

The Omega's Twin Hybrids

2 - Stalk Our Prey

~Finch's Point of View~

Dude, do you smell that, I asked my brother Jack, over mind-link.

I watched as he took a few deep breaths, then his eyes flicked to black. I heard a faint rumble from his chest, his beast certainly catching wind of the scent. Another indication of it blew out of his nose.

Our eyes collectively darted everywhere, then we moved like a single unit. That was common with us, we were never far apart.

“Damn it’s... Ohhh,” he whispered, as we left the wedding reception and moved inside.

It was so rare to find an Omega anymore, an unmarked one anyhow. How has no one claimed her? Fuck! Her scent is beyond intoxicating, almost like a sweet melon. It was nearly paralyzing me.

“In here,” I whispered, having tracked it into what looked like a sunroom.

I moved straight for a couch and began to rub my face against the cushions, my brother picked up a pillow and inhaled it, his beast making low growls of satisfaction.

“She was just here, we have to fucking find her. We have to have her,” I said, my voice barely my own anymore.

My better half, my wolf Judson, wanted to roar. He wanted to howl out into the air letting everyone know the female was ours. If someone else got ahold of her first we’d fight him and he wouldn’t stand a chance.

“Fuck this wedding, we told Grover we’d show our faces and we did. Come on,” Jack said, taking the pillow with his as we both stalked the scent.

The floral notes danced around my nostrils, taunting me. She must be young, she must be sheltered or something. How is she not claimed?

We finally broke through a side door and heard the laughter of several females.

“Club Brass here we come,” one of them said. I barely caught it as she fell into the car.

“There,” I shouted, pointing to a car that was speeding off.

I ran my hand through my hair and grunted. Our car was buried in a sea of a hundred others, there was no way we’d get it out anytime soon.

To shift and just run through the streets really wasn’t an option, though I couldn’t exactly explain that to my beast. Shifters may be “out” as in, the humans know about us ... but they don’t take kindly to seeing us be free and let’s just say a shifter in human jail is really, really shitty.

Even though we firmly believe we are higher on the food chain and far more superior, we still don’t have the full freedom to be ourselves in the human world the way they do. Not even close.

We’re basically tolerated for our abilities. Unfortunately, going home where we were raised, for us, is really not an option. So this is life for now.

But with the promise of finding an Omega to claim, things just started looking a hell of a lot better.

Jack paced, clearly fighting with his beast. It was even more dangerous for him to shift in public, really it was impossible and he knew it. He’d have to fight himself to not do what his body is designed to do: hunt for his mate.

“Come on,” I said, hitting his chest as I pulled out my phone.

I ordered an Uber as we began to walk and when it showed the driver as close I updated him with the intersection to pick us up. If I hadn’t happened to hear where they were going, we’d have been screwed. Thank you shifter hearing!

A nightclub was definitely not on our list of places we’d like to spend our time but for this sweet scent I’d follow it off a cliff. I also knew nothing about the place, it wasn’t like we went to the city for fun.

There was a massive line to get in and Judson didn’t have the patience for shit like that. I knew damn well Nox, Jack’s animal certainly didn’t.

“Check it out,” Jack said, pulling on my shirt sleeve.

The guy at the door was waving us over as we approached. He was a tiger shifter, what fucking luck. Judson immediately puffed out his chest, being territorial over our female. Had he seen her?

“You following that fine Omega that just came in,” he whispered, as we got close. His voice was a deep bass, his animal likely close to the surface.

Humans didn't know how things worked with our kind for most part and it was a mutual understanding to leave it that way. We tried to keep any of our "type" of conversations private. It was very easy to whisper and guarantee a shifter would hear it when a human wouldn't.

I tensed but quickly noticed that he was mated and so Judson relaxed a bit. I also felt my brother's hand on my back, clearly trying to soothe me. He was usually the one with a hot temper but with a female our beasts wanted so close, all bets were nearly off.

"Damn right," Jack said, handing him a \$50 bill.

"Go get her brother," the male said, patting my shoulder.

Several humans in the crowd groaned, seeing us cut the line but I could care less. In a world where being near a shifter for a human is a novelty or a conquest I'll take whatever perks I can get. It's not that we're shunned so to speak, but we're certainly frowned upon by most. Used for a good fuck or for our muscle. Most humans are convinced we're morons who can't read. Which makes the fact that my brother and I both have masters degrees in engineering an anomaly.

Especially given where and how we grew up.

The music was loud and annoying, not at all our scene. There were literally hundreds of different scents, but it only took closing my eyes for a second and focusing to find her. Definitely the only Omega in the place. Suddenly Jack's hand was on my wrist and pulling me toward the dance floor.

Dancing was not even remotely my idea of a good time, but once I find her... Nothing else will matter. If I have to have a seizure in front of a bunch of strangers to blend in, so be it.

Jack led the way but I allowed a bit of distance between us.

I want to find her, Judson said, making my eyes dart around.

Thankfully it was dark enough I doubted anyone would notice my eyes shifting to black. Within seconds Jack was hanging off a female who was clearly intoxicated. I bit my lip, frustrated. Hardly ideal but we'll have to roll with it.

Consent is a big thing for us, especially since we're trying to walk the fine line of living amongst humans. If we blow the chance to get her, then it's over. We're not getting any younger, most of our kind are long mated and settled down by their early 20's.

We'd refused to settle and thank fuck for that because whoever this female is, she's it. She's the one we've been waiting for and nobody is going to take her from us.

I licked my lips as Judson willed me forward, wishing he could stalk her like prey. She nearly was, she just had no idea. No clue that she was born and bred specifically to mate with our kind. Very few humans possess the right genetic make-up to bear shifter children, in fact if they aren't

an Omega and they still manage somehow to fall pregnant, it's highly likely carrying the baby to term will result in her death. It's supposed to be "forbidden" to bed a regular human without a condom but shifters recklessly do it all the time.

Gives those of us who follow the rules a bad name.

I took in the brunette who had little caramel streaks in her hair. She was full and curvy, just like an Omega should be. Strong and healthy, and sexy as hell. Irresistible. She had full lips and moved like she was dancing just for me. Just for us, a tease.

I wasted no time putting my hands on her hips and feeling her warmth, feeling her movement. Her eyes gazed over me as she ran her hand over Jack's face, clearly liking the way he felt.

Her dress was extremely conservative given all the skin on display in the club, but she had been dressed for a wedding. Clearly her friends ditched her, that was good for us.

Staring down at her little frame, Judson nearly had us exploding in our pants. I was certain my brother was in the same state. She blushed as she took me in and fuck that was it for me. I'd never wanted anything more in my life than this female. Her full breasts, her plump ass I was currently running my hands over...

No puny little stick figure human could even compare.

I didn't even know her, she didn't know me. She had no clue what my brother and I were. It likely wouldn't be easy to convince her either. The massive diamond necklace she wore was like a beacon in the night, signaling her wealth. Or her family's. It was more than clear from her expensive perfume and designer dress she didn't run with our crowd. Then I had to remember the wedding, she likely was related to the bride's family.

But thank the goddess for genetics. They'll override everything, every time.

A few hours with us and her life will never be the same.