not limited to, my ass, hole, cock, balls, and other wonderful places.

Taylor would hang out during breaks from pack business and just sit there with my Kindle. It seemed my man was really into reading and had never realized it. The best were his thank-yous for letting him use it. I'd never gotten a blow job while painting before, but I wanted to do that again.

Declan was the most night owl-ish of all of us. So when I'd be up late working, he'd start cleaning up the other brushes I'd used during the day. It was his subtle but not too pushy way of saying I needed my rest. He wouldn't harp or demand, just help me get ready so I could sleep when I was done for the day. I think my favorite part was afterwards, where he'd insist on carrying me to bed and then make slow, sweet love to me.

And god did I love them all for their support. Declan had asked for a family portrait for us, and I had just stared at him with my mouth open.

"What's wrong, baby?" he'd asked me.

"I've never painted myself." I laughed in reply. It had never crossed my mind to do a picture of myself. It took a little longer than

my normal portraits, but I think it came out great, if I did say so myself.

And a week later I was fidgeting in my new monkey suit in the mirror less than an hour before the showing started. Dorothy was running around like a crazy woman in the kitchen as the caterers Declan hired invaded her kitchen. It was pretty amusing to watch until she threw stuff at us when we laughed.

“You look gorgeous, my mate,” Taylor purred as he walked into my room and over to me. I glanced at him with a look of disbelief in the floor-length mirror as he wrapped his arms around me from behind. “Have I ever lied to you?”

“No,” I sighed and leaned against him as I ran my hands over his arms. “I just feel like a kid playing dress up in his dad’s clothes. I thought artists were supposed to get a free pass and it was expected for them to go against the grain. Shouldn’t I be wearing some flamboyant jeans and see through shirt?”

“Maybe later.” He chuckled and kissed my neck. “This is more a chance to give you some good PR in the pack and let them see how great you are. Next showing you can wear whatever you want, I promise. Let them get to know you first.”

“Okay, but I’m holding you to that.” I turned in his arms and took in how hot he looked in his gray pinstripe. “And we’re having lots and lots of sex when this is over. You look good enough to eat, my gorgeous mate.”

“That sounds promising.” Declan chuckled as he joined us. I purred when I saw him. He looked just as hot in his black suit. I rubbed myself against Taylor suggestively as I glanced from one of them to the other, wiggling my eyebrows at them.

“No using your hot little body to get out of this.” Taylor snickered as he smacked my ass. I groaned at the sensation, and I don’t know who was more surprised, them or me. “Baby, do you like to be spanked?”

"I don't know," I whispered as my eyes went wide. "I think I might? Can we try it?"

"Later," Declan moaned softly as he surrounded me from behind. I loved feeling sandwiched between my men when they hugged me like this. It also gave me hope that I could be in the middle of them naked soon, as soon as I got over my hang-ups from my past. He leaned over and licked my ear as he whispered in it. "And we'll explore it a *lot*, but later, baby. I love the idea of marking your firm bubble butt with my hand."

"Oh, god," I whimpered and melted against them. "Please fuck me now."

"Nope," they said together and moved away from me.

"Fucking teases," I grumbled and stormed out of the room over their laughter. I ran right into Ian outside my door.

"What's wrong, Carson?" he asked, concern in his eyes as he grabbed me so I didn't land on my ass.

"They're teasing me about spanking and fucking me," I whined as I reached out to cup his groin. Ian looked amazing in a silver double breasted suit, and all I wanted was to get all of them naked after seeing them all dressed up. He grabbed my wrist to stop me, and I let out a pathetic whimper. "Why are you all being so mean to me?"

"We're not being mean, sweetheart." He chuckled and then leaned over to lick my lips. "We're trying to keep you focused, and stop trying to squirm your way out of this."

"That's what we said." Taylor snorted from behind me. Fuck. Hot and smart, and they'd totally busted me.

"Fine, but I want food then." I pouted as I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Let's go test out all the hors d'oeuvres for quality control," Ian said, smiling widely as he wiggled his eyebrows at me. I couldn't help but laugh as he led me to the food. This was a formal cocktail party and art showing, and Ian was acting like it was his first sleepover when he was a kid.

We didn't dare enter the kitchen again, but went around to the large dining room where they were staging the food. I had to admit, everything looked fantastic. It hit me hard how much my men had done to put this all together to give me a chance at having a real pack.

"I love you so much," I whispered as my eyes started to burn. I went over to Declan and threw my arms around his neck. "Thank you for doing all of this. No matter how nervous I am or whine about it, I appreciate it."

"I know you do, my love." Declan nuzzled my neck as we had our brief hug. Then Ian pulled me out of his arms and went to work on lightening the mood and making me laugh.

"Look, baby, weenies," he gasped as he picked up a bacon wrapped cocktail wiener. I snickered as he held it out for me to eat. Slowly licking the end of it before taking it into my mouth, I let out a moan as I ate it.

"I knew I loved meat in my mouth," I purred. I had to hide my smirk as I heard three growls around me. What could I say? I'd learned the fun of teasing my men.

"Oh yeah, we're so spanking you later," Taylor hissed in my ear as he grabbed my ass hard enough for me to squeak. I leapt out of reach and raced around the other side of the table to try more yummys. Reaching over everything else, I went straight for the desserts.

"Shit, you have to try this." I moaned as I swallowed the most heavenly mini-cheesecake with cherries on it. Glancing up I saw all three of them were watching me, licking their lips and not seeming to care about the food. It made me feel like a sex god. They all started stalking me around the table, still growling when the doorbell rang. "Crap, people are here early."

"To be continued as soon as this is over," Taylor whispered in my ear as Ian went to answer the door. He pulled me back against his body so I could feel his hard cock through his pants.

“Fucking tease,” I grumbled before moving out of his arms. I glanced at him over my shoulder, not really pissed but doing my best to act like I was. “Maybe I won’t feel like putting out tonight, you think of that?”

“Fine, we can play with each other and let you just watch.” Declan shrugged. I just about swallowed my tongue as he pulled Taylor into a deep kiss as he groped our mate’s groin.

“Okay, and then you can all spank me,” I panted. I turned on my heel and went to greet our guest. I knew I’d won that round when I heard two soft moans and them moving to follow me.

As we reached the foyer, I saw Ian talking to two people I recognized but had never seen in person before. I’d done a portrait of them a while back, though never met them. It felt somewhat surreal, like I knew them, but I didn’t. I wondered if that’s how tonight was going to be over and over again for me.

“This is the artist?” the lady asked, her eyes going wide as she saw me. “But he’s the Omega.”

“I’m both,” I answered as I felt my cheeks heat up with embarrassment. “Alpha Peter didn’t know I painted on the side. He didn’t allow me to have hobbies or a life.”

“That’s so horrible,” she gasped as her hand went to her throat. She glanced over at Declan. “How come we never knew this?”

“We only knew because we saw Alpha Peter’s treatment of Carson firsthand,” Declan explained as he wrapped a supportive arm around my shoulders.

“I knew that guy was an asshole,” the man grumbled. “I asked about Carson once, and he freaked out, saying the Omega was none of the pack’s concern. I thought it was weird but chalked it up to him being overprotective.”

“No, no,” I whispered, shaking my head. “Protective of me he was not. Abusive, yes, care about me? No way.”

“I’m so sorry,” the woman said as she gently touched my shoulder. “I’m glad he’s gone then.”

“Thank you.” I smiled up at her softly, shocked to see firsthand that people didn’t know what was happening to me.

“You’re incredibly talented, Carson,” she replied with a smile of her own. “We have your painting over our fireplace in the living room. I swear it’s more lifelike than the picture we gave Dorothy.” Her eyes went wide, and I pretty much saw the light bulb go off over her head. “Dorothy helped you on the side, didn’t she? She talked incessantly about this talented artist she knew at pack functions.”

“How could I not when you’ve seen how gifted he is?” Dorothy chuckled from behind us. She gave me a wink as she moved to greet our guests.

“If you’ll excuse me a moment,” I said to the group with a smile before practically racing to one of the bathrooms on the first floor. When I got there, I turned the water on cold full blast and then threw some on my face. I clutched onto the sink as my vision swam with my rushing emotions.

“Just breathe, Carson,” Declan whispered in my ear as he surrounded me. I took deep breaths, but shoved him away since I was already feeling the walls closing in on me.

“Space, give me space,” I gasped as I tried to keep standing.

“Okay, but sit down,” he said gently. I nodded, which was stupid and made the black spots grow in front of my eyes. Declan led me over to the toilet, closed the seat, and sat me down on it before pushing my head between my knees. He didn’t crowd me, but was still there to comfort me and rub my back as I calmed down.

“Thank you,” I whispered as I finally lifted my head a few minutes later.

“No problem. You okay?”

“They didn’t know,” I answered instead, glancing at him as my eyes started to burn. I blinked rapidly to keep the tears at bay. “I guess I never really believed that people didn’t know what was happening to me. Alpha Peter and his Betas had it drilled so far in my head that the pack knew and just didn’t care since I was the Omega.”

“That’s not what was going on, I swear it to you, Carson,” he replied, blinking away his own tears. I nodded, finally getting it that the pack didn’t think of me just the Omega whore who wasn’t worth saving from the beatings and rape. As I looked at Declan I realized this showing wasn’t just for the pack to get to know me, it was my chance to find some closure to the past. Hot, smart, and totally all about doing anything I needed. How lucky was I?

Chapter 8

An hour or so later the party was hopping, and I swear I'd never blushed so much from all the compliments. Plus, I already had enough orders to keep me busy for the next few months. Dorothy was flittering around the party drumming up business for me and taking down names along with what was wanted. It seemed my two paintings of the pack lands were very popular and lots of members wanted one.

I'd already talked with Taylor about maybe coming out to the running grounds with me so I could take in some other angles for new sketches. I refused to be one of those artists who cranked out the same painting over and over again. For one, it took the fun out of it for me. Secondly, people liked it when they had something special.

"Who knew the whore was so talented?" someone whispered in my ear when I went to grab more food. I froze in fear since I knew that voice well. Adam.

"You have no idea what I'm capable of," I growled and turned around. Fuck him! I wouldn't cower from this bastard anymore. "Seems now that Alpha Peter's not here to fill my head with lies I can work with my new gifts."

"And what would those be?" He snickered and boxed me in against the table. "No gag reflex? I remember how good you are at sucking cock."

"Fuck with me and find out," I threatened and shoved him away from me. Unfortunately, Mike and Sam were there to flank him as well. I glanced around and wanted to kick my men right then. They swore they wouldn't leave me alone, but there I was. Then again, I

knew they were just in the other room and couldn't have seen this coming.

"Come on, whore," Mike snarled and grabbed my arm roughly. I tried to pull away, but Sam shoved me hard.

"You're kidding, right? The house is full of people." I laughed, trying to buy time to think of what to do.

"We're taking you to the basement where no one is," Sam hissed in my ear as they dragged me into the hallway. Images from my memory about what had been done to me in that basement before hit me like a speeding train.

"No!" I screamed as so much anger flowed through me it was like a living being. And suddenly something snapped in my head, and I finally understood how my powers worked. It was like that last missing piece snapped into place.

"Shut up, whore," Mike growled and slapped me hard across the face. Closing my eyes to concentrate, I waved my hand and suddenly they were off of me. I opened them in time to see all three of them crash into the front banister for the staircase. The noise was loud enough where seconds later the foyer was filled with people.

"I am *not* a whore," I yelled as I flung them like puppets toward the front door. Now that I understood how my gift worked, it was the easiest thing for me to use. "You guys raped and beat me! Alpha Peter might have said it was okay, but you knew it wasn't. How could you not know that it was wrong to rape a man, Omega or not? You did it anyway because you knew no one would stop you."

"Why can't I move?" Mike whimpered as they lay in a heap on the floor.

"Because I *am* the Omega of this pack," I said firmly and loudly. "Alpha Peter might have tried to convince me I was crazy, but I have a new inner circle now that supports me, loves me. They've helped me to realize my gifts and how to use them. I'm not a defenseless little Omega anymore, and I will kick your asses sixteen ways from Sunday if you *ever* try to rape me again."

“They did *what*?” Declan roared and went to launch for them. I raised my hand and stopped him mid-motion, but not enough to completely freeze him.

“Don’t, Declan, they’re not worth it,” I said gently as I moved towards my mate. He was growling and shaking with rage as he fought off the change. “Please, my mate? Send them to the High Council for punishment. Don’t let your rage have you do something you might regret later.”

“Okay, you’re right,” he replied after a moment as he finally focused on me. I ran my hands over his chest as he took deep calming breaths. “I should be pissed you used your power against me like that, but I’m glad you were the voice of reason.”

“You weren’t frozen, I just put up a barrier,” I whispered, realizing he was right and he had every right to be upset.

“That’s new,” Taylor said from behind Declan, his eyes going wide.

“Everything kind of just fit into place when they tried to take me down to the basement.” I shrugged before turning back to the men in question. I moved towards them, letting my hands shift as I got in their frozen faces. “You were warned by your Alpha that I was his and he didn’t share. He told you never to lay another hand on me and that I wasn’t the pack whore for you to take pleasure from. But you didn’t listen, did you?”

“Alpha Peter promised you to us whenever we wanted,” Adam growled but wasn’t able to move.

“He is *dead*!” I screamed as I let my hands shift back. “The High Council deemed what he was doing was wrong. The pack has a new Alpha, and his word is law. Are you that stupid where you think you’re above pack laws?”

Before any of them could say anything that pissed me off any more, I waved my hand and banged their heads hard against the wall. I smirked at their now unconscious bodies that I knocked out just

using my mind. For a few moments I stood there and just stared at them, shocked at what I'd just done.

"I'm so proud of you," Dorothy said as she hugged me. Suddenly, the whole house was filled with clapping and cheers as the people I loved wrapped their arms around me in a protective cocoon. I glanced over at our guests, some of whom were in the foyer, the rest in the front sitting room. And they were all smiling and cheering for me.

"Welcome to a *real* pack, baby," Declan whispered in my ear as I stared at the other members of our pack with my mouth hanging open.

"Good for you, Carson," the lady I'd first talked with when the party started called out.

"I'll call for prisoner transport," Ian said to Declan as he and Taylor moved to drag away Adam, Mike, and Sam. Declan stayed with me, his arms hugging me from behind as our guests quieted down.

"Thank you, thank you all so much," I whispered to the rest of the pack as I wiped away an errant tear. "I really thought until tonight that you all knew what was going on in this house when Alpha Peter was in charge and just didn't care. He told me that you all knew and didn't care. That I was just the Omega whore of the pack and no one cared about how I was treated."

"We didn't know, son," one of the pack elders said as he stepped forward from the group. "You never said anything when we visited the Alpha house and you seemed closed off from wanting to talk to anyone."

"Because I told someone once when it started, and Alpha Peter beat me so badly I couldn't walk or move for days." I admitted as I looked at my feet. I heard a few gasps and tried to keep my tears at bay. "That person laughed at me and called me a whore, then raped me. I didn't know who I could trust."

"Is that person still part of this pack?" the elder asked gently as he took my hands in his.

“It was Adam,” I answered, looking up at him. “He was nice to me when I first met him, and I didn’t know he was Alpha Peter’s lackey. He tricked me into trusting him. And when I told him everything he turned on me.”

“Well, he’s gone now. The Council will deal with him,” the man replied gently. “And I know we’re all glad that we have a new Alpha, one who obviously loves you.”

“Me, too,” I said, smiling as I glanced up at Declan. “My inner circle now treats me like a prince. They love me and show me that all the time. I mean, just look at this party. They wanted to give the pack a chance to know me. That and they wanted me to get to meet all of you and let me see that you do care no matter what the old Alpha told me.”

“Figured that part out, did you?” Declan chuckled before leaning down to kiss me gently. “We understand why you thought what you did of the pack, but they are good people. When we told them what was going on after I challenged Peter, they were horrified. I knew that would be hard for you to believe without meeting them and seeing it for yourself.”

“And I love you for realizing that,” I said, turning in his arms. “You guys know me so well. That shows me how much you really care. This party and your support show me that you guys love me.”

“I think it’s time to celebrate,” Dorothy announced after clearing her throat. I turned and glanced at her, my eyebrows drawn together in confusion. She smiled widely at me and gestured around the room. “You’re a hit, my sweet boy. You just kicked some major butt and overcame your own fear of those men to stand up for yourself. I think that alone requires some champagne.”

“Here, here!” came several shouts. My smile was so big as Declan led me away from everyone that I thought it might split my face.

“Are you really okay, baby?” Declan asked me gently after he pulled me into the kitchen. He turned my face gently so he could see

the bruise forming from them slapping me. “I will fucking kill them for this.”

“No, you won’t because then you wouldn’t be the man I love.” I chuckled softly as I stood on my toes to kiss him. Declan took the kiss deeper, licking his tongue inside my lips. “I’m more than okay, my Alpha. I’m loved by three wonderful men, and my pack really cares about me and likes my work. I feel like I could conquer the world right now, and that starts with our meeting tomorrow with the High Council.”

“Maybe that’s a bad idea after what you’ve been through lately,” Taylor said as he joined us with Ian. “They’re going to ask you about what happened before we took over, Carson.”

“Will you be there with me for every step of it?” I asked him as I glanced over my shoulder, knowing full well the answer.

“Of course, my mate,” he answered and gave me air kisses.

“Then I can handle it just fine.” I snuggled in their joint embrace, feeling stronger than I ever had before with my men there supporting me.

* * * *

I hated flying. I fucking *hated* to fly. But I found on the flight from Chicago to Boston where the High Council resided, it wasn’t so bad when I had men I loved surrounding me. Though the plane had been too crowded to do anything kinky or dirty, just talking with them had helped a lot.

Now that we’d landed, driven over to the Council building, and were walking through the door, I was freaking out. I swear I had lost ten pounds worth of sweat already. Declan was over at the reception desk, checking us in as Ian and Taylor flanked me.

“You can do this, Carson. We believe in you,” Ian whispered in my ear as Declan gestured for us to join him. We followed two very large men, who I guessed were Council guards, to a closed door. They

opened it for us, and we stepped into a large room. It was set up like a small courtroom that you saw on TV with several seats for the Council members.

"I didn't know there were so many," I squeaked out, feeling the panic boiling inside of me. I glanced around the room, feeling the walls start to close in as I counted twenty-nine men and women. "Why twenty-nine?"

"Amount of days in a lunar cycle," Declan said over his shoulder. I did relax a bit when I saw Tristan, Alpha Jared, Cameron, and Rhyce. At least we weren't the only ones here and I wasn't the only Omega.

"I'm Councilman Johnson," the man in the middle of all of them said after we'd sat down at the same table with our friends. "We'd like to thank the inner circles from the Chicago and Denver packs for making the trip all this way. We're here because of claims that the Omega of the Chicago pack has been going against his Alpha's mandates and is not being used as an Omega should."

That got a snicker from Tristan, and all eyes went to him.

"We are also here at the request submitted specifically by Omega Tristan to form an Omega Network. But I see he has something to add already," Councilman Johnson said, not hiding his annoyance as he raised an eyebrow at Tristan.

"I didn't mean to interrupt," Tristan replied as he stood. "But you have to admit even your wording shows reason to form the Omega Network."

"What do you mean, Omega Tristan?" a woman a few seats down asked.

"Being used as an Omega should," Tristan answered, using air quotes. "You're right. We are *used*, and doesn't anyone find something wrong with that?"

"We will get to your petition in a moment," Councilman Johnson said before anyone else could respond. "I would like to get these claims handled, and while I think everyone here knows that they are

false, we need official proceedings and records that we addressed them.” He turned to me and motioned for me to stand. “State your name for the record please.”

“Carson Evans, Omega of the Chicago pack, Councilman.”

“Have you gone against any of the mandates set forth by your current Alpha?”

“Not to my knowledge,” I answered, glancing at Declan who shook his head. “No, Councilman.”

“Have you ever had sex outside of your inner circle?”

“No, not my current circle,” I said, feeling my face heat up in shame.

“But you did with your old circle?” he asked, his eyebrows shooting up in surprise. “Explain this.”

“I did, but not by choice,” I answered, swallowing loudly. “I was raped during my time with Alpha Peter. He used to give me to others to do with me what they pleased.”

“That doesn’t count as rape if your old Alpha sanctioned it,” Councilman Johnson said, waving his hand at me. I heard several gasps as my anger started to boil.

“I’m sorry, how does that not *count*?” I asked, grinding my teeth.

“It was within your Alpha’s rights to loan you out.”

“Because I’m a possession?”

“Yes,” he answered, then shut his mouth as he realized what he’d just admitted.

“So you really wouldn’t care that my old Alpha and his inner circle used to rape and beat me, do you?”

“Is it true that you’re under the care of a psychologist?” he asked me instead.

“Yes, after the abuse I—” I started to answer, but he interrupted me.

“Your old Alpha filed a claim for reparations against your parents, stating you were defective and mentally ill,” he said, and I felt my

eyes go wide at that news. I'd never been told that. When I looked to my men and their open mouths, I realized they hadn't either.

"I'm not mentally ill," I replied, even though he didn't really ask a question. "Alpha Peter said I was when one of my gifts surfaced, and I was naive enough to have believed him. I've learned otherwise since my new inner circle took over."

"I can't believe we're wasting valuable Council time listening to a weak, pathetic Omega whine about his treatment."

I heard a low growl, glancing over I saw it was coming from Tristan. Good to know I wasn't the only one who heard Councilman Johnson's thoughts. And now I was pissed. I concentrated, waved my hand, and froze him.

"W-Why can't I move?"

"Still think I'm weak and pathetic?" I smirked at him. The several guards in the room must have figured out I was doing something to Councilman Johnson and rushed toward me. My men leapt to their feet, but before anything could happen, I froze the guards in their places. "I'm not mentally ill. I'm telepathic. And I heard what you just thought, Councilman."

"Release me this instant," he growled at me.

"Are you going to behave like a leader of our kind should? Or are you going to keep treating me like a thing instead of a person?"

"You are an Omega," the man had the gall to say. With another wave of my hand, I closed his mouth and prevented him from saying more.

"You don't get to talk anymore then." I sneered at him.

"Neat trick." Tristan chuckled.

"Thanks, it's new," I replied, turning to give him a smile. Then I turned back to the Council. "I was brought here to answer false claims and tell you my story so you'd understand the need for the Omega Network. Is that really why I'm here or is it to get railroaded and treated like crap?"

“No, that is why you were called here, Omega Carson,” the Councilman to the right of Johnson said. “I’m Councilman Reynolds, second in rank on this Council. Councilman Johnson does not speak for all of us, and I personally would like to know everything. And no, I don’t see Omegas as possessions. I think you’ve shown us your strength.”

“Thank you,” I replied with a nod. “Would you like me to release them?”

“The guards you can. They’ll stand down,” he answered me. With a wave, they were free to move again and then went back to their original posts. I moved around the table, standing in front of it before hopping up on it.

“What would you like to know?”

“Start at the beginning,” the Councilwoman who’d spoken earlier said gently. I took a deep breath, and reached behind me for the support I needed. Instantly, Declan took one hand, while Ian and Taylor both took the other one.

“I didn’t fight my contract, and I gave myself freely the night of the ceremony with Alpha Peter and my old inner circle,” I said. I took a few deep, calming breaths and then continued. “Everything and every time after that night I consider rape. And not just with them, with the other seventeen men they loaned me out to.”

“Seventeen?” A few people gasped, including Declan.

“Are you sure you want to be here to listen to all of this?” I asked gently as I looked at him and then Ian and Taylor.

“We’re not going anywhere,” Taylor said firmly and kissed my hand. “You lived through it, baby. You have the strength to talk about it. We’ll find the strength to hear it. But we’re not abandoning you when you need us most.”

“Thank you,” I whispered, blinking to keep the tears at bay. I was touched deeply by what he said. Turning back to the Council, I took another deep breath and then told them. And I told them *everything*.

Sometime during the middle of it, I released Councilman Johnson, and surprisingly, he kept his mouth shut.

It was probably the hardest thing I ever had to do, telling a roomful of strangers every one of my darkest secrets. What made it worse is I knew that it was hurting my men. But they never left or stopped comforting me. When I was done, a few hours had passed and even though Declan had made me stop to have some water a few times, my throat hurt as much as my heart at having to relive my painful past.

When I was done, several of the Council members were crying while others looked pissed off. I wasn't sure why they were pissed. I hoped not at me. But I'd been blocking everyone's thoughts because what I was saying was hard enough. I didn't need the added stress of hearing everyone.

"And no one put a stop to this?" Councilman Johnson asked after a few minutes, clearing his throat a few times first.

"Declan, Ian, and Taylor did," I answered, giving their hands a squeeze. "They're hearing most of this as you did. They knew I was raped and abused, but I never got into the details with them."

"I'm sorry, Omega Carson," he said quietly as his gaze stayed on mine. "I shouldn't have made assumptions that you were just whining about your contract. And you're right. You're not weak or pathetic. You might be one of the strongest men I've ever met, and I don't mean because of your powers. Though those are impressive as well."

"Thank you, Councilman Johnson," I replied with a smile. Hey, he admitted he'd been a dick. I could forgive him.

"I think we're going to all be in agreement here?" the Councilman asked, glancing around at the other members, who all nodded. "These charges are false. We've got more than enough evidence of that. Also, we approve the petition to start the Omega Network."

"Really?" I asked, my eyes going wide with shock.

"Yes, really," he said, giving me a sympathetic smile. "We failed you as member of our community. No werewolf, human, or person of

any type should ever have to go through what you did, Omega Carson. We didn't know isn't an excuse, while it was the reason. But now we do know this can happen to an Omega, and we're going to do everything we can to stop it."

There were a few whispers, and Councilman turned to one of his counterparts for a moment to exchange a few words. Then he turned back to us.

"You and Omega Tristan will be in charge of setting it up," he explained as a few other Council members smiled at us. "Whatever funding or help you need, let us know. We'd also like reports on what you find. Not to keep tabs on the Omegas and their powers, that's their own concern. But we need to know if we need to get involved and give an Omega sanctuary."

And with that, it was all over. We'd won. I sat there in shock for a few moments as Councilman Johnson adjourned the proceedings and they all started to file out of the room. Then I was wrapped in the arms of my men, where I belonged.

"I'm so proud of you, baby," Declan whispered in my ear.

"I'm sorry you had to hear all of that," I said as Tristan and his men stood as well and moved to the other side of the table.

"That's nothing compared to you suffering through it, Carson," Taylor replied gently.

"Does this change things with us?" I asked, glancing at each of them, having trouble meeting their eyes.

"What do you mean?" Declan's eyebrows were drawn together in confusion. I opened my mouth to answer, trying to think of how to word it. But then I closed it right back up, not having a clue how to explain my concerns.

"Carson!" Tristan exclaimed and cuffed me on the back of the head. I turned to look at him, rubbing my head as my men growled at him behind me. His face softened as he realized I had tears in my eyes. "You are not damaged goods, and they won't be disgusted with you now."

"You heard that, huh?" I snickered, ignoring the gasps from my men, unable to face them just yet. "You weren't supposed to hear me figuring out how to talk to them."

"I'm glad he did because we needed to know that's what you were worried about," Declan said, turning my face back to him. I didn't see disgust or even pity in his eyes, but I didn't know what emotion he was feeling. "Lift your shields, baby."

"I-I don't know if I should hear this," I whispered, so scared at what I'd hear.

"It's okay, Carson," Tristan said gently, putting his hand on my shoulder. "You're going to want to hear this." I closed my eyes and concentrated.

"I love him more now than ever. How amazing is he that he went through all of that and could still try to love us?" That was Declan.

"Is it bad that I want nothing more than to make love to him and wipe away all the pain away from his idea of sex?" Taylor.

"I hope he can still let me hold him tonight after all of this. Shit, shit, he can hear me. I mean, whatever you need, baby. Especially if it's sex. Oh, fuck, I'm an ass. I can't help it. You're just so fucking hot, and I don't want you any less after hearing all of that. I just want to make it all better for you so you don't hurt anymore. Shit! Can I think that? I mean is that okay to want?" And that was the ramble I got from Ian.

"Stop, you goofball." I giggled and launched myself into his arms. He held me as I wrapped my legs around his hips. "Yes, I'd love you to hold me tonight, and you're not an ass. I love you for wanting to take it all away, and I still want to have sex with you later. And I think it's one of the most loving rants I've ever heard in my life, Ian."

"Oh, thank god," he sighed and nuzzled my neck. "I didn't know if what I was thinking was bad or not."

"It was good, my mate. Very, very good and loving of you," I replied, tilting my neck so I could lick his lower lip. He growled softly at my submissive gesture, and I felt a thrill go through me. Not

of fear anymore at hearing someone growl, but of the fun and loving to come. They loved me and didn't see me as anything less after knowing everything about my horrid past. I couldn't have found better, more supportive men if I'd chosen for myself.

Chapter 9

It was way past dinnertime when we finally got home that night. Normally, I would have been wiped and wanted to sleep. But we all napped on the plane, and with our victory that day, I think we were all riding the high of it. We all threw our stuff in our rooms and met back in the Alpha suite. Though we slept most nights together in Declan's bed, we all still had our separate rooms for storage and in case we needed space.

"You're sure about this?" Taylor asked me as he helped Ian get undressed.

"God, yes," I groaned as my men touched each other. They had agreed that tonight was the night I watched them make love to each other so I could see what a real ménage should be like instead of what I'd experienced. "Even if this wasn't to help me get over my issues, I'd still want to see the three of you together."

"And why is that, baby?" Ian purred as Declan pushed him back on the bed, completely naked now. Taylor was busy slicking up his fingers, and then handed the bottle to Declan. "Do you like watching your men play with each other?"

"Yes, yes I do," I panted. I pulled off my shirt and sat back down in the chair about five feet from the bed. I had a front row seat to the fun that was about to happen. Ian gave me a wink and pulled his knees to his chest. Declan didn't waste any time and pushed two fingers into his ass while leaning over him.

"Have you thought more about making love to us, baby?" Taylor asked as he started to prepare Declan's hole. "Would you like to sink that gorgeous cock of yours in Declan's tight ass?"

“Yes,” I hissed, almost tearing my running pants in desperate attempt to get naked. Declan cried out and threw his head back as Taylor must have rubbed over his prostate. Fuck, they were all so beautiful. The tendons in Declan’s neck were straining as he panted and whimpered, all the while still fingering Ian.

“I’m ready, damn it. I’m stretched enough,” Ian said as he basically folded himself in half. “Someone fuck me already!”

Declan smiled down at him and then turned to me, tossing me the bottle of lube. I loved how without words he was demanding I get myself ready since he knew we’d all be having fun later. And I wasn’t stupid enough to pass up that option.

“I love you, Ian,” Declan whispered, moving his legs down so he could lean over and kiss him. I watched like a voyeur, finding I liked to watch as my cock grew so hard I thought it might do permanent damage. The kiss never broke as Declan moved to straddle Ian and slowly took his cock. They both groaned as Declan bottomed out and I realized I was making happy noises as well.

“I fucking love it when you ride me and Taylor fucks me,” Ian panted, spreading his legs for Taylor.

“We know,” they said together as Taylor lined up his cock to Ian’s hole. As he pushed into our mate, I shoved two fingers in my own ass. There was that pleasurable burn, but I wouldn’t touch my cock. This was going to be the best suffering so I’d be primed to blow hardcore when I joined them.

“I love you both so much,” Taylor whispered once he bottomed out inside of Ian, licking Declan’s mating marks. “My life was meaningless until I met you guys.”

“We feel the same way,” Declan replied, turning his head to get a kiss from Taylor. Ian let out a pathetic whimper, and they both chuckled. They both started moving as Declan leaned forward to kiss Ian. “Is that what you wanted, Ian?”

“Yes, please, more please,” Ian moaned. I shoved a third finger in my ass as I watched the three of them move together, slowly at first

but then they picked up speed. And then they really picked up speed. “Oh my god, it’s never been this good.”

“How are we moving so fast?” Taylor asked, pounding into Ian so quickly it was almost as if I was watching a movie at double speed. They were a blur of motion. Suddenly, as one they stopped moving and turned to look at me.

“Guess I’m not the only one with some new tricks.” I giggled, trying to hide my embarrassment.

“It’s fucking awesome,” Ian drawled and then bucked his hips to get everyone else moving. When they did, he turned to look at me. “Don’t be embarrassed, Carson. We’ll all be thanking you personally as soon as you’re ready.”

“Really?” I asked hesitantly.

“Oh fuck yeah,” Declan groaned and started moving faster. I watched in awe as they moved with the fluidity and grace of a ballet. Is that how I looked when they made love to me? And then I started chastising myself. How could I ever have thought that being with them would be like anything I’d experienced in the past? They loved each other, and they loved me.

“I’m coming,” Ian cried out a few moments later as I wrapped up my inner dialect. He arched his back off the bed and yelled as he fell over into his climax.

“I love this part,” Declan groaned, and I could tell he meant having the man he loved fill him with his seed. I knew because I felt the same way. Taylor and Ian both stroked Declan’s cock together and seconds later, Taylor went stiff before roaring out his orgasm and pumping into Ian. Declan followed right over, shooting spray after spray of pearly white cum all over Ian’s chest.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered as I pulled my fingers from my ass a few moments later. They all turned to stare at me, their chests heaving as they caught their breath.

“For what, baby?” Ian asked me as I moved towards the bed.

“For ever thinking what I would share with the three of you at once would even be in the same zip code of what I endured with my last inner circle. You guys aren’t them, and I’m ashamed I was scared.”

“Oh, Carson,” Declan said gently and grabbed my hand as they separated. “This is *not* your fault, and we all understand. We didn’t take it personally or get upset.”

“I know, which is why you all are so wonderful,” I whispered as my eyes started to burn. “I love you guys so much, with all my heart.”

“We know, baby,” Ian said as he moved me to lie back on the bed. “Are you ready for the three of us to show you how much we love you, together?”

“Yes, I’m just glad you guys still want me,” I replied with a gasp as Declan and Ian started licking the mating marks on my neck. I let out a loud moan and spread my legs as Taylor started fondling my sac. God! I never thought the three of them at once focused solely on me would be this wonderful. I glanced up at Taylor. “Will you let me take you?”

“I’d love nothing more, baby,” he said with a wink. “How about you take me, while I fuck Ian, and Declan can take you? You’re going to love being in the middle, we promise.”

“Okay,” I squeaked out as they moved to get into position. Before Taylor slid his already again hard cock into Ian, I did the one thing I’d been dying to try. I licked Taylor’s hole. “Is that okay?”

“Fuck! That is so much better than okay I don’t even have words for it,” he groaned loudly. Taylor reached back and spread his ass cheeks for me as I rimmed his hole. “Jesus, baby, I found another gift of yours.”

I whimpered in response as Declan moved behind me and sank his teeth into my ass. I slipped in two fingers along with my tongue, a thrill running through me when Taylor cried out in pleasure.

“I’m ready. I’m so ready, Carson,” he begged. And so was I. I kept stretching him quickly as Declan slicked up my cock, which felt

wonderful as well. When Taylor's ass was open enough for me, I pulled my tongue and fingers out. He let out a growl as he lifted Ian's legs over his arms and in one thrust, slammed home inside of our mate.

"Tell me if I hurt you," I whispered to Taylor as I pushed him to lean over Ian.

"You'd never hurt me, my mate," Taylor replied as I lined up my cock to his hole. I pushed in slowly, savoring each new sensation I felt from being on the giving end of sex. As I slowly worked my way inside of him, he made the prettiest noises. "I knew you'd feel this good inside of me, baby."

"I had no clue it would feel this good," I panted as I thrust the rest of the way inside of him. Taylor reached back to caress my hip as I held still to let him adjust to me. When I felt he was ready, I snapped my hips a few times to test him out. Holy shit, had I been missing out.

"My turn," Declan purred from behind me as he moved me forward to lean over Taylor and Ian. I gasped in pleasure as he thrust into me hard, bottoming out in one quick move. "We're all connected as one now, baby. All because of you."

"Is it bad that I want less talking and more fucking?"

"No it's not, Ian," I answered him as I started moving. It was fan-fucking-tastic! Ian was on his back on the bed, Taylor spread out over him as he moved. And then I was at Taylor's back, pushing him harder into Ian as Declan did the same to me. Declan was the only one not on the bed, standing at the edge of it to be the end of our little sex train.

"I love you guys, and I love this," Ian gasped, moving his legs so they brushed mine and Declan's hips. "Oh, fuck, give it to me harder."

Taylor took him at his word, getting a moan from Declan and me as he pushed back hard against us. I wrapped my arms around his stomach and stuck my ass out as much as I could, letting Declan take

over. My Alpha growled his approval, grasping my hips tighter as he started to pound into me.

I moaned and rambled and cried out at the dual sensations on my cock and ass. Not in my wildest fantasies had I ever thought it would be this surreal and set my body on fire. I was the first to come, screaming out as I shot my load into Taylor's waiting ass. Declan followed me right over into orgasmic bliss and pumped his seed into me.

"You should see the view I have of all of you," Ian whimpered before crying out at his own release. It was moments before Taylor joined him. When we were all sated, we stayed where we were, wrapped around each other. "Okay, everyone out of the pool."

"Are we squishing the bottom?" Declan snickered as he pulled out of me. Then Taylor moved as well, and my legs felt like mush. So instead of moving, I basically landed on Ian face first.

"Am I too heavy?" I giggled as I sprawled out over his body, my face nuzzling his neck.

"I'll suffer through it." He chuckled as Taylor and Declan moved to lie down on either side of him. "Was it everything you hoped it would be, baby?"

"It was better, so much better," I answered and leaned up to kiss him. Then I turned my head to get a kiss from each of my other men, who obliged me with a smile on their face. "It was fantastic to completely give over to the men I love, the men who saved me."

"It's easy to love you, sweetheart," Taylor said gently. "And we might have saved you from a horrid inner circle, but you gave us so much more in return. You made us a family."

I smiled as I snuggled in the big pile of my men, limbs intertwined as we soaked in the afterglow of our first complete coupling. A family. Yes, that's what we really were, and it was more than I'd ever thought I'd get as a scrawny Omega that most consider a possession. And I was so full of love and happiness over it I knew I'd never take it for granted.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she left for college. She loves to get lost in fantasy that only books could bring. Her wide interest in reading was reflected in her writings. Currently Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Ann Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, enough land to have a few horses, and find a couple of cowboys of her own.

A lover of men, Joyee's all about them in any form in her books. Vampire, werewolf, military, doesn't matter at all as long as they are hot, hard, and sex fiends!

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