

The image features a close-up of an Aurora Light product, which is an oval-shaped, illuminated device with a warm orange glow. The device has a dark, possibly black, top section with a small orange indicator light. The main body is a translucent, light blue or grey color. Overlaid on this body is the text 'Mile High Pack' in a large, white, cursive script. The word 'Mile' is on the top line, 'High' is on the middle line, and 'Pack' is on the bottom line. A small white cloud icon is positioned between 'High' and 'Pack'. The 'P' in 'Pack' has a small heart symbol inside its loop. The entire device is set against a dark, almost black, background.

Mile
High
Pack

aurora light

Mile High Pack

an erotic novella

originally included in the Knotty Times anthology
with an extended final chapter and brand-new epilogue

aurora light

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Cover and interior design by aurora light

If you don't want to be a digital serf, you have to start stealing from your digital lord.



*For the girl who taught us that we could be a pack, if we wanted
to.*



THIS BOOK TAKES PLACE primarily on the historical and unced-
ed lands of the modern-day Seminole people, referred to
throughout with its modern-day English names: Deltona and
Orlando, Florida.

We encourage all people, including those with cultural ties to
Turtle Island indigenous people and those without, to learn
more about the these tribes' rich history and modern-day
experiences. You can learn more about the Seminole tribe
through their website, <https://www.semtribe.com/>.

Author's Note



THIS STORY IS SET in the default aurora light omegaverse, which consists only of omegas and alphas, with “beta” not considered its own category of assigned sex, but rather a collection of experiences akin to those of intersex people in reality. We would consider it a sweetverse, as there is no widespread slavery or other brutalization against omegas, although oppression intentionally somewhat analogous to misogyny does exist against omegas, who are considered to be “suited to the home and bearing children.”

The primary distinction of the default aurora light omegaverse is that **omega and alpha are treated as assigned sex at birth**, with omegas assumed to have natal vaginas and alphas assumed to have natal penises, regardless of gender. Alpha penises are assumed to look like a typical human penis, albeit with a knot at the base that inflates at or near ejaculation, and omega vaginas are assumed to look like a typical human vagina, although during a heat, the body goes through a process similar to the preparation for giving birth, allowing for a larger insertion than most humans with vaginas would be comfortable with. In the United States (and most countries, post-colonization), a binary gender is also assigned around puberty, primarily

based on secondary sex characteristics. This means this verse has women who were assigned female who have a penis and are expected to have a penis, essentially making them cisgender women with penises.

In some of our longer works, we are planning to go more into the limitations of a binary gender and sex framework for bodies and gender, as the intention is that “omega” and “alpha” are no more absolute biological categories than “male” and “female” are; intersex individuals, who may self-identify as “betas,” exist, but are not discussed in this specific novella. Transgender individuals also exist, as they may reach puberty or far past puberty and realize their assigned binary gender does not suit them, potentially choosing to utilize hormones or surgeries to adjust their bodies to align with their personal gender experience.

This story includes three alpha women and one omega woman, meaning it includes three women with penises and one woman with a vagina, and none of this is commented on as though it is unusual. One of the alpha women is also transgender, although this is implied and not directly brought up in the story itself. If this is not something you are interested in reading, we would suggest passing on this story.

Content Warnings and Kinks



Content Warnings

Abusive familial dynamics, including a family member tampering with a character's medication
Consent negotiation after heat has already hit
Description of severe pain due to cramping (analogous to extremely bad period cramps)
Discussion of mental and physical health crises
Discussion of past abusive relationships
Discussion of past accidental poisoning
Experiencing of a medical emergency
Gaslighting from a family member
Implication/mention of past self-harm

Kinks

Biting/Marking
Bloodplay
Blowjobs
Bondage (Shibari)
Cockwarming
Dacryphilia (Crying kink)
Degradation
Dildos/vibrators
Dirty talk
Discussion of fisting
Fingering
Hair pulling
Humiliation
Impact play (Crop, hand)
Knotfucking
Licking
Light breathplay
Multiple orgasms
Multiple partners
Nipple torture
Overstimulation
Public sex
Spitroasting

9 DEC 2024 ▶ 10 DEC 2024 TRIP TO ORLANDO, FLORIDA, USA

PREPARED FOR
BENNETT/LILAH

TRAVEL CONSULTANT SS

RESERVATION CODE CRLRHS
AIRLINE RESERVATION CODE AKEPKH (EP)(IB)



DEPARTURE: MONDAY 9 DEC ▶ ARRIVAL: TUESDAY 10 DEC

Please verify flight times prior to departure

EPSILON EP 0009 Duration: 13hr(s) 35min(s) Class: Economy / B	MCO ORLANDO, FLORIDA		
	Boarding 9:15AM 12/9/2024	Departure 9:45AM 12/9/2024	

AFFECTION Chrissy Chlapecka

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS Madison Rose

Steady Pace VTSS

LUNCH Billie Eilish

Perfume Pale Waves

Friday I'm in Love The Cure

NEW LOVE BOYS LIKE GIRLS

Heartbeat Carly Rae Jepsen

Can't Help Falling In Love Kina Grannis

Passenger Name:	Seats:
» BENNETT/LILAH	Check-In Required

Contents

1. Chapter 1	1
2. Chapter 2	21
3. Chapter 3	31
4. Chapter 4	37
5. Chapter 5	49
6. Chapter 6	67
Epilogue	83
About the Author	109

Chapter 1



THE FIRST SYMPTOM WAS always the cramps.

For some omegas, they started slowly, like a worrying in the stomach, like nausea and anxiety piling up until they started feeling it physically. For some, the cramps could almost be mistaken for some kind of virus, like their stomach was tying itself into knots, food poisoning and the flu mixed into one. For some, the cramps were manageable for quite a few days, warning them in advance that they were going into heat and they needed to figure something out before it was too late.

For Lilah, it was like being hit by a bus, every time.

She bolted upright in her seat, blinking a few times, her jaw clamping down on the scream that her body wanted to let out as her uterine muscles clenched on nothing. She forced herself to breathe, forced her lungs to inflate, and waited for the cramp to subside, her whole body tensing with the effort of ensuring that she didn't disturb anyone around her.

It wasn't until the pain had finally started to ebb away that Lilah realized exactly *how* fucked she was.

Or, she guessed, how fucked she *wasn't*.

“Excuse me,” Lilah mumbled to her seatmate, a handsome-looking woman who had gotten the seat next to her, picking up her own backpack so she could make it to the bathroom and figure out what was going on. The woman nodded lightly and put up her tray table, leaning back in her seat to give her as much space as possible to move through the cramped seat row. The other woman in her row—a woman who looked far too pretty to have undertaken such a long flight—followed the other’s lead, even before Lilah offered another, “Sorry.”

She hurried to the bathroom at the back of the plane and quickly shuffled in, locking the door behind her and looking at herself in the mirror.

Fuck, she was a mess. No one was really supposed to look their *best* on a 15-hour flight, so it wasn’t inherently a surprise, but she’d apparently fucking slept through the first hour of her heat, and it was *showing*. Her eyes were streaked with red, with what looked like a burst blood vessel in her left eye, blood filtering through the soft brown of her iris. The lazy half-bun she’d put her hair up into had, apparently, mostly fallen out sometime in the last hour, leaving her with a head full of frizz and limp brown locks drifting around her face. Stray wisps of hair stuck to her forehead and cheeks, already coated with a light sheen of sweat, her body working overtime to get her ready to get knocked up.

Lilah did not want to be knocked up. She never really had. She didn’t like babies much, was in the middle of getting her bachelor’s degree in sustainability sciences, and didn’t love the idea of being tied to another pack, not after the last one had

ended so badly. Plus, she'd always hated the idea of having to put her life on hold for two weeks every nine months, and heats were fucking *rough* on your body. That was why she was on heat suppressants in the first place.

Those things were supposed to work. They'd always worked before. Why hadn't they worked?

Rummaging through her little carry-on backpack, Lilah found the handbag that contained all her medications, opening the zipper with shaky hands and grabbing her little blister pack of pills. She'd taken four for the month so far, and they looked... right. She had an app on her phone that alerted her to the right time to take them, and she was nothing if not consistent, that "perfect usage" statistic that was prominently centered on the front of the box.

She'd only ever had one heat before, six years ago, and it had been so fucking hard on her body that she'd sworn off it forever. Even *with* the help of her pack at the time, it had been too much for her, and she'd gotten on suppressants the next week. It had been the thing that had drove them apart; her former packmates had been worried for her health—and, she couldn't help speculating, probably frustrated at the idea of never having kids of their own—and they'd eventually issued her an ultimatum: go off the heat suppressants or break up. The breakup had been an easy choice, at least in the moment, but not before she'd screamed bloody murder at them for even saying it, loud enough that she'd had to talk to the cops about the domestic disturbance.

And her mom sure hadn't been any fucking assistance, because she'd said much of the same thing, in that gentle, nauseating voice she loved to use when she was talking to Lilah. Back and forth, that long-term heat suppressant use was bad for you, that one or two weeks a year wasn't much to give up to your pack, that plenty of omegas would give up the world to be in her position, that heat was natural, and it was wrong to try and avoid it, that—

Fuck.

Her mom.

Lilah was startled out of her reverie by a thought so upsetting that her jaw dropped, and her fingers fumbled for her phone. Eight dollars and change later, she was connected to WiFi, calling her mom's number through the WiFi signal.

"Hello, honey! Aren't you already—"

"Did you fuck with my heat suppressants?" The words were still, quiet, so calm that Lilah almost couldn't believe they were her own, not with the anger that threatened to bubble out of her chest.

Her mom *tsk'd* gently, like Lilah had asked her how expensive milk was. "You shouldn't swear at your mother, dear."

"You did." It was that frustrating not-an-answer that her mom always did when she didn't even care enough to lie and deny that she'd done something. "Motherfucker. God dammit."

"Language."

“What did you do?” Lilah’s eyebrows furrowed, and she grabbed the blister pack again, holding it up to the airplane bathroom light as though that would reveal anything. The pack looked exactly the same as every other pack she’d ever taken. The sugar pill packs, which you could use if you *did* want to induce a heat, were always a completely different color, usually red, to avoid this exact problem. The pack didn’t look resealed, and it would be pretty fucking hard to reseal a *blister pack* anyway.

“I didn’t do anything to your heat suppressants, Lilah.” She could almost *hear* her mom rolling her eyes, activating the latent fury in her veins. “You’re so paranoid, dear. And here I’d thought we’d had such a lovely time this visit.”

Her mom had been so fucking nice this time. Nicer than she’d almost ever been. She didn’t *like* hanging out with her mom, and even this trip had been full of the snide remarks and “oh, I just wish you’d”s that her mother was so fond of, but god, she’d been nicer than she usually was. Her suppressant alarm had even gone off at the breakfast table once, and her mom had shaken her head, pursed her lips, and offered the thousandth comment about how bad those were for you, but she’d gotten her a cup of coffee to wash it down with.

She’d made her... a lot of food and drinks this trip, actually. Lilah’s brow furrowed as she scanned through their week-long visit, the turbulence of the flight mimicking the way her stomach was starting to churn. A lot of coffee. Breakfast most mornings, and a fair number of both lunches and dinners. Snacks, too: she’d made some chocolate brownies, which she’d left on the counter, and Lilah had been snacking on them the whole

week.

“You... drugged me?”

“Don’t be ridiculous.” There was a snap to her mom’s voice, though, that told her that she was at least getting closer, if she wasn’t right on the money. “What kind of mother would *drug* her daughter?”

Lilah thought harder, closing her eyes and rubbing her forehead. A cramp hit her again, out of nowhere, and she grit her teeth against it, taking a few deep, calming breaths to try and move through it, white-knuckling the sink to keep herself standing.



“It’s kind of chalky,” Lilah frowns, looking down at the coffee. “How fresh is this?”

Her mother waves her off, rolling her eyes. “Don’t be rude, dear. You know I would never buy low-quality coffee, and I’d never leave it around long enough to go stale.”

Lilah smacks her mouth a few times. “It’s like...” She does it again, rolling her eyes when her mom frowns at her. “I don’t know. It’s like someone put dirt in it.”

“Well, you are used to Starbucks, I have to assume,” her mom

grouses. “High-quality coffee is richer. It comes from the earth, after all. A good coffee is bound to taste a little earthy.”

Lilah’s frown deepens as she looks at her cup. It looks like a normal cup of rich coffee. She’s used to two sugars, one cream, and even though it’s a bit darker than she usually sees, it is, after all, a higher-quality coffee, ground at home fresh.

And yet, that taste... it’s weirdly familiar. Gritty, almost, like drinking a cup of coffee that had a little sprinkle of dirt added to it. The taste feels like it should bring up bad memories, although Lilah’s not sure what, exactly, those memories should be.

She shrugs and grabs the milk from the table to lighten the taste.



“Activated charcoal.” The words fell off her tongue the moment she reached them, sending ice through her veins. “You fucking dosed me with activated charcoal.”

That was the source of the familiarity, the bad memories. When Lilah was six, she’d eaten a bunch of berries from her family’s front lawn when everyone’s attention had been turned away for a minute. Poison control had sent the paramedics to her house, and they’d given her a drink full of it. It tasted chalky, gritty, like eating a bunch of sand, but she’d done it with the encouragement that she’d get ice cream afterward. At the hospital, they’d

said the charcoal had saved her life, and even at that age, she'd understood the gravity of the statement.

But it hadn't gotten rid of the way it coated her tongue, the way it tasted like she'd stuck her mouth in freshly plowed soil.

"Honey—"

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Lilah had never been able to fly off the handle at her mother, not really; too much of her life had been caught up in placating the woman, in accepting that she was trying her best. And, plus, she'd never done anything *really* bad. It was something Lilah had always argued with her therapists about, when she'd ever felt comfortable enough to talk about her mom with them.

But this?

This was bad.

"Don't swear at me." The cutting steel that suddenly filled her mom's voice was enough for Lilah to feel that telltale lightness in her chest, the need to pacify her, the need to make things right. "You need a pack. You had a pack before, and you threw it away. You simply can't expect to make it through life without one. I was *trying* to look out for you."

Lilah's eyebrows furrowed further, and she yelped softly as another ripple of pain tore through her, fast enough that she wasn't able to clamp down on it before it made its way out. Once her body had decided to let her be in charge again, she managed to hiss out, "What was your plan? Use it to force me back into a pack? Hope I didn't figure it out?"

“...I was hoping it was going to happen a few days before this,” her mom finally huffed, sounding lightly frustrated, like Lilah’s whole life wasn’t being turned upside down in an airplane bathroom. “I had a few packs without omegas lined up for you to talk to. All-female, understanding of your... situation. You would have been able to talk to them and spend some time with them, and, if you’d like, spend your heat with them.” She sighed heavily. “And instead, it seems as though you’re going to have to spend it at 35,000 feet. Which wouldn’t be a problem if you’d just let your heats run their natural course, you know, because you’d be able to plan around them.”

Lilah’s hands were shaking, trembling sharply, from fear, from anger, from disgust. “I can’t fucking believe you,” she growled, the noise foreign to her own ears, much less when she was talking to her mom. “I... I need to deal with this right now. I will call you when I am of sound mind again. We need to have another fucking talk.”

“I’m trying to keep you safe.” The bitterness in her mom’s voice mirrored the acid Lilah was feeling rise up in her throat. “Don’t hate me for trying to be a good mother just because it’s not how you would do it.”

“Fuck you.” Lilah removed the phone from her ear and ended the call without even waiting to hear the response. She looked up at the tiny airplane bathroom mirror and was almost surprised to see wetness on her cheeks, tears blurring her vision. Her own hands moved up, wiping at her eyes as though it was a completely different body in the mirror.

Again, a wave of pain, this time radiating further, up through her back, tensing muscles as far up as her shoulders. She clutched one arm with the other, digging her own fingernails into the skin, desperately trying to ground herself.

A knock sounded at the door. “Doing okay in there?”

“Just a minute!” Lilah was able to gasp out, taking deep breaths again, trying not to let the swelling terror of her position overwhelm her.

There wasn’t really any likelihood of anyone else *knowing* she was in heat. Every reputable airport in the world had de-scenting stations right after security to reduce overstimulation in an already overwhelming environment, and the plane’s heavy-duty air filters would take care of anything that slipped past. Her pheromones would be safe until well after she landed, Lilah knew that.

But that meant she had to handle it by herself.

There were no other options. There was nothing she could do, not here, not now. The first 24 hours of a heat weren’t the worst, at least, she knew that much. Usually, things were the absolute worst at the 36-hour mark, by which point she would be back home, safe and sound. If she could make it through this flight, if she could handle the torture of being in an economy seat for the next 13 hours by herself, she could get home and deal with it there. It would be an expensive 45-minute Uber ride home—and then another expensive one in a few days to go pick up her car—because she was pretty sure she wouldn’t be able to drive at that point, but she could handle it. It would be okay.

It would be okay.

It had to be okay.

She straightened up, wiped her face with the inside of her ratty T-shirt, and opened the bathroom door.

“Excuse me.” Her seatmates leaned back in their seats again, allowing her to pass by unscathed, and Lilah sat down, opening the window a bit to watch the clouds pass by underneath them.

The next half hour was one of the most miserable half hours of her life. Every five to six minutes, she was hit with a wave of nauseating pain, washing completely over her, holding her down and wringing the life out of her. She breathed in blue air and breathed out red air, using an old trick from her track days to try and get rid of the pain, and grit her teeth against any noises, completely focused on nothing but making *absolutely* fucking sure that no one could tell what was going on.

“Miss?” A woman’s voice floated to her ears, gravelly and polite, deep enough to get almost lost in the rumbles of the plane engine.

Lilah opened her eyes and looked at her seatmate, who was now frowning slightly at her. The frown didn’t look annoyed, at least, which soothed her nerves a little, but the concern tinging the look wasn’t promising. “Yes?”

“Apologies if this comes off quite forward,” the other woman said softly, “but my packmate and I have... noticed you.” She seemed a little embarrassed, almost, to say it any more bluntly than that. “Are you interested in... some assistance?”

Lilah blinked. Then, she blinked again. By the third blink, she did believe this wasn't a hallucination, but she wasn't completely convinced she hadn't misheard the woman. "...assistance?"

The other flushed, warm-tinted skin becoming even warmer for a second. "Yes," she replied. "Our pack has no omega, and we have always been interested in trying new things." Her lips turned up, just a bit, at the corners of her mouth. "We have discussed with the packmate we have at home, and all of us are amenable to the idea of... packing up, at least in the short term. If you have a pack waiting for you when we land, we can drop you off with them, or our third can prepare what you'd need to nest at ours."

Lilah knew her mouth was wide open, but that knowledge didn't help her close it. "...you want to fuck me on this plane?"

That light flush on the other's face grew into a full-tilt blush, and she nodded slightly. "Only, of course, if you want to do so. If you would rather handle it yourself, we would respect your wishes."

God, she really did want to take them up on it. Half an hour of trying to bulldoze her way through the heat had already been fucking brutal, and the idea of doing it for another twelve was so miserable, she wanted to start sobbing just thinking about it.

And she wasn't fucking blind; the two women sitting next to her were *gorgeous*. The woman sitting closest to her, the one she'd been talking to, was strikingly lovely, with a strong jaw, broad chest, and dark eyes that sparkled gently when she

talked: understated and quite deliberate, but with a restraint that belied a bold kindness. The other, leaning in from her aisle seat, was still way too attractive to be on such a long flight, with big, voluminous black hair pulled into a ponytail, tattoos covering her arms and hands, and a wicked grin on her face, blue eyes already zoomed in on Lilah. If their other packmate was anything like this, they were a fucking *powerhouse* of a pack, and Lilah would be an idiot to reject the offer.

“Is...” Lilah grit her teeth against another shudder of pain, imagining it passing through her like water, trying to avoid thinking about it too hard so that she could keep herself silent. After a few seconds, she took a deep breath, refocusing her eyes on the woman sitting next to her, and went for the shotgun approach. “I’m a lesbian. I don’t want kids. I don’t have a pack. This is all happening because my mom fucked with my heat suppressants. I do not have any interest in ever having another heat, I want no heats forever if at all possible.” She locked eyes with the woman next to her. “Is that all okay?”

The other woman nodded lightly. “It’s fine by me,” she replied. “Our other packmate is also a woman. If you end up having any interest in forming a pack with us when you are once again of sound mind, we can discuss the rest of this. As it stands, we are comfortable being a heat pack for you right now.”

Heat pack. A few of her unpacked college friends had talked about it before. A lot like fuckbuddies, but specifically for heats. A fuckbuddy relationship that mostly arose during a heat, whether planned or unplanned, so the pack could help you through it and you didn’t have to worry as much about

remembering to do things like drink water and eat enough calories to support a marathon's worth of metabolism every day.

Low stakes. An automatic out at the end of it, if she wasn't feeling it. At least one person who seemed invested in making sure she was consenting.

The flight wasn't packed or anything, either; there were other people on the plane, sure, but as Lilah looked around, she realized it was fairly light. The row directly across the aisle was empty except for a middle-aged woman with a sleep mask on, and most of the flight would be happening overnight, which meant most people were going to be sleeping. Someone *could* see, but it seemed... unlikely, at least.

Fuck it.

"I want your names first," Lilah said, more firmly than she felt. "I don't fuck a lot of people, but I definitely don't fuck people whose names I don't know."

"Adair," the woman closest to her said, pointing to herself, "Eira," she continued, pointing to the woman sitting to the left of her, pulling out the second syllable, like "ey-ruh." "And our packmate at home is Ismat." Adair inclined her head slightly. "And yours?"

"Lilah." She took a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves, trying to calm everything. "Are you sure about this?"

"As sure as one can be." Adair smiled a bit wider. "Would you like to switch places with me, Lilah?"

This was it. There was no going back after this; Lilah believed that Adair would try her best to keep things as consensual as possible, yes, but if she gave into the desire to let someone else do something for her, she was going to want to keep doing it, and she wasn't going to want to stop.

This was her last chance, if she didn't want to go for something as crazy as a fling in an airplane with two women she didn't know.

Lilah nodded. "Yes, please."

Adair pulled up the armrest between the two of them and helped move Lilah from her window seat to the middle seat, nestling Lilah's slightly smaller frame in between the two larger women to either side of her. Surprisingly quickly, she relaxed, the strong, intense warmth surrounding her instantly calming her nerves. Eira spread a blanket across the three of them, covering their laps, and laughed slightly at Lilah's confused look. "A little easier to make sure we don't get kicked off this plane," she explained. Her voice was dark, like Adair's, but with a floating, playful note to it that Lilah found herself desperately wanting more of. "Still comfortable?"

Lilah nodded again, a bit more fevered this time, her body responding quite strongly to the feeling of the two of them surrounding her. "Thank you," she mumbled, trying to keep her manners about her, in some way.

Eira laughed, bringing her fingers under Lilah's chin and tilting her head up, holding her eyes with her gaze. "And well-mannered, too," she hummed, her voice thrumming through Lilah's

body. "Seems as though we've hit the jackpot, haven't we?"

A whine slipped out through Lilah's lips, her mouth opening gently, eyes flitting to Eira's full, soft lips. "Please," she whimpered, feeling her self-control slipping away. "Fuck, *please*."

Eira didn't wait, pushing in to press her lips against Lilah's. Her tongue sought entrance that Lilah immediately gave, melting at Eira's touch, whimpering softly. From Lilah's right side, she felt Adair's hand on her hip, gently running over the swell of her thigh, trying to feel out exactly how to get her fingers into Lilah's pants.

Thankfully, she'd dressed for comfort, given how long the flight was, and that meant a T-shirt and sweatpants. Lilah's breath quickened as Adair's fingers moved up into her waistband, running over the pants' top seam, flirting with the warm skin underneath it until she made the plunge inside. Eira laughed against Lilah's lips, pulling back a little bit. "If I'm sitting here making out with you, unfortunately, the flight attendants will probably want to have a word with me," she hummed, the words quiet enough that they stayed between the two of them. "But what I will do is continue to watch you. I'm excited to watch you keep yourself quiet when you cum. You were doing a good job earlier. Let's keep that streak going."

Adair's fingers drifted across her, stroking softly over the top of her pubic bone, and Lilah had to focus all of her attention on silence. Eira pressed a kiss to the corner of Lilah's mouth, a grin spreading across her lips. "How wet do you think you are?" Eira said gently, her fingers caressing Lilah's cheek. "Your

body's already been preparing you for this for the last hour and a half. Do you think you'd be wet enough to take me, if I was able to fuck you?"

Lilah gasped, a shudder passing through her as she desperately grappled for Eira's shirt. "Yes, ma'am," she whined, her mouth dry, nothing in her brain except being sandwiched between these two women. "Fuck, please."

"You like honorifics?" Eira laughed, the grin on her face getting bigger. "You want me to call you a pretty whore? A good slut, letting my packmate take you like this in the middle of an airplane, no regard for the dozens of people who would hear you, if you didn't keep yourself quiet? Letting someone you don't even know fuck you like a good girl?"

Adair's hand finally drifted right over Lilah's cunt, and she whimpered, pushing her hips into the woman's fingers. "Yes," she whined, her fingers curling harder into Eira's shirt. "Please, ma'am."

"Good girl," Eira mumbled against Lilah's skin, holding her as Adair's middle finger penetrated her, the sense of relief almost pulling a scream from her. She kept it as quiet as possible, clenching her jaw against the sound. "Good girl. Already such a tightly wound wire."

Another finger, so quickly after the first that it *should* have hurt, but Lilah's already heat-addled body wanted it badly enough to avoid any pain or discomfort. Within a minute, Adair was already three fingers deep inside her, filling her up enough that her attention was fully drawn to the movement, the pain

flickering across her body subsiding a bit. Adair adjusted, her wrist angling slightly to allow for easier motion as she managed to press that fourth finger up inside her cunt.

Lilah's eyes rolled back in her head, still trying to use Eira's hands as a way to ground herself. It was almost too much to take, but finally in a good way—she rocked against Adair, who reached her thumb up gently against her clit, and she fell apart so quickly it would have surprised her, if she had any rational thought left.

The orgasm rocketed up through her, her muscles tugging at each other aggressively, but *finally* in a way that felt *good*. She clenched her jaw, focusing solely on continuing to be quiet, continuing to keep things under wraps, continuing to make sure they didn't get caught.

Lilah finally relaxed, her body relenting, just a bit, and sagged against Eira. "Fuck," she mumbled, fatigue suddenly hitting her like a train. "Motherfucker."

Adair laughed, pulling her fingers away from Lilah's cunt, her hand still resting on the woman's thigh, wet with slick. "Indeed," she replied, her voice soft, rumbling through the other's body. "Try to sleep, if you can. The more you can sleep on this first day, the better."

Lilah almost couldn't process what she was saying. She didn't know what she had been thinking, trying to handle that pain by herself for 15 hours. She would have gone fucking crazy by hour two. Instead of trying to think about that, however, she nodded. "Okay," she mumbled gently. "Thanks again. Or whatever you

say to two people who you're fucking on an airplane out of necessity."

Eira laughed, her fingers caressing Lilah's cheek. "Happy to be of service."

The weight of the two women next to her lulled her to sleep in seconds.

Chapter 2



WHEN LILAH WOKE UP, the seat to her right was empty.

“Good morning, little one,” Eira hummed softly, pressing a kiss to the top of her head. “About three hours of sleep. Congratulations.”

Lilah nodded, yawning loudly. “Wish I could have gotten more,” she sighed. As if on cue, her body spasmed, pulling a whining, uncomfortable noise out of her. “God, I forgot how bad this is.”

“Not your first heat, at least, then?”

Lilah shook her head, her lip curling slightly at the thought of her previous pack. “Second,” she admitted. “I... spent the first one with my previous pack. Didn’t go super well.”

“Hopefully this one is going better so far,” Eira remarked, hand resting on Lilah’s thigh.

“Well, I am in an airplane, so that’s a pretty significant debuff,” Lilah pointed out dryly. “But you two have been very nice so far,” she laughed, her voice softening. Her face burned as she recalled, suddenly, their earlier connection. “I’m... sorry if I made you uncomfortable, earlier.”

Eira shook her head. "I'd almost worry that I would have made you uncomfortable." A wry grin crossed her face. "At least, I would have been, if you weren't so obviously into it."

The blush on Lilah's face only got worse. "I guess," she mumbled, rubbing her face with her hand. Another ripple of pain flashed through her, and she whimpered. "God, this sucks."

"When Adair gets back, I can see if I can get us both into the bathroom at the same time," Eira grinned, her fingers dancing across Lilah's thigh. "My understanding is that you might be more comfortable if we get a chance to spend some time together in a... less restrictive position."

A flush rose on Lilah's cheeks, and she nodded uncertainty. "Do you... have a condom?" she mumbled, having no real way to ask it more eloquently.

"I've never wanted kids," Eira snorted. "Managed to get a referral for a referral for a referral, got that all taken care of years ago. Adair, too." She grinned. "My guy might be able to hook you up, if you want it."

Lilah's eyes widened. She'd wanted some kind of more permanent birth control for years, but people tended to be weird about women getting *permanent* birth control, and even more so, in her experience, when they were omegas. "Hey, if you're able to, I'd appreciate it," she laughed uncertainly. "God, I'd love to not have to worry about it anymore."

"For right now, you can just be aware that there are essentially no risks for me getting up close and personal with you," Eira

nodded, her fingers running up and brushing against the waistband on Lilah's sweatpants. "Scout's honor."

"I don't believe for a second that you were a Girl Scout," Lilah laughed, although she found herself relaxing against Eira's fingers regardless. "Girl Scouts do not end up with full tattoo sleeves."

"Hey, I know plenty of former Girl Scouts with great tattoos." Eira sounded genuinely offended, which was somehow funnier to Lilah than the alternative. "But no, I was never actually a Girl Scout. And I was also never a Boy Scout, which is what that phrase is supposed to mean, I think."

Lilah frowned. "I guess so," she replied. "I'll accept your honor regardless, though."

"I'm flattered."

Before Lilah could respond, Adair appeared in the aisle, moving in to push past Eira and Lilah to get to her seat. Her waist-length hair was pinned up now, still in a braid, like it had been earlier, but twined into a bun underneath the little triangle-shaped scarf she wore on her head. "I would say good to see you awake, but I think we'd all like it if you were able to sleep," Adair said with a smile. "Still, I'm glad you're doing alright, at least."

"Better than I could be," Lilah smiled back at her. She grit her teeth as cramps started pushing up into her spine, pulling her attention back to just how badly everything seemed to hurt again. "Motherfucker," she groaned.

Eira turned her head to her, her lips an inch from Lilah's ear. "Give me two minutes," she instructed. "Once I've been gone two minutes, come back as though you were planning to go to the bathroom yourself. You're probably wound up enough that it'll only take a couple minutes, anyway."

Lilah managed to give a little nod, the words already going straight to her cunt. Then, Eira was gone, walking down the aisle of the plane like she owned the place. Almost in awe, Lilah leaned over to Adair, her eyebrows furrowed. "Is she always like this?"

"Usually worse," Adair replied dryly. "This is her trying not to scare you off."

"Ah." It could have read as a warning, for sure, but it didn't really feel that way. There was something magnetic about Eira, something that made her want to keep looking, even after she was gone. The tone of Adair's voice was that of a lovingly scolding partner, not an actual warning, and it awoke something new inside Lilah, something that wanted to learn more about both of them, something, maybe, that wanted to *keep* learning new things, even after the heat was done.

Lilah counted to a hundred in her head, waiting as long as the ache in her cunt would let her stay, then carefully made her way all the way to the end of the plane. The bathroom door was closed, but clearly not locked, no "occupied" signaling on the front of it. But of course, when she opened it, there was Eira.

Lilah pulled the door closed, locking it behind her, and Eira took that as her cue to pin Lilah to the door, devouring her

hungrily. Her tongue intruded into the woman's mouth, sliding over Lilah's teeth and roving across her tongue. When Eira did finally pull back, her eyes were wild and hungry. "I'm going to fucking *ravage* you when we get to our house," she growled, the words barely even audible to Lilah over the rumble of the jet engines.

It should have been... scary, almost. The chill that ran down Lilah's spine at the words should have been a warning sign, should have indicated that there was something *wrong*.

But it wasn't. She'd know, in about a week, whether or not this was a mistake—but in that moment, there was no fear inside her. She just knew she needed *more*.

"I want you to," Lilah breathed, nodding intensely, her fingers moving up to tangle in Eira's long, silky hair. "Fuck, I want you to. I want to know exactly how you want to fuck me."

The words sparked a lingering little grin on Eira's lips, her warm breath filling the space between the two of them. "There'll be time," she laughed, voice rumbling across Lilah's skin. "Right now, we have very, very little time." Her fingers moved, suddenly, up Lilah's hips, pulling both her sweatpants and her underwear down, across the swell of her thighs.

The sensation of suddenly being halfway naked in an airplane bathroom should have been *much* more uncomfortable than it was. Eira's fingers moved up against her cunt, finding her warm, wet, and waiting, slick pooling between her thighs already, even without much of anything in the form of foreplay. The woman pulled her own waistband below her pelvic bone, running the

head of her cock across Lilah's cunt. "A lot to handle," she murmured against Lilah's neck, the soft laugh of the words sending shivers down Lilah's spine. "You think you can keep quiet when I fuck you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Lilah gasped, a sudden cramp seizing her from inside and shaking her around like a rag doll, causing her to grit her teeth and throw her head back, convulsing in what could be either white-hot pain or body-melting pleasure. "Fuck, please, *please* fuck me," she managed to hiss out past the molten metal consuming her throat.

"If you insist." The words were light, playful, but with a growling core of need marking them. Lilah tried her best to strangle the delirious moan that wanted to escape her lips as she felt Eira enter her. Eira's tongue played on Lilah's jaw, across her jugular, that same playful energy tied up now with desperate, aggressive possession.

Lilah's shaking hands moved up to Eira's jaw, bringing her face up to Lilah's, their lips crashing together in a kiss that could have practically read as angry, for how aggressive it was. Eira didn't seem too incredibly larger than Lilah's when they were seated, but fuck, when she was this close, pinning Lilah to the wall, completely in charge of both of them, it sure fucking felt like she was three times her size.

Eira's hips rocked against her, filling her with such an intensity that it took all her willpower to only react nonverbally, to keep her noises to herself. Even the heavy, labored breathing that she couldn't keep quiet felt like too much, but fuck, it was all

she could do to make sure she didn't explode.

"You deserve to be good for us, don't you, pretty girl," Eira hummed against Lilah's lips, the words breathed softly through kisses, any time she could step away from the possession that seemed to make her want so badly to consume every inch of Lilah. "You want to be good for me, to do anything I want, as long as it means I'll keep doing this."

Lilah whined, her hands grasping against Eira's jaw, nails digging into the soft skin there, holding her like a lifeline. "Please, ma'am," she whined, her body almost taking on a mind of its own. "Please, I want you to fill me up like a good toy, want you to fuck me like I only exist to be yours, want you to mark me up from the inside."

Lilah felt a growl build through Eira's form, a growl that harmonized with the whimper in Lilah's throat, that radiated into Lilah's flesh, into her bones, hooking its talons into her soul. It hit her the same way her cramps did, this sensation that something had suddenly clicked with this woman, like she was being realigned with reality after living in a simulation her whole life. Lilah gasped sharply, her whole body quieting before it exploded, her cunt tightening around Eira's cock as she leaned in and kissed the other with everything she had. It was almost too much for her to handle, and it only got more overwhelming as she felt Eira's growl turn into a snarl, warmth flooding Lilah's cunt as Eira came inside her.

Eira hadn't knotted her, she was level-headed enough to realize, and even though that was what she craved, deep in her

core, she was also aware that it would probably cause some problems in a fucking airplane bathroom.

But fuck, she wanted it. Instead of lingering on the rejection building in her chest, Lilah let her thoughts cast to the idea of what might lay ahead of her, the idea of getting more of this, of having not just Eira pursue her, but Adair, and also Ismat, that mysterious third packmate.

Her body started to relax a bit, letting her out of the angry grip of the oncoming heat very slightly. It was only going to get worse, she knew, but the way Eira was looking at her, like she was the only thing in the world that mattered, was incredibly helpful at alleviating her fears.

And, motherfucker, did she want the woman to bite her.

Lilah still had the scars from her old pack. She had loved them, after all. Two on her upper right arm, one on her right outer thigh, one on her left inner thigh. They were almost light enough to gloss over, now, silvery, papery little things that were hard to even see unless you were actively looking for them. Scars of her own making also crossed over the top, which helped to disguise them. But she knew they were there, and if you knew where to look, you could find them, too.

She'd promised herself, over and over and over again, that it would never happen again. She'd promised herself that she would never open up to a new pack, that she would never let herself be hurt by someone so intimately, that she'd be able to make it on her own without needing the support and structure of a pack. Time and time again, she'd stood up by

herself and done things the hard way, by herself, sometimes with her friends, very occasionally with her family.

And here she was, in an airplane bathroom, fucking a woman she'd known for all of three hours, feeling that urge, deeper than the urge to drink water, to have this woman's teeth in her flesh.

Motherfucker.

Her body was in that soft, lazy, sleepy state that it tended to move back to after an orgasm during heat, at least for this first day. If she was smart about it, that could give her another hour of respite before her body woke her up and demanded more.

Eira leaned in to kiss her again, and this time, it was somehow more overwhelming. That greedy possession from a few minutes ago had melted into an all-encompassing, radiant desire, somehow sunnier and lighter, but just as complete, just as overarching. Their breaths melted into one, tongues pushing back and forth, and when Eira leaned back, Lilah was sleepier than she had been a second ago.

The laugh that radiated from the other woman was gentler, too, more comfortable, more genuine. Eira pulled her cock out of Lilah, leaving her with an unsettling emptiness in her stomach, and kissed her again, pulling Lilah's pants back up before she did her own. "I'll see you in 37B," she smiled. "You can clean yourself up if you like, but..." That smile took on the tinge of playful mischief that Lilah had already started to expect from her. "I'd love knowing that you're still marked as mine the rest of the flight."

And then, she was gone, drawing the warmth of another human body away from the tiny little airplane bathroom, leaving a quiet that, even with the loud rumble of the wind rushing past the craft, still felt all-encompassing.

Lilah caught a glimpse of her face in the airplane bathroom mirror, trying to analyze it as she would any other person's face, in that split-second before she recognized herself.

She was no stranger to happiness. It was incorrect to suggest, somehow, that leaving her last pack had cut off any possibility of happiness for herself. She had experienced happiness in so many ways, and she was well-acquainted with the look of it on her face. But what she was looking at in those brown eyes, already so different from the ones that had stared back at her, full of tears, just a few hours ago, wasn't just happiness. It was something catty-corner to happiness, something that, she was realizing, she had definitely not allowed herself to have in the six years she'd been without a pack.

It wasn't happiness that had been missing from those eyes, that she saw, now, peeking out over years and years of uncertainty.

It was hope.

Lilah washed her hands and headed back to her seat.

Chapter 3



THE NEXT TEN HOURS provided much of the same, over and over again, as Lilah's body tried to prepare her for the full force of her heat. She was able to steal little bursts of sleep, every so often, usually for the half hour or so right after an orgasm, before her body would wake her up with jolts of pain, some so bad she couldn't breathe, some manageable enough that she almost stopped feeling them as "pain." Adair or Eira—or, frequently, both at once—would help her keep it at bay, mostly still sitting in their seats, although Eira managed to get her into the airplane bathroom one more time. Once, Eira almost got her full hand up inside Lilah, stopped primarily by the awkward positioning of sitting next to her while trying to avoid being caught by a flight attendant.

It was fucking *exhausting*. Lilah wasn't prepared for how tiring it was the whole time. The other two had both brought snacks that they kept plying her with throughout the trip, and at one point, Lilah managed to scarf down half a family-size box of Cheez-Its in all of ten minutes before falling asleep for the rest of the hour. When she woke up, Eira got her off again, and Adair handed her a bottle of water and a can of apple juice, which she had apparently been able to sweet-talk the flight attendant into

giving them while Lilah was asleep.

She was ravenous, and thirsty enough to drink just about anything she was handed, and couldn't think straight for longer than about twenty seconds every time she woke up, but the pain was finally starting to morph into an even, heated desire—so much less upsetting than the pain, but definitely no less overwhelming.

Eira checked her phone and frowned a little. "Descent into Orlando is supposed to take about half an hour," she mumbled, her eyes mostly on Adair, rather than Lilah herself. "Seatbelt sign just came on, so attendants won't be out here until we land, but there's a higher likelihood of the people around us actually paying attention." Her eyes slid to Lilah, and she arched an eyebrow. "You got one more in you for me, little one?"

A whine rose through Lilah's throat unbidden, and she nodded aggressively. "Please," she breathed, keeping her voice low enough to barely be audible over the rumble of the engine and the air passing over the plane. "Anything."

The grin on Eira's lips was animalistic and raw, as it tended to dip in and out of, Lilah was learning. "Good," she said softly. Her fingers slid underneath the blanket, her head moving to rest on top of Lilah's, so it looked like they were innocently cuddling. "I can only assume you've been thinking about how it'll feel once I finally get to fuck you like you deserve," she hummed, the words carefully tuned to reach Lilah's ears and her ears only as her fingers moved under Lilah's slick-soaked underwear. "Have you been having dreams of me getting my knot inside you, little

one? Of how it might feel to finally be full?"

Lilah was already shaking, already desperate in a way she barely had any way to even conceptualize, her back arching as she tried to push her cunt up into Eira's fingers. "Yes," she whined, her tongue against her teeth, body straining for more, *more*, always more. "Fuck, I want it so badly."

Adair's hand gently reached underneath Lilah's jaw, cradling her cheek in her strong hand. The woman's fingers dragged lightly over Lilah's skin, providing even more stimulation, light and gentle as it was. "You want to feel the way multiple people fuck you at once?" she breathed, her deep, rumbling voice piercing straight into Lilah's chest and stomach. "The way it'll feel for your mouth to be full of my cock, to have Eira knotting you while I keep those pretty lips as my own, to have Ismat controlling exactly when you cum, to know you belong to us, entirely?"

It was almost enough to send Lilah over the edge already, only thirty seconds after everything had started. She'd already been thinking about it throughout the entirety of the flight: the idea of having multiple people fucking her, the idea of being so deep in it that she couldn't even conceptualize wanting to get out, the idea of having everyone there wanting her, desiring her, already knowing the parameters of the relationship and being comfortable with it anyway. She'd cum what felt like hundreds of times on the flight, although she was pretty sure the actual number was closer to twenty, and every time, it had bolstered that curiosity in her, that desire to know how it would feel this time, when there was a real bed and a real nest and three people

who wanted nothing more than to fuck her for a week straight, with no promises of what it might mean.

It all came out in a whimper of, “Fuck, of course I am, I want it more than anything, I want you so fucking bad.”

She felt the huff of Eira’s laugh against her, and there was a smile curling around Adair’s voice when she replied, “That’s what I thought.”

Eira pressed her middle two fingers into Lilah’s cunt, knowing full well how ready she already was. By this point, the conscious sliver of Lilah’s brain was well aware of how all the muscles in her uterus had shifted and changed, and she could frankly probably take a full hand without almost any preparation. But Eira wasn’t asking her to take that much, at least not yet. She was just trying to make Lilah comfortable, and her body, already exhausted by a full fifteen hours of preparation, responded immediately, seeking it, wanting it more than anything in the fucking world.

“More,” she gasped, her mouth suddenly dry, her control over herself starting to slip away. “Please, more.”

A third finger, she could feel it inside her cunt, and then, very quickly afterward, the fourth, filling her up as much as possible, in her and Eira’s seated configuration. Her thumb curled up and around, gently glancing over Lilah’s clit, teasing the sensations out of her slowly. “So ravenous,” Eira sighed, the words tinged with teasing mock-pity. “So desperate. Can’t wait for more than a few minutes before you’re begging me to make you lose yourself.”

Christ, it really had only been a few minutes, and already, the cloud of need fogging up Lilah's brain was pushing her to beg, to do whatever she could, hell, to cry, her chest already filling up slightly with the weight of desperate need that was so easy to tip over into tears. "Please, fuck—"

Eira's hand moved so easily, in and out of her, coated with the thick slick that Eira and Adair had both spent much of the flight all but covered in. Lilah herself had ended up taking multiple genuine trips to the bathroom to avoid getting it everywhere, because God knew she didn't want to get kicked off this airline for life. Adair held her tightly against her chest, a comfortable, stabilizing motion, as Eira continued to pump in and out of her, the little she could in her position. "You've been so good," Eira purred, the words full of possession, but softly, more delicately than some of her other proclamations. "And I know you'll keep being good." She rested her head on Lilah's, her thumb moving more intentionally over Lilah's clit. "Cum for me, pretty girl."

It was the most difficult thing Lilah had ever done, to stay quiet when her every cell was screaming, but she somehow managed to do it for the two women sitting to either side of her. Her teeth clamped down on her tongue as she felt her cunt contract around Eira's hand, her hands curling into fists as she stopped breathing, focused so hard on not making a sound. The orgasm felt like rocketing into another dimension, like her head was clear for maybe the first time in her life, dopamine and serotonin and oxytocin combining into a heady cocktail that her veins grabbed tightly to, as tightly as they possibly could.

The emptiness that reverberated around Lilah's brain when

Eira took her hand away, grabbing the towel they'd stolen from Adair's carry-on to wipe away the slick as much as possible, still felt so foreign. She remembered, very vaguely, this feeling from the first time, the desire to be *full*, to have someone inside her at all times, but she'd distanced herself so far from it that it felt strange, having it come back around.

Adair's arm still held her close, even after her body relaxed. "Once we land, I'll take you with me to baggage claim," she said, her voice low and gentle, lulling Lilah into an even stronger sense of security and safety. "Eira will go get the car; we parked at the airport this time, so it should be pretty quick. She will pick us both up, and it's about an hour from the airport into Deltona. Ismat has already prepared the guest bedroom with everything you should need to feel comfortable for the next week." The prepared, even tone felt so natural on Adair's tongue, her voice, low and gravelly, holding Lilah down, keeping her from flying away. "We will keep you safe."

Lilah nodded, sagging against the woman, grateful for her structure, both over the last 12 hours and over the next few days. "Thank you," she mumbled, closing her eyes, even though she didn't really think she could sleep.

"Of course." The words were soft, still, said in the same cadence everything seemed to be, with Adair, but they were meaningful, intentional, full of strength.

Adair didn't move her arm at all the entire descent.

Lilah didn't want her to.

Chapter 4



THE ENTIRE AIRPORT PROCESS was a dull haze.

Thankfully, the cramps were no longer excruciating, although it was still difficult to navigate the airport through the fog of need that kept biting at her heels. Adair kept her hand on Lilah's the whole time, making the entire navigation process that much easier, because she didn't have to really think about it. She just had to follow Adair's lead.

The woman deftly guided her out of the airplane, through the ultra-cramped middle-of-the-afternoon Orlando airport crowds, down to baggage claim, on the second floor. They'd lost Eira at some point; Lilah assumed that the other woman had said something to Adair, but she was far, far too out of it to have noticed.

The two of them stood at baggage claim with everyone else, and Lilah didn't realize Adair was talking to her until her fingers cupped her jaw, turning her head to look up at the other. "What's your bag look like, sweetheart?" she asked, her eyebrows furrowed a little.

Lilah blinked a few times, trying so, so hard not to fixate on how

Adair's lips moved, on how badly she wanted nothing more than to fall against the woman and kiss her until her head stopped hurting. "It's..." She frowned. "I put a little red ribbon on the handle. It's a normal black suitcase."

Adair nodded gently and turned back to the rotating array of luggage, keeping her hand on Lilah. Somehow, though Lilah probably wouldn't be able to actually explain how, they ended up with two suitcases, one of which had the red ribbon that marked the suitcase as Lilah's. And then they were standing in the taxi area, Adair looking out dutifully for Eira.

Lilah felt like she was floating out of her body, still. The sleepiness was starting to wear off, and now, all she could do was look at Adair, her stomach tangling itself into knots. Lilah's eyes traced over the strong, intense jut of Adair's jawline, the way her tongue worried her teeth as she looked for Eira, the way her loose T-shirt draped over the stretch of her chest in a way so unlike the way male alphas usually wore their clothing, like she was keeping her physique to herself, rather than trying to show it off, keeping that strength tucked away from the rest of the world. She was quite apparently confident in herself—nothing in the way she'd already talked to Lilah had indicated insecurity or shame—but she somehow felt understated, especially for an alpha, her clothes all in earth tones, her hair demurely pinned up underneath a soft-looking brown scarf, the tone of her voice quiet and gentle.

"There she is," Adair said, snapping Lilah out of her reverie.

Indeed, there Eira was, behind the wheel of a cute little gray

SUV—distinctly not the kind of car you'd expect a pack of alphas to be driving, but, perhaps, more likely for a pack full of gay women. Adair's other hand, the one that wasn't still holding Lilah's, went up, waving intentionally toward Eira, and she waved back, indicating she'd seen them. Almost before Lilah knew it, the car was pulling up in front of them, and Eira was in front of her, taking her jaw in both hands and leaning in to kiss her, aggressively, needily, full of all that desire she'd become so used to from the woman.

Lilah whined, her brain suddenly being eaten entirely by how badly she wanted Eira inside her again, how badly she needed her not to let her go, how badly she wanted her to fucking *consume* her—

"Do you need me to drive?" Adair asked, a laugh weaving through her tone.

Eira pulled away, her starry blue eyes looking over Lilah for a second. "Nah," she grinned. "You and Lilah can have the back seat. An hour out to the house, you'll come up with some fun things to do."

Adair's hands quickly replaced Eira's, and Lilah watched her slip past Eira, the other alpha brushing a gentle kiss across Adair's lips as she did so. "Come on, sweetheart," Adair said, dark eyes assessing her with something that looked a lot like concern. "Eira will grab the suitcases, let me see if I can't make you comfortable back here."

It didn't really surprise Lilah that Adair was strong enough to pick her up, but she still squeaked slightly when it actually

happened, her arms going around Adair's neck in surprise. The woman set her down gently in the back seat, somewhat awkwardly getting in after her, then closing the door behind the two of them.

The benefit, of course, was that Lilah didn't have to let go of Adair at all. She could stay curled up against her, and her hands could wander up Adair's chest, moving up to the jut of her jaw, bringing her head down, her lips roaming Adair's face and neck.

Lilah didn't realize she'd been the one to initiate this time until after they were already kissing, Adair's hands running up into her hair softly, those strong, comforting fingers holding her tight. The door to the driver's seat opened, and Eira's laugh echoed through the cab. "Alright, let me get onto the fucking freeway first," she said, her voice amused more than upset. "Really don't need any run-ins with cops."

They were starting to push an hour since anyone had gotten their fingers inside Lilah, and it was starting to hurt again. She definitely had the *thought* that she didn't want to get arrested for public indecency, but it was gone as soon as she had it, consumed by the need that barreled up her throat at the thought of Adair's hands on her, at the thought of Adair's skin against hers, at the thought of Adair's cock finally inside her.

"I need you," Lilah mumbled once she was finally able to yank herself away from the embrace the two of them were in. "Fuck, god, more than anything, I need you inside me."

"You're going to have to live with me teasing you for a couple minutes," Adair laughed softly against her lips. The car was

moving, but Lilah had absolutely no idea how long they'd been driving, whether it had been a few seconds or they were already well on their way. All she knew was how Adair was leaning over her, pressing her into the seat, her weight enough to keep Lilah firmly underneath her. The other woman's fingers twined into Lilah's, her lips peppering kisses over Lilah's jaw, down into her neck, holding her down like it was nothing.

Lilah's hips bucked up into Adair's, trying so desperately to get any amount of stimulation as the other withheld it. "Please," Lilah whined, frustration constricting her tongue so intensely that she could almost feel tears rise in her chest. "Please, I want you to fuck me."

"Patience, sweetheart," Adair laughed, but there was a tense note in her throat, the only thing betraying the self-control it was taking to keep herself from doing it anyway. "The airport is right next to the highway. I won't make you wait any longer than I have to."

The whines that kept building in Lilah's throat felt almost humiliating, but she couldn't stop them. She was being gripped by the way she needed this woman inside her, and no amount of disapproval from her conscious mind was going to stop the way she humped against Adair, her lips on the other's needily, over and over again.

Eira's voice cut through from the front seat. "Alright, you're good," she said evenly. "I'll keep an eye out for any fuckin' cops and try to keep myself well away from them."

Lilah barely even processed the words before Adair's lips were

on hers with a new frenzy, pushing her into the cushioned seats as her hands raced down her body, feeling out the way her clothes were positioned. The way Adair had to move back, just for a second, to help her pull off her sweatpants and underwear, discarding them somewhere on the floor of the car, was enough to build an uncomfortable, desperate noise in Lilah's throat before Adair moved back in dutifully, capturing her lips again.

"Motherfucker, if you don't get your cock inside me," Lilah growled, her sudden demand surprising even herself, built as it was from the desperation that had started to encompass her entire body at Adair's teasing.

That pulled a genuine laugh from Adair, clearer and brighter than any she'd yet heard from the woman. "You are demanding, all of a sudden," she said dryly. "Do you often boss your partners around like this?"

"Usually only when I've spent the first day of my heat in a *fucking airplane*," Lilah admitted, the words ground out desperately. "Please, ma'am, fuck, I'm gonna go goddamn crazy."

Adair fumbled with her waistband, using only one hand so she didn't have to pull herself away from the kiss for too long. Then, her fingers were ghosting across Lilah's cunt, her middle two fingers coating themselves in slick, fucking into her, still teasing, not enough stimulation to really do anything at this point. "Once we finally get you into the house, we'll be able to do anything you want," Adair said, and Lilah could feel the little smile on her lips through her kisses. "Won't it be nice to just give in? To let my pack do whatever we want to you?" The words

were amused, but the fire behind them stoked something violent inside Lilah. “To give that pretty cunt up to us?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Lilah gasped out, her body nothing but a pit of need, desperate and aggressive. “Fuck, please, ma’am.”

Finally, fucking *finally*, Lilah felt the head of Adair’s cock against her cunt, and she sheathed herself inside Lilah completely, her knot teasing her clit. Lilah’s eyes rolled back as her whole body relaxed, and she let out the first real, full moan she’d been able to give this entire experience. Adair’s teeth nipped at Lilah’s jaw, and instinctively, she tilted her head up, opening it up even further, that pull in the pit of her stomach again desperately asking for that bite, asking for it to be more prominent than she’d ever experienced before.

Thankfully—or disappointingly, Lilah couldn’t decide which one she thought—Adair didn’t go for it, not really. But she did bury her face into Lilah’s neck, her hips pulling back a little bit so she could fuck back into the other woman, causing a high-pitched, whining moan to fall again from Lilah’s lips. She could feel that knot, rubbing teasingly against her cunt, hard enough that it was noticeable between the two of them, tapping lightly against her every time Adair fucked into her, and she wanted it so fucking bad, it hurt.

Lilah’s arms pulled around Adair’s neck, pulling her as close as possible, trying to feel the warmth radiating into her from the other’s presence. “I want your knot so bad,” she whimpered, the words pouring out of her like honey. “Fuck, I need it. I want you to hold me down and knot me, want you to fill me up and mark

me and tell me how completely I belong to you.”

Adair’s hands were trembling, she could feel them, one against her head, one at her hip, curled into her like a lifeline. “I know,” she said, the words even gentler than usual. “Fuck, I want to so very badly,” she panted, her hips still moving back and forth, still fucking in and out of Lilah. “But I’m not going to do it in the backseat of a car,” she laughed, the words a little tense. “I’m going to fuck you like you deserve.” Her voice turned a little dark, possessiveness radiating through it all of a sudden, possessiveness she’d been keeping well under wraps until that moment. “I’m going to put you on a bed and hold you down and watch you take my cock like a good girl. I’m going to watch you beg for it, watch your eyes roll back in your head as your body stretches to take me, watch you do whatever I want, because you want to make me happy.” Her lips grazed across Lilah’s jaw gently. “And you’ll take it for me, won’t you, sweetheart. You’ll let me do whatever I want to you, let me fuck you into pieces, because of how bad you want my cock.”

“Yes,” Lilah gasped, her mouth suddenly both full of saliva and also dryer than it had ever been. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, yes, please.”

Adair’s left hand, which had been grasping Lilah’s hip intentionally, moved slightly, across Lilah’s pubic bone, grazing her clit. “You’ll get that later,” she said teasingly, her voice quiet enough that Lilah had to strain to hear it over the sound of the car’s wheels against the road, the sound of Adair’s cock pressing in and out of her slick-filled cunt, the sound of her own whines and Adair’s heavy breathing. “I promise, sweetheart. I’ll fuck you harder than you’ve ever been fucked before. But right now, I

just want you to cum for me. Does that sound good to you?"

Lilah felt almost like she was drowning, tears rising in the back of her throat from just how fucking overwhelmed she felt, just how badly she *needed* this woman not to let her go, just how badly she needed the pressure and the intensity, all of it, forever. It all came out in a jumbled, uncertain, "Please don't let me go," her voice cracking slightly as she moved into Adair, her hands curling tight into the woman's bun.

"I won't," Adair breathed, holding her more tightly, the hand against Lilah's head adjusting into the nape of her neck, fingers curling into her hair. "I won't. I'll keep holding you, the whole time. You won't be alone. We'll keep you safe."

The tears on her cheeks, blurring the world above her, could have come from overstimulation. Lilah wanted them to come from overstimulation so very badly, wanted to believe that they were just her body pushing back against how many times she'd cum over the last 18 hours, wanted to believe that the way her body was trembling, the way her limbs were shaking, was all because she hadn't eaten enough.

It wasn't. She knew that.

She let herself relax, let herself fall into Adair's hands, let the woman hold her with those strong arms, and let the sensation of someone else taking care of her wash over her. "I want it," she breathed, trying to be as loud as her brain dared to let her. "Please. I want it."

"Cum for me, then, pretty girl."

It was so strong, it almost *hurt*. The whine in Lilah's throat turned into half a scream, her fingers tightening into Adair's hair in a way that should have made her scared of hurting her, her back arching up as she fought for her life, pleasure building so far that it almost turned again into pain, the tightening of her muscles in her uterus pulling up into her throat, tingling around through her arms, up into her neck, ricocheting around her brain, refusing to be bound by a specific physical sensation. The noises she was making were, she was sure, near-animal, but she couldn't stop them, couldn't even spare a thought to what the other two women in the car would think of them.

And then Adair's lips were on her own, and she fucked up inside Lilah one more time, moaning gently against Lilah's lips as she came inside her, warmth flooding her cunt and pressing up inside, further than she could possibly feel the actual sensations. Adair's tongue found its way into her mouth, and Lilah let her in gladly, settling into her grip as comfortably as any position she'd ever been in.

It wasn't until her chest bounced slightly that she even realized she was crying, *really* crying, deep, shuddering breaths heaving through her teeth and against Adair's lips. "Fuck," she breathed, suddenly hit with embarrassment. "Ah, shit, I don't... I'm not sure—"

"It's okay," Adair replied, her left hand moving to cradle Lilah's jaw softly, her right hand propping her up against the seat underneath them, so she could move back a little bit and look at Lilah's face. "Sex is emotional at the best of times, much less when you're in the middle of heat and trying to figure things

out on the fly.” She leaned in, kissing Lilah’s cheek, her tongue darting out slightly to run against the tear track for a second. “And plus, I like it when pretty girls cry for me,” she continued, a cheeky grin gently pulling at the corner of her lips.

Lilah laughed past the tears, past the way her chest still heaved slightly. “I’m glad for that, at least,” she replied, leaning in and kissing Adair again, like she couldn’t believe the woman was there, like she was worried she was a hologram and would leave if she moved too far away.

But Adair seemed pretty real, so far.

Lilah didn’t quite know what to think about the fact that she wanted her to stay real for a very, very long time.

Chapter 5



ADAIR DIDN'T PULL OUT of her until they were literally in the drive-way, preferring instead to stay there, holding Lilah down, her fingers playing idly with Lilah's hair, for the entire half-hour they had left in the drive. It was quiet, with both of them barely saying anything, but not in an awkward way; Lilah ran her fingers over Adair's skin and hair, too, trying to memorize as much of her as possible, feeling the plaits of the braid pinned up behind her head, the very slight stubble that she could drag her fingers across, at the edge of her jaw, the way her neck dipped into the jut of her collarbone.

"Alright, we're here." Eira's voice cut through the sleepy warmth that had started to encompass her again. "We'll all be a lot more comfortable inside, I think."

Adair moved a few inches back to kiss Lilah, softly, unhurriedly, the way a girlfriend kissed someone, before leaning back on her haunches and pulling her cock out of the other, pulling her underwear up and buttoning her cargo pants again. She leaned down to grab Lilah's pants and underwear, helping her get dressed, gently, comfortably, slowly, moving only at Lilah's pace.

Once Lilah was dressed, only then did Adair open the door, pulling Lilah with her, keeping her close, true to her word. "Let's go figure out your nest, hmm?"

The house was unassuming, but very nice. A single-story home, clearly sized for a 3-6 person pack, although it was hard to tell if that meant the pack had wanted to look for more people eventually, or if they just liked a slightly-too-large home over a slightly-too-small one. There was even a lush clover lawn, slightly overgrown but beautiful and luscious, with lots and lots of potted plants scattered across the shaded patio.

And the door was already opening, a woman in a motorized wheelchair waving excitedly at the three of them as they walked up. Her chin-length brown hair was pulled back, loose waves kept away from her ears by pastel pink clips that played well with her flowing clothes, so light and airy they looked like she was clothed in cotton candy. "Welcome home!" she exclaimed, eyes crinkling from the breadth of her smile. "And you've brought a new friend." She inclined her head toward Lilah, that smile opening further at her. "I'm Ismat. Nice to meet you. I hope your nest lives up to expectations."

Lilah laughed slightly, suddenly struck by how insanely kind this all was. "I'm sure it'll be great," she replied. It felt weird to hold her hand out to shake Ismat's hand she'd already had the woman's packmates four to eight inches inside her in various configurations, but she did it anyway, the softness of the woman's skin contrasting quite sharply with the strength of her handshake. "Thanks for... everything."

Ismat waved her away slightly, reversing her wheelchair into the house, allowing everyone to file in, Eira and Adair bending down to give her a quick kiss before she sped off to the kitchen. “We’ve always been quite open,” she explained, her voice echoing clearly through the house as Lilah stepped inside. “And we’ve never had an omega, so we’re completely free for however things shake out.”

The house itself had an exceptionally open floor plan, which made sense, if Ismat was using a wheelchair in the house this way. When Ismat reappeared into the dining room, it was with a full bowl of food on a tray on her lap. “Eat. You’re probably going to be mostly surviving off protein bars for the next three days, so you might as well have a decent meal first.”

As soon as the smell of the chili hit her nose, Lilah could barely think of anything else. Before she knew it, she was looking at an empty bowl, barely even cognizant of the food she’d somehow eaten.

Adair and Eira had seemingly joined at some point, Ismat having pulled up to the table as well, and, for just a second, Lilah got a peek into what her life could look like, if she decided to try this.

She’d never been the type of person to think too long about how a purely domestic life would feel. Not one with a pack, anyway. Her last pack hadn’t been that domestic in the first place, and once she’d left them, she’d stopped thinking too much about it. Her ultimate goal had always been to get her degree and move into the world of sustainability, maybe to travel across

the U.S., to never really have a permanent home, to look at how high-speed rail and better infrastructure overall could alleviate many of the problems facing working-class Americans.

Lilah didn't know if it was just the hormones that were making her think about doing more. She didn't know if she only *thought* she wanted more, if the oxytocin was making her brain more likely to pine after a world she'd never really had an interest in. But deep in her stomach, she thought it might be nice to have a team waiting for her at home.

She didn't want to do this whole song and dance again. Even deep in the heat, she knew that much, knew that being in heat was something she wanted to be done with forever. And God knew she still didn't want kids.

Somehow, the fact that both of those desires were steadfast made her even more worried about how badly she wanted the pack.

A whine had started to build in the back of Lilah's throat, almost without her noticing, and she grimaced as she noticed Eira's eyes on her. "It's gonna be like this for the next few days," she sighed, blunt frustration in her voice.

Eira just shrugged at her. "That's what we signed up for," she replied. "Any of us specifically you're after?"

Lilah blinked a few times, a slight flush rising into her throat. "...I'd like to have all of you," she finally replied, eyes flitting around to the pack as they watched her. "If... you know, if you'll have me."

“That’s why we invited you,” Ismat replied, a twinkle in her eye. “We want you. However you’ll have us.”

Eira set down her silverware and walked around to Lilah, hoisting her up, bridal style. “Let’s go, then,” she said, pressing a kiss to the top of Lilah’s head.

Lilah could hear the *whirr* of the wheelchair behind them as they walked down a hallway, turning left through a wide doorway into what seemed to be the main bedroom.

Packs often had quite large beds to accommodate multiple people at once, but this bed was impressive, even by a large pack’s standards. Probably a good eight feet wider across than a California King, giving more than enough space for everyone to spread out, and nestled in an impressive-looking wooden bed frame that must have cost a fortune. The bed was piled high with blankets and pillows, situated all around the center of the mattress in a horseshoe shape; a side table sat to the right side of the bed, a basket full of granola and protein bars right next to a water dispenser.

“Your house is so nice,” Lilah laughed gently as Eira set her on the bed. “Fuck, man. I forgot how nice it can be to have multiple income streams.”

“And pack members who like doing stuff,” Eira replied. “Adair learned how to woodwork so she could make the bed frame. None of the ones on the market looked the way we wanted.”

“You guys are crazy,” Lilah replied with a little snort. A breath shot up into her throat, and she found herself moving to kiss

Eira again, as if possessed. “Completely crazy,” she mumbled, starting to lose herself in the feeling of Eira’s lips against hers.

“We make it work.” Eira’s hand guided her down, moving her up into the bed, crawling up with her, adjusting to make sure she was comfortable.

Meanwhile, Ismat had pulled up to the side of the bed, unbuckling her seatbelt and gingerly transferring herself to the mattress. Adair was standing next to her, watching in what looked like long-suffering skepticism, but Ismat seemed okay, and Adair eventually moved back to Lilah’s other side, crawling into bed with the other three.

Lilah turned her head to the left, watching Ismat climb in beside her, settling next to her, fingers starting to trail over Lilah’s chest and side. She wouldn’t have immediately placed Ismat as an alpha, she thought—the woman was much closer to her own size, less of the brawn that tended to come along with being an alpha, and she seemed so comfortable being in such a domestic position, in a way alphas typically weren’t.

But she seemed happy. And so did the rest of the pack.

And maybe that meant there was also space for an omega who didn’t quite want the things omegas were supposed to want.

Lilah leaned in, kissing Ismat gently, relaxing into the other’s touch. Ismat’s fingers pulled up to Lilah’s jaw, although the space was quickly replaced by what Lilah already thought she could identify as Adair’s hand.

It was so *much*, was the thing. So many different hands roaming

her frame, fingers stroking up inside her shirt, warmth cradling her sides, Eira's weight lingering on top of her comfortingly, in a position that could have felt quite claustrophobic, but ended up being breathtakingly freeing. Lilah shuddered, her eyes fluttering closed, as she gave herself up to the sensation of hands and fingers and lips and weight and everything she could have ever wanted.

The whole thing felt quite a bit like a dream, like sinking into the softest comforter in the world, like she didn't have to worry about anything except *this*, except how close they were to her, except how close she could *let* them be.

The warmth in Lilah's stomach started to grow into her chest, and she felt someone's hands—she thought they were Eira's, but she couldn't really tell, not with her eyes closed—pulling her shirt gently over the top of her head, reaching around to unhitch her bra and pull it off. Fingers traced over her skin, newly exposed to the world around her, and she moaned into Eira's mouth, a whining noise at the back of her throat rising to the surface.

Something tore at her stomach for a second, and Lilah managed to pull herself away from everything for long enough to look up at the woman on top of her. "Are you sure about this?" she managed to breathe, clinging to a moment of lucidity, a moment that told her she *shouldn't* let these people care about her as much as they were. "It's... a lot of work."

Eira laughed, leaning back and pulling her T-shirt over her head. Suddenly, Lilah was struck by the fact that she hadn't seen

the woman this way yet, that they'd been having sex for the last twelve hours and she hadn't even seen Eira's bra. She was so strong, broad-chested and tattooed underneath her clothing, small little patchwork pieces contrasting with larger pieces spiraling across her chest and stomach. Lilah could also see the mate bites, now: one on her hip, one on her shoulder, dark and bold and aggressive, like they'd been re-marked, over and over and over again, a commitment that this pack was never, ever getting out of their bond. She was also clearly quite confident in her body, if the way she grinned wolfishly at Lilah was any indication, her weight like a blanket on top of Lilah, skin on skin for the first time. "Like I can't do a lot of work," she snorted, her lips meeting Lilah's again, trailing down her jaw, down her neck. "Like we aren't an established enough pack to take you together."

"You don't even know me," Lilah breathed, although the protestations weren't all that convincing, not with so many fingers still touching her, not with the way the heat begged her just to give in. "What makes you think it'll be worth it?"

Eira laughed, lighthearted enough not to sound mocking. "Come on," she breathed against Lilah's neck, the warmth of the speech tickling her ear, making her eyes roll back in her head. "The worst thing that happens is I get to fuck you so hard you see stars. Why wouldn't I take that opportunity?"

A moan dropped from Lilah's mouth, and her hips pressed up into Eira, begging her for more. "Motherfucker," she mumbled. Her right hand grappled with the sheets, eventually finding Adair's hand, lacing into it as the woman kissed up her wrist,

overwhelming her brain all over again. “Well, if you’re going to fuck me, you’d better do it,” she breathed, looking up at Eira, towering over her, her ponytail tracing loosely curling patterns on top of that collage of tattoos. “You made some promises that I’d love to see fulfilled.”

It caused a grin to grow across Eira’s face, and she leaned down, kissing Lilah so hard she was worried it might bruise. Her fingers trailed between them, pulling off Lilah’s sweatpants and ghosting her fingers over Lilah’s cunt teasingly. “Would you, now?” she asked, her voice dropping what felt like a full octave, sending chills down Eira’s spine. “Didn’t your mother ever teach you to ask nicely for the things you want?”

That slowly building heat in Lilah’s stomach spiked, and she bucked her hips up against Eira, a desperate, pleading noise making its way through her lips at the sudden overwhelming stimulation. “Fuck,” she managed to gasp out. Adair’s hand was still tangled in her own hand, and Ismat had moved slightly to encapsulate Lilah’s left arm in both of hers, her tongue tracing across the jut of her shoulder. It was very effectively holding her down, forcing her to pay attention to nothing but the *sensations*, to let that desire in her throat take over every vaguely rational thought she’d ever had. “God, I’ve been fucking begging for your knot for the last twelve hours, isn’t that enough?”

“Maybe for someone else, but I like a very direct woman.” Eira sat up, pushing her pants below her hips, and settled back on her haunches, her fingers running over the swell of Lilah’s hips, pulling her underwear off her body, tossing it wherever Lilah’s sweatpants had also ended up. Eira’s fingers traced over her

pubic bone, ran over the coarse hair there, gently dipped down, running so teasingly across her cunt. She was watching Lilah with animalistic consumption, watching her buck against the fingers that refused to give her anything but hints of pleasure, watching the way Adair and Ismat were keeping their hands and lips on her, just *watching*. Her voice lowered again, and a single word, dripping with sex and decadence, dropped from her lips. "Beg."

It broke something in Lilah, and a noise she didn't even recognize burst from her lips. "Fucking *please*," she gasped, her whole body shivering like she was running a fever, her arms pulling away from Adair and Ismat from how badly she wanted to touch herself, at this point. "Jesus Christ, please, ma'am, I'll do anything," she panted, the words flowing from her tongue like water, barely even in control of herself anymore. "I need your cock inside me so fucking bad. I need to feel your cock, need you to fuck me like I'm an object for you, need you to knot me more than anything."

When Eira met her lips, it was almost unexpected, but she moaned into the kiss, Eira's tongue pressing against Lilah's, her left hand running nails down Lilah's side so hard she could have sworn it drew blood. And then Lilah felt her cock, teasing her cunt, and she moaned, her eyes rolling back far enough in her head that she should have been able to see her own brain. A gasp left her throat as Eira thrust herself entirely inside the other, nestling that knot right up against the outside of her cunt.

"So pretty," Eira mumbled in between sloppy kisses, as her

hips moved her in and out of the other, raunchy, filthy noises spilling from between them as she covered her cock in Lilah's slick. "Can't barely function without having someone inside you, hmm? You need me to fuck you more than you need to breathe, more than you need to eat, more than you need anything except my cock. You want to feel it, to feel the whole thing going inside you, to feel yourself being stretched almost to your limit, to know that I'm marking you even before I get my teeth in that pretty neck."

A moan that sounded more like a sob pounded against Lilah's chest, and she knew she was crying again, so, so close to what she actually wanted. "Please, ma'am," she breathed, her hands curling into the women holding them, barely even able to see the world around her, with how blurry everything looked. "Fuck, God, *please*, I want it, want your knot inside me, want to be yours, please."

Eira reached one of her hands down, her fingers tracing across Lilah's clit, the stimulation enough to make her take in big, deep, gasping breaths, like she was trying not to drown. The wet noises of slick reverberated around her, and she whimpered, every muscle in her body tensing as she approached that precipice. "Cum for me, little one," Eira whispered, her free hand curling around Lilah's throat, not quite choking her, but close. "Let my knot inside you."

A ripple shot through Lilah, and she was barely able to keep herself from screaming, the feeling like a hundred stars bursting behind her eyes. As she came, a shuddering, aggressive moan tearing itself out of her throat, Eira's knot stretched her

cunt to slip inside her, nestling just behind her pelvic bone, filling her up so intensely that it pulled another moan out of her, and warmth from Eira's cum flooded her cunt. The sensation was completely different than without it, as full as she felt from the knot, and she found herself lost in the waves, trying to keep kissing the woman through whining moans as her trembling, desperate body processed everything.

Eventually, Lilah's breath came back, the adrenaline receding a bit and letting her relax into the mattress. She released the death grip she'd retained on Adair's hand, pulling Adair and Ismat in a little bit as she pulled her head back slightly from Eira, eyes half-lidded and sleepy. "Fuck," she breathed, unable to come up with anything else that successfully indicated how crazy she felt. "I'm... fuck."

Adair laughed a little bit, moving up to kiss Lilah's temple. "Indeed, you are," she noted.

"I'm... a little out of it," Lilah snorted. Her hand came up to move across Adair's jaw, and she turned her head to look at Ismat, something in her gut wanting to get a chance to really absorb the woman's appearance, the way she had for Adair and Eira, a little bit, but not yet with Ismat. The woman's brown-green eyes were dilated with desire, a gentle, playful smile flirting with her lips, raising her rounded cheeks. One of her little hair clips had gotten knocked around a bit, and Lilah raised her hand to adjust it again, positioning it to be in line with the others, getting an even stronger smile out of the woman. "It's been a fucking minute since I did this."

Eira kissed down Lilah's jaw, her tongue licking across the woman's jawline, down her throat, lingering across the wide-open expanse of her sensitive neck. It caused Lilah to shiver a little, her head tilting up and allowing even more access. She laid back, the jelly feeling in her muscles receding as she allowed herself to relax entirely, to give herself up to the ministrations of the pack around her.

It was almost an aggressively domestic move. It was what you would do after a mating bite, after all, after letting your teeth sink properly into the skin, after marking someone else as your own. The proteins in the saliva would help the mark stay, would facilitate scarring instead of healing, and some people also ascribed a semi-religious importance to the fact that it also meant your mate would be ingesting your blood, and you theirs, at some point.

Lilah didn't know if she believed in all that. After all that had happened with her previous pack, she didn't know if she had the capability anymore to believe that mate bonds were something sacred, something spiritual, something transcendent the way some people talked about them.

But...

Laying underneath Eira, the warmth of the pack surrounding her, feeling full and satiated and *claimed* in a way she hadn't felt for a long time, Lilah allowed herself to access that feeling again. Her body swallowed her up with fatigue, trying to let her sleep for as long as she could, trying to rest for the journey ahead, and as she fell asleep, Eira still knotted inside her, that

feeling of hope resonated around her skull.



The next 24 hours was a whirlwind of sex, food and water, and then as much sleep as Lilah could tolerate before waking up horny enough that everything hurt. The de-scenter from the airport had finally started to wear off, and she'd started to get a little addicted to the rush of burying her face into Eira or Adair or Ismat's neck, lingering in the muskiness of the pheromones there, reveling in the knowledge that they could smell her, too.

Lilah's mind had started to turn to mush. She clung to the knowledge that the two to four hours surrounding the 36-hour mark was usually the worst, that it would get better after then, that by the 60-hour mark, she should be mostly fine, and at 72 hours, she'd be out of it, still having to go through the recovery period, but with all of her thoughts intact.

But they were approaching that point, and Lilah thought she genuinely might fucking die if it got much worse.

Lilah had woken up almost in tears, clawing at Adair and begging her to fuck her before she'd even really been cognizant of her own words. Adair had called for Eira, who had been trying to grab a few hours of sleep, and that was how Lilah ended up on her stomach, her hands resting on Ismat's hips and her nose nuzzling the woman's thigh, as Adair lined herself up with

Lilah's cunt, Eira running her hands over every bare inch of skin.

"Come on, pretty girl," Eira mumbled at her, her voice thick with sleep, but filtered through the lens of adrenaline. "You can be good for us, can't you? Let yourself go, let yourself be used by the pack in whatever way makes us feel good. No need to worry about anything except being a good toy."

Adair thrust inside Lilah, and she moaned, relaxing as she felt the intrusion. Her hands pulled Ismat closer, almost unaware of exactly what she was doing as she did. "Can I... fuck, please—" she gasped out, her eyes focused on Ismat's half-hard cock, something inside her craving more, always more.

Ismat ran her fingers through Lilah's hair and untied her wrap skirt, opening it easily in the front, so she could pull her underwear to the side and let her cock spring free. Those soft, gentle hands in her hair were surprisingly strong, and she took quick control of the situation, quickly hardening to her full length and using Lilah's mouth like a fleshlight.

With her mouth and cunt full, something relaxed inside Lilah, her body allowing her to calm down a bit. Her hands gripped Ismat's hips a little more loosely, her eyelids fluttering half-shut, letting her think about nothing except Ismat's low moans and how Adair was fucking her full.

And, of course, Eira's gentle voice, narrating for her, spinning a story just for her. "Such a pretty omega," Eira breathed, kissing her shoulder, stroking her fingers over her back. "Our good girl, only ours. Nothing to think about except being good, except taking whatever we give you."

Lilah pressed her hips back against Adair, focusing on how deep she could take Ismat's cock in her mouth, how far she could let it back in her throat, how *good* she could be, because it was the only thing she had the energy to think about.

Ismat pulled Lilah off her cock and brought her up into a kiss, her fingers tracing Lilah's throat a little, outlining that area all three of them seemed so fascinated by. "Good toy," she breathed, her eyes wide and bright, fixated on Lilah's. "You look so good with your lips around my cock. Needy, mindless, nothing there but how good you can be for me."

The only thing Lilah could do in response was nod, her moan muffled as Ismat pulled her in, her cock filling Lilah's mouth again.

Adair's fingers dug slightly into Lilah's hips, and she bent over Lilah's shoulder to kiss the back of her neck. "Relax for me, sweetheart," she breathed. She closed the gap between the two of them, easing her knot inside the other, pulling a whining moan out of her. And then, as Lilah tried to adjust to the intrusion, she felt it move back out, the loss of its bulk suddenly leaving her empty before Adair thrust her hips sharply back into her, forcing the knot inside her again.

It felt like Lilah was floating, like she was completely outside herself, the rush of blood in her ears and the sudden overwhelming sensation all combining to create a new experience that she didn't even know how to explain. She thought she came, but she couldn't honestly tell; her body was completely separated from her mind, exploding into something entirely

new and different. Lilah's hands grasped uselessly against Ismat's hips, and she pulled Lilah closer, holding her cock in the woman's throat, moaning loudly as she came.

That seemed to do something for Adair, too, and she groaned, finally hilding herself inside Lilah as she filled the woman with her cum. Adair's weight held her down, the warmth of another body so close to her encapsulating her entirely.

Ismat pulled her cock from Lilah's mouth, leaning down and kissing her, sharing the salty, bitter taste of herself between the two of them. For her part, Lilah was too tired to do much of anything, leaning into her touch and whining softly, wanting Ismat's hands on her forever.

"I want..." Lilah knew what the words were. She knew what she wanted. But they threatened not to come out at all, threatened to overwhelm her, threatened to be a terrible mistake that she was so, so scared she would regret.

Ismat smiled, tapping Lilah's nose with one gentle finger. "We can talk about what you want in another day or two," she replied softly. "I promise."

Adair rolled the two of them onto their sides, still knotted inside Lilah. The woman's arm laid on top of her, and her lips decorated the curve where Lilah's jaw connected to her neck, enough to quell, perhaps, that lingering desperation in her stomach.

And then Lilah's body let her go again, the exhaustion in her core sending her to sleep without her input.

Chapter 6



THAT WAS THE WORST of it, by far.

Over the next two days, Lilah started attaining lucidity more frequently, started being able to do slightly more before her body begged for someone to fuck her again, started being able to eat more than just protein bars and electrolyte-added water in between exhausted naps.

It felt like being resurrected.

And, through it all, she still very, very badly wanted them to bite her.

It wasn't a permanent choice, not really—the mostly healed scars from her old pack were proof of that. If they ever did end up deciding this wasn't right, they *could* split up.

She didn't want that to happen, though.

Lilah took a slow, deep breath, trying not to disturb the women sleeping next to her. The undereye circles and sleep of the dead were all to be expected after a heat. Even larger packs sometimes had a tough time keeping up with a heat, and these women had gone above and beyond.

They'd taken care of her. They'd taken *shifts*, for God's sake, making sure she was safe the whole time. They'd made sure her comfort and safety was prioritized, and they hadn't bitten her once, even when she'd indicated she might have wanted it, because they wanted to be so sure she was actually consenting to it.

She felt so...

Well, she didn't know exactly how she felt, in all reality.

The sheer depth of the sleep they'd all fallen into somehow managed to cover Lilah's ungraceful exit from the bed as she shimmied out between the other pack members and made her escape through the foot of the bed. Though quite unsteady on her feet, Lilah managed to make her way to the kitchen, desperate for water and something other than granola bars.

Despite the haze of the last few days, Lilah found that the kitchen was set up quite instinctively, leading her quickly to a mug in one of the cupboards, the silverware drawer, and a package of paper plates on which to put one of the dozens of Hot Pockets in the freezer.

Hopefully no one would mind. Again, there were *dozens*.

Lilah was so engrossed in her attempt to make sense of the kitchen, watching the glass plate slowly rotate inside the microwave, that she didn't hear the soft *whirr* of the electric wheelchair coming up behind her.

"You look lucid."

It startled her enough that she choked on her water, spluttering a bit and coughing. "Jesus," she mumbled, turning in a half-circle to her left to see Ismat watching her with a bemused half-grin. "Yeah," she finally replied, adjusting her body so she was leaning up against the countertop. "I... well, I woke up, and I could think again."

"Good." Ismat watched her grab the Hot Pocket out of the microwave, watched her hold it up to the air vent to try and cool it off so she wasn't biting into a lava cake of cheese and marinara. "How are you feeling?"

Lilah shrugged, suddenly almost a little scared of having a real conversation with... well, *any* of the members of this pack, much less the one person she'd really only interacted with while heat-drunk. "Better than I felt last time," she finally admitted. "It was... it wasn't good, last time."

"No pack?"

Lilah snorted. "The pack was a lot of the problem," she admitted. "I..." She cleared her throat, looking down at her water, looking at her Hot Pocket, looking just about anywhere other than the quiet eyes of the woman trying to have a conversation with her. "They weren't good for me. To me. Y'know. Any of that. And so, I didn't want to... get involved with another pack. I just wanted to do what I wanted to do."

A quiet settled over the two of them as Ismat thought about her response. "I didn't think I deserved to be part of a pack for a long time," she finally replied. When Lilah looked over at her, she was resting her head on her hand, also staring into space until she

looked up to meet the woman's eyes. "I thought it wouldn't be fair to them." She gestured down at her wheelchair gently. "If you can believe it, I wasn't regularly using a wheelchair until about two years ago. I just forced myself through being so exhausted I couldn't think straight, eighty percent of the time."

"Was it..." Lilah frowned. "Did you... have an accident? Sorry if it's a weird question to ask. I don't... know a lot of people in wheelchairs."

Ismat laughed. "CFS/ME, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. I tell people I *probably* caught it from the flu five or six years back, but Adair refuses to accept it; she's convinced I've had it for a good eight years and was just bad at identifying it before then."

"Sounds rough."

"Eh." Ismat shrugged. "Some days more than others. The wheelchair makes it a hundred times better. I was worried it would make me weaker, but it turns out, that's not really how it works."

Lilah nodded slowly. "And they... helped?" she asked, looking back toward the bedroom.

"More than the last pack," Ismat replied gently. "My last pack was..." She grimaced, leaning back in the wheelchair and crossing her arms over her chest. "I say now, I don't know if they liked me very much. They needed me to do a lot of work, and I just assumed that was what being an alpha meant. Being an alpha is all about being capable, right? Being able to do a lot, being able to protect your partners." She looked down at her hands, flexed them gently. "They broke up with me because I couldn't

handle that. I had a couple of pretty severe breakdowns, and they said it was too much, even for them all to handle at once.” Her head lifted, piercing eyes locked on Lilah’s. “And then I met this pack. They encouraged me to find a wheelchair and start using it regularly. They encouraged me to settle into doing the things I wanted to do, rather than the things I assumed I needed to do. It didn’t *fix* me, no, but it did make me...” She paused, as if searching for the right word, before smiling. “Happier.”

Lilah took a deep breath, trying not to feel the daunting wave of tears behind her eyes. “I... it feels scary. Trusting someone else.”

Ismat nodded. “It does,” she agreed. “It can feel like life is easier on your own, that being by yourself is easier than having to trust other people not to hurt you. But I find that’s mostly true from the outside. Once you let people in, you start realizing that maybe you should have been a little more trusting the whole time.”

“What if they turn out like the last pack?”

“That’s always the question.” Ismat shrugged, crossing her legs over each other. “Any time you open yourself up to a relationship, you’re putting yourself potentially in harm’s way. If you pack up with us, we’ll occasionally hurt you, the way anyone steps on anyone else’s toes when they’re in close quarters. You’ll occasionally hurt us the same way. And there’s always the chance any of us hurt the others more seriously, the chance that we’ll do something deeply, horribly unfair.” She nodded solemnly. “That’s the risk you take when you open yourself up

to relationships. Because the benefits are that we keep you safe. The benefits are that we love you. The benefits are that we make you ours. And we just hope that those benefits are enough.”

It was a lot to take in, to say the least.

But it wasn’t anything Lilah hadn’t been expecting.

For so long, she hadn’t wanted to be part of another pack. She had very, very badly wanted to stay by herself, the rest of her life, to keep herself safe and secure, to never, ever worry about the likelihood that someone would hurt her like that again.

And yet... she hadn’t actually been as independent as she’d claimed, had she?

Her mom had been part of her life. Even though she’d been suspicious, even though she’d tried her hardest not to let her mom be too close, she’d still allowed someone into her life, even while trying to be an island all to herself. And because it hadn’t been as pressing a safety concern, to her, she’d let her mom close enough that she *had* really hurt her.

That idea of independence was flawed, to say the least. True, full independence sounded... well, it sounded lonely. It sounded upsetting, frankly.

There was nothing that a pack could inherently do to her that anyone else in her life couldn’t. Anyone could hurt her. Anyone could be shockingly evil to her. Anyone could disregard her personhood and see her as a pawn in their life more than a living, breathing being.

So, why was she holding herself back from pursuing something that could make her happy?

"I want to," Lilah breathed, trying to keep her voice steady. "I want you to belong to me. I want to belong to you. I don't want to run from it."

"Exciting thing to hear, this early in the morning."

Lilah whipped around to see Eira, long hair messy and tangled, eyes still bleary from sleep, walking toward the kitchen. The woman was grinning broadly, despite how much it did look a little bit like she'd been hit by a truck. "Hi," Lilah squeaked, hoping she wasn't blushing as much as it felt like she was. "I... was hungry."

"Good." Eira walked into the kitchen, taking Lilah by the jaw and kissing her, long, slow, deep, before pulling back and pressing a kiss to her forehead. She leaned down to give Ismat a kiss, too, ending it with a kiss to her forehead, as well. "You should be hungry. Calories aren't always as important as something tasty."

"We were talking about various hangups," Ismat said with a little laugh. "I talked about my last pack a little."

Eira growled. "Stupid bastards," she said, with the tone of voice that told Lilah they had gone over this exact thing a hundred times. She went to the fridge, rummaging through it. "Did you tell her they were assholes?"

"More or less." Ismat grabbed a cup from one of the lower cabinets and filled it with water from the sink. "Not much of an important part of the story anymore, though."

“Thank god.” Eira started to lay things out on the counter—a container of sourdough bread, eggs, scallions, a couple of sauces Lilah couldn’t place—and turned to her. “Feeling better, then?”

Lilah nodded gently, trying to figure out where in the room to place herself so she wasn’t in Eira’s way. “Much,” she replied. “...thank you.”

Eira grinned at her, reaching around her for a bowl. “Don’t thank me,” she replied. “It was good for me. It was also good for you. We all enjoyed it.”

As Eira started to crack eggs into the bowl, Lilah pulled herself up to sit on the counter, hoping it would be a good place to stay out of the way. She crossed her legs underneath her, watching Eira work on breakfast. “Still a lot of work,” she pointed out. “...what if it does happen again?”

Eira shrugged. “We deal with it as it happens,” she replied. “We know it’s a possibility, even if we take every precaution to keep it from happening. It’s part of you.” She grabbed a fork out of a drawer, scrambling the eggs gently. “When we accept being pack with you, we accept every part of you. That includes the things that might be work. The same way we accepted that some things might work differently with Ismat.”

“You’ve got a fun spark, you’re cute, you’re thoughtful,” Ismat continued, prompting Lilah to look over to her. “If you decide you need more time to really get to know us, none of us will be upset at that concept. You deserve to know what you’re stepping into. But if you want us to lay our legal claim to you,

we're all open to it."

"All of you?" Lilah asked, frowning a little bit.

"We *do have* a group text," Adair said dryly, stepping out of the hallway and into the kitchen. Her hair was pulled back into a braid that Lilah was getting quite familiar with, although it was a little frizzy from sleep. "We've talked about it more than I'm sure it seems from your end, especially since you were practically catatonic the last few days."

Eira grabbed a pan from one of the cabinets, turning the heat on and adding some olive oil from what felt like a comically oversized jar. "Adair and I have *really* fucking good healthcare through our work. We own this house instead of renting. And none of us actually want kids, so we're open to whatever you want to do on that end."

"Plus, you *are* crazy hot," Adair pitched in. "Obviously, none of us want you to think that's the only reason we like you, but it sure doesn't hurt."

Lilah laughed, blushing gently. "Alright," she replied. "...and what happens if it doesn't work out?"

"You already know that pack bonds aren't impossible to break," Ismat replied. "We both do. We'd like for that to never happen, obviously, but if it does, you're allowed to move on. We're not going to keep you here against your will."

"We have an existing pack contract that you can look over, if you want," Eira continued, pouring the eggs in the pan and gently moving them around with a spatula. "It gives everyone

individual rights and a share of stuff like retirement funds if they end up leaving. Based it off Adair's parents' pack contract."

"My parents all redid their pack structure a decade ago," Adair explained. "Pretty progressive, and I wanted to base my relationships on it, too."

"I want to," Lilah replied, the words surprisingly anxiety-inducing—and yet, a wave washed over her as they left her mouth, like a weight had been lifted off her chest. "I... Look, I know it's basically a one-night stand that got out of hand, but I don't think that makes it wrong. You all... care about me. A lot. I can tell. I've had a lot of fun, and I want you to... keep caring about me."

Adair grinned at her. "We'd like to keep caring about you, too," she replied gently. "You've been an incredibly welcome addition to our dynamic. We are all very, very excited to see what happens next."

"And I want..." Lilah's confidence almost faltered, but she cleared her throat and pushed past it. "I want you to bite me. Now. I want you to show me that you mean it."

"Are you sure?" It was Eira, who was now chopping some vegetables and toasting slices of bread, setting a lid on the pan of eggs and turning the heat off. "They'll scar. Not hard, not the first time, but... they're there forever."

Lilah nodded, even more confident now that she'd finally said it out loud. "...regardless of what happens, you were my pack." She swallowed, hard, taking a deep breath. "No matter how

things end up, no matter what happens between us, you were my pack—for this week, at the very least. I don't ever want to forget what you did for me."

"And, hopefully, we're your pack forever," Ismat laughed gently. "I'm flattered that you were so touched by just this week, but... we do want to be with you forever."

They were all looking at her; even Eira had put down her knife and was just watching her, those bright blue eyes searing into her soul. "I want to protect you," Eira finally said softly, a gravely certainty in her tone. "No matter what happens. I want to keep you safe. I swear it on my own pack bonds and on those of every generation that produced me."

"I want you to have the agency to do what you want, but the certainty that when you come back down, we will always be here to catch you." Adair inclined her head gently toward Lilah. "Regardless of what otherwise might happen."

Lilah giggled, almost from anxiety, but also from relief, from comfort, hearing these women band together in their certainty of wanting her. "I..." She looked down at her hands, at her body, covered in a loose T-shirt and shorts. "I think... I'd like you to choose where."

Eira was the first to walk over, positioning herself between Lilah's knees. She leaned in softly, kissing her a few times, each time more all-encompassing, more aggressive, more certain. Her right hand threaded up into Lilah's hair, pulling her neck back, allowing her to trace kisses down to Lilah's shoulder, the open expanse of the skin there. When she pulled back, her eyes

were dilated, sharp. "Are you sure?"

Lilah nodded. "Positive."

Sharp, red-hot pain sung through her veins, racing through her body like sunlight, as Eira's teeth sank into her flesh. It woke her up, almost, a clarity pulsing through her brain like nothing she'd ever felt before. And then, the dulling pressure of Eira's tongue, laving over the puncture wounds, soothing it, allowing her to relax again into the feeling.

Lilah almost hadn't realized she'd been holding her breath until she let it out, her whole body relaxing into Eira's touch. It hurt, but it made her feel so alive, she couldn't be mad.

She brought her lips to Eira's again, consuming, taking, in a way, soaking up the growl that Eira let out against her mouth. And she kissed down, over Eira's arm, finding a spot just below the hinge of the elbow. Tattoos spiraled across much of Eira's arms, but here, there was an opening, light tawny skin that begged for her teeth. She looked up at Eira, wanting her permission, too. "Can I..."

"Go ahead, little one." She grinned. "We're in this together."

Her teeth sank into the skin, surprisingly easily, like biting into a carrot, almost. Eira sucked in a sharp breath, and blood flooded her mouth, reminding her of the smell of pennies. She let instinct guide her, pressing her tongue across Eira's skin, lapping up blood in just the same way Eira had with her.

And when she pulled away, there was a little circle of teeth-marks, still oozing blood gently, marked across her new pack-

mate's skin.

Lilah was almost so taken by the sight that she didn't notice Ismat, coming up behind Eira. She pulled Lilah off the counter, bringing her in on top of where she sat on her wheelchair, allowing Lilah to straddle her. Ismat kissed more brightly, more excitedly, like she was enamored with the whole process, bringing Lilah tightly against her. Her hand tangled into Lilah's, and she pulled the woman's right arm out, giving her access to the whole thing. Her tongue passed gently over Lilah's bicep, and her eyes gently flicked to Lilah's—checking, nonverbally, to make sure she didn't need to back out. Lilah nodded, almost imperceptibly, and the woman's jaw clamped down on Lilah's muscle, pulling a grunt out of her.

Again, the pain raced through her, lighting up her neurons, bright and shining and eager. It dulled slightly as Ismat's tongue traced the cuts around the new semicircle on her arm, a combined comfort and yet a way to make sure the mark scarred, both protective and possessive at once.

She leaned back up to take Lilah's lips again, the taste of blood on her tongue transferring to Lilah, a heady high rushing through her at the thought that it was *her* blood, that she was tasting how she herself tasted to these women, her *packmates*.

Without even thinking about it, she slipped down, kneeling now on the floor in front of Ismat, her hands pulling the woman's skirt up over her knees. Nothing in her brain was planning what she was and wasn't doing, none of those neurons were predicting her next move—she just allowed herself to move,

allowed herself to decide what she was going to do next based solely on whatever her heart wanted her to do.

The curve of the thigh called to her, and she ran her thumb over the spot just above the knee, looking up at Ismat. "Can I?"

Ismat nodded. "Go for it," she breathed.

Lilah's tongue curled around the side of Ismat's leg, her hand bringing it out far enough that it presented a perfectly proportioned swath of skin. She sunk her teeth into the skin, past fat, into muscle, the blood flooding her mouth again, a second packmate's blood in her teeth, almost bringing her back around to the spirituality of it all once again.

She felt the way Ismat reacted to her, felt the way she pulled away almost from instinct, but steeled herself into staying there, into being Lilah's, into submitting herself to the back and forth between them. As Lilah looked up, Ismat smiled, the blood on her teeth mirroring the way Lilah knew she also looked, with her mouth just as stained.

And then she felt Adair's touch, pulling her from the floor, bringing her up and into the woman's arms, pressing her against the refrigerator, the cold metal against her back a sharp contrast against the warmth of a body in front of her. She took Lilah's left hand, turning it palm side up, her fingers lacing into the other's hand gently. And then, as naturally as breathing, her mouth closed around the side of her arm, just below the hinge of the wrist, and, before she could even hesitate, her teeth sank into the skin, dark eyes locked decisively on Lilah's.

She wasn't sure how her body was still managing to trigger that adrenaline in response to the pain impact, but it was, a feeling like fire pushing up and out of her throat as she felt Adair's teeth mark her. It escaped in a blissful sigh, a whine entering her throat and immediately dissipating. By the time Adair's tongue was soothing across the mark again, she already needed her lips on the other's, pulling her in and kissing her like the world could end if she didn't.

Adair's tank top drew her attention to the woman's arm, the way her shoulder curved, and Lilah ran her fingers around and underneath, homing in on the underside of her upper arm, soft and inviting. Adair, for her part, just watched, taking in anything she wanted to do with a comfortable silence.

Lilah's brain chose the spot for her, and she found her thumb moving across the skin, right where her teeth wanted to sink into it. Adair was still watching her, and the desire to check, to make sure she wasn't reading things wrong, pulled at her teeth—but she was right. She knew she was right. Adair was watching her, allowing her to be this close, knowing what she was planning to do.

She didn't need any extra permission. She had all the permission she needed.

Lilah's teeth clamped down around the swell of Adair's arm, sinking into the soft skin and fat, marking the other in that profound, intentional way.

Adair leaned in and kissed the top of Lilah's head as she let go, running her tongue across her teeth to taste the lingering

blood. “Ours,” she said softly, her voice low and decisive, certain in a way that made Lilah’s bones sing. “Always and forever. Ours.”

“Yours,” Lilah breathed out, looking up at the other, looking over at the women standing in the kitchen with her. “And mine.”

“Always and forever,” Ismat replied, the words serious, but still interfacing boldly with a smile on her lips.

“No matter what.” Eira inclined her head toward the breakfast bar. “Sit down, you need a real breakfast,” she continued, a little bit snippy, but with strong, bold love behind it. “I don’t want any fucking accusations that I don’t take care of my packmates.”

Breakfast was comfortable—nothing fancy, just soft scrambled eggs on toast with all sorts of fixings, but made by someone who Lilah now believed would take care of her. It was a change, and, yes, a scary one, but she really did believe it, through and through.

As she sat with these women, starting to get to know them more fully, starting to put together what the rest of her life would hopefully look like, Lilah found herself relaxing in a way she hadn’t relaxed for years. She’d never relaxed like this with her old pack, had never really felt comfortable in that way, and it felt good to just exist around these women—to know, wholeheartedly, that she was wanted.

This was the way a pack was made to be.

More than anything else in the world, Lilah believed that.

Epilogue



“YOU KNOW, THE BLOCK button does exist for a reason.”

Lilah huffed, throwing her phone across the couch. “I know,” she grouched, grinding her teeth. “It just fucking sucks.”

“It does,” Ismat agreed, bringing her hand up from her knitting to run through Lilah’s hair. “But you deserve it to yourself to block her, I think.”

“Maybe.”

Ismat raised an eyebrow. “‘Maybe’ after she drugged you is pretty strong.”

Again, Lilah groaned, burying her head in Ismat’s lap. “She’s my mom, though.”

“And sometimes that doesn’t mean much.” Ismat set the knitting down, focusing on running her fingers through Lilah’s hair. “I’m not saying you have to never talk to her ever again. I’m just saying that I don’t think fighting like this is good for you or her. Tell her she needs to be respectful, because you’re an adult and your own person, and disengage otherwise.”

“But it’s haaaard,” Lilah grouched.

“It is,” Ismat nodded. “Worth it, though. You know Eira got some really good results just telling her parents that they couldn’t be shitty to her like that.”

Lilah brought her head up and pouted. “I guess.” She ran her fingers through her hair, standing up. “Soon. I’ll do it soon.”

“I believe you.” Ismat picked up her knitting again, starting to wind the yarn back around her needles. “The sooner you do it, the better you’ll feel about it.”

“Allegedly.” Lilah walked into the kitchen, grabbing a container of chips from the basket next to the refrigerator. “It just feels like such a final move.”

Ismat shrugged, watching Lilah across the room. “Only final until she starts respecting you.”

Lilah frowned. The door opened, and, as both her and Ismat looked over, Adair snuck in, smiling gently at the two of them. “Good evening.”

“Hi, pretty lady.” Lilah walked over to Adair, leaning up to kiss her gently. She was still enamored, sometimes, with just how nice it was to have Adair coming home like this, just how nice it was to live somewhere that her favorite people would always come back to. “How was work?”

“It was work,” Adair replied, her typical response to the question. “How was your day?”

“Another argument with my mom,” Lilah replied, screwing up her face a little. “Ismat keeps trying to get me to just block her.”

“And I’m right!”

Adair laughed. “She is right,” she agreed, stepping around Lilah to walk to Ismat and give her a kiss as well. “And I will be very happy whenever you eventually do it.”

Lilah stuck her tongue out, rolling her eyes, although with a smile on her face. “Eventually.”

“Eira is still out on her overtime for another hour,” Adair said—and, while it seemed like a quick about-face, the wicked glint in her eye said she’d been thinking about this for a bit. “I was wondering what you might think about doing some... exploration before then.”

A shiver ran down Lilah’s spine, and she walked toward Adair, taking her sweet time to get there. “What kind?” she asked innocently, blinking big doe eyes at the other woman.

Adair grinned broadly, clearly incredibly aware of exactly what Lilah was doing. “Whatever kind I want, I think,” she said, her hand snaking around Lilah’s waist. “We have an hour, after all. I can think of lots of ways to fill that hour up.”

Lilah giggled as Adair leaned down to kiss her, although that laugh quickly turned into a gasp, then a little bit of a whimper as Adair pulled her tightly in, Adair’s hands going around her neck and pulling her in tightly, removing any space between the two of them. “I think you’re probably creative enough to do it,” she managed to gasp, knowing full well the way her

eyes had started to glaze over. The other women had certainly taken enough photos and videos of her in various states of submission to prove it.

Adair grabbed Lilah's arm, pulling her down the hallway to the bedroom, Ismat's wheelchair making that familiar *whirr* behind them.

The bedroom still looked mostly the same as it had six months ago. The main differences weren't immediately apparent; when Adair pushed Lilah onto the bed, leaving Ismat to move herself into the bed and start kissing her, she knew there would probably be some kind of toys involved.

And god damn, was she right. Adair returned from their closet—which had been stuffed even more full with sex toys than it had started with—with a veritable cornucopia of options. A full-sized wand vibrator, a mini vibrator, four different sizes of dildos, a couple other insertable vibrators, two gags, a flogger, a wide-headed crop, a pack of clothespins—and, potentially most interestingly to Lilah, *four* lengths of cotton rope.

She'd already pulled away from Ismat to assess the toys, but Adair tsk'd, taking the crop from the pile and slapping the wide head sharply against her thigh. "You're going to make poor Ismat feel neglected," she said with mock concern. "Let me take care of this part. Focus on how good you feel."

Well, fuck, Lilah wasn't going to argue with that. "Yes, ma'am," she breathed, returning her attention to Ismat, her hand gliding up against the woman's jaw. They'd had many a conversation about how Ismat's disability worked, about how much energy

she had available for deranged lesbian sex, and Lilah had grown to love how much of having sex with her was about service, about doing things, about offering herself up as a toy that could move far more than anything else they had in their closet.

She rolled on top of Ismat, kissing down into her neck, enjoying the gentle breaths and moans the woman let out as she ground her cunt down. They were both still clothed, but she could feel the way Ismat's cock hardened underneath her, the way her fingers moved to Lilah's hair, the way she adjusted Lilah to make sure she was doing exactly what Ismat wanted.

And then a decisive hand was in her hair, pulling her back, and she whimpered as Adair pulled her off Ismat, bringing her back against Adair's large, strong, sturdy body. Her right hand roamed around Lilah's body, groping her tits over her clothes, brushing down over her thighs. "I think if we play our cards right, we can tease you for the hour Eira's gone," she mumbled into Lilah's ear. "And then, by the time she gets here, you'll already be ready to beg on your knees for anything she wants to give you. Do you think you can do that?"

"Yes, ma'am," Lilah gasped, trying to push herself into Adair's hands more intentionally, trying to get as much stimulation as she could. "Fuck, please."

"Needy little whore." Adair must have gestured Ismat forward, because all of a sudden, Lilah's mouth was occupied again, the woman having come up to sit in front of her, Adair moving her forward once again, against the other woman, to keep her busy. She pulled Lilah's hands up, over her head, and then around

behind her, clasped hands resting comfortably at the nape of her neck, and Lilah felt the rope start to wind its way around her wrists, felt the rhythmic *tug, tug, tug* as Adair started to pull the rope length through itself.

Adair had started to *really* get into rope bondage when Lilah had gotten on board, having always been interested, broadly, in the concept, but never having really had a good reason to do much with it. After realizing exactly how much all of them liked having Lilah tied down and unable to do anything except what the rest of her pack allowed, it had quickly become a critical element of their play, and Lilah always looked forward to it.

As Adair tied the rope around her wrists, locking them above and behind her head, perfectly in line with her spine, she kept her attention on Ismat, on meeting every kiss she was given and more. It was the thing that always swept her right into subspace: the focus on making sure her alphas were satisfied, the focus on being everything they needed her to be and more.

Adair's hands circumnavigated Lilah's torso two, three, four times, loops on themselves locking the tie in place every time, and she added another length of the rope, allowing her to keep tying. Lilah gently tugged on the rope, as she often did, seeing if there was enough slack for her to get out, but Adair was nothing if not thorough, and there was really nothing for her to do. All she could do was keep kissing Ismat, now truly and completely at these women's mercy.

After a second, Adair's hands traced down her body, pulling the rope inside her skirt, and she yelped lightly as the rope

traced down, directly over the top of her underwear, Adair's solid hands ensuring the rope ran right along the edge of her cunt, pressing against her clit. "What are you—"

A slap against Lilah's ass, Adair's left hand moving to smack just beneath the swell of her hip, pulling a gasp out of her. "Focus on your alpha," she chided, her fingers massaging the pain away just a little bit. "Be good for me."

It was, after all, the only thing Lilah wanted, so she found Ismat's lips again, although the constant pressure against her clit was already starting to make her ears buzz. She felt Adair running her hands up her stomach, that *tug, tug, tug* of the rope winding through some of the already-existing loops, hitching the rope again, pulling it back around, making sure the ties were stable and had enough space to keep from cutting off any circulation in an especially dangerous way.

"Try to move for me, baby," she heard Adair in her ear, and she wiggled around a little bit to move as much as she could. Her legs were still free, but her arms were quite thoroughly trapped, and any movement also reminded her quite starkly of the rope between her legs, enough to start making her a little gun-shy. Sure, she could move around on her feet, if she wanted—or, she thought with a delicious chill, if her alphas wanted—but she wasn't going much of anywhere, regardless.

"Good." Adair grabbed her around her waist and removed her from Ismat's lap, tossing her onto the bed on her back. She squealed, thrashing around just a little bit, giving into the exciting ability to try and fight back against an immovable object

that really didn't allow for much fighting back at all. "Step two is to make you a little more desperate."

Ismat ran her fingers over Lilah's chest, starting to brush her fingertips across the woman's nipples, pulling them visibly to the forefront, so much so that they were straining against her shirt. She leaned over, her tongue swirling around Lilah's nipples over her shirt, leaving wet stains on the fabric. Any time her mouth wasn't engaged, her fingers were, running over Lilah's nipples to try and keep them as hard as she could.

For her part, Adair ran her touch up the inside of Lilah's thighs, settling comfortably in between them, making sure she couldn't close her legs. Adair's fingers dragged teasingly over the rope, underneath Lilah's skirt but still decidedly over her underwear, touching and prodding just about anywhere except where Lilah already burned for her to be. "You like belonging to us?" she asked, her brushing gestures light and unbearable. "You like knowing you can't do anything except be good for us?"

"Yes," Lilah gasped, trying to press herself into Adair's fingers, trying to press herself against Ismat's tongue, trying to ignore the way the rope against her clit gave her so much stimulation, but nowhere near enough to actually make her cum. "Fuck, ma'am, yes, please, just want to be good for you all the time, just want to be your good whore."

"So easy." Adair pressed her leg up between Lilah's thighs, and she squeaked as the pressure shoved the rope right against her clit, her hips already grinding against the other woman. Her tits already ached, every bit of the stimulation so much that she

worried, in the back of her mind, that she wouldn't really be able to last the entire *hour* she was supposed to be waiting for Eira. "Hump my leg for me like a good bitch."

Well, fuck, that sure did it for her. A bright flush sprung to Lilah's cheeks, and she did her best to grind her cunt against Adair's leg, gasping in little pants as she found that it did get her closer and closer to the orgasm that was building just behind her chest. And it was definitely helping, the way Ismat kept playing with her tits, one of her hands now slowly reaching underneath her shirt, pulling it up to expose her to the cool air. Her fingertips pushed and prodded and pinched, keeping Lilah's attention solely on everything happening to her, eyes rolling back in her head as everything hit her like a truck.

"You're just begging to be put in your place," Adair crooned, her leg moving back against Lilah, encouraging her further. "Come on, little thing. I think if you cum, you'll be even more sensitive for everything I have planned for you. Cum for your owners."

Lilah moaned, her hands straining against the rope as she found herself already gliding into an orgasm, hard and fast and aggressive, pulsing through her cunt and spreading warmth across her entire body. "Fuck, thank you," she whimpered, shuddering harshly. "Thank you, *fuck*."

But neither of them let up, taking her straight from gratefulness to the harshness of intense overstimulation in a second. Adair laughed gently, and Lilah felt the head of the wand vibrator against her cunt for just a second before it turned on, vibrating the rope against her clit. "I think 'thank you' is a little bit

preemptive,” Adair laughed, working the vibrator against her.

“You think?” Ismat pulled the shirt over Lilah’s tits completely, her mouth laving across Lilah’s chest now unhampered. “I think it could be fun to try and get you to a place where you’re begging for it to stop, more so than you are glad it happened.”

The rumble through Lilah’s cunt, combined with the way Ismat’s tongue and fingers worked across her tits, were already starting to spiral her body into another orgasm. She hadn’t even had a second to recuperate, and her body was clearly frazzled, clearly trying to give her some space to breathe, but it wasn’t able to ignore the stimulation. “Fuck, it’s too much,” she whined, trying to pull away, but completely unable to do so. It burned, almost, against her cunt, her muscles straining like she was running a marathon, her breath becoming labored and sharp as it pushed up against her again.

“Too much? For an easy thing like you?” Adair was carefully fluctuating the pressure she was using, making sure it didn’t just become a numbing vibration against Lilah’s cunt. Instead, it got lighter, then heavier, back and forth, teasing the orgasm out of her, making sure she felt every second of it. “I don’t know if I think any of it could be ‘too much.’ You want it to happen more than this, I think. You’d like it if you were able to cum for us over and over again, until your brain was completely empty, until you could only think about being good for your owners.”

The concept pinged something bright and excited in Lilah’s brain, aggressive and desperate and truly so insatiable. She whimpered, grinding her cunt back against Adair, so close, but

her body holding her back, not recovered enough from her last orgasm to actually push her over the edge. “Want to be empty for you,” she gasped, her eyes rolling, having a difficult time focusing on anything, much less specific people in her vicinity. “Just a good doll for you, just a good cumwhore.”

“Good girl,” Ismat crooned, pulling back from suckling on Lilah’s tits, her breath staccato and short. “It’s nice to be good and empty for us, isn’t it? Nice to just lay back and let your alphas fuck you however we want?”

“Please,” Lilah whimpered, straining against her bondage, though to what end, she wasn’t sure. It was something in between trying to get away and trying to receive more, something that was equal parts needy desperation and aggressive rejection. “Fuck, I’ll be good for you, I’ll be good, just... *please*.”

Adair pushed the wand vibrator in against her, suddenly keeping the vibration as tight as possible against her cunt. “Cum for me,” she commanded, voice dark and intense and suddenly so aggressive. “Now.”

Thankfully, Lilah’s body reacted to the command quicker than her brain did, and she shrieked as somehow, despite the rather intense buildup, the orgasm fully startled her, ripping through her body with the gracelessness of an attacking bulldog. The noises coming out of her mouth were animalistic, but she didn’t have much control over them—they were happening to her, not noises she was making at all.

As she was coming back down from the orgasm, she was vaguely cognizant of Adair turning the wand vibrator down, although

Ismat kept playing with her tits idly, pulling them with her fingers and sucking on them occasionally. They sounded like they were having some sort of conversation, although Lilah wasn't inside her body enough to figure out what, exactly, they were saying. All she could do was lie there, surrounded by warm cotton candy, and wait for whatever was going to come next.

"Next" started with a loud *snip*, and Lilah was suddenly aware of Adair pulling her underwear, cut on both hips, out from underneath the rope. Her wet clit suddenly pressed right up against the rope, and the new sensation was more than enough to excite her. She found her hips moving back and forth again, despite how overwhelmed she'd been just a few seconds ago, almost as if without her own input.

Adair's fingers slid down Lilah's cunt, parting the double strands of the rope sliding through her cunt, and suddenly, she felt something teasing around the wet flesh. Her eyes opened to Adair, still sitting back on her haunches between her legs. It wasn't her cock, then, that was for certain, but Lilah wasn't exactly well-versed enough with their cornucopia of sex toys to know what was teasing at entering her from touch alone.

It started shallowly, just an inch or two inside her, and a choked moan made its way out of Lilah's throat. "Please," she managed, trying to wake her body up as much as possible. "Please fuck me."

"So preemptively needy." Adair sounded pleased, though, and Lilah felt a bit more of it inside her, slowly working its way fully inside. By the time the dildo was hilted inside her—and,

now that she had a feel for the whole thing, it *definitely* felt like one of their larger toys, big enough that she could always swear she felt it in her throat—she was a whimpering, writhing mess again, her cunt clutching the toy, the rope now stretched around it, but still giving enough pressure on her clit to make her crave more.

“Want to cum for you again,” she managed, feeling like language as a whole was almost beyond her grasp, struggling desperately to find words she could put together into the puzzle that was sentence structure. “Please, ma’am, please, want to cum for you.”

“Hmmm.” Adair’s disinterest was surprisingly convincing, although Lilah could hear the ravenous hunger hiding behind her words. “I’ve still got quite a bit of time to cover before Eira is here.” She pulled the dildo halfway out of Lilah’s cunt before shoving it all the way back in, pulling a strangled whimper from the woman. “If I make you cum now, I’ve got time to linger on it until you’re good and needy. And I’m also going to make you debase yourself for Eira, too.” Again, she thrust the dildo harshly in and out of Lilah, causing a sob to press its way out of her mouth. “You really think you can take all that?”

“Yes,” Lilah croaked, barely even certain of what she was even saying. Ismat latched her mouth completely around Lilah’s nipple and sucked hard, and she let out a sob, trying to push her chest up into Ismat’s touch, trying to take anything she could. “Fuck, yes, want you to choose, want you to do everything to me, please, ma’am.”

“Eira’s going to come home and find you so broken you don’t even know English anymore,” Ismat laughed, moving her ministrations to just her hands, giving her mouth space to talk. “We’ll have to explain to her that we broke our toy. Maybe she’ll be able to fix you by fucking your throat a while.”

Lilah tried to find the words to reply, but was cut off abruptly by Adair suddenly pressing the wand against her cunt again. She felt herself scream, felt the orgasm clench her cunt around the toy inside her so tight it really, truly hurt, felt the overwhelming sensation break her into a sob, shuddering and full and just absolutely too much.

She felt Ismat’s hands go to her jaw, felt her lips on Lilah’s lips, relaxed into the way the other woman cradled her. “Color?” Ismat asked, her hands still roaming across Lilah’s body, but a little more restrained, a little more gentle.

It took Lilah’s fried brain a few seconds to figure out what she was talking about, but when it clicked, she nodded. “Green,” she breathed, despite the way her body was shaking, despite the way her cheeks were wet. Lilah didn’t want it to stop, would never be able to take it if it stopped.

Ismat’s hands went back to her nipples, playing with them for a second before she seemingly reached over to Adair, grabbing something from her. Pain lanced through Lilah’s chest, and she whined, looking down to see the woman stretching her nipples taut, then adding clothespins before letting go of her tits. “Good girl,” she cooed. “You want us to keep fucking you so bad, you’ll have to get used to it hurting.”

“I think we can make sure you’re wet enough when Eira gets home,” Adair continued. “She’s going to want to see you dripping wet for her cock. You think she’ll be able to knot you, little thing? You think you’ll cum the moment she fucks her knot into you?”

It had been something they’d done before, the dirty talking about what others in the pack would do to Lilah, but this iteration of it, so direct, done without Eira actually there yet, was altogether new and altogether thrilling. “Want to be wet enough for her,” Lilah whined, the words mumbled and messy. “Please, ma’am, want to be good for her.”

“I know.” Adair’s first two fingers rolled in circles around Lilah’s cunt, causing her to press up against the touch, chasing the way it felt. “I know, pretty girl. You will. I can promise you that.”

Ismat leaned down, running her tongue across the strips of skin peeking through the clothespins, her fingers massaging Lilah’s now-bound tits. “You know how to be a good whore for your alphas,” she said, adjusting her movements between harsh pain and gentle teasing, keeping Lilah exactly where she wanted her. “I know you can do it. Maybe if we keep teasing you until she gets home, you’ll be recovered enough to cum again for her, hmm?”

Even just the concept swelled into Lilah’s brain, bright and exciting and overwhelming, a bristling spark that gave her something to look forward to. “Anything,” she managed, whimpering softly. “Anything you want, anything.”

Adair’s fingers moved away from her cunt, and Lilah whim-

pered, the primal part of her brain shattered at the loss of sensation. Almost as a response, Adair pressed the dildo inside her further, rocking it back and forth, hitting something hot and wet inside her, but making sure there was very little sensation actually against her clit. “You love to give me *carte blanche* when you get this desperate,” she breathed, leaning down and kissing over Lilah’s hip, across the hinge where her leg connected to her torso. “You love to be a good, empty whore for me.”

“Always,” Lilah whined, letting the silicone fuck lazily in and out of her, choking and writhing as it filled her. “Always yours, always yours, no matter what.”

“No matter what.” The words were certain, sincere, absolute in a way that wound its claws around Lilah like a dragon, strong and immovable and raw. “You’d do anything I wanted you to do, isn’t that right, baby doll? Let me tie you up and fuck you for hours, let me put you on display for your alphas, let me hurt you and make you cry, just so you could be good for me.”

None of them were new concepts; it felt like every time they had sex, they were pulling from this container of ideas, so much so that Lilah was intimately familiar with the crawling excitement that pulled up her spine at having any of them evoked. But she still fell into them, every single time, still found herself writhing against them, still found herself desperately begging for more of it. “Anything you want,” she whined, pulling at her hands, still tied securely behind her neck, so completely laid out for *her* packmates, *her* alphas. “Fuck, I’m so close, please, can I cum?”

“Not yet,” Adair responded, a bright little laugh behind the words. “The next time you cum, I want it to be because Eira tells you that you can.”

There was no sense of time behind Lilah’s brain; she had absolutely no way of telling how long that would be, only that she was going to have to wait. She whimpered and bucked her hips against Adair, as if that would help; the woman had become very good at figuring out just how far she could push without actually letting Lilah cum, and Lilah knew, as much as she’d ever known anything in her life, that she was going to keep her like this.

Ismat pulled one of Lilah’s nipples taut, removing the clothespin on the end of it, and Lilah sucked in a sharp breath at the sudden pain-pleasure that rushed through her body, emanating from the spot the clothespin had just been. After just a second, Ismat’s mouth replaced it, sucking sharply on her nipple, pulling a surprised yelp out of Lilah. She repeated the process with the other nipple, leaving Lilah’s tits wet and wanting, swollen and sore and yet needing the other woman’s tongue on her skin more than anything in the world.

It was a long, agonizing back and forth, bringing Lilah right to the brink of orgasm again and again and again, then forcing her back down without any sort of relief. It started to get searingly painful, started to make her sob again every time she knew she wouldn’t get the orgasm she was looking for, shuddering and shaking enough that occasionally, Ismat would bring her hands back up to her jaw, would kiss her until her body connected once again to the world underneath her.

Time no longer existed, to some extent. It was a concept that Lilah was somewhat aware of, that there was some length of time at which point Eira would be home and she would be within the home stretch, but she stopped being able to access it, her cum-soaked brain too desperate to understand how the time was passing. All she knew was the way Ismat kept her lips and fingers against Lilah's tits, the way Adair kept fucking her with that dildo, the way Adair would slap her hand against the inside of her thigh, the way Ismat would kiss underneath her jaw, her teeth sliding against the sweat-soaked skin there.

And then there was a new voice in the room.

Lilah managed to open her eyes, managed to vaguely focus in on the other people in the room—more just blobs of color than actual people, with how overstimulated and liquid her brain was—managed to see the woman standing in the doorway, even managed to somewhat recognize that she was grinning sharply at the scene in front of her.

Ismat and Adair moved off her, but that dildo stayed firmly planted within her cunt, a movement she vaguely recognized as Adair pulling the rope over the base of it, keeping it tightly inside her. Then, fingers in her hair, searingly intense, pulling her off the bed, her still-bound arms making it difficult, but not impossible, to find her footing on her knees to the side of the bed.

The rushing of blood in her ears was enough that it almost drowned out anything everyone else was saying. But Adair crouched down next to her, fingers still in her hair for some

stability, and brought her mouth close to her ear. "Crawl over to your alpha and ask if you can serve her," she hummed, licking a stripe up Lilah's neck. "If you're good for her, she'll probably let you cum, I think."

It felt like climbing fucking Mount Everest, with how tired she felt, with her arms still tied up behind her neck the way they were. But, after letting go of Lilah's hair and finding that she almost fell over, Adair kept her hand against Lilah's skull, not leading her, not giving her any help, exclusively keeping her upright. The dildo in her cunt scraped against her g-spot as she walked on her knees across the room, still so consumed by desire that she could feel her body like jelly, she could feel the way she was wound up like a spring ready to snap.

Lilah managed to make it over to where Eira stood in the doorway, and Adair's hand left her scalp, replaced, quite quickly, with Eira's bringing her in against her own leg, stability and the familiar scent of the woman who'd been missing from the session. She wasn't blindfolded, could technically see, but the intensity of everything was almost too much for her to access what she could and couldn't see, and her face ended up in Eira's pants, shutting out as much of the visual stimulation as she could. "Please, ma'am, please," she managed, the words babbling and a little difficult to untangle, even for herself. "Fuck, please, want to serve you, want to do anything, anything for you, please let me be good for you."

Eira scratched Lilah's scalp a little bit, an unabashedly comforting and gentle movement, reassuring Lilah that she was there before they stepped more aggressively into the scene. "Open

your mouth.”

Lilah’s tongue was out almost before she finished the sentence, and she felt the heaviness of Eira’s cock press into her mouth before she actually processed it. Eira’s hand did most of the work, fucking Lilah’s face, pressing her cock all the way back into her throat over and over again. It kept choking her, cutting off her airflow, but she just relaxed her throat as much as possible, letting Eira hold her, letting Eira use her however she wanted.

The movement kept ricocheting through her body, reminding her of the way her cunt kept clenching around that dildo inside her, reminding her of how much she ached to have someone real inside her. But at that moment, all she could do was let spit drip over her lips, down across her tits, red and sore and needy; all she could do was look up at Eira, watch her thrust into her mouth, desperately, aggressively need more, as much as the woman would give her.

“So out of it for me,” Eira growled, the words deep and sharp. “The perfect lips, wrapped around my cock like this, willing to take anything for me. You’d let me choke you on my cock until you passed out, wouldn’t you?”

The words led the way into another movement, Eira shoving her cock tight into Lilah’s throat, cutting off that airflow again, almost a threat that Lilah knew she could deliver on, a threat that Lilah had no way of fighting back against. She just nodded, as much as she could, stars dancing in front of her eyes, her body thrashing against the lack of breath, begging her to fight

back. She beat the instinct away, forced herself to submit, forced herself to do whatever Eira wanted from her.

Eira pulled her cock out of Lilah's throat, and Lilah sucked in a sharp breath, coughing at the sudden presence of air again, spit collecting around her lips and dripping down her chin. "Come on," Eira said, using the hand in her hair to guide her back toward the bed.

More stumbling, more desperately leaning on Eira for support, as the woman helped her up and into bed, as she moved her to be on her back, one hand pushing her legs apart. "They really made sure you would be ready for me, hmm?" Eira asked, running her fingers over Lilah's thighs, tracing over the red-hot irritation there from Adair's impacts. She moved the ropes to either side of Lilah's cunt, fucking in and out of her a few times, creating a sinful *squelch* as Lilah's slick made itself known. "You hear how wet you are for me, little one? How badly you want me to fuck you?"

"Please," Lilah managed to choke out, her body trembling again, shaking, even with Ismat's hand running over her neck and down over her tits, even with Adair's fingers combing through her hair. "Please, need you inside me, please ma'am, please, please."

The cock inside her receded entirely, and Lilah made a noise that sounded like it could have been a desperate sob before she felt Eira's fingers trace around her cunt, thrusting into her for just a second before her cock replaced it, teasing her at first. "Ask me to fuck you," she growled, her hands starting to run

over Lilah's hips, over the waistband of her skirt, over the ropes that still wrapped around her torso. "You can do it. Ask for it like a good girl."

"Please fuck me," Lilah managed, thrashing against the bonds that kept her completely at her packmates' mercy, desperately trying to get this woman's cock inside her. "Please, fuck me, ma'am, please, whatever you want, anything."

"Ask me if you can cum when I fuck you." Eira's voice was dark, aggressive, intense, still teasing her, still wanting to hear more, still drinking every sound in.

Lilah let out a dry sob, her eyes almost closed. "Please, I want to cum when you fuck me, I want you to feel me cum around your cock, *please*, ma'am."

"Good girl," Eira growled. "You have my permission, little one."

And with that, Lilah was rewarded, finally, with a real cock thrusting all the way inside her, filling her up with warmth. She was so desperately on the edge, had been teased so far beyond any semblance of structure, that just the way Eira's knot teased at her clit was enough to finally explode her into another orgasm, clenching tightly around Eira's cock, Adair and Ismat's hands holding her down almost to keep her from hurting herself. The noises coming out of her mouth were desperate and animalistic in a way she'd never truly experienced before, being stretched so completely to her limits, and it almost felt like she blacked out for a few seconds, so completely consumed by her orgasm that nothing else in the world existed outside of it.

By the time she was finally coming back around, Eira was still inside her, her face now nuzzled into her neck, her hips working back and forth against her cunt. “Good girl,” she was saying, her words barely audible over the sloppy sounds of just how wet Lilah was, the sounds of Eira’s cock fucking unhurriedly into her. “All mine. My good, desperate, needy girl. Completely mine, in body, in soul, in everything, isn’t that right?”

Lilah was spent, the only thing that could possibly come out of her mouth vaguely acknowledging moans, her eyes half-closed and her body hot and full. She relaxed as much as her body would let her, the warmth of all three of her alphas surrounding her, the weight of six hands and three bodies letting her feel safe and grounded and perfect.

Eira’s hand went around her throat, pressing up and into her, keeping her body stable as her hips worked against Lilah’s. “Open up for me, little one,” she breathed into the other’s ear, a feral growl tinting the words. “You’re more than ready for it. Take my knot like a good whore.”

Outside of heat, Lilah didn’t think she’d ever been this wet before, and Eira’s knot slipped into her almost astonishingly easily, once she thrust inside with the express intention of knotting her. Lilah yelped lightly, and she heard Eira moan into her neck, pumping hot cum inside her cunt. For her part, Lilah couldn’t be fully certain if she came again or not; everything was just swirling sensation, her cunt pulsing with warm tension, beyond just pain and pleasure, a mixture of incredible feelings that she’d never really experienced.

Eira licked over her neck, that warm, comfortable tongue picking up sweat and spit off her skin, and relaxed on top of her frame, the hand on Lilah's throat moving up to thread into her hair. "My good girl," she breathed, little hums and whines continuing to wind around her throat as she figured out where she was in her own orgasm, as she kept herself as close to Lilah as two people could be. "All mine. My good, obedient, needy thing."

"Yours," Lilah managed to choke out, the word barely even recognizable as a word at all.

After a few minutes of cuddling, Eira was soft enough to pull out, and she gathered a loose, jelly-like Lilah into her arms while Adair unwound the ropes from her body. Ismat lay in front of them, her fingers running over Lilah's hips, keeping them gently connected to each other even as the others did more of the action.

Lilah, for her part, was practically half-asleep. Unwinding bondage ropes was not the ideal experiment for an impatient person, which meant she was going to be resting between Eira's legs, her torso fully draped over the other's, for quite a while. When Adair released her hands from the position they'd been locked in for the last hour and a half, she let out a soft whine, her arms relaxing back over her head and ending up draped across Eira's shoulders, the looseness of her body allowing her very little movement aside from that. Eira just kept her hands around Lilah's waist, letting her relax completely, keeping the two of them skin-to-skin.

And then the last rope had been unwound, Adair leaning in and kissing her temple while she gathered up the toys they'd used and walked to the bathroom to clean them. It was part of her ritual, washing everything up quickly, making sure they were ready for next time with as little mess as possible.

Besides, Lilah had two other women very invested in making sure she wasn't spending any part of that alone.

Eira laid Lilah down on the mattress again, Ismat coming around to cuddle up next to her, leaning in for a few gentle kisses as they relaxed into a comfortable position. They sandwiched her between their bodies, all soft touches and delicate movements.

"Did you have a good time?" Ismat asked gently, a little smile in the words as she combed her fingers through Lilah's hair.

She summoned up enough energy to nod—slowly and clumsily, but still a nod. "Yes, ma'am," she croaked, her body all but collapsing into the mattress.

"Our good girl," Eira said, running her fingers up to the back of Lilah's neck, massaging the tight muscles that ran from her upper back into her skull. "You did a very good job for us."

It was enough to summon a little smile to Lilah's lips, enough for her to relax contentedly into the position she'd found herself in. But, even as her eyes started to close, she clung to consciousness, waiting for the steps she knew well, coming back from the bathroom. The weight on the mattress, pulling everything slightly to the side, was the weight she'd come to know fully as

Adair, and she reached a hand over Ismat's side, hunting for the woman's touch, smiling and relaxing again when the woman's hand curled around her own.

With one hand in Ismat's, one hand in Adair's, and Eira massaging her neck, Lilah finally allowed herself to relax completely, finally allowed herself to really melt into the mattress and sink into a comfortable sleep. Every day was different, for sure, but Lilah knew that as long as she had them, as long as she was submitting like this, as long as she belonged here, she would be safe.

She was surrounded by the women who loved her, after all. That was exactly where she was supposed to be.

About the Author

aurora light (all lowercase, plural they/them) is a plural author collective living on Tohono O'odham/Akimel O'odham land (so-called "Phoenix, Arizona"), specializing in weird, fucked up lesbian and transgender erotica. When they're not writing, you can often find them reading other authors' erotica, pursuing other crafts like crochet, and listening to about 300 hours of music per month.

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