

The Omega's Twin Hybrids - 1 - Live In The Moment by Saree |

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~Grace's Point of View~

"I don't look anything like myself," I said, in shock as my fingers feathered over my cheek.

They actually had color, I didn't look like my usual pale death. Damn it, I looked hot!

"That's the whole point! You need to grow up, look professional. Prof-ession-al, it's a word that describes people who work for a living out in the real world. Not to mention you're 31 now and no spring chicken. I have serious concerns about your eggs. You have to wear a girdle everyday with that pudge, they're probably squeezed to death in there," my mom snapped.

I rolled my eyes and sighed. I'd never be good enough for her, not until I was barefoot and pregnant.

But not in a kitchen behind a stove, oh no. Behind a servant that I was ordering around. Because like my mom I was expected to give the appearance of working but not actually do it. Oh and likely not barefoot, in some kind of silk robe with slippers.

"I've got plenty of eggs," I mumbled, making a pathetic attempt to defend myself.

Like I had a clue. I normally loved my Spanx, they were like my security blanket, but today she had me stuffed into something that I knew I'd have to get cut off.

"Honestly Grace, it's time to step up. Your father is into his 60's now and he won't live forever. You think he'd trust the company to those morons on the board," she scoffed, as she put a massive diamond necklace around my neck.

I gasped and immediately ran my fingers over it. Flashy jewels were hardly new to me, but they still took my breath away. I had dozens of gorgeous pieces, but they mostly stayed locked up. I could barely trust myself with a hair tie let alone something of real value.

"You really couldn't find anyone else to be your plus one," I whined, as I stood up from the salon's chair and my mom quickly settled into it. I fidgeted with my dress, I could barely breathe.

"Daddy's in southeast Asia on business you know that. We have to make an appearance, it's for that awful little man on the board, Frank or Fred or something... It's his daughter. She's marrying one of those..." she paused and looked around for good measure.

"A shifter. Word is he's a panther, can you imagine," she whispered, then scoffed.

I found an empty seat and got out my phone. My social media was a joke: I didn't have friends, I had followers. People desperate to get into my life to boost their own agenda. Eager for me to give them money, attention.

Mostly money.

I'd kill for a night to myself. No parents in my face, no servants keeping tabs on me. Could I just be Grace for one ... lousy night? I didn't even know what being Grace meant. Everyone wanted to be me, only I didn't even want to be me.

No. I can't be anything other than what my mom wants. Because every minute of my day is planned, everything scrutinized. Food literally taken from my hands, replaced with weights. Stock market news pushed to my phone, Financial reports I barely understood. Meetings where I sat on the Zoom call and listened to stuff way over my head. No one talks to me, no one even notices I'm there. I never ... ever turn my camera on either.

By the time mom and I were in the car it was obvious we weren't going to make the actual wedding, but perhaps that was her plan. Fine by me.

"Did you get a gift," I asked, as we pulled into the venue. Well, it looked like someone's house.

"Albert did you get a gift," mom asked the driver, as if she were bored.

"Yes Mrs. Astor, I have a card here on the seat. I was going to give it to Grace to hold," he said, as if robotically.

"Very good. I want to be picked up at 9 sharp, no later. I refuse to lose my entire evening to this," she said, fixing her massive white hat. Like she had anything else to do. A quick look at my phone told me it was already 8:12pm.

She looked like she should be sitting front row at the Kentucky Derby, not attending a wedding in Atlanta in early November. In other words, she looked ridiculous, but the kind of ridiculous only money can buy. Nobody would say a damn thing to her face. They'd wait until her back was turned or they'd be shunned out of this world in a heartbeat.

We weren't even five steps into the reception when I began to hear whispers. People talking into their hands, people with their fake smiles. Walking next to Gloria Astor you'd think I'd be used to it. But it still bothered me. I spent my entire life trying to not be seen but when your dad is a billionaire in the tech industry, that just doesn't happen.

"Darling how are you," mom said, as she fake kissed someone on the cheek.

"Darling." It's literally what she calls everyone because it sounds sincere but it just means she doesn't know your name.

Though she says it to me too.

I snatched a glass of champagne from a passing waiter and walked around until I found the gift table. I quickly deposited the card in the box and felt relief that I had done the one thing I'd been tasked with doing.

The truth was I did want more to my life. I had been trying for years to get my dad to let me in more. The who's who of the telecommunications world was likely here tonight. He could help me get in anywhere, into any job. But it's like he just keeps me at arm's length. Gives me work to do at home, but it's hardly much. I certainly never get to travel. Like he wanted his chubby embarrassment of a daughter to be seen. I had huge glasses, I rarely wore contacts, they just annoyed me. My hair was always unruly, I never knew what to do with it. I usually looked like I'd been electrocuted unless one of the staff styled it.

I'd like to say that without my mom attached to me, I was able to blend in but that would be wishful thinking. As the crowd went crazy, ready to welcome the bride and groom, I darted inside. The bride's parents were quite well-to-do, while nowhere close to being billionaires, their house was extremely impressive. I wandered, without a care in the world and hoped I could just disappear.

But then there's always the overwhelming feeling of being watched, and I'm usually right. Yet every time I turned to look, nobody was there. I found myself in a large sunroom, overlooking the party. It was a sight to behold, and I was willing to bet it was stunning in the daytime.

I was nearly asleep on the couch when I heard some giggles and smelled ... weed. I wiggled my nose and turned to see some girls running by the room. I remembered the smell from my college days, even though that seemed like an eternity ago. Not like I had a real college experience: five years at an all girls school and a masters degree I don't use. I lived in my books and nowhere else. Because an Astor is expected to have a perfect GPA.

"In here," one of the voices said, half shouting.

Getting to my feet, it seemed my time here was up. Certainly mother was missing me at this point, looking for her scapegoat.

"Ohh, sorry didn't see anyone in here," one of the girls said.

"Hey, do you have a car," another one asked.

They don't know who I am, and obviously could care less. Hmm.

"I don't, sorry," I said, smiling.

"Can you book us an Uber? We're going to a club, totally busting out of this joint. It's my 19th birthday. Ohh I'm so rude! I'm Giselle, come with us! You're here in hiding, clearly you don't wanna be here either," girl number two said.

Nineteen huh? How old does she think I am? It wasn't like I was gray yet but I was in my early 30's, living with my parents and a hamster. Totally living on the edge. I mean I basically had my own apartment, just ... shared an address with them.

Everything in my mind told me to politely decline, and keep it moving. But I took in their short dresses, make-up and cute hair, clearly ready to party. They thought I looked cool enough to go out with them? Like really?

My whole body warmed, thinking about spending a night with "popular" girls and my high school heart nearly burst. This was happening!!

Damn the consequences, I'll deal with them tomorrow!

The next two hours were a total blur. I had little memory of getting to the club, and even less memory of the numerous drinks coursing through my veins. I felt warm ... but free. I felt free for the first in who knows how long. I also lost all track of the damn girls who brought me here.

Oh well.

I was so far removed from popular music, so I had no clue what was playing but couldn't care less. I swung my hips and moved with the crowd, feeling like I was on a cloud.

When warmth surrounded me I leaned into it, briefly closing my eyes. I'd had fake boyfriends, and by fake I mean guys my parents forced on me. They had the right pedigree, the right last name. They all had something in common above and beyond their bank accounts: they all sucked in bed. I had no clue what good sex was supposed to be, but I knew from enough romance movies that it wasn't what I got from them.

Maybe it was the booze, maybe it was the fact that I felt sexy. The second thing was likely due to the first but I couldn't dwell on it.

The muscle behind me was moving my body with his, and I reached back searching for his face. It was scruffy, his hair soft and kind of shaggy. He was so warm. He practically molded around me as the song ended and another started, with a different beat. I began to spin around so I could look at him, but another man appeared in front of me, almost out of nowhere.

I was instantly taken with his deep brown eyes as his hands went onto my hips. He had a bit of a beard. Suddenly all I could think about was touching it, would that be weird? I'll likely never see him again, what do I have to lose?

My lips parted and my heart raced, was this real? Sandwiched between two guys? I hadn't seen the one behind me but if he was half as good looking as this one...

And they don't know who I am. They don't care. I'm just a girl out for a good time. Out for a... What am I saying?

One night stand?

Would I?

With both of them? Do they even know each other?

My mind told me to shut the fuck up and just go with it. It was Friday night, it wasn't like I had anywhere to be in the morning. Well, my trainer ... shit.

Fuck it, and fuck him.

I'm here now. Live in the moment!