

# The Omega's Twin Hybrids

## 6 - Only The Beginning

~Jack's Point of View~

Sitting outside Grace's office was like torture. Her scent was everywhere, overwhelming. I had no clue why I was here, if it was even work related. Finch was meeting with her too, and we were both scared shitless she'd find some reason to fire us. But it was odd we weren't meeting together if that was the case.

I wasn't giving her enough credit, surely she knew having the three of us in the same room would be dangerous. She'd be very outnumbered.

Finding her had been the best night of our lives, but now I wasn't so sure. My beast stirred, not fully understanding my human bullshit drama but he just knew I was uneasy. It was only in his nature to project absolute confidence at all times, weakness wasn't an option. That wasn't how we were raised and I'd shifted long before most in our clan. I'd had Nox since I was ten and I didn't know what it meant to be without him. I couldn't even really remember it.

When a bubbly blonde I didn't recognize came out of the office and sat in one of the waiting area chairs, Grace appeared in the door. My heart nearly stopped. She was so damn beautiful it was all I could do to hold still. Her long hair was thick and wavy, her body called to me.

"Here I am, come get it, the female you've dreamed about your entire life."

She was also just a few days past her fertile time. She'd been near the end of it the night we were together and it made her scent a hundred times more powerful to us. A female's heat can't be ignored. But radiating from an Omega like her, so sultry and soft...

I drew a deep breath, taking in her floral melon scent that damn near made me faint. Through it all, she had zero clue or understanding of what I was going through. What she did to me.

"Jack? Come on in," she said, flicking her head.

She had little diamond stud earrings that just made her face sparkle all the more. Made her even more bright and enticing somehow. My initial reaction was that I'd get her a matching necklace, but I hardly had money to blow on jewelry. It was bad enough I was 27 and living with my brother so we could save money to send home. But really, Finch and I hadn't lived apart a second since our conception, I didn't see that changing. And certainly not if there was a chance we could share a mate.

As she walked in front of me my hand nearly moved on autopilot to touch her ass. My beast stirred watching it, plump and round. I knew exactly how it looked in the flesh and ... how it bounced off my dick.

She'd been so shy with us at first and I'd already been so turned on by that, but once all the clothes were off and she began telling us what she liked, we nearly blew our loads right then.

"I've called you in here because my father actually left you a gift in his will," she said, as I sat down.

I perked up at that. Finch had actually made a joke about it when we heard he passed. But then we also had fears of the company being sold and all of us getting the boot.

"Well, that was awfully nice of him," I said, as she leaned against her desk.

My eyes automatically went to her legs, they were bare from the knee down and all I wanted to do was lick them. Lick all the way up to her sweet spot.

\*Hmm, what are you waiting for,\* Nox said, taunting me.

\*Not now,\* I demanded, hoping like hell he'd stay calm.

"So I have to ask, did you have a special arrangement with my father? Did you... spy on other employees for him? Special, shifter senses," she said, tilting her head.

I gave a sigh of relief at her question and grinned.

"Yes, Finch and I both were known to see and hear things from time to time. We traveled with him as well here and there. Between us we speak six languages," I said, bragging.

Where we grew up was a safe haven for all shifters, and we had people from literally everywhere. It was a point of pride to learn and communicate with people in their native language. Little did we know how useful that would prove in the human world.

\*What's happening in there,\* Finch asked, over mind-link.

\*Old man Astor left us something in his will, now shut up I'm busy,\* I snapped back.

I definitely didn't need him distracting me.

"How are you related," she asked, likely letting me know that she had figured some things out about us. How had she known we were shifters? I thought we'd both done a really good job keeping the growls and whatnot during sex to a minimum. Omegas could be easily rattled, especially before being marked.

"We're brothers. Same mother, different fathers," I said, leaving it at that.

I had no clue how much she knew about our kind and I'd have to ease into quite a few things if there was any hope of our relationship going further. It had to go further, we were already too far invested.

"I see. So, what kind of secrets did you find out for my dad," she asked, staring me down.

Nox immediately didn't like that, he demanded we get up and be taller than her. But that was stupid and it would probably make her feel threatened. Right now she felt like she had the upper hand, she was in control. I needed to keep it that way.

"Well you should know... That lawyer Harland is a crook, he'd been robbing your dad for years. He refused our advice to get rid of him. We've shown him so much evidence but your dad liked loyalty. Loyal to what though if he's stealing? I couldn't figure that part out. There's also numerous high ranking people that literally do nothing all day long. Their work profiles barely get touched, yet they max out their daily allowances for expenditures. They constantly con getting other things comped. People in IT see just about everything. Porn on the work phones, hell at their desks," I said, knowing fully well I could go on for hours.

She made a face and began tapping her fingers on her arm. She then moved behind her desk and picked up the phone.

"Get me the head of HR please? Oh he is? Yes, thank you," she said, sitting down.

I leaned back in the chair, desperate to see what she was going to do. Shifters by nature want to be in control, dominate their female. Yet here, she was my superior. Seeing her in this position was too damn hot. I'd kill to fuck her on this desk right now. I'd keep her dressed, just pull her skirt up and get to see those thick luscious thighs. I licked my lips.

It was more than obvious she'd never had proper and great sex before us. Her body was like an open book just speaking to us, and we heard her loud and clear. There was no way we didn't ruin her for any other males, not that she'd ever go near another again.

"Nathaniel? This is Grace Astor. I'd like reports by the end of the day about employee expenditures or reimbursements. How much, what for and who's making them. Go back two years please. Oh and while I'm asking please work with payroll if you have to for bonus information. I want a list of any and all bonuses in the last two years and what they were for," she said, nodding.

I blew out a hard breath, already knowing that was a shit show. Finch and I had both been telling Grover for years to reign all that in. He had so much needless money pouring out the door but he felt like it would make people quit if he stopped. So what? There's likely a hundred others ready for interviews. He was so forward thinking in some ways but stuck in time in others.

She hung up the phone and stared me down. Nox paced, demanding I do something. He didn't like feeling caged. Bad things happen when he feels boxed in.

“I wanna know what the deal is. I’ve only just recently learned about what an Omega is, I had no idea,” she said, leaning forward.

Nox grinned, happy for the subject change. If she knows what she is, she’ll know she’s ours now. She should know. We were primed and ready to provide her a comfortable environment, she would be our goddess and want for nothing.

“We were honestly shocked you didn’t already have a mate. I’m not totally sure how old you are but to even get out of your teens with that scent... Well I don’t get how no one has tried to claim you,” I said, in a low voice.

She burst out laughing. Okay... didn’t expect that.

“Claim me? Like I’m a puppy at the pound? I’m a grown woman, I don’t need to be claimed,” she said, getting up and coming around the desk. She again crossed her arms, only shoving her large tits higher and making me shift in my seat.

Fuck behaving.

I was immediately on my feet and standing over her. Our eyes locked and there was no going back. Nox pushed forward, demanding her. Commanding me to cut the bullshit.

“Omega...” I said, my voice rough and husky. I ran my finger over her cheek.

“Yes,” she asked, her voice almost like a squeaking mouse. Her eyes were glassed over, her attention completely on me.

“You very much do need to be claimed. You will not date, flirt with or touch any male but Finch and I. You belong to us, do I make myself clear,” I said, my gaze not breaking from hers for a second.

Right now her money, her last name, her status meant nothing. I owned her.

And fuck if that didn’t make me harder than I’d ever felt.

“This is yours and only yours,” I said, reaching for her hand and putting it on my hard dick.

“Yes Alpha,” she said, mindlessly.

I was impressed she even knew the word, knew that in this moment I absolutely was her Alpha. Her male. This was a mind trick only my kind of shifter could do, and I’d never tried it before. I’d seen it done and always been desperate for the chance. I swore it could only be for the true Omega that my beast would claim.

“Good girl, such a sweet girl,” I cooed, as my eyes flicked black and Nox rumbled in my chest.

I made quick work of scenting her, my body not able to stop but as my lips grazed her neck her moans told me how much her body craved it. There were only four other male shifters in this building, but they would damn well know she was off limits. Our scent from Friday night had already faded from her body and that wouldn't do.

When I went to pull back she reached for my face and then her lips were on mine. My body reacted and before I knew it, we were heavily making out and I had her leg around my waist with two fingers inside her. She moaned into my mouth, calling my name and finding her climax quickly. I pulled my coated fingers out, making a show out of licking them, satisfying my beast. I then put them in her mouth and made her do the same.

"You like tasting yourself sweet Omega," I said, my gaze locked on hers as I roughly groped her tits.

"Yes," she said, nearly breathless. She was soaking wet and it was impossible to let her go, but I knew I had to.

"You're such a good girl for me. You want more? I'll text you my address and you'll come by tonight. Finch and I will make you feel so good baby," I said, whispering in her ear.

Her body practically hummed with satisfaction. It killed me to stop. Just fucking killed me.

Omeegas need a lot of compliments, they can be very insecure which I don't understand. But humans don't have shifter strength or confidence. There are in fact many, many things we can do to make her feel welcome and have her body's natural chemistry be more properly at ease.

There were now three heartbeats not far from us on this floor and I knew this wasn't at all the time to try and get her naked. Not to mention Finch would kill me for doing anything without him.

When I finally forced myself to move away from her and sit down, Nox began cursing me out. He had no patience or care about human manners or decorum.

Fuck our mate ... that's all he wants to do. Sounds like a good day to me.

"So? Ms. Astor, you mentioned something about your father's will," I asked, as her trance broke and she fixed her gaze to me. It was clear she was trying to figure something out.

"Right, the will. Hang on," she said, as she went to get the blond from outside.

A minute later I was holding a check in my hands for a million dollars. My hands that smelled like Grace's sweet pussy.

I'd never seen so much money or even imagined it, but already my mind scrambled with possibilities. None of which should have been the obvious question.

What would Grover have thought about Finch and I mating his little girl?

“Thank you for coming, I see we went over our time and Finch is already here,” she said, striding toward the door.

\*Best behavior. I’ll tell you everything in a bit, don’t try and touch her or freak her out,\* I warned my brother, over mind-link.

\*What the hell did you do,\* he demanded.

I licked my lips as Grace held the door open for me. I barely made it two steps and I heard, “what the hell?”

A grin was immediately plastered on my face, knowing that the memory of my little trance was now coming back to her.

Only the beginning, little Omega.

## 7 - Secrets

~Grace’s Point of View~

After what happened with Jack it was all I could do to hurry up and get Finch the hell out of my office. Once I was finally alone, I turned my chair to face out the window.

The view was simply breathtaking and I was pretty sure I should turn the desk around. Why wouldn’t you want to stare at this?

BEEEEEP

I sighed and picked up the phone. The rest of the day was a blur of calls, emails and finally getting the reports I’d asked to receive. Then I decided it would be better to take it home.

Whose home though?

I grabbed my purse and ran my hand over the keys to my dad’s mystery apartment. I could think of no better time than to go exploring.

PING

Text Message: 42033 Stingray Place. Condo 605.

It was the same name number that Finch had texted from before when he’d messaged my personal phone. I made a face and looked for the note Michelle had left me about my dad’s place.