

The Omega's Twin Hybrids

3 - It Goes On

~Grace's Point of View~

"Fuck it's cold," I mumbled, biting my lip nervously.

Of course I would get outside and forget my coat, I really liked that one too. Going back in for it was not at all an option.

When I finally saw my Uber, I couldn't run to it fast enough. I'd never had to do a walk of shame before, and I knew my mom was gonna kill me.

But the ache all over my entire body reminded me ... it was damn well worth it. A night I'll never forget. The kind of night they make movies about, of that I was certain.

I pulled my phone out of my little purse, thankfully I hadn't forgotten that in my haste to leave.

Thirty-two missed calls and twenty-one voicemails. Jesus! I closed my eyes and leaned back into the seat, desperate for a few more minutes of peace, and I got it for exactly two minutes.

"If you're just tuning in, let's recap the news. Billionaire tycoon Grover Astor was pronounced dead early this morning inside a hotel room in Jakarta. The official cause of death hasn't yet been released but a statement given by the maid who found him claims there was no foul play. It looks like it was a heart attack in his sleep..."

My eyes burst open as I tried to catch my breath.

What? What did he say??

"Not trying to be rude but, seems like you had a real good time last night. I'm a wolf shifter, I can smell everything. Those were some lucky dudes. I'm not trying to be ugly or anything but you smell incredible, well if I can get past their scents. Are you an Omega," the driver asked, grinning.

I made a face and then gulped. A what??

They were shifters?? I slept with two shifters??

Shit!

Wait, wait wait. Hold up! Rewind things Grace!

“Did ... did the radio just say Grover Astor is dead,” I said, barely in a whisper.

“Yeah, he’s a lucky bastard if he did just go in his sleep. That’s the way to go,” the guy said, making gestures with his hands.

I fell back against the seat, my heart felt like it was going to burst out of my chest.

RING RING RING

Looking down at my phone screen, I saw the caller was Lydia, my mom’s personal assistant.

“Good morning,” I said, as a tear rolled down my cheek.

Yeah I had some strong opinions about my dad, but I’d never wish him dead! Fuck!

Really I’d never lost anyone close to me, even still had all my grandparents. Though I rarely saw them.

“Where the hell are you,” Lydia whispered.

“I’ll be there in five,” I said, my lip quivering.

She hung up and my mind raced. What do I say happened? Was I kidnapped? No, no.

Drugged? Passed out somewhere?

No, no.

I quickly got a small compact out of my bag and tried to fix my face. I had caught a brief glimpse of it in the hotel mirror before bolting out and I knew I looked ridiculous. The driver handed me a tissue and I took it.

“Thanks,” I said, panting.

When we pulled up to the gate keeping the massive mansion hostage I was close to having a full blown panic attack. How do I face my mom after going missing?

I started to open the door but the driver shouted, “hang on.”

Before I knew what was happening, he was opening my door. Really?

“Here’s my card. If uh, it doesn’t work out with those other guys gimme a call okay? I mean it,” he said, giving me a warm smile.

I finally took him in and had to do my best to keep my jaw shut. He was very good looking, muscular. Shaggy brown hair and nice green eyes. He had nothing of course on the two freakin' models I had last night. God I still couldn't believe it. I mean, they had to have been wasted, there's NO way in hell men like that would go for me. So what was this guy's deal? He was seeing me sober in the light of day. Did he just think I was easy? Was that it?

"Uhm, yeah thanks," I simply said, putting his card in my purse.

~Flashback, Last Night~

"What's your name baby," one of the guys asked, as the other pushed us into a hotel room.

I blushed, feeling completely out of my element. But this was happening, it was already happening and there was no going back. I needed this more than I'd ever needed anything. Real sex for the first time. God I hope so anyhow!

"No name, just fuck me," I said, throwing myself at him, shamelessly.

As we kissed in a frenzy the other guy moved behind me, removing my coat.

"Let us give you whatever it is you need. What's your fantasy," he asked, his voice husky in my ear.

It seemed to have a direct line between my legs and I was painfully aroused. Desperate.

"Besides two hot guys at the same time? Like that isn't enough," I giggled.

"Well that's a given, what else," he asked, as my clothes seemed to disappear.

What's with the questions?? You expect anything that makes sense to form in my brain right now??

"I've never come from any kind of sex. Never had multiple orgasms. Make me scream," I said, hardly even believing my own words. I wasn't sure any of this was even real, might as well go for broke.

"We've got you baby. Just let us take care of you," one of them said.

"We have all night. We'll give you the best night of your life. Don't hold back and we won't either," the other said.

~Present~

"Where the hell have you been? I've been covering for you up 'til now but I can't anymore. You fucking owe me Grace. I told your mom you called me to pick you up from the wedding because you were sick and you were at my place. I told her I sent a car for you this morning. I tracked

your phone to a nightclub and I know that isn't like you but why leave in the middle of the reception," Lydia snapped, as she helped me undress.

Her jaw fell as she gaped at me. I quickly looked down at my breasts and saw hickeys all over. Deep, dark hickeys. There wasn't a chance in hell I could get the waist trainer back on by myself so I'd had to leave it at the hotel. It was a miracle I was able to get the dress on without it and not blow it open.

"Oops," I whispered, biting my lip.

She shook her head but didn't comment and I loved her for it. She knows I'm a good girl, this is nowhere close to my usual behavior. Lydia was a saint and I had no clue how she put up with my mom. She was barely ten years older than me and I was certain mom had picked her age in hopes that she'd last for the rest of her life.

"Get a shower and get downstairs, now," she barked, moving into my closet. Likely to lay out an outfit.

As I scrubbed up it was impossible not to have the night play over and over in my mind. Even though I knew I needed to push it out of my brain, focus on the very real and urgent situations that were going to now fall into my lap.

Who's gonna run the company? Surely not my mom. She barely knows where the door is in the building. My grandfather? Doubtful. He's been out of the game for two decades at least. It's not fax machines and beepers anymore. We have two new phones launching next month and they are going to start hyping them next week. They're a big deal.

I quickly dressed, putting on the pantsuit that was on my bed, slicking back my hair in a quick neat bun. I threw on the most minimal make-up and dropped some food in my hamster's cage.

"Pray for me Butters," I said, taking a final deep breath. He was asleep and could care less about my problems. I wish I were nocturnal.

I practically flew downstairs. My stomach absolutely protested for food but it would have to wait.

I took in my mother standing in my father's office, already wearing an all black ensemble. She looked every part of the widow, minus the tears. While I knew she loved my dad they hadn't shared a bedroom in easily fifteen years. Divorce was something "other" people do. We weren't a lovey dovey family. The only hugs I got were from the staff and only when my parents weren't looking. They had raised me more than my own blood.

"How nice of you to appear," she said, making a face as she looked up from her cellphone.

Since she didn't ask where I had been or seem to care, I certainly wasn't going to offer up anything. I wasn't even going to bother asking her how she was doing. There was one thing on both our minds right now, of that I was certain.

"Are you going to speak or send out a statement to the company," I asked, stepping toward her.

She glared at me a bit, studying me.

"You'll meet with the board this week. I'll go but..." she said, as if she were put out. She was, in fact.

"You want me to do the talking," I asked, hopeful.

"Well you'll have to. You know what's going on, I assume," she asked, though it wasn't really a question.

I hardly had access to daddy's inner circle. Hardly had knowledge of day to day. It was also Saturday, were they calling everyone in? I already knew that a lot of people worked on Saturdays, unfortunately most were salaried and worked six days a week. I always hated that because I certainly wanted more than one day off.

"Harland, his lawyer, has he called," I asked.

"Everyone has called, the phone hasn't stopped. The vultures are already swarming in," she snapped, putting her hand on her forehead.

"Vultures? What's that supposed to mean," I said, sitting on a chair.

She scoffed and reached for a newspaper. She thrust it at me, practically making me jump.

"With Grover Astor dead, is Astor Connects? Three offers are already on the table."

I gasped and my eyes grew wide. I jumped to my feet.

"No way! We're not selling," I shouted, taking the paper and promptly crumbling it up.

I hadn't even been able to grieve, though I wouldn't be allowed to do it publicly. My entire life would now be extremely public in a way I had fought against my whole life. Even in college people knew who I was but didn't care. They ignored me easily, I wasn't important or flashy enough for their attention.

"Of course we're not selling but even the thought of it out there. We're going to spin the story that daddy had been grooming you for years. That you'd been planning to take over at thirty-five so now we're just going to do it a bit sooner. Fake it, everyone else does," she said, picking up a glass of dark liquid and throwing it back.

It was barely 8:45am and I knew it was scotch.

“Everyone at the company will know that’s not true though. I mean yeah I sit in on the meetings but I never talk, never present anything. I’m just a fly on the wall,” I whispered.

“You’re an Astor. There will always be an Astor at the head of the table. I doubt I’ll inherit daddy’s vote on the board but you know I’m no figurehead,” she said, pouring another drink.

And she thinks I am??

KNOCK KNOCK

“Mrs. Astor, the car is ready,” Lydia said, walking toward me with a very expensive looking peacoat.

It had to be new, or hers perhaps, I’d never seen it before. She was likely two sizes smaller than me though.

“You’re coming with me right,” I practically shouted as I fumbled with the garment.

“Briefly. Then I’ll be going to see the estate attorney to see when he’ll read the will. Hopefully today, God knows I’d prefer to get it out of the way,” she said, as Lydia appeared again with mom’s coat.

Mom was the only wife my dad had ever had, I was the only child. Surely his will had to be cut and dry so I wasn’t at all interested in that. Not to mention I’d had access to my trust fund since I turned 25 but I’d never had to touch it. Even if that piece of paper kicked me to the curb I’d still have tens of millions in my own account.

The entire ride to the office mom was on the phone, talking nonstop to people calling with their condolences. My thighs still ached, hell my whole body did. I’d barely gotten two hours of sleep.

But orgasms? I think I lost count at ten. I hadn’t even had a moment to run over last night in my mind. I didn’t know their names, they didn’t know mine. A clean one night stand. But already, my body craved to be sandwiched between them again. The thought of never seeing those two, not even knowing their names, simply wasn’t fair. But in the light of day I had no clue how I could face them. I don’t know who that was last night but it wasn’t Grace Astor.

Knowing now that they were shifters just added to the insanity of the night. How hot it all was, so forbidden.

SNAP

My head jerked up at my annoyed mother, and then I looked out the window. We were outside the building.

“Listen up okay? We’re about to step into the lion’s den here. I don’t know what to expect but we have to appear distraught without breaking down. Without losing any semblance of control. Calm, cool, collected. But in mourning. Make it look serious and that we’re here to let them know business goes on. Got it,” mom said, pointing her finger in my face.

I nodded as the driver opened the door.

Yeah, you want me to tell everyone ... “sorry the old man died, get your asses back to work.”