

## Chapter 20

Shawn's POV

Her blue eyes blazed at me, shining bright like stars in the clear Colorado skies. Her hand gripped mine and pulled me to her.

"Words, little wolf." I demanded, and her pupils dilated at my command.

"I want you in my nest." she whispered, and I started to climb into her bed. The sheets and pillows were arranged to Rory's liking. Omegas were serious about their nest. Could even become possessive, and very territorial over their designs.

"This doesn't mean anything. This is just an alpha helping an omega through her heat. You need to understand that. This is not me claiming you. This is not me accepting you. This is me doing my duty as an alpha." I said and the words made even my own heart hurt.

Rory shuttered, and I couldn't tell if it was from the pain of her heat or the pain incited by my words. Her eyes shut for a moment, and her jaw clenched before opening them again. They were so blue that it was like looking into the bluest waters in the Caribbean. Sweat coated her brow, and her hair clung to her body.

"I understand," she said resolutely. "Help me, Alpha. Please."

There was a sound in her voice that I couldn't decipher, but the pain was there, the need. With my knees on the soft fabric, I ripped my shirt off and over my head before she yanked it from my hands. She tucked it into her nest and nodded to herself as if reassuring that that was the right placement for it.

My hands reached for the button on my pants, but her hands swatted mine away. I raised a brow at her, but her feisty side brought a shiver out of me. I liked it.

Her hands became shaky as I pulled my pants off and offered them to her. My scent would be in her nest. My scent would help her through her heat. My c\*m, my c\*\*k, my body would be hers if only for a few days. The thought made my wolf puff his chest.

It wasn't long before her clothes were gone, ripped from her body. Her n\*\*\*\*s pebbled when the cold air hit them. I wasn't going to ask for permission again. She allowed me into her nest. She asked for my help with her heat. The only way to help, the only x for an Omega in heat was to give them what they craved. s\*x, an Alphas knot.

It had been hard since I got the call about her being in heat since I smelled her delicious scent. But being here, seeing her body presented before me, it was almost painful.

I grabbed my length stroking it a few times before I leaned down and took her mouth with mine. f\*\*k yes. My thoughts were running wild. Her lips were soft, plump, and felt like silk against mine. She tasted of sin and bad decisions, and I was ready to confess.

She was timid in her moves, shy and inexperienced. Has she ever been with anyone else?

The thought of her ever being with anyone made my insides turn to stone. I hated the thought. Made me damn near feral with rage. I nipped her lip, and her hands gripped my shoulders. I settled myself between her thighs and felt her legs wrap around me. She was writhing underneath me. Begging for more.

"Such a needy little wolf." I teased and she growled. Her wolf was near the surface, and I allowed my wolf to reciprocate the action.

Rory's scent was driving me mad. Was mine doing the same? I had to remind myself that this was just me doing my duty, but when her hips thrust up against me, all thoughts ed my brain. No more waiting. No more drawing this out. I lined myself up at her center and pressed in inch by delicious inch.

My eyes rolled in the back of my head, and her nails dug into my esh. Her breath came out in my pants the further I sank until my hips pressed against hers. It felt like heaven and hell all rolled into one. I couldn't wait, I couldn't slow this down.

I thrust again and again and again, giving the little omega, giving us both what we wanted. I could indulge, even if it was temporary.

Feeling her squeeze me, her walls utter around me was a pleasure I don't even remember feeling with Paisley. f\*\*k why was I thinking of another woman while my c\*\*k was currently in Rory? This is why Rory deserves better. But f\*\*k if she doesn't feel right. If this doesn't feel like the f\*\*\*\*g planets and stars aligning.

Her moans lled my ears. Her pleas and cries of pleasure all spur me on. This wasn't enough. It was never going to be enough.

I rolled us, and Rory's thick thighs straddled me. Her coppery red hair fell around her like a halo. She looked ethereal on top of me. The timidity from earlier was gone. She rolled her hips, riding me.

My ngers dug into her curves, surely tight and hard enough to leave bruises. Her breath coasted over me. She shook her head as if this wasn't enough. As if she needed more.

"More..." she said as if reading my own thoughts. "Please, Alpha. Please. I need more."

Who was I to deny her when she begged so nicely for me?

So many positions. So many thrusts. My stamina was depleting, and this little omega, this wildower was nowhere near sated. I knew what she needed, and I was so ready to give in to her. Give into the demands of her heat. I felt my release. It was so close. I needed her there too. There was no way I was going to leave this little creature unsatisfied.

Rory was on her hands and knees, bowed beautifully on the bed for me. I rubbed my hands up her back as I thrust against her, my hips slapping against her ass. The only sounds in the room were our bodies colliding and our combined moans.

My hand snaked around and gripped her neck and pulled her up to me. My thrusts slowed and deepened. I could feel my knot swelling, telling me it was time. Her head lulled back against me, exhaustion coating her features. But she wanted more. Needed more.

My hand tightened on her throat and my other drove over her stomach and down to the delicious spot between her thighs. Stroking, pressing, guiding her to orgasm along with me. My thrusts became erratic, so close to the edge.

"Shawn, please," she begged, and hearing her beg, hearing her cry out my name over and overshot me through to ecstasy. My knot surged and locked us together.

Spilling my seed into her, satiating her heat for the next couple of hours. My vision blanked, and colors shot from every direction. Sparks coated my body, and her moans were like music to my ears. Her chest expanded with each deep breath.

I laid us down, still joined together and pressed my lips on the nape of her neck, tasting the salty sweetness of her sweat coated body. My chest heaved, my body trying to come down from the high. I had never experienced that. Never felt such pleasure in my entire life. Here I was at 35 feeling like a teenager experiencing his rst orgasm for the rst time.

"Good girl." I was praised. Her hands gripped my arms as I kept her close to me. She wouldn't be able to move even if she wanted to. We were locked.

"Such a good omega." I breathed out, and I took the silence, the peace to look at her. Truly see her.

Her delicate features looked serene even in sleep. Her heat would last a few days. She would sleep, and I would take care of her. I would feed her, bathe her, f\*\*k her. I would treat her like the princess she is. But after. I would need to walk away. I would have to. She deserves more than a broken alpha for her mate. I can't give her what she truly needs more than this physical connection. But would I be able to let her go after having her? Would I be able to stomach the thought of another alpha helping her through her next cycle? Would I be able to bear the thought of another male f\*\*\*\*g her, pleasing her, taking her?