



I, SUMMER

THE ALPHA GOD SERIES 6.5

LEXA LUTHOR

I, Sumner
The Alpha God
Book 6.5

by Lexa Luthor

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Contents

[Blurb](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[About the Author](#)

[More from Lexa Luthor](#)

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I, Sumner

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Blurb

Kal is more than just a god – she is Sumner too.

Charlie and Kal have returned to Kander after their mission to Serrato Corps. However, Kal is not who she once was now that her memories have been returned to her. She is a new type of Kal, who learns to adjust to her new surroundings upon their return to Kander.

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*See the author's [blog](#) for more details about Omegaverse and related terms.

Prologue

Sumner remained poised in front of the panoramic window on the *Betty May's* lounge deck. She could hear Charlie behind her, moving a few items aside while Kaden remained curled up in one of the club chairs. For a minute, she memorized her home planet beyond the window of the ship. It was inspiring and filled her heart, both with passion and pride. Even without the Spirit of Kalatas, she felt connected to Kander on a special level. In that moment, she better understood why Kalatas strived to nurture and protect Kander.

"Kander is beautiful. It reminds me so much of Earth," Charlie said after taking her mate's side.

"It is beautiful." Sumner turned to Charlie and regarded her. Kander might remind Charlie of Earth, but for Sumner it was different. The planet was a perfect echo of the one she loved the most. "Only your beauty surpasses Kander." An affectionate noise vibrated deep in her chest, growing when Charlie looked at her. "Your eyes match the skies on Kander. Your hair as golden as the suns. Your skin as pale as the moons. And just like Kander, your heart was cold as the winters until we met, and now you flourish as the lands do in the summer. You gave me life just as the lands provide for us."

Charlie was silent and stared at Sumner for a long moment. Her emotions flared through their bond, alerting Sumner. Together, they both became intertwined in their connection, lost in the sheer depth and width of their love for each other. Charlie's love rested underneath Sumner's skin, making it real and tangible. When Charlie drew in a sharp breath, Sumner refocused on the present.

"Sumner," Charlie whispered and closed the distance, hooking her arms around Sumner's neck. She gazed at her mate for another beat, eyes glistening bright. She swallowed, then turned her head and called, "Nova?" After a beep, she ordered, "Play 'Everything' by Lifehouse on the lounge deck."

"Playing 'Everything,'" Nova responded in its usual monotone.

"Just follow my lead," Charlie instructed after the song started to play in the lounge. "And move your body with mine."

As a pup, Sumner had danced a little around the farm with her sister. But it was ungraceful and playful at the time. It involved a lot more skipping compared to the initial sweep Charlie made across their makeshift dance floor. With minor concentration, she moved with Charlie and noticed

they were using the music's beat. The delicate tempo was inviting, making it easy to dance to. Once she found her rhythm with Charlie, Sumner was able to focus on the actual lyrics, which Charlie began to sing to her.

Charlie had lost her internal battle. Her cheeks were damp with tears that mirrored the happiness surging through Sumner. Their bond tightened and wove together, every fiber fitting with perfection that only the Celestial Fates could have designed.

Sumner struggled to pull Charlie closer. When they glided toward the window, the sunlight revealed the tears that had fallen to Sumner's cheeks. She fought the urge to touch them, having not cried since she left her family. Charlie's soft whimper tugged at Sumner's thundering heart. Smiling, Sumner now led their dance when the music's rhythm increased. Together, they sang and danced to the beautiful song that captured their relationship. Beyond the window, Kander waited for them, glowing and inviting.

When the song slowed again, Sumner sensed that they were close to an ending that she wished would never come to them. The Spirit of Kalatas was waiting for her, for them both. Even though her bond with Charlie would be restricted again, Kalatas could never break it. She and Charlie shared a spiritual bond greater than any god.

The final lyrics were whispered across the lounge, then a heavy peace settled in the space. Sumner returned her true mate's tender stare and wished they had more time together, a whole lifetime. She promised Charlie they would share their next life without a god between them.

"You are *my* everything, Sumner." Charlie's statement carried into their bond, wrapping around her mate. She freed her hand from Sumner, reached into her pocket, and pulled out her most precious valuable. The golden watch was all too familiar to Sumner after she safeguarded it a few times.

"Charlie?" Sumner revealed a tiny frown, then her brow knitted together. The watch was situated in the middle of Charlie's palm. Even from a distance, she could see the second hand moving for the first time. The watch's renewed life captivated Sumner's attention, enticing her to touch it, but Charlie spoke.

"This was my grandmother's, later my mother's, and then mine."

Sumner regarded her mate, recalling the special history behind the watch. It was a family heirloom that was passed on with affection and

purpose. Charlie's mother had given it to her in hopes Charlie would remember her family.

"Now I am giving my watch to you. For you to hold, to wear, and to be reminded of me." Charlie collected Sumner's hand into hers and raised it. "If you will accept it."

Sumner detected the tremble in her mate's hand. The chaotic pace of her heart was loud, matching the frantic pulse in Charlie's wrist that Sumner felt there. "Charlie, I can't take your last—"

"I love you, Sumner."

In growing silence, Sumner stared at Charlie and attempted to capture the declaration. For days or longer, their love for each other had long ago existed, as if born out of a previous life together. There was no moment that Sumner doubted Charlie's deeper emotions for her. However, Sumner expected it to be a longer wait before Charlie voiced the truth. She was wrong.

Charlie was proud to make the statement.

"I am so deeply in love with you," Charlie whispered. The fire in her blue eyes echoed into their bond, ensuring Sumner felt every bit of Charlie's love. "I am terrible at eloquent words, but this"— she tapped the watch in their hands—"this is one of my ways of making sure you always know how I feel about you, no matter what happens." She lifted the watch, offering it to Sumner.

"*J-Ja. Ja*, Charlie." Sumner fought for self-control, yet it was too difficult. She gasped from the rise of beautiful sensations shared between them. She offered her left hand, then waited for Charlie, whose hand shook while she put the watch on Sumner. They exchanged soft whines, trying to expel the fervent emotions. With Sumner's forearm held, Charlie latched the watch into place and peered up.

"Charlie..." Sumner gripped Charlie's hand harder, then dipped her head. "I love you wholly and undeniably. I would defy the universe for you."

Charlie shook her head and smiled. "You don't need to defy anything for me. All I need is you."

Sumner wanted nothing more than to fulfill her mate's wish, without any restrictions. But the truth was that Kalatas and Kander needed her too. After their journey to Serrato and back, Sumner was certain that Charlie had accepted what Sumner was capable of giving her. Even though Kalatas

could command Sumner's body and even mind, all of her heart and spirit belonged to Charlie.

"I am yours, and you are mine." After a shaky breath, Sumner nuzzled into Charlie's hair and murmured, "You make it a million times harder to return to Kander." Their connection grew heavy and layered with heartache about the pending future. For an instant, she considered whether Kander truly needed her. Kalatas always had another *finna* ready to ascend for the honor and protection of Kander. Could the planet go on without her?

Charlie poked out her head and looked toward Kander. Sumner's internal struggle filtered in to their bond. And like Sumner, Charlie was aware of the Spirit of Kalatas hovering a scant distance from them. There was enough space to keep them separated from the god spirit, but the calling was upon them again.

After withdrawing a little, Charlie revealed a bittersweet smile and said, "Then we shouldn't wait any longer."

"You are right." Sumner calmed her racing heart with a deep breath. "I am becoming weak for you." Her honesty startled Charlie, who floundered for a beat before straightening her back.

"But now it's time to be strong for Kander." Charlie separated them, which forced them to face the road ahead of them. For once, it was Charlie pushing Sumner toward returning to her position as Kal. Kander indeed needed them, regardless of the personal price. Kander was worth it, all of it.

Charlie grabbed her techbit from the bar, tapped on it, and returned to Sumner. She collected Sumner's hand and guided her to the love seat again. "It's probably best that you sit."

Sumner sank into the comfortable cushions and attempted to grasp the ending of their journey. The days she spent with Charlie were far too short and soon would become shadows in her memory. Charlie had reason to be upset about the Spirit of Kalatas robbing their special time together. Under her own resigned exterior, she was bitter about her pending fate. She chastised herself for being selfish even though a piece of Charlie had developed inside her.

For a few minutes, Sumner shared a wrenching good-bye with Kaden. After Charlie ordered Betty May to take them closer to Kander, Sumner shared affection with her mate and made promises. They would see each other again, without the Spirit of Kalatas dividing them. When the black

shadow neared the ship's hull, Sumner ignored it and focused only on Charlie.

"I love you, Sumner."

Without hesitation, Sumner whispered, "I love you, Charlie." They met halfway, sharing a final kiss that would be wiped from her mind in a few heartbeats. The Spirit of Kalatas had penetrated the ship and drifted toward them, slower than earlier, but seeking none the less. Their kiss ended in a harsh gasp, then Charlie watched on with brimming eyes.

The Spirit of Kalatas drifted forward, ready to collect Sumner again. The god's dark spirit slowly engulfed Sumner, soaking into her skin. Sumner was thrown against the sofa, then her head pressed into the cushion. The overhead ceiling's lights grew brighter until Sumner was forced to close her eyes.

"Welcome home, Sumner."

Blinking several times, Sumner was able to regain her vision, which filled with a face she missed all too much. After a sharp inhale, she smiled and whispered, "Fairlee." However, in her heart, she was aware that it was the Spirit of Kalatas in front of her.

Fairlee smiled and clasped her hands in front of her. "I am pleased to see you have returned to us."

Sumner scanned her surroundings, which were beautiful and reminded her of Kardos in the summer. The lush green landscape smelled warm and inviting, like fresh flowers and a hint of sweetness. The grass was tall, close to her knees. A soft breeze swept by and caused the grass to sway in a peaceful motion. Behind Fairlee, the grasslands seemed to continue, infinite and perfect. From the blueness of the sky, she was certain it was Kander. Indeed, she was home.

"You and your true mate have done well." Fairlee moved closer, rustling the grass. "You have worked out a tentative agreement with Serrato Corps."

Sumner placed her hands behind her back. "*Ja*." She smiled down at her sister, or rather the Spirit of Kalatas. "Thank you for trusting us to handle the mission."

"We have always had all our faith in you." Fairlee returned the smile, which was warm compared to the darkness of her eyes. For a moment, Sumner pictured the depth of green that was her twin sister's true eye color.

"Kander has yet to notice your departure, except for your High Priest." The news was unsurprising.

"That's good then." Sumner offered a pleased rumble.

Fairlee dipped her head and said, "Walk with me, *krafka*." She continued forward and Sumner joined her. Her hands remained in front of her while she walked at a casual stroll.

"How is Kander?" Sumner prompted and tilted her head.

"I am certain it is fine." Fairlee was gazing ahead, studying the vastness of the grasslands. "I have been waiting at the limits for your return."

Sumner suspected that Fairlee was referring to the farthest reaches of Kalatas. She was intrigued by the Spirit of Kalatas's willingness to rest and wait for her in orbit rather than return to the planet.

"I sense that you have returned with the bracelet," Fairlee remarked, then swelled with pride. "You located it after it has been lost to us for centuries."

Rumbling, Sumner glanced at Fairlee and nodded. "The Grand Marshal of Serrato Corps was wearing it. He didn't seem aware of its importance."

"How did you retrieve it?" Fairlee asked.

"Charlie purchased it."

Fairlee pursed her lips while a pleased expression settled over her features. "We owe her our thanks."

"I have already thoroughly thanked her," Sumner said in a husky tone, then cleared her throat after she recalled to whom she was speaking. She sneaked a glance at Fairlee, uncertain about the reaction.

Fairlee was smug and chuckled low. "I am certain." She became stoic and quiet, but the energy around them was powerful. Ahead of them, a seeming mirage started to take shape in the distance as they drew closer to it. "Now that you and your mate have returned, we must prepare for the Sworne's arrival."

"*Ja*." Sumner watched the dark object before them begin to grow, taller and wider. Somehow it was familiar to her, but it was still too obscure to be certain. As they walked toward it, more details filled in little by little. "We have time to prepare, but we require allies."

"*Ja*." Fairlee's full attention was on the emerging, dark landscape that jutted up from the grasslands. "The ancient Nine God Alliance has long

unraveled, but at least one of those gods is in existence. They may honor the alliance and find it prudent to join forces and defeat the Sworne."

"I agree." Sumner recalled the bits and pieces about the god from her time as Kal. The finer details would return to her once she and the Spirit of Kalatas merged again. However, her attention shifted to the great twin mountains that shaped in front of them and caused her to halt before their grandeur. With wonder, she studied the beautiful, sharp mountains and the stronghold built into it. "The Eyes of Kalatas," she murmured.

Fairlee stood next to Sumner and smiled at the twin mountains that were part of the Verath Mountain range. She stood quiet and thoughtful, allowing Sumner to admire the meaningful location around them.

Swallowing, Sumner turned her attention to Fairlee and asked, "Why are we here?" It wasn't long ago that she had fought a battle in the valley where they stood, at least in the real location on Kander. The battle had been a bloody mess, but the results sparked a shift in the Kalmar, especially those in Kardos. The local Alphas in the province had waged outspoken and silent wars against the Earthlings. Sumner had weeded it out, at least she hoped so. The province required healing after the bloodletting.

"It is gorgeous," Fairlee said in a distant yet proud tone. She mirrored Sumner's own admiration and let out a heavy breath. "Iceholde is ancient. One of the first strongholds to ever be built on Kander." She turned to Sumner and asked, "Do you recall why the stronghold was built into the Eyes of Kalatas?"

"The commander who commissioned the work wished to be closer to Kalatas," Sumner replied and wondered why Fairlee wished to discuss the history behind Iceholde. Or maybe it had less to do with the stronghold and more to do with the twin mountains.

"*Ja.*" Fairlee returned her attention to the mountains. "The twin mountains do not merely sit upon the surface of Kander. They run deep and reach down to the heart of Kander. The commander desired to hold such a connection to Kander." She turned to Sumner and instructed, "Never forget the significance of the Eyes of Kalatas."

Sumner had a slight furrow across her brow after Fairlee's explanation. She wanted to ask, but Fairlee moved on to another topic. One that captured her attention more than anything else since her arrival here.

"During your time away, we have given much consideration to your development as Kal and your relationship with your true mate." Fairlee

pivoted toward Sumner and held her hands in front of herself.

Sumner shifted on her boots, then nodded and hooked her hands behind her back. A fraction of her was concerned that Kalatas rejected her relationship with Charlie and concluded it was a distraction. Sumner would argue and hold her ground against any backlash. Charlie was her true mate, and no god could separate them. It was best for all that Kalatas accepted Charlie's significance.

"I can sense your disapproval and natural instinct to protect your true mate," Fairlee said. There was a lack of annoyance or anger toward Sumner. She was rather calm and offered a smile that disarmed Sumner. "As you are aware, we are always learning and growing, like any other being in the universe." She tilted her head back more, capturing all of Sumner's attention. "We have decided to no longer suppress your memories."

Sumner blinked and then frowned at the unexpected change in Kalatas's methods. The suppression of a *finna's* memories was part of the ascension, ever since the first Kal. "Why?" she asked in a rumbling voice.

Fairlee nodded once and replied, "We concluded that your memories serve to inspire you. They make you a stronger leader." She shifted a step closer, which allowed her power to blanket around them. With the new proximity, it was obvious she wasn't an Omega, not like Sumner's actual sister. "In a short time, you have created valuable memories with your true mate. These recent memories have driven you forward and remolded you to be a different kind of leader." Both pride and even a bit of delight lingered in her tone.

Sumner weighed Fairlee's explanation and allowed a heavy rattle to start deep in her chest. Kalatas was indeed learning and was willing to try a new, modified method that could change the future for all Kals. It was true that Sumner's old memories tied her closer to the Kalmar. She had family, who depended on her ability to protect Kander, especially against the Sworne. "What of my emotions?"

"We will continue to dampen your emotions so that you may remain focused and unhindered as a leader," Fairlee replied. "As you are well aware, your spiritual bond with your true mate cannot be undone by us or any god." She hesitated for a brief beat, then said, "You are the first Kal to have their true mate. The experience has intrigued us greatly."

With a soft huff, Sumner eyed Fairlee and wondered how much Kalatas was learning from her and Charlie. But it seemed the results were

positive and helped Kalatas open both sets of eyes. At least, Sumner assumed the Omega god, too, was observing them, despite the Alpha god having first-hand experience.

"But you do not have to retain your memories, if you wish not to," Fairlee offered in a delicate tone. She had a curious glint in her dark eyes while she waited for Sumner's decision. There was no reason to weigh the offer. Sumner knew the answer and the significance of it.

"I accept." Sumner bowed her head and said, "*Tah*, my god."

"*Motah*." Fairlee mirrored Sumner's smile, then she unfolded her hands and held them out. "Shall we then?" Sumner placed her hands into Fairlee's smaller ones, then Fairlee transformed into the Spirit of Kalatas. Without hesitation, it consumed Sumner, tamping down her emotions, expanding on her knowledge, and leaving every memory intact.

Together, they reemerged as a different kind of Kal.

Chapter 1

Over an hour ago, the *Betty May* had landed on Kander's frozen, snowy surface. The crew disembarked in short order after everyone gathered their personal belongings. Once in the Great Tower, Kal and the Zodiac Pack rode the lift up to the forty-ninth floor, where Raine and Andren departed without any comment about Charlie staying on the lift. Raine had given a knowing smile to Charlie when she didn't follow Raine and Andren. At the fifty-first floor, Kal, Charlie, and Kaden hid away in their now shared quarters once Kal reaffirmed that they were to stay with her.

After they finished dropping off their bags, Kal mentioned her plans to see Lennox and Tas. Charlie smiled at the mention of the High Priest and asked to join.

"*Ja*, of course. I will let you know when I am ready." Kal exchanged a searching kiss with her mate but delayed in leaving after they pulled back. She warred with her desire to strip Charlie and mate with her. Her recent injury from their jaunt on Lerto had inhibited them. Charlie's thoughtful features and warm smile cooled her libido. "What is it?"

"I was just thinking that it's now *our* bed." Charlie turned her attention to the large bed. Kaden, who rested on the bed, perked up from

their mutual attention.

Kal smiled until it hurt a little. "*Ja*, our bed."

Charlie squeezed her Alpha's sides with her arms, then gave Kal a quick peck before pulling apart. "We should go before we end up fucking."

With a grunt, Kal hardened her features and tried to pretend that their brief make-out session hadn't enticed her in that very direction. She nodded and followed Charlie out of their quarters. Kaden hopped off the bed, then her clicks echoed their boot steps. They returned to the lift, but Kal opted for the stairs since she only needed to climb one floor.

"How long do you think you'll be?" Charlie asked while she and Kaden waited for the elevator to return.

"A couple of hours," Kal replied and edged closer to the door to the stairwell.

Charlie nodded, then tilted her head and pursed her lips. "You'll just... you know, let me know through our bond."

Kal grinned at her mate's hesitancy about their bond, which had been quelled by the Spirit of Kalatas. Their bond was permanent and infinite even if one of them went into the afterlife without the other. However, the Spirit of Kalatas could turn down the strength of the connection. It seemed that Charlie continued to learn their bond's different abilities. "*Ja*, I will let you know, my mate." She spun and shouldered the door open. Charlie's soft chuckle followed her into the stairwell, but she didn't look back and hurried up the steps.

On her hike up to the next floor, she retrieved her tablet and sent a quick message to Lennox, who would be prompted to join her in the office. They had to discuss the future plans for Kander. Inside her office, she discovered that a small stack of documents had been piled up in a wooden bin set at the corner of her desk. She sat at her desk chair and thumbed through the documents, which could wait until tomorrow.

For a moment, Kal relaxed into the chair and took stock of her body's condition. Earlier, Charlie had checked on Kal's injury that she earned from the fight on Lerto. Her body had healed from most of it, but she continued to feel depleted and sore. The Bracelet of Kalatas would require time to reconnect itself to the gods. By then, she hoped to be healed on her own.

With a sigh, Kal rubbed her brow and considered her days on the *Betty May*. The meetings with Serrato Corps were difficult at first, but they worked out a tentative agreement. The mission had been worth the trouble.

The bracelet's return was invaluable and offered another layer of protection for her, Charlie, and the planet. But there was still much to do before Kander was prepared for the Sworne's return. On top of it, she and Charlie needed to determine what was ailing the planet. With that thought in mind, she retrieved her tablet again and sent a quick note to Tas that they would be visiting this afternoon.

A knock at the door caught Kal's attention. She closed out her message app, but a notification from Charlie popped up. "Come in," she ordered Lennox, who entered. Kal glanced at the message from her mate and bit back a smile. The message contained the selfie photos from their date on the *Betty May*. She closed out the message and set the tablet aside. "*Turen.*"

Lennox smiled and said, "*Turen*, Kal. Welcome back to Kander. How was your journey?" He seemed prepared to take a seat in front of the desk, but Kal stood and suggested the sitting area.

"It went well considering we all returned alive." Kal flashed a brief grin at Lennox, who blinked at her, as if unsure about his leader's spark of humor.

Lennox was halfway into the sofa and wavered after Kal's teasing. He huffed and took his seat, then remarked, "It would seem like it was more of a vacation."

Kal lit the kindling under the dried wood and considered Lennox's observation. They didn't joke or tease. She was certain Lennox had a sense of humor, but High Commanders weren't known to be witty or playful. The Spirit of Kalatas hampered that potential quality in any Kal. Once the fire seemed set, she took the armchair closest to Lennox. "There were several high points and a few stressful moments."

Quiet for a beat, Lennox seemed to analyze what was behind Kal's words before narrowing his eyes. "I assume the Spirit of Kalatas separated from you?"

"*Ja.*" Kal saw no reason to dismiss Lennox's insight. He was rather familiar with the Spirit of Kalatas, especially now serving a second ruler. His smile made her sigh. She leaned back into the chair in a more relaxed manner. "Despite the difficulty of the mission, it offered me a chance to share my past with Charlie before I was Kal."

Lennox rumbled low and studied his leader with a thoughtful expression. "But your memories have faded since your return to Kander."

Kal weighed whether or not to correct Lennox. How would he handle the news that Kalatas changed their mind about suppressing memories? She was unsure whether the next Kal would be given the same benefit. The change might be for only her reign as the High Commander. She was certain, at the very least, that it was a trial to learn whether Kal's old memories could benefit her.

"I have retained my memories." Kal watched for Lennox's response. "All of my old memories." The air around them was charged with Lennox's deepening scent. He developed a slight frown and stared at the fireplace before he regarded Kal again. Kal waited for possibly biting words, but his lips turned upward.

"This is pleasant news," Lennox said and folded his hands in his lap. "I perhaps don't understand the reason behind the change, but I trust Kalatas's decision."

Kal relaxed again after Lennox responded well. "Kalatas has concluded that memories from my old life will invest me further. To better rule and protect Kander."

Lennox made a soft, agreeing noise. "I see." He nodded once. "Memories are valuable to all beings."

"*Ja*," Kal agreed and considered her past. On the *Betty May*, she remembered her old life and missed her family, especially Fairlee. Now, she retained those same memories while the deep stab of missing Fairlee was a passing whisper in her heart. Maybe one day they would meet again and under better circumstances. If not, she would leave this world knowing she had sacrificed everything to keep her people and her family safe.

After a swallow, Kal shifted the conversation to the Serrato Corps mission. She told Lennox about the discussions and the final arrangements, and Charlie's ability to recover the Bracelet of Kalatas. Lennox disbelieved her until he saw the bracelet for himself. Often he was reserved, but he gawked at the bracelet on his ruler's wrist. Kal attempted to hide her grin, but she failed to hold back a deep chuckle at his awed expression.

Kal shoved the jacket's sleeve back over her wrist and said, "We must discuss plans to garner more alliances. I will need your assistance."

"Of course, Kal." Lennox was an excellent diplomat and could be charismatic around others when it was necessary. Kal trusted him to represent Kander well. "Do we have an idea of whom we will speak to?"

"At one time, there was an ancient alliance between several gods in this region of the galaxy," Kal replied. "It has long since dissolved after most of those gods descended. There is one I am aware of that is still in existence. The god and their race have since joined the United Solar Federation."

Lennox nodded and said, "I have heard of the federation. It is a federation of three planets." He pursed his lips. "Perhaps this particular god will be a foot into the federation then."

"*Ja*, that is my hope. But we will need more help." Kal thought about who else may be left from the old alliance. "I will discuss with Tas about contacting other gods." She had planned to initiate the project after the Serrato Corps mission. "Have you heard anymore from Alpha Prime?"

Lennox shook his head. "Our informants haven't seen or heard any recent rumblings from Alpha Prime. As you recall, they told us about the meeting between the few remaining Alpha Prime members. It seems no one is willing to fill Tarsiss's position."

"Have they gathered since that meeting?" Kal asked. After Lennox shook his head, she nodded and considered Alpha Prime's slow death. She hoped it would remain in her people's past rather than future. "Have you spoken to Jarl recently?" After the battle at the Eyes of Kalatas, she had given Jarl the option to become a representative for the people of Kardos.

"*Ja*." Lennox paused and gathered his words with thoughtful and honest intent. "Priest Eran has been working with him. It seems his hatred and anger are dissolving."

"Do you suspect he will agree to represent Kardos?"

Lennox sat quiet for a beat, then nodded. "*Ja*. Jarl cares greatly for Kardos and his people. I believe if he spends time with our human Kalmar that he will begin to care for them as well."

Kal had offered Jarl the position with various purposes in mind. As Lennox pointed out, it would teach Jarl to understand and build a relationship with the humans. Also, Jarl would provide an outlet for those previously with Alpha Prime to vent their unhappiness. This would be a chance for Kal to test the waters and open a pathway for her people to have a voice. She had yet to solidify the exact plans, but she and Jarl would learn. Then if it worked well, the other provinces would elect representatives. Kal wanted her people to have an opportunity to speak up and voice their needs or fears.

"I suppose we will learn his decision at the last *alping*." Kal mulled over the remaining days before the end of the calendar year. The Kaldr Festival would be soon, then afterward they would shift all their focus to war preparations. "How did the acquisition of the warehouse fare?"

"It went well." Lennox reached into his robe's pocket and produced his tablet. He tapped on it a few times, then looked over at Kal. "The former owner attempted to raise the price on the day of signing."

Kal snorted low and shook her head. She wasn't surprised that the owner wanted a little more for the building. Before leaving Kander, she had handed over the digital files to Lennox for him to finish the purchase of the building. It would be used for the QMT project, which would be headed by Raine. "And?"

"I told him that greed was a dishonorable color on him," Lennox replied and grinned after Kal's low chuckle. "Your price was more than fair to compensate him for the loss." In truth, Kal had the right to take the building without paying the owner. The government had been known for making such moves in the past, but it hindered relationships with their people.

"I take it he agreed then?"

"*Ja*." Lennox tapped a few more times on the tablet, then turned off the screen. "Everything that you will need is in the file. I also informed the electrical team to begin work."

"Excellent." Kal had worked out a tentative schedule for the army's electrical team to run sufficient power from the hydrogenerators to the newly acquired warehouse. Once electrified, the QMT project could begin. "Hopefully they will be able to remain on target."

"*Ja*. But what of preparing the second QMT platform in Barrik?"

"Gaveston is researching locations." Kal frowned the more she considered the issues with organizing a secure site for the QMT platform in the other capital. "Sufficient power is our largest concern."

Lennox rumbled low and stared at the tablet's dark screen. He tapped it once, then murmured, "What of the hydropower plant?"

"The work is not complete. Not until spring," Kal replied, even though they both were aware of the plant's status. She rubbed her brow. The future hydropower plant was located in the Hjartamund Mountain range, which surrounded three sides of Barrik. The city had grown over the past hundred years, faster than other ones. As a result, the city's current power

provider was close to its limit. After much research, it was determined that the three great falls on the Odr River could supply a large amount of power to the city. A year ago, Kal had sent down the order for the first hydroelectric plant to be built on the upper falls.

"Is it possible to start the turbines that have been completed?" Lennox asked.

"Possibly." Kal would have to speak to the engineers and builders. Even if it was doable, the hookup between the plant and the city was incomplete. While the plant was being built, another team was clearing land, digging and laying power lines to go to Barrik. If a few turbines could be activated, then the QMT platform would have to be built close by.

"Surely there is room near the upper plant to build a structure to house the QMT platform," Lennox said, as if reading his ruler's thoughts. "Perhaps it could be extended from the plant itself." He rubbed his chin a few times, then said, "Once Raine and her team have built the platform, and it's operating properly, then it can be moved into the city. I imagine the power route between the hydroelectric plant and the city will be complete by then."

Kal mulled over Lennox's ideas. There was space to build an addition that could house the QMT platform. It would save them months of clearing more land nearby. The road between the Upper Odr Plant and Barrik was a muddy mess, but it was better than traveling through the mountain's wilderness. However, the army continued to have problems with thieves on the road between the plant and the city. They had staged an excellent outpost around the plant, but the windy road down to Barrik was dangerous and monitored by thieves who lived in the Hjartamund Mountains.

"I will speak to Gaveston about our ideas." Kal would also contact the lead on the project. His input was the most crucial even though Gaveston would be in charge of the unit that would build the addition on the plant. First, the most important hurdle was the power itself.

"Are you aware of any distress on the planet?" Kal asked, switching subjects. After their return from the Serrato Corps mission, she had disembarked the *Betty May*, touched the ground, and reconnected with planet. It was suffering and cried out for her help. Kal would meet with Tas soon and hoped they could discern the issue.

"*Joh.*" Lennox narrowed his eyes, then a crinkle distorted his tattooed brow. "You sense something amiss?"

"*Ja*." Kal stood and retrieved a piece of wood, which she tossed into the fireplace. "As does Charlie." After tossing a second piece into the fireplace, she returned to the chair but sat on the edge of it. "We cannot determine what is wrong, but my hope is that Tas can."

"I hope so as well." Lennox stared at the floor between them, then his frown deepened. "The planet only speaks to Kal when it is of great concern."

"*Ja*, I know." Kal was disturbed by the planet's cry for help. It was rare that Kander required aid. Whatever might be ailing the planet, she would do everything to help it. At such thoughts, she wrapped up her conversation with Lennox and walked him to the office door. After arranging plans to meet tomorrow, Lennox left Kal alone in her office.

Kal returned to her desk and reopened Charlie's recent message that contained the photos of them. She saved them on her tablet and was unsure what to do with them at the moment. She would give it thought. At some point, she would keep her promise to draw Charlie, nude and bare before her. A glance at the time confirmed that it was a couple of hours before sunset. Kal considered her next plans, but they were cut off by a knock at her door. "Come in," she called.

Dorlon entered and her familiar scent brought comfort to Kal. "*Turen*."

"*Turen*." Kal set the tablet down again and said, "I thought perhaps you were on your way back to Kardos."

"I'm leaving at first light," Dorlon replied. "But I plan to return for the last *alping*." She took a seat in front of Kal's desk.

Kal crossed her legs under the desk and folded her hands in her lap. With her memories intact now, she studied Dorlon with old eyes from her past as Sumner. Dorlon was more than another commander or a *kenna*. Dorlon was her cousin and family to her. The Spirit of Kalatas would have repressed such knowledge in Dorlon's mind so that their relationship remained professional. But for Kal, it was different now.

"How are preparations for the festival in Kardos?" Kal asked. Similar to Tarrak, each province's capital would have a Kaldr Festival to celebrate the planet, their people, and the first High Commander.

"They're going well." Like Kal, Dorlon worked alongside her priest to ensure the festival was well organized and structured for the week. "How was your adventure to Serrato Corps?"

Kal sighed and considered how much to tell Dorlon, who could worry without reason. Even though Dorlon attempted to wrangle her Omega nature, she could never escape it. Not even Kal could escape her Alpha nature, especially upon meeting her true mate. "The mission was successful, enough. We worked out an arrangement to have their scientist come here and assist us with assembling the QMT platform."

Dorlon was silent for a beat, then she said, "But that doesn't sound like an alliance."

"*Joh.*" Kal held down a growl after she considered the difficulties during the meetings. "This is a trial period, to see if we can get along and build trust."

"If we can, do you believe an alliance with them is worth it?" Like others, Dorlon distrusted and disliked Serrato Corps. A select few were privy to the information that Serrato Corps had been supporting Alpha Prime. "That it will benefit us?"

"*Ja.*" Kal played with her watch while she spoke to her cousin. "Raine was able to break into their computer network. It would appear that Serrato Corps has been preparing for the Sworne's arrival for some time. They have been building and stockpiling arms for war."

"What kind of arms? Tech arms?"

Kal shook her head and replied, "Ammunition arms with mechanical parts. Nothing with electronics or other tech."

Dorlon brightened a degree and sat straight in the chair. "That could benefit us, if they're willing to share."

"*Ja.*" Kal wanted the ammunition and mechanical firearms that would be unaffected by EMP technology. Once on a planet, the Sworne were notorious for using it to disable any weaponry that relied on electricity and other technology to function. Anything mechanical in nature was left unaffected by the Sworne's tactics. If Kal could later convince Serrato Corps to contribute such arms to the Kander army, then the Kalmar soldiers would be better prepared. "That is my goal if I can forge an alliance with them," Kal said.

Dorlon nodded. "I assume that you and Lennox will be working on more alliances. Is there anything I can do to assist?"

"*Joh,* I think we can handle it." Kal had a faint smile after Dorlon's offer. "But if we do, we will appreciate the help."

Dorlon seemed pleased with the arrangement. Despite her lack of knowledge about Kal being her cousin, she was familiar with how Kal liked to handle situations and people. Most importantly, Kal held full trust in Dorlon, both as a person and a commander. "How is Charlie?" Dorlon asked after a moment. During the ride from the *Betty May* to Tarrak, Kal noticed that her mate had done her best to avoid being alone with Dorlon. They had still exchanged hugs and greetings, but otherwise Charlie had been cautious.

"She is doing well." Kal was curious if there was more to Dorlon's inquiry. "Perhaps you can have dinner with all of us this evening."

"I would, but I promised Akron that I would dine with him." Dorlon often spent time with her adoptive sire, always visiting and learning from him. "I didn't expect your return so soon. But it's good that you weren't away too long. People would have started to notice."

"It was a short jaunt," Kal said in an even tone but somehow earned a hard stare from her cousin.

Dorlon remained quiet while Kal watched the mental gears churn in Dorlon's mind. Due to Dorlon's controlling father, they had never met as pups. But later in Sumner's adolescence, Dorlon became Sumner's world, both as family and teacher. Their relationship developed new dimensions, while former ones faded from their memory after Sumner became Kal. Regardless of what the Spirit of Kalatas left or took from them, Dorlon could still read Kal well.

"You are different," Dorlon concluded after the long silence. She canted her head to one side, then breathed in deep, as if searching for the answers in Kal's scent that hung in the office.

Kal digested her cousin's keen observation. Her best option was to dissuade Dorlon until she was prepared to face a lecture from Dorlon. Lennox was more open-minded about change, whereas Dorlon was old-fashioned. Often times the changes Dorlon faced in her life had negative results, which tainted her to believe all changes were bad. "I have been changing ever since I met Charlie," Kal confessed.

Dorlon pressed her lips together until they were tight, then a soft rumble started in her chest. She sat straighter in the chair and huffed low. "You'll tell me when you're ready, *finna*."

Kal wasn't ready. She dipped her head in silent gratitude, then asked, "Will you return here for the opening of the Kaldr Festival?"

"I hope to." Dorlon rested a hand on her sword hilt. "I heard that there may be a funeral for Melissa Hoyt. I would like to attend. Depending on what day they pick for the funeral, it could delay my arrival here for the festival."

Kal filed away the news about the funeral. If there was time in her schedule, she wanted to attend. Most likely, Charlie and Raine would want to join too.

"Anyway, I must go." Dorlon tapped one of the chair's arms and prepared to stand, but she remained seated. "I'm glad you and Charlie made it back safely."

Kal sniffed out the sincerity in her cousin's words. "*Tah.*" She offered a tiny smile and said, "It is nice to be back. I like my boots on Kander."

"Spoken like a true Kalmar." Dorlon chuckled and stood. "I will see you on the new year if not before." She flashed a soft smile, then departed without another word.

"Safe travels to Kardos," Kal called and waited until the door sealed shut behind Dorlon. "Cousin," she murmured to herself. For a moment, she relaxed back in the chair and considered Dorlon's role in her life. They had spent many years together, especially in the beginning during Sumner's youth. Those were hard days that molded her into a better, stronger Alpha. They were also the foundation to their relationship. Even though Kal was the ruler now, she sometimes found herself still looking up to Dorlon, who was the strongest Kalmar among them. So few were aware of Dorlon's strength to rise above her misfortunes in life.

For a moment during the Serrato Corps mission, Sumner had lapsed into jealousy over Dorlon's buried feelings for Charlie. However, it was also Dorlon's love for Charlie that spurred Dorlon to protect and save Charlie from Morris. Kal was forever indebted to her cousin. She snuffed out her jealousy with gratitude.

After all, Dorlon was family first.

Chapter 2

Kal enjoyed her mate's heavy breaths that indicated Charlie was asleep and had been for the past twenty minutes. A while ago, they had made their way to the bedroom after fucking in the sitting room. Kal took her mate twice more before Charlie mentioned a break, which had become normal for them when they had sex throughout the night.

Mating, she reminded herself. Kal no longer considered it sex, which was void of any emotion or depth. Sex was a simple act without any long-term meaning. She and Charlie were true mates and there was nothing shallow about their relationship, especially their mating. They sometimes made love but often preferred to fuck. Charlie was never shy to demand more and more from Kal. But it often left Charlie exhausted and needing a nap between sessions. Kal looked forward to the brief intermissions where she could hold Charlie close and breathe in her sweet scent. In the quiet moments in the dark, the pressures of being the High Commander slipped away and left Kal free to love Charlie, wholly.

The break also gave Kal time to consider today's events, which included visiting Tas. She and Charlie had spent time with Tas, helping her cross to *midr* in hopes to learn what was ailing Kander. It would take time for Tas to decipher what the planet was asking of them. She hoped by tomorrow Tas would have news. For once, the waiting was unnerving for Kal. She wanted to tackle the issue now rather than allow more harm to come to the planet. Thankfully, Tas was intelligent and well connected to Kalatas, perhaps even the Omega god itself. Tas wasn't selected to be the High Priest without great merit.

Deep inside, Kal was certain the planet's troubles related to the Sworne. She was uncertain why, but her instincts hummed with unexplained knowledge. Perhaps the Spirit of Kalatas sensed something that Kal couldn't quite put her finger on. Once Tas translated the message, she could set out to help her planet. Until then, she did her best to ignore the crawling underneath her skin.

Shifting under the blankets, Kal opened her eyes and studied the moons' light streaming across the ceiling. She tucked an arm under her head and shifted her thoughts to Charlie. Before they lay down, she had mounted Charlie from behind and fucked her into the bed. Charlie didn't often howl in pleasure, but she had earlier tonight. Kal loved when Charlie was

swallowed by her primal side. Most humans seemed to have a lid on their baser needs, including Charlie. However, Kal had learned how to free Charlie from such social limitations.

In the coming nineths, Kal would face her anti-rut. The last time she had one, she'd been a teen, training with Dorlon. Once she became Kal, the Spirit of Kalatas circumvented it and her rut, taking away the unnecessary distraction. But with Charlie in her life now, Kal's body responded to their bond as true mates. Not even the Spirit of Kalatas could halt Charlie's ability to trigger Kal's rut and anti-rut.

With the anti-rut near, Kal struggled with how to face it. For several days, her body would change direction and demand to be bred. She disliked the idea of being incapable of having an erection and not pleasing Charlie. Even now, her cheeks colored with a bit of embarrassment. Perhaps the best plan would be for her to stay in a guestroom on a lower floor and allow her anti-rut to pass. The one saving grace was that the anti-ruts tended to be milder than the ruts. Until then, Kal planned to mate with Charlie as much as possible, hoping it was enough for Charlie.

Removing her arm from under the pillow, she reached underneath the blankets and furs until she touched her flaccid penis. With little effort, her cock swelled part of the way. She continued to stroke the full length, readying it for Charlie, who remained curled up against Kal's side. After shifting her other arm, Kal massaged Charlie's ass cheek, causing Charlie's pelvis to grind into Kal. With a pleased rumble, she nuzzled into Charlie's long hair.

Muttering a few times, Charlie tightened her leg around her mate's waist and stirred a bit further. She raised her head, then kissed Kal's warm neck. "Did you sleep?"

"*Joh*," Kal replied and squeezed Charlie's ass that fit perfectly in her palm. "Perhaps I will after I am done fucking you again."

Charlie snorted low and kissed the soft flesh under her lips. "How is your wound feeling?"

"Better. It only feels sore now."

"That's good." Charlie nibbled on Kal's neck and ground herself against her lover. The wetness between her legs had spread enough to smear over Kal's hip.

Kal released her cock and instead tangled her fingers into Charlie's hair. Without hesitation, she tilted her head to the side and offered her neck

to Charlie, the only person Kal would submit to. "Is there anything you wish to do or have?" She loved to fulfill Charlie's desires, which always excited Kal's Alpha in bed, or wherever they were mating.

Charlie hummed, then licked a delicate spot against Kal's neck. She withdrew and replied, "You in my mouth." Earlier in the sitting room, she had only a taste of Kal after being pounded against the table in front of the fireplace. She grinned when Kal raised her eyebrows.

"I had assumed it would be the other way," Kal said as she considered her mate's request.

"You give me so much." Charlie sat up higher, using her arms to lift herself. Kal freed her hand from Charlie's hair but swept it back. "I know somewhere in that brain of yours, you still think me giving you oral sex is morally wrong."

After letting out a breath, Kal tugged on Charlie, who followed the unspoken signal. Charlie crawled onto Kal and rested her chin on Kal's chest. The new position gave Kal a chance to compose herself. "*Ja*." She pursed her lips and considered oral sex among her people. She and Charlie had discussed the dark history behind it. Perhaps it would be less damning if Omegas had an exposed clitoris like female humans so that they could receive oral sex as equally as Alphas. However, Kalatas hadn't designed Omegas in such a manner. Instead they had a clitoris inside their vagina, near the opening. The location made it more difficult for oral sex, but not impossible with enough determination.

"You do realize that I enjoy giving you oral sex, right?" Charlie asked and raised an eyebrow at her mate. "It's not some chore or requirement to me."

"*Ja*, I know." Kal was rather familiar with how much pleasure Charlie received from sucking on and licking her cock.

"And I don't feel degraded by it," Charlie said in a stern tone. "I actually feel empowered at times because I know exactly what you like and how to bring you to orgasm." She watched Kal's features and listened to their bond, which would signal whether Kal was accepting Charlie's words. Kal processed Charlie's explanation and started to hold on to it. She suspected Charlie could sense her gentle shift in that direction.

"I refuse to become one of *those* Alphas," Kal murmured and let out a breath.

Charlie shook her head and argued, "You never could be, Sumner. You are a loving and giving Alpha both in and out of the bed." She scooted higher until she was able to press their foreheads together. "There is no wrong in taking what pleasure I want to give to you."

Kal rumbled before she darted forward and captured Charlie's lips. She sought entrance into Charlie's mouth, being welcomed by a greedy tongue. Kal tightened her grip on Charlie's sides and moaned into the deepened kiss. She was a bit breathless at the end but managed a whisper. "*Tah*, my mate."

"Is that also a *ja* to me sucking on you?" Charlie had a playful grin. There were plenty of times that Charlie had given Kal oral sex, but Kal had a tendency to limit how much she received. However, there were no restrictions on how often Kal used her mouth on Charlie.

"*Ja*," Kal said in a rough and needy voice.

Charlie chuckled.

"But I want to watch," Kal said and grinned when Charlie withdrew to reveal her smirk. Together, they shifted until Kal was sitting upright and leaning against the headboard.

Charlie decided to lie on her stomach, perpendicular to Kal's body. Her knees were close to the edge of the bed, so she bent the lower half of her legs over the backs of her thighs. Once Kal was comfortable, she rested her chest on top of Kal's thigh. "You're already rather hard." She grazed a fingertip along the underside of Kal's somewhat erect penis. "Just need a little more attention."

Kal admired her mate propped up against her muscular leg and unshy about giving all her attention to Kal. But when Charlie's light touch traced a vein, Kal moaned and clutched Charlie's ass. "Charlie," she whispered and caught Charlie's sly smile. She then realized Charlie had no plans to go fast. Charlie wasn't going to simply provide oral sex. Charlie intended to worship her mate tonight.

Charlie licked her lips and continued to trail her fingertip lower until she grazed the delicate lips covering Kal's vaginal entrance. She returned her finger to the base of Kal's cock and hummed in delight. Already Kal's cock had swelled to its full length and girth from the lightest of touches. "That's better."

A large droplet of slick formed at the tip, glistening in the moonlight. For a beat, it clung to the pinkish skin before it rolled off, creeping down

the underside of the head. Charlie had watched it with fascination, then she dragged her fingertip up the underside until she caught the droplet. The slick coated her finger, which she brought back to the tip. She circled her finger around the head, her touch delicate and teasing.

With a hand curled into a blanket, Kal was pained to witness it all. She could grab Charlie's head and direct her, but she would ruin the fun then. With each passing heartbeat, her cock throbbed a little harder. More slick started to weep from the tip, coating the head. She half expected it to entice Charlie, who seemed to ignore the slick.

Charlie hummed low and nibbled on her bottom lip. She tilted her head to the right and followed a protruding vein along the side of the shaft. "Remember when I couldn't fit your whole length inside me?" She peeked up with hooded eyes and a taunting smile. Her fingers paused about halfway down Kal's length.

"*J-Ja*," Kal managed in a somewhat strangled tone. Her answer was enough to prompt Charlie to return to her administrations.

Charlie lowered her eyes to Kal's prominent cock. "You were so patient." She followed the vein to the base, where Kal's knot would develop if she were in a rut. Charlie grazed her fingertips over the soft little ridges along the upper side of Kal's cock. "You didn't force me or criticize me for it." She trailed her fingertips upward again. "Instead, you were careful and waited for me to adjust."

Kal struggled with her heart's increased rate, especially as Charlie neared her cockhead again. At the tip, more beads of slick had accumulated, and a few rolled down the underside. "I knew you would take all of my cock in time." She offered a grin, but it cracked when Charlie brushed the rim of her cockhead. She was all but panting at this point. "Charlie," she warned and squeezed her mate's ass.

However, Charlie ignored her mate's demand and continued her foreplay. "I wanted all of you in me so bad. I didn't understand why at the time." She closed her hand around the shaft, then rubbed the pad of her thumb against the underside of the head. "Once you were completely inside me, it felt more than just good." Leaning forward, she caressed the glistening head with her rosy lips, then poked out her tongue and licked away the slick. After Kal's deep moan, she whispered, "It felt right." She sneaked a glance up at her mate and softly added, "I felt whole."

"*Ja*, whole and complete." Kal massaged the handful of Charlie's ass. "Now I can barely keep you off my cock." Her joke earned her a soft snort from Charlie.

"Hmmm." Charlie withdrew, ducked, held the lower half, and kissed the side of the shaft. "Can you blame me?" She licked a line, then blew against it.

"*Vuk!*" Kal trembled from the cool air sending a spike of pleasure up and down her cock. She gasped and pulled on the blanket a little.

"You're so big," Charlie whispered between delicate kisses along the shaft. "The perfect length." She tightened her hold around the base area. "The perfect thickness." After flashing a smug glance at Kal, she returned to the head and kissed it. "And you know how to fuck me so well using your cock."

Kal snarled and held back her primal urge to drive her cock into Charlie's sweet little mouth. Charlie's warm breath against Kal's enflamed, aching tip wasn't making it easy to remain submissive. Her response was a strangled sound that amused Charlie, who wasn't quite finished with teasing her mate.

"You're being so good," Charlie said and massaged the shaft of her mate's cock. Her grip was firm, and each squeeze sent a hot bolt through Kal's gut, leaving her heart racing. As tormenting as Charlie was, it was intoxicating to watch Charlie have her way. Charlie lowered her head again and split her lips over the tip but withheld from offering more. Then the tip of her tongue darted out and collected the drops of slick meant for her.

Gritting her teeth, Kal rumbled and wondered about her decision to watch. She let go of the blanket and reached behind for the headboard, which groaned in protest when she pulled on it. "Charlie, *krafka*."

Charlie withdrew a little, but her lips brushed the weeping head when she spoke. "Relax and let your mate take care of you." She licked the underside of the head, then whispered, "You deserve this." Kal's heart missed a beat after Charlie's affectionate insistences. Charlie covered Kal's cockhead with her warm, silky lips and sucked for the first time.

"*Vuk*," Kal whispered and clawed Charlie's ass. Her entire length throbbed from the attention.

Charlie tightened her grip around the shaft, then lowered her head and hummed in delight at having Kal in her mouth finally. Their bond was wired with Charlie's hunger and passion for Kal. Dipping her head, Charlie

took the entire head and upper shaft into her mouth. She bobbed her head, gliding her soft lips and tongue over Kal's cock.

Kal moaned louder, unable to restrain herself anymore. She molded her back against the headboard but peered down at Charlie, who worked so hard to please Kal. Charlie was both beautiful and determined, driving her mouth up and down on Kal's cock. Coming back to the tip, Charlie paused and used her tongue to play with it. She massaged the flat of her tongue against the tip, which was swollen and a bit pained from the building pressure. Kal let out a growly whine and propped up her right leg, digging the heel into the mattress.

Pulling back, Charlie blew on the swollen head, then ordered, "Talk to me, my Alpha." Kal had learned how much Charlie enjoyed compliments, verbal teases, and general dirty talk. She was happy to oblige Charlie even if the oral fucking was overloading her mind. Charlie pulled Kal's cock back into her mouth and started with gentle sucking.

"Your mouth feels amazing." Kal released Charlie's butt and dragged her fingers through blond strands. "You are gorgeous with your lips spread over my cock." She dug her nails into the back of Charlie's scalp and groaned from a responding moan against her cockhead. But Charlie didn't slow down, bobbing and sucking. "*Vuk*," she hissed and tilted her head back for a moment. She forced herself to look down and watched Charlie. The coiling of pressure low in her gut was nudging her closer to a climax, except that Charlie kept her from it. Her mate knew exactly how to make Kal orgasm and wanted to draw it out tonight.

Charlie returned to the tip, pulled away, and circled the sensitive glans with her tongue. Kal quaked under Charlie and snared the headboard with both hands, too afraid of her internal Alpha's demands. With her right hand, Charlie finally started to fist the shaft, driving Kal's pleasure to a new level.

"So good," Kal complimented in a rough voice. Her chest vibrated with rumbly noises, but then the pumps down her full length brought out deep grunts. She tried to stay still but failed once Charlie wrapped her mouth back around her cockhead, sucking hard. Kal caved into her Alpha nature, bucking her hips and thrusting into Charlie's mouth. Their bond indicated that Charlie was fine with the change, even encouraging Kal to take more control. She growled, freed her hands, and clutched either side of Charlie's head. "Be still," she ordered after a throaty moan.

Charlie understood the warning and hollowed her cheeks before Kal took over. She groaned from the initial thrust that hit the back of her mouth. Then Kal fucked her wonderful mouth.

With each buck of her hips, Kal thrust through Charlie's fist and into her mouth. The shallow strokes were fast and sent exquisite pleasure up her cock. Charlie's lips were silky, and her tongue rubbed against her cock's underside. Kal grunted each time she drove into Charlie's perfect mouth. "Such a good mate to let me do this," she said between pants. Charlie was preening inside their bond. "You enjoy your Alpha fucking your mouth," Kal concluded and smirked at Charlie's soft moan when she pulled her hips back.

Charlie increased her hold around the shaft, forcing the pressure upward even more. Kal cursed again and dropped her head back. The gentle wet gulps from Charlie were rewarding. Charlie pressed her left hand into her mate's propped up leg and buried her nails into muscular flesh. After several more pumps, she latched onto Kal's hip and signaled for her to stop. Kal did so without hesitation, worried about Charlie even though their bond told her Charlie was okay.

Withdrawing, Charlie gasped for air and cleared her throat once before she switched her hands. With her left hand now wrapped around the shaft, she pressed her right hand flat against Kal's firm stomach and lifted herself a bit higher. From a better advantage point, Charlie brought Kal's swollen, throbbing cockhead back into her mouth. She pumped the shaft and sucked on the head with new vigor.

Kal howled low and snared the back of her mate's thigh. The sucking was followed by brief moments of Charlie's tongue flicking over the tip. All her muscles coiled like tight ropes the faster Charlie went. "Char..." She growled from the rough fisting of her cock. "*Vuk!* I am going to come in that pretty little mouth of yours." Charlie's needy whimper was encouragement enough to let go.

The first orgasm was strong and forced Kal's head back with a howl. But Charlie didn't slow, demanding a second orgasm from Kal. She fisted the full length of Kal's dick and begged for more through their bond. Kal latched onto the headboard behind her and trembled from riding through the initial peak. Then without warning, Charlie drove her mouth down half the length while her fist tugged the rest to the base.

The hot softness of Charlie's mouth and throat wrapped around her cock was too much. Kal yowled from the burst of pleasure surging through her. She came in Charlie's mouth, coating Charlie's throat with slick. After several shudders, Kal slumped against the headboard and dropped her leg to the bed. Through half-lidded eyes, she observed her mate drawing back and gasping for air. "Charlie, are you..."

"I'm good." Charlie took a deep breath, then licked clean the remaining slick around the head. Kal moaned at the sweet action and leaned back. She freed her hands and gathered Charlie into her arms.

Charlie straddled her mate's lap and pressed her body into Kal's muscular form. "Did you enjoy yourself?" Her playful tone warmed Kal's heart.

"*Ja*." Kal swept away the few damp strands stuck to Charlie's forehead. "Somehow you become better each time." She frowned after she considered her own words. "I did not mean you have been bad the pre—"

"It's okay." Charlie interrupted and smiled up at her mate. "I know what you meant." She circled her arms around the back of Kal's neck. "I'm still learning and trying different things." With a tilt of her head, she added, "And so are you." She grinned. "I'm glad you felt comfortable enough to take charge." It was unusual for Kal to slip into her Alpha mindset during oral sex.

Kal mirrored her mate's smirk. "It is getting harder to resist." She bowed her head and kissed Charlie. Afterward, she pressed their foreheads together and whispered, "You throated my cock." A hint of wonder lingered in her voice. "I thought you disliked that."

Charlie's shoulders drooped a little. "I tried to be quick so I didn't have a chance to gag." They both understood it was a natural reflex. "That's the part I don't like." She grinned a little. "Once I felt and heard your reaction, it was well worth it."

Moaning, Kal nuzzled into Charlie's temple and murmured, "*Tah*. It was amazing." She didn't expect Charlie to try and wouldn't ever ask for it. The sensation of her cock buried deep in Charlie's mouth had been overwhelming and sent a shiver down her spine now. Her softened cock pulsed and swelled a little in response.

"But," Charlie whispered, "I hope one day you'll get comfortable enough to shove me to my knees and start using my mouth." She sneaked a

glance at her mate, who rumbled low. "I know you'll stop if it gets to be too much."

Kal would be furious with herself if her Alpha brain outwitted her. She was much stronger than Charlie, from both being an Alpha and having the Spirit of Kalatas. If she hurt Charlie again during their mating, she would be devastated by her mistake. The one experience in New Earth was ugly enough, and the sour memory sat below the surface of her mind each time they mated. They both enjoyed roughness, but there was an important line to not cross. Charlie's trust in her as a lover and Alpha held deep meaning to Kal.

"I do not wish to hurt you." Kal paused then sighed and muttered, "Again."

"*Hey.*" Charlie cupped her mate's flushed cheeks and said, "That was an accident." She regarded Kal with a worried expression. "You can't keep beating yourself up for that one." Her displeasure echoed in their bond. "We both learned from it."

"We did," Kal agreed and pushed the dark memory back. "I know it was an unusual situation."

"That is even less likely to repeat, considering you have your memories back," Charlie reminded. Her point made sense. There was nothing else in Kal's past that was tied to sexual abuse or anything else negative in that regard.

After a nod, Kal circled back to Charlie's earlier comment. "Perhaps one day I will become bold enough to truly fuck your mouth myself." The timber of her voice caused Charlie to tremble in her Alpha's lap. Kal grinned and carded her fingers through Charlie's hair. "Do you want to sleep now?" She wasn't quite spent herself, but she would be able to rest now.

Charlie bit her lower lip, but her grin broke free anyway. "I was kind of hoping to ride your cock." She chuckled when Kal raised an eyebrow. "Then maybe sleep."

Kal chuffed and straightened. All night she'd had her way with Charlie, but now her mate was in charge. Kal had little trouble setting aside her Alpha ego to let Charlie enjoy herself. Only during her rut did she need to remain in constant dominance. It was difficult to fight her biology during a rut. She had managed enough control last time, but she was unsure if it was possible every time. A rutting Alpha's need to breed their mate was all encompassing and coded in their blood.

With a smirk, Kal let go of Charlie, raised her arms, and hooked her fingers into the headboard behind her. "My cock is all yours." She would touch only when Charlie wanted her help, which would most likely come toward the end. Kal knew her mate well; Charlie couldn't resist having her Alpha rail her, as Charlie told her once.

Charlie reached behind and clutched Kal's somewhat hard shaft. She grinned, then sat up and shifted until she had Kal's cock between their bodies. Without delay, she leaned back and kissed her pussy lips against the underside of Kal's cock. Charlie bit her lip and began to drag her dripping pussy up and down Kal's length. Her own arousal smeared all over Kal, whose cock grew and rose.

Kal groaned and showed a wolfish smile. Charlie's sweet slick was strong under her nose and enticed her Alpha, but she contained her nature.

Leaning back more, Charlie used her hands and arms to prop up her body, giving herself freedom to grind against her mate's full length. At first, she was focused on her own hips' movement before her gaze wandered over Kal's entire body. Her hungry eyes traveled over every detail of Kal's physique before her lips curled into a grin. "You're fucking gorgeous." Charlie moaned deep, then whispered, "Such a big, strong Alpha with a perfect cock."

Kal was immune to compliments and flattery, except when they came from Charlie. Every word fed into her Alpha ego. She tried her best to not preen or respond, but she was hopeless. Kal caved and flexed her biceps and shoulder muscles; even her stomach muscles protruded sharply against her skin. Her showing off prompted a needy whine from Charlie.

"*Vuk*," Charlie whispered and sat up. Kal's flexing seemed to cut short Charlie's foreplay. She raised her ass higher, held on to Kal's shoulder, and latched onto the lower half of Kal's dick. After circling her clit once over Kal's cockhead, she lined up her opening and eased herself down onto the head. She and Kal groaned together, but once the enflamed head was inside her, Charlie dropped the rest of the way without hesitation.

The bed groaned as loud as they did. Kal opened her eyes after adjusting to the thrill of Charlie taking her whole cock in a single stroke. With gritted teeth, Kal studied her mate's truly pleased expression. "Charlie," she murmured and struggled to remain still.

Charlie smirked and held on to Kal's broad shoulders. "You feel amazing. I don't think I'll last long." She lifted herself, sliding up Kal's

pulsing cock. Kal grunted when Charlie drove back down, then came back up until the head rubbed Charlie's G-spot. She paused and searched Kal's face. "I love riding you." She leaned in and kissed Kal, hard and fast. But when Charlie pulled back, she dropped her tight pussy down the full length of Kal's cock. They both whimpered, and Kal jerked on the headboard. Charlie curled her fingers into Kal's shoulder muscles, then fucked herself on Kal's hard length.

Each stroke made Kal a bit madder. She held on, wrenching against the metal in her fingers. Charlie set a rough pace, bouncing faster and searching for her release. Her tits bobbed in front of Kal's eyes, making her mouth dryer. Kal wanted nothing more than to surge forward, trap Charlie under her and fuck her senseless. However, Charlie's show was too gorgeous to ruin.

"*Fuck yes,*" Charlie said between clenched teeth. She heaved between throaty moans and peered down between their bodies for a beat. "God. I love fucking myself on your cock." The next time she plunged, she grounded her clit against Kal. She slid up fast and easy, their mutual slick coating everything including Kal's lower stomach. Charlie continued the relentless pace until they shuddered with the initial onset of their orgasms. Kal lost her restraint when she came and snared Charlie's hips. She slammed Charlie down, all the way to the base.

"*Vuk!*" Charlie arched her back and jerked in her mate's hold. Kal matched Charlie's scream. As her orgasm faded, Charlie went limp, but Kal kept her upright. She let out a few soft, content noises while she recovered.

Kal gathered her strength, leaned forward and kissed Charlie. They both stirred from their blissful moment. But Kal wasn't quite finished, needing a final chance to take Charlie. She could feel her cock still rather swollen, aching for another release. Leaning back, she brought Charlie with her and settled her human against her chest.

Charlie whimpered and breathed against her mate's flushed chest.

"Hold on to me," Kal ordered and lifted Charlie higher, allowing her cockhead to near Charlie's entrance.

Groaning, Charlie maneuvered her arms around the back of Kal's shoulders. She then clamped her legs against Kal's sides. With her legs so well spread, she left herself open and ready for Kal. "I'm all yours, my mate."

Kal trembled from the sweet promise, then growled at the thought of having Charlie. No one else would have her mate, ever. She bent her legs and planted her feet against the bed, then lifted her hips and tested their position. Charlie groaned against her. Their bond sparked with renewed desire, and Charlie's returning arousal filled her nose. Charlie needed one last fuck as much as Kal did.

Bracing herself, Kal performed two more gentle thrusts before she found a rhythm. She held Charlie in place while she pumped her hips, stroking her cock inside her whimpering mate.

"*Krafka*," Charlie murmured near Kal's ear. "Deeper." She dug her nails into damp flesh and cried out when Kal met her request. Kal increased the pace and kept the strokes quick and deep. Charlie panted and gave short cries every few pumps of Kal's length. But Kal lost control and shifted to a brutal pace.

Charlie clawed into her mate and pulled against Kal's strong arms that locked her down. She tilted her head back and screamed, but never demanded Kal to stop. Their bond was wild and raging with Charlie's need. Behind them, the headboard beat against the stone wall, taking the brunt of their fucking. The slapping of their bodies was just as loud.

Kal plunged into Charlie's silky tight walls, again and again. She could ravage Charlie every day and every night, never having enough. Charlie's sweet, warm pussy was meant for her cock, which hardened only for her mate. "*Mine*," she breathed into Charlie's ear. Her claim nudged Charlie over the edge. Kal grunted with her next thrust, feeling Charlie's walls spasm and clench around her cock. She was locked inside Charlie, who squeezed Kal's full length and tipped her next. Then Kal felt a hot liquid gush over her lower belly and inwardly smirked at Charlie reaching her limit. But It also set her off.

With a howl, Kal spurted warm slick inside her mate. A part of her wished it were *quima*, even though it wouldn't matter since Charlie took a contraceptive. One day Charlie might change her mind and gift Kal with a pup. If not, Kal knew having her true mate was already the greatest gift in her life. She may have sacrificed her old life to become the High Commander, but having Charlie in her life made her days warm and loving.

Charlie relaxed against her mate and groaned after turning her head to the side. "Okay, I think..." She paused to take a deep breath. "You

definitely fucked it all out of me." She loosened her arms but still clung to Kal.

"Hmmm." Kal nuzzled into Charlie's hair and breathed in her special scent that filled her heart. "Are you sore then?"

"Oh, I'm sure I will be," Charlie replied in a playful tone. "Um. But I think I *fercher* all over you." She raised her head, revealing the dark blush on her cheeks. "*Perka gi*." It was unusual for Charlie to *fercher*, but Kal always took it as a compliment when it did happen. "My *clit* kept hitting at the base of your cock and I—"

"It is okay," Kal cut off and pushed Charlie's hair back. She had a pleased smile that calmed Charlie. "You know I enjoy it when you *fercher*."

Charlie dropped her tense shoulders and nodded. The first time it had happened between them, she had been plenty embarrassed and explained that a past lover or two had voiced their disapproval. Kal was disgusted by their reaction and insisted that she loved how good Charlie must be feeling in the moment for her to *fercher*. But Kal did ask a few questions, not realizing human females could *fercher* like Alphas.

"But we should wash up," Kal murmured. She had yet to separate from Charlie, allowing for her Alpha nature to lavish in the physical connection and the shared fluids. Nearby she had a towel to use, but they would still need to clean themselves.

After a nod, Charlie stretched up and shared a tender kiss. "*Tah...* for everything." She pressed her warm palm against Kal's flushed cheek. "For being such a loving mate, being here and taking care of me." She rubbed her nose against Kal's cheek. "And also fucking me so well."

Kal rumbled and tightened her arms around Charlie. "I love you," she whispered in hopes that Charlie felt her emotions even though the Spirit of Kalatas hampered them. But Charlie owned her heart. Charlie gave a contented sigh and nuzzled Kal more. Her swelling emotions surged in their bond.

"I love you too." Charlie kissed Kal again, then whispered, "So much."

Epilogue

"*Charlie, I will survive this,*" Kal swore, using the Spirit of Kalatas to communicate with her true mate. She prayed her weak promise was enough to pacify Charlie, but their bond said otherwise. Charlie was growing desperate to save her. Then Charlie's piercing scream cut across the wreckage that once was Clabonne.

Kal attempted to lift her head, which felt heavier than stone. She managed to open her eyes again and focused on the overhead ship that floated above Clabonne. Her world was moving but only because two Sworne soldiers were dragging her through the muddy snow. How did her day end this way? She was certain it would also be the end of her life in a few hours, which would mean her descension. At one time, Tas had told her that the greatest Kals burned the hottest and died the earliest. Their descension was grand and written deep into history for future Kals to model.

Kal suspected her pending descension would be stricken from the records.

She had been foolishly captured by the Sworne, taken to her knees and broken. She had failed not only her people, but her true mate. She was no Kal.

"*Joh! I won't let them take you,*" Charlie cried out in Kal's fuzzy mind. Charlie's sharp voice rattled around in Kal's head. If Charlie made any further attempts to fight the Sworne, she would die too.

"*Stay,*" Kal ordered in a strained tone. "*I will return.*" Using their bond, she pressed Charlie to believe her, but her mate was stubborn. Charlie's determination stirred a deep warmth inside Kal, comforting her despite the grim situation. She attempted to move her legs again, but only her toes wiggled in her boots. Before she could find any more strength, she was tossed into small, dark confines that were cold.

"*You won't return! Once you're out of Kander's orbit, you'll be totally defenseless.*"

Charlie's stinging truth seared across Kal's heart. Her mate was right, and Kal knew it. The Sworne were going to take her from Kander, far from Charlie. Kal slapped a palm against her metal coffin, trying to find a way out. She was trapped inside some type of box. Her knees were almost compressed to her stomach, and the cold air sliced her aching lungs. But

then she was jostled a little from movement under her. She gritted her teeth when she sensed her departure from Kander's ground. "*Joh*," she said between gasps.

With renewed vigor, she drove a fist into her prison's wall and heard it bend under her remaining strength. Kal gritted her teeth and prepared to drive her heels into the metal, but there was a beep followed by a blue light near her neck. The damn disc attached to her was activated again. This time it did something different, and a strange, foreign power crept out from the disc.

Kal latched onto the metal ceiling above her head when the strange essence reached into her being. It probed her until it found its prize, the Spirit of Kalatas. Then the foreign power bloomed and opened, unfurling like a sail. With fine skill, it latched itself onto the Spirit of Kalatas and began to separate it from Kal. Like a great mouth, the foreign power started to consume the Spirit of Kalatas into its belly.

"*Joh!*" Kal latched onto the disc that contained the heart of the foreign power. Before her fingers could curl under the disc's edge, another electrical shock overwhelmed her until she passed out.

Overhead lights flashed across her eyelids, stirring her. Kal rolled her head to one side and moaned from the pain radiating through her body. Behind the pain, she sensed the last of the god spirit being peeled away from her. She was running out of time and so was Charlie, who was still attempting to fight the Sworne. Kal had less than a minute left.

"*Charlie*," she called through the remnants of the Spirit of Kalatas. Kal pleaded with her mate to back off from the fight, but it was useless. Another lighter electrical jolt was forced through her body. "*Charlie, krafka!*" But her mate refused to give up on her, ever.

Once the brief shock ended, Kal attempted to cling to the last frayed edges of the god spirit. She dug her claws into it, fighting to hold on to it. She was so weak and broken, unable to keep the Spirit of Kalatas from being swallowed whole. In a final desperate attempt, she used the Spirit of Kalatas to tell Charlie one last thing.

"I love you, Charlie."

Then the Spirit of Kalatas was torn from her, stolen and captured by the disc. She was mortal and frail again. She was minuscule and emotional.

She was Sumner again.

After a gasp, Sumner forced her eyes open and focused on the overhead lights that were passing her view. Again, she was being dragged by her arms, but this time she was surrounded by metal, hoses, and terrible oily smells. She was on the Sworne's spaceship. Sumner willed her legs, which moved a little, but she was far too weak. The pain from the earlier stab wound wasn't helping.

Another minute passed before she was dropped into a small space with three walls. She collapsed onto her less pained side and struggled to lift her head. Three sets of legs remained in front of her, then a fourth pair emerged from the hallway. Tilting her head back, she narrowed her eyes at the four Sworne, who chatted in their native tongue. One of them huffed, then knelt in front of Sumner.

He had a terrible odor that caused Sumner to gag. She wanted to shove him back, especially when he took her weapons and jacket. Sumner attempted to grab the Sword of Kalatas, but the Sworne tossed it to one of the others. She growled, low and weak.

The kneeling Sworne chuckled, then shucked up Sumner's bloody shirt. He pointed a device at her side and tapped on its screen before pressing it to Sumner. After a brief bit of pain, the device had closed up the stab wound and ended the bleeding. Grunting, the Sworne stood, backed up, and tapped something on the wall.

Sumner heard the soft zip, and blue lines ran from the ceiling to the floor in front of her. They seemed to be electrified bars for her new prison cell. With a groan, she lowered her head to her outstretched arm and listened to the soldiers march off. But her solitude was short-lived.

"*Welcome, Kal,*" Vaal-da said in English. He squatted down to eye level on the other side of the bars. His beady eyes held a glint to them. "*I hope you're enjoying our warm welcome.*" He indicated the disc on Sumner's neck. "*We designed that device with someone like you in mind. A mortal, who is a vessel for their god.*" The corner of his mouth tugged with a seeming grin even though he had no lips. "*I'm pleased to see it works as designed.*" Rising, he took a step back and said, "*We will speak when you're more alert.*"

Sumner glared at him and curled her nails into the cold floor. She wanted to do more than kill him. He deserved a slow, agonizing death for all he had done to Kander. Vaal-da departed with soft boot steps and a

confident air. One day soon Sumner would tear open his belly and dig out his insides.

Growling low, Sumner lowered her head to the floor and listened to the hum of the ship for a moment. The ship seemed idle, perhaps still hovering over Clabonne. But then a soft boom echoed through the ship, and a strong hum began. Sumner could sense the ship's delicate departure from its position.

Closing her eyes, she tried to push aside her pain and concentrate on her bond with Charlie. Even though she had lost the Spirit of Kalatas, she wasn't alone. The bond between her and Charlie was unbreakable, but it required energy for Sumner to reach out to her mate. The pain radiating through her body started to subside, but it wasn't from her body healing. Moaning, she rolled onto her back and struggled against the unexpected lethargy in her muscles and bones. Little by little, her eyes rolled backward, but she managed a broken plea that echoed into their bond. "*Charlie, I need...*"

The End

About the Author

Lexa Luthor is an avid writer and reader of the Omegaverse trope especially including F/F pairing. In her books, each main character(s) is a strong-willed female, who navigates difficult situations but always ends up finding love with their mate. Every tale has a twist and is gripping, sexy, and even a bit adventurous.

When not writing, Lexa enjoys binge watching television shows like Game of Thrones, Gentleman Jack, or The L Word. Her other favorite hobbies are playing cornhole, rooting for the Kansas City Chiefs, and laying around the pool in the summer. At times, Lexa finds time to read romances (both dark and fluffy) and great sci-fi books but nothing else can beat a steamy, downright erotic F/F romance with biting, knotting, and slightly possessive love.

Lexa always enjoys meeting new people and discussing Omegaverse, especially F/F. You can find her on [Facebook](#) or contact her through email at lexa@lexaluthor.com

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