

Changeling Press

Willa
Okati

Second Chance Omegas Encounters 1

Thinking of You

ENCOUNTERS

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Thinking of You (Second Chance Omegas Encounters 1)

Willa Okati

Pregnant Omega Cai firmly believes there's no better way to heat up a lazy, rainy Saturday afternoon than putting on a show for his Alpha Lucas.

Thinking of You

Soft summer rain pattered against the bedroom window. Though he'd drawn the blinds and closed the curtains on the city of Second Chance, letting in only a hint of dim late afternoon light, Cai turned his face toward the sound. Light, delicate, barely there, but steady. Rain that would sink into the heat-dry earth and bring it slowly back to life.

Make it ripe again.

Cai closed his eyes and listened to the rain, absently patting his naked thigh in time with the drops as they struck the glass. Only absently; the rest of his focus had turned to his body. This Omega body of his, bare of any stitch that would hide what he wanted to see and feel.

How he was, had become --

Ripe.

Once upon a time, not too long ago, Cai had thought he would never have a chance at this. He'd lost the man he loved to an argument he couldn't even remember anymore, and been sure he'd never see Lucas again. Until they'd found the impossible, here in Second Chance. They'd found each other when they hadn't been looking and this time they'd held on tight, keeping each other close.

And then, they'd become more than that.

Kneeling naked on the floor beside his bed, Cai let the cooler, rain-soothed air wash over him. With his lashes resting against his cheeks and his head tilted back, he glided his palms along the bare curves of his shoulders, then trailed one up to cradle his neck and jaw.

He touched the fullness of his lower lip with his thumb, tugging it open, and let his free hand wander downward over all the new changes in him. Fuller at the chest, tender, his nipples dark and so sensitive that a light breath would bring them up and tight. Wider at the hips and a little sore from the stretching. Such a sweet ache, *oh*. It

reminded him of mornings after nights in bed with Lucas, fucking until they were drenched in sweat and sex.

And then -- the center of him.

Rounded, not so full as it would be given time, but more than it had been even a day before. Full enough to cup his palm around a week ago, so big now that he could only rest his hand on the apex of the curve. It'd always been the way with Omegas; conception and gestation running as breakneck fast as they had for the animals they were descended from. Only nine weeks or so, almost too quick to keep up with before it was over.

Best to be enjoyed while they lasted.

Stirring noises from the bed caught Cai's attention before he could slide his fingers farther downward. "How long have you been awake?"

"Mmm. A while," Lucas said. Cai heard him stretch luxuriously. "Enjoying the show."

Eyes still closed, Cai turned his head as if looking over his shoulder. He stroked his belly, the ripe growing roundness that Lucas had planted in him, and purred, pleased to the bone, when Lucas caught his breath. "Enjoying yourself, too?"

"You know I am." Lucas slid forward on the bed, prowling closer. Cai's bloodline descended from tundra foxes, but Lucas had wildcat in his family history and it showed when he had prey in his sights. "You're gorgeous. I could look at you like this for hours."

"Just look? Or -- more than look?" Cai could smell the Alpha arousal rising from Lucas, sleep-warm as he was, a darkly spicy scent that he craved like a drug.

That he always needed more of, no matter what.

Cai drew his lip between his teeth to bite at it, knowing what that did to Lucas -- and, just to be wicked, rubbed at his nipples to make them stand up. He shivered at the sensation rippling through his body. It made his voice ragged when he begged. "Come here. Please, come here. I need you." He pinched his nipples tight and bit harder at his lip, arching his back with pleasure at the slight pain. "I want you."

Lucas hissed between his teeth and murmured, “*Fuck.*”

“Please, yes, please.” Cai parted his legs to show Lucas the faint gleam of arousal making his inner thighs slippery and slick. He let his hand drift to his opening, teasing with just his fingertips, then bringing them up to his mouth to suck them dry.

When he reached down a second time he couldn’t help sliding two fingers inside himself. His erection jerked, slapping wetly against the underside of his rounded belly, making him moan. “*Oh!*”

“Do you want to keep doing that?” Lucas asked. Cai could feel him watching, intent as the wild animals he was descended from. “Do you want to fuck yourself on your fingers until you come, while I watch?”

Cai didn’t need to look to know Lucas was erect. He could smell the lust, and the faint sounds of skin on skin painted a picture of his mate taking himself in hand, thick and dark, stroking ever so slowly. His hips shifting toward Cai with small jerks, hungry for him, only the strength of Lucas’s will holding him back.

“Tell me, beautiful,” Lucas commanded, smooth as silk and rough as sandpaper and hot as raw whiskey. “Do you want to come that way?”

Yes -- no -- no, no. *No.*

“I want you inside me,” Cai begged, not ashamed. He thrust his fingers as deep as he could, but it didn’t satisfy him. “I need your cock. Please, Lucas. Come and fuck me. Fuck me like you did, like you could do this all over again, like you could put a second baby in me right now.”

He opened his eyes to meet Lucas’s, staring back at him, glittering-hungry and sat still, silent for a breathless moment, waiting.

Then --

He parted his lips on a long sigh of relief as Lucas slid off the bed; he gave a startled gasp as Lucas took him not just in his arms but on his lap; he let out a moan that came up from the core of him and raised it to a keen as Lucas lifted him, easy as a doll, and guided Cai down onto his cock.

Cai spread his legs eagerly, working his hips to take Lucas as deeply inside as he could, and groaned in relief to be finally, finally full. He'd *ached* for this. Needed it so much.

"You," Lucas said, raw and ragged and ravenous. "Cai, you. You... "

"And you." Cai thrust his fingers through Lucas's hair and rolled up when Lucas put his mouth to his neck, stubble rough and scratchy and making him tingle. He ground down when Lucas thrust up. "You, and me, and you, and-"

"And you, fucking me, and me, fucking you. I want that." Lucas's lips were hot on Cai's skin. "You're so ripe already -- and there's weeks of this to go -- I want it all. Take all of me, Cai. Everything I can give."

How could he not? Cai always had, and always would. He fumbled for Lucas's mouth, capturing it in a kiss that lasted as long as he had the air for it, breaking away only to pant against his mouth.

His mate liked that. Cai hung on tight, crying out as Lucas fucked him, mouthing at his mate's exposed skin. *Taking* him, deep, clenching at him, bearing down. Coming so, so, so hard, latching onto Lucas with his nails drawing furrows down Lucas's back, his body drenching them both with clear slick.

Lucas tore his mouth away, staring at Cai with fierce satisfaction -- then took hold of him again, harder than before, driving into him without mercy, shamelessly chasing what he wanted. Cai clung to him and savored the ride, teeth bared, feeling wild and bright and sex-stupid.

And to think he'd almost missed out on this!

But anything that should be impossible could happen in Second Chance, or so they said.

Like finding old lovers and kindling new flames.

Bringing life back to a desert. Filling it with seeds.

Making it *ripe*.

Cai pressed his mouth to Lucas's again when Lucas came, shaking hard, in his arms, and bit *his* lip to give him something to remember this by.

He nuzzled at his mate's neck after that, feeling his pulse pound and tasting his sweat, and humming happily until Lucas came back down enough to do the same. Cai liked this part too, the petting and being petted until they could part just enough to loop their arms around each other, look at each other, and laugh with exhausted satisfaction -- though not louder than the rain pattering away outside, keeping the world at bay.

Lucas rubbed at Cai's kiss-burned mouth, then bent his head to brush the tip of his nose against Cai's, their faces so close that their eyelashes tangled. "I'll always take you," he said. "Whenever I can get you. However. Wherever, and all you have to do is ask."

"I know." Cai pressed his forehead to Lucas's. Full, still cradling Lucas's cock between his legs, Lucas's baby in his belly, and the future he meant to share with the man in his heart. "I know, and I will."

Fertile, ready, waiting, and willing, and eager to do it all again as soon as they possibly could.

Here, there would always be second chances. Always.

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Only You (Second Chance Omegas 1)

Willa Okati

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Second Chance - a small town where anything can happen.

Once upon a time, a teenaged Alpha named Alex fell in love with a pretty Omega boy from the wrong side of the tracks. Zachary was everything he'd ever wanted -- sweet, sassy, and sexy as hell. Alex would have married that boy and raised baby after baby with him -- if Zachary hadn't run away when Alex popped the question.

Alex doesn't give up easily. When a train derails on its way to Alex's hometown, he's finally got another shot at the one who got away, and he's not going to waste it. Now he's got Zachary in his sights, and he's never letting go again.

It killed Zachary to let Alex go the first time. He loved that man as much as that man loved him, and he's never fallen out of love, but he left to give Alex his best chance at living his best life. He can't -- won't -- be sorry for that, no matter what it cost him.

Stranded in Second Chance with nowhere else to go and no way to get there, Zachary's got no choice but to accept the help and shelter Alex offers. The chemistry's still there. The desire. The connection. The yearning. But when the secrets they've both been keeping come to light, will they shatter their bond for keeps, or bring them together in a forever kind of love?

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